

GOOD FRIDAY

COVENANT  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



# Good Friday Service

## April 18, 2025

Thank you for joining us for this somber meditation on the Lord's passion and crucifixion.

Please maintain reverent silence in the Sanctuary. Scriptures will be read by Elders of the church. The congregation will remain seated for the duration. The hymns, if you choose to sing them, are found in the back of the bulletin. Alternatively, you may choose to sit in silent contemplation for the entire service.

*"Why are you sleeping? Rise and pray that you may not enter into temptation."*  
Luke 22.46

Prelude

*Prelude in E Minor*  
(Dimitri Shostakovich, 1950-51)

**Betrayed**

Luke 22.47-53

Response

Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended  
See page 3

**Denied**

Luke 22.54-62

Response

With Broken Heart and Contrite Sigh

Text: Cornelius Elven (1852)  
Music: Thomas Campion (1613)  
Guitar: Alan Shikoh

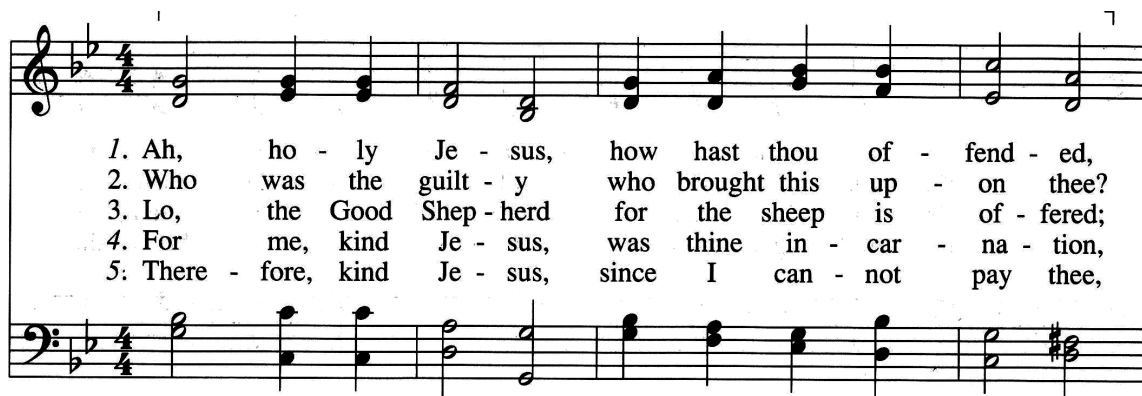
With broken heart and contrite sigh  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free  
O God, be merciful to me.

I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;  
Christ and His cross my only plea:  
O God, be merciful to me.

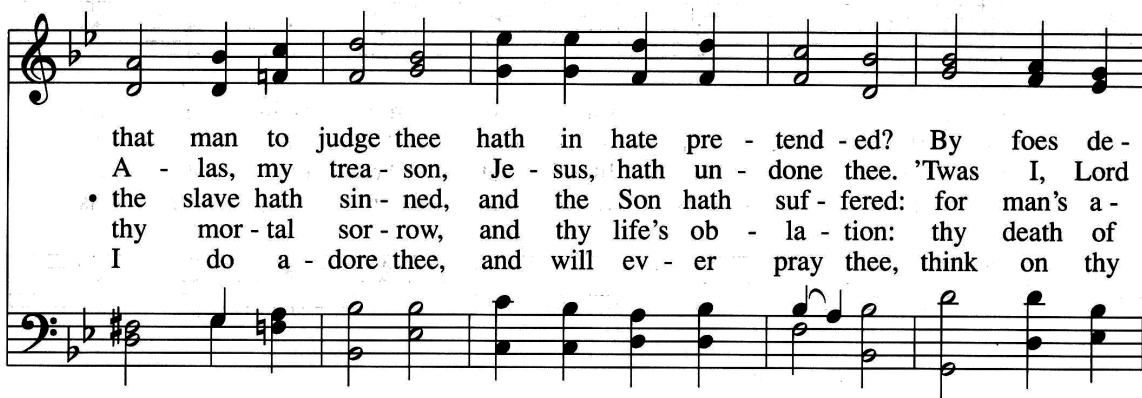
Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But Thou dost all my anguish see:  
O God, be merciful to me.

