

Stevenston Churches of Scotland
Friday 29th March 2024
Rev. Scott Cameron
Rev. John Carrick
Good Friday @ The High Kirk

Hymn 1

Oh, to see the dawn of the darkest day;

Christ on the road to Calvary;
tried by sinful men, torn and beaten then,
nailed to a cross of wood.

*This the pow'r of the cross;
Christ became sin for us;
took the blame, bore the wrath.
We stand forgiven at the cross.*

Oh, to see the pain written on your face,
bearing the awesome weight of sin;
ev'ry bitter thought, ev'ry evil deed,
crowning your blood-stained brow.
This the pow'r...

Now the daylight flees,
now the ground beneath
quakes as its maker bows his head,
curtain torn in two, dead are raised to
life;
'Finished!' the vict'ry cry.
This the pow'r...

Oh, to see my name written in the wounds,
for through your suffering I am free;
death is crushed to death, life is mine to
live;
won through your selfless love.

*This the pow'r of the cross;
Son of God – slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross.*

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Hymn 2 MP 988

How deep the Father's love for us,
how vast beyond all measure,
that He should give His only Son
to make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss –
the Father turns His face away,
as wounds which mar the chosen one
bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,
my sin upon His shoulders;
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
cry out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life –
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer,
but this I know with all my heart,
His wounds have paid my ransom.

Stuart Townend
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Hymn 3 MP 31

Amazing grace – how sweet the sound –
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we've first begun.

John Newton (1725-1807)

Hymn 4

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I find a place to stand;
and wonder at such mercy
that calls me as I am.
For hands that should discard me,
hold wounds which tell me 'Come'.
Beneath the cross of Jesus
my unworthy soul is won.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
His family is my own;
Once strangers chasing selfish dreams,
now one through grace alone.
How could I now dishonour
the ones that You have loved?
Beneath the cross of Jesus
see the children called by God.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
the path before the crown;
we follow in His foot steps
where promised hope is found.
How great the joy before us
to be His perfect bride.
Beneath the cross of Jesus
we will gladly live our lives.

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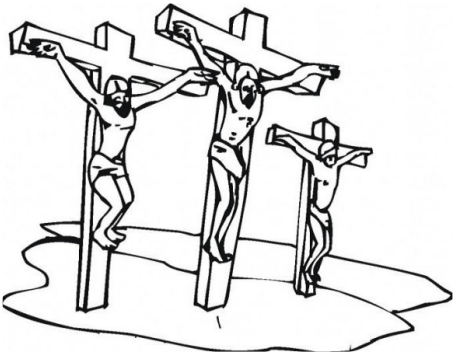
Hymn 5 MP 12

All hail the Lamb enthroned on high,

His praise shall be our battle cry.
He reigns victorious, for ever glorious,
His name is Jesus, He is the Lord.

Dave Bilbrough

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Hymn 6 MP 85

Come and see, come and see,

come and see the King of love;
see the purple robe
and crown of thorns He wears.
Soldiers mock, rulers sneer
as He lifts the cruel cross;
lone and friendless now,
He climbs towards the hill.

*We worship at Your feet,
where wrath and mercy meet,
and a guilty world is washed
by love's pure stream.*

*For us He was made sin –
oh, help me take it in.*

*Deep wounds of love cry out,
'Father forgive.'*

*I worship, I worship
the Lamb who was slain.*

Come and weep, come and mourn
for your sin that pierced Him there;
so much deeper than the wounds of thorn
and nail.

All our pride, all our greed,
all our fallenness and shame;
and the Lord has laid the punishment on
Him.

We worship at Your feet...

Man of heaven, born to earth
to restore us to Your heaven.
Here we bow in awe beneath Your
searching eyes.

From Your tears comes our joy,
from Your death our life shall spring;
by Your resurrection power we shall rise.

We worship at Your feet...

Graham Kendrick

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Hymn 7 MP 755

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.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)



Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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