

HYMN SHEET 21 MAR 21

382 O Sacred Head! sore wounded

O Sacred Head! Sore wounded,
with grief and shame bowed down!
O Kingly Head, surrounded
with thorns, thine only crown!
How pale art thou with anguish
with sore abuse and scorn!
How does that face now languish,
which once was bright as morn!

O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
I read the wondrous story;
I joy to call thee mine.
Thy grief and bitter Passion
Were all for sinners gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression
But thine the deadly pain.

What language shall I borrow
To praise thee, heavenly Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine for ever,
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee

550 As the deer pants for the water

As the deer pants for the water
So my soul longs after You.
You alone are my hearts desire
and I long to worship You.

Chorus

*You alone are my strength, my shield
To You alone may my spirit yield.
You alone are my. hearts desire
And I long to worship You.*

I want You more than gold and silver
Only You can satisfy.
You alone are the real joy giver
And on You I can rely

Chorus

You're my friend and You are my brother
Even though You are the King
I love You more than any other
So much more than any thing

Chorus

364 All glory, laud and honour

All glory, laud, and honour,
to you, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.

You are the King of Israel
great David's royal Son,
now in the Lord's name coming,
the King and Blessed One.

The company of angels
is praising you on high;
and we and all creation
together make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
with palms before you went;
our praise and prayer and anthems
before you we present.

To you before your Passion
they sang their hymns of praise;
to you, now high exalted,
our melody we raise.

Their praises you accepted;
accept the prayers we bring,
in every good delighting,
our great and gracious King!