

MERCY STILL!

a Choral Worship Service for Good Friday

7PM March 29, 2024

presented by the Choir of Jarvis Street Baptist Church

directed by Dr. Roger Bergs

Katharine Sang, Scripture reader

Prelude

Welcome

Call to Worship

Hymn

What Wondrous Love is This?

Opening Prayer

Choir

Mercy Still

Children's Choir

Power of the Cross

Scripture

Acts 2:22-24; 1 Tim. 2:5

Choir

There Was a Man

Scripture

Matthew 20:29-34 (read by ESL Class)

John 1:29

Choir:

Behold the Lamb of God

Scripture

Luke 22: 1, 7, 14-20

Offering

Choral Offertory:	<i>How Beautiful</i>
Scripture	Luke 22:47-53
Choir	<i>King of Sorrows</i>
Hymn	<i>Alas, and Did My Saviour Bleed?</i> (verse 1 led by Children's Choir)
Scripture	Luke 23:33-38
Choir	<i>There on a Cross</i>
Scripture	Isaiah 53:4-7
Choir	<i>He Never Said a Mumbalin' Word</i>
Hymn	<i>How Deep the Father's Love For Us</i>
Sermon	Dr. Glendon Thompson
Prayer of Response	
Choir	<i>Lord, O Lord, Have Mercy</i>
Scripture	Revelation 5:6, 9-13
Choir	<i>Lamb of God</i>
Scripture	Romans 8:1-2; 31-33
Choir	<i>And Can It Be?</i>
Hymn	<i>The Old Rugged Cross</i>
Announcements	
Benediction	

What Wondrous Love is This

American Folk Hymn

WONDROUS LOVE 12.9.6.6.12.9

William Walker's *Southern Harmony*, 1835

1. What won - drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
2. When I was sink - ing down, sink - ing down, sink - ing down, When
3. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing; To
4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And

won - drous love is this, O my soul! What won - drous love is
I was sink - ing down, sink - ing down, When I was sink - ing
God and to the Lamb, I will sing. To God and to the
when from death I'm free, I'll sing on. And when from death I'm

this that caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread - ful curse for my
down be - neath God's right - eous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown for my
Lamb, Who is the great "I Am"; While mil - lions join the theme I will
free I'll sing and joy - ful be; And through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing

soul, for my soul, To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul.
soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown for my soul.
sing, I will sing; While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing.
on, I'll sing on; And through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on!

