

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 154

All glory, laud and honor

VALET WILL ICH DIR GEBEN

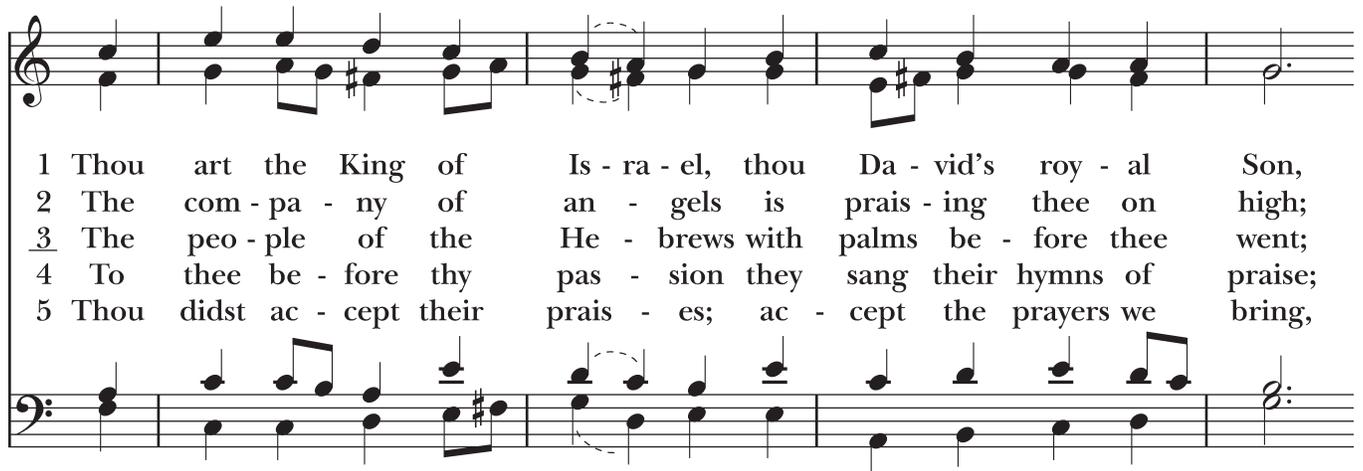
Refrain



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

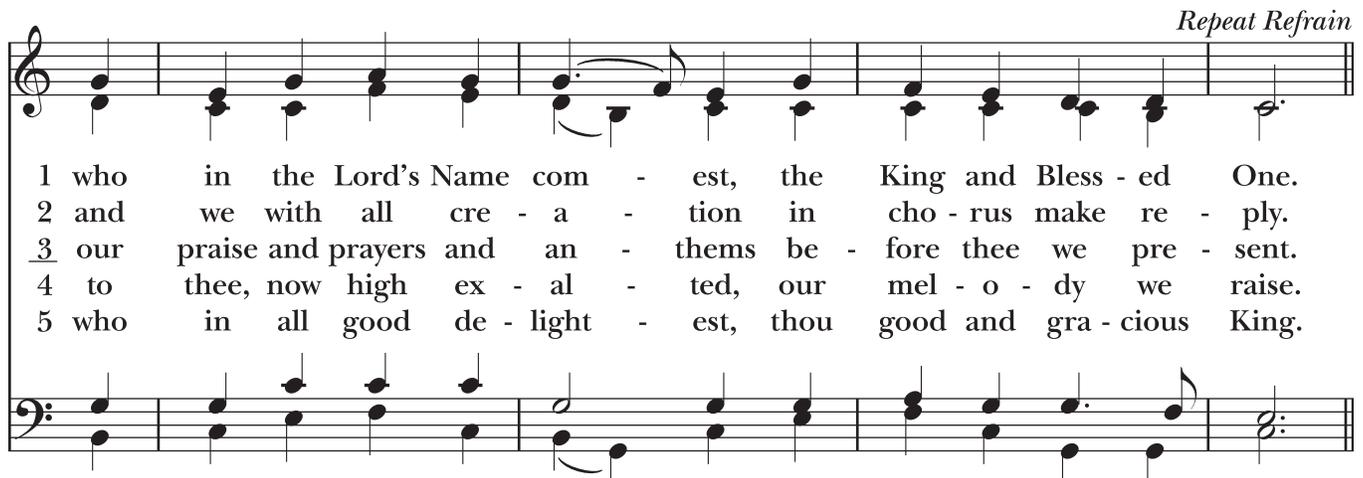


to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho - san - nas ring.



