

HYMN

Go to dark Gethsemane

#171

1 Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, ye that feel the tempt-er's power;
 2 Fol - low to the judg - ment hall; view the Lord of life ar-raigned;
 3 Cal-vay's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; there, a - dor - ing at his feet,

your Re-deem - er's con - flict see, watch with him one bit - ter hour;
 O the worm-wood and the gall! O the pangs his soul sus - tained!
 mark the mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete;

turn not from his griefs a - way, learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
 Shun not suf - fering, shame, or loss; learn of him to bear the cross.
 "It is fi - nished!" hear him cry; learn of Je - sus Christ to die.

Words: James Montgomery (1771-1854) Music: *Petra*, Richard Redhead (1820-1901)

OPENING HYMN

Let thy Blood in mercy poured

#313

1 Let thy Blood in mer - cy poured, let thy gra - cious
 2 Thou didst die that I might live; bless - ed Lord, thou
 3 By the thorns that crowned thy brow, by the spear-wound
 4 Wilt thou own the gift I bring? All my pen - i -

Bo - dy bro - ken, be to me, O gra - cious Lord,
 cam'st to save me; all that love of God could give
 and the nail - ing, by the pain and death, I now
 tence I give thee; thou art my ex - alt - ed King,

Refrain

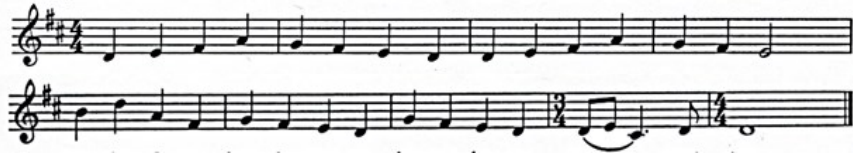
of thy bound-less love the to - ken.
 Jes - us by his sor - rows gave me. Thou didst give thy -
 claim, O Christ, thy love un - fail - ing.
 of thy match-less love for - give me.

self for me, now I give my - self to thee.

Words: John Brownlie (1859-1925) Music: *Jesus, meine Zuversicht*, melody Johann Cruger (1598-1662); harm. after *The Chorale Book for England*, 1863

HYMN DURING THE WASHING OF FEET

The Servant Song



Will you let me be your servant, let me be as Christ to you?
Pray that I might have the grace to let you be my servant, too.

We are pilgrims on a journey, we are trav'lers on the road,
We are here to help each other walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you in the nighttime of your fear.
I will hold my hand out to you, speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping, when you laugh, I'll laugh with you.
I will share your joy and sorrow 'til we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven, we shall find such harmony,
Born of all we've known together of Christ's love and agony.

Will you let me be your servant, let me be as Christ to you?
Pray that I might have the grace to let you be my servant, too.

OFFERTORY HYMN Now, my tongue, the mystery telling #331

vv. 1-4

TUNE: *St. Thomas*



1 Now, my tongue, the myst'ry telling of the glorious body sing,
and the blood, all price excelling, which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
once on earth among us dwelling, shed for this world's ransoming.

2 Giv'n for us, and condescending to be born for us below,
he with us in converse blending dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
till he closed with wondrous ending his most patient life of woe.

3 That last night at supper lying mid the twelve, his chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying, keeps the feast its rites demand;
then, more precious food supplying, gives himself with his own hand.

4 Word made flesh, the bread he taketh, by his word his flesh to be;
wine his sacred blood he maketh, though the senses fail to see;
faith alone the true heart waketh to behold the mystery.