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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 are 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

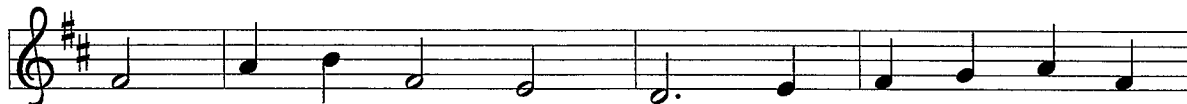
now in the Lord's name com - ing, our King and Bless - ed One.
 cre - a - tion and all mor - tals in cho - rus make re - ply.
 our praise and prayer and an - thems be - fore you we pre - sent.
 To you, now high ex - alt - ed, our mel - o - dy we raise.
 great au - thor of all good - ness, O good and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

5 This is my ending,
 this my resurrection;
 into your hands, Lord,
 I commit my spirit.
 This have I searched for;
 now I can possess it.
 This ground is holy.

6 All heav'n is singing,
 "Thanks to Christ whose passion
 offers in mercy
 healing, strength, and pardon.
 Peoples and nations,
 take it, take it freely!"
 Amen! My Master!

My Song Is Love Unknown

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1 My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to
 2 He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be -
 3 Some - times we strew his way and his sweet prais - es
 4 We cry out, we will have our dear Lord made a -



me, love to the love - less shown that they might
 stow; the world that was his own would not its
 sing; re - sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas
 way, a mur - der - er to save, the prince of



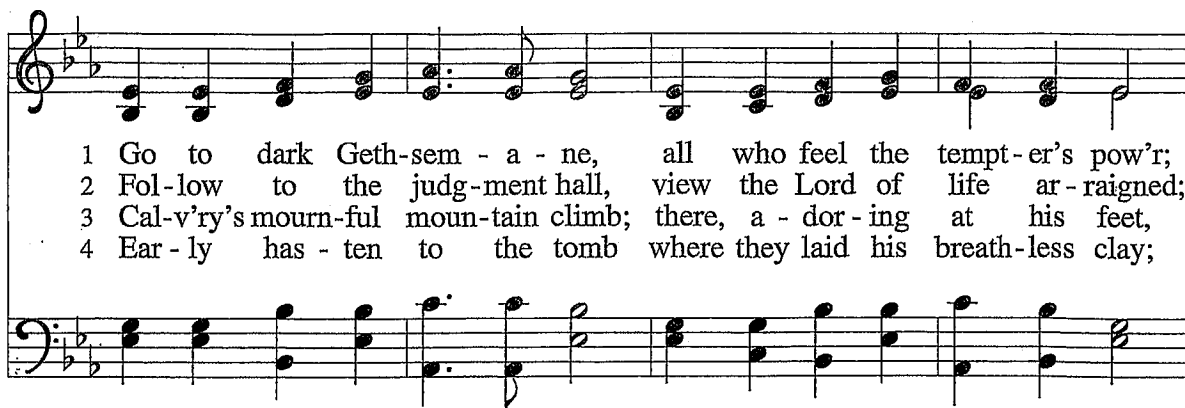
love - ly be. Oh, who am I that
 Sav - ior know. But, oh, my friend, my
 to our king. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is
 life to slay. Yet cheer - ful he to



