



GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE

Christ Church

April 2, 2021

*For David is not ascended into the heavens: but he saith himself,
The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand,
Until I make thy foes thy footstool.
Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly,
that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.
Acts 2:34-36*

GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE

Meditation

Surely Christ Has Borne Our Grievs Christ Church Choir

+ Call to Worship & Invocation

+ First Lesson: Betrayal

John 13:12–30

+ A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth 621, verses 1–3

Second Lesson: Rejection

John 15:18–27

Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended 623

Third Lesson: Trial

John 18:28–19:15

My Song Is Love Unknown 488

Fourth Lesson: Mocking

Matthew 27:24–34

Man of Sorrows! What a Name 622

Fifth Lesson: Crucifixion

John 19:17–24

Oh, the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus 412

Sixth Lesson: Insults

Matthew 27:35–44

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted 620

+ Seventh Lesson: Darkness

Matthew 27:45–49

+ *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded* 619

Homily

A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth 621, verses 6–7

Eighth Lesson: Committal

Luke 23:46–49

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 626

Ninth Lesson: Death

John 19:28–37

What Wondrous Love Is This 453, verses 1–3

Tenth Lesson: Promise of the Resurrection

Psalms 16

And Can It Be That I Should Gain 447

+ Eleventh Lesson: Anticipation of the Ascension

Psalms 110

**Jehovah To My Lord Has Said* 207

+ Benediction

A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

1. A Lamb goes un-com-plain-ing forth, The guilt of all men bear-ing;
 2. This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great Friend And ev-er-last-ing Sav-ior;
 3. "Yea, Fa-ther, yea, most will-ing-ly I'll bear what Thou com-mand-est;
 4. Lord, all my life I'll cleave to Thee, Thy love for-e'er be-hold-ing,
 5. From morn and eve my theme shall be Thy mer-cy's won-drous mea-sure;
 6. Of death I am no more a-fraid, New life from Thee is flow-ing;
 7. And when Thy glo-ry I shall see And taste Thy king-dom's pleas-ure,

And lad-en with the sin of earth; None else the bur-den shar-ing.
 Him God the Fa-ther chose to send To gain for us His fa-vor.
 My will con-forms to Thy de-cree, I do what Thou de-mand-est."
 Thee ev-er, as Thou ev-er me, With lov-ing arms en-fold-ing.
 To sac-ri-fice my-self to Thee, Shall be my aim and pleas-ure.
 Thy cross af-fords me cool-ing shade When noon-day's sun is glow-ing.
 Thy blood my roy-al robe shall be, My joy be-yond all mea-sure.

Goes pa-tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh-ter led with-out com-plaint,
 "Go forth, my Son!" the Fa-ther saith, "And free men from the fear of death
 O won-drous Love! What hast Thou done! The Fa-ther of-fers up His Son,
 Yea, Thou shalt be my Bea-con-light, To guide me safe through death's dark night,
 My stream of life shall ev-er be A cur-rent flow-ing cease-less-ly
 When by my grief I am op-pressed, On Thee my wea-ry soul shall rest
 When I ap-pear be-fore Thy throne Thy right-eous-ness shall be my crown—

Music: Wolfgang Dachstein, *Deutsch Kirchenampt*, 1525

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1648; tr. composite

AN WASSERFLÜSSEN BABYLON

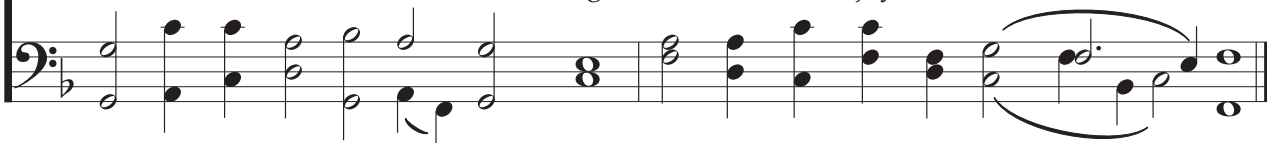
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That spot-less life to of - fer; Bears shame and stripes and wounds and death,
From guilt and con-dem-na - tion. The wrath and stripes are hard to bear,
The Son, con - tent, de - scend-eth! O Love! how strong art Thou to save!
And cheer my heart in sor-row; Hence-forth my - self, and all that's mine,
Thy con-stant praise out-pour-ing. I'll treas - ure in my mem - o - ry
Se - rene - ly as on pil-lows. Thou art my an - chor, when by woe
With these I need not hide me. And there, in gar - ments rich - ly wrought,



