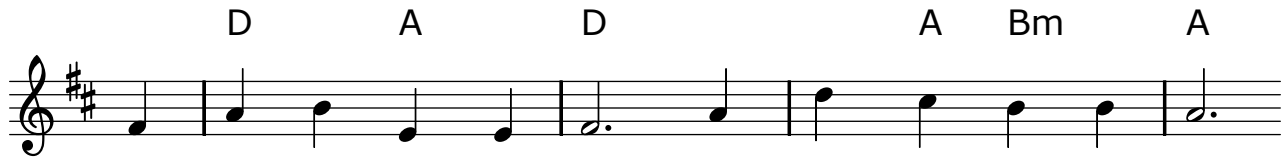


335 O Bride of Christ, Rejoice

WO SOLL ICH FLIEHEN HIN

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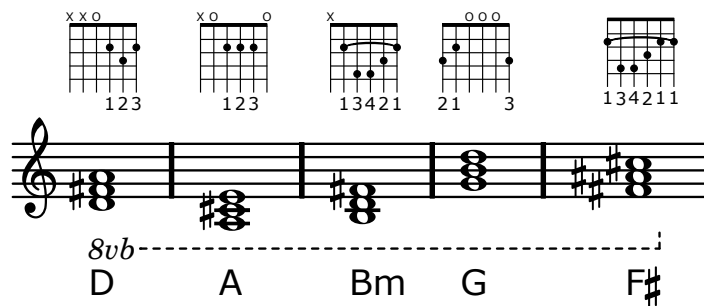
1 O bride of Christ, re-joice; Ex-ul-tant raise thy voice
 2 Let shouts of glad-ness rise Tri-um-phantly to the skies.
 3 A hum-ble beast He rides, Yet as a King pre-sides;
 4 The weak and tim-id find How meek He is and kind;
 5 Then go thy Lord to meet; Strew palm leaves at His feet;



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.
 Thy gar-ments spread be-fore Him And hon-or and a-dore Him.



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



WO SOLL ICH FLIEHEN HIN (B)Transposed for E \flat Instruments**WO SOLL ICH FLIEHEN HIN (E)**Transposed for B \flat Instruments

Hymn #335: O Bride of Christ, Rejoice

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Nürnberg, 1679, alt.

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