

Hymns 28th March

All glory, laud, and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high
And mortals, joined with all things
Created make reply

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present

To Thee, before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise
To Thee, now high exalted
Our melody we raise

Thou didst accept their praises
Accept the prayers we bring
Who in all good delightest
Thou good and gracious King

Ride on, ride on in majesty
Hark all the tribes 'Hosanna!' cry:
thy humble beast pursues his 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 winged squadrons 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
awaits 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 God, thy power and reign!

Hark, the glad sound! The Saviour
comes,
the Saviour promised long;
let every heart prepare a throne,
and every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
in Satan's bondage held;
the gates of brass before him burst,
the iron fetters yield.

When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the cross of Christ, my God:
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
the bleeding soul to cure,
and with the treasures of his grace
to enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
thy welcome shall proclaim,
and Heaven's eternal arches ring
with thy beloved Name.