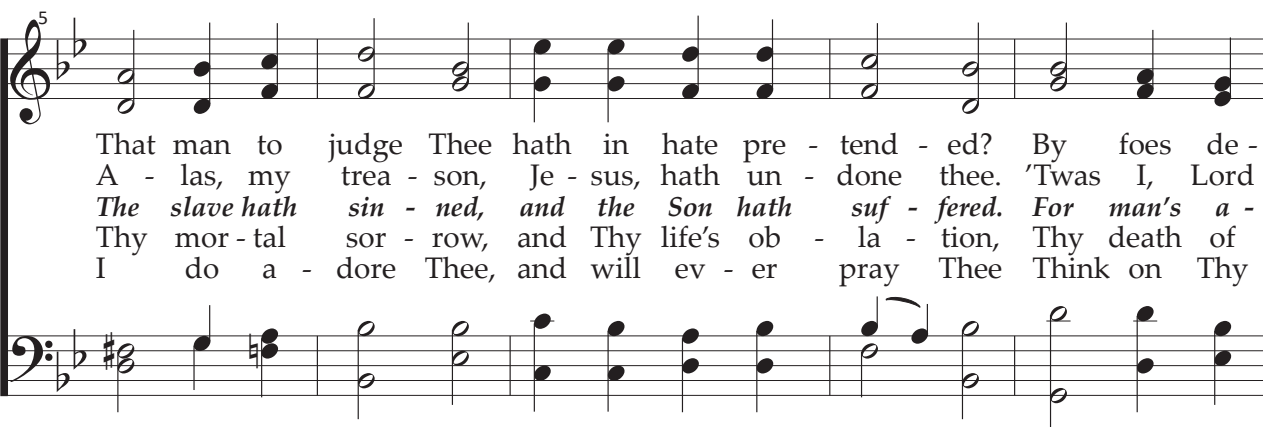
An-guish, and mock-er-y, and saith, "Will-ing all this I suf - fer."
But by Thy Pas-sion, men will share The fruit of Thy sal - va - tion."
Thou lay'st Him low with-in the grave Whose word the mountains rend - eth!
To Thee, my Sav-ior, I con - sign, From whom all things I bor - row.
O Lord, all Thou hast done for me Thy gra-cious love a - dor - ing.
My bark is driv-en to and fro On trou-ble's surg-ing bil - lows.
As Thine own bride, I shall be brought To stand in joy be - side Thee.




623 Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended



1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast Thou of - fend - ed,
 2. Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on Thee?
 3. *Lo, the good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered:*
 4. For me, kind Je - sus, was Thine in - car - na - tion,
 5. There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay Thee,



That man to judge Thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -
 A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord
The slave hath sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered. For man's a -
 Thy mor - tal sor - row, and Thy life's ob - la - tion, Thy death of
 I do a - dore Thee, and will ev - er pray Thee Think on Thy



rid - ed, by Thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied Thee: I cru - ci - fied Thee.
tone - ment, while he noth - ing heed - eth, God in - ter - ced - eth.
 an - guish and Thy bit - ter pas - sion, For my sal - va - tion.
 pit - y and Thy love un - swerv - ing, Not my de - serv - ing.

Music: Johann Crüger, 1640

Text: Johann Heermann, 1630; tr. Robert Bridges, 1899

HERZLIEBSTER JESU

11 11. 11 5.

My Song Is Love Unknown

unison

1. My song is love un - known—My Sav - ior's love to me, Love to the
 2. He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be - stow, But men made
 3. *Some-times they strew His way And His sweet prais - es sing; Re - sound - ing*
 4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He made the
 5. *They rise and needs will have My dear Lord made a - way. A mur - der -*
 6. In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might have; In death no
 7. Here might I stay and sing— No sto - ry so di - vine! Nev - er was

love - less shown That they might love - ly be. Oh, who am I, That
 strange, and none The longed - for Christ would know. But oh, my friend, My
all the day Ho - san - nas to their King. Then "Cru - cu - fy!" Is
 lame to run; He gave the blind their sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet
er they save; The Prince of Life they slay. Yet cheer - ful He To
 friend - ly tomb But what a strang - er gave. What may I say? Heav'n
 love, dear King, Nev - er was grief like Thine. This is my friend, In

for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
 friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend!
all their breath, And for His death They thirst and cry.
 they at these Them - selves dis - please, And 'gainst Him rise.
suf - fring goes, That He His foes From thence might free.
 was His home; But mine the tomb Where - in He lay.
 whose sweet praise I all my days Could glad - ly spend!

Music: John Ireland, 1919

Text: Samuel Crossman, 1664

LOVE UNKNOWN

6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4.