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).

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 -

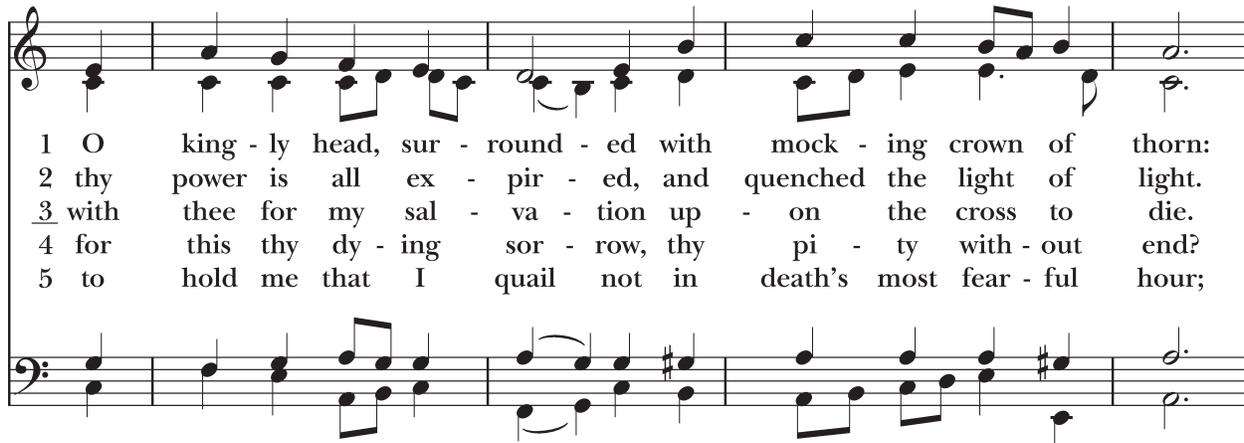
1 judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
 2 trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,
 3 sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a - tone - ment,
 4 sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of an - guish
 5 dore thee, and will ev -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

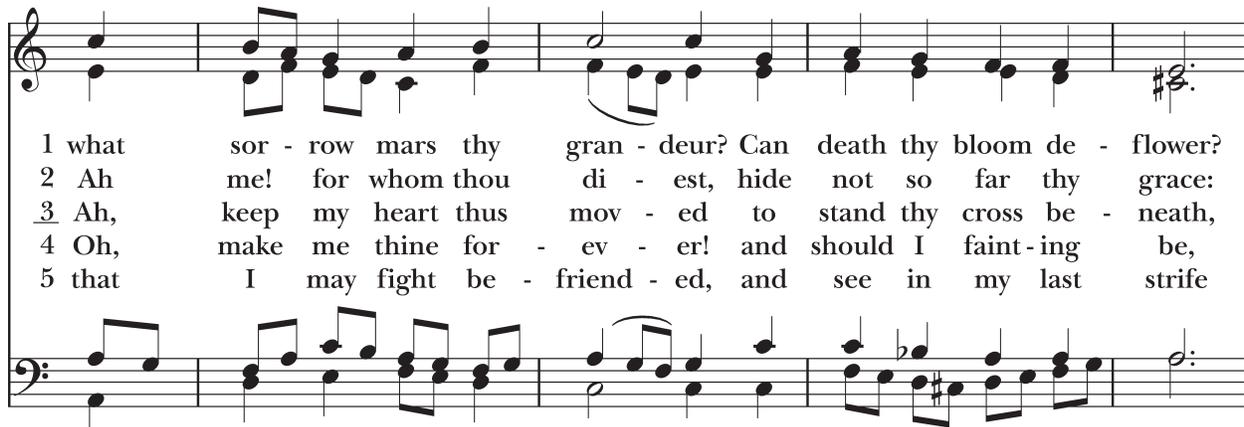
Words: Johann Heermann (1585-1647); tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), alt. Music: *Herzliebster Jesu*, Johann Crüger (1598-1662), alt.



