



Greater Coplow Group



Good Friday An hour at the Cross 2022

The Liturgy of Good Friday

The Gathering

The ministers enter in silence.

All may kneel for a time of silent prayer.

The Collect

Eternal God, in the cross of Jesus we see the cost of sin and the depth of your love:

in humble hope and fear may we place at his feet
all that we have and all that we are,
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Hymn

My song is love unknown, my Saviour's love to me,
love to the loveless shown that they might lovely be.
Oh, 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 such disdain! So few the longed-for Christ would know!
But oh, my friend, my friend indeed,
who at my need his life did spend!

Sometimes they crowd 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 has 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 suff'ring goes

that he his foes from death might free.

In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have;
in death, no friendly tomb, but what a stranger gave.
What may I say? Heav'n was his home
but mine the tomb wherein he lay.

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!

The Liturgy of the Word

Old Testament Reading

Isaiah 52: 13 – end of 53

This is the word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

Hymn

O sacred Head, now wounded,
with grief and shame weighed down,
now scornfully surrounded
with thorns, thine only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
what bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
was all for sinners' gain.
Mine, mine was the transgression,
but thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place.

Look on me with thy favour,
and grant to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
to thank thee, dearest Friend,
for this, thy dying sorrow,
thy pity without end?
Oh, make me thine forever,
and should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
outlive my love to thee.

Be near when I am dying,
oh, show thy cross to me,
and for my rescue, flying,
come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
from Jesus shall not move,
for one who dies believing
dies safely, through thy love.

The Passion Reading and Sermon

The Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ according to John

Reading Part one

First Reflection - +Martyn

Reading Part two

Second Reflection - +Martyn

Reading Part three (*ending with:*)
This is the Passion of the Lord.
No response is made.

Third Reflection +Martyn

Silence is kept

Acclamations

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

This is the wood of the cross, on which hung the Saviour of the world.

Come, let us worship.

O Saviour of the world,
who by your cross and precious blood have redeemed us,
save us and help us, we humbly pray.

The Prayers of Intercession

The following response is used:

Lord in your mercy

Hear our prayer.

The Lord's Prayer

Let us pray with confidence as our Saviour has taught us

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, the power and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.**

Hymn

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 through 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.

The Conclusion

Mark 15.33-39

When it was noon, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. At three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice, 'Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?' which means, 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?' When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, 'Listen, he is calling for Elijah.' And someone ran, filled a sponge with sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink, saying, 'Wait, let us see whether Elijah will come to take him down.' Then Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last. And the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. Now when the centurion, who stood facing him, saw that in this way he breathed his last, he said, 'Truly this man was God's Son!'

The Paschal candle is extinguished and Silence is kept.

O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God,
set your passion, cross and death
between your judgement and our souls,
now and in the hour of our death.

Grant mercy and grace to the living, rest to the departed, to your Church peace and concord and to us sinners forgiveness, and everlasting life and glory; for, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, you are alive and reign, God, now and for ever. **Amen.**