ALAS, AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

MARTYRDOM 8686 CM

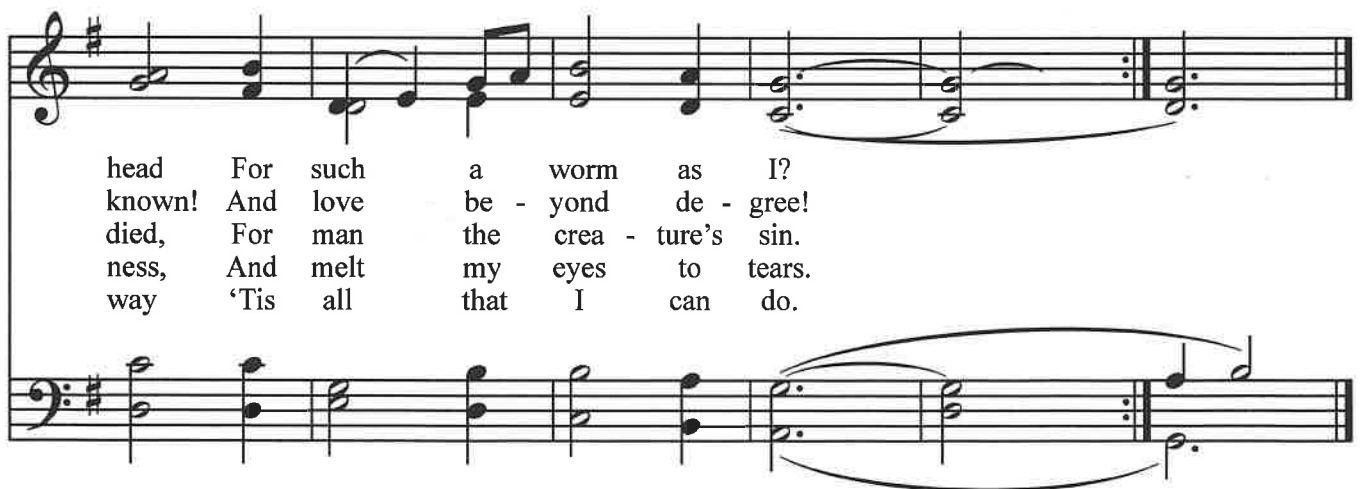
arr. Roger Bergs



1. A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed And did my
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up -
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And shut his
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of

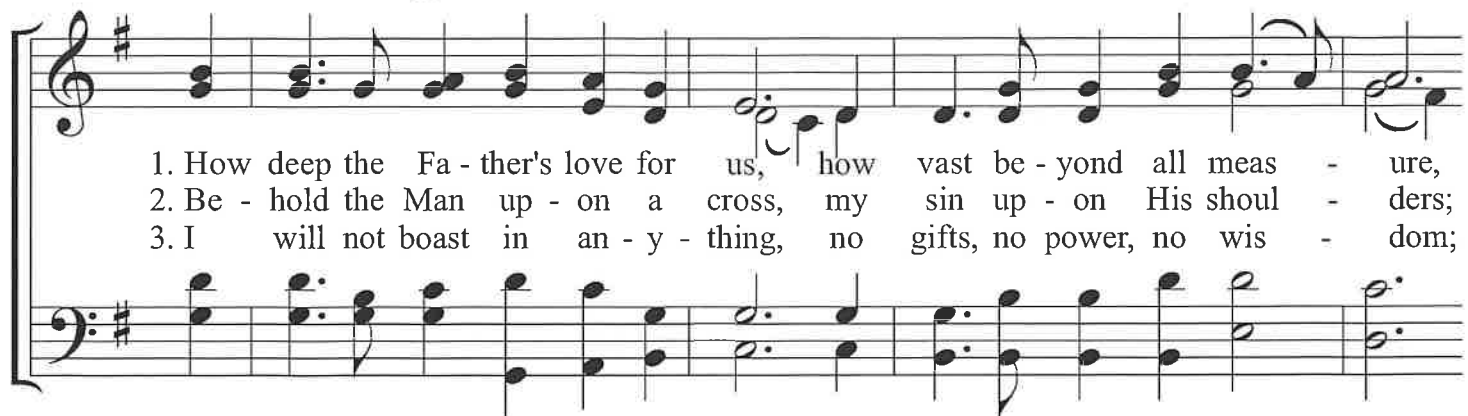


Sov - ereign die? Would He de - vote that sa - cred
on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un -
glo - ries in, When Christ, the might - y Ma - ker
cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful -
love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my - self a -

