

Refrain

*All glory, laud, and honor, to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring.*

- 1 Thou art the King of Israel, thou David's royal Son,
who in the Lord's name comest, the King and Blessed One.

*All glory, laud, and honor, to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring.*

- 2 The company of angels are praising thee on high,
and we with all creation in chorus make reply.

*All glory, laud, and honor, to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring.*

- 3 The people of the Hebrews with psalms before thee went;
our prayer and praise and anthems before thee we present.

*All glory, laud, and honor, to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring.*

- 4 To thee, before thy passion, they sang their hymns of praise;
to thee, now high exalted, our melody we raise.

*All glory, laud, and honor, to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring.*

- 5 Thou didst accept their praises; accept the prayers we bring,
who in all good delightest, thou good and gracious King.

*All glory, laud, and honor, to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring.*

Hymn No. 278

**Hosanna, Loud Hosanna
(Eleven o'clock service ONLY)**

- 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 earth and heaven 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.
O may we ever praise him with heart and life and voice,
and in his blissful presence eternally rejoice!

- 1 To mock your reign, O dearest Lord,
they made a crown of thorns;
set you with taunts along that road
from which no one returns.
They could not know, as we do now,
how glorious is that crown;
that thorns would flower upon your brow,
your sorrows heal our own.

- 2 In mock acclaim, O gracious Lord,
they snatched a purple cloak;
your passion turned, for all they cared,
into a soldier's joke.
They could not know, as we do now,
that though we merit blame,
you will your robe of mercy throw
around our naked shame.

- 3 A sceptered reed, O patient Lord,
they thrust into your hand,
and acted out their grim charade
to its appointed end.
They could not know, as we do now,
though empires rise and fall,
your kingdom shall not cease to grow
till love embraces all.