

Parish of Worthing - Christ Church



GOOD FRIDAY

1.30pm - 2pm

Reflective music

2pm - 3pm

Last Hour of the Cross



HYMN SHEET 2019

Reading 'Suffering' *Anonymous*

HYMN - My Song is love unknown

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.

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.

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.

Why, what hath 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.



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 thence might free.



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.

Samuel Crossman (1624-83) Public Domain

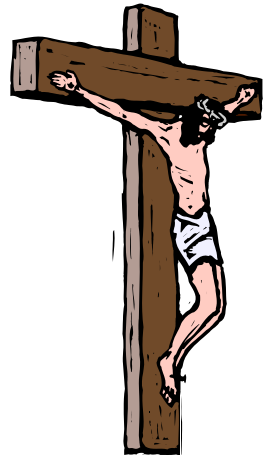
HYMN - When I survey

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.

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.

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?

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.



Isaac Watts (1674-1748) Public Domain

Music Song - 'Adoramus Te Dominus'

Translates - *We Adore you, Christ*

SONG— How deep the Father's love for us

How deep the Father's love for us,
how vast beyond all measure,
that He should give His only Son
to make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss~
the Father turns His face away,
as wounds which mar the Chosen One
bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,
my sin upon His shoulders;
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life~
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
but I will boast in Jesus Christ
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer,
but this I know with all my heart,
His wounds have paid my ransom.



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HYMN - O thou who camest from above

O thou who camest from above,
the pure celestial fire to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return
in humble prayer, and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work, and speak, and think for thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat,
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make my sacrifice complete

Charles Wesley (1707-88) Public Domain

SONG - What kind of love is this

1.
What kind of love is this
that gave itself for me
I am the guilty one
yet I go free;
What kind of love is this
A love I've never known
I didn't even know his name
what kind of love is this?



2.
What kind of man is this
that died in agony?
He who had done no wrong
was crucified for me.
What kind of man is this
who laid aside His throne
That I may know the love of God?
What kind of love is this?

3.
By grace I have been saved
it is the gift of God
He destined me to be His child
such is His love.
No eye has ever seen
no ear has ever heard
nor has the heart of man conceived
what kind of love is this?

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HYMN - There is green hill

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

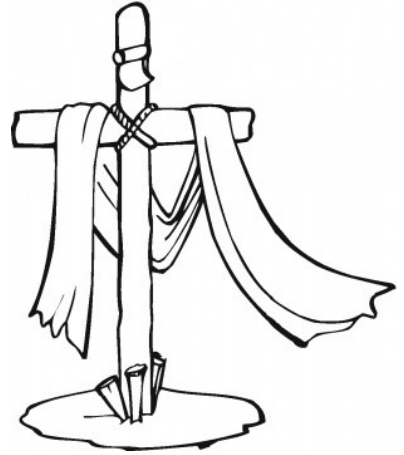
We may not know, we cannot tell,
what pains he had to bear,
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.

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.

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

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

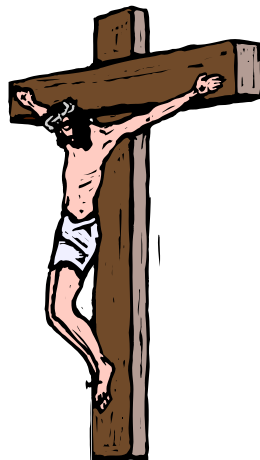
Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-95) Public Domain



CONCLUSION

“Brothers and sisters in Christ, we have heard again of the events of Good Friday, and yet the end result was the death of Christ on the Cross

Our Cross here in Church and blazoned upon our foreheads at baptism is a reminder to us and to all of the greatest price ever paid for mankind.



We have recounted the story of that Friday in History

As we await to declare that “CHRIST IS RISEN” so may we return to our homes remembering that as part of the human race we played our part in the death of the Son of God.

As we go to prepare ourselves may we be ever conscious of the true victory over death which is our in CHRIST JESUS.

THE LORD GO WITH YOU

PLEASE LEAVE CHURCH IN SILENCE

*Registered Charity No 1152846
Parochial Church Council of Worthing Christ Church
Website: www.christchurchworthing.org.uk*