

## Holy Week Service of Tenebrae April 9, 2020 – 7:00 p.m.

Welcome and Instructions

*Beneath the Cross of Jesus* UMH #297 Vs. 1

Maundy Thursday Meditation

Lord is it I? Matthew 26: 17-29 Extinguish Candle #1

Alone in the Garden Matthew 26: 30-46 Extinguish Candle #2

Betrayed and Denied Matthew 26: 47-75 Extinguish Candle #3

*O Sacred Head, Now Wounded* UMH #286

Crucifixion Matthew 17: 1-2, 11-44 Extinguish Candle #4

Death on the Cross Matthew 27: 45-54 Extinguish Candle #5

*When I Survey the Wondrous Cross* UMH # 298

Burial in the Tomb Matthew 27: 57-66 Extinguish Candle #6

*Were You There?* UMH #288

Darkness & Silence

*What Wondrous Love is This* UMH #292 Vs. 1 & 2

Closing Prayer

**All: But even in the dark and desolate silence of the tomb, God has not deserted us. Even now we have the hope that was promised by the prophets and fulfilled in that Christmas manger in Bethlehem. The Christ candle that was the center of our Advent wreath reminds us that in all times and in all circumstances, when it seems we have been abandoned and forsaken even by God, we are not alone. God is with us.**

Stripping of the Altar

Benediction

***Beneath the Cross of Jesus* UMH #297 Vs. 1**

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.

Words: Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872. Music: Frederick C. Maker, 1881.

***O Sacred Head, Now Wounded* UMH #286**

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down, now scornfully surrounded with thorns thine only crown: how ale thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn! How does that visage languish which once was bright as morn!

What thou, my Lord, hast 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 tis 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.

Words: Anon. Latin; trans. by Paul Gerhardt, 1656 and James W. Alexander, 1830. Music: Hans L. Hassler, 1601; harm. by J. S. Bach, 1729.

***When I Survey the Wondrous Cross* UMH # 298**

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 an offering far too small; love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707. Music: Anon.; arr. by Edward Miller, 1790

***Were You There?***

**UMH #288**

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (were you there)

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (were you there)

Oh! sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
(were you there)

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? (were you there)

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? (were you there)

Oh! sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they nailed him to the  
tree? (were you there)

Were you there when they pierced him in the side? (were you there)

Were you there when they pierced him in the side? (were you there)

Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they pierced him in the  
side? (were you there)

Were you there when the sun refused to shine? (were you there)

Were you there when the sun refused to shine? (were you there)

Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when the sun refused to shine?  
(were you there)

Were you there when they laid in the tomb? (were you there)

Were you there when they laid in the tomb? (were you there)

Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they laid in the tomb?  
(were you there)

Words & Music: Afro-American spiritual; adapted and arranged by William Farley Smith, 1986

***What Wondrous Love is This***

**UMH #292 Vs. 1 & 2**

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.

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 life to lay aside hi crown for my soul, for my soul, to lay  
aside his crown for my soul.

Words & Music: USA folk hymn.