

- 1     Hosanna, hosanna,  
          hosanna in the highest.  
Hosanna, hosanna,  
          hosanna in the highest.  
Lord, we lift up Your Name,  
with our hearts full of praise.  
Be exalted, O Lord my God –  
hosanna, in the highest.
- 2     Glory, glory, glory to the King of kings;  
glory, glory, glory to the King of kings:  
Lord, we lift up Your Name  
with hearts full of praise.  
Be exalted, O Lord my God –  
glory to the King of kings.
- 3     Jesus, Jesus, Jesus is the King of kings!  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus is the King of kings!  
Lord, we lift up Your Name  
with hearts full of praise.  
Be exalted, O Lord my God –  
glory to the King of kings.
- 1     Hosanna, hosanna,  
          hosanna in the highest.  
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Lord, we lift up Your Name,  
with our hearts full of praise.  
Be exalted, O Lord my God –  
hosanna, in the highest.

All hail King Jesus,  
all hail Emmanuel;  
King of kings,  
Lord of lords, bright Morning Star,  
every day You give me breath,  
I'll sing Your praises  
and I'll reign with You throughout eternity.

- 1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
Hark, all the tribes 'Hosanna!' cry,  
O Saviour meek, pursue Your road  
with palms and scattered garments  
strowed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
in lowly pomp ride on to die:  
O Christ, Your triumphs now begin  
o'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
The angel armies of the sky  
look down with sad and wondering  
eyes  
to see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
Your 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, Your power, and reign.

Oh, to see the dawn  
Of the darkest day:  
Christ on the road to Calvary.  
Tried by sinful men,  
Torn and beaten, then  
Nailed to a cross of wood.

*This, the power of the cross:  
Christ became sin for us,  
Took the blame, bore the wrath:  
We stand forgiven at the cross.*

Oh, to see the pain  
Written on Your face  
Bearing the awesome weight of sin;  
Every bitter thought,  
Every evil deed  
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.

*This, the power of the...*

Now the daylight flees,  
Now the ground beneath  
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.  
Curtain torn in two,  
Dead are raised to life;  
'Finished!' the victory cry.

*This, the power of the...*

Oh, to see my name  
Written in the wounds,  
For through Your suffering I am free.  
Death is crushed to death,  
Life is mine to live,  
Won through Your selfless love.

*This, the power of the...*

- 1 And can it be that I should gain  
an interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!
- 2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:  
who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
to sound the depths of love divine.  
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,  
let angel minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left His Father's throne above –  
so free, so infinite His grace –  
emptied Himself of all but love,  
and bled for Adam's helpless race.  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;  
for, O my God, it found out me!
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray –  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
my chains fell off, my heart was free.  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
and clothed in righteousness divine,  
bold I approach the eternal throne,  
and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

- 1     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,  
for the King of kings;  
make way, make way,  
and let His kingdom in!*

- 2     He comes the broken hearts to heal,  
      the prisoner to free;  
      the deaf shall hear, the lame shall dance,  
      the blind shall see.

*Make way...*

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

*Make way...*

- 4     We call You now to worship Him  
      as Lord of all,  
      to have no gods before Him,  
      their thrones must fall!

*Make way...*