

(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. A-men.

1. Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, thou Da - vid's roy - al
 2. The com - pa - ny of an - gels are prais - ing thee on
 3. The peo - ple of the He - brews with palms be - fore thee
 4. To thee be - fore thy Pas - sion they sang their hymns of
 5. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; ac - cept the prayers we

(repeat refrain)

Son, who in the Lord's Name com - est, the King and Bless-ed One.
 high; and mor - tal men, and all things cre - a - ted, make re - ply.
 went: our praise and prayers and an - thems be - fore thee we pre - sent.
 praise: to thee, now high ex - alt - ed, our me - lo - dy we raise.
 bring, who in all good de - light - est, thou good and gra - cious King.

Text: Gloria, laus, et honor; Theodulph of Orleans, circa 820
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1854
 Tune: Theodulph, Melchoir Teschner, 1615, 76.76D

1. Ride on! Ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark, all the tribes ho -
 2. Ride on! Ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride
 3. Ride on! Ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies
 4. Ride on! Ride on in maj - es - ty! Thy last and fier - est
 5. Ride on! Ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride

san - na cry; thy hum - ble beast pur - sues his road with
 on to die: O Christ, thy tri - umphs now be - gin o'er
 of the sky look down with sad and won - dering eyes to
 strife is nigh; the Fa - ther on his sap - phire throne ex -
 on to die; bow thy meek head to mor - tal pain, then

palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.
 cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
 see th'ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
 pects his own a - noint - ed Son.
 take, O God, thy power, and reign. A - men.

Text: Henry Hart Milman, 1827, alt.
 Tune: Winchester New, from Musikalisch Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690
 LM

O Sacred Head, Surrounded

Passiontide

1. O sa - cred Head, sur - round - ed by
 2. In this thy bit - ter - round pas - sion, Good
 3. Christ Je - sus, we a - dore thee, our

crown of pierc - ing thorn. O king - ly Head, so
 Shep - herd, think of me with thy most sweet com -
 thorn - crowned Lord, and King. We bow our hearts be -

wound - ed, re - viled, and put to scorn! Now
 pas - sion, un - wor - thy though I be. Be -
 fore thee, and to thy Cross we cling. Lord,

death doth o - ver take thee up -
 neath thy Cross a - bid bear - ing for -
 give us strength to bear it with

on the no - ble tree. Yet An - gel - hosts a -
 ev - er would I rest, in thy dear love con -
 pa - tience and with love, that we may tru - ly

dore thee and praise thy vic - to - ry!
 fid - ing, and with thy pre - sence blest.
 mer - it a glo - rious crown a - bove.

*Text: Salve caput cruetatum, attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux, d. 1159
 adapted by P. Gerhardt, d. 1676, tr. by H.W. Baker and A. T. Russell, alt.
 Tune: Passion Chorale, H. Hassler, 1601, harm. by J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
 76.76D*