

All Glory Laud and Honor

All glory laud and honor to thee redeemer King
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas sing

Thou art the King of Israel, thou David's royal Son
Who in the Lord's Name comest, the King and Blessed One
All glory laud and honor to thee redeemer King
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas sing

The company of angels is praising thee on high
And we with all creation in chorus make reply
All glory laud and honor to thee redeemer King
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas sing

The people of the Hebrews with palms before thee went
Our praise and prayers and anthems before thee we present
All glory laud and honor to thee redeemer King
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas sing

To thee before thy passion they sang their hymns of praise
To thee now high exalted our melody we raise
All glory laud and honor to thee redeemer King
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas sing

Thou didst accept their praises accept the prayers we bring
Who in all good delightest thou good and gracious King
All glory laud and honor to thee redeemer King
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas sing

How Deep The Father's Love

How deep the Father's love for us,
How vast beyond all measure
That He should give His only Son
To make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss.
The Father turns His face away
As wounds which mar the Chosen One
Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon a cross,
My sin upon His shoulders,
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life.
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything:
No gifts, no pow'r no wisdom.
But I will boast in Jesus Christ:
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer.
But this I know with all my heart:
His wounds have paid my ransom.

Glory be to Jesus

Glory be to Jesus, who in bitter pain
Poured for me his life blood from his sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal in that blood I find
Blest be his compassion infinitely kind!

Blest through endless ages be the precious stream
Which from sin and sorrow doth the world redeem!

Oft as earth exulting wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing make their glad reply

Lift ye then your voices; swell the mighty flood
Louder still and louder praise the precious blood.

