

Wallington and St Andrew's URCs
Good Friday 2 April 2021

Revd Craig Bowman

Call to worship

♪ 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.

Words: Samuel Crossman, music: John Ireland © John Ireland Trust. Performance: The Daily Service Singers.

Prayer

Luke 22:54-65 – Peter disowns Jesus

Reflection: They went out and followed him

Prayer

Luke 23:13-25 – Pilate addresses the people

Reflection: The mob - Voices of hatred

♪ 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 ...

Were you there when they laid him in the
tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the
tomb?
Oh! Sometimes ...

Were you there when he rose up from the
grave?
Were you there when he rose up from the
grave?
Oh! Sometimes ...

Prayer and 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 that
trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Luke 23:32-49 – The death of Jesus

Reflection: Peter

♪ 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 cross 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 mingling 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 an offering far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts, music: Edward Miller.

*Performance: St Michael's Singers, © 1992 and
© 2000 Kingsway Music.*

Blessing

Closing music: Two Aequali by Anton Bruckner performed by members of the English Chamber Orchestra. Aequali are short pieces, generally written – as here – for trombones, which in some traditions represent divine presence and are often played at funerals.

*The Bible passages are read by Maggie Macdonald,
Chris Jackson and Julie Jamgotchian.*