<b>Beaten</b>	Luke 22.63-65
Response	Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed See page 4
<b>Slandered</b>	Luke 22.66-23.25
Response	Man of Sorrows! What a Name See page 5
<b>Tortured</b>	Luke 23.26-43
Response	O Sacred Head, Now Wounded See page 6
<b>Killed</b>	Luke 23.44-46
Response	Silent Meditation Seven Chimes
<b>Buried</b>	Luke 23.47-56
Response	Were You There?
<p>Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Sometimes it causes me to tremble.</p> <p>Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Sometimes it causes me to tremble.</p> <p>Were you there when they pierced him in the side? Sometimes it causes me to tremble.</p>	
Depart in Silence	

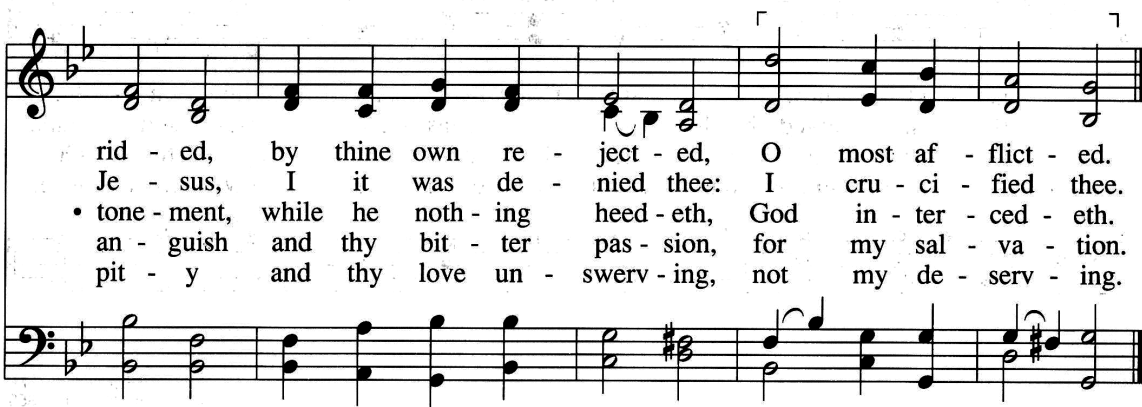
# Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended



1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed,  
 2. Who was the guilt - y who brought this up - on thee?  
 3. Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered;  
 4. For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion,  
 5. There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee,



that man to judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -  
 A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord  
 • the slave hath sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered: for man's a -  
 thy mor - tal sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion: thy death of  
 I do a - dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy



rid - ed, by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.  
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.  
 • tone - ment, while he noth - ing heed - eth, God in - ter - ced - eth.  
 an - guish and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.  
 pit - y and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

## Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my Sov'-reign die!
2. Was it for crimes that I had done he groaned up - on the tree!
3. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face while his dear cross ap - pears;



Would he de - vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I!  
A - maz-ing pit - y! Grace un - known! And love be yond de - gree!  
dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and melt mine eyes with tears.

