342 All glory, laud, and honor

 to you, Redeemer, King,

 to whom the lips of children

 made sweet hosannas ring.

 You are the King of Israel

 and David's royal Son,

 now in the Lord's name coming,

 the king and Blessed One.

 2 The company of angels

 is praising you on high;

 and we with all creation

 in chorus make reply.

 The people of the Hebrews

 with palms before you went;

 our praise and prayer and anthems

 before you we present.

 3 To you before your passion

 they sang their hymns of praise;

 to you, now high exalted,

 our melody we raise.

 As you received their praises,

 accept the prayers we bring,

 for you delight in goodness,

 O good and gracious King!

TEXT: Theodulph of Orleans (c. 820). Tr. John Mason Neale (1854), alt.

TUNE: Melchior Teschner (1615); C. Gregor Choralbuch (1784)

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 343 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!

 Hear all the tribes hosanna cry;

 O Savior meek, your road pursue,

 with palms and scattered garments strewed.

 2 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!

 In lowly pomp ride on to die;

 O Christ, your triumphs now begin

 o'er captive death and conquered sin.

 3 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!

 The winged armies of the sky

 look down with sad and wond'ring eyes

 to see the approaching sacrifice.

 4 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!

 Your last and fiercest strife is nigh.

 The Father on his sapphire throne

 awaits his own anointed Son.

 5 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!

 In lowly pomp ride on to die;

 bow your meek head to mortal pain,

 then take, O God, your power and reign!

TEXT: Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868), alt.

TUNE: John Frederick Wolle (1888)

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 344 Prepare the royal highway;

 the King of kings is near!

 Let ev'ry hill and valley

 a level road appear!

 Then greet the king of glory

 foretold in sacred story:

 Refrain: Hosanna to the Lord

 for he fulfills God's word!

 2 God's people, see him coming:

 your own eternal King!

 Palm branches strew before him!

 Spread garments! Shout and sing!

 God's promise will not fail you!

 No more shall doubt assail you!

 3 Then fling the gates wide open

 to greet your promised King!

 Your King, yet ev'ry nation

 its tribute too should bring.

 All lands will bow before him,

 their voices join in singing:

 4 His is no earthly kingdom;

 it comes from heav'n above.

 His rule is peace and freedom

 and justice, truth, and love.

 So let your praise be sounding

 for kindness so abounding:

TEXT: Frans Mikael Franzen (1772-1847). Tr. Lutheran Book of Worship. ©1978 by Lutheran Book of Worship. Reprinted by permission of Augsburg Fortress.

TUNE: Swedish folk tune (17th cent.)

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 345 O sacred head, now wounded,

 with grief and shame weighed down,

 now scornfully surrounded

 with thorns your only crown.

 O sacred head, what glory

 and blessing you have known!

 Yet, though despised and gory,

 I claim you as my own.

 2 My Lord, what you did suffer

 was all for sinners' gain;

 mine, mine was the transgression,

 but yours the deadly pain.

 So here I kneel, my Savior,

 for I deserve your place;

 look on me with your favor

 and save my by your grace.

 3 What language shall I borrow

 to thank you, dearest friend,

 for this, your dying sorrow,

 your mercy without end?

 Lord, make me yours forever,

 a loyal servant true,

 and let me never, never

 outlive my love for you.

TEXT: Medieval Latin. Tr. Paul Gerhardt (1656). Tr. James Waddell Alexander (1830), alt.

TUNE: Popular melody, Hans Leo Hassler (1601); C. Gregor Choralbuch (1784)

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 346 My Redeemer, overwhelmed with anguish,

 went to Olivet for me;

 there he kneels, his heart does heave and languish

 in a bitter agony;

 fear and horror seize his soul and senses,

 for the hour of darkness now commences;

 ah, how he does weep and groan

 our rebellion to atone.

 2 Could our hearts and voices then join forces

 in exalted songs to raise;

 yet, till joined to the celestial chorus,

 cold would prove our warmest praise;

 Jesus' love exceeds all comprehension,

 but our love to him we scarce dare mention;

 we may weep beneath his cross,

 but he wept and bled for us.