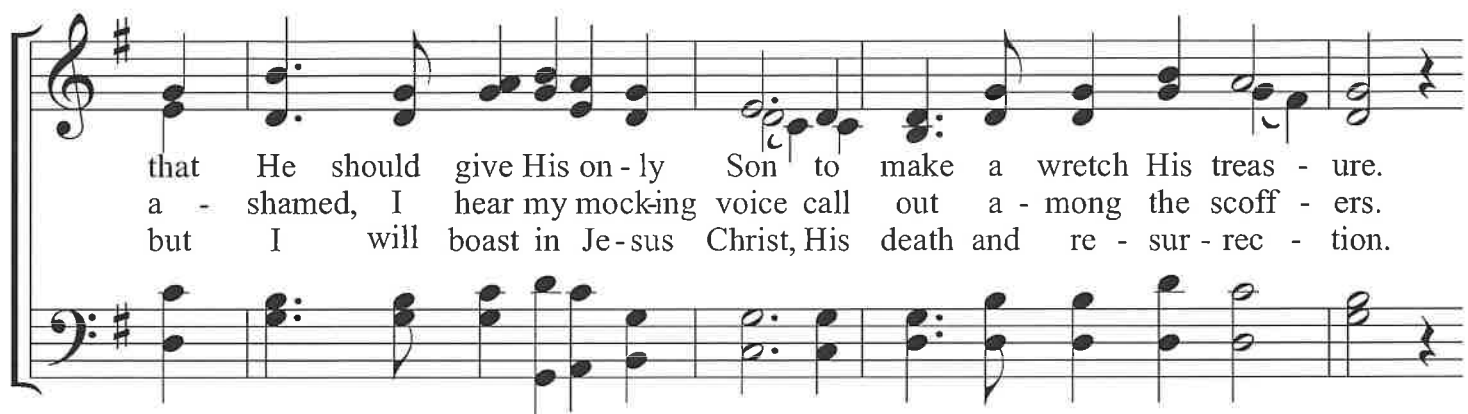


head For such a worm as I?
known! And love be - yond de - gree!
died, For man the crea - ture's sin.
ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
way 'Tis all that I can do.

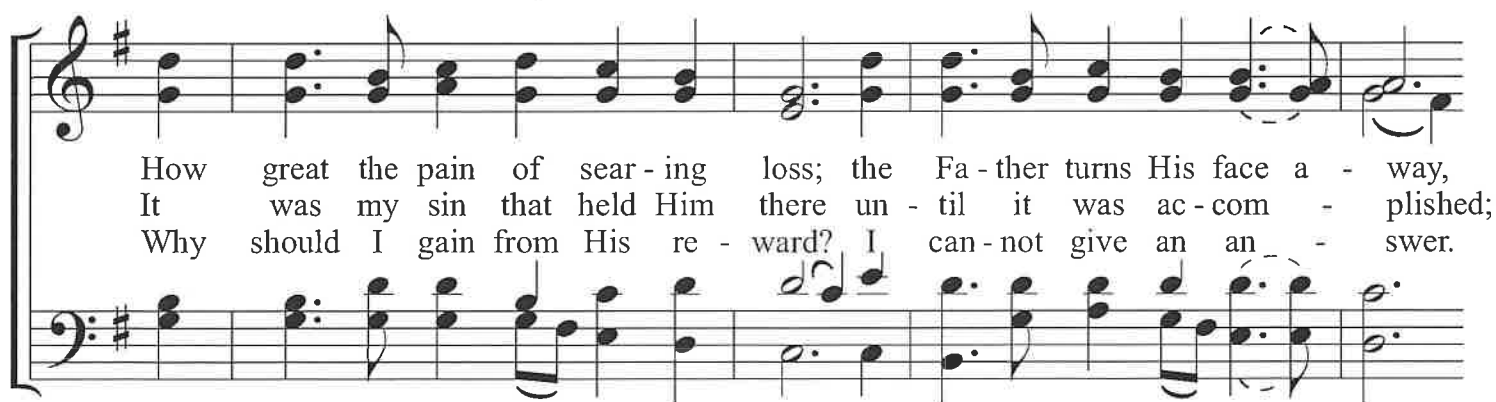
How Deep the Father's Love for Us Stuart Townend



