



CHRIST THE KING
— PRESBYTERIAN —

GOOD FRIDAY – MARCH 29, 2024

WELCOME and READING #1

Mark 14:32-52:

Jesus Prays in Gethsemane

OPENING PRAYER

READING #2

Mark 14:53-65:
Jesus before the Council

“O, the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus”

by Samuel Trevor Francis

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free!
Rolling as a mighty ocean,
In its fullness over me!

Underneath me, all around me,
Is the current of Thy love
Leading onward, leading homeward
To my glorious rest above!

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Spread His praise from shore to shore!
How He loveth, ever loveth,
Changeth never, nevermore!

How He watches o'er His loved ones
Died to call them all His own
How for them He intercedeth
Watches over them from the throne

O the deep deep love of Jesus
Love of every love the best
'Tis an ocean vast of blessing
'Tis a haven sweet of rest

O the deep deep love of Jesus
'Tis a heaven of heavens to me
And it lifts me up to glory
For it lifts me up to Thee

READING #3

Mark 14:66-72:
Peter Denies Jesus

“What Wondrous Love is This”

by Alexander Means and Mary McDonald

What wondrous love is this,
O my soul, O my soul,
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!

What wondrous love is this,
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul,
For my soul,
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, sinking down.

When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul,
For my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb I will sing.

To God and to the Lamb,
Who is the great “I Am,”
While millions join the theme, I will sing,
I will sing,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.

And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity I'll sing on,
I'll sing on,
And through eternity I'll sing on.

READING #4

Mark 15:1-20:
Jesus Delivered to Pilate

“Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed”

by Isaac Watts

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 sins 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 my eyes with 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.

Alas! and did my Savior bleed
And did my Sovereign die?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree

READING #5

Mark 15:21-32:
The Crucifixion

“When I Survey the Wondrous Cross”

by Isaac Watts

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 ever such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown

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

READING #6

Mark 15:33-41:
The Death of Jesus

READING #7

Mark 15:42-47:
Jesus is Buried

“O Sacred Head, Now Wounded”

*by Hans Leo Hassler, Paul Gerhardt,
and Travis Cottre*

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 me to 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



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