

GOOD FRIDAY STREAMING SERVICE

APRIL 10, 2020 | 6PM

*Surely, He has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows;
Yet we esteemed Him stricken, smitten by God, and afflicted.*



*Pastor: The Lord Be with you

Cong: And with your spirit.

*Pastor: Hear my prayer, O Lord:

Cong: And let my cry come unto thee.

*Call to worship: (Psalm 22:23-24)

"You who fear the Lord, praise Him! All you descendants of Jacob, glorify Him, and fear Him, all you offspring of Israel! For He has not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; nor has He hidden His face from Him; but when He cried to Him, He heard." Amen.

Let us humbly kneel and confess our sins:

Cong: Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from Your ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against Your holy laws. We have left undone those things we ought to have done and done those things we ought not to have done and there is no health in us. Have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare those who confess their faults. Restore those who are penitent, according to Your promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, most merciful Father, for His sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of Your holy name. Amen.

*Assurance of Pardon: Arise and hear the good news of God's forgiveness: Almighty God have mercy on us, forgive us all our sins through our Lord Jesus Christ, strengthen us in all goodness, and by the power of the Holy Spirit keep us in eternal life. **Amen.**

*Hymn #192

"Stricken, Smitten and Afflicted"

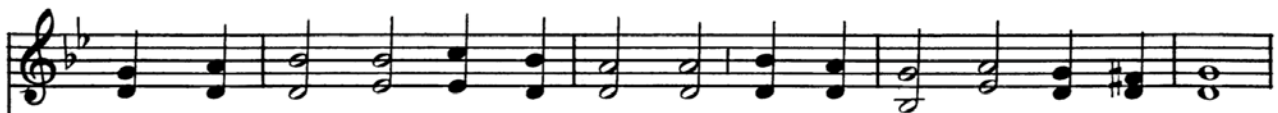
Thomas Kelly, 1804

O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS STERBEN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

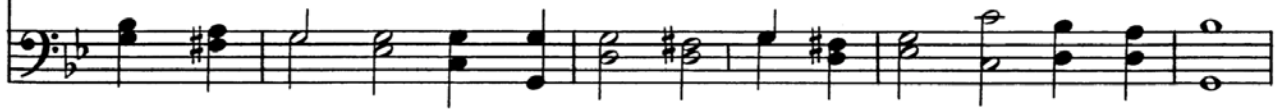
Geistliche Volkslieder, Paderborn, 1850



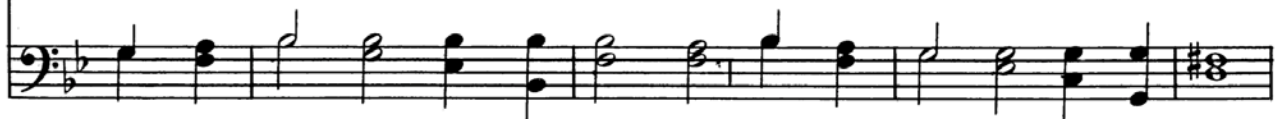
1. Strick-en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, See him dy - ing on the tree!
2. Tell me, ye who hear him groan-ing, Was there ev - er grief like his?
3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup-pose the e - vil great
4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the lost;



'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 spok-en: '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. A-MEN.



