Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

Text: Jeanette Threlfall, 1821-80, alt.

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 bless-ed them, Close fold-ed to his breast,
The Lord of saints and an-gels 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 roy-al pres-ence E-ter-nal-ly re-joice.