

Hymns and Songs – 2nd April, 2023

Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in the highest.

Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in the highest.
Lord we lift up your name, with hearts full of
praise,
Be exalted, O Lord, my God,
Hosanna in the highest.

Glory, glory, glory to the King of Kings.
Glory, glory, glory to the King of Kings.
Lord we lift up your name, with hearts full of
praise,
Be exalted, O Lord, my God,
Glory to the King of Kings.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!

Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry.
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With alms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on, ride 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 winged squadrons of 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:
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own 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.

King of Kings, Majesty,

God of heaven living in me.
Gentle Saviour, closest Friend,
Strong Deliverer, Beginning and End:
All within me falls at Your throne.

*Your majesty, I can but bow;
I lay my all before You now.
In royal robes I don't deserve,
I live to serve Your majesty.*

Earth and heaven worship You,
Love eternal, faithful and true,
Who bought the nations, ransomed souls,
Brought this sinner near to Your throne;
All within me cries out in praise.

Glory be to Jesus,

who, in bitter pains,
poured for me the life-blood
from his sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
in that blood I find;
blest be his compassion
infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
be the precious stream,
which from endless torments
did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance
pleaded to the skies;
but the blood of Jesus
for our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
on our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
terror-struck departs;

Oft as earth exulting
wafts its praise on high,
angel-hosts rejoicing
make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices;
swell the mighty flood;
louder still and louder
praise the precious blood.

When I survey the wondrous cross

On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.