

Hymn Sheet

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.

Make way, make way,
for Christ the King
In splendour arrives
Fling wide the gates and welcome Him
Into your lives

Make way!, Make way!
For the King of kings
Make way!, Make way!
And let His kingdom in

He comes the broken hearts to heal
The prisoners to free
The deaf shall hear, the lame shall dance
The blind shall see

And those who mourn with heavy hearts
Who weep and sigh
With laughter, joy and royal crown
He'll beautify

We call you now to worship Him
As Lord of all
To have no gods before Him
Their thrones must fall!

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

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 angel-squadrons of the sky
look down with sad and wondering eyes
to see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife
is nigh;
the Father on his
sapphire throne
expects 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.

As the deer pants for the water,
So my soul longs after You.
You alone are my heart's desire
And I long to worship You.

*You alone are my strength, my shield,
To You alone may my spirit yield.
You alone are my heart's desire
And I long to worship You.*

I want You more than gold or silver,
Only You can satisfy.
You alone are the real joy-giver
And the apple of my eye.

You're my Friend and You are my Brother,
Even though You are a King.
I love You more than any other,
So much more than anything.

An Upper Room did our Lord prepare
for those he loved until the end:
and his disciples still gather there
to celebrate their Risen Friend.

A lasting gift Jesus gave his own:
to share his bread, his loving cup.
Whatever burdens may bow us down,
he by his Cross shall lift us up.

And after Supper he washed their feet
for service, too, is sacrament.
In him our joy shall be made complete –
sent out to serve, as he was sent.

No end there is! We depart in peace,
he loves beyond the uttermost:
in every room in our Father's house
he will be there as Lord and Host.

Siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos', (x4)
Siyahamba, hamba, Siyahamba, Oh,
Siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos'. (x2)

We are marching in the light of God (x4)
We are marching, marching, we are marching,
oh!
We are marching in the light of God. (x2)

We are living in the love of God. (x4)
We are living, living, we are living, oh!
We are living in the love of God. (x2).

We are moving in the power of God, (x4)
We are moving, moving, we are moving, oh!
We are moving in the pow'r of God. (x2)

Siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos', (x4)
Siyahamba, hamba, Siyahamba, Oh,
Siyahamb' ekukhanyen' kwenkhos'. (x2)

**Blessed is the King who comes in the name of
the Lord**

Blessed is the King who comes in the name of
the Lord (x2)
Peace in heaven and glory in the highest
When mouths stay closed, the stones will cry
out (x2)

..Majestic is the King who comes...
..Triumphant is the King who comes...

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