

Pilgrim Hill

REFORMED FELLOWSHIP



The Denial of St. Peter, c. 1623, by Gerrit van Honthorst

A TENEBRAE SERVICE

*THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST
AS TOLD IN THE GOSPEL OF JOHN*

*GOOD FRIDAY
3 APRIL 2026*

QUIET MEDITATION

*He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,
yet he opened not his mouth;
like a lamb that is led to the slaughter,
and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent,
so he opened not his mouth. (Isaiah 53:7)*

PRELUDE

CALL TO WORSHIP

Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen

Blessed be the name of the Lord our God.

Who redeems us from sin and death.

Psalm 31:3-5

For you are my rock and my fortress;

and for your name's sake you lead me and guide me;

you take me out of the net they have hidden for me,

for you are my refuge.

Into your hand I commit my spirit;

you have redeemed me, O LORD, faithful God

Saints, let us commit ourselves this night into the hand of our God

**Almighty God, graciously behold this your family, for whom our Lord
Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed, to be given into the hands of
sinners, and to suffer death on the cross; who now lives and reigns with
you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever. Amen.**

At this hour we remember the hours of your agony and passion; for at this hour you did stretch forth your hand to take on death and the curse for us, conquering death for us and rendering Sheol empty of the righteous.

**You were bruised for our iniquities and by your stripes we are healed.
Glory be to you for your redeeming love, a love stronger than death.**

What Wondrous Love Is This

1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
 2. When I was sink - ing down in de - spair, in de - spair, When
 3. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing; To
 4. Ye sons of Zi - on's King, join the praise, join the praise, Ye
 5. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And
 6. And when to that bright world, we a - rise, we a - rise, And

won - drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is this
 I was sink - ing down in de - spair, When I was sink - ing down
 God and to the Lamb I will sing; To God and to the Lamb
 sons of Zi - on's King, join the praise: Ye sons of Zi - on's King,
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing on; And when from death I'm free,
 when to that bright world, we a - rise; When to that world we go,

That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse for my
 Be - neath God's right-eous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown for my
 Who is the great I AM, While mil - lions join the theme, I will
 With hearts, and voic - es sing, And strike each tune - ful string in His
 I'll sing and joy - ful be, And through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing
 Free from all pain, and woe, We'll join the hap - py throng and 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!
 praise, in His praise; And strike each tune - ful string in His praise.
 on, I'll sing on, And through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on!
 on, and sing on, We'll join the hap - py throng and sing on.

Music: *A General Selection*, 1811
 Text: American folk hymn, 1811; alt.

WONDROUS LOVE
 6 3 3. 6 3. 6 6 6 3 3. 6 3.

CONFESSION OF SIN AND ABSOLUTION

A Litany of Penitence

Most holy and merciful Father, we confess to you, to one another, and to the whole communion of saints in heaven and on earth, that we have sinned by our own fault in thought, word, and deed; by what we have done and by what we have left undone.

We have not loved you with our whole heart, mind, and strength. We have not loved our neighbors as ourselves. We have not forgiven others, as we have been forgiven. We, like sheep have all gone astray. The only wages we have earned is death. We deserve to be sent away from your holy presence forever.

FRANKLIN AGNUS DEI (sung)

Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world,

Grant us your peace.

Grant us your peace.

Grant us your peace.

The Lord hears those who confess their sin. Let us do so now in true faith and repentance, hoping only in the mercy of the crucified Christ. Let each one of us confess his sins truly, from the heart, in humble contrition.

(please kneel as you are able)

Father, hear us as we confess our sins. We have been deaf to your call to serve as Christ serves us. We have not been true to the mind of Christ. We have grieved your Holy Spirit.

Have mercy on us, Lord.

We confess to you, Lord, all our past unfaithfulness: the pride, hypocrisy, and impatience that continually stain our lives,

We confess to you, Lord.

