

Processional Hymn No. 280: All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Refrain:

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

1 Thou art the King of Israel, thou David's royal Son,
now in the Lord's name comest, our King and Blessed One. [Refrain]

2 The company of angels are praising thee on high,
and we with all creation in chorus make reply. [Refrain]

3 The people of the Hebrews with psalms before thee went;
our prayer and praise and anthems before thee we present. [Refrain]

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

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

Communion Hymns

Hymn No. 286: O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1: O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown:
how pale thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish which once was bright as morn!

2: What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain;
mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve thy place;
look on me with thy favor, vouchsafe to me thy grace.

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

Hymn No. 289: Ah, Holy Jesus

- 1: Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended,
that we to judge thee have in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted!
- 2: Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee!
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee;
I crucified thee.
- 3: Lo, the Good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;
the slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffered.
For our atonement, while we nothing heeded,
God interceded.
- 4: For me, kind Jesus, was thy incarnation,
thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation;
thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
for my salvation.
- 5: Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee,
think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,
not my deserving.

Recessional Hymn No. 285: To Mock Your Reign, O Dearest Lord

- 1 To mock your reign, O dearest Lord, they made a crown of thorns;
set you with taunts along that road from which no one returns.
They could not know, as we do now, how glorious is that crown;
that thorns would flower upon your brow, your sorrows heal our own.
- 2 In mock acclaim, O gracious Lord, they snatched a purple cloak;
your passion turned, for all they cared, into a soldier's joke.
They could not know, as we do now, that though we merit blame,
you will your robe of mercy throw around our naked shame.
- 3 A sceptered reed, O patient Lord, they thrust into your hand,
and acted out their grim charade to its appointed end.
They could not know, as we do now, though empires rise and fall,
your kingdom shall not cease to grow till love embraces all.