

Hosanna We Sing  
George Hodges, 1875.  
Sidney Nicholson, 1916.

Hosanna we sing, like the children dear,  
In the olden days when the Lord lived here;  
He blessed little children, and smiled on them,  
While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.

Alleluia we sing, like the children bright,  
With their harps of gold and their raiment white,  
As they follow their shepherd with loving eyes,  
Through the beautiful valleys of paradise.

Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,  
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;  
We know that His heart will never wax cold  
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.

Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,  
Alleluia resounds in the Church above,  
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,  
That we lose not our part in the song of Heav'n.