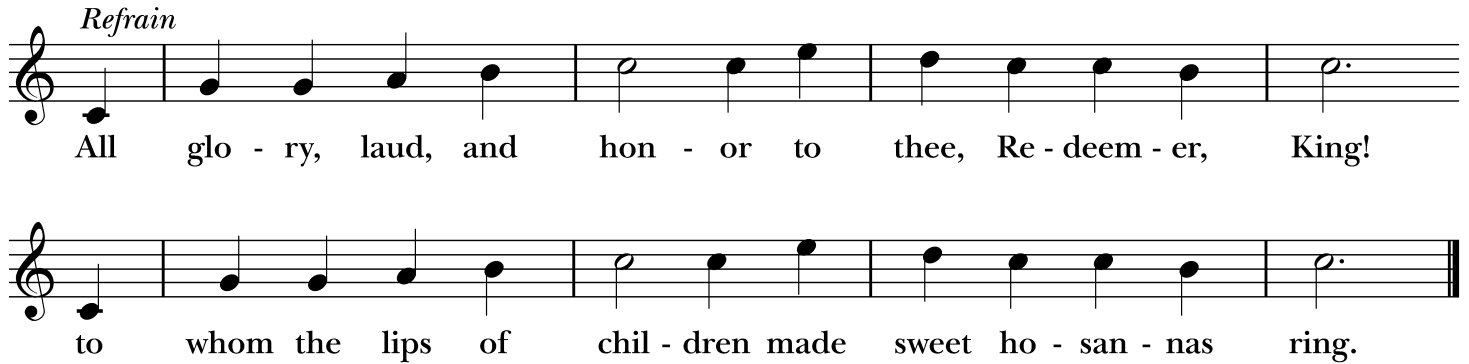
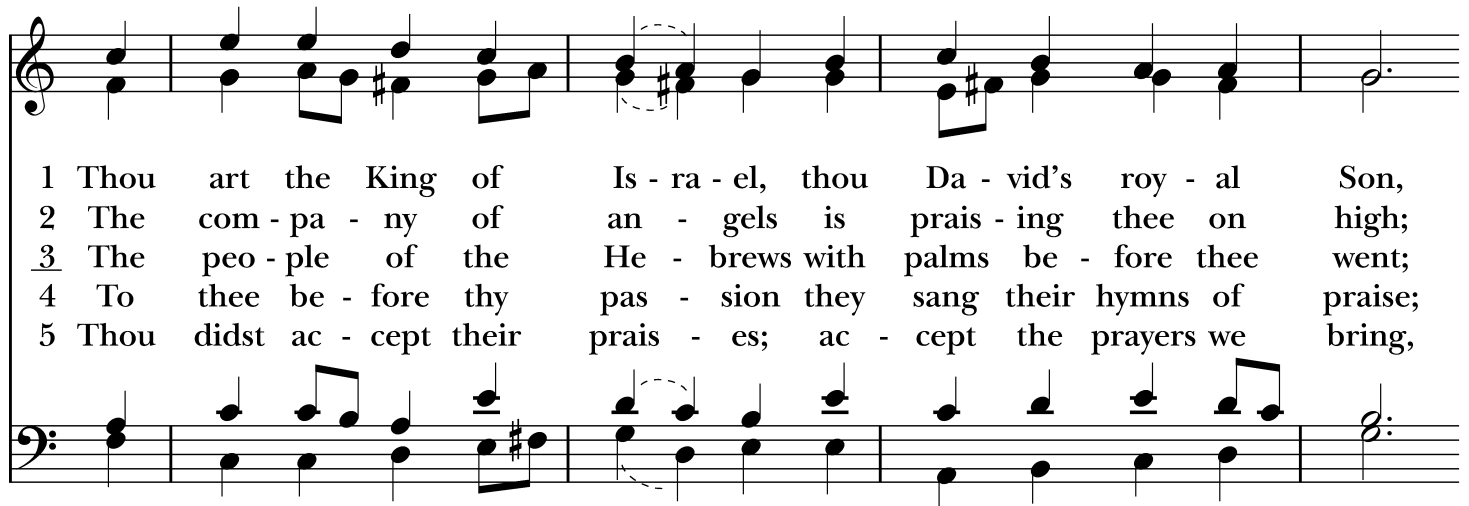


