

**Livingstone Parish Church**  
**Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> March 2021**  
**Rev. Dave Sutherland**  
**Palm Sunday**

**Hymn 1**

**Zechariah said:**

"Here comes your king!"

Riding on a donkey:

Humble as anything!

Zechariah said:

"Here comes your king!"

Riding on a donkey:

Humble as anything!

*And we sing "Hosanna!"*

*Jesus is our King!*

*He's riding on a donkey!*

*But He's the Lord of everything -*

*The Son of David,*

*King of Kings!*

All the city said:

"Who is this man?"

Riding on a donkey?

What can be his plan?"

All the city said:

"Who is this man?"

Riding on a donkey?

What can be his plan?"

*And we sing...*

Chief priests said:

"What's going on?"

Riding on a donkey?

People singing songs?"

Chief priests said:

"What's going on?"

Riding on a donkey?

People singing songs?"

*And we sing...*

*We sing...*

Hosanna!

David Heath-Whyte

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**Hymn 2 MP 162**

**From heaven You came, helpless babe,**

enter'd 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.  
*This is our God...*

Come see His hands and His feet,  
 the scars that speak of sacrifice,  
 hands that flung stars into space  
 to cruel nails surrendered.

*This is our God...*

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.

*This is our God...*

*This is our God...*

Graham Kendrick

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**Hymn 3 MP 988**

**How deep the Father's love for us,**  
 how vast beyond all measure,  
 that He should give His only Son  
 to make a wretch His treasure.  
 How great the pain of searing loss –  
 the Father turns His face away,  
 as wounds which mar the chosen one  
 bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,  
 my sin upon His shoulders;  
 ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
 cry out among the scoffers.  
 It was my sin that held Him there  
 until it was accomplished;  
 His dying breath has brought me life –  
 I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,  
 no gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
 but I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
 His death and resurrection.  
 Why should I gain from His reward?  
 I cannot give an answer,  
 but this I know with all my heart,  
 His wounds have paid my ransom.

Stuart Townend

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Stevenston Livingstone  
Church of Scotland



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**Hymn 4 MP 1024**

**All my days I will sing this song of gladness,**  
 give my peace to the Fountain of delights;  
 for in my helplessness You heard me cry  
 and waves of mercy poured down on my life.

*I will trust in the cross of my Redeemer,  
 I will sing of the blood that never fails,  
 of sins forgiven, of conscience cleansed,  
 of death defeated and life without end.  
 Beautiful Saviour, wonderful Counsellor,  
 clothed in majesty, Lord of history,  
 You're the way, the truth, the life,  
 Star of the morning, glorious in holiness,  
 You're the chosen One,  
 heaven's champion, and You reign, You reign over all!*

I long to be where the praise is never ending,  
 yearn to dwell where the glory never fades,  
 where countless worshippers will share one song,  
 and cries of 'Worthy!' will honour the Lamb!

*Beautiful Saviour...*

*Beautiful Saviour...*

Stuart Townend

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**Exeunt (Sing Twice)**

**May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you,**  
 wherever He may send you.  
 May He guide you through the wilderness,  
 protect you through the storm.  
 May He bring you home rejoicing  
 at the wonders He has shown you.  
 May He bring you home rejoicing  
 once again into our doors.

Celtic Daily Prayer