Man of Sorrows! What a Name

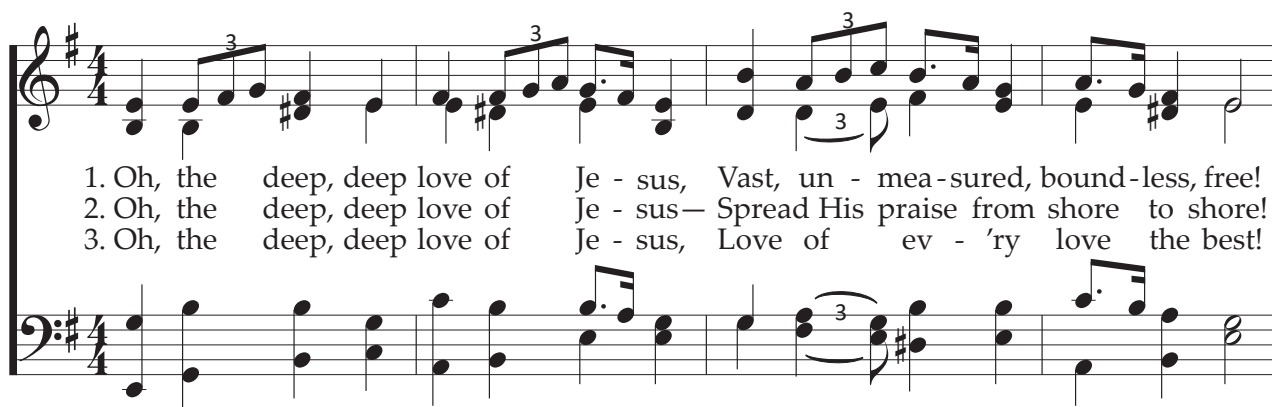
1. Man of Sor-rows! what a name For the Son of God, who came
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
 3. *Guilt - y, vile, and help - less, we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;*
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin - ished!" was His cry;
 5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran - somed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim:
 Sealed my par - don with His blood:
Full a - tone - ment! can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-ior!
 Now in Heav'n ex - alt - ed high,
 Then a - new this song we'll sing,

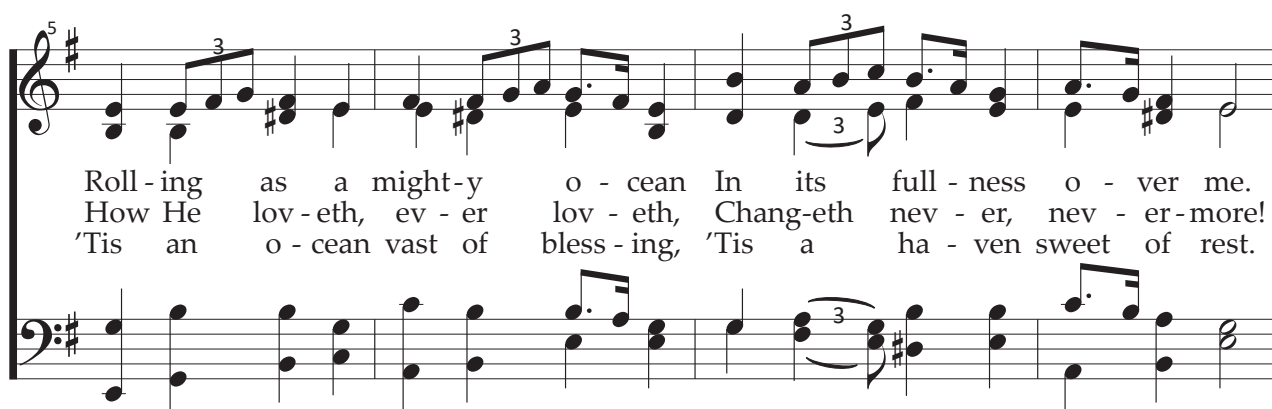
WHAT A SAVIOR!

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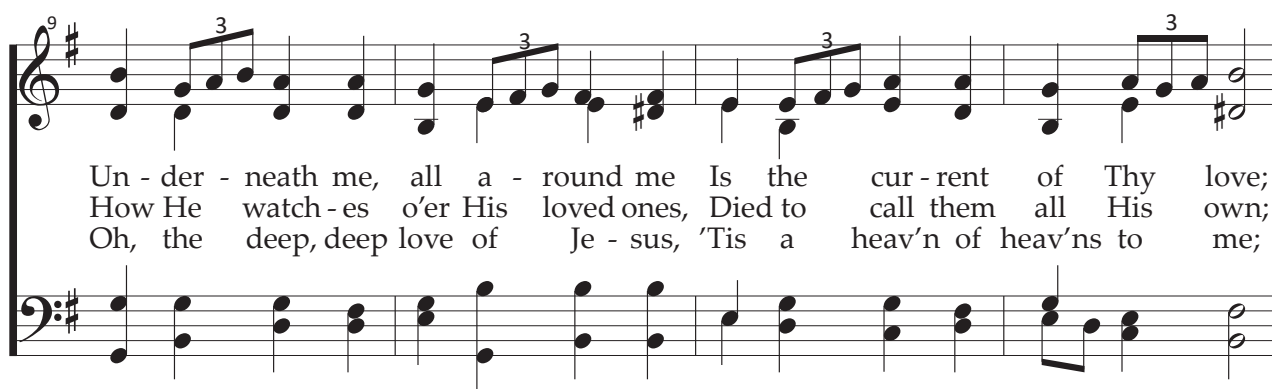
Oh, the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus




1. Oh, the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Vast, un - mea-sured, bound-less, free!
 2. Oh, the deep, deep love of Je - sus— Spread His praise from shore to shore!
 3. Oh, the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Love of ev - 'ry love the best!



Roll - ing as a might-y o - cean In its full - ness o - ver me.
 How He lov - eth, ev - er lov - eth, Chang-eth nev - er, nev - er-more!
 'Tis an o - cean vast of bless - ing, 'Tis a ha - ven sweet of rest.

