

Good Friday
April 10, 2020



FAITH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Presbyterian Church in America

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Prelude

“Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed”..... arr. Carson P. Cooman (b. 1982)

Welcome

Call to Worship

***Hymn**

“Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed”

Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

(Foggy Dew)

Isaac Watts (1707)

Traditional Irish Folk Song
arr. Ronald Jay Bechtel 11 Feb 2011

Unison



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed and did my Sov' reign
2. Was it for crimes that I have done he groaned up - on the
3. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while his dear cross ap -

4



die. Would he de - vote that sa - cred head for
tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty, grace un - known! and
pears; Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness and

7



such a worm as I! Thy bod - y slain, sweet
love be - yond de - gree. Well might the sun in
melt mine eyes in tears. But drops of grief can

10



Je - sus thine, and bathed in its own blood, while
dark - ness hide, and shut his glo - ry in, when
ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe; here,

13



all ex - posed to wrath di - vine the
Christ, the migh - ty Mak - er died for
Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'tis

15



glo - r'ous Suf - frer stood?
man the crea - tures sin. A - men.
all that I can do.

rit.

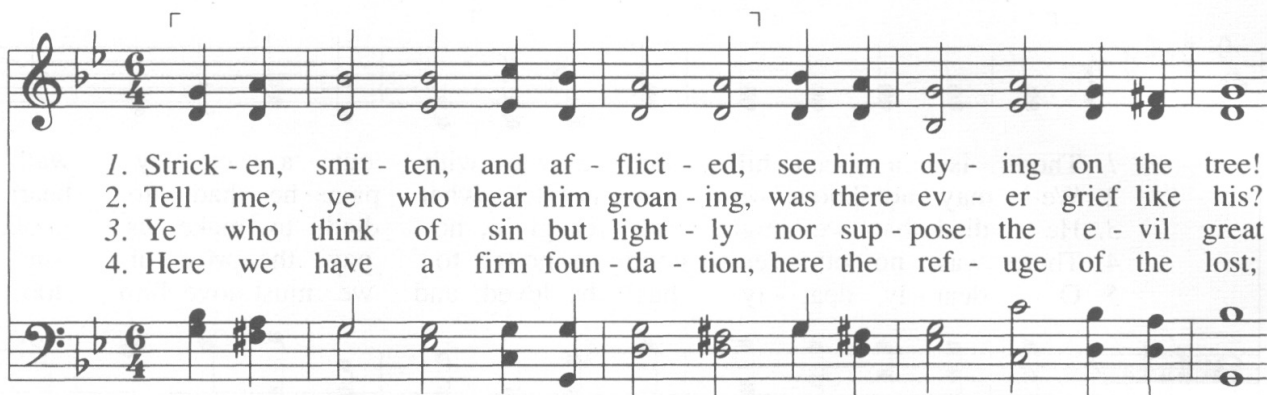
*Hymn

"Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted"

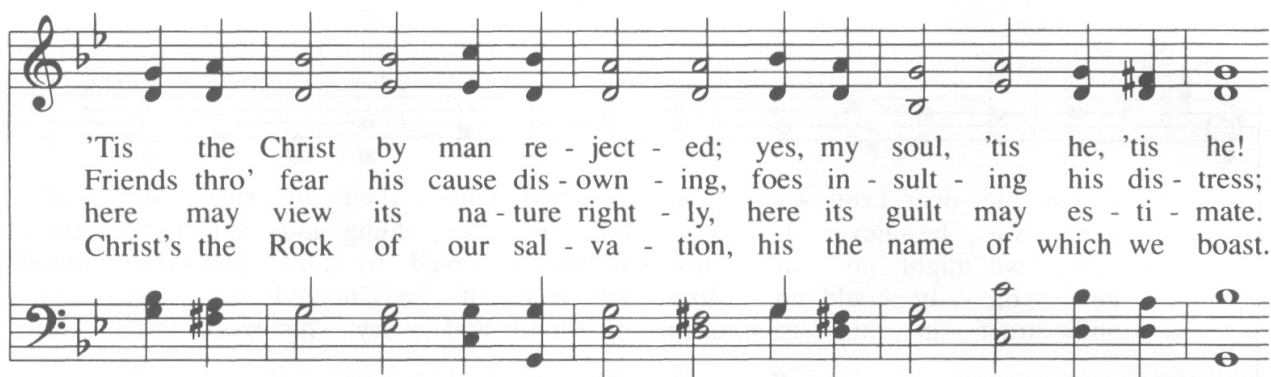
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257

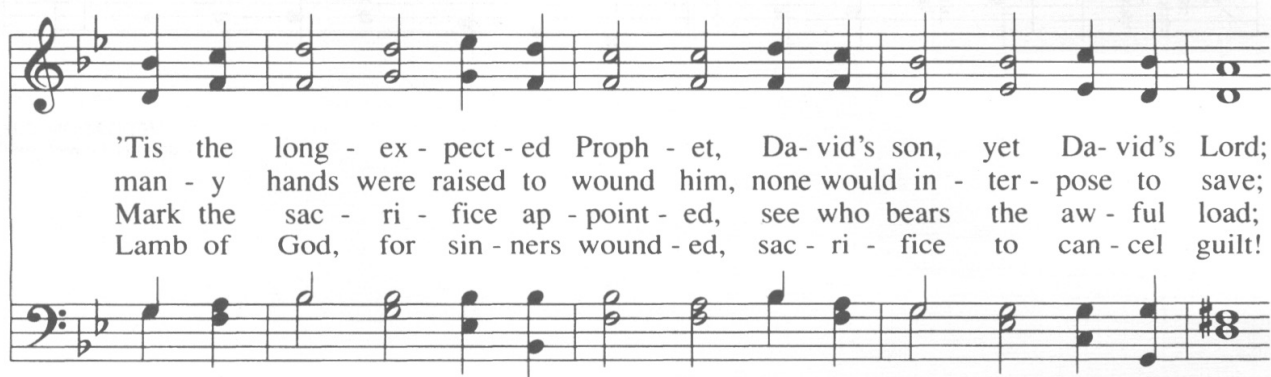
Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

We considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4


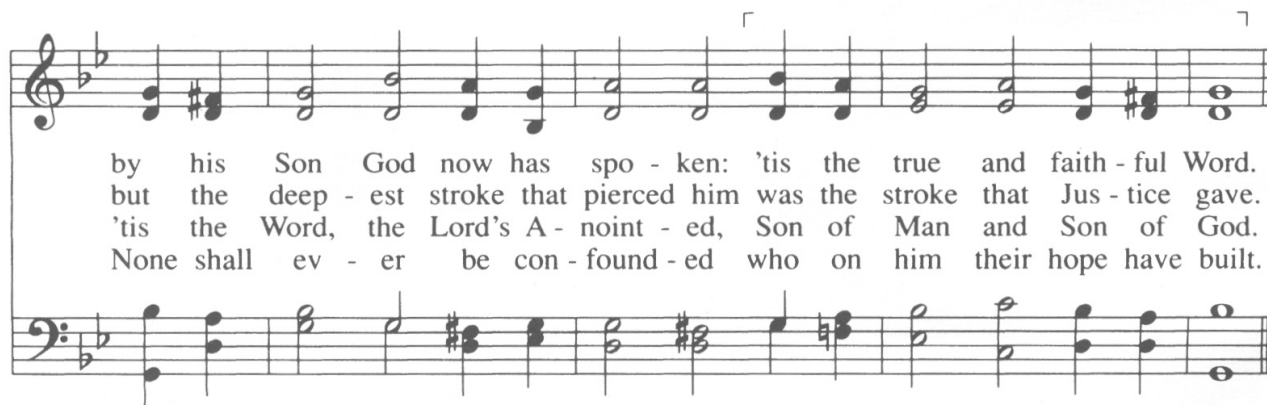
1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, see him dy - ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear him groan - ing, was there ev - er grief like his?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly nor sup - pose the e - vil great
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, here the ref - uge of the lost;



'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!
 Friends thro' 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 Proph - et, 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 spo - ken: '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.

Drop, drop, slow tears
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of Peace.

Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.

In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See sin, but through my tears.
P. Fletcher (1582-1650) / O. Gibbons

The royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow
Where He through whom our flesh was made,
In that same flesh our ransom paid.

O tree of beauty, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear:
Gone is thy shame, each crimsoned bough
Proclaims the King of glory now.

To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
As by the cross Thou dost restore
So rule and guide us evermore.
Venantius Honorius Fortunatus
Plain-song, Mode 1 (12th cent.)

Lesson No. 4

Luke 22:39-54

Beyond the garden's shadow, in the darkness stands the Lord.
Soldiers come with blazing torches, beat the drum and draw the sword.
King of sorrows, thorns shall be Your only crown.

Can this be the Prince of Heaven bound by soldiers in the night?
He could call ten thousand angels, yet He chooses not to fight.
King of sorrows, blood shall be Your only robe.

King of sorrows, with a kiss Your fate is sealed.
Come tomorrow, King of sorrows, all You are shall be revealed.
Who is this King, with no army of might, who refuses to fight for His life?

Come and see the Savior standing all alone in Pilate's hall.
Cries of hate are all around Him, yet His boundless grace forgives them all.
Crucify Him! Wood and nails His only throne.
Joseph M. Martin/Tune: Bryn Calfaria by William Owen arr. Joseph M. Martin

Lesson No. 5

Mark 15:1-15

*Hymn

"Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended"

No. 248

Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

248

Surely he took up our infirmities and carried our sorrows, yet we considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4

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.

*Hymn

"O Sacred Head, Now Wounded"

No. 247

247

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

He was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities. Is. 53:5

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?

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 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.

Lesson No. 7

Mark 15:33-39

Ave verum corpus, natum Ex Maria Virgine;
(Hail true body born of the Virgin Mary;)
Vere passum, immolatum In cruce pro homine,
(Truly suffered, sacrificed on the cross for man,)
Cujus latus perforatum Vero fluxit sanguine.
(Whose pierced side flowed with true blood.)
Esto nobis praegustatum In mortis examine.
(Be to us food (now and) in the trial of death.)
W.A. Mozart (1756 – 1791)

Lesson No. 8

Mark 15:42-46

*Hymn

“When I Survey the Wondrous Cross”

No. 252

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

252

May I never boast except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which the world has been crucified to me, and I to the world. Gal. 6:14

♩ F C F Gm D Gm F C F 7

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

B♭ F C7 F C7 F C F C F Gm D

Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 death of Christ my God: all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down: did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

Gm F C F 7 C7 Dm Gm C7 F 7

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Benediction

+Silent Prayer

O Merciful God, who has made all men, and hates nothing that you have made, nor desires the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; Have mercy upon all who do not know you as you are revealed in the Gospel of your Son. Take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of your Word; and so bring them home, blessed Lord, to your fold that they may be made one flock under one shepherd Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi,
quia per sanctam Crucem tuam redemisti mundum;
adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi;
adoramus te, Christe!

Christ, we do all adore thee, and we do praise thee forever,
for on the holy cross hast thou the world from sin redeemed.
Christ, we do all adore thee, and we do praise thee forever.
Christ, we do all adore thee!
Theodore Dubois, from *The Seven Last Words of Christ*

***Congregation standing**

+The congregation is invited to kneel

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