

CTiO

Churches Together in Oakham

Gathering at the Cross



Good Friday
3 April 2015

Gathering at the Cross

Hymn

1. 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.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the cross of Christ my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown!
4. 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: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
Music: Rockingham, melody Tunbridge from A Second Supplement to Psalmsody in Miniature c1780,
adapted by Edward Miller (1731-1807)*

Opening Prayers

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you,
because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

This is the wood of the cross,
on which hung the Saviour of the world.

Come, let us worship.

O Saviour of the world,
who by your cross and precious blood have redeemed us,
save us and help us, we humbly pray.

Reading – Matthew 27.45-54

Hymn

1. Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they crucified my Lord?
2. Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
3. Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they pierced him in the side?
4. Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when the sun refused to shine?
5. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Words: American Folk Hymn

*Music: American Folk Hymn, arranged by Francis Brotherton Westbrook (1903-1975)
(Ancient & Modern - 184)*

Prayers

Eternal God, in the cross of Jesus
we see the cost of our sin
and the depth of your love:
in humble hope and fear
may we place at his feet
all that we have and all that we are,
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

Let us pray for all those who suffer:
for those who are deprived and oppressed,
for all who are sick, for those in darkness,
in doubt and in despair, in loneliness and in fear,
for prisoners, captives and refugees,
for the victims of false accusations and violence,
for all at the point of death and those who watch beside them,
that God in his mercy will sustain them
with the knowledge of his love.

Lord, hear us.

Lord, graciously hear us.

Standing at the foot of the cross,
as our Saviour taught us, so we pray

**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.

Blessing

Christ crucified draw you to himself,
to find in him a sure ground for faith,
a firm support for hope,
and the assurance of sins forgiven;
And the blessing ☐ of God almighty,
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
be among you and remain with you always.

Amen.