

Reflections, bible verses, hymns, poems and prayers for Holy Week

Perhaps light a candle (ONLY IF SAFE!) and place it in your window as you use these words each night at 8pm

Palm Sunday

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
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 winged squadrons 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.

Holy Week – Monday (John 17:1-5)

Father, the hour has come. Glorify your Son, that your Son may glorify you. For you granted him authority over all people that he might give eternal life to all those you have given him. Now this is eternal life: that they know you, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom you have sent. I have brought you glory on earth by finishing the work you gave me to do. And now, Father, glorify me in your presence with the glory I had with you before the world began.

Holy Week Tuesday

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?

He came from His blest throne Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none The longed-for Christ would know:
But oh, 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 His 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

Holy Week Wednesday (Romans 8:31-39)

Crown of shame or crown of Glory?

He was despised, rejected....mocking voices,
spat upon, beaten, crown of shame or glory?

A man of sorrows, familiar with suffering
....tears dried, friend of the lonely, outcasts included,
worthy, special.

He was pierced for our sin...evil forgotten,
hearts mended, lives restored.

He was crushed for our iniquities...a bruised reed
he will not break, a smouldering wick he will not snuff out.

We like sheep have gone astray...the good shepherd,
searching, running to embrace the prodigal child.

He was oppressed, afflicted...beauty for brokenness,
our saviour, our healer, our Prince of Peace, deliverer

Led like a lamb...obedient, willingly taking up his cross,
he stumbled, yet persevered.

To the slaughter...his death, our wounds, his pain,
our scars, the nails, our sin.

The Lord makes his life a guilt offering... clean again,
shame gone, emptiness filled, grace abounding,
freely given, love perfected.

The crown? His shame, our glory...
....and yet...our shame, his glory.

Maundy Thursday

Fiercely independent, I try to be confident
Trying, but failing, to do my own thing
I'm a human 'doing' not a human 'being'
I don't want you to wash my feet.

I strive to be better than those 'other' people,
I want to be honest, I try to stay clean.
I try but I still can't be vulnerable to you,
I just won't let you wash my feet.

The water comes nearer and so does the fear,
The shame, the pain, the frightening unknown.
The offer of life, of re-birth and cleansing
But why would you want to wash my feet?

Jesus is gentle, he is servant yet master,
Strength and humility flows from His life.
With a towel round his waist and love in His
eyes, He tenderly washes our feet and our lives.

And now if we let him, he said he will lead us,
He calls us all now to serve and be served.
To follow his example, to share His compassion,
Whose feet is He calling you to wash today?

Good Friday

There is a green hill far away,
outside a city wall,
where our dear Lord was crucified
who died to save us all.

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.

He died that we might be forgiven,
he died to make us good,
that we might go at last to heaven,
saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
to pay the price of sin,
he only could unlock the gate
of heaven and let us in.

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

Easter Eve

Tune: Abide with me

Dark is the night, the passing hours are long,
Lone voices whisper sorrow's silent song,
Each faltering prayer will fear it's made in vain,
When will we sing the world to life again?

Dark is the night; not all are blessed with sleep.
Some wake and work, and some must watch and
weep
Angels disguised, they tend a world in pain,
Off'ring the hope that there'll be life again.

Dark is the night, the silent hours are slow,
Heav'n's tears anoint the suffering earth below,
Blessing with dew the secret springing grain,
Pledge that the world will soon know life again.

Words: Ally Barrett (shared with permission)
(Written in the context of the virus crisis)

Easter Day

Hallelujah Christ is risen.

He is risen indeed Hallelujah.

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave clothes where thy body
lay. *Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,*
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the Church with gladness, hymns of triumph
sing;
for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.
Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is naught without thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy
deathless love:
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.
Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.

Hallelujah Christ is risen. He is risen indeed Hallelujah