

Loch Raven Presbyterian Church

Good Friday Service, April 2, 2021

Welcome

Scripture Reading [Isaiah 53:4-7](#)

*Worship Song "Lord from Sorrows Deep I Call"

Scripture Reading [Matthew 26:30-46](#)

Prayer

Scripture Reading [Matthew 26:47-56](#)

*Hymn #257 "Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted"

Scripture Reading [Psalm 22:1-18](#)

Offertory Prayer

Offertory Special Music: "Always Good" by Andrew Peterson
Josh and Rachel Stenger

*Offertory Response #731 "Doxology"

**Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
praise him, all creatures here below;
praise him above, ye heav'nly host:
praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.**

Scripture Reading [Matthew 26:57-75](#)

*Hymn # 247 "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded"

Scripture Reading [John 18:28-40](#)

*Hymn # 251 "Beneath the Cross of Jesus"

Scripture Reading [John 19:1-16](#)

Prayer

Scripture Reading [Luke 23:26-56](#)

Sermon "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit"
Rev. David Milligan

Special Music "God Rested" by Andrew Peterson
Praise Team

Benediction

Please leave the sanctuary in silence.

We welcome our brothers and sisters from Aisquith PCA who are joining us this evening in worship of our Lord. A special thank you to Senior Pastor Rev. Bob Bell and Assistant Pastor Rev. John Ceselsky for their support of our joint worship services.

Lord from Sorrows Deep I Call

Verse 1

Lord from sorrows deep I call
When my hope is shaken
Torn and ruined from the fall
Hear my desperation
For so long I've pled and prayed
God come to my rescue
Even so the thorn remains
Still my heart will praise You

Verse 2

Storms within my troubled soul
Questions without answers
On my faith these billows roll
God be now my shelter
Why are you cast down my soul
Hope in Him who saves you
When the fires have all grown cold
Cause this heart to praise You

Chorus

Oh my soul put your hope in God
My help my rock I will praise Him
Sing oh sing through the raging storm
You're still my God my salvation

Verse 3

Should my life be torn from me
Every worldly pleasure
When all I possess is grief
God be then my treasure
Be my vision in the night
Be my hope and refuge
'Til my faith is turned to sight
Lord my heart will praise You

Chorus

Oh my soul put your hope in God
My help my rock I will praise Him
Sing oh sing through the raging storm
You're still my God my salvation

End

Oh my soul put your hope in God
My help my rock I will praise Him
Sing oh sing through the raging storm
You're still my God my salvation

257

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

We considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4

1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, see him dy - ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear him groan - ing, was there ev - er grief like his?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly nor sup - pose the e - vil great
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, here the ref - uge of the lost;

'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!
 Friends thro' fear his cause dis - own - ing, foes in - sult - ing his dis - tress;
 here may view its na - ture right - ly, here its guilt may es - ti - mate.
 Christ's the Rock of our sal - va - tion, his the name of which we boast.

'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Proph - et, Da - vid's son, yet Da - vid's Lord;
 man - y hands were raised to wound him, none would in - ter - pose to save;
 Mark the sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, see who bears the aw - ful load;
 Lamb of God, for sin - ners wound - ed, sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!

by his Son God now has spo - ken: 'tis the true and faith - ful Word.
 but the deep - est stroke that pierced him was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.
 'tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
 None shall ev - er be con - found - ed who on him their hope have built.

247

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

He was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities. Is. 53:5

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down;
 2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain:
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est Friend,

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
 for this, thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 look on me with thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.

251

Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Each man will be like a shelter from the wind and a refuge from the storm, like streams of water in the desert and the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land. Is. 32:2

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow for my a - bid - ing place:

the shad - ow of a might - y Rock with - in a wea - ry land;
 the ver - y dy - ing form of One who suf - fered there for me;
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than the sun - shine of his face;

a home with - in the wil - der - ness, a rest up - on the way,
 and from my strick - en heart with tears two won - ders I con - fess,
 con - tent to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss;

from the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat and the bur - den of the day.
 the won - ders of re - deem - ing love and my un - wor - thi - ness.
 my sin - ful self my on - ly shame, my glo - ry all the cross.