

Hymns April 13, 2025

Hymn 154 *All Glory, Laud, and Honor*

Valet will ich dir geben

Refrain

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or to thee, Re - deem - er, King!

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

1 Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
 2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels is prais - ing thee on high;
 3 The peo - ple of the He - brews with palms be - fore thee went;
 4 To thee be - fore thy pas - sion they sang their hymns of praise;
 5 Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; ac - cept the prayers we bring,

Repeat Refrain

1 who in the Lord's Name com - est, the King and Bless - ed One.
 2 and we with all cre - a - tion in cho - rus make re - ply.
 3 our praise and prayers and an - thems be - fore thee we pre - sent.
 4 to thee, now high ex - al - ted, our mel - o - dy we raise.
 5 who in all good de - light - est, thou good and gra - cious King.

The stanzas may be sung by choir alone or alternately by contrasted groups; all sing the refrain.

Words: Theodulph of Orleans (d. 821); tr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866), alt. Music: *Valet will ich dir geben*, melody Melchior Teschner (1584-1635), alt.; harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889).

Hymn 158 *Ah, holy Jesus**Herzliebster Jesu*

1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed, that man to
 2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on thee? A - las, my
 3 Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered; the slave hath
 4 For me, kind Je - sus, was thy in - car - na - tion, thy mor - tal
 5 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee, I do a -

1 judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
 2 trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,
 3 sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a - tone - ment,
 4 sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of an - guish
 5 dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy pi - ty

1 by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
 2 I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.
 3 while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.
 4 and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
 5 and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

Words: Johann Heermann (1585-1647); tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), alt. Music: *Herzliebster Jesu*, Johann Cruger (1598-1662), alt.

The Communion Hymn 337 *And now, O Father, mindful of the love**Unde et memoriae*

1 And now, O Fa - ther, mind - ful of the love that
 2 Look Fa - ther, look on his a - noint - ed face, and
 *3 And then for those, our dear - est and our best, by
 *4 And so we come; O draw us to thy feet, most

bought us, once for all, on Cal - vary's tree, and hav - ing with us
 on - ly look on us as found in him; look not on our mis -
 this pre - vail - ing pres - ence we ap - peal; O fold them clos - er
 pa - tient Sa - vior, who canst love us still! And by this food, so

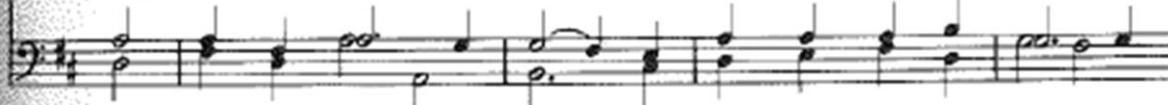
him that pleads a - bove, we here pre - sent, we here spread
 us - ings of thy grace, our prayer so lan - guid, and our
 to thy mer - cy's breast! O do thine ut - most for their
 awe - some and so sweet, de - liv - er us from ev - ery

Jesus Christ our Lord

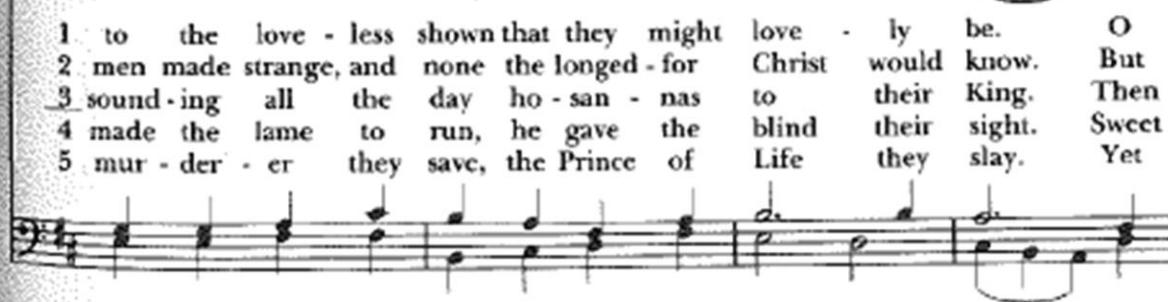
458

Unison or harmony

1 My song is love un - known, my Sa - vior's love to me, love
 2 He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow, but
 *3 Some - times they strew his way, and his strong prais - es sing, re -
 *4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He
 *5 They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way; a



1 to the love - less shown that they might love - ly be. O
 2 men made strange, and none the longed - for Christ would know. But
 3 sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King. Then
 4 made the lame to run, he gave the blind their sight. Sweet
 5 mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet



1 who am I that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
 2 O my friend, my friend in - deed, who at my need his life did spend.
 3 "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for his death they thirst and cry.
 4 in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them-selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.
 5 steadfast he to suf - fering goes, that he his foes from thence might free.



*6 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?
 Heaven was his home;
 but mine the tomb
 wherein he lay.

7 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.