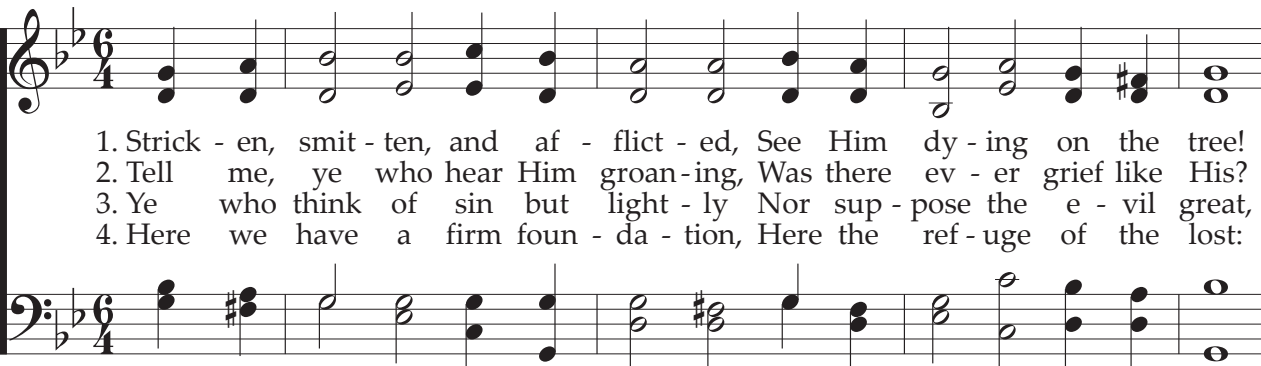


Un - der - neath me, all a - round me Is the cur - rent of Thy love;
 How He watch - es o'er His loved ones, Died to call them all His own;
 Oh, the deep, deep love of Je - sus, 'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me;

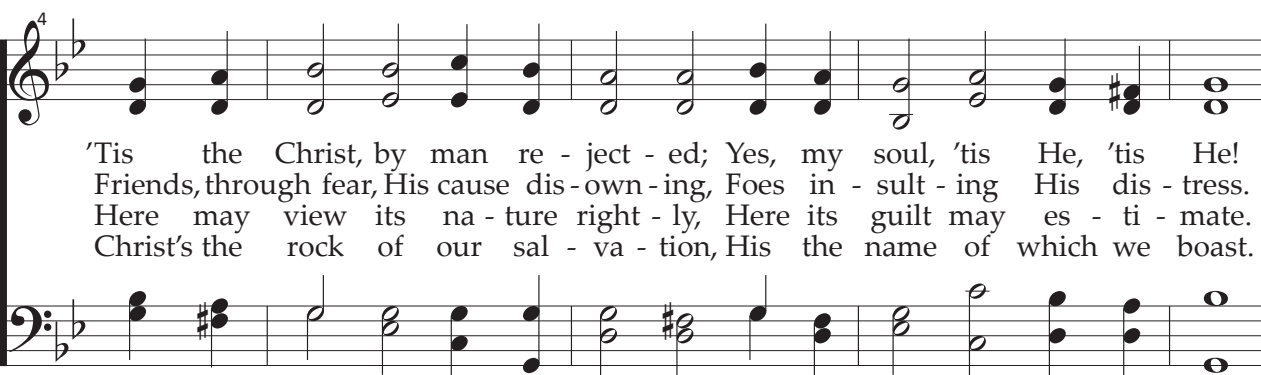


Lead - ing on-ward, lead - ing home-ward, To Thy glo - rious rest a - bove.
 How for them He in - ter - ced - eth, Watch-eth o'er them from the throne.
 And it lifts me up to glo - ry, For it lifts me up to Thee!

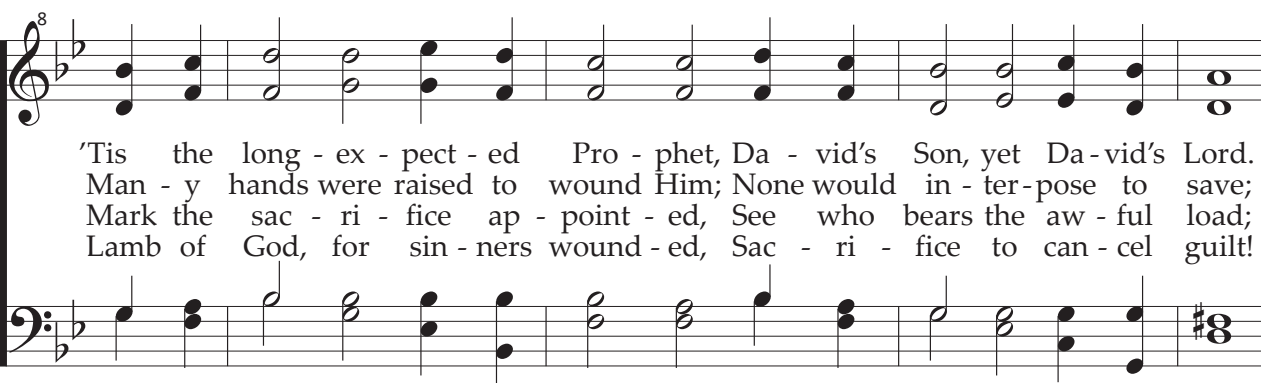
Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted



