

"Hosanna, Loud Hosanna"

213

*Jennette Threlfall, 1873: alt.**Mark 11:8-10; Matt. 21:15*

1 "Ho - san - na, loud ho - san - na," the lit - tle chil - dren sang;
 2 From Ol - i - vet they fol - lowed a - mid a cheer - ing crowd,
 3 "Ho - san - na in the high - est!" That an - cient song is ours.

through pil - lared court and tem - ple the love - ly an - them rang;
 the vic - tor palm branch wav - ing, and chant - ing clear and loud.
 We hail our great Re - deem - er and sing with all our powers:

To Je - sus, who had blessed them close fold - ed to his breast,
 The one whom an - gels wor - ship rode on in low - ly state,
 "Ho - san - na, Christ, we praise you with heart and life and voice.

the chil - dren sang their prais - es, the sim - plest and the best.
 and glad to see the chil - dren, slowed down the don - key's gait.
 Ho - san - na! In your pres - ence for - ev - er we'll re - joice!"

Jennette Threlfall of England, who was disabled by two accidents, wrote hymns that inspired hope and courage in others. This text was published in her collection Sunshine and Shadow.

Tune: ELLACOMBE C.M.D.
 Gesangbuch der herzoglichen Württembergischen
 katholischen Hofkapelle, 1784

CONSECRATION

455

I Am Yours, O Lord

Ps. 119:94

Fanny Crosby, 1874; alt.

1 I am yours, O Lord, I have heard your voice, and it
 2 O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour that be -
 3 Con - se - crate me now to your ho - ly work by the
 4 There are depths of love that I can - not know till I

told your love to me; But I long to rise in the
 fore your throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with
 power of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
 cross the nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I

Refrain

arms of faith, drawn to you e - ter - nal - ly.
 you, my God, I com - mune as friend with friend! Draw me
 stead - fast hope; let your will be done, not mine.
 may not reach till I rest e - ter - nal - ly.

near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, to the cross where you have died;
 near - er, near - er

Fanny Crosby, blind from infancy, wrote more than 8,500 gospel hymns. On a speaking tour, she composed this hymn while she was a guest in the Cincinnati home of William Doane, a wealthy manufacturer, amateur musician, and gospel songwriter.

Tune: I AM YOURS 10.7.10.7. with refrain
 William H. Doane, 1874

369 Keep Your Lamps Trimmed and Burning

Matt. 25:1-13; Gal. 6:9

African-American spiritual

1 Keep your lamps trimmed and burn-ing, keep your lamps trimmed and burn-
 2 It's our faith makes us hap-py, it's our faith makes us hap-
 3 We are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, we are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-
 4 Ev-ery round goes high-er, high-er, ev-ery round goes high-er, high-

Last time, end

-ing, keep your lamps trimmed and burn-ing, for this work's al-most done.
 -py, it's our faith makes us hap-py, for this work's al-most done.
 -der, we are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, for this work's al-most done.
 -er ev-ery round goes high-er, high-er, for this work's al-most done.

Refrain

Sis-ters, don't grow wear-y, broth-ers, don't grow

wear-y, chil-dren, don't grow wear-y, for this work's al-most done.

By tradition, a leader may call out substitute words for the refrain, such as "Christians don't grow weary, Christians don't grow weary, . . ." etc., or "people," "preacher," or any others that may be appropriate.

This spiritual is possibly one of the code songs in which to keep one's lamp "trimmed and burning" could have meant keeping a lookout for a conductor of the underground railroad, such as Harriet Tubman. It is often sung at church dedication services.

Tune: KEEP YOUR LAMPS 7.7.7.6.6.6.6.6
 African-American spiritual
 Harm. The New Century Hymnal, 1994