

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 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 years,
the Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
throughout eternity.

The Blessing

Please remain STANDING

*Donations may be made to St James' Ch., Norton, for the Fabric Fund.
This service will be followed by a Committal at Hutcliffe Wood; friends
and parishioners are invited to join the family afterwards at the Park
Hotel. Would those with cars please offer transport to those without.*

The Funeral of

**JOY
PHILLIPS**

23rd February, 2010

12.45pm

Welcome and Introduction

Hymn

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me:
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now, I see.

'Twas Grace that taught my heart to fear,
And Grace, my fears relieved.
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
we have already come.
'Twas Grace that brought me safe thus far...
and Grace will lead me home.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
a life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun.
We've no less days to sing God's praise...
then when we first begun.

***Reading by the Revd David Phillips –Isaiah 40.25-end
Address by the Rector***

***Prayers, ending with the Lord's Prayer
The Commendation***

Please STAND

Hymn

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 virgin's Son,
the God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
which now His brow adorn;
Fruit of the mystic rose,
as of that rose the stem;
The root whence mercy ever flows,
the Babe of Bethlehem.

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.