Holy, Most Holy Lord
Sanna, sannanina

Sanna, sanna-ni-na, sanna, sanna, sanna. Ho-sanna

Holy, most ho-ly Lord, Lord God of power and might, Most ho-ly

Sanna, sanna-ni-na, sanna, sanna, sanna. Ho-sanna

heaven and earth are filled, filled with your ho-ly light. Most bless-ed

Sanna, sanna, sanna, sanna-ni-na, sanna,

O bless-ed is the One, the One who comes, comes in

Sanna, sanna. Ho-sanna Sanna, sanna, sanna,

the name of God. Ho-sanna Ho-sanna in the

Sanna, sanna-ni-na, sanna, sanna, sanna. San-na-ni-na

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

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SANNANINA
Irregular
JESUS CHRIST: PASSION AND DEATH

197  Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

1 Hosanna, loud hosanna, the little children sang;
2 From Olive they followed 'mid an exultant crowd,
3 "Hosanna in the highest!" That ancient song we sing,

through pilared court and temple the joyful anthem rang,
the victor palm branch waving, and chanting clear and loud;
for Christ is our Redeemer; the Lord of heaven, our King,

To Jesus, who had blessed them, close folded to his breast,
the Lord of earth and heaven rode on in lowly state,
O may we ever praise him with heart and life and voice,

the children sang their praises, the simplest and the best.
nor scorned that little children should on his bidding wait.
and in his blissful presence eternally rejoice.

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.

TEXTE: Jennette Threlfall, 1873; alt.
MUSIC: Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Württembergischen Katholischen Hofkapelle, 1784; alt.
ELLACOMBE 7.b.7 b.3
Holy Lamb of God
Ya hamalallah

Dm  Gm  Dm
Holy Lamb of God, you take away the

Ya ha-ma-la-lah al-ha-mel khata-yal

Bb  A7  Dm
sin of the world. Have mercy on us.

'a-lam: ir-ham-na.

Dm  Gm  Dm
Holy Lamb of God, you take away the

Ya ha-ma-la-lah al-ha-mel khata-yal

Bb  A  A7  Bb
sin of the world. Grant us your peace;

'a-lam: in-nah-nas-sa-lam, in-

Gm7  A  A7  D
grant us your peace; Grant us your peace.

nah-nas-sa-lam, im-nah-nas-sa-lam.

ARABIC

يا حمل الله يا حمل الله الحامل خطايا العالم: ارحمنا.

يا حمل الله الحامل خطايا العالم: ارحمنا.

يا حمل الله الحامل خطايا العالم: امنحنا السلام، امنحنا السلام.
Stay with Me

Stay with me; re-main here with me; watch and pray.

This chant from Taizé intended for repeated singing is based on Jesus’ request to the disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane (Matthew 26:38, Mark 14:34), a simple request they did not fulfill. When singing these words we need to hear in them an ongoing call to be alert and faithful.

TEXT: Taizé Community, 1982
MUSIC: Jacques Berthier, 1982

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Praise God, from Whom 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”*
My Song Is Love Unknown

1. My song is love unknown, my Savior's love to me,
   love to the loveless stow; the world that was his own would not its Savior be.

2. He came from heaven's throne salvation to be,
   shown that they might love ly sing, re-sound-ing all the day hosan nas to our

3. Sometimes we strewed his way, and his sweet praises
   way, a mur-derer to save, the prince of life to

4. Unheeding, we will have our dear Lord made a
   vine: nev-er was love, dear King, nev-er was grief like

5. Here might I stay and sing, no story so di-
   be. O who am I that for my sake my know. But O my Friend, my Friend in-deed, who

   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 gladly 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.

TEXT: Samuel Crossman, 1664, alt.
MUSIC: John Ireland, 1918
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