Order of Worship

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

April 10, 2020
Order of Worship

Before the service silence is kept. The congregation stands for each hymn.

THE PREPARATION

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.”


ADDRESS Lara Glass MDiv ’17, Student Program Fellow in the Memorial Church

PRAYER

HYMN No. 150, “My Song Is Love Unknown”

THE SILENCE

THE SECOND WORD
“Today you will be with me in Paradise.”


ADDRESS 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 154, “Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow”

THE SILENCE

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

LESSON John 19:23–27
ADDRESS Sally Hammel MDiv II, Harvard Divinity School

PRAYER

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

THE SILENCE

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

LESSON Matthew 27:45–49
ADDRESS KMari Tejeda MDiv III, Harvard Divinity School

PRAYER

HYMN No. 163, “O Sacred Head, Now Wounded”

THE SILENCE

THE FIFTH WORD
“I am thirsty.”

LESSON John 19:28–29
ADDRESS Grace Killian MDiv III, Harvard Divinity School

PRAYER

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

THE SILENCE

THE SIXTH WORD
“It is finished.”

LESSON John 19:30
ADDRESS The Reverend Westley P. Conn, Ministry Fellow in the Memorial Church

PRAYER

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

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

LESSON
Luke 23:46–49

ADDRESS
The Reverend Alanna C. Sullivan, Associate Minister in the Memorial Church

PRAYER

HYMN
No. 308, “Nearer, My God, to Thee”  Bethany

THE SILENCE

THE CONCLUSION

THE SOLEMN COLLECTS
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

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

PRAYER FOR THE PEOPLE
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

Holy Christ, by your life you have shown us the paths of grace, mercy, and peace. On this day when we stand at the foot of your cross, heartbroken, haunted by the reality that death brings fear, aloneness, abandonment, give your Church peace and concord. Stir up in us a courageous love for this your world, and deepen our vocation as your followers to take up our cross each day, giving our life in love for this world you love so very much. Bring us face to face with you, Lord Jesus, and may we walk with abandon toward new life. For with our Creator and the Holy Spirit you live and reign, this day and forevermore. Amen.

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).
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

By Isaac Watts, 1707, alt.

HAMBURG LM

Lowell Mason, 1824

1 When I survey the wondrous cross on which the
2 For-bid 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.

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So divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.
1 My song is love unknown, my Savior’s love to me, love to the loveless shown, that they might be. O who am I, that Christ would know. But O, my friend, my

2 He came from his blest throne, salvation to be stow; but hearts were turned and none the longed-for to their King. Then “Cruciﬁ!” is blind their sight. Sweet injuries! yet friend in deed, who at my need his life did spend. all their breath, and for his death they thirst and cry. they at these them-selves displease, and ‘gainst him rise. whose sweet praise I all my days could gaily spend.
Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow

William J. Sparrow-Simpson, 1887

CROSS OF JESUS 87 87
John Stainer, 1887

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 ere worlds could be,
3 O mysterious descending! O abandonment sublime!
4 Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow, where the blood of Christ was shed,

per-rect man on thee did suffer, per-rect God on thee has bled!
robed in mortal flesh is dyr-ing, cru-ci-fied by sin for me.
Ve-ry God him-self is bear-ing all the suf-fer-ings of time!
per-rect man on thee did suffer, per-rect God on thee has bled!
158 Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?

African American

WERE YOU THERE IRREGULAR
African American melody
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.
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?
Salve caput cruentatum
Latin, 13th cent.
trans. Paul Gerhardt, 1656
trans. James W. Alexander, 1830

HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN
Hans Leo Hassler, 1601
harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1. O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame laid down, now
   scornfully surrounded with thorns, thy only crown, how
   art thou pale with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn! How
   does that visage languish which once was bright as morn!

2. What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain; mine,
   mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain. Lo,
   here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve thy place; look
   on me with thy favor, vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3. What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend; for
   this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end? O
   let me never, never outlive my love to thee!
My Faith Looks up to Thee

Ray Palmer, 1830

OLIVET 664 6664
Lowell Mason, 1830

1 My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Calvary,
   Savior divine! Now hear me while I pray, take all my
   guilt away; O let me from this day be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart strength to my fainting heart,
   my zeal inspire; as thou hast died for me, O may my
   love to thee pure, warm, and changeless be, a living fire.

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, nor let me ever stray from thee aside.
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.
Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams, 1841

BETHANY 64 64 6 with Refrain
Lowell Mason, 1856

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

2. Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,

3. There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;

4. Then, with my wakening thoughts bright with thy praise,

5. Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,

E’en though it be a cross that raiseth me;

darkness be o’ver me, my rest a stone;

all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;

out of my stony griefs Bethel I’ll raise;

sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,

still all my song shall be,

yet in my dreams I’d be

angels to beckon me nearer my God, to thee,

so by my woes to be

still all my song shall be,

nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
Go to Dark Gethsemane

James Montgomery, 1820
Richard Redhead, 1853

1. Go to dark Geth-se-ma-ne, ye that feel the tempt-er's power;
   your re-deem-er's con-flict see, watch with him one bit-ter hour;
   turn not from his grieves a-way, learn of Je-sus Christ to pray.
   “It is fi-nished!” hear him cry; learn of Je-sus Christ to die.

2. Fol-low to the judg-men-t hall; view the Lord of life ar-raigned;
   O the worm wood and the gall! O the pangs his soul sus-tained!
   Shun not suf-fering, shame, or loss; learn of him to bear the cross.

3. Cal-vary's mourn-ful moun-tain climb; there, a-dor-ing at his feet,
   mark the mir-a-cle of time, God's own sac-ri-fice com-plete;
   "It is fi-nished!” hear him cry; learn of Je-sus Christ to die.