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All Glory, Laud, and Honor

"Hosanna!" "Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!" "Blessed is the King of Israel!" John 12:13

1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or to thee, Re - deem - er, King,
 2. The peo - ple of the He - brews with palms be - fore thee went;
 3. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; ac - cept the prayers we bring,

to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho - san - nas ring!
 our praise and prayer and an - thems be - fore thee we pre - sent:
 who in all good de - light - est, thou good and gra - cious King!

Thou art the King of Is - rael, thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
 to thee, be - fore thy pas - sion, they sang their hymns of praise;
 All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or to thee, Re - deem - er, King,

who in the Lord's name com - est, the King and bless - ed One!
 to thee, now high ex - alt - ed, our mel - o - dy we raise.
 to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho - san - nas ring!

My song is love unknown

LOVE UNKNOWN

D F#m A7 Bm D G

All 1 My song is love un - known, My Sa - vior's love to me, Love
 Women 2 He came from His blest throne, Sal - va - tion to be - stow; But
 Men 3 Some - times they strew His way, And His sweet prais - es sing; Re -
 Women 4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He -
 Men 5 They rise, and needs will have My dear Lord made a - way; A
 All 6 In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might have; In
 All 7 Here might I stay and sing, No sto - ry so di - vine; Ne -

A7 F#m Bm E E7 A D

to the love - less shown, That they might love - ly be. O
 men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ would know. But
 sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their King. Then:
 made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet
 mur - der - er they save, The Prince of Life they slay. Yet
 death no friend - ly tomb But what a stran - ger gave. What
 ver was love, dear King, Ne - ver was grief like Thine. This

C Em C G Bm D F#m A7 D

who am I, That for my sake My Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
 O, my Friend, My Friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend!
 'Cru - ci - fy!' Is all their breath, And for His death They thirst and cry.
 in - ju - ries! Yet they at these Them - selves dis - please, And 'gainst Him rise.
 cheer - ful He To suf - f' rings goes, That He His foes from thence might free.
 may I say? Heav'n was His home; But mine the tomb Where - in He lay.
 is my Friend, In whose sweet praise I all my days could glad - ly spend.