

Hallelujah

FOR THE

Cross



Good Friday Service

APR 2

6:30PM

Online at
jsbc.org

JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH

Join us for our Good Friday service.

Starts at 6:30 p.m. on April 2, 2021

In lieu of our Easter cantata, we invite you to an online Good Friday service. It will be available on YouTube for everyone to join in the singing, and listen to special music and a Good Friday message.

Go to **jsbc.org** to join, or visit the Jarvis Street Baptist Church YouTube channel directly.

Hallelujah FOR THE Cross

Welcome

Invocation

All Glory, Laud, and Honour (Congregation)

By Theodulf of Orleans, tr. by John M. Neale

All glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children,
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest
The King and Blessed One
All glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children,
Made sweet hosannas ring.

The company of angels
Are praising thee on high;
And we with all creation,
In chorus make reply.
All glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children,
Made sweet hosannas ring.

The people of the Hebrews,
With palms before Thee went;

Our praise and prayer and anthems,
Before Thee we present.
All glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children,
Made sweet hosannas ring.

To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise
All glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children,
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the love we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

All glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children,
Made sweet hosannas ring.

All glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, our Redeemer, King,
Hosanna!

FIRST READING

Psalm 51:1–12

Have mercy upon me, O God,
According to Your lovingkindness;
According to the multitude of Your tender mercies,
Blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions,
And my sin is always before me.
Against You, You only, have I sinned,
And done this evil in Your sight—
That You may be found just when You speak,
And blameless when You judge.

Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity,
And in sin my mother conceived me.
Behold, You desire truth in the inward parts,
And in the hidden part You will make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Make me hear joy and gladness,
That the bones You have broken may rejoice.
Hide Your face from my sins,
And blot out all my iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a steadfast spirit within me.
Do not cast me away from Your presence,
And do not take Your Holy Spirit from me.

Restore to me the joy of Your salvation,
And uphold me by Your generous Spirit.

Thank You Jesus for the Blood (Solo: Judy Reid)

By Charity Gayle

I was a wretch; I remember who I was,
I was lost, I was blind, I was running out of time.
Sin separated, the breach was far too wide,
But from the far side of the chasm, You held me in your sight.

So You made a way, across the great divide,
Left behind, Heaven's throne, to build it here inside.
There at the cross, You paid the debt I owed,
Broke my chains, freed my soul and for the first I had hope.

Thank you Jesus, for the blood applied,
Thank you Jesus, it has washed me white,

Thank you Jesus, You have saved my life,
Brought me from the darkness into glorious light.

You took my place, laid inside my tomb of sin.
You were buried for three days, but then You walked right out again.
Now death has no sting and life has no end,
For I have been transformed by the blood of the Lamb.

Thank you Jesus, for the blood applied,
Thank you Jesus, it has washed me white,
Thank you Jesus, You have saved my life,
Brought me from the darkness into glorious light.

There is nothing stronger,
Than the wonder working power of the blood, the blood.
That calls us sons and daughters,
We are ransomed by our Father,
Through the blood, the blood.

Thank you Jesus, for the blood applied,
Thank you Jesus, it has washed me white,
Thank you Jesus, You have saved my life,
Brought me from the darkness into glorious light.

Glory to His name,
Glory to His name,
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to His name.

Mercy Still (Choir)

By Charles Wesley

Depth of mercy! Can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace:
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not listen to His calls;
I have grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Is there mercy still?
Is there mercy still for me?

I my Master have denied,
I afresh have crucified,
Oft profaned His hallowed name,
Put Him to an open shame.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands:
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still!

Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Depth of mercy! Can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me?
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still!

Is there mercy still?
Yes, there's mercy still.
There is mercy still for me.

SECOND READING

John 12:12–15 (Triumphal entry)

The next day a great multitude that had come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees and went out to meet Him, and cried out:

“Hosanna!
‘Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord!’
The King of Israel!”

Then Jesus, when He had found a young donkey, sat on it; as it is written:

“Fear not, daughter of Zion;
Behold, your King is coming,
Sitting on a donkey’s colt.”

Hosanna, Loud Hosanna - v. 1, 2 (Congregation)

By Jeanette Threlfall and Lloyd Larson

Hosanna, loud hosanna!
Resound with praise and sing.
Hosanna, loud hosanna!
To Christ the King of Kings.
Blessed is the One who comes!
We join in one great voice:
“Hosanna, loud hosanna!”
Sing praises and rejoice!

