

Hosanna, loud Hosanna,
the little children sang;
through pillared court and temple
the joyful anthem rang;
to Jesus, Who had blessed them
close folded to His breast
the children sang their praises,
the simplest and the best.

From Olivet they followed,
'mid an exultant crowd,
the victor palm-branch waving,
and chanting clear and loud;
bright angels joined chorus,
beyond the cloudless sky:
'Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!'

Fair leaves of silvery olive
they strew upon the ground
while Salem's circling mountains
echoed the joyful sound;
the Lord of saints and angels
rode on in lowly state,
nor scorned that lowly children
should on His bidding wait.

'Hosanna in the highest!'
that ancient song we sing,
for Christ is our Redeemer,
the Lord of heaven, our King.
O may we ever praise Him
with heart and life and voice,
and in His blissful presence
eternally rejoice.