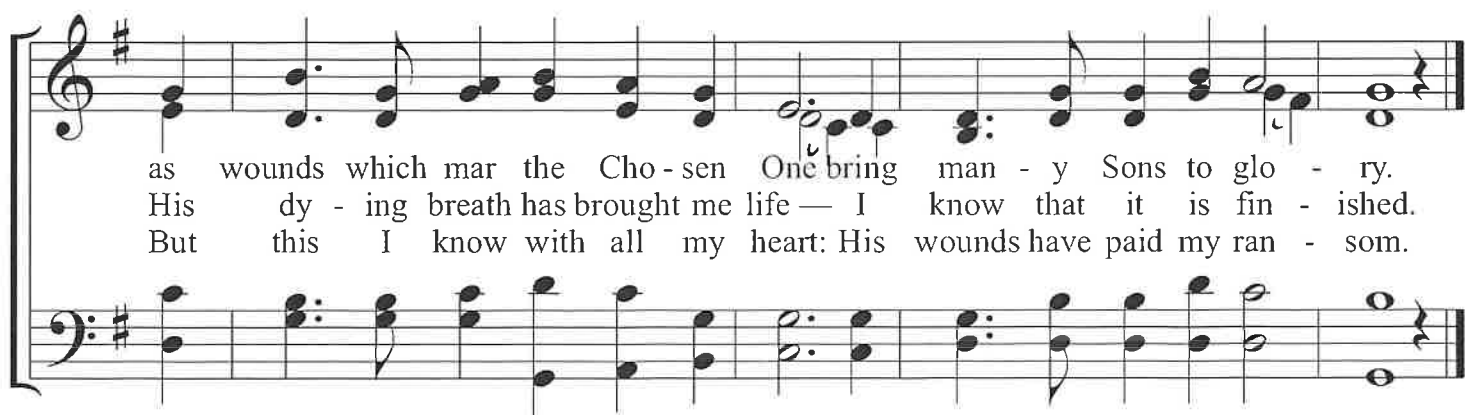
1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, how vast be - yond all meas - ure,
2. Be - hold the Man up - on a cross, my sin up - on His shoul - ders;
3. I will not boast in an - y - thing, no gifts, no power, no wis - dom;



that He should give His on - ly Son to make a wretch His treas - ure.
a - shamed, I hear my mocking voice call out a - mong the scoff - ers.
but I will boast in Je - sus Christ, His death and re - sur - rec - tion.



How great the pain of sear - ing loss; the Fa - ther turns His face a - way,
It was my sin that held Him there un - til it was ac - com - plished;
Why should I gain from His re - ward? I can - not give an an - swer.



as wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring man - y Sons to glo - ry.
His dy - ing breath has brought me life — I know that it is fin - ished.
But this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ran - som.

The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard, 1913

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS irr.
George Bennard, 1913

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The
2. O that old rug - ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a
3. In that old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A
4. To the old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true; Its

em - blem of suf - fering and shame; And I love that old cross, where the
won - drous at - trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His
won - drous beau - ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus
shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my

dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.
glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
suf - fered and died, To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

So I'll cher - ish the old rug - ged cross, Till my
cross, the old rug - ged cross,

tro - phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug - ged
cross, the

cross, And ex - change it some day for a crown.
old rug - ged cross,

Choir Texts

Mercy Still

Nicole Elsey; arr. Heather Sorensen

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 for me?	I my Master have denied. I, again, have crucified; And profaned His hallowed name; put Him to an open shame. There, for me, the Saviour stands; shows His wounds & spreads His hands. God is love! I know, I feel. Oh, Jesus weeps, and loves me still!
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Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Live in grace, and be restored,
weep, believe, and sin no more.
Depth of mercy, can there be
mercy still reserved for me?
God is love! I know, I feel.
Oh, Jesus weeps, and loves me still!
Is there mercy still?
There is mercy still.
Yes, there's mercy still for me. Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

There was a Man

Gary Lanier

There was a Man who died for me. The Son of God, condemned though clean.	He conquered death victoriously; And those that trust new life will see.	Yes, He arose from the grave, man to save from his sin; And simply trusting Him new life begins.
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²⁹ And as they went out of Jericho,
a great crowd followed him.

³⁰ And behold,
there were two blind men
sitting by the roadside,
and when they heard
that Jesus was passing by,
they cried out,
"Lord,
have mercy on us,
Son of David!"

³¹ The crowd rebuked them,
telling them to be silent,

but they cried out all the more,
"Lord, have mercy on us,
Son of David!"

³² And stopping,
Jesus called them and said,
"What do you want me to do for you?"

³³ They said to him,
"Lord, let our eyes be opened."

³⁴ And Jesus in pity touched their eyes,
and immediately
they recovered their sight
and followed him.

