

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

Hymns of Praise

Sunday 24 March 2024



#214

(Refrain) 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 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 all good delightest,
thou good and gracious King. **(Refrain)**

#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.

#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.

#217

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 angel hosts beyond the sky
look down with sad and wondering eyes
to see the approaching sacrifice.

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.