

## Hymns with Mrs Turnbull

Sunday 28th March 11am  
Palm Sunday  
Livestreamed through:  
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**From heaven you came, helpless babe,**  
Entered our world, your glory veiled;  
Not to be served but to serve,  
And give your life that we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King,  
He calls us now to follow him,  
To bring our lives as a daily offering  
Of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears,  
My heavy load he chose to bear;  
His heart with sorrow was torn,  
'Yet not my will but yours,' he said.

Come, see his hands and his feet,  
The scars that speak of sacrifice,  
Hands that flung stars into space  
To cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve,  
And in our lives enthrone him;  
each other's needs to prefer,  
For it is Christ we're serving.

**Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle;**  
sing the ending of the fray.  
O'er the cross, the victor's trophy,  
sound the loud triumphant lay:  
tell how Christ, the world's Redeemer,  
as a victim won the day.

God in pity saw man fallen,  
shamed and sunk in misery,  
when he fell on death by tasting  
fruit of the forbidden tree:  
then another tree was chosen  
which the world from death should free.

Therefore when the appointed fullness  
of the holy time was come,  
he was sent who maketh all things  
forth from God's eternal home:  
thus he came to earth, incarnate,  
offspring of a maiden's womb.

Thirty years among us dwelling,  
now at length his hour fulfilled,  
born for this, he meets his Passion,  
for that this he freely willed,  
on the cross the Lamb is lifted,  
where his life-blood shall be spilled.

To the Trinity be glory  
to the Father and the Son,  
with the co-eternal Spirit  
Ever Three and ever One  
One in love and one in splendour,  
While unending ages run. Amen

**Ride on, ride on in majesty!**  
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;  
Thy humble beast pursues his 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!  
The winged squadrons of the sky  
look down with sad and wond'ring eyes  
to see the 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 thy meek head to mortal pain,  
then take, O God, thy power and reign.

**Were you there when they crucified my Lord?**

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Where you there when the sun refused to shine?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Were you there when God raised him from the dead?

Were you there when he ascended up on high?

**Meekness and majesty,**

manhood and deity,

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.

***Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim,  
Till all the world adore his sacred name.***

Come, brethren, follow where our captain trod,  
Our King victorious, Christ the Son of God

Led on their way by this triumphant sign,  
The hosts of God in conquering ranks combine.

Each newborn soldier of the crucified  
Bears on his brow the seal of him who died.

Let every race and every language tell  
Of him who saves our souls from death and hell

From farthest regions let them homage bring,  
And on his Cross adore their Saviour King.

Set up thy throne, that earth's despair may cease  
Beneath the shadow of its healing peace.

For thy blest Cross which doth for all atone  
Creation's praises rise before thy throne.