

**All Glory, Laud, and Honor – ELW #344**

R/ All glory, laud, and honor to you, redeemer king,  
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring.  
1 You are the king of Israel and David's royal Son,  
Now in the Lord's name coming, our King and Blessed One.  
R/  
2 The company of angels are praising you on high;  
Creation and all mortals in chorus make reply.  
R/  
3 The multitude of pilgrims with palms before you went;  
Our praise and prayer and anthems before you we present.  
R/  
4 To you, before your passion, they sang their hymns of praise.  
To you, now high exalted, our melody we raise.  
R/  
5 Their praises you accepted; accept the prayers we bring,  
Great author of all goodness, O good and gracious King.  
R/

**Ah, Holy Jesus – ELW #349**

1 Ah, holy Jesus, how has 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 thine 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.

**When Peace Like a River – ELW #785**

1 When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll,  
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul.  
R/ It is well with my soul, it is well, it is well with my soul.  
2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, and hath shed his own blood for my soul.  
R/  
3 He lives – oh, the bliss of this glorious thought; my sin, not in part but the whole,  
Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
R/  
4 Lord, hasten the day when our faith shall be sight, the clouds be rolled back as a scroll,  
The trumpet shall sound and the Lord shall descend; even so it is well with my soul.  
R/