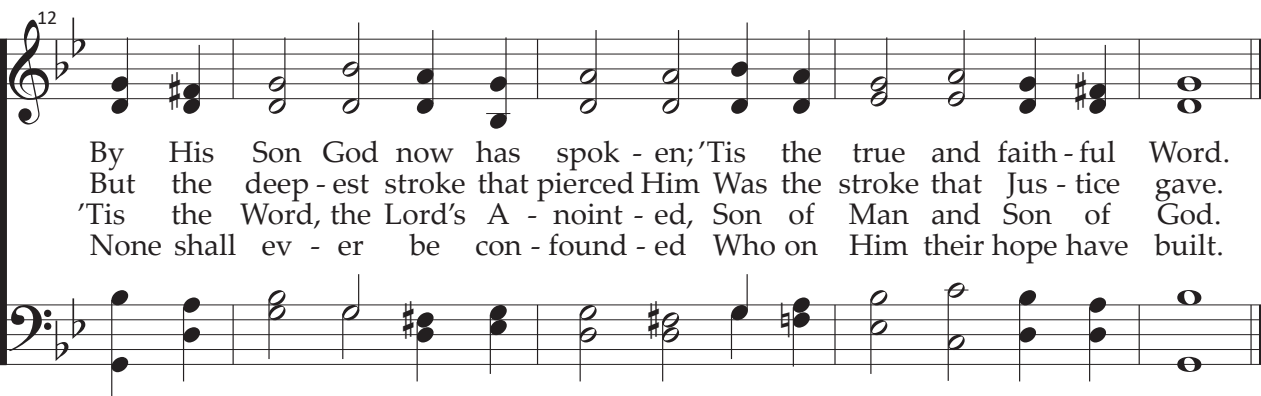
1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, Was there ev - er grief like His?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil great,
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the lost:



'Tis the Christ, by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
 Friends, through fear, His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in - sult - ing His dis - tress.
 Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its guilt may es - ti - mate.
 Christ's the rock of our sal - va - tion, His the name of which we boast.



'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Pro - phet, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord.
 Man - y hands were raised to wound Him; None would in - ter - pose to save;
 Mark the sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, See who bears the aw - ful load;
 Lamb of God, for sin - ners wound - ed, Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!

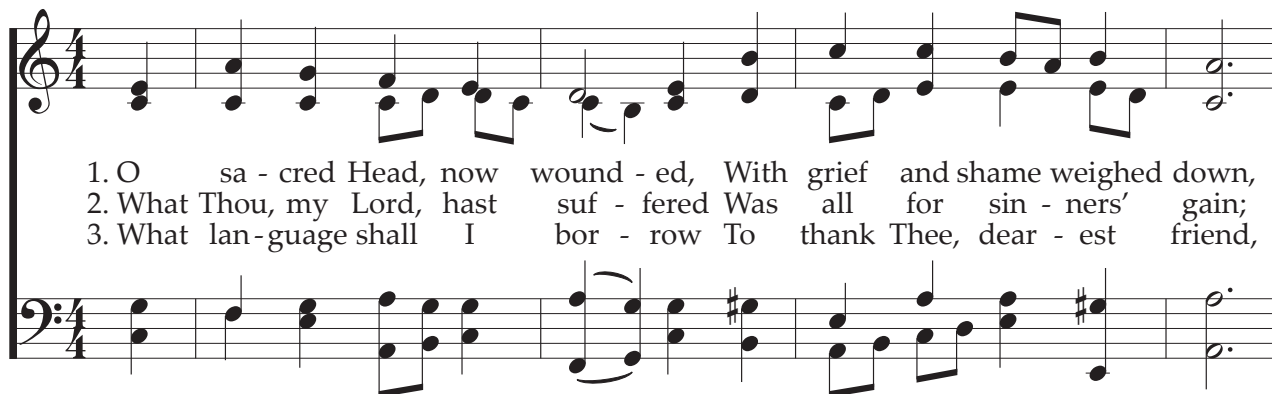


By His Son God now has spok - en; 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.
 But the deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
 None shall ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.

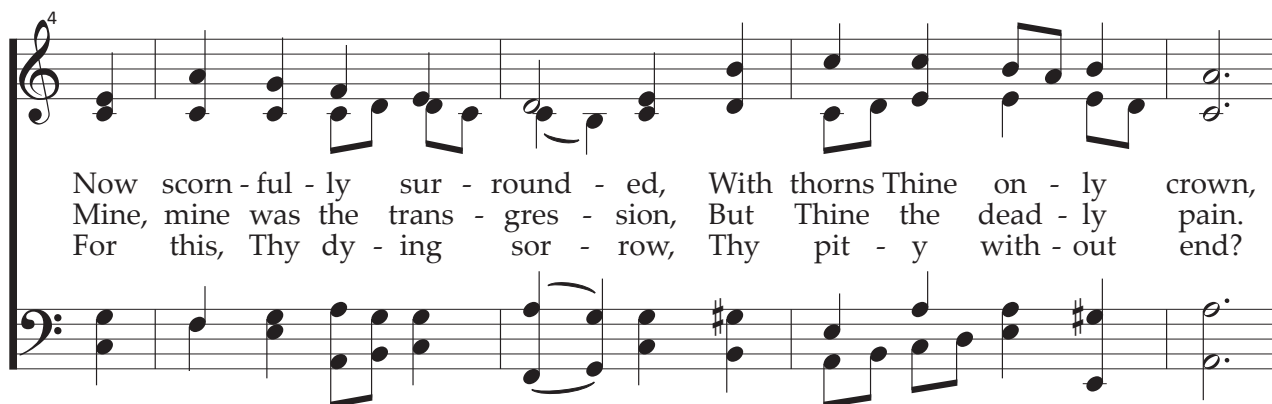
Music: *Geistliche Volkslieder*, Paderborn, 1850
 Text: Thomas Kelly, 1804; alt.

