

Hymns For Palm Sunday, 28th March 2021

Opening Hymn: A&MNS 60 All Glory, Laud And Honour

Refrain:

All glory, laud, and honour
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: [Refrain]

2 The company of angels
are praising thee on high,
and mortal men and all things
created make reply: [Refrain]

3 The people of the Hebrews
with palms before thee went:
our praise and prayer and anthems
before thee we present: [Refrain]

4 To thee before thy passion
they sang their hymns of praise:
to thee now high exalted
our melody we raise: [Refrain]

5 Thou didst accept their praises,
accept the prayers we bring,
who in all good delightest,
thou good and gracious King: [Refrain]

Offertory Hymn: A&MNS 61 Ride On, Ride On In Majesty

1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry:
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
with palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 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.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
look down with sad and wondering eyes
to see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
the Father on his sapphire throne
awaits his own anointed Son.

5 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.

Post Communion Hymn: A&MNS 63
My Song Is Love Unknown

1 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?

2 He came from his blest 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!

3 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.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
he gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
yet they at these
themselves displease,
and 'gainst him rise.

5 They rise, and needs will have
my dear Lord made away;
a murderer they save,
the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful heto suffering goes,
that he his foes
from thence might free.

6 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;
but mine the tomb
wherein he lay.

7 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.