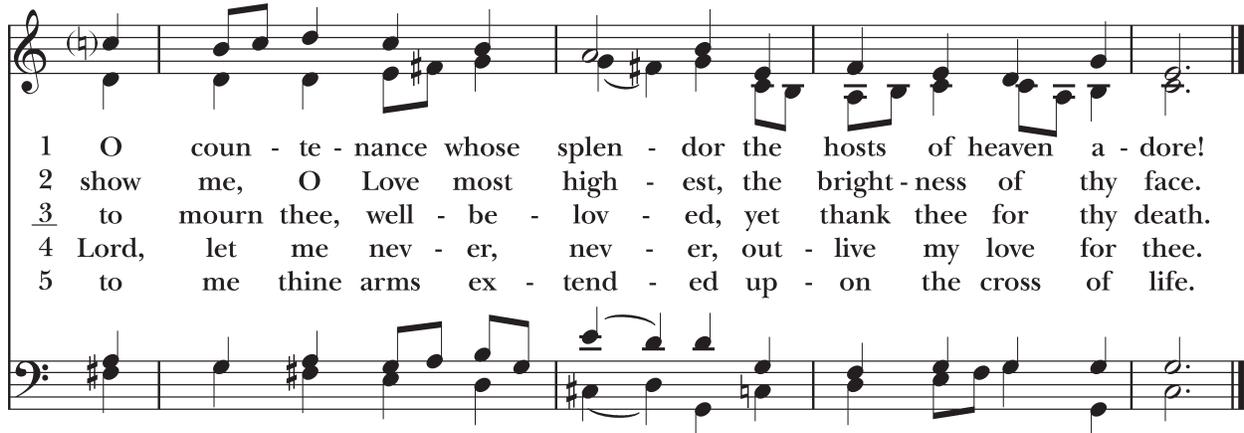
1 O sa - cred head, sore wound - ed, de - filed and put to scorn;
 2 Thy beau - ty, long - de - sir - ed, hath va - nished from our sight;
 3 In thy most bit - ter pas - sion my heart to share doth cry,
 *4 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
 *5 My days are few, O fail not, with thine im - mor - tal power,



1 O king - ly head, sur - round - ed with mock - ing crown of thorn:
 2 thy power is all ex - pir - ed, and quenched the light of light.
 3 with thee for my sal - va - tion up - on the cross to die.
 4 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pi - ty with - out end?
 5 to hold me that I quail not in death's most fear - ful hour;



1 what sor - row mars thy gran - deur? Can death thy bloom de - flower?
 2 Ah me! for whom thou di - est, hide not so far thy grace:
 3 Ah, keep my heart thus mov - ed to stand thy cross be - neath,
 4 Oh, make me thine for - ev - er! and should I faint - ing be,
 5 that I may fight be - friend - ed, and see in my last strife



1 O coun - te - nance whose splen - dor the hosts of heaven a - dore!
 2 show me, O Love most high - est, the bright - ness of thy face.
 3 to mourn thee, well - be - lov - ed, yet thank thee for thy death.
 4 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, out - live my love for thee.
 5 to me thine arms ex - tend - ed up - on the cross of life.

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross where the young
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an

Prince of Glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 cross of Christ, my God: all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 of - fering far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748). Music: *Rockingham*, from *Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature*, ca. 1970; harm. Edward Miller (1731-1807).