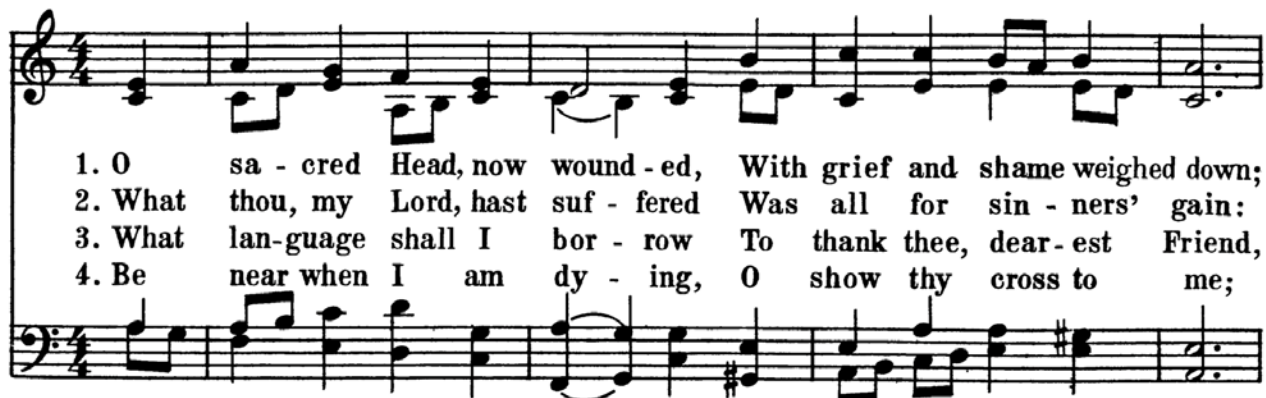
The Lesson: Isaiah 52:13-53:12

Pastor: The Word of the Lord

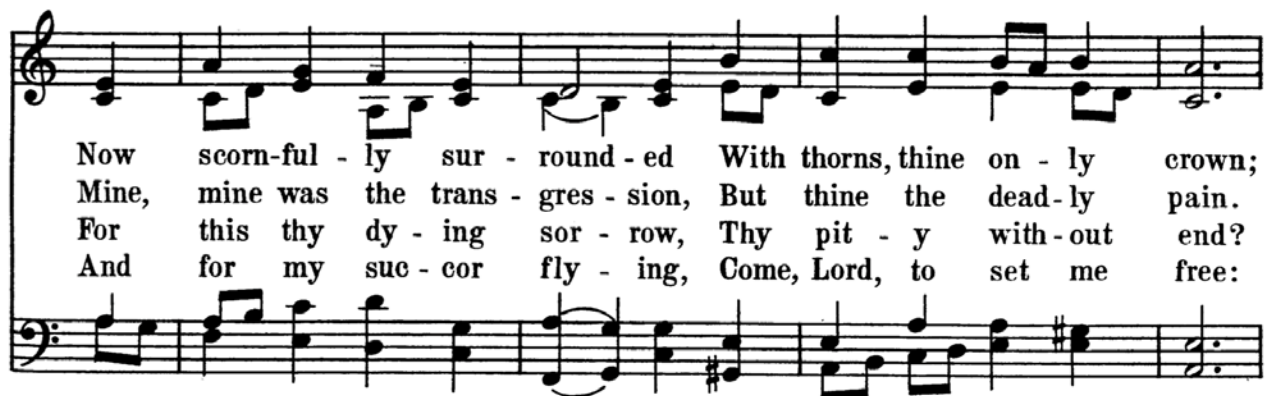
Cong: *Thanks be to God.*

Hymn #178

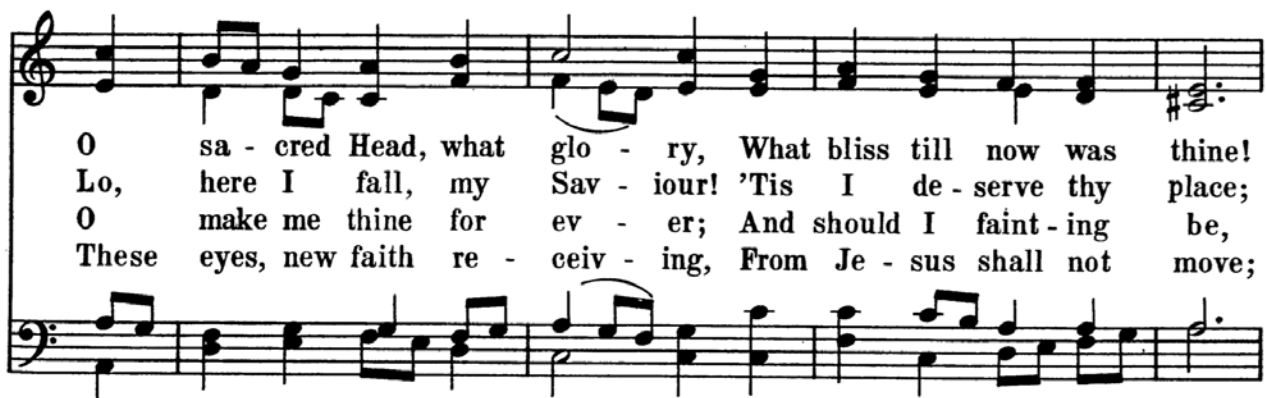
"O Sacred Head, Now Wounded"



