

597 Holy, Most Holy Lord

Sanna, sannanina

San-na, san - na - ni - na, san - na, san - na, san - na. Ho - san - na
Ho - ly, most ho - ly Lord, Lord God of power and might, Most ho - ly

San - na, san - na - ni - na, san - na, san - na, san - na. Ho - san - na
heav - en and earth are filled, filled with your ho - ly light. Most bless - ed

San - na, san - na, san - na, san - na - ni - na, san - na,
O bless - ed is the One, the One who comes, comes in

san - na, san - na. Ho - san - na San - na, san - na, san -
the name of God. Ho - san - na Ho - san - na in the

na, san - na - ni - na, san - na, san - na, san - na. San - na - ni - na
high - est, ho - san - na, san - na, san - na, san - na. Most ho - ly Lord

197 Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

1 Ho - san - na, loud ho - san - na, the lit - tle chil - dren sang;
 2 From Ol - i - vet they fol - lowed 'mid an ex - ult - ant crowd,
 3 "Ho - san - na in the high - est!" That an - cient song we sing,

through pil - lared court and tem - ple the joy - ful an - them rang,
 the vic - tor palm branch wav - ing, and chant - ing clear and loud;
 for Christ is our Re - deem - er; the Lord of heaven, our King.

To Je - sus, who had blessed them, close fold - ed to his breast,
 the Lord of earth and heav - en rode on in low - ly state,
 O may we ev - er praise him with heart and life and voice,

the chil - dren sang their prais - es, the sim - plest and the best.
 nor scorned that lit - tle chil - dren should on his bid - ding wait.
 and in his bliss - ful pres - ence e - ter - nal - ly re - joice.

The opening two stanzas narrate the first Palm Sunday in the past tense, but the third stanza shifts to the present tense to emphasize what current singers do and believe. The repeated elements in this anonymous German tune suggest the repetitive patterns in a crowd's chant.

Lord, Have Mercy

Capo 3: (D) (A) (D) (G) (A) (D) (D) (A) (C) (F)

F C B \flat C F

Lord, have mer - cy; Christ, have mer - cy; Lord, have

(A) (D/F \sharp) (F \sharp m) (G) (A) (Bm) (G) (A) (Bm) (D)

C F/A Am B \flat C Dm C Dm

mer - cy up - on us. Lord, have mer - cy;

(G) (D) (A)(Bm) (Em7) (A) (Dsus) (D)

B \flat F C Dm Gm7 C Fsus F

Christ, have mer - cy; Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.

TEXT: Trad. liturgical text
 MUSIC: American folk melody; arr. Richard Proulx, 1984
 Music Arr. © 1986 GIA Publications, Inc.

GATHERING

414 Be Still and Know That I Am God

Capo 4: (C)
E *

Be still and know that I am God.

(F) A (C) (Dm) (Em) (Fmaj7) (G7)
E G#m Amaj7 B7

Be still and know that I am God.

* *May be sung as a canon.*

In many situations, simplicity is more challenging than embellishment. The spiritual life is no exception, as these eight stark monosyllables from Psalm 46:10a make clear. The musical setting is similarly spare, using only five notes to create a sense of melodic spaciousness.

GATHERING

414 Be Still and Know That I Am God

Capo 4: (C)
E *

Be still and know that I am God.

(F) A (C) (Dm) (Em) (Fmaj7) (G7)
E G#m Amaj7 B7

Be still and know that I am God.

* *May be sung as a canon.*

In many situations, simplicity is more challenging than embellishment. The spiritual life is no exception, as these eight stark monosyllables from Psalm 46:10a make clear. The musical setting is similarly spare, using only five notes to create a sense of melodic spaciousness.

My Song Is Love Unknown 209

1 My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to
 2 He came from heav - en's throne sal - va - tion to be -
 3 Some - times we strew his way, and his sweet prais - es
 4 Un - heed - ing, we will have our dear Lord made a -
 5 Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di -

me, love to the love - less shown that they might love - ly
 stow; the world that was his own would not its Sav - ior
 sing, re - sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to our
 way, a mur - der - er to save, the prince of life to
 vine: nev - er was love, dear King, nev - er was grief like

be. O who am I that for my sake my
 know. But O my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who
 King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all our breath, and
 slay. Yet stead - fast he to suf - fering goes, that
 thine. This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I

Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
 at my need his life did spend!
 for his death we thirst and cry.
 he his foes from thence might free.
 all my days could glad - ly spend.

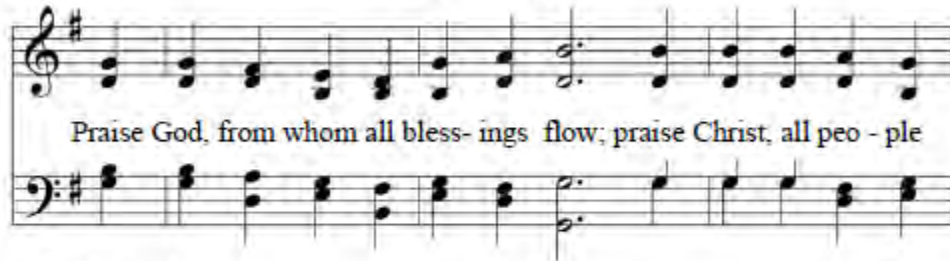
The opening line here could equally well have been a courtier's lament for a secret affair, but it soon becomes a path into a vivid and poignant reflection on Christ's Passion. This 17th-century text is beautifully embraced by its sensitive and lyrical 20th-century tune.

SERVICE MUSIC

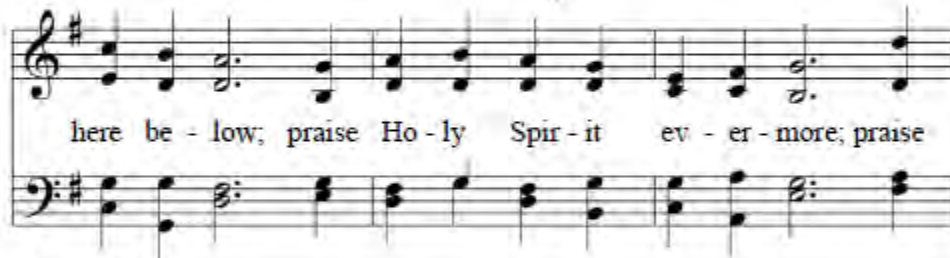
606 Praise God, from Whom

607 All Blessings Flow

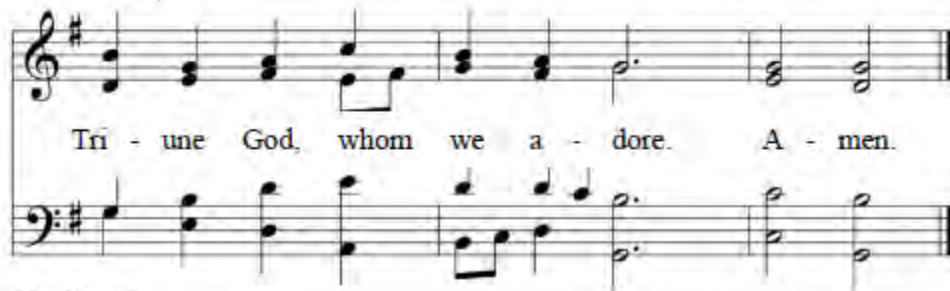
Doxology



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, praise Christ, all people



here below, praise Holy Spirit evermore, praise



Triune God, whom we adore. Amen.

*Or "God"

TEXT: Thomas Kerl, 1695, L/109
MUSIC: Genevan Psalter, [153]

OLD HUNDREDTH
LM