HARVARD
The Memorial Church

Order of Worship

Good Friday
The Passion of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ
Meditations upon the Seven Words from the Cross

April 2, 2021
CALL TO WORSHIP

from Psalm 22

Minister: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me, from the words of my groaning?

People: O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer
and by night, but find no rest.

Minister: Yet you are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel.
In you our ancestors trusted; they trusted and you delivered them.

People: Do not be far from us,
for trouble is near and there is no one to help.

Minister: But you, O Lord, do not be far away!
O our help, come quickly to our aid!

OPENING

Professor Stephanie Paulsell, Interim Pusey Minister in the Memorial Church, Susan Shallcross Swartz Professor of the Practice of Christian Studies, Harvard Divinity School

PRAYER

HYMN

No. 160, “When I Survey the Wondrous Cross”

THE SILENCE

THE FIRST WORD

“Father, forgive them; for they know not what they are doing.”

LESSON


MEDITATION

Nathan Samayo MDiv I

PRAYER

HYMN

No. 150, “My Song Is Love Unknown”

THE SILENCE

THE SECOND WORD

“Today you will be with me in Paradise.”

LESSON


MEDITATION

Professor Emmanuel K. Akyeampong, Minister of Formation and Worship in the Memorial Church, Ellen Gurney Professor of History and Professor of African and African American Studies, Oppenheimer Faculty Director of the Harvard University Center for African Studies
PRAYER

HYMN No 154, “Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow” Cross of Jesus

THE SILENCE

THE THIRD WORD
“Woman, here is your son…Here is your mother.”

LESSON John 19:23–27

MEDITATION Jess Young Chang MDiv II

PRAYER

HYMN No. 158, “Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?” Were You There

THE SILENCE

THE FOURTH WORD
“My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”

LESSON Matthew 27:45–49

MEDITATION Elizabeth Propst ’22

PRAYER

HYMN No. 157, “Beneath the Cross of Jesus” St. Christopher

THE SILENCE

THE FIFTH WORD
“I am thirsty.”

LESSON John 19:28–29

MEDITATION The Reverend Westley P. Conn, Ministry Fellow in the Memorial Church

PRAYER

HYMN No. 155, “My Faith Looks Up to Thee” Olivet

THE SILENCE

THE SIXTH WORD
“It is finished.”

LESSON John 19:30

MEDITATION Lara Glass MDiv ’16, Student Program Fellow in the Memorial Church

PRAYER

HYMN No. 159, “There Is a Green Hill Far Away” Horsley

THE SILENCE
THE SEVENTH WORD
“Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

LESSON  Luke 23:46–49

MEDITATION  Aidan Stoddart ’21

PRAYER

HYMN  No. 163, “O Sacred Head, Now Wounded”  Herzlich tut mich verlangen

THE SILENCE

THE CONCLUSION

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE
The Reverend Alanna C. Sullivan, Associate Minister in the Memorial Church

THE LORD’S PRAYER
In unison:
Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

HYMN  No. 151, “Go to Dark Gethsemane”  Petra

PARTING WORDS

THE SILENCE
The service concludes with silence.

The music for this service is provided by Edward E. Jones, Gund University Organist and Choirmaster.

For more information on upcoming services and events, please visit our website at memorialchurch.harvard.edu. You can also find us on Facebook (facebook.com/harvardmemorialchurch) and Twitter (twitter.com/memchurch).
1 When I survey the wondrous cross on which the
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and
4 His dying crimson, like a robe spreads o'er his
5 Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were an

Prince of Glory died, my richest gain I
Cross of Christ, my God: all the vain things that
Love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and
Body on the tree; then am I dead to
Offering far too small: love so amazing,

Count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride.
Charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.
Sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?
All the globe, and all the globe is dead to me.
So divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.
My Song Is Love Unknown

Samuel Crossman, 1664, alt.

1. My song is love unknown, my Saviour’s love to me,
   love to the loveless shown, that they might stow;
   love - ly be.
   O who am I, that Christ would know.  But O, my friend, my
   friend in - deed, who at my need his life did spend.

2. He came from his blest throne, salvation to be-
   but hearts were turned and none the longing for
   love - ly be.
   But O, my friend, my
   all their breath, and for his death they thirst and cry.

