

SHARED MINISTRY IN EXNING AND NORTH NEWMARKET

HYMNS FOR HOLY WEEK

Christine Shand, director of music at St Martin's and SS Philip & Etheldreda's, will provide keyboard accompaniment to the hymns via our teleconferencing facility. To access the telephone connection, dial **03300 945 940** and use room number **24456910** and PIN **7760**. You can phone in from a mobile or landline and do not need an internet connection to do so. Calls are charged the same as to a landline, so if you have evening calls included in your call package, this will be free. Hymns are from Mission Praise, reproduced under CCLI number 1245887.

Palm Sunday

Ride on, ride on in majesty! (MP 580)
Hark, all the tribes, 'Hosanna!' cry'
O Saviour meek, pursue your road
with palms and scattered garments strowed.

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

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

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Your 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 your meek head to mortal pain,
then take, O God, your pow'r and reign.

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King of kings, majesty, (MP 1000)
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 the sinner near to your throne;
all within me cries out in praise.

Maundy Thursday

A new commandment I give unto you, (MP 1)
that you love one another as I have loved you,
that you love one another as I have loved you.

By this shall all men know that you are my disciples,
if you have love one for another.

By this shall all men know that you are my disciples,
if you have love one for another.

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Brother, sister let me serve you, (MP 1261)
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace to
let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
fellow travellers on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
in the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;
when you laugh I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace to
let you be my servant too.

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Meekness and majesty, manhood and deity, (MP 465)
in perfect harmony, the man who is God:
Lord of eternity dwells in humanity,
kneels in humility and washes our feet.

*O what a mystery, meekness and majesty:
bow down and worship for this is your God,
this is your God!*

Father's pure radiance, perfect in innocence,
yet learns obedience to death on a cross:
suffering to give us life, conquering through sacrifice;
and, as they crucify, prays, 'Father forgive.'

Wisdom unsearchable, God the invisible,
love indestructible in frailty appears.
Lord of infinity, stooping so tenderly,
lifts our humanity to the heights of his throne.

Good Friday

How deep the Father's love for us, (MP 988)
how vast beyond all measure,
that he should give his only Son
to make a wretch his treasure.

How great the pain of searing loss –
the Father turns his face away,
as wounds which mar the chosen one
bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,
my sin upon his shoulders;
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held him there
until it was accomplished;
his dying breath has brought me life –
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,
his death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from his reward?
I cannot give an answer,
but this I know with all my heart,
his wounds have paid my ransom.

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My song is love unknown; (MP 478)
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?

He came from his blest throne
salvation to bestow;
but men made strange, and none
the longed-for Christ would know:
but O my friend, my Friend indeed,
who at my need his life did spend.

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 is death they thirst and cry.

They rise and needs will have
my dear Lord made away;
a murderer they save,
the Prince of life they slay.
Yet cheerful he to suffering goes,
that he his foes from thence might free.

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.

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When I survey the wondrous cross (MP 755)
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

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 a present far too small,
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.