

# Good Friday Lovefeast

*“If we believe that Jesus died and rose again from death,  
then we can believe that God will just as surely  
bring with Jesus all who have died in Him.”*

(stand)

Zurich

Jesus, Source of my salvation,  
Conqueror both of death and hell,  
Thou Who didst, as my Oblation,  
Feel what I deserved to feel,  
Through Thy sufferings, death, and merit  
I eternal life inherit;  
Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,  
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

PRAYER

READINGS FOR HOLY WEEK

(serve)

ANTHEM I

*Stabat Mater*

Choir - Near the Cross was Mary weeping,  
There her mournful station keeping,  
Gazing on her dying Son.  
'Twas our sins brought Him from heaven;  
These the cruel nails had driven;  
All His griefs for us were borne.

All - Jesus, may Thy love constrain us  
That from sin we may refrain us,  
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve.  
Thee our best affections giving,  
To Thy glory ever living,  
May we in Thy glory live.

*La Trobe*

Met around the sacred tomb,  
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?  
'Mid this sad sepulchral gloom  
Shall your faith give way to fears?  
He will soon, even as He said,  
Rise triumphant from the dead.

In Thy death is all my trust,  
I have Thee my refuge made;  
And when once, consigned to dust,  
In the tomb my body's laid,  
Then with sav-ed souls above  
I will praise Thy dying love.

Cassel

Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!  
Hail, Thou Galilean King!  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!  
By Thy merits we find favor;  
Life is given through Thy Name!  
Worship, honor, power, and blessing  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises without ceasing  
Meet it is for us to give.  
When we join th' angelic spirits,  
In their sweetest, noblest lays,  
We will sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

BLESSING

*Come, Lord Jesus, our Guest to be,  
And bless these gifts bestowed by Thee. Amen.*

(partake)

ANTHEM II

(collect)

Hamburg

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.  
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.

Rhaw

The Cross, the Cross, O, that's my gain,  
Because on that the Lamb was slain;  
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,  
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.  
Here doth the Lord of life proclaim  
To all the world His saving Name;  
Repenting souls, in Him believe;  
Ye wounded, look on Him and live.

(stand)

*Breslau*

“Take up thy cross,” the Saviour said,  
“If thou wouldst my disciple be;  
Take up thy cross with willing heart,  
And humbly follow after Me.”

Take up thy cross, and follow on,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only those who bear the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

### ANTHEM III

#### SERMON

*Rejoice*

Thy word, O God, declareth  
No man hath seen or heard  
The joys our God prepareth  
For them that love their Lord.  
Their eyes shall see Thy glory,  
Thy face, Thy throne, Thy might;  
With shouts shall they adore Thee,  
The true, eternal Light.

*Ewing*

Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed.  
I know not, O I know not  
What joys await us there,  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.

O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father  
And Spirit, ever blest.

(stand)

*Eastham*

Ten thousand times ten thousand  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light!  
'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin.  
Fling open wide the golden gates  
And let the victors in!

O then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore;  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late,  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power, and reign!  
Appear, Desire of nations,  
Thine exiles long for home;  
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

*Bethany*

Farewell, mortality,  
Jesus is mine.  
Welcome, eternity,  
Jesus is mine.  
Welcome, O loved and blest,  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,  
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;  
Jesus is mine.

*Bechler*

There we to all eternity  
Shall join th'angelic lays,  
And sing in perfect harmony  
To God our Saviour's praise;  
He hath redeemed us by His blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God;  
For us, for us the Lamb was slain!  
Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

BENEDICTION