



5th April 2020 Palm Sunday.

Worship Led by, Rev Dr Martin Ramsden

Hymn Numbers	83	Praise my soul the king of heaven.
	263	Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna.
	193	Born in the night
	707	Make me a channel of your peace

Singing the faith 83 Praise my soul the king of heaven

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven ;
to his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like thee his praise should sing ?
Praise him ! Praise him !
Praise the everlasting King !
- 2 Praise him for his grace and favour
to his people in distress ;
praise him, still the same for ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise him ! Praise him !
Glorious in his faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, he tends and spares us ;
well our feeble frame he knows ;
in his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him ! Praise him !
Widely as his mercy flows.
- 4 Angels in the height, adore him ;
ye behold him face to face ;
sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space.
Praise him ! Praise him !
Praise with us the God of grace !

Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)

- 1 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in the highest !
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in the highest !
Lord, we lift up your name, with hearts full of praise ;
be exalted, O Lord, my God !
Hosanna in the highest !
- 2 Glory, glory, glory to the King of kings !
Glory, glory, glory to the King of kings !
Lord, we lift up your name, with hearts full of praise ;
be exalted, O Lord, my God !
Glory to the King of kings !

Carl Tuttle (*b.* 1953)

- 1 Born in the night,
Mary's Child,
a long way from your home ;
coming in need,
Mary's Child,
born in a borrowed room.
- 2 Clear shining light,
Mary's Child,
your face lights up our way ;
light of the world,
Mary's Child,
dawn on our darkened day.
- 3 Truth of our life,
Mary's Child,
you tell us God is good ;
prove it is true,
Mary's Child,
go to your cross of wood.
- 4 Hope of the world,
Mary's Child,
you're coming soon to reign ;
King of the earth,
Mary's Child,
walk in our streets again.

Geoffrey Ainger (*b.* 1925)

- 1 Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love ;
where there is injury, your pardon, Lord ;
and where there's doubt, true faith in you :

*O Master, grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console ;
to be understood as to understand ;
to be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

- 2 Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope ;
where there is darkness, only light ;
and where there's sadness, ever joy :

Refrain

- 3 Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving unto all that we receive,
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928–1997)
from the *Prayer of St Francis*