

# Good Friday Open Air Service 2019

## Opening

O Lord our God:

**All We will praise you with all heart**

O Lord our God:

**All We will proclaim your greatness  
for ever**

O Lord our God:

**All you have saved us,  
from the grave itself.**

**1 Crown him with many crowns,**  
the Lamb upon his throne;  
hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
all music but its own:  
awake, my soul, and sing  
of him who died for thee,  
and hail him as thy matchless King  
through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of love:  
behold his hands and side,  
those wounds yet visible above  
in beauty glorified!  
no angel in the sky  
can fully bear that sight,  
but downward bends his burning eye  
at mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of years,  
the Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
ineffably sublime.  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
for thou hast died for me;  
thy praise shall never, never fail  
throughout eternity.

## Reading 1 Palm Sunday

**2 All glory, laud, and honour**  
to thee, Redeemer, King,  
to whom the lips of children  
make sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,  
thou David's royal Son  
who in the Lord name comest,  
the King and blessed one:  
*All glory, laud, and honour...*

The people of the Hebrews  
with palms before thee went:  
our praise and prayer and anthems  
before thee we present:  
*All glory, laud, and honour...*

Thou didst accept their praise,  
accept the prayers we bring,  
who in all good delightest,  
thou good and gracious King:  
*All glory, laud, and honour ...*

## Reading 2 Gethsemane

**3 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.  
*This is our God...*

Come see His hands and His feet,  
the scars that speak of sacrifice;  
hands that flung stars into space  
to cruel nails surrendered.  
*This is our God...*

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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.  
*This is our God...*

## Reading 3 Crucifixion

**4** **There is a green hill far away,**  
without a city wall,  
where the dear Lord was crucified,  
who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,  
what pains he had to bear,  
but we believe it was for us  
he hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
he died to make us good,  
that we might go at last to heaven,  
saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
to pay the price of sin;  
he only could unlock the gate  
of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,  
and we must love him too,  
and trust in his redeeming blood,  
and try his works to do.

## Reading 4 Resurrection

**5** **Jesus lives! thy terrors now**  
can, O death, no more appal us;  
Jesus lives! by this we know  
thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
but the gate of life immortal:  
this shall calm our trembling breath,  
when we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! to him the throne  
over all the world is given:  
may we go where he is gone,  
rest and reign with him in heaven.  
Alleluia.

## Prayers

... for we believe  
**All Christ has died**  
**Christ is risen**  
**Christ will come again**

**6** Thine be the glory, risen, conquering  
Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death  
hast won;  
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone  
away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body  
lay.  
*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;  
let the church with gladness hymns of  
triumph sing,  
for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its  
sting:  
*Thine be the glory...*

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of  
Life;  
life is naught without thee: aid us in our strife;  
make us more than conquerors through thy  
deathless love;  
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home  
above:  
*Thine be the glory...*

## Blessing