

**GOOD FRIDAY online worship service**  
**April 10, 2020**

**GREETING**

**ELW 347 “Go to Dark Gethsemane”**

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane, all who feel the tempter's pow'r;  
your Redeemer's conflict see. Watch with him one bitter hour;  
turn not from his griefs away; learn from Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment hall, view the Lord of life arraigned;  
oh, the wormwood and the gall! Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss; learn from him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb; there, adoring at his feet,  
mark that miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete.  
"It is finished!" hear him cry; learn from Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb, where they laid his breathless clay;  
all is solitude and gloom. Who has taken him away?  
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes. Savior, teach us so to rise.

Text: James Montgomery, 1771-1854

**WORD**

**Isaiah 52:13 – 53:12**

- <sup>13</sup>See, my servant shall prosper;  
he shall be exalted and lifted up,  
and shall be very high.
- <sup>14</sup>Just as there were many who were astonished at him  
—so marred was his appearance, beyond human semblance,  
and his form beyond that of mortals—
- <sup>15</sup>so he shall startle many nations;  
kings shall shut their mouths because of him;  
for that which had not been told them they shall see,  
and that which they had not heard they shall contemplate.
- <sup>53:1</sup>Who has believed what we have heard?  
And to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?
- <sup>2</sup>For he grew up before him like a young plant,  
and like a root out of dry ground;  
he had no form or majesty that we should look at him,  
nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.
- <sup>3</sup>He was despised and rejected by others;  
a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity;  
and as one from whom others hide their faces  
he was despised, and we held him of no account.
- <sup>4</sup>Surely he has borne our infirmities  
and carried our diseases;

yet we accounted him stricken,  
struck down by God, and afflicted.  
<sup>5</sup>But he was wounded for our transgressions,  
crushed for our iniquities;  
upon him was the punishment that made us whole,  
and by his bruises we are healed.  
<sup>6</sup>All we like sheep have gone astray;  
we have all turned to our own way,  
and the Lord has laid on him  
the iniquity of us all.

<sup>7</sup>He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,  
yet he did not open his mouth;  
like a lamb that is led to the slaughter,  
and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent,  
so he did not open his mouth.

<sup>8</sup>By a perversion of justice he was taken away.  
Who could have imagined his future?  
For he was cut off from the land of the living,  
stricken for the transgression of my people.

<sup>9</sup>They made his grave with the wicked  
and his tomb with the rich,  
although he had done no violence,  
and there was no deceit in his mouth.

<sup>10</sup>Yet it was the will of the Lord to crush him with pain.  
When you make his life an offering for sin,  
he shall see his offspring, and shall prolong his days;  
through him the will of the Lord shall prosper.

<sup>11</sup>Out of his anguish he shall see light;  
he shall find satisfaction through his knowledge.  
The righteous one, my servant, shall make many righteous,  
and he shall bear their iniquities.

<sup>12</sup>Therefore I will allot him a portion with the great,  
and he shall divide the spoil with the strong;  
because he poured out himself to death,  
and was numbered with the transgressors;  
yet he bore the sin of many,  
and made intercession for the transgressors.

### **ELW 351 “O Sacred Head, Now Wounded” Verses 1,3,4**

- 1 O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,  
now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown;  
O sacred head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.
  
- 3 What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend,  
for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?  
Oh, make me thine forever, and should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

- 4 Lord, be my consolation; shield me when I must die;  
remind me of thy passion when my last hour draws nigh.  
These eyes, new faith receiving, from thee shall never move;  
for all who die believing die safely in thy love.

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676, based on Arnulf of Louvain, d. 1250; tr. composite

## **GOSPEL**

**John 18:33 – 38a** <sup>33</sup>Then Pilate entered the headquarters again, summoned Jesus, and asked him, “Are you the King of the Jews?” <sup>34</sup>Jesus answered, “Do you ask this on your own, or did others tell you about me?” <sup>35</sup>Pilate replied, “I am not a Jew, am I? Your own nation and the chief priests have handed you over to me. What have you done?” <sup>36</sup>Jesus answered, “My kingdom is not from this world. If my kingdom were from this world, my followers would be fighting to keep me from being handed over to the Jews. But as it is, my kingdom is not from here.” <sup>37</sup>Pilate asked him, “So you are a king?” Jesus answered, “You say that I am a king. For this I was born, and for this I came into the world, to testify to the truth. Everyone who belongs to the truth listens to my voice.” <sup>38</sup>Pilate asked him, “What is truth?”

