

Wallington and St Andrew's URCs
Good Friday 10 April 2020

The Revd Craig Bowman

Call to worship

♪ 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, W Horsley; public domain. Performance: King's College, Cambridge.

Prayer

Mark 15:16-32 – Jesus is led to the cross

Reflection

Prayer

♪ 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?

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.

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, E Miller; public domain. Performance: King's College, Cambridge.

Mark 15:33-41 – The death of Jesus

Reflection

Prayer

The Lord's Prayer – *traditional version*

Reflection

♪ 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

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John Ireland Trust. Performance: The Daily Service
Singers.*

Blessing

*Closing music: Were you there when they crucified
my Lord? Choir of King's College Cambridge.*

*The Bible passages were read by Chris Jackson
and Steffi Campbell Smith.*

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