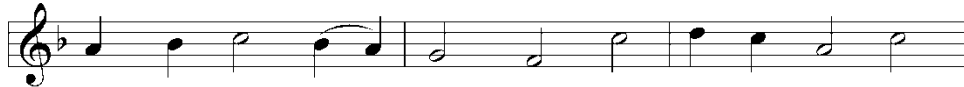


## Hymns for Good Friday Chief Service – April 2, 2021 (12pm)

### OPENING HYMN - 438 A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth



1 A Lamb goes un - com - plain - ing forth, The  
2 This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great friend, The  
3 "Yes, Fa - ther, yes, most will - ing - ly I'll  
4 Lord, when Your glo - ry I shall see And



guilt of sin - ners bear - ing And, lad - en with the  
Lamb of God, our Sav - ior, Whom God the Fa - ther  
bear what You com - mand Me. My will con - forms to  
taste Your king - dom's plea - sure, Your blood my roy - al



sins of earth, None else the bur - den shar - ing; Goes  
chose to send To gain for us His fa - vor. "Go  
Your de - cree, I'll do what You have asked Me." O  
robe shall be, My joy be - yond all mea - sure! When



pa - tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh - ter led with -  
forth, My Son," the Fa - ther said, "And free My chil - dren  
won - drous Love, what have You done! The Fa - ther of - fers  
I ap - pear be - fore Your throne, Your righ - teous - ness shall



out com - plaint, That spot - less life to of - fer, He bears the  
from their dread Of guilt and con - dem - na - tion. The wrath and  
up His Son, De - sir - ing our sal - va - tion. O Love, how  
be my crown; With these I need not hide me. And there, in



stripes, the wounds, the lies, The mock - er - y, and  
stripes are hard to bear, But by Your pas - sion  
strong You are to save! You lay the One in -  
gar - ments rich - ly wrought, As Your own bride shall



yet re - plies, "All this I glad - ly suf - fer."  
they will share The fruit of Your sal - va - tion."  
to the grave Who built the earth's foun - da - tion.  
we be brought To stand in joy be - side You.

## SERVICE HYMN - 450 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1 O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,  
2 How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!  
3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fer'd Was all for sin - ners' gain;  
4 My Shep - herd, now re - ceive me; My Guard - ian, own me Thine.  
5 What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,  
6 My Sav - ior, be Thou near me When death is at my door;  
7 Be Thou my con - so - la - tion, My shield, when I must die;



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.  
How doth Thy face now lan - guish That once was bright as morn!  
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.  
Great bless - ings Thou didst give me, O Source of gifts di - vine.  
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?  
Then let Thy pres - ence cheer me, For - sake me nev - er - more!  
Re - mind me of Thy pas - sion When my last hour draws nigh.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!  
Grim death, with cru - el rig - or, Hath robbed Thee of Thy life;  
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;  
Thy lips have of - ten fed me With words of truth and love;  
O make me Thine for - ev - er! And should I faint - ing be,  
When soul and bod - y lan - guish, O leave me not a - lone,  
Mine eyes shall then be - hold Thee, Up - on Thy cross shall dwell,



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.  
Thus Thou hast lost Thy vig - or, Thy strength, in this sad strife.  
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, And grant to me Thy grace.  
Thy Spir - it oft hath led me To heav'n - ly joys a - bove.  
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, Out - live my love for Thee.  
But take a - way mine an - guish By vir - tue of Thine own!  
My heart by faith en - fold Thee. Who di - eth thus dies well.

## HYMN OF THE DAY - 454 Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle



1 Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle; Sing the end - ing  
2 Tell how, when at length the full - ness Of the ap - point - ed  
3 Thus, with thir - ty years ac - com - plished, He went forth from  
4 Faith - ful cross, true sign of tri - umph, Be for all the  
5 Un - to God be praise and glo - ry; To the Fa - ther



of the fray. Now a - bove the cross, the tro - phy,  
time was come, He, the Word, was born of wom - an,  
Naz - a - reth, Des - tined, ded - i - cat - ed, will - ing,  
no - blest tree; None in fo - liage, none in blos - som,  
and the Son, To the e - ter - nal Spir - it hon - or



Sound the loud tri - um - phant lay; Tell how Christ, the  
Left for us His Fa - ther's home, Blazed the path of  
Did His work, and met His death; Like a lamb He  
None in fruit thine e - qual be; Sym - bol of the  
Now and ev - er - more be done; Praise and glo - ry



world's re - deem - er, As a vic - tim won the day.  
true o - be - dience, Shone as light a - midst the gloom.  
hum - bly yield - ed On the cross His dy - ing breath.  
world's re - demp - tion, For the weight that hung on thee!  
in the high - est While the time - less a - ges run.

