

# Hymns of Praise

## Sunday April 10, 2022

### #214 (vs.1,2,4,)

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.

All glory, laud, and honour to thee, Redeemer King,  
to whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring!  
The people of the Hebrews  
with palms before thee went;  
our praise and prayer and anthems  
before thee we present.

All glory, laud, and honour to thee, Redeemer King,  
to whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring!  
Thou didst accept their praises;  
accept the prayers we bring,  
who in all good delightest,  
thou good and gracious King.

*Words: Latin, Theodulph of Orleans (750-821); trans. John Mason Neale (1818-1866)*

*Music: Melchior Teschner (1584-1635); harmony, J.S. Bach (1685-1750)*

*Tune: St. Theodulph*

## Hymn #218

Hosanna, loud hosanna, the little children sang;  
through pillared court and temple, the joyful anthem rang.  
To Jesus, who had held them close folded to his breast,  
the children sang their praises, the simplest and the best.

From Olivet they followed amid the shouting crowd,  
the victor palm branch waving and chanting clear and loud;  
Messiah, God's anointed, rode there in humble state,  
"Hosanna, in the highest!" rang out their praises great.

"Hosanna in the highest!" that ancient song we sing,  
for Christ is our redeemer, the Lord of heaven our King.  
Oh may we ever praise him with heart and life and voice,  
and in God's joyful presence eternally rejoice!

*Words: Jennette Threlfall (1821-1880)*

*Music: Mainz Song Book, 1833*

*Tune: Ellacombe*



**#220**

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 blest throne salvation to bestow;

But we made strange,  
and none the longed-for Christ would know.

But oh, 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.

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.

*Words: Samuel Crossman (c. 1624-1683)*

*Music: John Ireland (1879-1962)*

*Tune: Love Unknown*

## #830 – Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
praise him all creatures here below;  
praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

*Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)*

*Music: Genevan Psalter 1551; last line, Ravenscroft's Psalter 1621; Tune: Old 100<sup>th</sup>*

## #217 (vs.1-2,4-5)

Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry.  
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road  
with palms and scattered garments strewed.

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 last and fiercest strife is nigh.  
Thy Father on the sapphire throne  
expects thee, loved, 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.

*Words: Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868)*

*Music: Musikalisches Handbuch, Hamburg 1690; arr., William H. Havergal (1793-1870)*

*Tune: Winchester New*