Behold the Lamb of God

Craig Courtney

Behold the Lamb of God,
The Lamb for sinners slain;

A perfect sacrifice for all,
He dies, but lives again.

Behold the Lamb of God,
Behold His hands, His side.

The Son of God, the sinless Lamb,
for me was crucified.

He lives - let Heav'n rejoice,
And earth her honors bring
To Him, the everlasting God,
The great, eternal King.

Behold the Lamb,
Behold His hands, His side,
The Son of God, the sinless Lamb,
for me was crucified.

Oh, strike your harps of gold,

Ye ransomed host above.

Praise Him who bought you with His blood,

And saved you by His love.

How Beautiful

How beautiful the hands that served
the wine and the bread
and the sons of the earth.
How beautiful the feet that walked
the long dusty roads
and the hill to the cross.
How beautiful is the body of Christ.
How beautiful the heart that bled,
that took all my sin
and bore it instead.
How beautiful the tender eyes
that chose to forgive
and never despise.
How beautiful is the body of Christ.
And as He laid down His life
we offer this sacrifice,

King of Sorrows BRYN CALFARIA William Owen (1814-1893); arr. Joseph M. Martin

Just beyond the garden's shadow,
in the darkness stands the Lord.
Soldiers come with blazing torches,
beat the drum and draw the sword.
King of sorrows,
thorns shall be Your only crown.
Can this be the Prince of Heaven
bound by soldiers in the night?
He could call ten thousand angels,
yet He chooses not to fight.
King of sorrows,
Blood shall be Your only robe,

Twila Paris; arr. Bruce Greer

that we will live
just as He died.
willing to pay the price.
How beautiful the radiant bride
who waits for her Groom
with His light in her eyes.
How beautiful when humble hearts give
the fruit of pure lives
so that others may live!
How beautiful the feet that bring
the sound of good news
and the love of the King!
How beautiful the hands that serve
the wine and the bread
and the sons of the earth!
How beautiful is the body of Christ.

King of sorrows, King of sorrows,
with a kiss Your fate is sealed.
Come tomorrow, King of sorrows,
all You are shall be revealed.
Who is this King,
with no army of might,
who refuses to fight for His life?
Come and see the Saviour standing
all alone in Pilate's hall.
Cries of hate are all around Him, yet
His boundless grace forgives them all,
Crucify Him!
Wood and nails His only throne. (JPM)

There on a Cross

Benjamin Harlan

There on a cross the Savior hung in anguish. People stood shouting and calling Him names. Jesus healed others, let him save himself. There on a cross God's Son was crucified.	There on a cross the Saviour took our shame. There on Golgotha, Jesus took our blame. "Father, forgive them," He cried in agony. There on a cross the Saviour died for me.	There on a cross the Saviour bowed in sorrow. Mary stood watching as he slowly died. There on a cross, sent from above, God's sacrifice of love.
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J. Paul Williams

He Never Said a Mumbalin' Word

Traditional Spiritual; arr. Hal Hopson

They crucified my Lord; and He never said a mumbalin' word; not a word, not a word.	They nailed Him to the tree; and He never said a mumbalin' word; not a word, not a word. He bowed his head and died; and he never said a mumbalin' word; not a word, not a word.
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Lord, O Lord, Have Mercy

Roger Bergs

Lord, O Lord, have mercy upon me, rebellious sinner that I be.

Lamb of God

Jason Ingram, Andi Rozier, Meredith Andrews

Arr. Travis Cottrell

You came from heaven's throne, acquainted with our sorrow, To trade the debt we owe Your suffering for our freedom.	My name upon Your heart. My shame upon Your shoulders. The power of sin undone. The cross for my salvation.
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*The Lamb of God in my place,
Your blood poured out, my sin erased.
It was my death You died.
I am raised to life.
Hallelujah: the Lamb of God.*

There is no greater love.
There is no greater love.
The Saviour lifted up.
There is no greater love.

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 Savior'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;
Humbled Himself because of love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me.

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 the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

Charles Wesley