

MAYFLOWER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
A SERVICE OF MORNING WORSHIP

Sunday, March 29, 2026, 10:30 a.m.

Palm/Passion Sunday

Welcome and Greeting - Pastor Mark

Prelude: "Lift High the Cross" (Sydney H. Nicholson, arr. Cindy Berry) - DeeAnn

Opening Sentences - Jerry

Hymn 329: "My Song Is Love Unknown" - DeeAnn et al.

Opening Prayer - Jerry

Anthem: "Hosanna, Ride On in Majesty" (Henry Hart Milman, arr. Anna Laura Page and Jean Anne Shafferman) - Barb/Lorraine/Laura/Kim/DeeAnn/Choir

Giving and Receiving of Our Gifts - Pastor Mark

Doxology (Hymn 563) - DeeAnn et al.

Pastoral Prayer and The Lord's Prayer (using debts and debtors) - Pastor Mark

Old Testament Reading: Psalm 31:9-16 - Rachel

Be gracious to me, O Lord, for I am in distress; my eye wastes away from grief, my soul and body also. For my life is spent with sorrow, and my years with sighing; my strength fails because of my misery, and my bones waste away. I am the scorn of all my adversaries, a horror to my neighbors, an object of dread to my acquaintances; those who see me in the street flee from me. I have passed out of mind like one who is dead; I have become like a broken vessel. For I hear the whispering of many—terror all around!—as they scheme together against me, as they plot to take my life. But I trust in you, O Lord; I say, 'You are my God.' My times are in your hand; deliver me from the hand of my enemies and persecutors. Let your face shine upon your servant; save me in your steadfast love.

Sermon: "I AM IN DISTRESS" - Pastor Mark

Hymn 191: "What Wondrous Love Is This" - DeeAnn et al.

Benediction - Pastor Mark

Benediction Response 183 (v. 3): "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded" - DeeAnn et al.

What language shall I borrow to thank Thee, dearest friend; for this, Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever; and, should I fainting be, Lord, let me never, never, outlive my love to Thee!

Greet One Another - All

Participants: Pastor Mark and DeeAnn McCormick, Barb and Jerry Fuller,
Rachel Gehres, Chancel Choir, Lorraine and Kim Finison, Laura Sparks

My Song Is Love Unknown

Samuel Crossman, ca. 1624-1684

John D. Edwards, 1806-1885



1. My song is love un-known, My Sav-ior's love to me,
 2. He came from His blest throne, Sal - va - tion to bes - tow;
 3. Some-times they strew His way, And His sweet prais - es sing;
 4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite?
 5. Here might I stay and sing, No sto - ry so di - vine;



Love to the love - less shown, That they might love - ly be.
 But men made strange, and none The longed-for Christ would know.
 Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their King.
 He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight.
 Nev - er was love, dear King, Nev - er was grief like Thine.



O who am I, That for my sake My Lord should take
 But O, my friend, My friend in - deed, Who at my need
 Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath, And for His death
 Sweet in - jur - ies! Yet they at these Them-selves dis - please,
 This is my friend, In whose sweet praise I all my days



Frail flesh, and die? My Lord should take Frail flesh, and die?
 His life did spend! Who at my need His life did spend!
 They thirst and cry. And for His death They thirst and cry.
 And 'gainst Him rise. Them-selves dis - please, And 'gainst Him rise.
 Could gai - ly spend. I all my days Could gai - ly spend.



What Wondrous Love Is This

American Folk Hymn

American Folk Hymn

Walker's *Southern Harmony*, 1835

Harm. by Paul J. Christiansen, 1914-

1. What won - drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul,
 2. What won - drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul,
 3. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
 4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,

What won - drous love is this, O my soul! What
 What won - drous love is this, O my soul! What
 To God and to the Lamb, I will sing; To
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on; And

won - drous love is this That caused the Lord of bliss To
 won - drous love is this, That caused the Lord of life To
 God and to the Lamb Who is the great I AM, While
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy - ful be, And

bear the dread - ful curse for my soul, for my
 lay a - side His crown for my soul, for my
 mil - lions join the theme I will sing, I will
 through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on, I'll sing

THE TRIUNE GOD

soul, To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul.
soul, To lay a - side His crown for my soul.
sing; While mil - lions join the theme I will sing.
on, And through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a vocal melody with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

THE TRIUNE GOD

183

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Latin, 12th C.

German, Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676

Trans. by James W. Alexander, 1804-1859, alt.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612

Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750

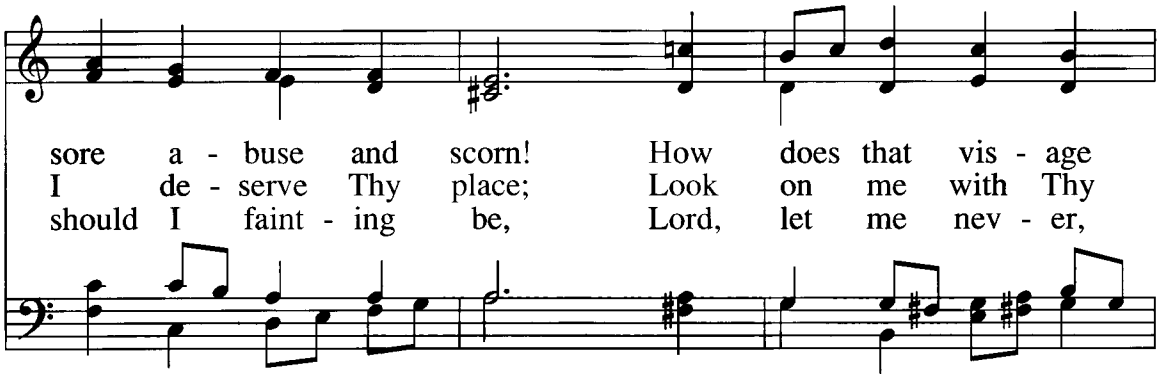
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To

grief and shame weighed down, Now scorn - ful - ly sur -
 all for sin - ners' gain; Mine, mine was the trans -
 thank Thee, dear - est friend; For this Thy dy - ing

round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown, How
 ges - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain. Lo,
 sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end? O

art Thou pale with an - guish, With
 here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis
 make me Thine for - ev - er; And,

THE TRIUNE GOD



sore a - buse and scorn! How does that vis - age
I de - serve Thy place; Look on me with Thy
should I faint - ing be, Lord, let me nev - er,



lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
nev - er, Out - live my love to Thee! A - men.

Lord Jesus Christ,
Your cross brings healing,
it brings life,
it brings victory,
and it brings joy.

Draw me to You and lift me up to Your presence,
Where I may see the wounds of the crown,
I may see Your pierced hands,
See the wound in Your side,
See the stripes on Your back,
And see Your pierced feet.

Sorrowing Christ, You wept over Jerusalem.

Patient Christ, You were condemned to death.

Forgiving Christ, You were beaten.

Suffering Christ, You carried the cross.

Saving Christ, You died on the cross.

Jesus my Savior, You are the Lamb of God;

You willingly suffered pain and sorrow for my sinfulness;

You died in my place and forgiveness is mine;

My life may be lived with purpose,

And I will join You and all others in eternity.

Lord Jesus, with the help of the Holy Spirit, inspire me
to take up my cross each day and follow You with confidence
and with a desire to live in Your image.

Amen.