

Hymn words for Palm Sunday

Processional songs

Make Way

Make way, make way, for Christ the King
In splendour arrives.

Fling wide the gates and welcome him
Into your lives.

Make way! *(Make way!)*

Make way! *(Make way!)*

For the King of kings!

(For the King of kings!)

Make way! *(Make way!)*

Make way! *(Make way!)*

And let his kingdom in!

He comes the broken hearts to heal,
The prisoners to free.
The deaf shall hear, the lame shall dance,
The blind shall see.

Make way! *(Make way!)*

Make way! *(Make way!)*

For the King of kings!

(For the King of kings!)

Make way! *(Make way!)*

Make way! *(Make way!)*

And let his kingdom in!

And those who mourn with heavy hearts,
Who weep and sigh;
With laughter, joy and royal crown
He'll beautify.

Make way! *(Make way!)*

Make way! *(Make way!)*

For the King of kings!

(For the King of kings!)

Make way! *(Make way!)*

Make way! *(Make way!)*

And let his kingdom in!

We call you now to worship him
As Lord of all.

To have no other gods but him:

Their thrones must fall!

Make way! *(Make way!)*

Make way! *(Make way!)*

For the King of kings!

(For the King of kings!)

Make way! *(Make way!)*

Make way! *(Make way!)*

And let his kingdom in!

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There's a man riding in on a donkey

There's a man riding in on a donkey,
there's a man, and they say he's king!
And the palm leaves are waving a welcome
and the voices of the people sing:

*Sing hosanna! Sing hosanna! Sing hosanna to the King
of kings!*

*Sing hosanna! Sing hosanna! Sing hosanna to the
King!*

Why a king riding in on a donkey?
Why a king wearing no fine crown?
Where the drums? Where the high-sounding
cymbals
if a king is riding into town?

Sing hosanna . . .

Hear the voice of the King on a donkey!
Hear the joy of the news he brings!
He is Jesus, the Son of the Highest.
He is Jesus and the King of kings!

Sing hosanna . . .

Paul Wigmore © P Wigmore / admin The Jubilate Group

We have a king

We have a king who rides a donkey,
and his name is Jesus:
Jesus the king is risen
early in the morning.

Trees are waving a royal welcome
for the king called Jesus:
Jesus the king is risen
early in the morning.

We have a king who cares for people,
and his name is Jesus:
Jesus the king is risen
early in the morning.

A loaf and a cup upon the table,
bread-and-wine is Jesus:
Jesus the king is risen
early in the morning.

We have a king with a bowl and towel,
servant-king is Jesus:
Jesus the king is risen
early in the morning.

What shall we do with our life this morning?
Give it up in service!
Jesus the king is risen
early in the morning.

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Pl, Carol Stream, IL 60188*

Traditional Hymns

All glory, laud, and honour

*All glory, laud, and honour
to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.*

Thou art the King of Israel
and David's royal Son,
now in the Lord's name coming,
the king and Blessed One.
All glory, laud, and honour

The company of angels
are praising thee on high;
and mortals joined with all things
created, make reply.
All glory, laud, and honour

The people of the Hebrews
with palms before you went;
our praise and prayer and anthems
before you we present.
All glory, laud, and honour

To thee before thy passion
they sang their hymns of praise;
to thee, now high exalted,
our melody we raise.
All glory, laud, and honour

Thou didst accept their praises,
accept the prayers we bring,
who in all good delightest,
thou good and gracious King!
All glory, laud, and honour

Trans. JM Neale

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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
the Father on his sapphire throne
awaits his own anointed Son.

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

H.H Milman (1791-1868)

I will sing the wondrous story

I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me.
How he left the realms of glory
For the cross of Calvary.
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray,
raised me up and gently led me,
back into the narrow way.
Days of darkness still may meet me,
Sorrow's paths I oft may tread,
But his presence still is with me;
By his guiding hand I'm led.

He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
made by grace for glory meet.
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

FH Rawley (1854 – 1952)

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