Calvary Episcopal: March 28, 2021 hymns

Opening Hymn 154 Thou art the King of Israel

*Refrain All glory, laud, and honor*

*to thee, Redeemer, King!*

*to whom the lips of children*

*made sweet hosannas ring.*

1 Thou art the King of Israel,

thou David’s royal Son,

who in the Lord’s Name comest,

the King and Blessèd One.

*Refrain*

2 The company of angels

is praising thee on high;

and we with all creation

in chorus make reply.

*Refrain*

3 The people of the Hebrews

with palms before thee went;

our praise and prayers 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*

*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)*

*Meter: 76. 76. D*

Gospel (Sequence) Hymn 158 Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended

1 Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended,

that man to judge thee hath 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 sinnèd, 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.

*Words: Johann Heermann (1585-1647); tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), alt.*

*Music: Herzliebster Jesu, Johann Cruger (1598-1662), alt.*

*Meter: 11. 11. 11 5*

Closing Hymn 458 My song is love unknown

My song is love unknown,

my Savior’s love to me,

love to the loveless shown

that they might lovely by.

O who am I that for my sake

my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?

He came from his blest throne

salvation to be stow,

but men made strange,

and none the longed-for Christ would know.

But O my friend, my friend indeed,

who at my need his life did spend.

Sometimes they stew his way,

and his strong praises sing,

resounding all the day

hosannas to their King.

Then “Crucify!” is all their breath,

and for his death they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?

What makes this rage and spite?

He made the lame to run,

heave the blind their sight.

Sweet injuries! Yet they at these

themselves displease, and ‘gainst him rise.

They rise, and needs will have

my dear Lord made away;

a murderer they saved,

the Prince of Life they slay.

Yet steadfast he to suffering goes,

that he his foes from thence might free.

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.

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.

*Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-1683), alt. Music: Love Unknown, John Ireland 1879-1962) 66.66.44.44*