Order for Home or Life Group worship

Sunday 5 April 2020 (Palm Sunday)

- 1. Psalm Read Psalm 24.
- Hymn: "All glory, laud and honour"
 (Songs of Fellowship 1157)
 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h3a8fTTrAdE
- . Prayers of Praise and Adoration
 Great and glorious God, You sent Your Son to
 save us and we are eternally grateful. He came
 into our midst, lived and died, showing us the
 meaning of love. He displayed to us your grace,
 spoke your forgiveness and expressed your
 compassion. We praise you for how He revealed
 your heart to us. Accept our thanks today, as our
 hearts overflow with joy and adoration.
- Confession of sin & assurance of God's forgiveness

Lord God, Jesus Christ was welcomed into the city of Jerusalem with excitement and anticipation. We have not always welcomed Him in our lives. We have not always followed His teaching or lived according to the values of His Kingdom. Forgive us and have mercy on us. Make known to us the power of the Cross and

help us to live lives of obedience and trust. Make us humble and faithful in Your service.

- 6. Hymn: "Tell me the old old story" https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XqSIMQaeAds
- 7. Reading: Matthew 21: 1 11
- 8. Reflection "Who is the King and who is the impostor?" (available via video clip)
- 9. Prayers of Intercession

Please pray for those infected with COVID-19; for doctors and scientists, for families who have lost loved ones, for world leaders, for those whose businesses are affected, for our nation under lockdown, for the weak, the uncertain, the frail and the frightened. Also pray for the poor and homeless with their own particular challenges during this time.

Pray for the Church to be committed and strong. Pray for God's hand on your life and the lives of those who are dear to you.

- 10. Hymn: "Ride on, ride on in majesty" (Songs of Fellowship 485) (Tune: Winchester New) https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LcxG2JasPds
- 11. The Blessing

 Bless one another with the words of Jude 1:

 24 & 25.

ALL GLORY. LAUD AND HONOUR

To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With psalms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

All glory, laud and honour To Thee, Redeemer, King, To whom the lips of children Made sweet hosannas ring.

Tell me the stories of Jesus

I love to hear, Things I would ask Him to tell me If He were here; Scenes by the wayside, Tales of the sea; Stories of Jesus, tell them to me.

Into the city I'd follow
The children's band,
Waving a branch of the palm-tree
High in my hand;
One of His heralds,
Yes, I would sing
Loudest Hosannas,
Jesus is King!

Show me that scene in the garden,
Of bitter pain,
And of the cross where my Saviour,
For me was slain.
And through the sadness,
Help me to see,
How Jesus suffered
For love of me.

Tell me with joy of His rising
Up from the grave;
And how He still lives triumphant,
Ready to save.
Wonderful story,
Jesus, my friend
Living and loving,
Right to the end.

Tell me the old, old story,

of unseen things above, of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love; Tell me the story simply, as to a little child, For I am weak and weary, And helpless and defiled. Tell me the old, old story, Tell me the old, old story, Tell me the old, old story, Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in-That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin;
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
And when the Lord's bright glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

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.

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

Ride on, ride on in majesty! Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh; The Father on His sapphire throne Expects His own anointed Son.

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 power, and reign!