Hosanna, loud hosanna,
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple,
The lovely anthem rang.
To Jesus, who had blessed them,
Close folded to his breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

From Olivet they followed,
Mid an exultant crowd,
The victory palm branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud.
The Lord of earth and heaven,
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children,
Should on his bidding wait.

Ride On! Ride On in Majesty! (Congregation)

By Henry Hart Milman

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:

O Christ, your triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, your pow'r and reign.

Hosanna, Loud Hosanna - v. 3 (Congregation)

"Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing,
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven, our King.
O may we ever praise him,
With heart and life and voice,
And in his blissful presence,
Eternally rejoice!
Sing praises and rejoice!

THIRD READING

Isaiah 53:1–9 (Who has believed our report?)

Who has believed our report?
And to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?
For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant,
And as a root out of dry ground.
He has no form or comeliness;
And when we see Him,
There is no beauty that we should desire Him.
He is despised and rejected by men,
A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.
And we hid, as it were, our faces from Him;
He was despised, and we did not esteem Him.

Surely He has borne our griefs
And carried our sorrows;
Yet we esteemed Him stricken,
Smitten by God, and afflicted.
But He was wounded for our transgressions,
He was bruised for our iniquities;
The chastisement for our peace was upon Him,
And by His stripes we are healed.
All we like sheep have gone astray;
We have turned, every one, to his own way;
And the Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed and He was afflicted,
Yet He opened not His mouth;
He was led as a lamb to the slaughter,
And as a sheep before its shearers is silent,
So He opened not His mouth.
He was taken from prison and from judgment,
And who will declare His generation?
For He was cut off from the land of the living;
For the transgressions of My people He was stricken.
And they made His grave with the wicked—
But with the rich at His death,
Because He had done no violence,
Nor was any deceit in His mouth.

Behold the Man! (Duet: Melanie Yirenkyi and Johnny Isip)
By Charles Wesley

Behold the Man, wounded and bruised, crowned with thorns.
He was despised, rejected, he was despised and rejected.

Behold the Man, Man of sorrows acquainted with grief.
We hid our faces from Him, we hid our faces from Him.

We did not know that it was for our sins He died,
That for us the Son of God was crucified,
That in love He bore our sorrow and pain,
And in love He willingly suffered.

Behold the Man suffering in silence, bearing our shame.
We hid our faces from Him, We hid our faces from Him.

We did not know that this was God the Father's plan,
Born of love to bring redemption down to Man,
That in love He gave His only Son so that we might be forgiven.

Behold the Man, risen in glory, coming to reign,
By the Father exalted, Crowned with glory and honour.
Behold the Man, King of kings and Lord of lords,
Through all creation Jesus Christ is Lord.

How Deep the Father's Love for Us (Congregation)

By Stuart Townend

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,
Call 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.

Behold the Lamb (Choir)

By Keith & Kristyn Getty, and Stuart Townend

Behold the Lamb who bears our sins away,
Slain for us and we remember,
The promise made that all who come in faith,
Find forgiveness at the cross.

So we share in this bread of life,
And we drink of His sacrifice,
As a sign of our bonds of peace,
Around the table of the King.

The body of our Saviour Jesus Christ, torn for you,
Eat and remember,
The wounds that healed the death that brings us life,
Paid the price to make us one.

So we share in this bread of life,
And we drink of His sacrifice,
As a sign of our bonds of love,
Around the table of the King.

The blood that cleanses every stain of sin, shed for you,
Drink and remember,
He drained death's cup that all may enter in,
To receive the life of God.

And so with thankfulness and faith we rise,
To respond and to remember,
Our call to follow in the steps of Christ,
As His body here on earth.

And we share in his suffering,
We proclaim Christ will come again!
And with joy in the feast of Heaven,
Around the table of the King,
Behold the Lamb who bears our sins, and remember.

FOURTH READING

Mark 14: 32–42 (Gethsemane)

Then they came to a place which was named Gethsemane; and He said to His disciples, "Sit here while I pray." And He took Peter, James, and John with Him, and He began to be troubled and deeply distressed. Then He said to them, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even to death. Stay here and watch."

He went a little farther, and fell on the ground, and prayed that if it were possible, the hour might pass from Him. And He said, "Abba, Father, all things are possible for You. Take this cup away from Me; nevertheless, not what I will, but what You will."

Then He came and found them sleeping, and said to Peter, "Simon, are you sleeping? Could you not watch one hour? Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Again He went away and prayed, and spoke the same words. And when He returned, He found them asleep again, for their eyes were heavy; and they did not know what to answer Him.

