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O Bride of Christ, Rejoice

1 O bride of Christ, rejoice! Exultant raise your voice
2 He wears no king-ly crown, Yet as a King is known;
3 The weak and tim-id find How meek he is and kind;
4 E’en babes with one ac-cord With you shall praise the Lord

To hail the day of glo-ry Fore-told in sa-cred sto-ry,
Though not ar-rayed in splen-dor, He shall make death sur-ren-der.
He gra-cious-ly will hear you And be for-ev-er near you.
And ev-’ry gen-tile na-tion Re-spond with ex-ul-ta-tion:

Ho-san-na! Now ad-o re him; With prais-es bow be-fore him!
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Ho-san-na! Now ad-o re him; With prais-es bow be-fore him!
Ho-san-na! Now ad-o re him; With prais-es bow be-fore him!

5 Then go your Lord to meet; Strew palm leaves at his feet;
Your garments spread before him, And honor and adore him.
Hosanna! Sing the story Of Christ, the King of glory!

Text: Danish hymn, c. 1600, abr., adapt.; tr. Victor O. Petersen, 1864-1929, alt.
Tune: Der Bussfertige Sünder, Nürnberg, 1679, alt.

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