

Sunday Worship Music

November 26, 2023

Introit

In the Lord I'll Be Ever Thankful

Jacques Berthier, 1986

*In the Lord I'll be ever thankful; in the Lord I will rejoice!
Look to God; do not be afraid.
Lift up your voices; the Lord is near. Lift up your voices; the Lord is near.*

Hymn 265

Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun

text by Isaac Watts, 1719
music by John Hatton, 1793

*Jesus shall reign where'er the sun does its successive journeys run;
his kingdom stretch from shore to shore, till moons shall wax and wane no more.*

*To him shall endless prayer be made, and praises throng to crown his head;
his name, like sweet perfume, shall rise with every morning sacrifice.*

*People and realms of every tongue dwell on his love with sweetest song,
and infant voices shall proclaim their early blessings on his name.*

*Blessings abound where'er he reigns: the prisoners leap to loose their chains;
the weary find eternal rest, and all who suffer want are blest.*

*Let every creature rise and bring honors peculiar to our King;
angels descend with songs again, and earth repeat the loud Amen!*

Anthem

Give Thanks

Henry Smith
arr. Phillip Keveren

*Give thanks with a grateful heart, give thanks to the Holy One.
Give thanks because he's given Jesus Christ his Son.*

*And now let the weak say, "I am strong,"
let the poor say "I am rich because of what the Lord has done for us."*

*O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!
Give thanks.*

Hymn 268

Crown Him with Many Crowns

text by Matthew Bridges, 1851
music by George J. Elvey, 1868

*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.*

*Crown him the Lord of love; behold his hands and side,
rich 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.*

*Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a scepter sways
from pole to pole, that wars may cease, absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end; and round his pierced feet
fair flowers of paradise extend their fragrance ever sweet.*

*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.*