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# DISTRIBUTION HYMN #1 - 456 Were You There



1 Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you  
2 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? Were you  
3 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you  
4 Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb? Were you



there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Oh ...  
there when they nailed Him to the tree? Oh ...  
there when they laid Him in the tomb? Oh ...  
there when God raised Him from the tomb? Oh ...



Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble.  
Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble.  
Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble.  
Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble.



Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?  
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?  
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?  
Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?

**DISTRIBUTION HYMN #2 - )636 Soul, Adorn Yourself with Gladness**



1 Soul, a - dorn your - self with glad - ness, Leave the  
 2 Has - ten as a bride to meet Him, And with  
 3 He who craves a pre - cious trea - sure Nei - ther  
 4 Now in faith I hum - bly pon - der O - ver



gloom - y haunts of sad - ness, Come in - to the day - light's  
 lov - ing rev - 'rence greet Him. For with words of life im -  
 cost nor pain will mea - sure; But the price - less gifts of  
 this sur - pass - ing won - der That the bread of life is



splen - dor, There with joy your prais - es ren - der.  
 mor - tal He is knock - ing at your por - tal.  
 heav - en God to us has free - ly giv - en.  
 bound - less Though the souls it feeds are count - less:



Bless the One whose grace un - bound - ed This a - maz - ing  
 O - pen wide the gates be - fore Him, Say - ing, as you  
 Though the wealth of earth were prof - fered, None could buy the  
 With the choic - est wine of heav - en Christ's own blood to



ban - quet found - ed; He, though heav'n - ly, high, and  
 there a - dore Him: Grant, Lord, that I now re -  
 gifts here of - fered: Christ's true bod - y, for you  
 us is giv - en. Oh, most glo - rious con - so -



ho - ly, Deigns to dwell with you most low - ly.  
 ceive You, That I nev - er - more will leave You.  
 riv - en, And His blood, for you once giv - en.  
 la - tion, Pledge and seal of my sal - va - tion!

5 Jesus, source of lasting pleasure,  
 Truest friend, and dearest treasure,  
 Peace beyond all understanding,  
 Joy into all life expanding:  
 Humbly now, I bow before You;  
 Love incarnate, I adore You;  
 Worthily let me receive You  
 And, so favored, never leave You.

7 Lord, by love and mercy driven,  
 You once left Your throne in heaven  
 On the cross for me to languish  
 And to die in bitter anguish,  
 To forego all joy and gladness  
 And to shed Your blood in sadness.  
 By this blood redeemed and living,  
 Lord, I praise You with thanksgiving.

6 Jesus, sun of life, my splendor,  
 Jesus, friend of friends, most tender,  
 Jesus, joy of my desiring,  
 Fount of life, my soul inspiring:  
 At Your feet I cry, my maker,  
 Let me be a fit partaker  
 Of this blessèd food from heaven,  
 For our good, Your glory, given.

8 Jesus, bread of life, I pray You,  
 Let me gladly here obey You.  
 By Your love I am invited,  
 Be Your love with love required;  
 By this Supper let me measure,  
 Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure.  
 Through the gift of grace You give me  
 As Your guest in heav'n receive me.

## DISTRIBUTION HYMN #3 - 570 Just as I Am, without One Plea



1 Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy  
 2 Just as I am and wait - ing not To rid my  
 3 Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With man - y a  
 4 Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind; Sight, rich - es,



blood was shed for me And that Thou bidd'st me come to  
 soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
 con - flict, man - y a doubt, Fight - ings and fears with - in, with -  
 heal - ing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to



Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown  
 Has broken ev'ry barrier down;  
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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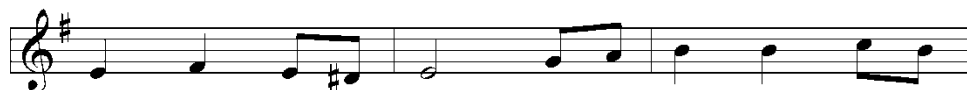
## CLOSING HYMN - 451 Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted



1 Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the  
 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, Was there ev - er grief like  
 3 Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil  
 4 Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the



tree! 'Tis the Christ, by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my  
 His? Friends through fear His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in -  
 great Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its  
 lost: Christ, the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Is the



soul, 'tis He, 'tis He! 'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed  
 sult - ing His dis - tress; Man - y hands were raised to  
 guilt may es - ti - mate. Mark the sac - ri - fice ap -  
 name of which we boast; Lamb of God, for sin - ners



Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord; Proofs I  
 wound Him, None would in - ter - vene to save; But the  
 point - ed, See who bears the aw - ful load; 'Tis the  
 wound - ed, Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt! None shall



see suf - fi - cient of it: 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.  
 deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that jus - tice gave.  
 Word, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.  
 ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.