

Reflections at the Cross

Good Friday 2020

Meditations and Music at the Cross



You are invited to use this order of service with the recorded service on the church website.

Feel free to pause it at any time to allow space for your own reflections.

Do join in with the hymns or follow the words in silence.

You may also like to set up your own focus with perhaps a cross (home-made?) and candle and any other items that help you reflect.

We are most grateful to Rhidian Jones for allowing us to use his recorded pieces below, and for recording the hymn tunes for us.

Song

Stay with me,
Remain here with me.
Watch and pray,
Watch and pray.

Rizza

Poem *A quiet roar, Veronica Zundel*

You may choose to pause here, or reflect during the music that follows

Organ *J S Bach, O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde groß BWV 622*
(*'Mankind, bewail thy grievous sin'*)

Prayer

Hymn

There is a green hill far away,
outside 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.

Cecil Frances Alexander

Poem From: A little Anthology of the Passion, *Julian of Norwich*

You may choose to pause here, or reflect during the music that follows

Organ *Buxtehude*, O Haupt voll blut und wunden
(O Sacred head, sore wounded')

Prayer

Hymn

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 a present far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts

Poem From 'the Dream of the Rood', Anon, *Anglo-Saxon*

You may choose to pause here, or reflect during the music that follows

Organ *J S Bach, Da Jesus an dem Kreuze stund BWV 621*
(*'There Jesus hung upon the cross'*)

Prayer

Hymn

It is a thing most wonderful,
almost too wonderful to be,
that God's own Son should come from heaven,
and die to save a child like me.

It is most wonderful to know
his love for me so free and sure;
but 'tis more wonderful to see
my love for him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love thee, Lord!
O light the flame within my heart,
and I will love thee more and more,
until I see thee as thou art.

W. Walsham How

Poem *Dead and Buried, Elizabeth Rooney*

Song *In manus tuas Pater (Into your hands, Father)*