



St John's Church Ranmoor Hymns for Palm Sunday



1 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 captured death, and conquered sin!

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The 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 thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign!

1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve:
Because thy promise I believe.
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am (thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down)
Now to be thine, yea thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6. Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth and height to prove,
Here for a season then above.
O Lamb of God, I come.

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1. When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

1. It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven
And die to save a child like me.

2. And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept and toiled, and mourned and died,
For love of those who loved him not.

3. But even could I see him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love which, like a fire,
Is always burning in his heart.

4. It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But tis' more wonderful to see
My love for him so faint and poor.

5. And yet I want to love thee, Lord;
light a flame within my heart,
And I will love thee more and more,
Until I see thee as thou art.