 3 Lamb of God, you shall remain forever

 of our songs the only theme;

 for your boundless love, your grace and favor,

 we will praise your saving name;

 that for our transgresssions you were wounded

 shall by us in nobler strains be sounded,

 when we, perfected in love,

 once shall join the church above.

TEXT: Christian Renatus von Zinzendorf (1749). Tr. John Swertner (1778), alt.

TUNE: Herrnhut (c. 1735); C. Gregor Choralbuch (1784)

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 347 Jesus in Gethsemane,

 you kept watch in agony,

 pouring out your soul in love

 that we all might live above,

 and as you that vigil kept,

 Peter, James, and John all slept.

 2 Judas with the rabble came

 loudly calling out your name.

 Up you rose and met them there

 in the treasured place of prayer.

 What could be more vile than this:

 traitor Judas' mocking kiss?

 3 Lord, may we not fall away

 failing in our lives to pray.

 Keep us close to your blessed side,

 there may we in love abide;

 ever with the ransomed sing

 grateful praises to our King.

TEXT: Albert H. Frank (1989, recast 1992). ©1992 by Albert H. Frank

TUNE: Freylinghausen's Geistreiches Gesangbuch (1704)

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 348 O Lord, who through this holy week

 did suffer for us all,

 the sick to heal, the lost to seek,

 to raise up them that fall,

 2 we cannot understand the woe

 your love was pleased to bear;

 O Lamb of God, we only know

 that all our hopes are there.

 3 Your feet the path of suff'ring trod;

 your hand the vict'ry won;

 what shall we render to our God

 for all that he has done?

 4 To God, the blessed Three-in-One,

 all praise and glory due;

 crown, Lord, your servants who have won

 the victory through you.

TEXT: John Mason Neale (1842), alt.

TUNE: Este's Psalter (1592)

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 349 Go to dark Gethsemane,

 all who feel the tempter's pow'r;

 your Redeemer's conflict see,

 watch with him one bitter hour.

 Turn not from his griefs away;

 learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

 2 Follow to the judgment hall,

 view the Lord of life arraigned;

 O the wormwood and the gall!

 O the pangs his soul sustained!

 Shun not suff'ring, shame or loss;

 learn of him to bear the cross.

 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;

 there, adoring at his feet,

 mark that miracle of time,

 God's own sacrifice complete.

 "It is finished!" hear him cry;

 learn of Jesus Christ to die.

 4 Early hasten to the tomb,

 where they laid his breathless clay;

 all is solitude and gloom;

 who has taken him away?

 Christ is ris'n -- he meets our eyes!

 Savior, teach us so to rise.

TEXT: James Montgomery (1820), alt.

TUNE: Christian Ignatius Latrobe (c. 1790)

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 350 When I survey the wondrous cross

 on which the Prince of glory died,

 my richest gain I count but loss,

 and pour contempt on all my pride.

 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,

 save in the death of Christ, my God;

 all the vain things that charm me most,

 I sacrifice them to his blood.

 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet

 sorrow and love flow mingled down;

 did e'er such love and sorrow meet,

 or thorns compose so rich a crown?

 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,

 that were an off'ring far too small;

 love so amazing, so divine

 demands my soul, my life, my all.

TEXT: Isaac Watts (1707)

TUNE: Lowell Mason (1824)

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 351 O dearest Jesus, what law have you broken

 that such sharp sentence should on you be spoken?

 Of what great crime have you to make confession,

 what dark transgression?

 2 They crown your head with thorns, they smite, they scourge you;

 with cruel mockings to the cross they urge you;

 they give you gall to drink, they still decry you;

 they crucify you.

 3 What is the source of all your mortal anguish?

 It is my sins for which you, Lord, must languish;

 yes, all the wrath, the woe that you inherit,

 this I do merit.

 4 How strange is this great paradox to ponder:

 the shepherd dies for sheep who love to wander;

 the master pays the debt his servants owe him,

 who would not know him.

 5 O wondrous love, whose depth no heart has sounded,

 that brought you here, by foes and thieves surrounded,

 conquer my heart, make love its sole endeavor

 henceforth forever!

TEXT: Johann Heermann (1630). Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878), alt.

