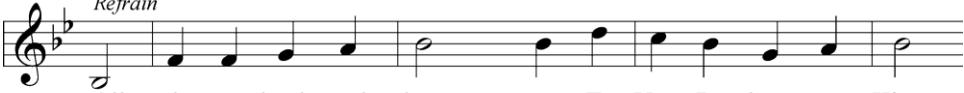


Opening Hymn

“All Glory, Laud, and Honor” LSB 442

Refrain



All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To You, Re - deem - er, King,



To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.



1 You are the King of Is - rael And Da - vid's roy - al Son,
2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels Is prais - ing You on high,
3 The mul - ti - tude of pil - grims With palms be - fore You went;
4 To You be - fore Your pas - sion They sang their hymns of praise;
5 As You re - ceived their prais - es, Ac - cept the prayers we bring,

Refrain



Now in the Lord's name com - ing, Our King and Bless - ed One.
And we with all cre - a - tion In cho - rus make re - ply.
Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore You we pre - sent.
To You, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.
O Source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Our good and gra - cious King.

Hymn of the Day

“Hosanna, Loud Hosanna” *LSB 443*



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 - ul - tant crowd,
 3 “Ho - san - na in the high - est!” That an - cient song we sing;



Through pil - lared court and tem - ple The love - ly 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 heav'n 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
 Oh, 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!



1 A Lamb goes un - com - plain - ing forth, The
 2 This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great friend, The
 3 "Yes, Fa - ther, yes, most will - ing - ly I'll
 4 Lord, when Your glo - ry I shall see And



guilt of sin - ners bear - ing And, lad - en with the
 Lamb of God, our Sav - ior, Whom God the Fa - ther
 bear what You com - mand Me. My will con - forms to
 taste Your king - dom's plea - sure, Your blood my roy - al



sins of earth, None else the bur - den shar - ing; Goes
 chose to send To gain for us His fa - vor. "Go
 Your de - cree, I'll do what You have asked Me." O
 robe shall be, My joy be - yond all mea - sure! When



pa - tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh - ter led with -
 forth, My Son," the Fa - ther said, "And free My chil - dren
 won - drous Love, what have You done! The Fa - ther of - fers
 I ap - pear be - fore Your throne, Your righ - teous - ness shall



out com - plaint, That spot - less life to of - fer, He bears the
 from their dread Of guilt and con - dem - na - tion. The wrath and
 up His Son, De - sir - ing our sal - va - tion. O Love, how
 be my crown; With these I need not hide me. And there, in



stripes, the wounds, the lies, The mock - er - y, and
 stripes are hard to bear, But by Your pas - sion
 strong You are to save! You lay the One in -
 gar - ments rich - ly wrought, As Your own bride shall



yet re - plies, "All this I glad - ly suf - fer."
 they will share The fruit of Your sal - va - tion."
 to the grave Who built the earth's foun - da - tion.
 we be brought To stand in joy be - side You.

“No Tramp of Soldiers’ Marching Feet” *LSB 444*



1 No tramp of sol - diers' march - ing feet
 2 And yet He comes. The chil - dren cheer;
 3 What fad - ing flow'rs His road a - dorn;
 4 Now He who bore for mor - tals' sake



With ban - ners and with drums, No sound of mu - sic's
 With palms His path is strown. With ev - 'ry step the
 The palms, how soon laid down! No bloom or leaf but
 The cross and all its pains And chose a ser - vant's



mar - tial beat: “The King of glo - ry comes!”
 cross draws near: The King of glo - ry's throne.
 on - ly thorn The King of glo - ry's crown.
 form to take, The King of glo - ry reigns.



To greet what pomp of king - ly pride
 A - stride a colt He pass - es by
 The sol - diers mock, the rab - ble cries,
 Ho - san - na to the Sav - ior's name



No bells in tri - umph ring, No cit - y gates swing
 As loud ho - san - nas ring, Or else the ver - y
 The streets with tu - mult ring, As Pi - late to the
 Till heav - en's raf - ters ring, And all the ran - somed



o - pen wide: “Be - hold, be - hold your King!”
 stones would cry “Be - hold, be - hold your King!”
 mob re - plies, “Be - hold, be - hold your King!”
 host pro - claim “Be - hold, be - hold your King!”

Closing Hymn

“Ride On, Ride On in Majesty” *LSB 441*



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 an - gel
 4 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! Thy last and
 5 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly



tribes ho - san - na cry. O Sav - ior meek, pur -
 pomp ride on to die. O Christ, Thy tri - umphs
 ar - mies of the sky Look down with sad and
 fier - est strife is nigh. The Fa - ther on His
 pomp ride on to die. Bow Thy meek head to



sue Thy road, With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.
 now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
 won - d'ring eyes To see the ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
 sap - phire throne A - waits His own a - noint - ed Son.
 mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.