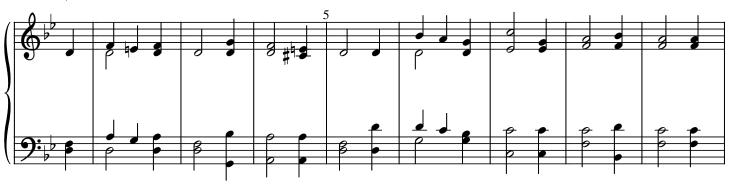
Come, faithful people, come away

C. Bicknell, 1842-1918





Come, faithful people, come away, Your homage to your monarch pay; It is the feast of palms today; Hosanna in the highest!

When Christ, the Lord of all, drew nigh On Sunday morn to Bethany, He called two loved ones standing by: Hosanna in the highest!

To yonder village go, said He, An ass and foal tied shall ye see, Loose them and bring them unto Me; Hosanna in the highest!

If any man dispute your word, Say, They are needed by the Lord, And he permission will accord: Hosanna in the highest! The two upon their errand sped, And found the ass as He had said, And on the colt their clothes they spread: Hosanna in the highest!

They set Him upon His throne so rude; Before Him went the multitude, And in their way their garments strewed: Hosanna in the highest!

Go, Savior, thus to triumph borne, Thy crown shall be the wreath of thorn, Thy royal garb the robe of scorn: Hosanna in the highest!

They thronged before, behind, around, They cast palm branches on the ground, And still rose up the joyful sound: Hosanna in the highest! Blessèd is Israel's king, they cry; Blessèd is He that cometh nigh In name of God the Lord most high: Hosanna in the highest!

Thus, Savior, to Thy passion go, Arrayed in royalty of woe, Assumed for sinners here below: Hosanna in the highest!

Gerard Moultrie

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