

HYMNS

Ride On, Ride On in Majesty

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  
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.

# The Royal Banners Forward Go

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1 The roy - al ban - ners for - ward go;  
 2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,  
 3 Ful - filled is all that Da - vid told  
 4 On whose hard arms, so wide - ly flung,



The cross shows forth re - demp - tion's flow, Where He, by  
 Life's tor - rent rush - ing from His side, To wash us  
 In sure pro - phet - ic song of old, That God the  
 The weight of this world's ran - som hung, The price of



whom our flesh was made, Our ran - som  
 in the pre - cious flood Where flowed the  
 na - tions' king should be And reign in  
 hu - man - kind to pay And spoil the



in His flesh has paid:  
 wa - ter and the blood.  
 tri - umph from the tree,  
 spoil - er of his prey.

5 O tree of beauty, tree most fair,  
 Ordained those holy limbs to bear:  
 Gone is thy shame, each crimsoned bough  
 Proclaims the King of Glory now.

△ 6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,  
 Let homage meet by all be done;  
 As by the cross Thou dost restore,  
 So guide and keep us evermore.  
 Amen.

*Text: Venantius Honorius Fortunatus, c. 530–609; (sts. 1–4):  
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.; (sts. 5–6): tr. The Hymnal 1982*

*Tune: Paul D. Weber, 1949*

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# A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

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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.

# Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

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!

*Text: Jeannette Threlfall, 1821–80, alt.*

*Tune: Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Hofkapelle, 1784, Württemberg*

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## **Hymn 438 (prev. page)**

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*tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.*

*Tune: Wolfgang Dachstein, c. 1487–1553*

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# No Tramp of Soldiers' Marching Feet

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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!"

*Text: Timothy Dudley-Smith, 1926*

*Tune: English; adapt. and harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958, alt.*

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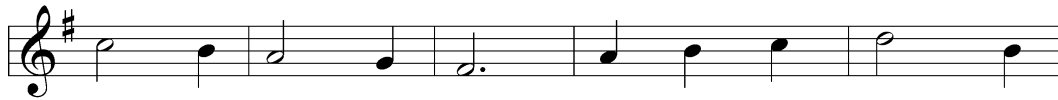
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# Drawn to the Cross, Which Thou Hast Blessed

560



1 Drawn to the cross, which Thou hast blessed With heal - ing  
 2 Thou know - est all my griefs and fears, Thy grace a -  
 3 Wash me and take a - way each stain; Let noth - ing  
 4 And then for work to do for Thee, Which shall so



gifts for souls dis - tressed, To find in Thee my  
 bused, my mis - spent years; Yet now to Thee with  
 of my sin re - main. For cleans - ing, though it  
 sweet a ser - vice be That an - gels well might



life, my rest, Christ cru - ci - fied, I come.  
 con - trite tears, Christ cru - ci - fied, I come.  
 be through pain, Christ cru - ci - fied, I come.  
 en - vy me, Christ cru - ci - fied, I come.

*Text: Genevieve M. Irons, 1855–1928*

*Tune: Joseph Barnby, 1838–96*

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# Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow

428



1 Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row,  
 2 Here the King of all the a - ges,  
 3 O mys - te - rious con - de - scend - ing!  
 4 Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row,



Where the blood of Christ was shed,  
 Throned in light ere worlds could be,  
 O a - ban - don - ment sub - lime!  
 Where the blood of Christ was shed,



Per - fect man on thee did suf - fer,  
 Robed in mor - tal flesh is dy - ing,  
 Ver - y God Him - self is bear - ing  
 Per - fect man on thee did suf - fer,



Per - fect God on thee has bled!  
 Cru - ci - fied by sin for me.  
 All the suf - fer - ings of time!  
 Per - fect God on thee has bled!

*Text: William J. Sparrow Simpson, 1860–1952  
 Tune: John Stainer, 1840–1901  
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O Dearest Jesus,  
What Law Hast Thou Broken

439 sts. 1-5



1 O dear - est Je - sus, what law hast Thou bro - ken  
2 They crown Thy head with thorns, they smite, they scourge Thee;  
3 Whence come these sor - rows, whence this mor - tal an - guish?  
4 What pun - ish - ment so strange is suf - fered yon - der!  
5 The sin - less Son of God must die in sad - ness;



That such sharp sen - tence should on Thee be spo - ken?  
With cru - el mock - ings to the cross they urge Thee;  
It is my sins for which Thou, Lord, must lan - guish;  
The Shep - herd dies for sheep that loved to wan - der;  
The sin - ful child of man may live in glad - ness;



Of what great crime hast Thou to make con -  
They give Thee gall to drink, they still de -  
Yea, all the wrath, the woe, Thou dost in -  
The Mas - ter pays the debt His ser - vants  
Man for - feit - ed his life and is ac -



fes - sion, What dark trans - gres - sion?  
cry Thee; They cru - ci - fy Thee.  
her - it, This I do mer - it.  
owe Him, Who would not know Him.  
quit - ted; God is com - mit - ted.

*Text: Johann Heermann, 1585-1647;  
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.  
Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598-1662  
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