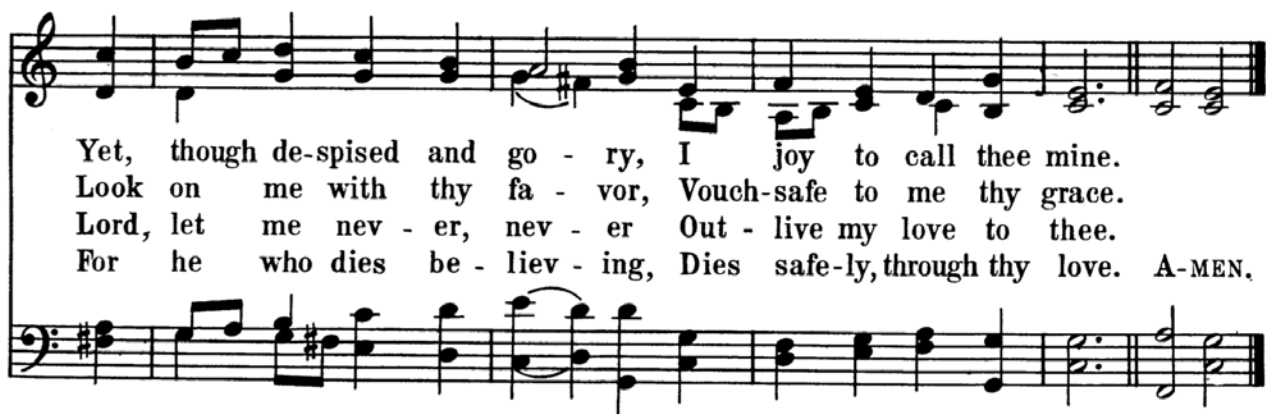
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down;
2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain:
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank thee, dear - est Friend,
4. Be near when I am dy - ing, O show thy cross to me;



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?
And for my suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, to set me free:



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine!
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
O make me thine for ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,
These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;



Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, 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.
For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly, through thy love. A - MEN,

In you, Yahweh, I put my trust;

Let me never be ashamed; deliver me in your righteousness.

Bow down your ear to me, deliver me speedily;

Be my rock of refuge, a fortress of defense to save me.

For you are my rock and my fortress;

Therefore, for your name's sake, lead me and guide me.

Pull me out of the net which they have secretly laid for me,

For you are my strength. Into your hand I commit my spirit;

You have redeemed me, Yahweh God of truth.

I have hated those who regard vain idols;

But I trust in Yahweh.

I will be glad and rejoice in your mercy,

For you have considered my trouble;

