

All Glory, Laud, and Honor 196

Refrain

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or to thee, Re-deem-er, King,

to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho-san-nas ring!

- 1 Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
- 2 The peo - ple of the He - brews with palms be - fore thee went;
- 3 To thee, be - fore thy pas - sion, they sang their hymns of praise;
- 4 Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; ac - cept the prayers we bring,

who in the Lord's name com - est, the King and bless - ed One.
our praise and prayers and an - thems be - fore thee we pre - sent.
to thee, now high ex - alt - ed, our mel - o - dy we raise.
who in all good de - light - est, thou good and gra - cious King!

These stanzas for Palm Sunday have been selected and translated from a much longer Latin poem written by a bishop who was the leading theologian in Charlemagne's court. They are sung to a 17th-century German chorale, as adapted for these words in the mid-19th century.

197 Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

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 - ult - ant crowd,
 3 "Ho - san - na in the high - est!" That an - cient song we sing,

through pil - lared court and tem - ple the joy - ful 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 heaven, 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,
 O 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.

The opening two stanzas narrate the first Palm Sunday in the past tense, but the third stanza shifts to the present tense to emphasize what current singers do and believe. The repeated elements in this anonymous German tune suggest the repetitive patterns in a crowd's chant.

Ride On! Ride On in Majesty! 198

1 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the
 2 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly
 3 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The hosts of
 4 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly

tribes ho - san - na cry; thy hum - ble beast pur -
 pomp ride on to die; O Christ, thy tri - umphs
 an - gels in the sky look down with sad and
 pomp ride on to die; bow thy meek head to

sues its road with palms and scat - tered gar - ments stowed.
 now be - gin o'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
 won - dering eyes to see the ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
 mor - tal pain; then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

This 19th-century Palm Sunday text is better understood as the reflections of someone standing outside the event rather than as coming from those participating in the actual procession. This poignant text is set to a tune written especially for it later in the same century.