## **MESSAGE**

Rev. John Hillmer

### **ELW 353 “Were You There” Verses 1,2,3,5**

- 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?
- 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?

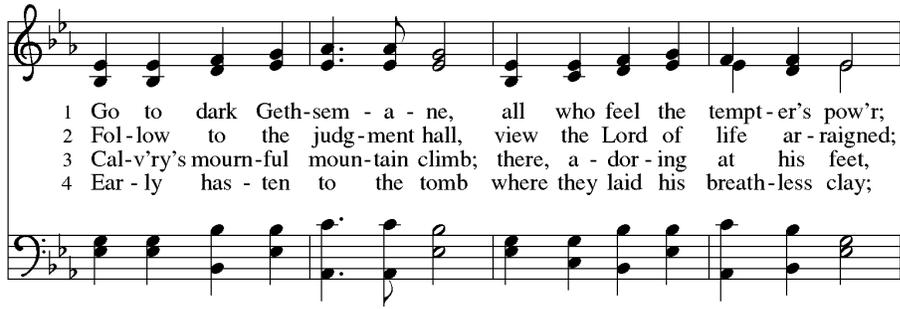
Text: African American spiritual

## **PRAYER attributed to ST. FRANCIS of ASSISI**

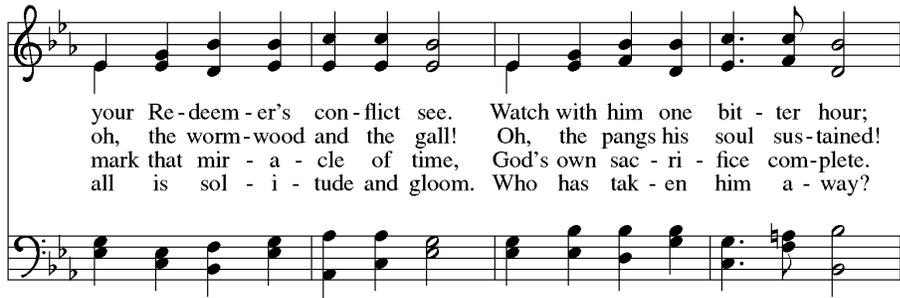
**C. Lord, make us instruments of your peace. Where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is discord, union; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy. Grant that we may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love. For it is in**

giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.  
**AMEN.**

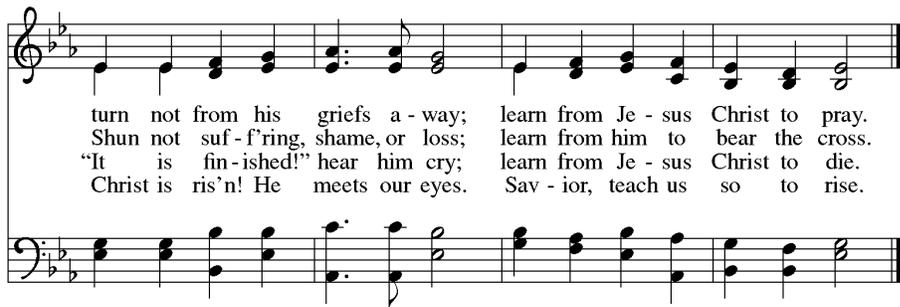
## Go to Dark Gethsemane



1 Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, all who feel the tempt - er's pow'r;  
 2 Fol - low to the judg - ment hall, view the Lord of life ar - raigned;  
 3 Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; there, a - dor - ing at his feet,  
 4 Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb where they laid his breath - less clay;



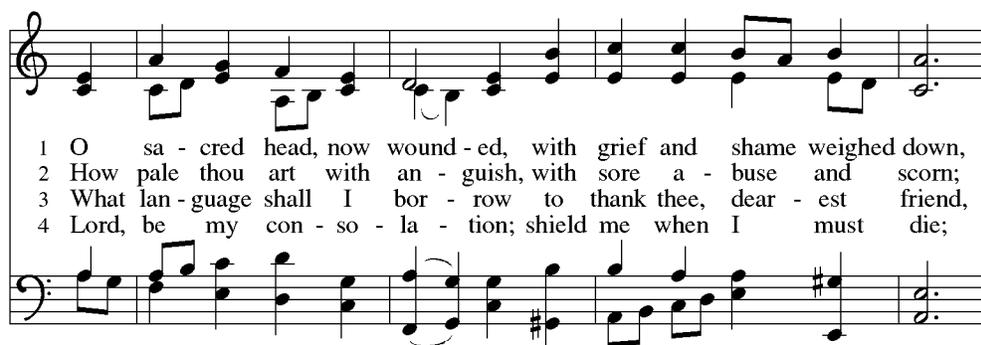
your Re - deem - er's con - flict see. Watch with him one bit - ter hour;  
 oh, the worm - wood and the gall! Oh, the pangs his soul sus - tained!  
 mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete.  
 all is sol - i - tude and gloom. Who has tak - en him a - way?



