

Introit.

Welcome and Introduction.

Hymn:

O sacred Head, once wounded, with grief and pain weighed down,
how scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown!
How pale art thou with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn.
How does that visage languish which once was bright as morn!

O Lord of life and glory, what bliss till now was thine!
I read the wondrous story: I joy to call thee mine.
Thy grief and thy compassion was all for sinners' gain.
Mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.

What language shall I borrow to praise thee, dearest Friend,
for this, thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?
Lord make me thine forever, nor let me faithless prove,
O, let me never, never abuse such dying love.

Be near me Lord, when dying, oh, show thy self to me,
and for my succour, flying, come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving, from Jesus shall not move,
for he who dies believing dies safely, through thy love.

Rite of Penitence:

Sam: The Lord be with you;

Matt: And with your spirit.

Sam: Have mercy on me, O God,
according to your loving-kindness;
in your great compassion blot out my offences.
Wash me through and through from my wickedness,
and cleanse me from my sin.

Lord have mercy:

All: Lord have mercy.

Sam: For I know my transgressions,
and my sin is ever before me.
Against you only have I sinned,
and done what is evil in your sight,
and so you are justified when you speak
and upright in your judgement.
Christ have mercy:

All: Christ have mercy.

Sam: Indeed, I have been wicked from my birth,
a sinner from my mother's womb.
For behold, you look for truth within me;
and will make me understand wisdom secretly.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;
wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Lord have mercy:

All: Christ have mercy.

The Absolution.

Hymn:

**Hallelujah, my Father, for giving us your Son;
Sending Him into the world to be given up for men,
Knowing we would bruise Him and smite Him from the earth.
Hallelujah, my Father, in His death is my birth;
Hallelujah, my Father, in His life is my life.**

The Lord's Prayer.

Matt: As our Saviour taught us, we boldly pray:

**All: Ein Tad yr hwn wyt yn y nefoedd, sancteiddier dy enw,
Deled dy dernas, gwneler dy ewyllys, megis yn y nef, felly ar y ddaear hefyd.
Dyro i ni heddiw ein bara beunyddiol;
A maddau i ni ein dyledion, fel y maddeuwn ninnau i'n dyledwyr.
Ac nac arwain ni i brofedigaeth; eithr gwared ni rhag drwg.
Canys eiddot ti yw'r deyrnas, a'r gallu a'r gogoniant, yn oes oesoedd. Amen.**

**Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name;
Your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread;
And forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,
For yours is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen**

The Collect for Passion Sunday.

Old Testament Reading: Jeremiah 31.31-34. Read by Gillian.

New Testament Reading: John 12.20-33.

The Address.

Hymn:

**Man of Sorrows: what a name for the Son of God, who came
ruined sinners to reclaim: Hallelujah, what a Saviour!**

**Bearing shame and scoffing rude, in my place condemned he stood,
sealed my pardon with his blood: Hallelujah, what a Saviour!**

**Lifted up was he to die; "It is finished" was his cry;
now in heaven exalted high: Hallelujah, what a Saviour!**

**When he comes, our glorious King, all his ransomed home to bring,
then anew this song we'll sing: Hallelujah, what a Saviour!**

The Prayers:

led by Helen.

Hymn:

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.

The Blessing.

A Look on the Bright Side: News about reopening our churches.