Then He came the third time and said to them, "Are you still sleeping and resting? It is enough! The hour has come; behold, the Son of Man is being betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going. See, My betrayer is at hand."

Go To Dark Gethsemane - v. 1, 2 (Choir)

By James Mentegomery

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one hour,
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life araigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
The pangs His soul sustained!

Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow - v. 3 (Choir)

By William B. Tappan

'Tis midnight, and for other's guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

What Wondrous Love is This - v. 1 (Choir)

Anonymous

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!

Beneath the Cross of Jesus (Congregation)

By Elizabeth C. Clephane

Beneath the cross of Christ I stand,
Unworthy of His love; Christ's love;
And yet He freely died for me,
That I might live eternally with God in Heaven above.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

Upon that cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see,
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess,
The wonders of redeeming love,
And my unworthlessness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than,
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scemes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

FIFTH READING

Matthew 27:27–31 (Crucifixion)

Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the Praetorium and gathered the whole garrison around Him. And they stripped Him and put a scarlet robe on Him. When they had twisted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His right hand. And they bowed the knee before Him and mocked Him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" Then they spat on Him, and took the reed and struck Him on the head. And when they had mocked Him, they took the robe off Him, put His own clothes on Him, and led Him away to be crucified.

Luke 23:33-35

And when they had come to the place called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the criminals, one on the right hand and the other on the left. Then Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they do."

And they divided His garments and cast lots. And the people stood looking on. But even the rulers with them sneered, saying, "He saved others; let Him save Himself if He is the Christ, the chosen of God."

Luke 23:44–46

Now it was about the sixth hour, and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. Then the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was torn in two. And when Jesus had cried out with a loud voice, He said, "Father, 'into Your hands I commit My spirit.' " Having said this, He breathed His last.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded (Congregation)

By Paul Gerhardt, tr. by James Alexander

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns Thine only crown;
Lo here I fall my Saviour,
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Assist me with Thy grace.

My burden in Thy Passion,
Lord, Thou hast borne for me,
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain;
I cast me down before Thee,
Wrath were my rightful lot;
Have mercy I implore Thee,
Redeemer spurn me not!

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh, make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

And Can It Be? (Choir)

By Charles Wesley

And can it be?

And can it be?

Amazing love, how can it be?

And can it be that I should gain,
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain—
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace—
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O my God, it found out me!
And can it be?
Amazing love, how can it be?

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th'eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Amazing love, how can it be?
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
Amazing love, how can it be?
Amazing love!

SERMON (Pastor Tom James)

SIXTH READING

Matthew 28: 1–10 (Resurrection)

Now after the Sabbath, as the first day of the week began to dawn, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came to see the tomb. And behold, there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat on it. His countenance was like lightning, and his clothing as white as snow. And the guards shook for fear of him, and became like dead men.

But the angel answered and said to the women, "Do not be afraid, for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead, and indeed He is going before you into Galilee; there you will see Him. Behold, I have told you."

So they went out quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy, and ran to bring His disciples word.

And as they went to tell His disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, "Rejoice!" So they came and held Him by the feet and worshiped Him. Then Jesus said to them, "Do not be afraid. Go and tell My brethren to go to Galilee, and there they will see Me."

Crown Him! (Congregation)

By T. Kelly

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious:
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

Refrain:

Crown Him! Crown Him! Angels crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of Kings!
Crown Him! Crown Him! Angels crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of Kings!

Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings. [Refrain]

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own his title, praise His name. [Refrain]

Hark! the bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords! [Refrain]

Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs (Congregation)

By Isaac Watts

Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus';
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For He was slain for us.'

Jesus is worthy to receive,
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation joins in one,
To bless the sacred name,
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

SEVENTH READING

John 20: 19-31 (Jesus' appearance to the disciples)

Then, the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them, "Peace be with you." When He had said this, He showed them His hands and His side. Then the disciples were glad when they saw the Lord.

So Jesus said to them again, "Peace to you! As the Father has sent Me, I also send you." And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and said to them, "Receive the Holy Spirit. If you forgive the sins of any, they are forgiven them; if you retain the sins of any, they are retained."

Now Thomas, called the Twin, one of the twelve, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said to him, "We have seen the Lord."

So he said to them, "Unless I see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

And after eight days His disciples were again inside, and Thomas with them. Jesus came, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, "Peace to you!" Then He said to Thomas, "Reach your finger here, and look at My hands; and reach your hand here, and put it into My side. Do not be unbelieving, but believing."

And Thomas answered and said to Him, "My Lord and my God!"

