

**St Luke's Church Fontainebleau**  
**GOOD FRIDAY**  
**Service of the Word (via ZOOM)**  
**10 April, 2020, 1pm CEST**

THE CRUCIFIXION ACCORDING TO ST MARK

Hymn: [When I survey the Wondrous Cross \(596\)](#)

<p><b>WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS</b>  <i>On which the Prince of glory died,  My richest gain I count but loss,  And pour contempt on all my pride.</i></p>	<p><i>3. 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?</i></p>
<p><i>2. 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.</i></p>	<p><i>4. 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!</i></p>
	<p><i>Isaac Watts (1674-1748)</i></p>

Welcome and Introduction

Reading Mark 15:21-24

Reflection and prayer

Reading Mark 15:25-32

Reflection and prayer

Hymn: [O Sacred Head Sore Wounded \(446\)](#)

<p><b>O SACRED HEAD, ONCE WOUNDED,</b>  <i>With grief and pain weighed down,  How 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.</i></p>	<p><i>2. 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 Saviour  'Tis I deserve Thy place  Look on me with Thy favor  Vouchsafe to me Thy grace</i></p>	<p><i>3. What language shall I borrow  To thank Thee, dearest friend?  For this Thy dying sorrow,  Thy pity without end.  O make me Thine forever,  And should I fainting be.  Lord, let me never, never,  Outlive my love for Thee.</i></p>
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Reading Mark 15:33-34

Reflection and prayer

Reading Mark 15:35-38

Reflection and prayer

Reading Mark 15:39-41

Reflection and final prayers

Hymn:      [There is a green hill \(542\)](#)

<p><b><i>THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY,</i></b> <i>Without a city wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.</i></p> <p><i>2. 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.</i></p> <p><i>3. 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.</i></p>	<p><i>4. There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin; He only could unlock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.</i></p> <p><i>5. O dearly, dearly has He loved! And we must love Him too, And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.</i></p>
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