You have known my soul in adversities,

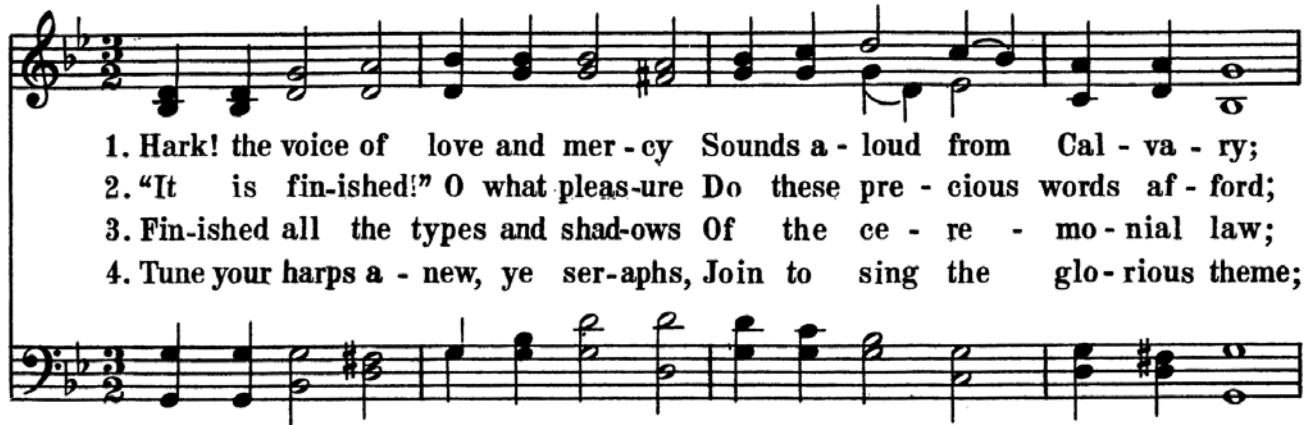
And have not shut me up into the hand of the enemy;

You have set my feet in a wide place.

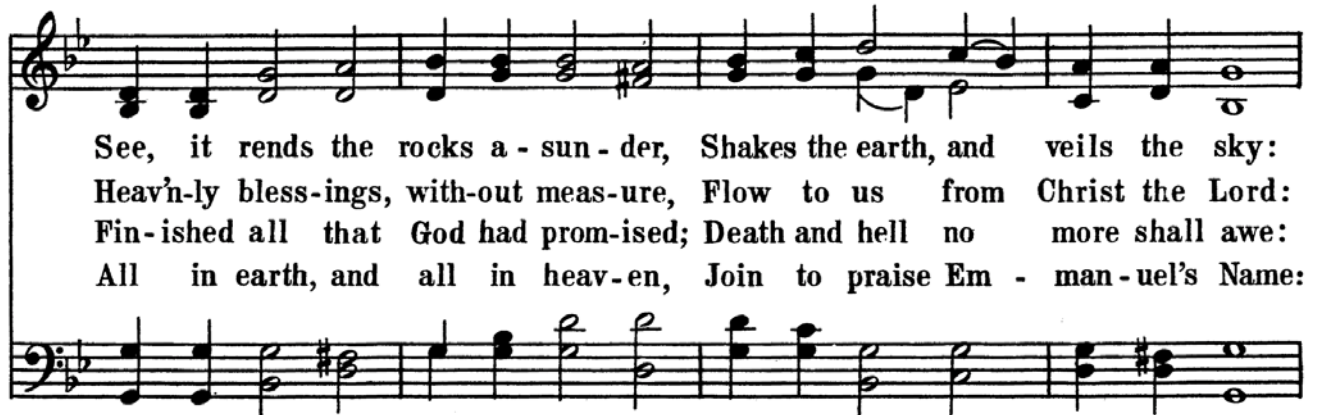
Amen.

*Hymn #187 *"Hark! The Voice of Love and Mercy"*


*Hymn #187 "Hark! The Voice of Love and Mercy"



1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;
 2. "It is fin-ished!" O what pleas-ure Do these pre-cious words af-ford;
 3. Fin-ished all the types and shad-ows Of the ce-re-mo-nial law;
 4. Tune your harps a-new, ye ser-aphs, Join to sing the glo-rious theme;



See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
 Heav'n-ly bless-ings, with-out meas-ure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
 Fin-ished all that God had prom-ised; Death and hell no more shall awe:
 All in earth, and all in heav-en, Join to praise Em-man-uel's Name:



rit.
 "It is fin-ished!" "It is fin-ished!" "It is fin-ished!"
 "It is fin-ished!" "It is fin-ished!" "It is fin-ished!"
 "It is fin-ished!" "It is fin-ished!" "It is fin-ished!"
 Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!



rit. *a tempo*
 Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry; Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry.
 Saints the dy-ing words re-cord; Saints the dy-ing words re-cord.
 Saints, from hence your com-fort draw; Saints, from hence your com-fort draw.
 Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb! Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb! A-MEN.