Jesus said to him, "Thomas, because you have seen Me, you have believed. Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed."

And truly Jesus did many other signs in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book; but these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life in His name.

Christ The Lord Is Risen Today (Congregation)

By Charles Wesley

Christ is risen, allelujah!

Sing God's praises, allelujah!

Christ is risen, lift up your voice and sing;

Christ is risen today!

Christ the Lord is risen today, Alleluia!

All creation join to say, Alleluia!

Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!

Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply, Alleluia!

Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia!

Fought the fight, the battle won, Alleluia!

Death in vain forbids Him rise, Alleluia!

Christ has opened paradise, Alleluia!

Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!

Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!

Once He died our souls to save, Alleluia!

Where thy victory O grave? Alleluia!

Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia!

Following our exalted Head, Alleluia!

Made like Him, like Him we rise, Alleluia!

Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Alleluia!

Alleluia!

EIGHTH READING

Luke 24:44-53 (Ascension)

Then He said to them, "These are the words which I spoke to you while I was still with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the Law of Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms concerning Me." And He opened their understanding, that they might comprehend the Scriptures.

Then He said to them, "Thus it is written, and thus it was necessary for the Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day, and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name to all

nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And you are witnesses of these things. Behold, I send the Promise of My Father upon you; but tarry in the city of Jerusalem until you are endued with power from on high."

And He led them out as far as Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. Now it came to pass, while He blessed them, that He was parted from them and carried up into heaven. And they worshiped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple praising and blessing God. Amen.

I Know That My Redeemer Lives (Congregation)

By Samuel Medley

I know that my Redeemer lives!
What joy this blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my ever-living Head!

He lives triumphant from the grave;
He lives eternally to save;
He lives exalted, throned above;
He lives to rule his church in love.

He lives to bless me with his love;
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed;
He lives to help in time of need.

He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly friend;
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing;
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King!

He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy this blest assurance gives:
I know that my Redeemer lives!

My Redeemer lives!
Christ the Lord now lives!
Allelujah, my Redeemer lives!

The Power of the Cross (Choir)
By Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

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 power of the cross:
Christ became sin for us,
Took the blame, bore the wrath:
We stand forgiven at the cross.

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 victory cry.

This, the power of the cross:
Christ became sin for us,
Took the blame, bore the wrath:
We stand forgiven at the cross.

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 power of the cross:
Son of God, slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross.

Hallelujah for the Cross! (Congregation)

By Horatius Bonar

The cross it standeth fast -
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Defying ev'ry blast -
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
The winds of hell have blown,
The world its hate hath shown,
Yet it is not overthrown -
Hallelujah for the cross!

Refrain:

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah for the cross;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
It shall never suffer loss!

It is the old cross still -
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Its triumph let us tell -
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
The grace of God here shone,
Thru Christ, the blessed Son,
Who did for sin atone -
Hallelujah for the cross! [Refrain]

'Twas here the debt was paid -
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Our sins on Jesus laid -
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
So round the cross we sing,
Of Christ, our offering,
Of Christ, our living King -
Hallelujah for the cross! [Refrain]

Chorale Participants

Sopranos:
Melanie Yirenkyi
Anna MacInnes

Alto:
Lydia Tomlinson

Tenor:
Paul Taylor

Basses:
Johnny Isip
Daniel Morden

Soloist:
Judy Reid

Organ:
Janice Fry

Piano:
Lydia To

Hallelujah

JESUS IS

Risen



JARVIS STREET
— BAPTIST CHURCH —

Easter Sunday

APR 4

11AM

In person

or online

jsbc.org

130 Gerrard Street E | Toronto | M5A 3T4 | 416-925-3261

Sundays

11 a.m. - Morning Service
3 p.m. - Children's Sunday School
7:15 p.m. - 国语敬拜 Mandarin Service

Wednesdays

7:30 p.m. - Bible Study and Prayer

Thursdays

7:30 p.m. - Young Adults

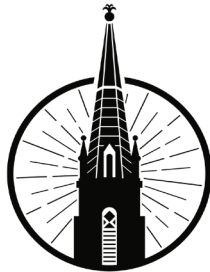
Fridays

7 p.m. - Small Group Bible Study
7:30 p.m. - 青年团契 Chinese Young Adults Group

Saturdays

10 a.m. - Estudo Bíblico em Português (Portuguese Bible Study)

Contact info@jsbc.org to join us online!
Or call us at 416-925-3261.



JARVIS STREET
— BAPTIST CHURCH —

130 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, ON, M5A 3T4
416-925-3261 | jsbc.org | info@jsbc.org