O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS
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O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



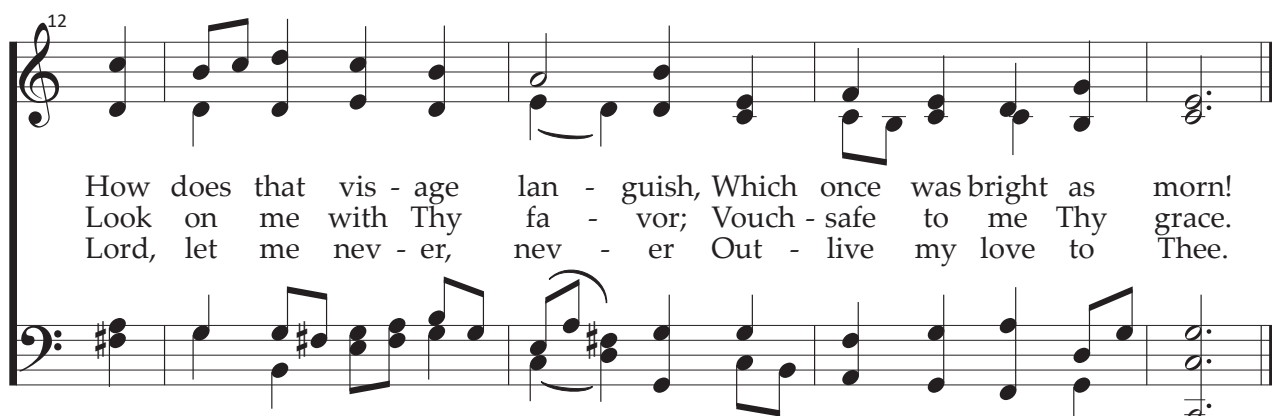
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est friend,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns Thine on - ly crown,
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
 For this, Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?



How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
 Oh, make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be,



How does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor; Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

Music: Hans Leo Hassler, 1601;

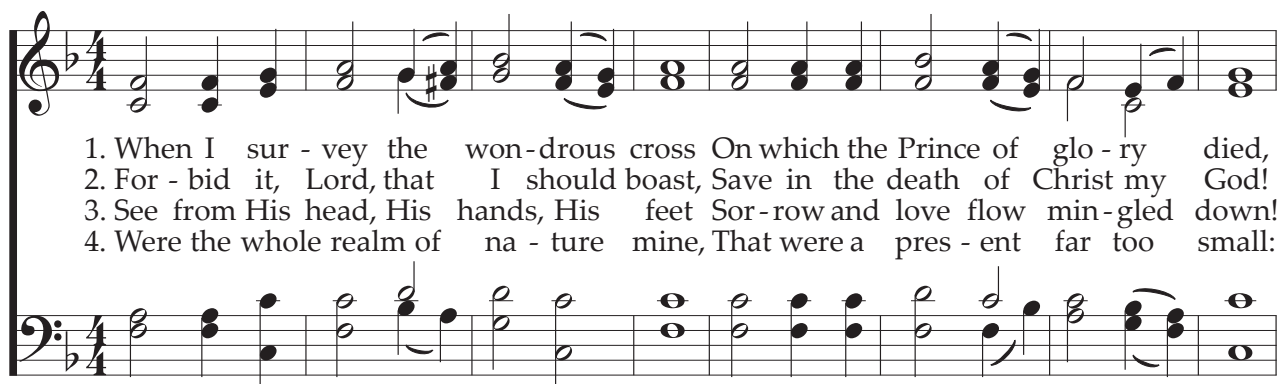
harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729

O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN [PASSION CHORALE]

