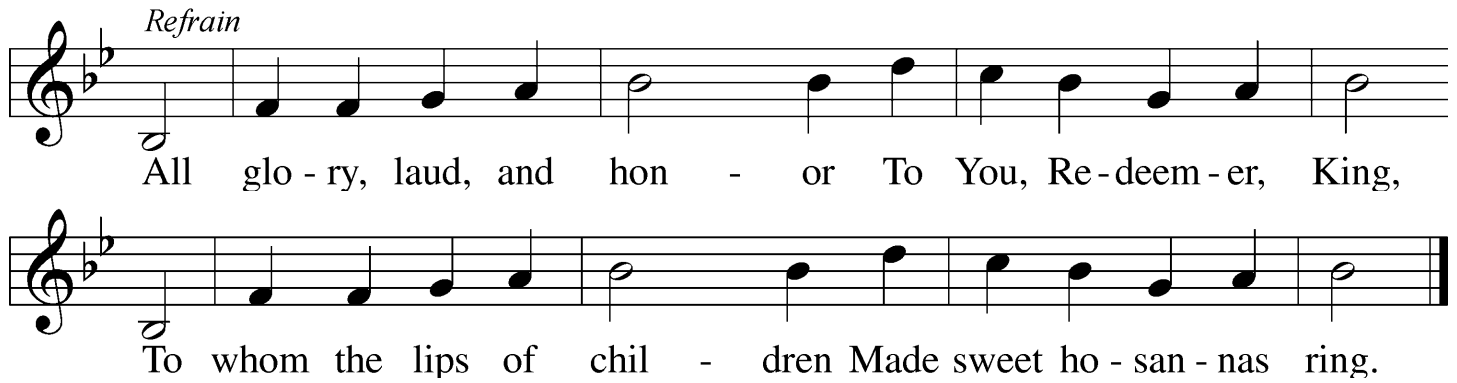


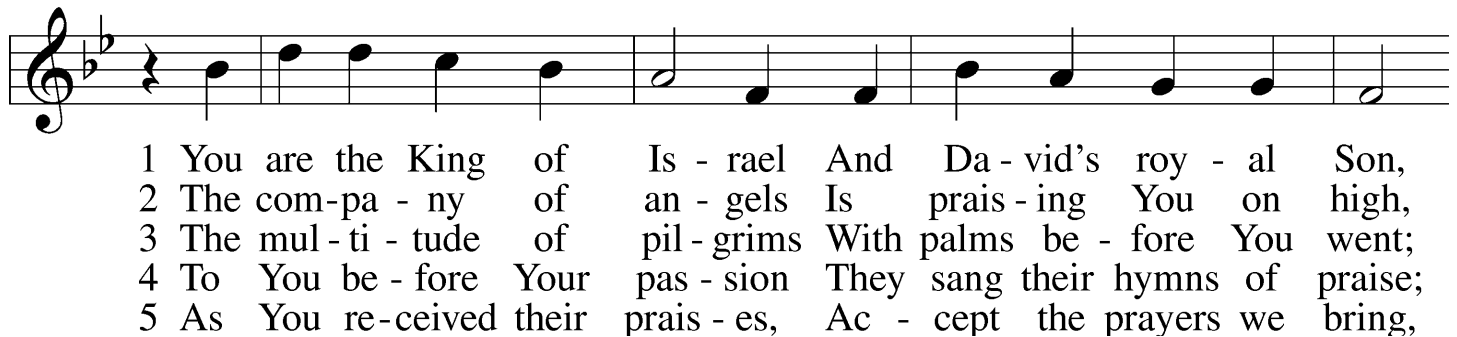
All Glory, Laud, and Honor

LSB 442

Refrain

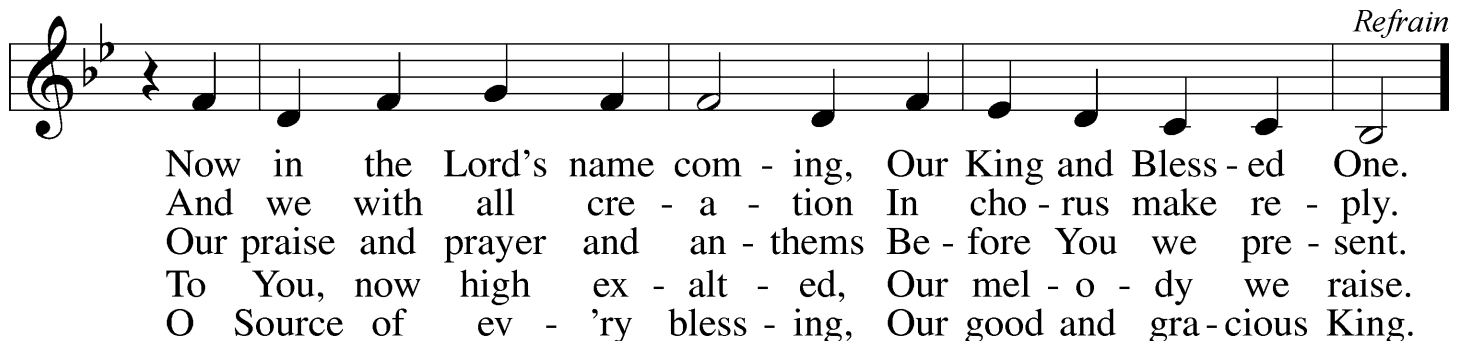


All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To You, Re - deem - er, King,
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.



1 You are the King of Is - rael And Da - vid's roy - al Son,
2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels Is prais - ing You on high,
3 The mul - ti - tude of pil - grims With palms be - fore You went;
4 To You be - fore Your pas - sion They sang their hymns of praise;
5 As You re - ceived their prais - es, Ac - cept the prayers we bring,

Refrain



Now in the Lord's name com - ing, Our King and Bless - ed One.
And we with all cre - a - tion In cho - rus make re - ply.
Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore You we pre - sent.
To You, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.
O Source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Our good and gra - cious King.

Text: Theodulf of Orléans, c. 762–821; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
Tune: Melchior Teschner, 1584–1635, alt.
Text and tune: Public domain

No Tramp of Soldiers' Marching Feet

LSB 444



1 No tramp of sol - diers' march - ing feet
 2 And yet He comes. The chil - dren cheer;
 3 What fad - ing flow'rs His road a - dorn;
 4 Now He who bore for mor - tals' sake



