

HYMNS

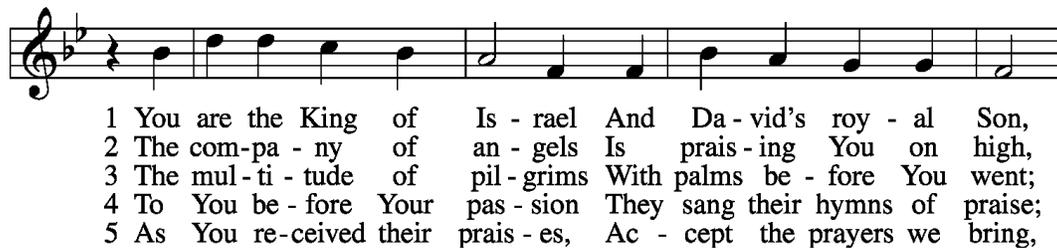
All Glory, Laud, and Honor

442

Refrain

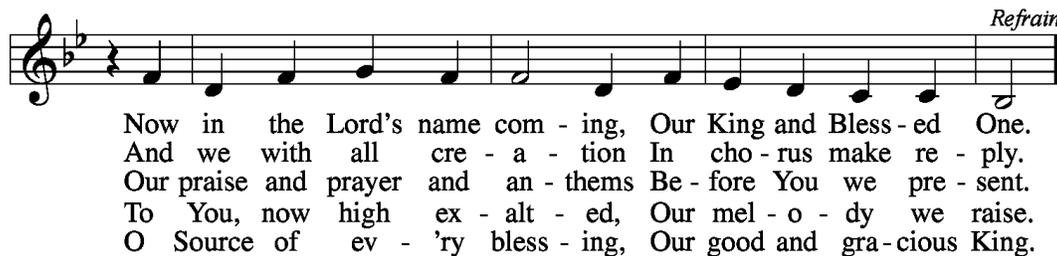


All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To You, Re - deem - er, King,
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.



1 You are the King of Is - rael And Da - vid's roy - al Son,
2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels Is prais - ing You on high,
3 The mul - ti - tude of pil - grims With palms be - fore You went;
4 To You be - fore Your pas - sion They sang their hymns of praise;
5 As You re - ceived their prais - es, Ac - cept the prayers we bring,

Refrain



Now in the Lord's name com - ing, Our King and Bless - ed One.
And we with all cre - a - tion In cho - rus make re - ply.
Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore You we pre - sent.
To You, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.
O Source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Our good and gra - cious King.

*Text: Theodulf of Orléans, c. 762–821;
tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
Tune: Melchior Teschner, 1584–1635
Text and Tune: Public domain*

The Royal Banners Forward Go

455



1 The roy - al ban - ners for - ward go;
 2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
 3 Ful - filled is all that Da - vid told
 4 On whose hard arms, so wide - ly flung,



The cross shows forth re - demp - tion's flow, Where He, by
 Life's tor - rent rush - ing from His side, To wash us
 In sure pro - phet - ic song of old, That God the
 The weight of this world's ran - som hung, The price of



whom our flesh was made, Our ran - som
 in the pre - cious flood Where flowed the
 na - tions' king should be And reign in
 hu - man - kind to pay And spoil the



in His flesh has paid:
 wa - ter and the blood.
 tri - umph from the tree,
 spoil - er of his prey. A - men.

5 O tree of beauty, tree most fair,
 Ordained those holy limbs to bear:
 Gone is thy shame, each crimsoned bough
 Proclaims the King of Glory now.

△ 6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
 Let homage meet by all be done;
 As by the cross Thou dost restore,
 So guide and keep us evermore.
 Amen.

*Text: Vanantius Honorius Fortunatus, c. 530–609;
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, sts. 1–4, alt.;
 tr. The Hymnal 1982, sts. 5–6
 Tune: Paul D. Weber, b. 1949*

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A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

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1 A Lamb goes un - com - plain - ing forth, The
 2 This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great friend, The
 3 "Yes, Fa - ther, yes, most will - ing - ly I'll
 4 Lord, when Your glo - ry I shall see And



guilt of sin - ners bear - ing And, lad - en with the
 Lamb of God, our Sav - ior, Whom God the Fa - ther
 bear what You com - mand Me. My will con - forms to
 taste Your king - dom's plea - sure, Your blood my roy - al



sins of earth, None else the bur - den shar - ing; Goes
 chose to send To gain for us His fa - vor. "Go
 Your de - cree, I'll do what You have asked Me." O
 robe shall be, My joy be - yond all mea - sure! When



