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. You are the king of Israel and David’s royal Son,
2. The company of angels are praising you on high;
3. The multitude of pilgrims with palms before you went;
4. To you, before your passion, they sang their hymns of praise.
5. Their praises you accepted; accept the prayers we bring,

now in the Lord’s name coming, our King and Blessed One.
creation and all mortals in chorus make reply.
our praise and prayer and anthems before you we present.
To you, now high exalted, our melody we raise.
great author of all goodness, O good and gracious King.
Go to Dark Gethsemane

1 Go to dark Geth-se-ma-ne, all who feel the tempt-er’s pow’r;
your Re-deem-er’s con-flict see. Watch with him one bit-ter hour;
turn not from his grieves a-way; learn from Je-sus Christ to pray.

2 Fol-low to the judg-ment hall, view the Lord of life ar-raigned;
oh, the worm-wood and the gall! Oh, the pangs his soul sus-tained!
Shun not suf-fering, shame, or loss; learn from him to bear the cross.

3 Cal-v’ry’s mour-nful moun-tain climb; there, a-dor-ing at his feet,
mark that mir-a-cle of time, God’s own sac-ri-fice com-plete.
“It is fin-ished!” hear him cry; learn from Je-sus Christ to die.

4 Ear-ly has-ten to the tomb where they laid his breath-less clay;
all is sol-i-tude and gloom. Who has tak-en him a-way?
Christ is ris’n! He meets our eyes. Sav-i-or, teach us so to rise.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
praise God, all creatures here below;
praise God above, ye heav’n-ly host;
praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Take, Oh, Take Me As I Am

Take, oh, take me as I am; summon out what I shall be;

set your seal upon my heart and live in me.
1 O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
   now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown;

2 How pale thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn;
   how does thy face now languish, which once was bright as morn!

3 What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend,
   for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?

4 Lord, be my consolation; shield me when I must die;
   remind me of thy passion when my last hour draws nigh.

O sacred head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine!
Thy grief and bitter passion were all for sinners’ gain;
Oh, make me thine forever, and should I fainting be,
These eyes, new faith receiving, from thee shall never move;

Yet, though despised and grievously, I joy to call thee mine.
mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.
for all who die believing die safely in thy love.