

GOOD FRIDAY LITURGY

THE INTROIT

God So Loved the World

John Stainer

THE COLLECT OF THE DAY (*Celebrant:* Blessed be our God. *People:* **For ever and ever. Amen.** *Celebrant:* Let us pray.)

THE FIRST LESSON

Isaiah 52:13-53:12

PSALM 22:1-24 (*Standing, read responsively*)

¹ My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Why are you so far from saving me, so far from my cries of anguish? ² **My God, I cry out by day, but you do not answer, by night, but I find no rest.** ³ Yet you are enthroned as the Holy One; you are the one Israel praises. ⁴ **In you our ancestors put their trust; they trusted and you delivered them.** ⁵ To you they cried out and were saved; in you they trusted and were not put to shame. ⁶ **But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by everyone, despised by the people.** ⁷ All who see me mock me; they hurl insults, shaking their heads. ⁸ **“He trusts in the Lord,” they say, “let the Lord rescue him. Let him deliver him, since he delights in him.”** ⁹ Yet you brought me out of the womb; you made me trust in you, even at my mother’s breast. ¹⁰ **From birth I was cast on you; from my mother’s womb you have been my God.** ¹¹ Do not be far from me, for trouble is near and there is no one to help. ¹² **Many bulls surround me; strong bulls of Bashan encircle me.** ¹³ Roaring lions that tear their prey open their mouths wide against me. ¹⁴ **I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint. My heart has turned to wax; it has melted within me.** ¹⁵ My mouth is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; you lay me in the dust of death. ¹⁶ **Dogs surround me, a pack of villains encircles me; they pierce my hands and my feet.** ¹⁷ All my bones are on display; people stare and gloat over me. ¹⁸ **They divide my clothes among them and cast lots for my garment.** ¹⁹ But you, Lord, do not be far from me. You are my strength; come quickly to help me. ²⁰ **Deliver me from the sword, my precious life from the power of the dogs.** ²¹ Rescue me from the mouth of the lions; save me from the horns of the wild oxen. ²² **I will declare your name to my people; in the assembly I will praise you.** ²³ You who fear the Lord, praise him! All you descendants of Jacob, honor him! Revere him, all you descendants of Israel! ²⁴ **For he has not despised or scorned the suffering of the afflicted one; he has not hidden his face from him but has listened to his cry for help.**

THE FIRST LESSON

Zechariah 9:9-12

HYMN 71

Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

Herzliebster Jesu

Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended, that man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected, O most afflicted!

Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee? Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee!
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee; I crucified thee.

Lo, the Good Shepherd for the sheep is offer'd; The slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffer'd.
For man's atonement, while we nothing heedeth, God intercedeth.

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

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.

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

John 19:1-37

THE SERMON

Why Did Jesus Die?

The Rev. Marc R. Boutan

CHORAL OFFERING

How Deep the Father's Love For Us

Stuart Townend

Andrea White and Matt Campbell, *soloists*

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.

All are invited to sing the final stanza

I will not boast in anything, no gifts no pow'r 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.

THE SOLEMN COLLECTS (*kneeling*)

HYMN 80 (*kneeling*)

Were You There

Were You There

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?

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?

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?

SPOKEN ANTHEMS 1, 2, AND 3

Officiant We glory in your cross, O Lord,

People ***And praise and glorify your holy resurrection; for by virtue of your cross joy has come to the whole world.***

Officiant May God be merciful to us and bless us, show us the light of his countenance, and come to us.

People ***Let your ways be known upon earth, your saving health among all nations.***

Officiant Let the peoples praise you, O God; let all the peoples praise you.

People ***We glory in your cross, O Lord, and praise and glorify your holy resurrection; for by virtue of your cross joy has come to the whole world.***

Officiant We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you,

People ***Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.***

Officiant If we have died with him, we shall also live with him; if we endure, we shall also reign with him.

People ***We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you, because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.***

Officiant O Savior of the world, who by thy cross and precious blood has redeemed us:

People ***Save us and help us, we humbly beseech thee, O Lord.***

CHORAL ANTHEM

Pie Jesu from "Requiem"
Andrea White, *soprano*

Gabriel Fauré

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

CONCLUDING COLLECT

HYMN 75 (*kneeling*)

O Sacred Head, Sore Wounded

Passion Chorale

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 deflow'r?
O countenance whose splendor the hosts of heav'n adore!

Thy beauty, long desired, hath vanished from our sight:
Thy pow'r 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.

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.

My days are few, O fail not, with thine immortal pow'r,
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.

The clergy and people depart in silence.