1. Hosanna, loud hosanna, the little children sang; Thro' pillared court and temple, the crowd; The vict'ry palm branch waving, with love-ly anthem rang. To Jesus, who had praises clear and loud. The Lord of earth and Lord of heav'n, our King. O may we ever blessed them, close folded to His breast, The heaven rode on in lowly state, Nor praise Him with heart and life and voice, And children sang their praises, the simplest and the best. scorned that little children should on His bidding wait. in His blis-sful presence et-ter-nal-ly re-joice.

2. From O-li-vet they fol-lowed am-ong the joy-ful

3. "Hosanna in the high-est!" that an-cient song we