

Friday 10th April GOOD FRIDAY

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

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.

See from his head, his hand, 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.

Words: I. Watts;

Music: 'Rockingham' (adapted: E Miller; harmonised: Webbe)

O SACRED HEAD

O sacred head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn.
O bleeding head, so wounded,
So shamed and put to scorn.
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays;
Yet angel-hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

In this thy bitter Passion,
Good shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In thy dear love confiding,
And with thy presence blest.

Words: P. Gerhardt (translated: Sir H.W. Baker);

Music: H.L. Hassler (harmonised: J.S. Bach)

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD

God so loved the world,
that he gave his only begotten son,
that whoso believeth in him should not perish,
but have everlasting life.
For God sent not his Son into the world
to condemn the world;
but that the world through him might be saved.

Words: John 3: 16, 17;

Music: J. Stainer