

Proclamation of The Triumphal Entry

Everyone shouted:

Hosanna!

*Blessed is the one who comes
in the name of the Lord!*

***+Procession of the Palms 197**

“Hosanna, Loud Hosanna”

*Hosanna, loud hosanna, the little children sang;
through pillared court and temple the joyful 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 earth and heaven 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 heaven, our King.
O may we ever praise him with heart and life and voice,
and in his blissful presence eternally rejoice.*

The Terrible Story

The Crucifixion, *excerpt*

Many centuries ago, on a Passover night
In a garden called Gethsemane, my Lord was in prayer
A crowd rushed upon this precious Nazarite
And He was betrayed by a friend, as shouts filled the air

Yes when they arrested my Jesus, I was there

Take Him to the Sanhedrin, we will charge Him in court
This Man is not a king, but a Galilean Jew
Give false witness against Him, to lies we'll resort
Peter deny Him three times, before that unholy crew

I was in that courtyard, and denied Him too

We do not have the right, to perform the execution
To Pilate we'll take, this Man from Galilee
Roman justice will give us, the better solution
This King shall be crucified, and Barabbas set free

Did you walk with Jesus to Calvary?

Give Him thirty-nine lashes, with a three-pronged whip
Fulfill the prophecy, by His stripes we will heal
Let the barbs sink in, give His back a good rip
Swing with your might, and watch the skin peel

I heard every crack, and witnessed His ordeal

Let us journey now, to the place called the Skull
Put the cross on His back,
can He stand up to the weight?
If You are the Messiah, then perform a miracle
And get away from these people,
who are filled with hate

And I was in that crowd, on that famous date

"The King of the Jews," nail over His head
Crucify the others, on the left and the right
Cast lots for His clothes, as His blood runs red
Look up in horror, at this terrible sight

And what were you doing, as day turned to night?

George Konig