

Sunday 29th March 2026
Palm Sunday

13 – All Glory Laud and Honour

Refrain:

*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.

Refrain

The company of angels
are praising thee on high;
and mortals joined with all things
created make reply.

Refrain

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

Refrain

To thee before thy passion
they sang their hymns of praise:
to thee, now high exalted
our melody we raise.

Refrain

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

Refrain

*St Theodulph of Orleans (d. 821)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818 – 1866)*

457 - My song is love unknown

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 refused, 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.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
he gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these
themselves displease, and 'gainst him rise.

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 suff'ring 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 (c.1624-1684) alt.

567 - Ride on, ride in majesty!

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry;
thy humble beast pursues his 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 wond'ring eyes
to see th'approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy 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 thy meek head to mortal pain,
then take, O God, thy pow'r , and reign.

HH Milman (1791-1868) alt.

92 – Christ Triumphant

Christ triumphant, ever reigning,
Saviour, Master, King.
Lord of heav'n, our lives sustaining,
hear us as we sing:

Refrain:

*Yours the glory and the crown,
the high renown, th'eternal name.*

Word incarnate, truth revealing,
Son of Man on earth!
Pow'r and majesty concealing
by your humble birth:

Suff'ring servant, scorned, ill-treated,
victim crucified!
Death is through the cross defeated,
sinners justified:

Priestly King, enthroned for ever
high in heav'n above!
Sin and death and hell shall never
stifle hymns of love:

So, our hearts and voices raising
through the ages long,
ceaselessly upon you gazing,
this shall be our song:

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