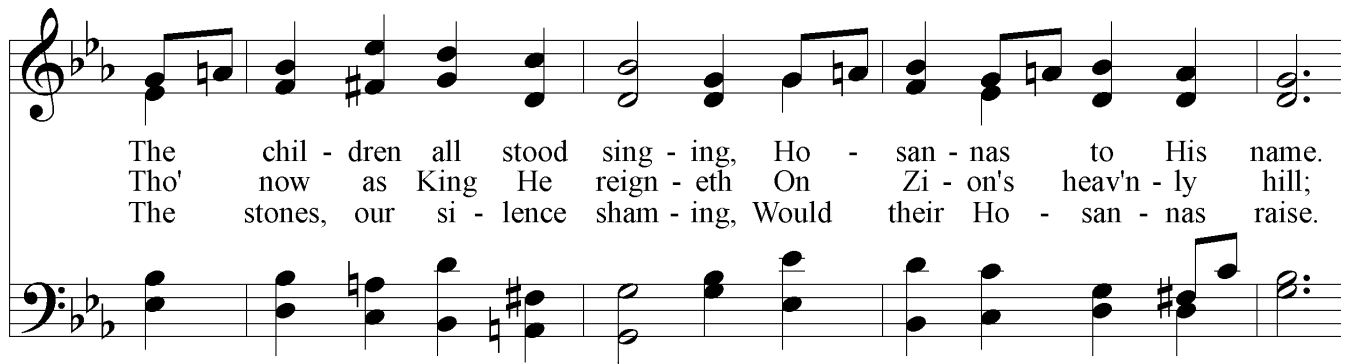


When, His Salvation Bringing

AMSTERDAM 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6



1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still,
3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise,



The chil - dren all stood sing - ing, Ho - san - nas to His name.
Tho' now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill;
The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Would their Ho - san - nas raise.



Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,
We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who sits up - on His throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?



He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son."
No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's. A - men.

Words: The Rev. John King (1788-1858), 1830

Music: Berthold Tours (1838-1897), 1872