

All Glory Laud and Honor #88

Chorus

All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Verse 1

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.

Verse 2

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

Verse 3

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

Verse 4

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

Hosanna, Loud Hosanna #89

Verse 1

Hosanna, loud hosanna,
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The joyful anthem rang;
To Jesus, who had blessed them
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

Verse 2

From Olivet they followed
'Mid an exultant crowd,
The victor palm branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud;
The Lord of earth and heaven
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

Verse 3

"Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing,
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
O may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice.

It is Well With My Soul

Verse 1

When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot Thou hast taught me to say,

Refrain: "It is well, it is well with my soul!"

It is well with my soul!

It is well, it is well with my soul!

Verse 2

Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

Verse 3

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His Cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

Verse 4

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall
be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall
descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.