

March 29, 2015

Prelude

Welcome and Announcements

Mr. Robert Smith

Processional Hymn No. 173

All Glory, Laud and Honor

All glory, laud and honor to Thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children make sweet hosannas ring:
Thou art the King of Israel, Thou David's royal Son,
who in the Lord's name comest, the King and blessed One!

The company of angels are praising Thee on high,
and mortal men and all things created make reply:
The people of the Hebrews with palms before Thee went;
our praise and prayer and anthems before Thee we present.

To Thee, before Thy passion, they sang their hymns of praise;
to Thee, now high exalted, our melody we raise:
thou didst accept their praises - accept the praise we bring,
who in all good delightest, Thou good and gracious King!

*Invocation

Dr. Paul A. Brown, Pastor

Scripture Reading Matthew 21:1-11

As they approached Jerusalem and came to Bethphage on the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent two disciples, ² saying to them, "Go to the village ahead of you, and at once you will find a donkey tied there, with her colt by her. Untie them and bring them to me. ³ If anyone says anything to you, tell him that the Lord needs them, and he will send them right away."

⁴ This took place to fulfill what was spoken through the prophet:

⁵ "Say to the Daughter of Zion,
'See, your king comes to you,
gentle and riding on a donkey,
on a colt, the foal of a donkey.' "

⁶ The disciples went and did as Jesus had instructed them. ⁷ They brought the donkey and the colt, placed their cloaks on them, and

Jesus sat on them. ⁸ A very large crowd spread their cloaks on the road, while others cut branches from the trees and spread them on the road. ⁹ The crowds that went ahead of him and those that followed shouted,

"Hosanna to the Son of David!"

"Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!"

"Hosanna in the highest!"

¹⁰ When Jesus entered Jerusalem, the whole city was stirred and asked, "Who is this?"

¹¹ The crowds answered, "This is Jesus, the prophet from Nazareth in Galilee."

*Hymn No. 174

Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

Hosanna, loud hosanna, the little children sang;
thru pillared court and temple the lovely anthem rang;
to Jesus, who had blessed them close folded to His breast,
the children sang their praises, the simplest and the best.

From Olivet they followed - mid an exultant crowd,
the victor palm branch waving, and chanting clear and loud;
the Lord of men and angels rode on in lowly state,
nor scorned that little children should on His bidding wait.

"Hosanna in the highest!" That ancient song we sing,
for Christ is our Redeemer, the Lord of heav'n our King;
O may we ever praise Him with heart and life and voice,
and in His blissful presence eternally rejoice!

Offering of Thanks and Praise

Offertory

Cantata

Mr. Devon Hamilton,

Director

Mr. Don Reasons, Organist/Pianist

Dr. Paul A. Brown, Homiletical Narration
Easter Season Medley

Hosanna to the Son

Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, ... Hosanna to the Son
Hosanna to the son of David, hosanna to the Holy One;
Hosanna to the Son the long-awaited One, hosanna to the Holy
Son
O – blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord;
O – blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,
Blest is He – hosanna in the highest, hosanna, hosanna, ...
Hosanna to the son of David, Hosanna to the Holy One,
Hosanna to the Son, the long-awaited One,
Hosanna to the holy Son, O – blessed is He that cometh in the
name of the Lord; O – blessed is He that cometh in the name of
the Lord; Blessed is He. Hosanna, in the highest,
hosanna, hosanna, hosanna ...

Who Passes Yonder Through the Throng?

Ah – who passes yonder through the throng,
In midst of great commotion? What shouting this, a victor's song?
A cry of deep devotion? Who passes yonder through the throng?
They come this way. I see him while in wonder I watch the crowd
cast garments in His path. No earthly monarch treads the roads of
palms spread far before him. With faith serene, His glance is kind,
withdrawn from all the ringing Of children running on behind.
He passes by. He looks my way. My heart leaps up within me.
My Lord and Master! From this day, my life is given to Thee!

Would I Have Joined the Crowd?

If, on this day the colt was loosed, – That day so soft and fair,
When the road was paved with flowers, Oh, if I had been there,
Would I have joined the crowd? Would I have joined the crowd?
Had Jesus' eyes looked into mine, Those eyes that saw through all,

Could I have held my eyes on His? Would His have made mine
fall? Would I have left the crowd? Would I have left the crowd?
He rides through history, ah yes, He rides again to reign,
The flowers scatter in the dust. He rides through my domain.
Should I not join the crowd? Should I not join the crowd?

Go to Dark Gethsemane

Go to dark Gethsemane, Ye feel tempters power;
Your Redeemer' conflict see, Watch with Him one better hour;
Turn not from His griefs away, Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
Follow to the judgement hall, View the Lord of Live arraigned;
Oh the wormwood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering shame or loss; Learn of him to bear the Cross.
Calvary's mournful Mountain climb; There adoring at his feet,
Mark the miracle of time; God's own sacrifice complete;
“It is finished,” hear him cry; hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die, learn of Jesus Christ to die.
A-men, A-men

God So Loved

Beautiful Savior, Lord of the nations, Son of God and Son of Man,
Glory and honor, praise, adoration now and forever more be
Thine. God so loved the world, God so loved the world that He
gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him --
Should not perish, should not perish, but have everlasting life.
Jesus paid it all, all to him I owe, sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.
God so loved the world, God so loved the world,
God so loved the world

Love Is Come Again

Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,
Wheat that in dark earth many days has lain;
Love lives again, that with the dead has been;
Love is come again like wheat the springeth green.

In the grave laid Him, love who man had slain,
Thinking that He would never wake again,
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.
For He came at Easter, like the risen grain. He that for three days
in the grave had lain. Quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen:
Love is come again Like wheat that springeth green!
When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain. Thy touch can call
us bac to life again, Fields of our hearts that dead and bear have
been; Love is come again – Like read the springeth green.
Christ the Lord is risen, Sing alleluia!
Risen for our salvation, Sing alleluia!
Fields of our hearts that dead and bear have been;
Love is come again – Like read the springeth green.

Crown Him With Many Crowns

Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne:
Hark! how the heav'nly 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 thru all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love: Behold His hands and side—
Rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life: Who triumphed o'er the grave,
Who rose victorious to 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 heav'n: One with the Father known;
One with the Spirit thru Him giv'n from yonder glorious throne.
To Thee be endless praise, for Thou for us hast died;
Be Thou, O Lord, thru endless days adored and magnified.

He is Risen! He is Risen!

He is risen! He is risen! Tell it out with joyful voice;
He has burst the three days prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is conquered, we are free, Christ has won the vactory.
He is Risen! He is risen! Christ has won the victory.
He is risen! He is risen!

Come, ye sad and fearful hearted, With glad smile as brightest
sun:
Night's long shadows have departed;
All His suffering now is done,
And the passion that He bore: Sin and pain can harm no more.
He is Risen! He is risen! Christ has won the victory.
He is risen! He is risen!

He is risen! He is risen! Risen to a holy state:
We are free from sin's dark prison, He has opened heaven's gate.
Death is conquered, we are free, Christ has won the victory
He is Risen! He is risen! Christ has won the victory.
He is risen! He is risen!

God's Son Has Made Me Free

God's Son has made me free. God's Son has made me free.
Yes, free, yes, free! Free, free, free! God's Son has made me free.
God's Son has made you free. God's Son has made you free.
Yes, free, yes, free! Free, free, free! God's Son has made you
free.
A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men

*Benediction Dr. Paul A. Brown, Pastor

*Choral Benediction No. 406 *My Hope is in the Lord* refrain

For me He died, For me He lives,

And everlasting life and light He freely gives.

*Postlude