

April 18th, 2025

Good Friday

## Opening Song: The Power of the Cross

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1. Oh, to see the dawn of the darkest day:  
Christ on the road to Calvary.  
Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten, then  
nailed to a cross of wood.

Chorus:

This, the power of the cross:  
Christ became sin for us,  
took the blame, bore the wrath:  
we stand forgiven at the cross.

2. Oh, to see the pain written on your face  
bearing the awesome weight of sin;  
every bitter thought, every evil deed  
crowning your bloodstained brow. *(chorus)*

3. Now the daylight flees, now the ground beneath  
quakes as its Maker bows his head.  
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life;  
'Finished!' the victory cry. *(chorus)*

4. Oh, to see my name written in the wounds,  
for through your suffering I am free.  
Death is crushed to death, life is mine to live,  
won through your selfless love.

Chorus:

This, the power of the cross:  
Son of God, slain for us.  
What a love! What a cost!  
We stand forgiven at the cross.

# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Lyrics: Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th C.; English translator: James Alexander, 1800's  
Tune: *Passion Chorale*, Hans Leo Hassler; Harmonized by J. S. Bach

*(Choir only - congregation remains seated)*

1. O sacred Head, now wounded,  
with grief and shame weighed down;  
now scornfully surrounded  
with thorns, thine only crown.  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
what bliss 'til now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

*(Congregation stands and sings)*

2. What thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
was all for sinners gain:  
mine, mine was the transgression,  
but thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve thy place.  
Look on me with thy favour,  
vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3. What language shall I borrow  
to thank thee, dearest Friend,  
for this, thy dying sorrow,  
thy pity without end?  
O make me thine forever,  
and should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
outlive my love to thee.

# Ah, Holy Jesus

Lyrics: Johann Heermann, 1600's; Translation: Robert Bridges, 1800's;  
Tune: *Herzliebster Jesu*, by Johann Cruger. Public domain.

*(Choir only - congregation remains seated)*

1. Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended,  
that mortal judgment hath on thee descended?  
By foe derided, by thine own rejected,  
O most afflicted.

*(choir only)*

2. Who was the guilty?  
Who brought this upon thee?  
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee.  
T'was I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee.  
I crucified thee.

*(Congregation stands and sings)*

3. For me, kind Jesus, was thine incarnation,  
thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation,  
thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,  
for my salvation.

4. Therefore, kind Jesus,  
since I cannot pay thee,  
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee,  
think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,  
not my deserving.

# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Lyrics: Isaac Watts, 1700's; Tune: *Rockingham*, by Edward Miller, 1700's. Public domain.

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

**Choral Postlude** Ave Verum Corpus, K 618, by Mozart (1791)

*Hail, true Body, born of the Virgin Mary*

*having truly suffered, sacrificed on the cross for mankind,*

*from whose pierced side water and blood flowed:*

*Be for us a sweet foretaste (of the heavenly banquet) in the trial of death.*