

HYMN 154

Refrain:

All glory, laud, and honor
to thee, Redeemer, King!
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
thou David's royal Son,
who in the Lord's Name comest,
the King and Blessed One. (Refrain)

The company of angels
are praising thee on high;
and we with all creation
in chorus make reply. (Refrain)

The people of the Hebrews
with palms before thee went;
our praise and prayer and anthems
before thee we present. (Refrain)

To thee before thy passion
they sang their hymns of praise;
to thee, now high exalted,
our melody we raise. (Refrain)

Thou didst accept their praises;
accept the prayers we bring,
who in all good delightest,
thou good and gracious King. (Refrain)

HYMN 486

Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Savior, King,
let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing!
Refrain:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
above, beneath us, and around,
both dead and living swell the sound: (Refrain)

O Savior, with protecting care
abide in this thy house of prayer,
where we assembled in thy Name,
in faith, thy parting promise claim. (Refrain)

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest;
and make our secret soul to be

HYMN 474

When I survey the wondrous cross
where the young Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the cross of Christ, my God:
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

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HYMN 172

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

HYMN 168

O sacred head, sore wounded,
defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head, surrounded
with mocking crown of thorn:
what sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendor
the hosts of heaven adore!

Thy beauty, long-desired,
hath vanished from our sight;
thy power is all expired,
and quenched the light of light.
Ah me! for whom thou diest,
hide not so far thy grace:
show me, O Love most highest,
the brightness of thy face.

In thy most bitter passion
my heart to share doth cry,
with thee for my salvation
upon the cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus moved
to stand thy cross beneath,
to mourn thee, well-beloved,
yet thank thee for thy death.

What language shall I borrow
to thank thee, dearest friend,
for this thy dying sorrow,
thy pity without end?
Oh, make me thine for ever!
and should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
outlive my love for thee.