

Oi! Where do you think you're going?
That's my donkey!

The Lord has need of it

The Lord - who does he think he is?
That's not a Lord, that's Joseph's son
a carpenter from Nazareth.
The Lord indeed!

The Lord has need of it

In Bethany, Jesus stayed with Martha, Mary and Lazarus.
In Bethany, Jesus is loved,
respected,
honoured.
In Bethany, Jesus is teacher
In Bethany, Jesus is friend
In Bethany, Jesus is the One.

Two miles down the road
In the big city
Jesus is one in the crowd.
The crowd of nutters
The crowd of chancers
The crowd of trouble-makers
The crowd of schemers
The crowd of politicians
Two miles down the road
Jesus is nobody.

Oi, where do you think you're going?
That's my donkey!
Never mind your "Lord"

Nobody
becomes somebody.

Hosanna, hosanna
Blessed is the one who comes in God's name!

In Bethany, Jesus is somebody
In Jerusalem, he is nobody
In Bethany, Jesus is somebody
In Jerusalem, he will be somebody

See, Messiah comes
riding on a donkey.

Not a horse, not a camel.
Not riding in a chariot.

Messiah comes, riding on a donkey.

In Bethany, Jesus is Messiah
In Jerusalem, he is trouble.

In Jerusalem, he comes to overturn tables
In Jerusalem, he comes to confront
In Jerusalem, he comes to ask why ritual cleanliness is more important than sanitation and health.

Hosanna, hosanna
Blessed is the one who comes in God's name!

Across the city, on the other side of the Temple, lies a hill named after a skull

But today we head for the Golden Gate.
Bethany comes to Jerusalem.
God's messenger comes to the Temple.

Hosanna, hosanna
Blessed is the one who comes in God's name!

Here, at last, is hope.
Here, at last, is joy.
Here, at last, is the one who will lead us into the Promised Land
The Land of Milk and Honey.
The Kingdom of Heaven.
The Kingdom of God.
Shalom.

Here, at last, is hope.
Human hope.
Concrete hope.
Hope we can understand,
hope we can control.

Hosanna, hosanna
Blessed is the one who comes in God's name!

Here is your hope
Broken across a Roman tree
Crucified, to rid us of disturbance

[Break and share bread]
And here is your joy:
life force, drying spilled
on the baking earth.

[Lift and share wine]

Run away, little people.
Run away.

Your triumphal entry will lead you to death.

Run away, little people.
Run away.

Stay in Bethany, where you belong.

Stay in Bethany, where your triumph is glorious.
Where people care about you.
Where you can play your games of salvation.

Leave the real world to those to whom it belongs.

Hosanna, hosanna
Blessed is the one who comes in God's name!

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