The Epistle Reading: Hebrews 4:14-16; 5:7-9

Pastor: The Word of the Lord.

Cong: *Thanks be to God.*

*Hymn #179 (1st)

"Ah Holy Jesus"



1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed, That man to
2. Who was the guilt - y? who brought this up - on thee? A - las, my
3. Lo, the good Shep-herd for the sheep is of - fered: The slave hath
4. For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion, Thy mor - tal
5. There-fore, kind Je - sus, since I can-not pay thee, I do a -



judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,
sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered: For man's a - tone - ment,
sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion: Thy death of an - guish
dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee Think on thy pit - y



by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.
while he noth-ing heed-eth, God in - ter - ced - eth.
and thy bit - ter pas-sion, For my sal - va - tion.
and thy love un - swerv-ing, Not my de - serv - ing. A - MEN.



*The Gospel Reading: John 19:17-30

Pastor: The gospel of our Lord.

Cong: *Praise be to Thee, O Christ.*

Good Friday Meditation - Pastor Drew Maney

Pastor: Let us stand and pray together.

**Cong: O Lord Jesus Christ, who for our sakes did suffer death upon the cross; help us to bear about with us Your dying, and in our living, to show forth Your life. We mourn for our sins with unfeigned sorrow; we would learn from You to forgive, with You to suffer, and in You to overcome. As You have given Yourself utterly for us, may we give ourselves entirely to You, as our only Lord and Savior. Amen.*

**Pastor: Now therefore, be wise, O kings; Be instructed you judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the son, lest He be angry, and you perish in the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all those who put their trust in Him. (Ps. 2:10-12)*

*Hymn #194

"Sing, My Tongue, How Glorious Battle"

*Hymn #194


"Sing, My Tongue, How Glorious Battle"

Venantius H.C. Fortunatus, c. 530-609

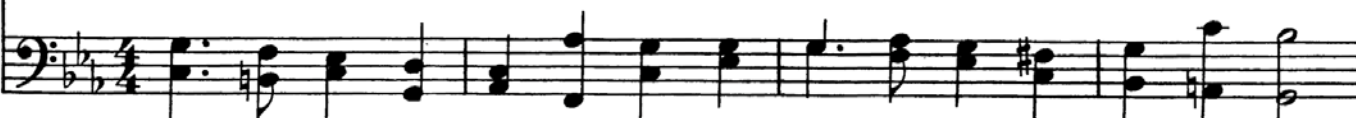

Tr. by William Mair, 1830-1920, and A.W. Wotherspoon, b. 1853

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John Roberts, 1822-1877




1. Sing, my tongue, how glo-rious bat-tle Glo-rious vic-to-ry be-came;
 2. Thir-ty years ful-filled a-mong us— Per-fect life in low es-tate—
 3. Un-to God be laud and hon-or: To the Fa-ther, to the Son,

And a-bove the cross, his tro-phy, Tell the tri-umph and the fame:
 Born for this, and self-sur-ren-dered, To his pas-sion ded-i-cate,
 To the might-y Spir-it, glo-ry— Ev-er Three and ev-er One:

Tell how he, the earth's Re-deem-er, By his death for man o'er-came.
 On the cross the Lamb is lift-ed, For his peo-ple im-mo-late.
 Pow'r and glo-ry in the high-est While e-ter-nal ag-es run. A-MEN.



*Benediction: *The God of peace will crush Satan under your feet shortly. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all. Amen.*