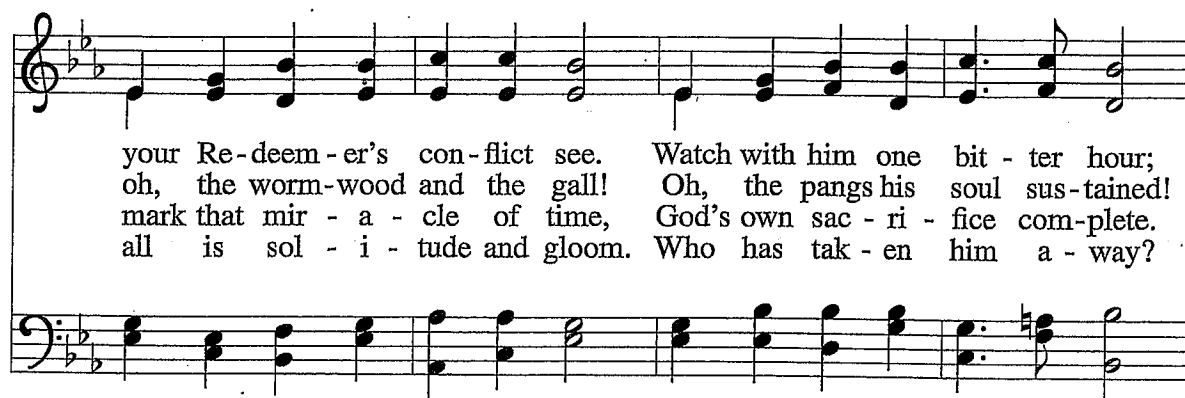
for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die?
 friend in - deed, who at my need his life did spend!
 all our breath, and for his death we thirst and cry.
 suf - f'ring goes that he his foes from thence might free.

5 In life no house, no home
 my Lord on earth might have;
 in death no friendly tomb
 but what a stranger gave.
 What may I say? Heav'n was his home
 but mine the tomb wherein he lay.

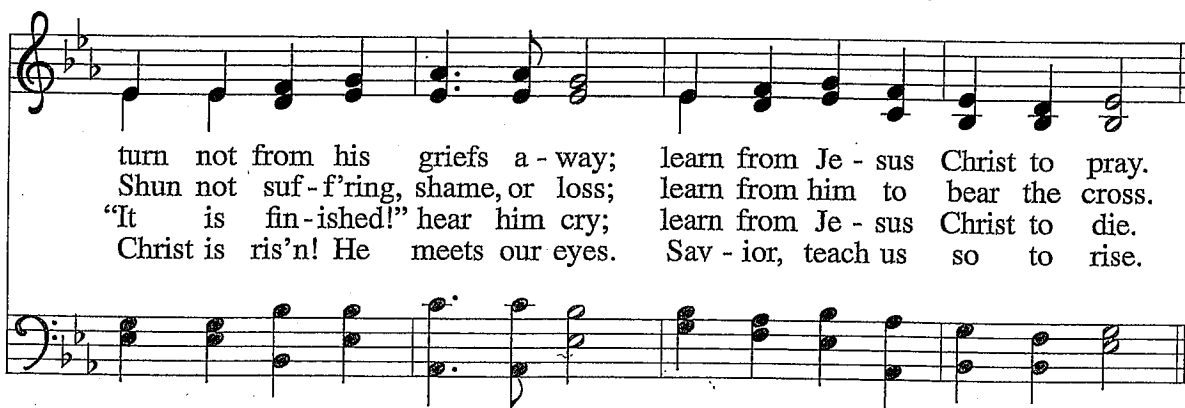
6 Here might I stay and sing—
 no story so divine!
 Never was love, dear King,
 never was grief like thine.
 This is my friend, in whose sweet praise
 I all my days could gladly spend!



1 Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, all who feel the tempt-er's pow'r;
 2 Fol-low to the judg-ment hall, view the Lord of life ar-raigned;
 3 Cal-v'ry's mourn-ful moun-tain climb; there, a - dor-ing at his feet,
 4 Ear-ly has - ten to the tomb where they laid his breath-less clay;



your Re-deem-er's con-flict see. Watch with him one bit - ter hour;
 oh, the worm-wood and the gall! Oh, the pangs his soul sus-tained!
 mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com-plete.
 all is sol - i - tude and gloom. Who has tak - en him a - way?



turn not from his griefs a - way; learn from Je - sus Christ to pray.
 Shun not suf-f'ring, shame, or loss; learn from him to bear the cross.
 "It is fin-ished!" hear him cry; learn from Je - sus Christ to die.
 Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes. Sav - ior, teach us so to rise.

Text: James Montgomery, 1771-1854
 Music: Richard Redhead, 1820-1901

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