



INDEPENDENT
Presbyterian Church

A NEW PEOPLE. A NEW MEMPHIS.

GOOD FRIDAY

THE TENTH DAY OF APRIL, TWO THOUSAND AND TWENTY
Twelve O'clock

Seven Sayings of Jesus from the Cross

CHIMING OF THE NOON HOUR

PROLOGUE: LUKE 23:18-25

The Reverend Mike Malone

INVOCATION

HYMN NO. 247

“O Sacred Head, Now Wounded”

Van Oliver, John Chase, James Brown, and Harrison Howle, Men's Quartet
Arron Powell, Violin Michelle Crews, Piano

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.

What thou, my Lord, has 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.

What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest Friend,
for this, thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever; and should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

“Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.”

READING 1: LUKE 23:26-34

The Reverend Parker Tenent

HYMN NO. 248

“Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended”

Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended,
that man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected, O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee: I crucified thee.

Lo, the Good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;
the slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffered:
for man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth, God intercedeth.

For me, kind Jesus, was thine incarnation,
thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation:
thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion, for my salvation.

Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee,
think on thy pity and thy love unswerving, not my deserving.

“Today you will be with me in paradise.”

READING 2: Luke 23:35-43

The Reverend Jeremy Jones

HYMN NO. 253

“There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood”

There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
and sinners, plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains:
lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains;
and sinners, plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day;
and there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins away:
washed all my sins away, washed all my sins away;
and there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins away.

E’er since by faith I saw the stream your flowing wounds supply,
redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die:
and shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;
redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song I’ll sing your pow’r to save,
when this poor lispings, stamm’ring tongue lies silent in the grave:
lies silent in the grave, lies silent in the grave;
when this poor lispings, stamm’ring tongue lies silent in the grave.

Dear dying Lamb, your precious blood shall never lose its pow’r,
till all the ransomed church of God be saved to sin no more:
be saved to sin no more, be saved to sin no more;
till all the ransomed church of God be saved to sin no more.

“Woman, behold, your son!”

READING 3: John 19:23-27

The Reverend Mike Malone

HYMN NO. 251

“Beneath the Cross of Jesus”

Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand,
the shadow of a mighty Rock within a weary land;
a home within the wilderness, a rest upon the way,
from the burning of the noontide heat and the burden of the day.

Upon the cross of Jesus mine eye at times can see
the very dying form of One who suffered there for me:
and from my stricken heart with tears two wonders I confess,
the wonders of redeeming love and my unworthiness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow for my abiding place:
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of his face;
content to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss;
my sinful self my only shame, my glory all the cross.

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

READING 4: Matthew 27:45-49

The Reverend Parker Tenent

SILENT MEDITATION

HYMN NO. 254

“Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed”

Alas! and did my Savior bleed, and did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I!

Was it for crimes that I had done he groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut his glories in,
when Christ, the mighty Maker, died for man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face while his dear cross appears;
dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt mine eyes in tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe;
here, Lord, I give myself away, 'tis all that I can do.

“I thirst.”

“It is finished.”

READING 5: John 19:28-20

The Reverend Jeremy Jones

SILENT MEDITATION

HYMN NO. 246 (verses 1-4)

“Man of Sorrows! What a Name”

Man of Sorrows! what a name for the Son of God, who came
ruined sinners to reclaim: Hallelujah! what a Savior!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude, in my place condemned he stood,
sealed my pardon with his blood: Hallelujah! what a Savior!

Guilty, vile, and helpless, we; spotless Lamb of God was he;
full atonement! can it be? Hallelujah! what a Savior!

Lifted up was he to die, “It is finished!” was his cry;
now in heav’n exalted high: Hallelujah! what a Savior!

“Into your hands I commend my spirit.”

READING 6: Luke 23:44-55

Dr. Sean Michael Lucas

HYMN NO. 252

“When I Survey the Wondrous Cross”

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.

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?

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.

BENEDICTION



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