

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