

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD

What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

**O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.**

For my pardon, this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain

LOWRY

Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain

This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain

Glory! Glory! This I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain

Written by Robert Lowry (1876) - Public Domain

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross
Where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

**So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.**

Oh that old rugged cross,
So despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God
Left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

Refrain

BENNARD

In that old rugged cross,
Stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see,
For 'twas on that old cross
Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

Refrain

To the old rugged cross
I will ever be true;
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day
To my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.

Refrain

Written by George Bennard (1912) – Public Domain



GOOD FRIDAY

THE GATHERING CHURCH

The Gathering Church is a group of people who has been gathered (and is being gathered) together by God. Our primary aims are to be present to God in our worship, connected to each other in our relationships, and engaged in loving and serving the world. Special services like this one seek to do each of the above, forming a living, worshiping, loving, creative Body of people transformed by God's love in Jesus Christ and by the movement of the Holy Spirit.

The Gathering Church meets each Sunday morning at 10:30 at Creekside Elementary School in Southwest Durham. Join us for worship and stay for a weekly potluck meal. Kids are very welcomed, and children's programs are available for infants through middle school age.

Join us this Sunday, April 8th at 10:30am to experience the second part of tonight's story: Jesus's resurrection and victory over death. As part of our Easter celebration we'll share a fellowship lunch and have an Easter Egg hunt on the grounds for the kids.



www.allgather.org

Cover artwork: William Blake "The Trinity" (sketch)

Poem: Scott Cairns, from *Love's Immensity: Mystics on the Endless Life* (1997)

Scripture readings: New International Version

Music printed with permission: CCLI# #14556

By oppression and judgment he was taken away. Yet who of his generation protested? For he was cut off from the land of the living; for the transgression of my people he was punished.

Yet it was the LORD'S will to crush him and cause him to suffer, and though the LORD makes his life an offering for sin, he will see his offspring and prolong his days, and the will of the LORD will prosper in his hand.

Therefore I will give him a portion among the great, and he will divide the spoils with the strong, because he poured out his life unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors.

He was assigned a grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death, though he had done no violence, nor was any deceit in his mouth.

After he has suffered, he will see the light of life and be satisfied; by his knowledge my righteous servant will justify many, and he will bear their iniquities.

For he bore the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

REFLECTION

LORD'S SUPPER

As a people forgiven and reconciled to God and each other by the Christ Jesus, let us remember and be re-membered by taking of the Lord's Supper together at this time.

COMMUNION SONG: ON A CROSS, ON A HILL

MARTIN

The night before You died, we gathered by Your side,
As You broke the bread and shared the cup of wine.
And then you took a towel,
The King of Love knelt down,
And You washed the feet of sinners You would save.
On a cross, on a hill, where You laid Your body still,
As they drove the nails into the Son of God.

Our minds could not behold,
What prophets had foretold,
That the Son of Man must suffer many things
On me You fixed your gaze,
In love You took my place,
As You struggled 'long the road of agony.
To a cross, to a hill, where You laid Your body still,
As they drove the nails into the Son of God.

The firstborn and the last, equality not grasped,
As the Son of God chose death upon a cross.
Your suffering was my gain,
Your dying breath the gate,
Op'ning wide the Kingdom and the Father's heart.
On a cross, on a hill, where You laid Your body still,
As I drove the nails into the Son of God.

And now in love He's raised,
To Heaven's highest place.
O let ev'ry tongue confess that 'Christ is Lord'
Come sinners, rebels, lost,
Come just the way we are,
Heaven looks on Him, and not what we have done.
On a cross, on a hill, where You laid Your body still,
So that everyone could be a Son of God.

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"I AM THIRSTY."

Text from John 19:28-42

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

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.

Lyrics by Isaac Watts (1707). Music by Lowell Mason (1824).

WATTS/MASON

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.

RESPONSIVE READING: THE SUFFERING SERVANT

Who has believed our message and to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?

