

"Ride On, Ride On, in Majesty"
by Henry H. Milman, 1791-1868

1. Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry.
O Savior meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2. Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die.
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3. Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

4. Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5. Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die.
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain.
Then take, O Christ, Thy power and reign.

"All Glory, Laud, and Honor"
by St. Theodulph of Orleans, c. 821

1. All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

2. All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

3. All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
The people of the Hebrews
With psalms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

4. All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
To Thee, before Thy Passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

5. All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

What Wondrous Love Is This

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this,
That caused the Lord of bliss,
To bear the dreadful curse,
For my soul, for my soul,
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing!
To God and to the Lamb, I will sing!
To God and to the Lamb, Who is the great "I AM, "
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing!
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on!
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing His love for me,
And thro' eternity, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And thro' eternity, I'll sing on.

"Hosanna, Loud Hosanna"

by Jeannette Threlfall, 1821-1880

1. Hosanna, loud hosanna,
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and Temple
The lovely anthem rang.
To Jesus, who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

2. From Olivet they followed
Mid an exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving
And chanting clear and loud.
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

3. "Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing,
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
Oh, may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice.