

## All glory laud and honour

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

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

The company of angels  
Are praising you on High,  
And mortals and with all things  
Created make reply.

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

## How great thou art

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made  
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in  
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing  
He bled and died to take away my sin

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart  
Then I shall bow in humble adoration  
And then proclaim, my God, how great Thou art

## Meekness and majesty

Meekness and majesty manhood and deity  
In perfect harmony the Man who is God  
Lord of eternity dwells in humanity  
Kneels in humility and washes our feet

*O what a mystery meekness and majesty  
Bow down and worship for this is your God  
This is your God, This is your God (x3 on last verse)*

Father's pure radiance perfect in innocence  
Yet learns obedience to death on a cross  
Suffering to give us life  
Conquering through sacrifice  
And as they crucify prays Father forgive

Wisdom unsearchable, God the invisible  
Love indestructible in frailty appears  
Lord of infinity stooping so tenderly  
Lifts our humanity to the heights of His throne

## Ride on ride on 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 winged 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  
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
How thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, thy pow'r and reign.