

Ayr St Columba Church
Sunday 28 March 2021
Palm Sunday



The Donkey

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

G K Chesterton

Organ Voluntary

The Bible, God's Word for life, is placed in the pulpit by the Beadle.

Welcome & Announcements

Preparatory Silence

Call to Worship

Hymn 365

(omit verses 3 and 4)

Ride on! Ride on in majesty! *(t Westminster New)*

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes 'Hosanna!' cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
with palms and scattered garments strowed.

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!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868)

Call to Prayer

Prayers of Adoration, Confession, Absolution and Supplication

Lesson

St Mark 11: 1 – 11

Hymn 367

Hosanna, loud hosanna

(t Ellacombe)

Hosanna, loud hosanna,
the little children sang;
through city street and temple
their joyful welcome rang.
They shouted out their praises
to Christ, the children's friend,
who welcomes all with blessing,
whose love will never end.

From Olivet they followed,
a large exultant crowd,
the victor palm branch waving,
and chanting clear and loud;
bright angels joined the chorus,
beyond the cloudless sky,
'Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!"

'Hosanna in the highest!'
That ancient song we sing,
for Christ is our Redeemer,
the Lord of heaven our King.
Oh, may we ever praise him
with heart and life and voice,
and in his living presence
eternally rejoice.

Jennette Threlfall (1821-1880) (alt.)

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the death of Christ, my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

BENEDICTION

Closing Voluntary St. Theodulph

Reflection

Solo "O Thou who through this Holy Week"

Prayers of Thanksgiving, Intercession, Commemoration of the Faithful
Departed and The Lord's Prayer

Hymn 392 **When I survey the wondrous cross** *(t Rockingham)*

When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.