

9. Yes, Jesus you are king, most clear
The King of glory through the years
The King of angels, mankind's King,
The King of all created things.

10. You stood to wait your judge in
bonds
While howls of torture clamored
round,
Forsaken, mobbed by enemies.
Oh what a wonder here I see!

11. Lord Jesus, hear me, hear me
right,
One day you shall be my delight
When I will see your glory, Lord,
Your judgment seat beyond the
clouds!

12. Fearless I'll face your final word
Redeemed to hear your judgment,
Lord
When in your name all chosen ones
Will call me chosen with your Son.

13. King I can call you, Lord, and
King:
Call me your thrall, your underling;
There is no dignity on earth
Compared to what God's thrall is
worth.
Amen.

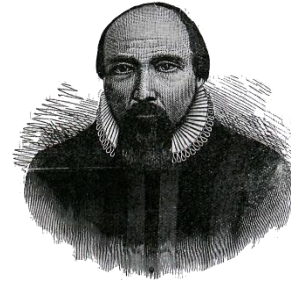
14. The pavement rise has proved a
snare,
Often my footsteps stumbled there.
But you were led there willingly
So grace came washing over me

15. Your church elects you, hear it
sing
For you, and only you are King
Now may your Lordship guide her
ways
To heaven's light and shining peace.
Amen.

(A new translation by Gracia Grindal)

**Afterwards the meditation we
sell soup and bread in the
South Hall.
Everybody is welcome.**

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27. Passúsálmur:
Fimmtudaginn 28. mars
kl. 12

Prestur:

Dr. Sigurður Árni Þórðarson

Orgelleikur:

Björn Steinar Sólbergsson.

Tónlist: Orgeltónlist eftir
Dietrich Buxtehude og Pál
Ísólffsson.

1. Pílatus heyrði hótað var
honum keisarans reiði þar,
útleiddi Jesúm annað sinn,
upp sest þegar á dómstólinn.

2. Gyðingum síðan sagði hér:
Sjáið, þar yðar kóngur er.
Þeir báðu: Tak þennan burt frá oss,
bráðlega lát hann deyja á kross.

3. Skal eg krossfesta kóng yðvarn?
kallar Pílatus hæðnisgjarn.
Öngvan kóng, segja þeir aftur hér,
utan keisarann höfum vér.

4. Guðspjallshistorían hermir frá,
heiti sá staður Gabbatá.
Háa steinstræti þýðir það.
Þar máttu, sál mín, gæta að.

5. Vei þeim dómara, er veit og sér
víst hvað um málið réttast er,
vinnur það þó fyr vinskap manns
að víkja af götu sannleikans.

6. Pílatus keisarans hræddist heift,
ef honum yrði úr völdum steipt.
Þetta, sem helst nú varast vann,
varð þó að koma yfir hann.

7. Ó, vei þeim sem með órétt lög
umgangast og þau tíðka mjög,
sannleiknum meta sitt gagn meir,
svívirðing drottni gjöra þeir.

8. Huga sný eg og máli mín,
minn góði Jesú, enn til þín.
Pílatus kóng þig kallar hér,
krossfesting Júðar óska þér.

9. Víst ertu, Jesú, kóngur klár,
kóngur dýrðar um eilíf ár,
kóngur englanna, kóngur vór,
kóngur almættis tignarstór.

10. Þó stóðstu bundinn þar fyrir
dóm,
þó leiðstu hróp og kvala róm,
afsegja gjörðu allir þig;
undrar stórlega þetta mig.

11. Ó, Jesú, það er játning mín:
Ég mun um síðir njóta þín
þegar þú, dýrðar drottinn minn,
dómstól í skýjum setur þinn.

12. Frelsaður kem eg þá fyr þinn
dóm,
fagnaðarsælan heyri eg róm:
Í þínu nafni útvalder
útvalinn kalla mig hjá sér.

13. Kóng minn, Jesú, eg kalla þig.
Kalla þú þræl þinn aftur mig.
Herratign öngva að heimsins sið
held eg þar mega jafnast við.

14. Háa steinstrætið heimsins sleipt
hefur mér oft í vanda steipt.
Þangað lét Jesús leiða sig
so líknin hans kæmi yfir mig.

15. Jesú, þín kristni kýs þig nú,
kóngur hennar einn heitir þú.
Stjórn þín henni so haldi við,
himneskum nái dýrðar frið.

Amen.

**Eftir stundina er seld súpa að
hætti Kristins í Suðursal
kirkjunnar á vægu verði.
Verið velkomin.**

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**Psalm 27: *Pilate and the
Jews***
*Thursday 28th March at
12pm*

Pastor:

Dr. Sigurður Árni Þórðarson

Organist:

Björn Steinar Sólbergsson.

Music: Organ work by Dietrich
Buxtehude and Páll Ísólfsson.

1. When Pilate heard that he
might see
The Caesar's animosity,
A second time with Christ he met,

He sat upon the judgment seat.

2, He then addressed them
standing there
"Behold this man, your King,
stands here!"
They cried, "Take him away from
us!
And have him die upon a cross!"

3. "Shall I then crucify your King."
As Pilate mocked, belittling them.
"No king we have to worship here,
But only Caesar whom we fear."

4. This happened so the Gospels say
Upon a place named Gabbatha.
"A pavement rise" it signifies.
There see my soul, what this implies.

5. Woe to that judge who knows and
sees
The right, and yet attempts to
please,
And through the friendships of the
world
Will deviate from truthful words.

6. Now Pilate dreaded Caesar's ire
Lest he be ousted from his pow'r.
But that which most he would avoid
Was how he finally was destroyed.

7. And woe to those whose unjust
laws
Will traffic to pervert the cause,
When truth they value less than gain
They bring dishonor to Christ's
name.

8. Now will I turn my thoughts and
song
To you, Lord, where they most
belong.
Pilate has called you king, but see
They want you dead, your enemies.