

# St Laurence Frodsham – Sunday Worship Hymns 9<sup>th</sup> January 2022

**Crown him with many crowns,**  
the Lamb upon his throne;  
hark, how the heav'nly anthem drowns  
all music but its own:  
His praise and glory sing,  
who died to set us free,  
and hail him as our matchless King  
throughout eternity.

Crown him the Lord of life,  
who triumphed o'er the grave,  
who 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.

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 each burning eye  
at mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace,  
whose pow'r 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 wounded feet  
fair flow'rs 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 you have died for me;  
your praise shall never, never fail  
throughout eternity.

***Do not be afraid, for I have redeemed you.**  
I have called you by your name; you are mine.*

When you walk through the waters  
I'll be with you.  
You will never sink beneath the waves.

When the fire is burning all around you,  
you will never be consumed by the flames.

When the fear of loneliness is looming,  
then remember I am at your side.

When you dwell in the exile of the stranger,  
remember you are precious in my eyes.

You are mine, O my child; I am your Father,  
and I love you with a perfect love.

**Come down, O Love divine,**  
Seek thou this soul of mine,  
And visit it with thine own ardour glowing;  
O comforter, draw near,  
Within my heart appear,  
And kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,  
Till earthly passions turn  
To dust and ashes, in its heat consuming;  
And let thy glorious light  
Shine ever on my sight,  
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity  
Mine outward vesture be,  
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;  
True lowliness of heart,  
Which takes the humbler part,  
And o'er its own shortcomings  
weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,  
With which the soul will long,  
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;  
For none can guess its grace,  
Till he become the place  
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

## **Additional Music:**

Benedictus (Margaret Rizza)

Come down O Love Divine (Fernando Ortega)