

# Palm Sunday April 5

## All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Chorus: *All glory, laud, and honor  
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.

*Chorus*

The company of angels  
Are praising thee on high,  
And mortal men and all things  
Created make reply.

*Chorus*

To thee, before thy passion,  
They sang their hymns of praise;  
To thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise.

*Chorus*

Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the love we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.

*Chorus*

Text: Theodulph of Orleans, ca. 760-821



## My Song is Love Unknown

My song is love unknown,  
My Savior'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 men 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.

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.

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

### Ride on, ride on in majesty

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

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 angel hosts beyond 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.  
Thy Father on the sapphire throne  
expects thee, loved, 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.