The Palms - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE PALMS.
Copyright, 1883, by Wm. A. Pond & Co.
Words by A. J. Holden. Music by J. Faure.

All round our way the palms and beauteous flowers
Waft wide their odor on this glorious day,
Lo! Jesus comes to take away our tears,
Now awaiting hosts their adoration pay.
Let all creation join and raise
Loud songs of triumph to the glorious Redeemer's praise,
Hosanna, glory to God.
Oh, shout the praise of the Lord of Salvation.

He spake the word, the waiting nations hear,
And now rejoice in freedom lost before;
Peace to the earth he brought, good will to men,
And light has burst upon the world again.
Let all creation join and raise
Loud songs of triumph to the glorious Redeemer's praise,
Hosanna, glory to God,
Shout the praise of the Lord of Salvation.

Lift up thy voice, Holy Jerusalem,
Thy children, too, singing the Deliverer's fame;
By heavenly grace the God of Bethlehem
Hath given the hope and faith in his great name.
Let all creation join and raise
Loud songs of triumph to the glorious Redeemer's praise,
Hosanna, glory to God,
Oh, shout the praise of the Lord of Salvation.