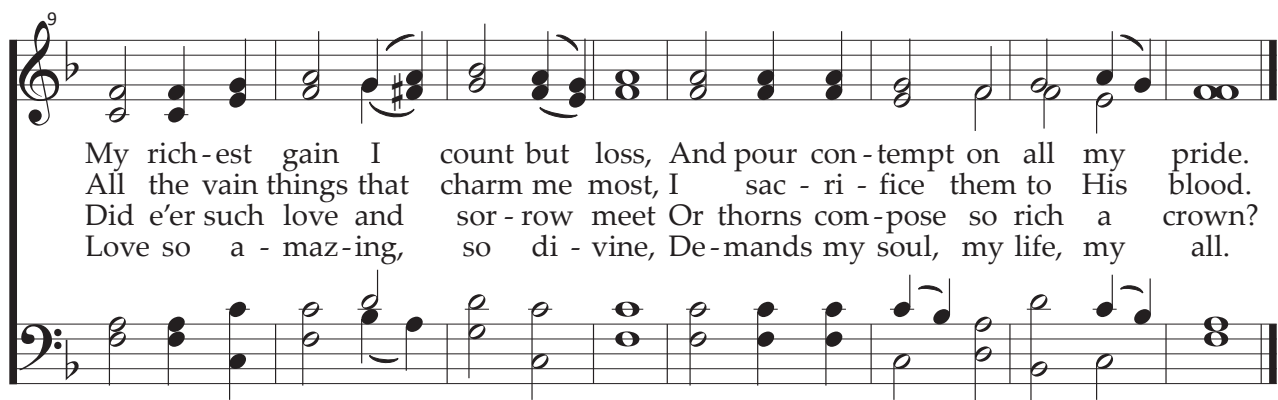
Text: attr. Bernard of Clarvaux, 1153; tr. James Waddell Alexander, 1830

7 6. 7 6. 7 6. 7 6.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God!
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet Sor-row and love flow min-gled down!
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small:



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

Music: Lowell Mason, 1824

Text: Isaac Watts, 1707

HAMBURG

8 8. 8 8.

1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
 2. When I was sink-ing down in de-spair, in de-spair, When
 3. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing; To
 4. Ye sons of Zi-on's King, join the praise, join the praise, Ye
 5. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And
 6. And when to that bright world, we a-rise, we a-rise, And

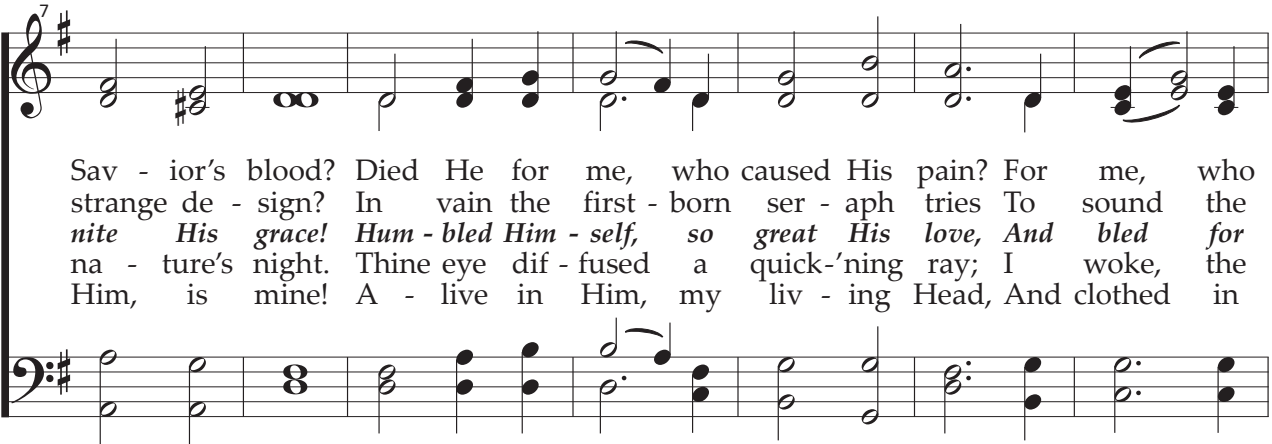
5
 won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is this
 I was sink-ing down in de-spair, When I was sink-ing down
 God and to the Lamb I will sing; To God and to the Lamb
 sons of Zi-on's King, join the praise: Ye sons of Zi-on's King,
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing on; And when from death I'm free,
 when to that bright world, we a-rise; When to that world we go,

10
 That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse for my
 Be-neath God's right-eous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown for my
 Who is the great I AM, While mil-lions join the theme, I will
 With hearts, and voic-es sing, And strike each tune-ful string in His
 I'll sing and joy-ful be, And through e-ter-ni-ty, I'll sing
 Free from all pain, and woe, We'll join the hap-py throng and sing

