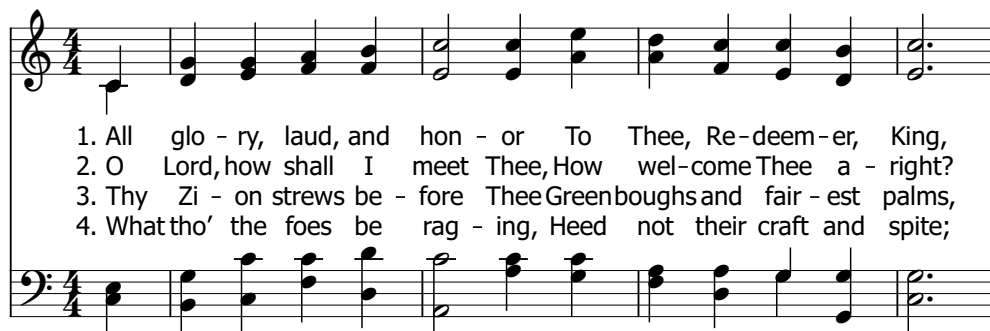


All Glory, Laud, and Honor

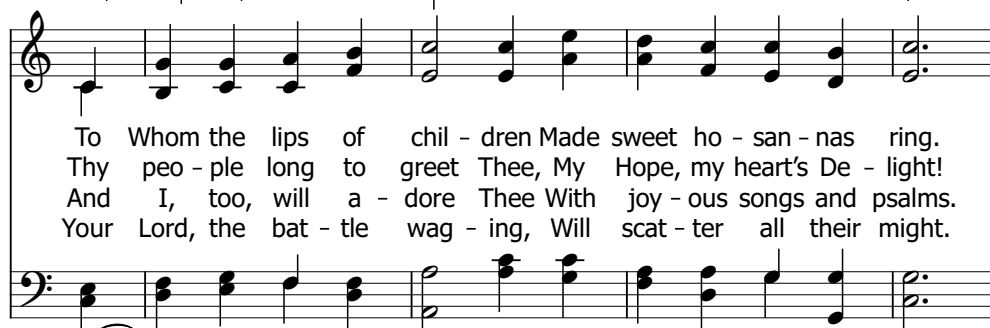
St. 1: Theodulph of Orleans

St. 2-4: Paul Gerhardt; trans. composite

Melchior Teschner



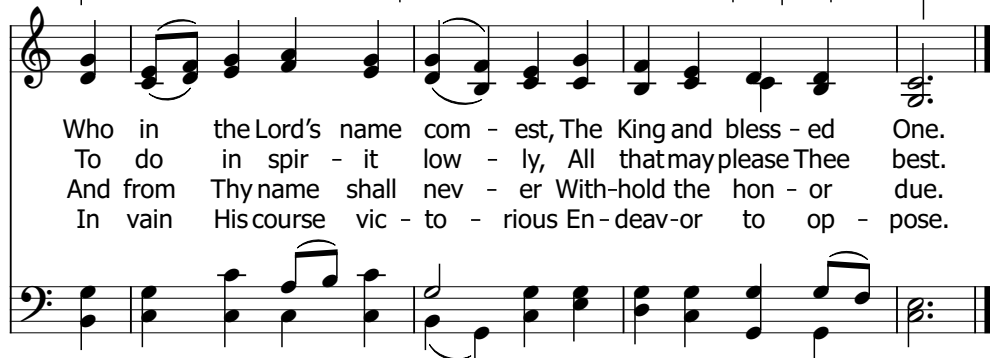
1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem-er, King,
2. O Lord, how shall I meet Thee, How wel-come Thee a - right?
3. Thy Zi - on strews be - fore Thee Green boughs and fair - est palms,
4. What tho' the foes be rag - ing, Heed not their craft and spite;



To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.
Thy peo - ple long to greet Thee, My Hope, my heart's De - light!
And I, too, will a - dore Thee With joy - ous songs and psalms.
Your Lord, the bat - tle wag - ing, Will scat - ter all their might.



Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da-vid's roy - al Son,
Oh, kin - dle, Lord, most ho - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast
My thank - ful heart shall ev - er Sing praise to Thee a - new;
He comes, a King most glo - rious, And all His earth - ly foes



Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.
To do in spir - it low - ly, All that may please Thee best.
And from Thy name shall nev - er With - hold the hon - or due.
In vain His course vic - to - rious En - deav - or to op - pose.