

Good Friday

Friday 19 March – 13.30

Hymn: “My song is love unknown”

Love Unknown

1 My song is love unknown,
my Saviour’s love to me,
love to the loveless shown,
that they might lovely be.
O, who am I, that for my sake
my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

2 He came from his blest throne
salvation to bestow;
but men made strange, and none
the longed-for Christ would know.
But O, my Friend, my Friend indeed,
who at my need his life did spend!

3 Sometimes they strew his way,
and his sweet praises sing;
resounding all the day
hosannas to their King.
Then ‘Crucify!’ is all their breath,
and for his death they thirst and cry.

4 Why? What has my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
he gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these
themselves displease and 'gainst him rise.

5 They rise, and needs will have
my dear Lord made away.
A murderer they save,
the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful he to suffering goes,
that he his foes from death might free.

6 Here might I stay and sing;
no story so divine,
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like thine!
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.

Anthem: “Where you there ?

*Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
Where you there when they crucified my Lord?*

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Hymn: “When I survey the wondrous cross”

Rockingham

1 When I survey the wondrous Cross,
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the death of Christ my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson like a robe,
spreads o'er his body on the Tree;
then am I dead to all the globe,
and all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

The Reproaches

Tomàs Luis de Victoria

Hymn: "O sacred head, sore wounded"

Passion Chorale

1 O sacred head, sore wounded,
defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head, surrounded
with mocking crown of thorn:
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendour
the hosts of heaven adore.

2 Thy beauty, long desired,
hath vanished from our sight;
thy power is all expired,
and quenched the light of light.
Ah me! for whom thou diest,
hide not so far thy grace:
Show me, O Love most highest,
The brightness of thy face.

3 In thy most bitter passion
my heart to share doth cry,
with thee for my salvation
upon the Cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus moved
to stand thy Cross beneath,
to mourn thee, well-beloved,
yet thank thee for thy death.

4 My days are few, O fail not,
with thine immortal power,
to hold me that I quail not
in death's most fearful hour:
that I may fight befriended,
and see in my last strife
to me thine arms extended
upon the Cross of life.

Anthem: *Vere languores nostros*

Victoria

Vere languores nostros ipse tulit, et dolores nostros, ipse portavit: cujus livore sanati sumus. Dulce lignum, dulces clavos, dulcia ferens pondera, quae sola fuisti digna sustinere Regem coelorum, et Dominum.

Surely, he has borne our griefs and has carried our sorrows: he was wounded for our transgressions. Sweet wood, sweet iron, bearing a sweeter burden; they only were deemed worthy to uphold the heavenly King and Lord.

Hymn: “There is a green hill far away”

Horsley

1 There is a green hill far away,
without a city wall,
where the dear Lord was crucified
who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
what pains he had to bear,
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
he died to make us good;
that we might go at last to heaven,
saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
to pay the price of sin;
he only could unlock the gate
of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has he loved,
and we must love him too,
and trust in his redeeming blood,
and try his works to do.