

## *WELCOME*

### *Crown Him with Many Crowns*

Matthew Bridges & Godfrey Thring

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 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.

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.

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.

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.

## ***PRAYERS***

## ***EULOGY***

### ***There is a Fountain Filled with Blood***

William Cowper

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

E're since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die

But when this lispings, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save.

**READING**  
**Isaiah chapter 53**

**MEMORIES OF JOHN**

***Before the Throne of God Above***

Charitie L Bancroft

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.

When Satan tempts me to despair,  
And tells me of the guilt within,  
Upward I look, and see Him there  
Who made an end of 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.

Behold Him there! the bleeding 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.

**READING**  
**Romans chapter 8**

**MESSAGE**

Peter Ham

***In Christ Alone***

Keith Getty & Stuart Townend

In Christ alone my hope is found,  
He is my light, my strength, my song;  
This Cornerstone, this solid Ground,  
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.  
What heights of love, what depths of peace,  
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!  
My Comforter, my All in All,  
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! – who took on flesh,  
Fullness of God in helpless babe.  
This gift of love and righteousness,  
Scorned by the ones He came to save:  
Till on that cross as Jesus died,  
The wrath of God was satisfied –  
For every sin on Him was laid;  
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,  
Light of the world by darkness slain:  
Then bursting forth in glorious day  
Up from the grave He rose again!  
And as He stands in victory  
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me,  
For I am His and He is mine –  
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,  
This is the power of Christ in me;  
From life's first cry to final breath,  
Jesus commands my destiny.  
No power of hell, no scheme of man,  
Can ever pluck me from His hand:  
Till He returns or calls me home,  
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand.