

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:

*All glory, laud and honour
to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.*

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

*All glory, laud and honour
to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.*

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

*All glory, laud and honour
to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.*

To thee before thy passion
they sang their hymns of praise:

to thee now high exalted
our melody we raise:

*All glory, laud and honour
to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.*

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

*All glory, laud and honour
to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.*

Thy sorrow and thy triumph
grant us, O Christ, to share,
that to the holy city
together we may fare:

*All glory, laud and honour
to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.*

For homage may we bring thee
our victory o'er the foe,
that in the Conqueror's triumph
this strain may ever flow:

*All glory, laud and honour
to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.*

*St Theodulf of Orleans (c.750-821)
translated by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)*

Ride on, ride on in majesty!

Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry.
O Saviour meet, pursue thy road
with palms and scattered garments strowed.

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 wingèd 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.

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.

Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868)

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 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.

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.

Samuel Crossman (1623-1683)

Praise to the Holiest in the height,

and in the depth be praise;
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight
and to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive, and should prevail;

And that a higher gift of grace
should flesh and blood refine:
God's presence and his very self,
and essence all-divine.

O generous love! that he who smote
in man for man the foe,
the double agony in Man
for man should undergo.

And in the garden secretly,
and on the cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and inspire
to suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways!

John Henry Newman (1801-1890)