TUNE: Johann CrŸger (1640)

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 352 Jesus, in your dying woes,

 even while your life-blood flows,

 craving pardon for your foes:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 2 Savior, for our pardon sue

 when our sins your pangs renew,

 for we know not what we do:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 3 O, may we, who mercy need,

 be like you in heart and deed,

 when with wrong our spirits bleed:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

Part II

 4 Jesus, pitying the sighs

 of the thief, who near you dies,

 promising him paradise:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 5 May we in our guilt and shame

 still your love and mercy claim,

 calling humbly on your name:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 6 May our hearts incline to you

 as we keep your cross in view,

 cheer our souls, our hope renew:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 Part III

 7 Jesus, loving to the end

 her whose heart your sorrows rend,

 and your dearest human friend:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 8 May we in your sorrows share,

 for your sake all peril dare,

 and enjoy your tender care:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 9 May we all your loved ones be,

 all one holy family,

 loving, since your love we see:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

Part IV

 10 Jesus, mired in fears unknown,

 with our evil left alone,

 while no light from heav'n is shown:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 11 When we seem in vain to pray

 and our hope seems far away,

 in the darkness be our stay:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 12 Though no Father seem to hear,

 though no light our spirits cheer,

 may we know that God is near:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 Part V

 13 Jesus, in your thirst and pain,

 while your wounds your lifeblood drain,

 thirsting more our love to gain:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 14 Thirst for us in mercy still;

 all your holy work fulfill;

 satisfy your loving will:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 15 May we thirst your love to know;

 lead us in our sin and woe,

 where the healing waters flow:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 Part VI

 16 Jesus, all our ransom paid,

 all your Father's will obeyed;

 by your suff'rings perfect made:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 17 Save us in our soul's distress;

 be our help to cheer and bless,

 while we grow in holiness:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 18 Brighten all our heav'nward way

 with an ever holier ray,

 till we pass to perfect day:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 Part VII

 19 Jesus, all your labor vast,

 all your woe and conflict past,

 yielding up your soul at last:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 20 When the death shades round us low'r

 guard us from the tempter's pow'r,

 keep us in that trial hour:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

 21 May your life and death supply

 grace to live and grace to die,

 grace to reach the home on high:

 hear us, holy Jesus.

TEXT: Thomas Benson Pollock (1836-1896), alt.

TUNE: Swedish melody (1697)

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 353 There is a green hill far away,

 outside a city wall,

 where the dear Lord was crucified,

 who died to save us all.

 2 We may not know, we cannot tell

 what pains he had to bear;

 but we believe it was for us

 he hung and suffered there.

 3 He died that we might be forgiv'n;

 he died to make us good,

 that we might go at last to heav'n,

 saved by his precious blood.

 4 There was no other good enough

 to pay the price of sin;

 he only could unlock the gate

 of heav'n and let us in.

 5 O dearly, dearly has he loved,

 and we must love him too,

 and trust in his redeeming blood,

 and try his works to do.

TEXT: Cecil Frances Alexander (1848), alt.

TUNE: Albert L. Peace (1885)

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 354 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

 O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

 O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

 3 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

 O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

TEXT: Afro-American Spiritual

TUNE: Afro-American Spiritual. Harm. Brian Henkelmann (1994). ©1994 by Brian Henkelmann

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 355 It happened on that fateful night

 when pow'rs of earth and hell arose

 against the Son, our God's delight,

 and friends betrayed him to his foes.

 2 Before the bitter scene began,

 he took the bread and blessed and broke.

 What love through all his actions ran!

 What wondrous words of love he spoke!

 3 "My body broken for your sin

 receive and eat as living food."

 He took the cup and blessed the wine:

 "Share this new testament, my blood!"

 4 "Do this," he said, "till time shall end,

 remembering your dying friend;

 meet at my table and record

 the full obedience of the Lord."

 5 O Lord, your feast we celebrate:

 we show your death, we sing your name

 till you return, when we shall eat

 the marriage supper of the Lamb.

TEXT: Isaac Watts (1674-1748). Hymnal version ©1978 by Lutheran Book of Worship. Reprinted by permission of Augsburg Fortress.

TUNE: William Hauser, Hesperian Harp (1848). Arr. Nola Reed Knouse (1994)

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