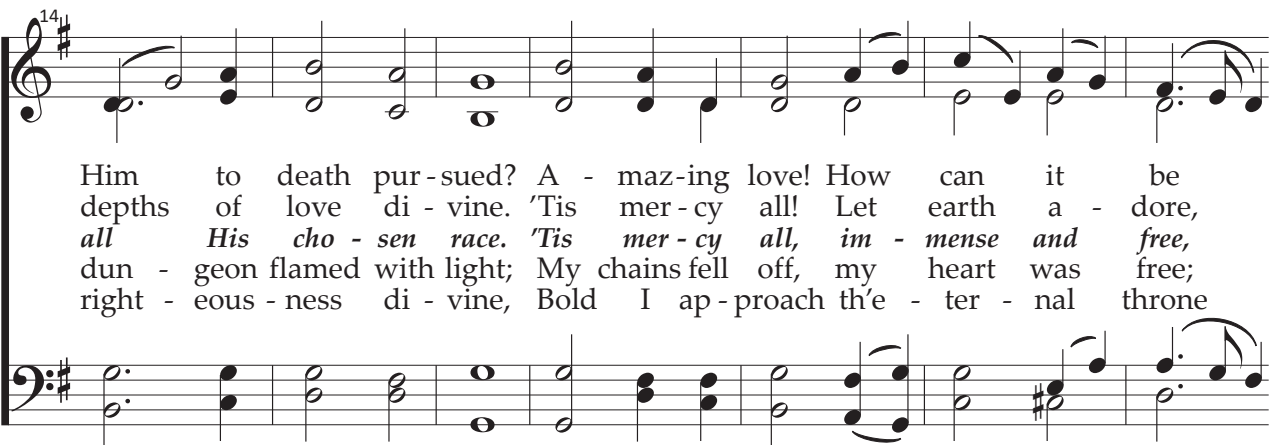
15
 soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul!
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown for my soul.
 sing, I will sing, While mil-lions join the theme, I will sing!
 praise, in His praise; And strike each tune-ful string in His praise.
 on, I'll sing on, And through e-ter-ni-ty, I'll sing on!
 on, and sing on, We'll join the hap-py throng and sing on.



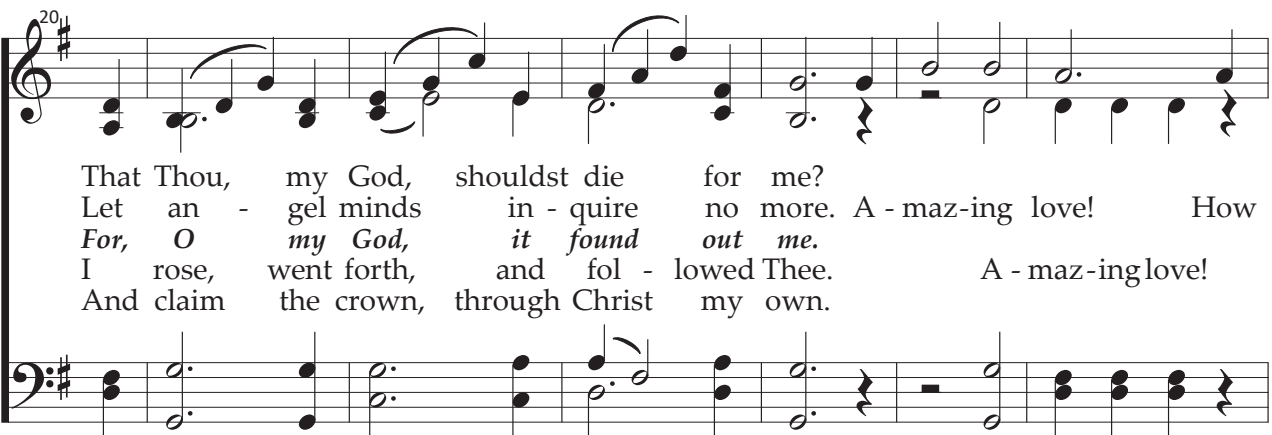
1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the
 2. 'Tis mys - t'ry all! Th'Im - mor - tal dies: Who can ex - plore His
 3. *He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove—So free, so in - fi -*
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay Fast bound in sin and
 5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and all in



Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who
 strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph tries To sound the
nite His grace! Hum - bled Him - self, so great His love, And bled for
 na - ture's night. Thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning ray; I woke, the
 Him, is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, And clothed in



Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love! How can it be
 depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore,
all His cho - sen race. 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free,
 dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell off, my heart was free;
 right - eous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap - proach th'e - ter - nal throne



That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 Let an - gel minds in - quire no more. A - maz - ing love! How
For, O my God, it found out me.
 I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee. A - maz - ing love!
 And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

27

can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
How can it be That Thou, my God,

Jehovah to My Lord Has Said

From Psalm 110

1. ¹Je - ho - vah to my Lord has said, "Sit Thou at My right hand
 2. ³A will-ing peo - ple in Thy day Of pow'r shall come to Thee.
 3. ⁵The Lord at Thy right hand shall smite Earth's rul - ers in His wrath.

Un - til I make Thy foes a stool Where - on Thy feet may stand."
 Thy youth ar - rayed in ho - li - ness Like morn - ing dew shall be.
⁶A - mong the na - tions He shall judge; The slain shall fill His path.

²Je - ho - vah shall from Zi - on send The scep - ter of Thy pow'r.
⁴Je - ho - vah swore, and from His oath He nev - er will de - part:
 In man - y lands He'll o - ver-throw Their kings with ru - in dread;

In bat - tle with Thine en - e - mies Be Thou the con-quer - or.
 "Of th'or - der of Mel - chiz - e - dek A priest Thou ev - er art."
⁷And, march-ing, He'll drink from the brook And so lift up His head.

Music: Henry S. Cutler, 1872

Text: *The Book of Psalms for Singing*, 1973 ©

ALL SAINTS NEW

8 6. 8 6. 8 6. 8 6.