

# PALM SUNDAY PROCESSION

## ALL GLORY LAUD AND HONOUR

All glory, laud and honour,  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring.

You are the King of Israel,  
and David's royal Son,  
now in the Lord's Name coming,  
The King and blessed One.

The company of angels  
Are praising You on High,  
As we and all creation,  
exultant, make reply.

The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before You went;  
Our praise and prayer  
and anthems  
Before You we present.

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

Their praises you accepted,  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Rejoicing in all goodness,  
Our saviour and our King.

## HAIL REDEEMER KING DIVINE

Hail Redeemer, King divine!  
Priest and lamb, the throne is thine  
King, whose reign shall never cease.  
Prince of everlasting peace.

Angels, saints and nations sing  
"Praised be Jesus Christ, our King;  
Lord of life, earth, sky and sea.  
King of love on Calvary."

King, whose name creation thrills  
Rule our minds our hearts our wills,  
Till in peace each nation rings  
With thy praises; King of kings.

King most holy, King of truth,  
Guide the lowly, guide the youth;  
Christ thou King of glory bright,  
Be to us eternal light.

Shepherd-King, from mountains  
steep  
Homeward bring the wandering  
sheep;  
Shelter in one royal fold  
States and nations, new and old

Words: Patrick Brennan 1877-1952.

## RIDE ON RIDE ON IN MAJESTY

Ride on, ride on, in majesty!  
Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry;  
Thy humble beast pursues his rode  
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 winged squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad  
and wond'ring eyes

To see th' approaching sacrifice.  
Ride on, ride on, in majesty!  
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father, on his sapphire throne,  
Awaits his own appointed Son.

Ride on, ride on, in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow their meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God,  
Thy powr, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868) alt.

## THE ROYAL BANNERS FORWARD GO

The royal banners forward go,  
The cross shines forth in mystic glow.  
Where He as man,  
who gave man breath,  
Now bows beneath the yolk of death.

Fulfilled is all that David told.  
In true prophetic song of old.  
How God the nations'  
King should be,  
For God is reigning from the tree.

O tree of beauty, tree most fair.  
Ordained those holy limbs to bear.  
Gone is thy shame,  
each crimson'd bow  
Proclaims the King of glory now.

M. Bridges (1800-94), Godfrey Thring 1823-1903;

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