Refrain

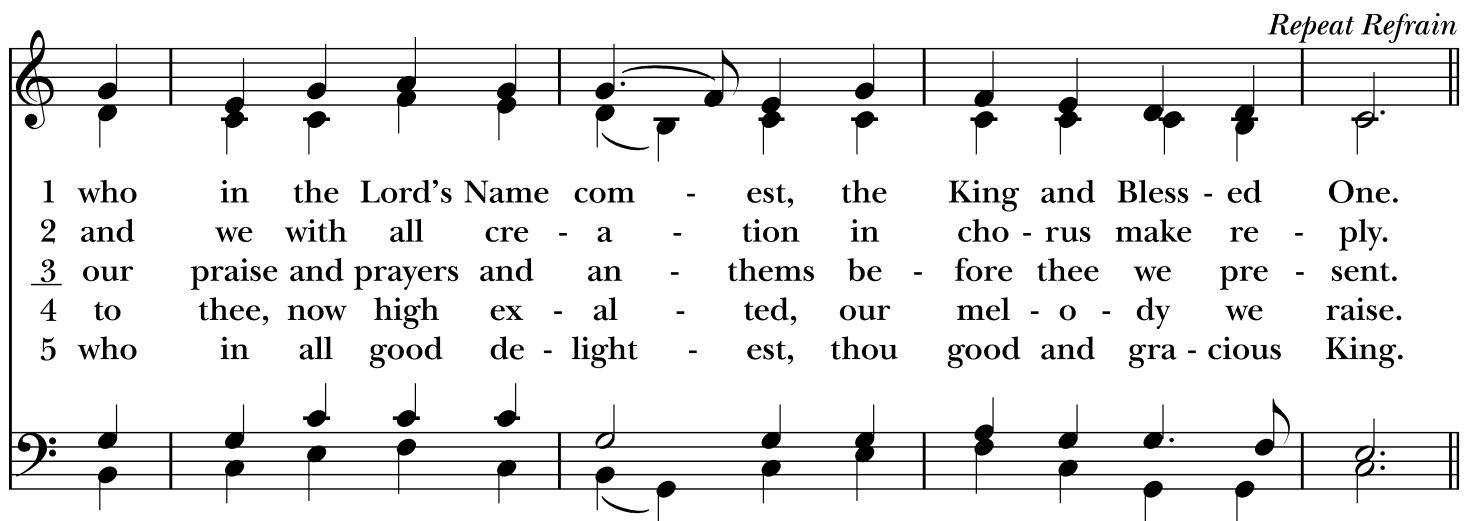


All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or to thee, Re - deem - er, King!
to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho - san - nas ring.



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 Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, where the
 2 Here the King of all the a - ges, throned in
 3 O mys - ter - ious con - de - scend - ing! O a -
 4 Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, where the

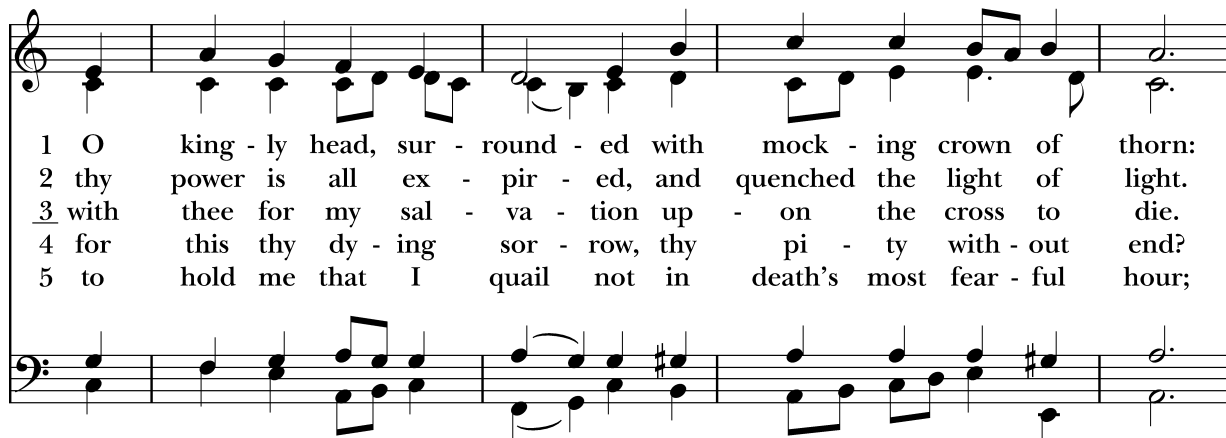
blood of Christ was shed, per - fect Man on
 light ere worlds could be, robed in mor - tal
 ban - don - ment sub - lime! Ve - ry God him -
 blood of Christ was shed, per - fect Man on

thee did suf - fer, per - fect God on thee has bled!
 flesh is dy - ing, cru - ci - fied by sin for me.
 self is bear - ing all the suf - fer - ings of time!
 thee did suf - fer, per - fect God on thee has bled!

