

Palm Sunday Service 5 April 2020. 10.45 via Zoom

First Hymn. No. 14 CAHB

'Gloria, laus et honor' has been a processional hymn on Palm Sunday for over a thousand years. It was written by Saint Theodulph of Orleans in AD 820, the year before he died. Hear it again on <https://youtu.be/pHN8UAK6Yow>

Refrain

*All glory, laud and honour,
to thee, Redeemer King!
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.*

1. Thou art the King of Israel,
thou David's royal Son,
who in the Lord's Name comest,
the King and Blessed One.

2. The company of angels
are praising thee on high,
and mortals, joined with all things
created, make reply.

3. The people of the Hebrews
with palms before thee went:
our praise and prayer and anthems
before thee we present.

4. To thee before thy passion
they sang their hymns of praise:
to thee now high exalted
our melody we raise.

5. Thou didst accept their praises,
accept the prayers we bring,
who in all good delightest,
thou good and gracious king.

Second Hymn. No. 583 CAHB

Hear it again on <https://youtu.be/g-qDQSjnzH8>

1. Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry;
thy humble beast pursues his road
with palms and scattered garments strowed.

2. Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
o'er captive death and conquered sin.

3. Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
to see th'approaching sacrifice.

4. Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
the Father, on his sapphire throne,
awaits his own appointed Son.

5. Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
then take, O God, thy pow'r, and reign.

Third Hymn. No. 463, CAHB (not v. 4 or 5).

Hear it again on <https://youtu.be/HMart4wXsI0>

1. My song is love unknown,
my Saviour's love to me,
love to the loveless shown,
that they might lovely be.
O who am I, that for my sake,
my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

2. He came from his blest throne,
salvation to bestow;
but man refused, and none
the longed-for Christ would know.
But O, my friend, my friend indeed,
who at my need his life did spend!

3. Sometimes they strew his way,
and his sweet praises sing;
resounding all the day
hosannas to their King;
Then 'Crucify'! is all their breath,
and for his death they thirst and cry.

6. Here might I stay and sing,
no story so divine;
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like thine.
This is my friend in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.

Fourth Hymn. No. 520, CAHB

Hear it again on <https://youtu.be/-JS9P8d2iOc>

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suff'ring and shame;
and I loved that old cross
where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross
and exchange it some day for a crown.*

2. Oh, that old rugged cross,
so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God
left his glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary.

3. In the old rugged cross,
stained with blood so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see.
For 'twas on that old cross
Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

4. To the old rugged cross
I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear.
Then he'll call me some day
to my home far away;
there his glory for ever I'll share.

Readings & Intercessions

The Triumphal Entry (Liturgy of the Palms)

Matthew 21: 1–11	Chris Jones
Isaiah 50: 4–9a	Alison Tams
Psalms 31: 9–16	Philippa McCowen
Philippians 2: 5–11	Frankie Taylor
Matthew 27: 11–54	Andy Lester

Intercessions

Marlene Young

Psalm 31: verses 9–16. (*Good News Bible* page 552)

⁹Be merciful to me, LORD, for I am in trouble;
my eyes are tired from so much crying; I am
completely worn out.

¹⁰I am exhausted by sorrow, and weeping has
shortened my life.
I am weak from all my troubles; even my bones
are wasting away.

¹¹All my enemies, and especially my neighbours,
treat me with contempt;
those who know me are afraid of me; when they
see me in the street, they run away.

¹²Everyone has forgotten me, as though I were
dead;
I am like something thrown away.

¹³I hear many enemies whispering; terror is all
round me.
They are making plans against me, plotting to kill
me.

¹⁴But my trust is in you, O LORD; you are my God.

¹⁵I am always in your care; save me from my
enemies,
from those who persecute me.

¹⁶Look on your servant with kindness; save me in
your constant love.

