

Five Minutes of Prayer a Day
Week of March 25, 2018
The Fifth Sunday in Lent

COLLECT

Almighty and everlasting God, You sent Your Son, our Savior Jesus Christ, to take upon Himself our flesh and to suffer death upon the cross. Mercifully grant that we may follow the example of His great humility and patience and be made partakers of His resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ, our Lord, who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

☩ Amen.

LUTHER'S MORNING PRAYER

I thank you, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, Your dear Son, that You have kept me this night from all harm and danger; and I pray that You would keep me this day also from sin and every evil, that all my doings and life may please You. For into Your hands I commend myself, my body and soul, and all things. Let Your holy angel be with me, that the evil foe may have no power over me. Amen.

LUTHER'S EVENING PRAYER

I thank you, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, Your dear Son, that You have graciously kept me this day; and I pray that You would forgive me all my sins where I have done wrong, and graciously keep me this night. For into Your hands, I commend myself, my body and soul, and all things. Let Your holy angel be with me, that the evil foe may have no power over me. Amen.

SERMON HYMN #444- *"No Tramp of Soldiers' Marching Feet" (On Back)*

Prayers From the Heart

Lord's Prayer

SERMON HYMN #444- "No Tramp of Soldiers' Marching Feet"



1 No tramp of sol - diers' march - ing feet
 2 And yet He comes. The chil - dren cheer;
 3 What fad - ing flow'rs His road a - dorn;
 4 Now He who bore for mor - tals' sake



With ban - ners and with drums, No sound of mu - sic's
 With palms His path is strown. With ev - 'ry step the
 The palms, how soon laid down! No bloom or leaf but
 The cross and all its pains And chose a ser - vant's



mar - tial beat: "The King of glo - ry comes!"
 cross draws near: The King of glo - ry's throne.
 on - ly thorn The King of glo - ry's crown.
 form to take, The King of glo - ry reigns.



To greet what pomp of king - ly pride
 A - stride a colt He pass - es by
 The sol - diers mock, the rab - ble cries,
 Ho - san - na to the Sav - ior's name



No bells in tri - umph ring, No cit - y gates swing
 As loud ho - san - nas ring, Or else the ver - y
 The streets with tu - mult ring, As Pi - late to the
 Till heav - en's raf - ters ring, And all the ran - somed



o - pen wide: "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"
 stones would cry "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"
 mob re - plies, "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"
 host pro - claim "Be - hold, be - hold your King!"