

1

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.

The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and 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.

2

Give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,

give me joy in my heart I pray.
Give me joy in my heart, keep me praising.
Keep me praising till the end of day.

*Sing hosanna! Sine; hosanna!
Sing hosanna to the King of kings!
Sing hosanna! Sing hosanna!
Sing hosanna to the King!*

Give me peace in my heart,
keep me resting...

Give me love in my heart,
keep me serving...

Give me oil in my lamp,
keep me burning...

Make me a fisher of men,
keep me seeking...

3

RIDE ON, ride on in majesty!

Hark, all the tribes 'Hosanna' cry;
Thine humble beast pursues his road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

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.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

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

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.

4

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,
for the King of kings;
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.

Make way

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

Make way

We call You now to worship Him
as Lord of all,
to have no gods before Him,
their thrones must fall!

Make way.

5

YOU are the King of Glory,

You are the Prince of Peace;
You are the Lord of heaven and earth,
You're the Sun of righteousness.
Angels bow down before You,
Worship and adore, for
You have the words of eternal life,
You are Jesus Christ the Lord.

Hosanna to the Son of David!
Hosanna to the King of kings!
Glory in the highest heaven
For Jesus the Messiah reigns.

6

MY SONG is love unknown,

My Saviour's love to me:
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
O who am I, that for my sake
My Lord should take frail flesh and die?

He came from His blessed throne,
Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know:
But O! my Friend, my Friend indeed,
Who at my need His life did spend.

Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King:
Then 'Crucify!' is all their breath,
And for His death they thirst and cry.

They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of life they slay,
Yet cheerful He to suffering goes,
That He His foes from thence might free.

In life no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say? Heaven was His home;
And mine the tomb wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King!
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.

7

I am the bread of life.

He who comes to me shall not hunger.
He who believes in me shall not thirst.
No one can come to me
unless the Father draw him.
*And I will raise him up, (2)
and I will raise him up on the last day.*

The bread that I will give
is my flesh for the life of the world,
and he who eats of this bread,
he shall live for ever,
he shall live for ever.

Unless you eat
of the flesh of the Son of Man,
and drink of his blood,
and drink of his blood,
you shall not have life within you.

I am the resurrection,
I am the life.
He who believes in me,
even if he die,
he shall live for ever.

Yes, Lord, I believe
that you are the Christ,
the Son of God,
who has come
into the world.

8

AT THE name of Jesus

Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess him
King of Glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call him Lord
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom he came,
Faithfully he bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious
When from death he passed.

Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures
To the central height,
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast;
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown him as your captain
In temptation's hour:
Let his will enfold you
In its light and power.

For this same Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his angel train;
All the wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of Glory now.