

335 O Bride of Christ, Rejoice

WO SOLL ICH FLIEHEN HIN

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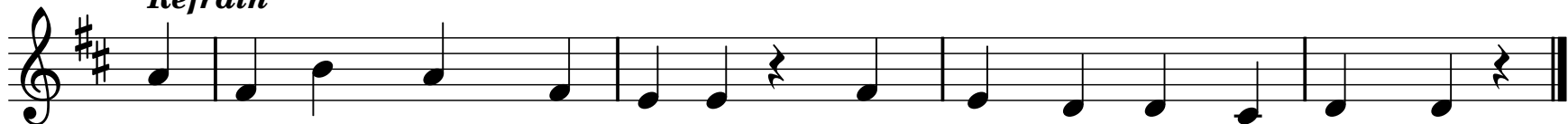


1 O bride of Christ, re - joice; Ex - ul - tant raise thy voice
2 Let shouts of glad - ness rise Tri - um - phant to the skies.
3 A hum - ble beast He rides, Yet as a King pre - sides;
4 The weak and tim - id find How meek He is and kind;



To hail the day of glo - ry Fore - told in sa - cred sto - ry.
Now comes the King most glo - rious To reign o'er all vic - to - rious.
Though not ar - rayed in splen - dor, He makes the grave sur - ren - der,
To them He gives a trea - sure Of bliss be - yond all mea - sure.

Refrain



Ho - san - na, praise, and glo - ry! Our King, we bow be - fore Thee.

5 Then go thy Lord to meet;
Strew palm leaves at His feet;
Thy garments spread before Him
And honor and adore Him.

Refrain

Hymn #335: O Bride of Christ, Rejoice

Text: Danish, c. 1600

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Lutheran Service Book

Tune: *Der Bussfertige Sünder*,

Nürnberg, 1679, alt.

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