

MAUNDY THURSDAY 7.30pm

Call to Worship

272

From heaven you came, helpless babe,
Entered our world, your glory veiled;
Not to be served but to serve,
And give your life that we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow him,
To bring our lives as a daily offering
Of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears,
My heavy load he chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not my will but yours,' he said.

Come, see his hands and his feet,
The scars that speak of sacrifice,
Hands that flung stars into space
To cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve,
And in our lives enthrone him;
Each other's needs to prefer,
For it is Christ we're serving.

Prayer

John 13:1-13

Foot Washing – an act of humility

611

Brother, sister, let me serve you;
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace to
let you be my servant too.

We are pilgrims on a journey,
and companions on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
in the night time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping;
when you laugh I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow,
till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven,
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, sister, let me serve you;
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace to
let you be my servant too.

1 Corinthians 11:23-26

Holy Communion – an act of remembrance

585

God, whose love is all around us,
who in Jesus sought and found us,
who to freedom new unbound us,
keep our hearts with joy aflame

For the sacramental breaking,
for the honour of partaking,
for your life, our lives re-making,
young and old, we praise your name.

From the service of this table,
lead us to a life more stable,
for our witness make us able;
blessings on our work we claim.

Through our calling closely knitted,
daily to your praise committed,
for a life of service fitted,
let us now your love proclaim.

Matthew 26:36-36

Gethsemane –an act in isolation

Prayers

289

When my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless One,
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my will to love grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe.

There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith;
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

And I praise with firmer faith
Christ who vanquished pain and death;
And to Christ enthroned above
Raise my song of selfless love

Matthew 26:47-50

Benediction

GOOD FRIDAY 10am

Poem The Tree

277

My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.

O who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh and die?

He came from His blest throne,
Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.
But O my Friend,

My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend!

Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!"
is all their breath,
And for His death
they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
and 'gainst him rise.

They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
to suffering goes,
That He His foes
from thence might free.

In life no house, no home,
My Lord on earth might have;
In death no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heav'n was his home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein he lay.

Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King!
Never was grief like Thine.

This is my Friend,
in Whose sweet praise
I all my days
could gladly spend.

Prayer

Matt 27:11-26

Pilate

Come and see, come and see
Come and see the King of love
See the purple robe and crown of thorns he wears.

Soldiers mock, rulers sneer
As he lifts the cruel cross;
Lone and friendless now he climbs towards the hill.

*We worship at your feet,
Where wrath and mercy meet,
And a guilty world is washed
By love's pure stream.
For us he was made sin
Oh, help me take it in.
Deep wounds of love cry out 'Father, forgive.'
I worship, I worship
The Lamb who was slain.*

Come and weep, come and mourn
For your sin that pierced him there;
So much deeper than the wounds of thorn and nail.
All our pride, all our greed,
All our fallenness and shame;
And the Lord has laid the punishment on him.

Man of heaven, born to earth
To restore us to your heaven.
Here we bow in awe beneath
Your searching eyes.
From your tears comes our joy,

From your death our life shall spring;
By your resurrection power we shall rise.

Matt 27:45-50

It is finished

Poem At the cross

285

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?

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?

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?

Were you there when God raised him from the dead?
Were you there when god raised him from the dead?
Oh!
Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble
Were you there when they raised him from the dead?

Prayers

287

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?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Benediction

Easter Day service at 10.30am