pa - tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh - ter led with -
 forth, My Son," the Fa - ther said, "And free My chil - dren
 won - drous Love, what have You done! The Fa - ther of - fers
 I ap - pear be - fore Your throne, Your righ - teous - ness shall



out com - plaint, That spot - less life to of - fer, He bears the
 from their dread Of guilt and con - dem - na - tion. The wrath and
 up His Son, De - sir - ing our sal - va - tion. O Love, how
 be my crown; With these I need not hide me. And there, in



stripes, the wounds, the lies, The mock - er - y, and
 stripes are hard to bear, But by Your pas - sion
 strong You are to save! You lay the One in -
 gar - ments rich - ly wrought, As Your own bride shall



yet re - plies, "All this I glad - ly suf - fer."
 they will share The fruit of Your sal - va - tion."
 to the grave Who built the earth's foun - da - tion."
 we be brought To stand in joy be - side You.

Through Jesus' Blood and Merit

746



1 Through Je - sus' blood and mer - it I am at peace with God.
 2 There's noth - ing that can sev - er From this great love of God;
 3 For nei - ther life's temp - ta - tion Nor death's most try - ing hour
 4 Nor an - y crea - ture ev - er Shall from the love of God



What, then, can daunt my spir - it, How - ev - er dark my road?
 No want, no pain what - ev - er, No fam - ine, per - il, flood.
 Nor an - gels of high sta - tion Nor an - y oth - er pow'r
 This ran - somed sin - ner sev - er; For in my Sav - ior's blood



My cour - age shall not fail me, For God is on my side;
 Though thou - sand foes sur - round me, For slaugh - ter mark His sheep,
 Nor things that now are pres - ent Nor things that are to come
 This love has its foun - da - tion; God hears my faith - ful prayer



Though hell it - self as - sail me, Its rage I may de - ride.
 They nev - er shall con - found me, The vic - t'ry I shall reap.
 Nor height, how - ev - er pleas - ant, Nor dark - est depths of gloom
 And long be - fore cre - a - tion Named me His child and heir.

*Text: Simon Dach, 1605–59;
 tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.
 Tune: Musika Teutsch, Nürnberg, 1532
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Hymn 438

*Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76;
 tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.
 Tune: Wolfgang Dachstein, c. 1487–1553
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Upon the Cross Extended

453



1 Up - on the cross ex - tend - ed See, world, your
 2 Come, see these things and pon - der, Your soul will
 3 Who is it, Lord, that bruised You? Who has so
 4 I caused Your grief and sigh - ing By e - vils



Lord sus - pend - ed. Your Sav - ior yields His breath.
 fill with won - der As blood streams from each pore.
 sore a - bused You And caused You all Your woe?
 mul - ti - ply - ing As count - less as the sands.



The Prince of Life from heav - en Him - self has free - ly
 Through grief be - yond all know - ing From His great heart came
 We all must make con - fes - sion Of sin and dire trans -
 I caused the woes un - num - bered With which Your soul is



giv - en To shame and blows and bit - ter death.
 flow - ing Sighs well - ing from its deep - est core.
 gres - sion While You no ways of e - vil know.
 cum - bered, Your sor - rows raised by wick - ed hands.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 Your soul in griefs unbounded, Your head with thorns surrounded, You died to ransom me. The cross for me enduring, The crown for me securing, You healed my wounds and set me free.</p> | <p>6 Your cords of love, my Savior, Bind me to You forever, I am no longer mine. To You I gladly tender All that my life can render And all I have to You resign.</p> |
|---|--|

- 7 Your cross I place before me;
 Its saving pow'r restore me,
 Sustain me in the test.
 It will, when life is ending,
 Be guiding and attending
 My way to Your eternal rest.

*Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76;
 tr. John Kelly, 1833-90, alt.
 Tune: Heinrich Isaac, c. 1450-1517
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Ride On, Ride On in Majesty

441



1 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! All the
 2 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly
 3 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel
 4 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! Thy last and
 5 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly



tribes ho - san - na cry. O Sav - ior meek, pur -
 pomp ride on to die. O Christ, Thy tri - umphs
 ar - mies of the sky Look down with sad and
 fierc - est strife is nigh. The Fa - ther on His
 pomp ride on to die. Bow Thy meek head to



sue Thy road, With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.
 now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
 won - d'ring eyes To see the ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
 sap - phire throne A - waits His own a - noint - ed Son.
 mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.

*Text: Henry H. Milman, 1791–1868, alt.
 Tune: Musicalisch Hand-Buch der Geistlichen Melodien,
 Hamburg, 1690, alt.
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