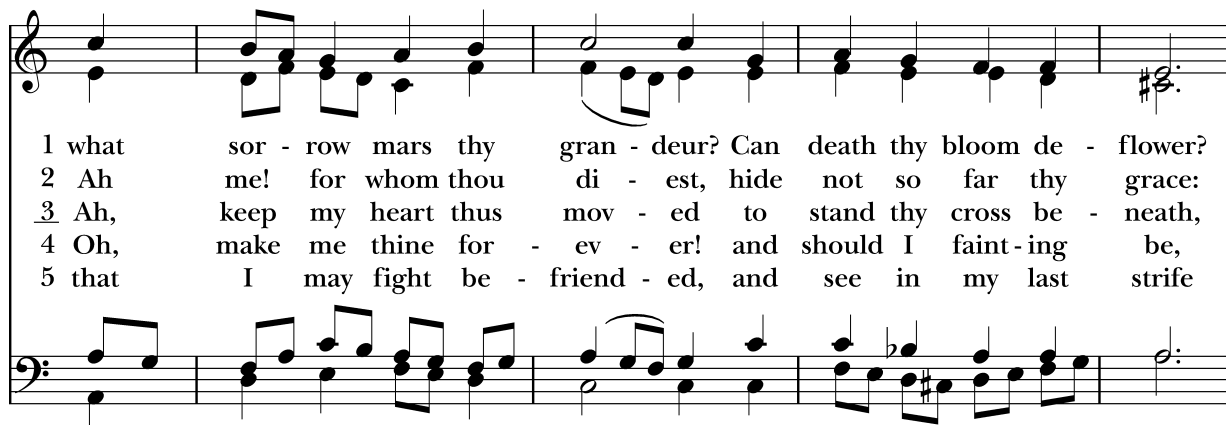
Words: William J. Sparrow-Simpson (1860-1952). Music: *Cross of Jesus*, John Stainer (1840-1901).



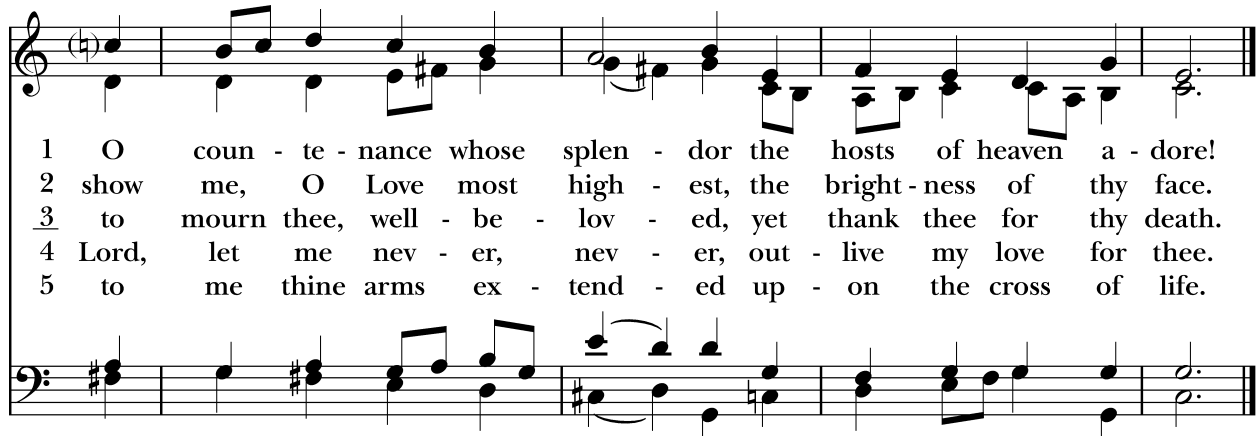
1 O sa - cred head, sore wound - ed, de - filed and put to scorn;
 2 Thy beau - ty, long - de - sir - ed, hath va - nished from our sight;
 3 In thy most bit - ter pas - sion my heart to share doth cry,
 *4 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
 *5 My days are few, O fail 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.

Words: Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676); sts. 1-3, 5, tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930); st. 4, tr. James Waddell Alexander (1804-1859), alt. Music: *Herzlich tut mich verlangen* [Passion Chorale], Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612); adapt. And harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750).

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).