Good Friday Tenebrae Service
April 2, 2021
Trinity Grace Church
6:30 p.m.

The Welcome and Opening Prayer

Jesus is Arrested: John 18:1-12
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded
A time of silent reflection

Peter Denies Jesus: John 18:13-18; 25-27
Ah, Holy Jesus (verse 1)
A time of silent reflection

Trial of Jesus Before Pilate: John 18:28-38
What Wondrous Love Is This
A time of silent reflection

Jesus Is Condemned to Death: John 18:38-19:16a
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross, vv. 1-2
A time of silent reflection

Jesus Is Crucified: John 19:16b-27
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross, vv. 3-4
A time of silent reflection

Jesus Dies: John 19:28-30
Were You There, vv. 1-2
A time of silent reflection

Jesus is Laid in the Tomb: John 19:38-42
Were You There, vv. 3-4
A time of silent reflection

The Sending Out

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Holy Week Events:
April 4, 8 am, Easter Son-Rise Service
April 4, 10:30 am, Easter Worship

"Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended," v. 1
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!

"What Wondrous Love Is This?" vv. 1 and 2
What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul?
What wondrous love is this, O my soul?
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul?

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
when I was sinking down, sinking down,
when I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.

"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," vv. 1 and 2
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.

"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," vv. 3 and 4
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.