

1 **There is a green hill far away,**
without a city wall,
where the dear Lord was crucified,
who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
what pains he had to bear;
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiv'n,
he died to make us good,
that we might go at last to heav'n,
saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
to pay the price of sin;
he only could unlock the gate
of heav'n, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has he loved,
and we must love him too,
and trust in his redeeming blood,
and try his works to do.

Author: Cecil Frances Alexander (1848)

1 My song is love unknown,
*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?*

2 *He came from his blest throne,
salvation to bestow;
but men cared not, and none
the longed-for Christ would know.
But oh, my Friend, my Friend indeed,
who at my need his life did spend!*

3 *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 his death they thirst and cry.*

4 *Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
he gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries! Yet all his deeds*

1 **All glory, laud, and honour**
to you, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.
You are the King of Israel
and David's royal Son,
now in the Lord's name coming,
the King and Blessed One.

2 The company of angels
is praising you on high;
and we with all creation
in chorus make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
with palms before you went;
our praise and prayer and anthems
before you we present.

3 To you before your passion
they sang their hymns of praise;
to you, now high exalted,
our melody we raise.
As you received their praises,
accept the prayers we bring,
for you delight in goodness,
O good and gracious King!

Trans. J. M. Neale (1854)

Author: Theodulf, Bishop of Orléans (c. 820)

their hatred feeds; they 'gainst him rise.

5 *They rise, and needs will have
my dear Lord sent away;
a murderer they save,
the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet willing he to suffer'g goes,
that he his foes from thence might free.*

6 *In life, no house, no home
my Lord on earth might have;
in death, no friendly tomb
but what a stranger gave.
What may I say? Heav'n was his home,
but mine the tomb wherein he lay.*

7 *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.*

Author Samuel Crossman (1664)



Welcome to
St. Michael's Church
Sittingbourne



Palm Sunday

5th April 2020



Sunday's Bible readings:

Isaiah 49:1-7

1 Corinthians 1:18-31

John 12:20-36

*Following advice from
Government our church – the
building remains closed to all
activity.*

We continue to pray Morning
Prayer together as we began on
Ash Wednesday, however there
is an additional option of a live
Morning Prayer on Facebook
Daily at 10.30 am.

<https://www.facebook.com/lesley.jones.71697>

If you would like to receive a
copy of the morning prayer let
Lesley know or visit:
<https://www.churchofengland.org/prayer-and-worship/join-us-service-daily-prayer>

**If you need support please
call 07881 555580.**

Our Prayer for this week

True and humble king,
Hailed by the crowd as Messiah:
Grant us the faith to know you and
love you,
That we may be found beside you
On the way of the cross,
Which is the path of glory.
Amen



The Saints in Sittingbourne



THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