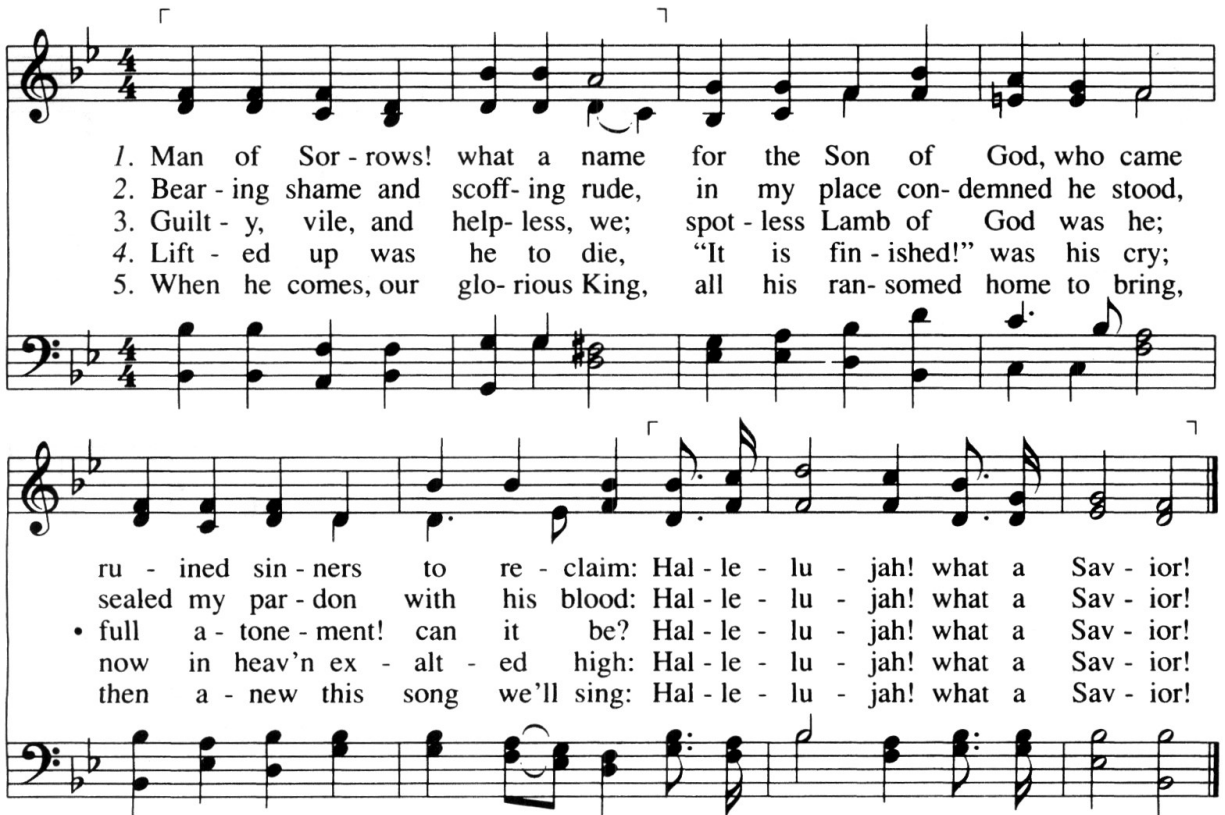


Thy bod - y slain, sweet Je - sus thine, and bathed in its own blood,  
Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, and shut his glor - ies in,  
But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe;



while all ex - posed to wrath di - vine the glo - rious Suff'-rer stood?  
when Christ, the might-y mak - er, died for man the creat-ure's sin.  
here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'tis all that I can do.

# Man of Sorrows! What a Name



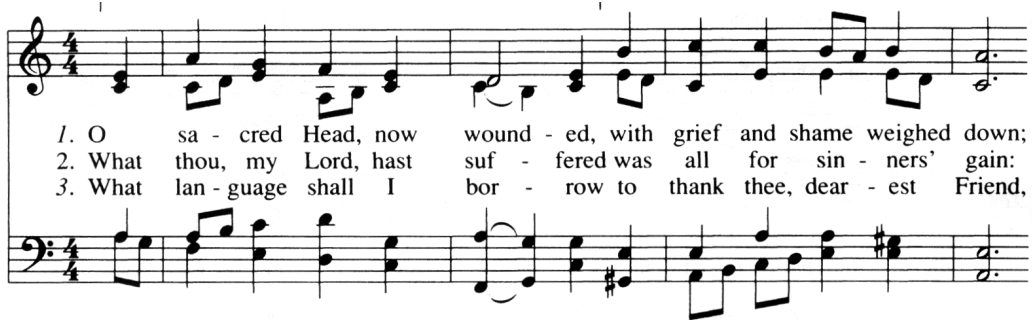
1. Man of Sor - rows! what a name for the Son of God, who came  
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, in my place con - demned he stood,  
 3. Guilt - y, vile, and help - less, we; spot - less Lamb of God was he;  
 4. Lift - ed up was he to die, "It is fin - ished!" was his cry;  
 5. When he comes, our glo - rious King, all his ran - somed home to bring,

ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
 sealed my par - don with his blood: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
 • full a - tone - ment! can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
 now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
 then a - new this song we'll sing: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

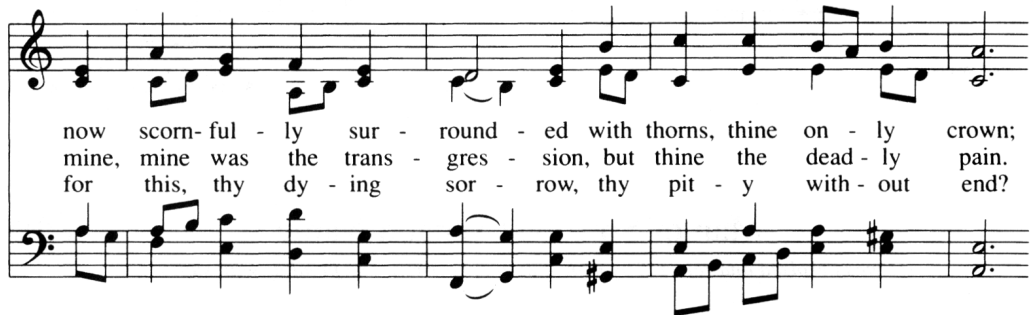
Philip P. Bliss, 1875

HALLELUJAH! WHAT A SAVIOR! 7.7.7.8.  
 Philip P. Bliss, 1875

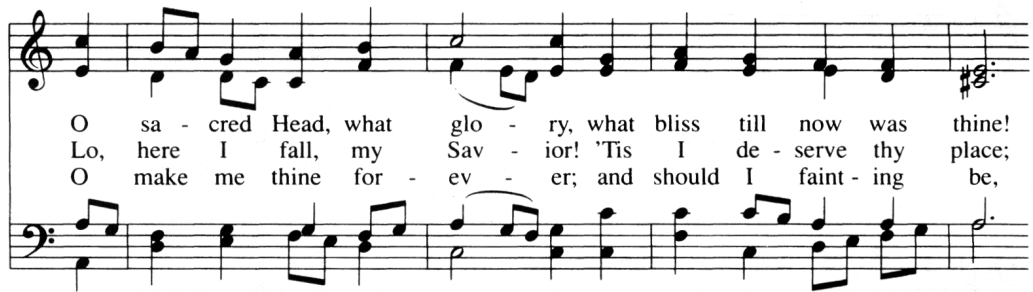
# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



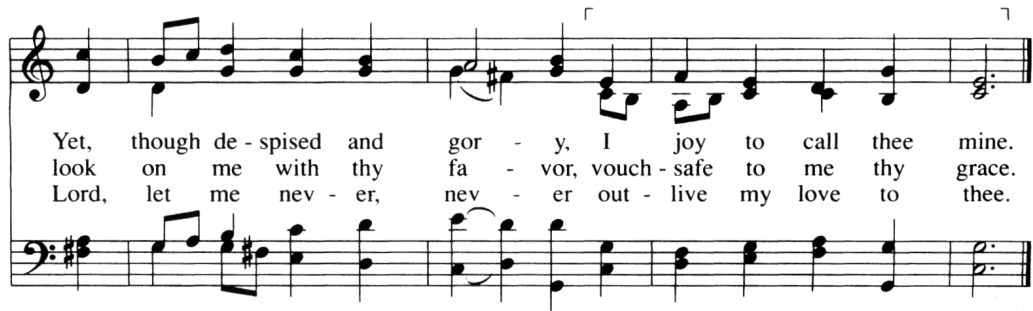
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down;  
 2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain;  
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est Friend,



now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;  
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.  
 for this, thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!  
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;  
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.  
 look on me with thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.  
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.









# **Covenant Presbyterian Church**

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