

All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Refrain



All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or to you, re - deem - er, king,



to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho - san - nas ring.



- 1 You are the king of Is - rael and Da - vid's roy - al Son,
- 2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels is prais - ing you on high;
- 3 The mul - ti - tude of pil - grims with palms be - fore you went.
- 4 To you, be - fore your pas - sion, they sang their hymns of praise.
- 5 Their prais - es you ac - cept - ed; ac - cept the prayers we bring,

Refrain



now in the Lord's name com - ing, our King and Bless - ed One.
 cre - a - tion and all mor - tals in cho - rus make re - ply.
 Our praise and prayer and an - thems be - fore you we pre - sent.
 To you, now high ex - alt - ed, our mel - o - dy we raise.
 great au - thor of all good - ness, O good and gra - cious King.

Text: Theodulph of Orleans, c. 760–821; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–1866, alt.
 Music: VALET WILL ICH DIR GEBEN, Melchior Teschner, 1584–1635

616 COMMUNION SONG “Jesus, Remember Me”



Je - sus, re - mem - ber me when you come in - to your king - dom.

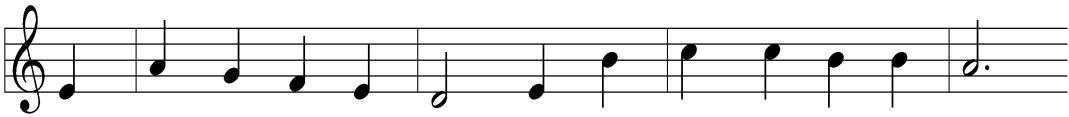


Je - sus, re - mem - ber me when you come in - to your king - dom.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
2 How art thou pale with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn;
3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; shield me when I must die;



now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
how does that vis - age lan - guish which once was bright as morn!
for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?
re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.



O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
Thy grief and bit - ter pas - sion were all for sin - ners' gain;
Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing be,
These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, from thee shall nev - er move;

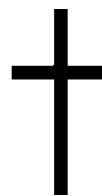


Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.
for he who dies be - liev - ing dies safe - ly in thy love.

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676, based on Arnulf of Louvain, c. 1250; tr. composite

Music: HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN, German melody, c. 1500, adapt. Hans L. Hassler, 1564–1612

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS



1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame; and I love that old cross, where the dearest and best for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain

**So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange it some day for a crown.**

2. O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, has a wondrous attraction for me; for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above to bear it to dark Calvary.

Refrain

**So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange it some day for a crown.**

3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, a wondrous beauty I see; for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died to pardon and sanctify me.

Refrain

**So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange it some day for a crown.**

4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, its shame and reproach gladly bear; then he'll call me some day to my home far away, where his glory forever I'll share.

Refrain

**So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange it some day for a crown.**