

HYMN TEXTS - APRIL 10, 2022

ALL GLORY, LAUD, AND HONOR

1 All glory, laud, and honor 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!

2 The company of angels are praising Thee on high;
and we with all creation in chorus make reply.
The people of the Hebrews with palms before Thee went;
our praise and prayer and anthems before Thee we present.

3 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 praise we bring,
who in all good delightest, Thou good and gracious King!

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count by 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 a present far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

THE OLD RUGGES CROSS

1 On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinner was slain.

Refrain

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross till my trophies at last I lay down;
cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange it some day for a crown.

2 Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left His glory above,
to bear it to dark Calvary. *Refrain*

3 In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
such a wonderful beauty I see;
for twas on the old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me. *Refrain*

4 To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
where His glory forever I'll share. *Refrain*