He grew up before him like a tender shoot, and like a root out of dry ground. He had no beauty or majesty to attract us to him, nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.

ISAIAH 53

Surely he took up our pain and bore our suffering, yet we considered him punished by God, stricken by him, and afflicted. But he was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was on him, and by his wounds we are healed.

He was oppressed and afflicted, yet he did not open his mouth; he was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before its shearers is silent, so he did not open his mouth.

We all, like sheep, have gone astray, each of us has turned to our own way; and the LORD has laid on him the iniquity of us all.

The earth trembled; its foundations shook like silt; the sun, chagrined, fled the scene, and every mundane element scattered in retreat. The day became the night: for light could not endure the image of the Master hanging on a tree.

All creation was astonished, perplexed and stammering, *What new mystery is this? The Judge is judged, and yet He holds his peace; the Invisible One is utterly exposed, and yet is not ashamed; the Incomprehensible is grasped, and will not turn indignant; the Immensity is circumscribed, and acquiesces; the absolutely Unattainable suffers, and yet does not avenge; the Immortal dies, and utters not a word; the Celestial is pressed into the earthen grave, and He endures! What new mystery is this?*

The whole creation, I say, was astonished; but, when our Lord stood up in Hades— trampling death underfoot, subduing the strong one, setting every captive free— then all creation saw clearly that for its sake the Judge was condemned, et cetera. For our Lord, even when He deigned to be born, was condemned in order that He might show mercy, was bound that He might loose, was seized that He might release, suffered that He might show compassion, died that He might give life, was laid in the grave that He might rise, might raise.

-Scott Cairns, *How It Was*

WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD?

TRADITIONAL

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

Were you there when they nailed him to a tree?
 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

19th Century African-American Spiritual

“WHO IS IT YOU WANT?”

Text from John 18:1-14

WHAT WONDROUS LOVE IS THIS

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

Lyrics by Alexander Means. Music by William Walker (1835).

“YOU ALSO AREN’T ONE OF THIS MAN’S DISCIPLES TOO, ARE YOU?”

Text from John 18:15-27

UP ON A MOUNTAIN

Up on a mountain our LORD is alone
 Without a family, friends, or a home

He cries, “Oh, Oh, Oh, will you stay with me?”
He cries, “Oh, Oh, Oh, will you wait with me?”

Up on a mountain our Lord is afraid
 Carrying all the mistakes we have made.

Written by Vito Aiuto ©2008 New Jerusalem Music CCLI #14556

“ARE YOU THE KING OF THE JEWS?”

Text from John 18:28-40

MEANS/WALKER

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.

AUTO

And he knew, it’s a long way down.
Do you know, it’s a long way down?

Up in the heavens our Lord prays for you
 He sent His Spirit to carry us through

So it’s true, that you’re not alone.
Do you know, He came all the way down?

NEVER SAID A MUMBLIN’ WORD

TRADITIONAL

They led him to Pilate's bar
 Not a word, not a word, not a word
 They led him to Pilate's bar
 But he never said a mumblin' word
 Not a word, not a word, not a word

They all cried, "Crucify!"
 Not a word, not a word, not a word
 They all cried, "Crucify!"

19th Century African-American Spiritual

But he never said a mumblin' word
 Not a word, not a word, not a word
 We nailed him on to a tree
 Not a word, not a word, not a word
 We nailed him on to a tree
 But he never said a mumblin' word
 Not a word, not a word, not a word

“SHALL I CRUCIFY YOUR KING?”

Text from John 19:1-16

ST. BERNARD/HASSLER

O SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED

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, 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.

Words by St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1153) Music “Passion Chorale” by Hans Hassler (1601) – Public Domain

JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

Text from John 19:16-27

LELAND/POCTA

THE DAY IS PAST AND GONE

The day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 Oh may we all remember well,
 The night of death is near.

Words by John Leland (1772) Music by Benj Pocta (2011) Arrangement ©2011 New York Hymns

We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest:
 So death will soon disrobe us all,
 Of what we here possess.