

Hymns for the morning service (November 7th, 2021)

Welcome to our service today!

Links to our website, Facebook and Instagram accounts can be found below.

Quote of the week

“Isn't it amazing that almost everyone has an opinion to offer about the Bible, and yet so few have studied it?”

(R.C. Sproul)

This week

Sunday, 11 a.m.: **Morning Service**

Sunday, 6 p.m.: **Joint Service**

Wednesday: **Deacons' Meeting**

Sunday, 11 a.m.: **Morning Service (Remembrance Sunday – please be seated by 10:55)**

Sunday: **Shoobox submission deadline**



www.gefc.org.uk



[GreensteadEvangelicalFreeChurch](https://www.facebook.com/GreensteadEvangelicalFreeChurch)



[greensteadevangelicalfree](https://www.instagram.com/greensteadevangelicalfree)

1. **Crown Him with many crowns,**
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.
2. Crown Him the Son of God,
before the worlds began:
and ye, who tread where He hath trod,
crown Him the Son of man:
who every grief hath known
that wrings the human breast,
and takes and bears them for His own,
that all in Him may rest.
3. Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His burning eye
At mysteries so bright.
4. Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save:
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring
And lives that death may die.
5. Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.
6. Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

(Godfrey Thring & Matthew Bridges)

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1. **Before the throne of God above,**
I have a strong, a perfect plea,
A great High Priest whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart;
I know that while in heaven He stands
No tongue can bid me thence depart,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.
2. When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look and see Him there
Who made an end to all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God the Just is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me,
To look on Him and pardon me.
3. Behold Him there! The risen Lamb,
My perfect, spotless righteousness;
The great unchangeable I AM,
The King of glory and of grace!
One with Himself I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God,
With Christ my Saviour and my God.

(Charitie Lees Bancroft)

1. **Speak, O Lord, as we come to You**
To receive the food of Your holy word;
Take Your truth, plant it deep in us,
Shape and fashion us in Your likeness,
That the light of Christ might be seen today
In our acts of love and our deeds of faith.
Speak, O Lord, and fulfil in us
All Your purposes for Your glory.
2. Teach us, Lord, full obedience,
Holy reverence, true humility;
Test our thoughts and our attitudes
In the radiance of Your purity.
Cause our faith to rise,
Cause our eyes to see,
Your majestic love and authority:
Words of pow'r that can never fail -
Let their truth prevail over unbelief.
3. Speak, O Lord, and renew our minds;
Help us grasp the heights of Your plans for us -
Truths unchanged from the dawn of time
That will echo down through eternity.
And by grace we'll stand on Your promises,
And by faith we'll walk as You walk with us.
Speak, O Lord, till Your church is built
And the earth is filled with Your glory.

(“Speak, O Lord” - words by Keith Getty & Stuart Townend; © 2005 Thankyou Music (Admin. by Integrity Music; CCLI licence: 482005)

1. **Thine be the glory,**
Risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won.
Angels in bright raiment
Rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes
Where Thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory,
Risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won!*

2. Lo, Jesus meets us,
Risen from the tomb!
Lovingly He greets us,
Scatters fear and gloom.
Let the church with gladness
Hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth,
Death hath lost its sting.
3. No more we doubt Thee,
Glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without Thee:
Aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors,
Through Thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan
To Thy home above.

(Edmond Louis Budry)