

For Sunday 5th April PALM SUNDAY

MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

My song is love unknown,
My saviour's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might be lovely be.
O who am I, that for my sake,
My Lord should take frail flesh, and die?

Sometimes they strew his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their king.
Then 'Crucify!' is all their breath,
And for his death they thirst and cry.

They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The prince of life they slay.
Yet cheerful he to suffering goes,
That he his foes from thence might free.

Here might I stay and sing.
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear king,
Never was grief like thine!
This is my friend in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.

Words: S. Crossman; Music: J. Ireland

ALL GLORY, LAUD AND HONOUR

*All glory, laud and honour
To thee, redeemer, king,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.*

Thou art the king of Israel,
Thou David's royal son,
Who in the Lord's name comest
The king and blessed one.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

To thee before thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises:
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious king.

Words: Theodulph of Orleans, (*translated: J.M. Neale*); Music: M. Teschner