

PALM SUNDAY HYMNS

442 All Glory, Laud, and Honor

*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

*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.

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438 A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

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

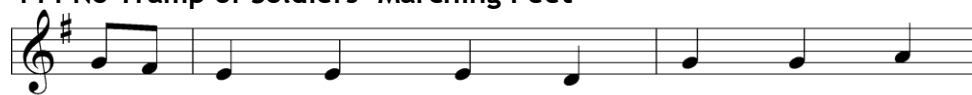
out com - plaint, That spot - less life to of - fer, He bears the  
 from their dread Of guilt and con - dem - na - tion. The wrath and  
 up His Son, De - sir - ing our sal - va - tion. O Love, how  
 be my crown; With these I need not hide me. And there, in

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.

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### 444 No Tramp of Soldiers' Marching Feet



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!"

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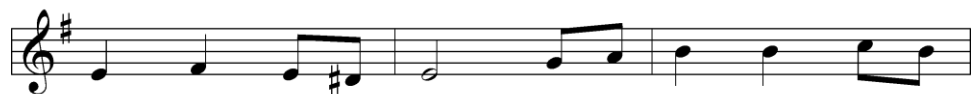
### 451 Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted



1 Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the  
 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, Was there ev - er grief like  
 3 Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil  
 4 Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the



tree! 'Tis the Christ, by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my  
 His? Friends through fear, His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in -  
 great Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its  
 lost: Christ, the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Is the



soul, 'tis He, 'tis He! 'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed  
 sult - ing His dis - tress; Man - y hands were raised to  
 guilt may es - ti - mate. Mark the sac - ri - fice ap -  
 name of which we boast; Lamb of God, for sin - ners



Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord; Proofs I  
 wound Him, None would in - ter - vene to save; But the  
 point - ed, See who bears the aw - ful load; 'Tis the  
 wound - ed, Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt! None shall



see suf - fi - cient of it: 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.  
 deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that jus - tice gave.  
 Word, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.  
 ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.

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## 429 We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died



1 We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who  
 2 In - scribed up - on the cross we see In shin - ing  
 3 The cross! It takes our guilt a - way; It holds the  
 4 It makes the cow - ard spir - it brave And nerves the



died up - on the cross. The sin - ner's hope let  
 let - ters, "God is love." He bears our sins up -  
 faint - ing spir - it up; It cheers with hope the  
 fee - ble arm for fight; It takes the ter - ror



all de - ride; For this we count the world but loss.  
 on the tree; He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.  
 gloom - y day And sweet - ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.  
 from the grave And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
 The measure and the pledge of love,  
 The sinner's refuge here below,  
 The angels' theme in heav'n above.

6 To Christ, who won for sinners grace  
 By bitter grief and anguish sore,  
 Be praise from all the ransomed race  
 Forever and forevermore.

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## 441 Ride On, Ride On in Majesty



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  
 fierc - 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.

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