THE
GATHERING
AT ST. PAUL'S

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

NOVEMBER 8, 2026

Crown Him With Many Crowns

TEXT M. Bridges MUSIC *Diadamata*, G. J. Elvey

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 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.

Crown him the Lord of life, who triumphed over 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 of lords the Lord, who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the incarnate Word, for ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light, where saints with angels sing
Their songs before him day and night, their God, Redeemer, King.

Crown him the Lord of heaven, enthroned in worlds above;
Crown him the King,to whom is given, the wondrous name of Love.
Crown him with many crowns, as thrones before him fall,
Crown him, ye kings, with many crowns, for he is King of all.

His Mercy Is More

TEXT & MUSIC M. Boswell, M. Papa • CCLI #7065053

What love could remember no wrongs we have done
Omniscient, all knowing, He counts not their sum
Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore—our sins they are many, His mercy is more

Praise the Lord, His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness, new every morn
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

What patience would wait as we constantly roam
What Father so tender is calling us home
He welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor—our sins they are many, His mercy is more

What riches of kindness He lavished on us
His blood was the payment, His life was the cost
We stood 'neath a debt we could never afford—our sins they are many, His mercy is more

Be Unto Your Name TEXT L. DeShazo, G. Sadler CCLI # 2177476

We are a moment, You are forever
Lord of the ages, God before time
We are a vapor, You are eternal
Love everlasting, reigning on high

Holy, holy Lord God Almighty, worthy is the Lamb who was slain
Highest praises, honor, and glory, be unto Your name, be unto Your name

We are the broken, You are the healer
Jesus, Redeemer, mighty to save
You are the love song, we'll sing forever
Bowing before You, blessing Your name

We Have An Anchor TEXT P. Owens TEXT W. Kirkpatrick

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift or firm remain?

We have an anchor that keeps the soul,
steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which can not move,
grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Savior's hand;
And the cables passed from His heart to mine
Can defy the blast, through strength divine.

It will firmly hold in the straits of fear
When the breakers have told the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

It will surely hold in the floods of death
When the waters cold chill our latest breath;
On the rising tide it can never fail, while our hopes abide within the veil.

When Peace, Like A River TEXT H. G. Spafford MUSIC *Ville Du Havre*, P. Bliss

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul

It is well *it is well* ***with my soul*** *with my soul* ***it is well, it is well with my soul***

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, let this blessed assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, and hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin, oh the bliss of this glorious thought! My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

And Lord haste the day when the faith shall be sight, the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, even so, it is well with my soul.

The Lord's Prayer

TEXT & MUSIC K. Kanewske

Our Father ***Our Father***
who art in heaven ***who art in heaven***
hallowed be thy Name
hallowed be thy Name
thy kingdom come ***thy kingdom come***
thy will be done ***thy will be done***
on earth as it is in heaven
on earth as it is in heaven

Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive those who trespass against us

And lead us not ***And lead us not***
into temptation ***into temptation***
but deliver us from evil
but deliver us from evil
For thine ***For thine***
is the kingdom ***is the kingdom***
and the power, and the glory
and the power, and the glory

Forever and ever. Amen
Amen ***Amen***
Amen ***Amen Amen***

Prayer of Humble Access

TEXT & MUSIC A. Piercy • CCLI #1589172

We do not presume
To come to Your table
Trusting in our own righteousness
For we are not worthy
So much as to gather
The crumbs from under Your table
But trusting, O Lord,
In Your great and manifold mercy
For You are the same Lord
Whose nature's always to have mercy
So cleanse us and feed us
With the body and blood of Your Son
That we may live in Him
And that He may live in us
For ever and ever. Amen.

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