

# Hymns ~ Palm Sunday

## OPENING HYMN

**Ride on, ride on, in majesty!** Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry.  
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy 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 angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes, To see the approaching Sacrifice.  
Ride on, ride on, in majesty! Thy 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 Christ, Thy power and reign. (H.H. Milman)

## OFFERTORY

**Gifts of bread and wine**, gifts we've offered, fruits of labour, fruits of love:  
taken, offered, sanctified, blessed and broken; words of one who died:  
'Take my body; take my saving blood.' Gifts of bread and wine: Christ our Lord.  
Christ our Saviour, living presence here, as he promised while on earth:  
'I am with you for all time, I am with you in this bread and wine.  
Take my body, take my saving blood.' Gifts of bread and wine: Christ our Lord.  
Through the Father, with the Spirit, one in union with the Son,  
for God's people, joined in prayer faith is strengthened by the food we share.  
'Take my body, take my saving blood.' Gifts of bread and wine: Christ our Lord.

## SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

'My Jesus, I believe that you are present in this Holy Sacrament of the Altar.  
I love you above all things and I passionately desire to receive you into my soul.  
Since I cannot now receive you sacramentally, come spiritually into my soul so that  
I may unite myself wholly to you now and forever.' Amen  
(based on prayer of St Alphonsus Liguori)

## **COMMUNION**

**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.

## **FINAL**

**My song is love unknown** (continued)

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.

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.

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.