

# 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.

## Holy Lamb of God

602

*Ya hamalallah*

Ho - ly Lamb of God, you take a - way the  
 Ya ha - ma - lal - lah al - ha - mel kha - ta - yal

sin of the world. Have mer - cy on us.  
 'a - lam: ir - ham - na.

Ho - ly Lamb of God, you take a - way the  
 Ya ha - ma - lal - lah al - ha - mel kha - ta - yal

sin of the world. 7 Grant us your peace; 7  
 'a - lam: im - nah - nas - sa - lam, im -

grant us your peace; 7 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 ، امنحنا السلام .

# Stay with Me

204

Stay with me; re - main here with me; watch and  
 pray. 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/Mark14:34), 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.

SERVICE MUSIC

606 Praise God, from Whom

607 All Blessings Flow

Doxology

Praise God, from whom all bless- ings flow; praise Christ, all peo - ple

here be - low; praise Ho - ly Spir - it ev - er - more; praise

Tri - une God, whom we a - dore. A - men.

\*Or "God"

TEXT: Thomas Ken, 1695, 1709  
MUSIC: Genevan Psalter, 1551

OLD HUNDREDTH  
LM

# 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.