

Sunday 28th March 2021 at 10.30

Welcome and Announcements:

The Lord is king! Lift up your voice!
O earth, and all you heavens rejoice!
From world to world the song shall ring:
'The Lord omnipotent is king!'

The Lord is king! Who then shall dare
resist His will, distrust His care,
or murmur at His wise decrees,
or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
the Judge of all the earth is just.
Holy and true are all His ways;
let every creature speak His praise!

He reigns! You saints exalt your strains!
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
and He is at the Father's side,
the Man of Love, the crucified.

One Lord, one kingdom all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
'The Lord omnipotent is King'.
Josiah Conder (1789-1855)

Prayer

Children's Talk:

King of Kings, Majesty,
God of heaven living in me,
gentle Saviour, closest Friend
strong Deliverer, Beginning and End,
all within me falls at Your throne:

*Your Majesty, I can but bow,
I lay my all before You now.
In royal robes I don't deserve
I live to serve Your Majesty.*

Earth and heaven worship You,
Love eternal, faithful and true,
who bought the nations, ransomed souls,
brought this sinner near to Your throne.
all within me cries out in praise:

*Your Majesty, I can but bow,
I lay my all before You now.
In royal robes I don't deserve
I live to serve Your Majesty.
Your Majesty, I can but bow,
I lay my all before You now.
In royal robes I don't deserve
I live to serve Your Majesty.
I live to serve Your Majesty.*

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Prayer:

Bible Reading: John Chapter 12 verses 12-19

¹² The next day a great multitude that had come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, ¹³ took branches of palm trees and went out to meet Him, and cried out:

"Hosanna!

'Blessed is He who comes in the name of the LORD!'

The King of Israel!"

¹⁴ Then Jesus, when He had found a young donkey, sat on it; as it is written:

¹⁵ "Fear not, daughter of Zion;
Behold, your King is coming,
Sitting on a donkey's colt."

¹⁶ His disciples did not understand these things at first; but when Jesus was glorified, then they remembered that these things were written about Him and *that* they had done these things to Him.

¹⁷ Therefore the people, who were with Him when He called Lazarus out of his tomb and raised him from the dead, bore witness. ¹⁸ For this reason the people also met Him, because they heard that He had done this sign. ¹⁹ The Pharisees therefore said among themselves, "You see that you are accomplishing nothing. Look, the world has gone after Him!"

Christ triumphant, ever reigning,
Saviour, Master, King!
Lord of heaven, our lives sustaining,
hear us as we sing:

*Yours the glory and the crown,
the high renown, the eternal name.*

Word incarnate, truth revealing,
Son of Man on earth!
power and majesty concealing
by your humble birth:

*Yours the glory and the crown,
the high renown, the eternal name.*

Suffering servant, scorned, ill - treated,
victim crucified!
death is through the cross defeated,
sinners justified:

*Yours the glory and the crown,
the high renown, the eternal name.*

Priestly king, enthroned for ever
high in heaven above!
sin and death and hell shall never
stifle hymns of love:

*Yours the glory and the crown,
the high renown, the eternal name.*

So, our hearts and voices raising
through the ages long,
ceaselessly upon you gazing,
this shall be our song:

*Yours the glory and the crown,
the high renown, the eternal name.*
Michael Saward (1932-2015)
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Message: "What sort of King is Jesus?"

Crown Him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon His throne.
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
of Him who died for thee,
and hail Him as thy matchless King
through all eternity.

Crown Him the Son of God,
before the worlds began,
and ye, who tread where He hath trod,
crown Him the Son of Man;
who every grief hath known
that wrings the human breast,
and takes and bears them for His own,
that all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of love,
behold His hands and side,
those wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
but downward bends his burning eye
at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife
for those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
who died and rose on high,
who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
whose power a sceptre sways
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,
and all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
and round His pierced feet
fair flowers of paradise extend
their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
the Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres
ineffably sublime:
all hail, Redeemer, hail,
for Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity!

*Matthew Bridges (1800-94),
Godfrey Thring (1823-1903)*

Close

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