



10th April 2020 Good Friday Worship Led by, Rev Dr Martin Ramsden

Hymn Numbers	270	Come and see
	285	Where you there?
	287	When I survey the wondrous cross
	280	O sacred head sore wounded

Readings	Mathew	27	1-2 & 11-23
	Mathew	27	24-44
	Mathew	27	45-50

Singing the faith 270 Come and See

Come and see, come and see
Come and see the king of love;
see the purple robe and the crown of thorns he wears.
Soldiers mock and rulers sneer
As he lifts the cruel cross:
Lone and friendless now, he climbs the hill.

*We worship at your feet,
where wrath and mercy meet,
and a guilty world is washed
by loves pure stream.
For us he was made sin-
oh, help me take it in.
Deep wounds of love cry out
'Father, forgive'.
I worship, I worship
The Lamb who was slain.*

Come and weep, come and mourn
for your sin that placed him there;
so much deeper than the wounds of thorns and nail.
All our pride, all our greed,
all our fallenness and shame;
and the lord has laid the punishment on him.

Man of heaven, born to earth
to restore us to your heaven.
Here we bow in awe beneath your searching eyes.
From your tears comes our joy,
from death our life shall spring
by your resurrection power shall rise.

*We worship at your feet,
where wrath and mercy meet,
and a guilty world is washed
by loves pure stream.
For us he was made sin-
oh, help me take it in.
Deep wounds of love cry out
'Father, forgive'.
I worship, I worship
The Lamb who was slain.*

Graham Kendrick (b 1950)

285 Where you there?

- 1 Were you there when they crucified my Lord ?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord ?
Oh ! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble ;
were you there when they crucified my Lord ?
- 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree ?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree ?
Oh ! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble ;
were you there when they nailed him to the tree ?
- 3 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb ?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb ?
Oh ! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble ;
were you there when they laid him in the tomb ?

African-American traditional song

- 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 an offering far too small ;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

- 1 O sacred head, sore wounded,
with grief and pain weighed down,
how scornfully surrounded
with thorns, thine only crown !
How pale art thou with anguish,
with sore abuse and scorn !
How does that visage languish
which once was bright as morn !
- 2 O Lord of life and glory,
what bliss till now was thine !
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call thee mine.
Thy grief and thy compassion
were all for sinners' gain ;
mine, mine was the transgression,
but thine the deadly pain.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
to praise thee, dearest friend,
for this thy dying sorrow,
thy pity without end ?
Lord, make me thine for ever,
nor let me faithless prove ;
O let me never, never
abuse such dying love !
- 4 Be near me, Lord, when dying ;
O show thy cross to me,
that I, for succour flying,
my eyes may fix on thee ;
and then, thy grace receiving,
let faith my fears dispel,
for whoso dies believing
in thee, dear Lord, dies well.

Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676)

translated by James Waddell Alexander (1804–1859) and Rupert E. Davies (1909–1994)