With ban - ners and with drums, No sound of mu - sic's
 With palms His path is strown. With ev - 'ry step the
 The palms, how soon laid down! No bloom or leaf but
 The cross and all its pains And chose a ser - vant's



mar - tial beat: "The King of glo - ry comes!"
 cross draws near: The King of glo - ry's throne.
 on - ly thorn The King of glo - ry's crown.
 form to take, The King of glo - ry reigns.



To greet what pomp of king - ly pride
 A - stride a colt He pass - es by
 The sol - diers mock, the rab - ble cries,
 Ho - san - na to the Sav - ior's name



No bells in tri-umph ring, No cit - y gates swing
 As loud ho - san - nas ring, Or else the ver - y
 The streets with tu - mult ring, As Pi - late to the
 Till heav - en's raf - ters ring, And all the ran - somed



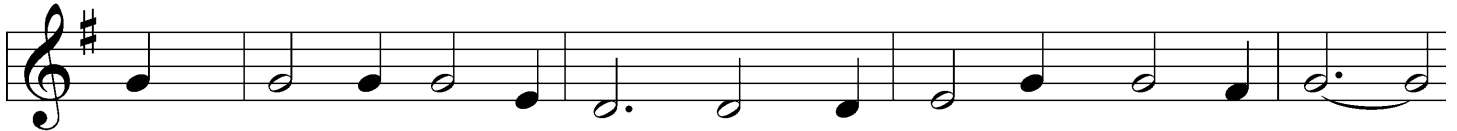
o - pen wide: "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"
 stones would cry "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"
 mob re - plies, "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"
 host pro - claim "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"

Prepare the Royal Highway

LSB 343



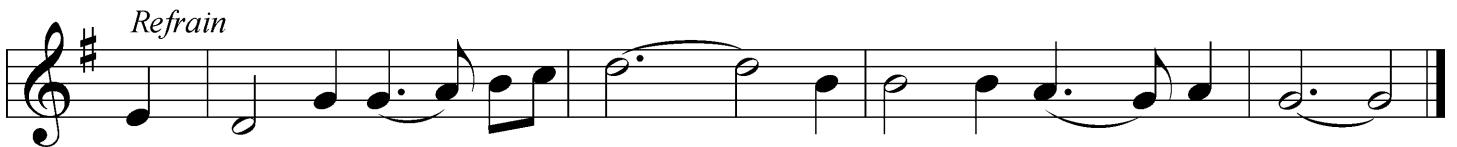
1 Pre - pare the roy - al high - way; The King of kings is near!
2 God's peo - ple, see Him com - ing: Your own e - ter - nal king!
3 Then fling the gates wide o - pen To greet your prom-ised king!
4 His is no earth - ly king - dom; It comes from heav'n a - bove.