3. Sometimes they strewed his way, and his sweet praises
   strow; but hearts were turned and none the longing for
   love - ly be.
   But O, my friend, my
   to their King. Then “Cru-ci-fy!” is

4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and
   why, here might I stay and sing, no story so di-
   sweet - ly be.
   But O, my friend, my
   blind their sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! yet

5. Here might I stay and sing, no story so di -
   love - ly be.
   O who am I, that Christ would know.  But O, my friend, my
   love - ly be.
   But O, my friend, my
   friend in - deed, who at my need his life did spend.

John Ireland, 1918
1 Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow, where the blood of Christ was shed,
2 Here the King of all the ages, throned in light where worlds could be,
3 O mysterious descending! O abandonment sublime!
4 Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow, where the blood of Christ was shed,

1 perfect man on thee did suffer, perfect God on thee has bled!
2 robed in mortal flesh is dying, crucified by sin for me.
3 Very God himself is bearing all the sufferings of time!
4 perfect man on thee did suffer, perfect God on thee has bled!
158 Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?

African American melody

WE RE YOU THERE IRREGULAR
African American harm. Melva Wilson Costen, 1987

1 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
3 Were you there when the sun refused to shine? (Were you there?)
4 Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
5 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Oh! sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you
Were you
Were you
Were you
Were you
there when they crucified my Lord?
there when they nailed him to the tree?
there when the sun refused to shine? [Were you there?]
there when they pierced him in the side?
there when they laid him in the tomb?
Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868, alt.

ST. CHRISTOPHER 76 86 86 86
Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1 Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand, the
2 Upon that cross of Jesus mine eye at times can see the
3 I take, O cross, thy shadow, for my abiding place; I

shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land, a
very dying form of one who suffered there for me; and
ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of his face; con-

home within a wilderness, a rest upon the way, from
from my smitten heart, with tears, two wonders I confess: the
tent to let the world go by, to know no gain or loss; my

burning of the noon-tide heat, and burden of the day.
wonders of his glorious love, and my own worthlessness.
sinful self, my lonely shame, my glory all the cross.
My Faith Looks up to Thee

Ray Palmer, 1830

1. My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Calvary,
   Save me from my guilt, O Lamb of Calvary.

2. May thy rich grace impart strength to my fainting heart,
   May my zeal inspire; as thou hast died for me, O may my zeal inspire me.

3. While life’s dark maze I tread, and griefs around me spread,
   Be thou my guide; bid darkness turn to day, wipe sorrow’s tears away.

4. Savior divine! Now hear me while I pray, take all my love to thee pure, warm, and changeless be, a living fire.
   My zeal inspire; as thou hast died for me, O may my zeal inspire me.

5. I pray, take all my guilt away; O let me from this day be wholly thine.
   My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Calvary,

Lowell Mason, 1830

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155
1 There is a green hill far away, without a city wall, where
2 We may not know, we cannot tell, what pains he had to bear, but
3 He died that we might be forgiven, he died to make us good, that
4 There was no other good enough to pay the price of sin; he
5 O dearly, dearly has he loved, and we must love him too, and

the dear Lord was crucified, who died to save us all.
we believe it was for us he hung and suffered there.
we might go at last to heaven, saved by his precious blood.
only could unlock the gate of heaven, and let us in.
trust in his redeeming blood, and try his works to do.
Salve caput cruentatum
Latin, 13th cent.
trans. Paul Gerhardt, 1656
trans. James W. Alexander, 1830

1 O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame laid down, now
2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners’ gain; mine,
3 What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend; for

scornfully surrounded with thorns, thy only crown, how
mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain. Lo,
this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end? O

art thou pale with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn! How
here I fall, my Savior! ’Tis I deserve thy place; look
make me thine forever, and, should I fainting be, Lord,

does that visage anguish which once was bright as morn!
on me with thy favor, vouchsafe to me thy grace.
let me never, never outlive my love to thee!
1. Go to dark Gethsemane, ye that feel the tempter’s power;
   Your redeemer’s conflict see, watch with him one bitter hour;
   Turn not from his griefs away, learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2. Follow to the judgment hall; view the Lord of life ar-raigned;
   O the worm wood and the gall! O the pangs his soul sustained!
   Shun not suffering, shame, or loss; learn of him to bear the cross.

3. Calvary’s mournful mountain climb; there, adoring at his feet,
   Mark the miracle of time, God’s own sacrifice complete;
   “It is finished!” hear him cry; learn of Jesus Christ to die.