

Palm Sunday Hymns

All glory, laud, and honour
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.

Refrain

The company of angels
are praising thee on high,
and mortal men and all things
created make reply.

Refrain

The people of the Hebrews
with palms before thee went:
our praise and prayer and anthems
before thee we present.

Refrain

To thee before thy Passion
they sang their hymns of praise:
to thee now high exalted
our melody we raise.

Refrain

Thou didst accept their praises:
accept the prayers we bring,
who in al good delightest,
thou good and gracious King.

Refrain



We cry 'Hosanna, Lord',
yes, 'Hosanna, Lord',
yes, 'Hosanna, Lord' to you.
We cry, 'Hosanna, Lord',
yes 'Hosanna, Lord',
yes, 'Hosanna, Lord', to you.

Behold, our Saviour comes.
Behold, the Son of our God.
He offers himself, and he comes among us,
a lowly servant to all. Chorus

Children wave their palms
as the King of all kings rides by.
Should we forget to praise our God,
the very stones would sing. Chorus

He comes to set us free.
He gives us liberty.
His vict'ry over death is
th'eternal sign of God's love for us. Chorus

Make way, make way, for Christ the King

In splendour arrives.
Fling wide the gates and welcome Him
Into your lives.

*Make way! (Make way!) Make way! (Make way!)
For the King of kings. (For the King of kings.)
Make way! (Make way!) Make way! (Make way!)
And let His kingdom in.*

He comes the broken hearts to heal,
The prisoners to free.
The deaf shall hear, the lame shall dance,
The blind shall see. *Refrain*

And those who mourn with heavy hearts,
Who weep and sigh;
With laughter, joy and royal crown
He'll beautify. *Refrain*

We call you now to worship Him
As Lord of all.
To have no gods before Him,
Their thrones must fall! *Refrain*

Ride on, ride on in majesty!

Hark, all the tribes 'Hosanna!' cry,
O Saviour meek, pursue your road
with palms and scattered garments
strowed.

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

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
look down with sad and wondering eyes
to see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Your last and fiercest strife is nigh:
the Father on his sapphire throne
awaits his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
in lowly pomp ride on to die;
bow your meek head to mortal pain,
then take, O God, your power, and reign.

**Lift high the Cross,
the love of Christ proclaim
till all the world
adore his sacred name.**

Come, let us follow
where our Captain trod,
our King victorious,
Christ the Son of God:
Refrain

Each new-born soldier
of the Crucified
bears on his brow
the seal of him who died:
Refrain

From north and south,
from east and west they raise
in growing unison
their song of praise:
Refrain

O Lord, once lifted
on the glorious tree,
as thou hast promised,
draw us unto thee:
Refrain

From farthest regions
let them homage bring,
and on his cross
adore their Saviour King:
Refrain

Set up thy throne,
that earth's despair may cease
beneath the shadow
of its healing peace:
Refrain