Let ev - 'ry hill and val - ley A lev - el road ap - pear!
Palm branch-es strew be - fore Him! Spread gar - ments! Shout and sing!
Your king, yet ev - 'ry na - tion Its trib - ute too should bring.
His rule is peace and free - dom And jus - tice, truth, and love.



Then greet the King of Glo - ry Fore - told in sa - cred sto - ry:
God's prom - ise will not fail you! No more shall doubt as - sail you!
All lands, bow down be - fore Him! All na - tions, now a - dore Him!
So let your praise be sound - ing For kind - ness so a - bound - ing:



Ho - san - na to the Lord, For He ful - fills God's Word!

Text: Frans Mikael Franzén, 1772–1847; tr. Lutheran Book of Worship, 1978, alt.

Tune: Swedish, 17th cent.

Text: © 1978 Lutheran Book of Worship. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110000749

Tune: Public domain

Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

LSB 443



1 Ho - san - na, loud ho - san - na, The lit - tle chil - dren sang;
2 From Ol - i - vet they fol - lowed Mid an ex - ul - tant crowd,
3 "Ho - san - na in the high - est!" That an - cient song we sing;



Through pil - lared court and tem - ple The love - ly an - them rang.
The vic - tor palm branch wav - ing And chant - ing clear and loud.
For Christ is our Re - deem - er, The Lord of heav'n our King.



To Je - sus, who had blessed them, Close fold - ed to His breast,
The Lord of earth and heav - en Rode on in low - ly state
Oh, may we ev - er praise Him With heart and life and voice



The chil - dren sang their prais - es, The sim - plest and the best.
Nor scorned that lit - tle chil - dren Should on His bid - ding wait.
And in His bliss - ful pres - ence E - ter - nal - ly re - joice!

Text: Jeannette Threlfall, 1821–80, alt.

Tune: Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Hofkapelle, 1784, Württemberg

Text and tune: Public domain

Ride On, Ride On in Majesty

Matthew 21:9

Hymn text by HENRY H. MILMAN (1791-1868), alt.

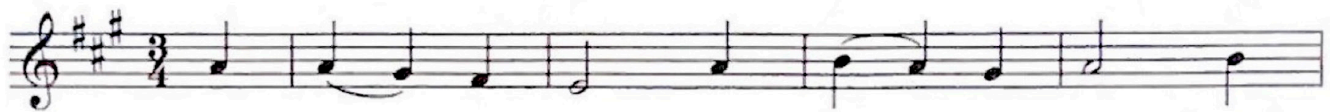
Based on the hymn tune WAREHAM

Melody by William Knapp (1698-1768), alt.

harm. Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1875,

after James Turle (1802-1882)

Choral setting by HOWARD HELVEY (ASCAP)



All	<i>f</i>	1. Ride	on, —	ride	on	in	maj -	es -	ty!	Hear
Men	<i>mf</i>	2. Ride	on, —	ride	on	in	maj -	es -	ty!	In
Women	<i>mp</i>	3. Ride	on, —	ride	on	in	maj -	es -	ty!	The
All	<i>mf</i>	4. Ride	on, —	ride	on	in	maj -	es -	ty!	Your
All	<i>f</i>	5. Ride	on, —	ride	on	in	maj -	es -	ty!	In



all —	the	tribes —	ho -	san -	na	cry;	O
low -	ly	pomp —	ride	on —	to	die.	O
host —	of	an -	gels	in —	the	sky	look
last —	and	fierc -	est	strife —	is	nigh.	The
low -	ly	pomp —	ride	on —	to	die,	bow



Sav -	ior —	meek,	pur -	sue	your	road	with —
Christ,	your —	tri -	umphs	now	be -	gin	o'er —
down —	with —	sad	and	won -	d'ring	eyes	to —
Fa -	ther —	on	his	sap -	phire	throne	a -
your —	meek —	head	to	mor -	tal	pain,	then —



palms —	and	scat -	tered	gar -	ments	strowed.
cap -	tive	death —	and	con -	quered	sin.
see —	the ap -	proach -	ing	sac -	ri -	fi -
waits —	his	own —	a -	noint -	ed	Son.
take, —	O	Christ, —	your	power —	and	reign.