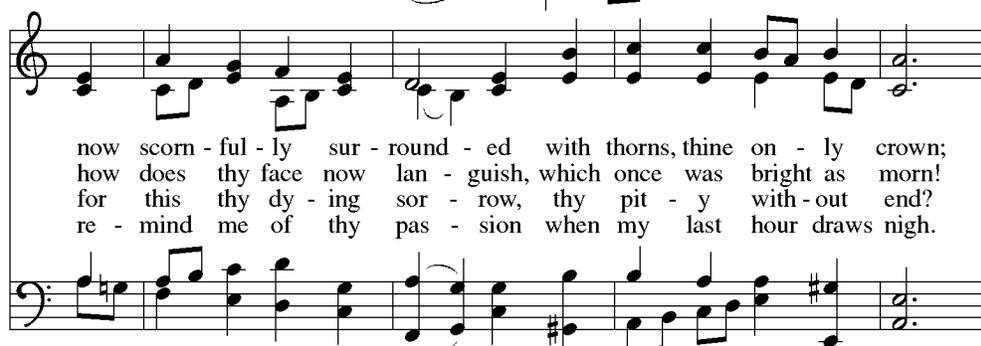
turn not from his griefs a - way; learn from Je - sus Christ to pray.  
 Shun not suf - f'ring, shame, or loss; learn from him to bear the cross.  
 "It is fin - ished!" hear him cry; learn from Je - sus Christ to die.  
 Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes. Sav - ior, teach us so to rise.

Text: James Montgomery, 1771-1854  
 Music: GETHSEMANE, Richard Redhead, 1820-1901

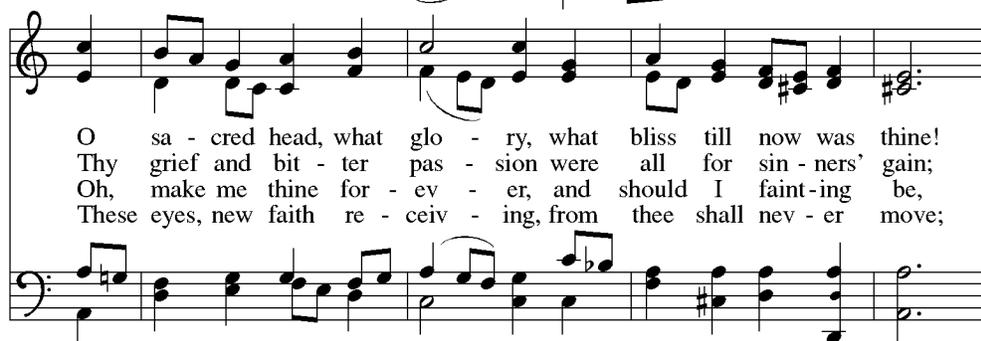
## O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,  
2 How pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn;  
3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,  
4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; shield me when I must die;



now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;  
how does thy face now lan - guish, which once was bright as morn!  
for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?  
re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.



O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!  
Thy grief and bit - ter pas - sion were all for sin - ners' gain;  
Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing be,  
These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, from thee shall nev - er move;



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.  
mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.  
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.  
for all who die be - liev - ing die safe - ly in thy love.

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676, based on Arnulf of Louvain, d. 1250; tr. composite  
Music: HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN, German melody, c. 1500; adapt. Hans Leo Hassler, 1564–1612;  
arr. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750

# Were You There

1 Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you there?  
 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
 3 Were you there when they pierced him in the side?  
 4 Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?  
 5 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you there?  
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
 Were you there when they pierced him in the side?  
 Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?  
 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?

*Refrain*

Oh, some-times it caus-es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble.

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you there?  
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
 Were you there when they pierced him in the side?  
 Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?  
 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?

Text: African American spiritual  
 Music: WERE YOU THERE, African American spiritual  
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