Our self-indulgent desires and ways, our selfish treatment of other people, and our misuse of your good gifts,

We confess to you, Lord.

Our unrighteous anger and frustration, and our foolish envy of those more fortunate than ourselves,

We confess to you, Lord.

Our intemperate love of worldly goods and comforts, and our dishonesty in daily life and work,

We confess to you, Lord.

Our negligence in prayer and worship, our failure to commend the faith that is in us, and our lack of loving service to others in word and deed,

We confess to you, Lord.

Our lack of joy and contentment, our grumbling at your providence, and our ingratitude despite your many blessings,

We confess to you, Lord.

Accept our repentance, Lord, for the wrongs we have done: for our blindness to human need and suffering, and our indifference to injustice and cruelty,

Accept our repentance, Lord.

For all false judgments; for uncharitable thoughts and acts toward our neighbors; for our lack of concern for the poor, the widow, the immigrant, and the prisoner; and for our prejudice and contempt toward those who differ from us,

Accept our repentance, Lord.

For our waste and pollution of your creation, our lack of concern for those who come after us, and our using wealth and resources in foolish and improper ways,

Accept our repentance, Lord.

Father, hear our confession of sin, as each of us repents of his particular sins particularly. Hear the confession of our husbands, Lord:

[Husbands] Forgive us for not loving our wives sacrificially as Christ loves the church.

Hear the confession of our wives, Lord:

[Wives] Forgive us for not submitting to and respecting our husbands as the church does Christ.

Hear the confession of our children, Lord:

[Children] Forgive us for not honoring our fathers and mothers.

Hear the confession of those who work and study, Lord:

[Workers and students] Forgive us for not doing our work in the world as unto Christ, for your glory.

Hear our confession as those who live under authority, Lord:

Forgive us for not honoring all you have placed in authority over us as we ought and for complaining against the powers you have established over us.

Hear our confession as members of your covenant people, Lord:

Forgive us for not cherishing your church and the means of grace as we ought. Forgive us for not believing in the gospel as fully and strongly as we should.

Be pleased with our sacrifices of confession, O Lord.

Hear our cries for mercy, and answer us in Christ.

Restore us, Lord, and let your anger depart from us.

Favorably hear us, for your mercy is great.

Accomplish in us the work of your salvation,

That we may show forth your glory in the world.

Fill us with faith and hope in the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom all your promises are fulfilled.

Bring us with all your saints to the joy of his resurrection! Amen.

By the cross and passion of your Son, our Lord,

Forgive us and cleanse us, that we might stand before you at the Last Day.

A PROMISE OF FORGIVENESS AND RENEWAL

Arise, and hear now the good news of the gospel,
which fills us with gratitude and hope even on this darkest of days.

You have acknowledged your sins to God, to one another, and to all your neighbors. Take comfort in the promises of the covenant and believe with a firm and sure confidence that your Heavenly Father desires your salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ. To you, the repentant and believing people of God, I declare in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ: All your sins have been forgiven. You are absolved in heaven and on earth. There is no condemnation, for you are in Christ Jesus.

We believe, O Lord, help our unbelief. And give us courage to look upon your suffering as we trace now the steps of your passion.

THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST

The First Lesson

Jesus is Arrested in the Garden

John 18:1-11

The first candle extinguished.

The Second Lesson

Jesus Before Annas and Peter's Denial

John 18:12-18

The second candle extinguished.

Come, Sinners, View the Lamb of God

1. Come, sin - ners, view the Lamb of God, Wounded and dying, bathed in blood!
 2. Here I for - get my cares and pains, I drink yet still my thirst re - mains;
 3. His thorns and nails pierce through my heart, In ev - 'ry groan I bear a part;
 4. Oh, that I thus could al - ways feel! Lord, more and more Your love reveal!

Be - hold His side, and ven - ture near, The well of end - less life is here.
 The on - ly foun - tain - head a - bove Can sat - is - fy the thirst of love.
 I view His wounds with streaming eyes: But see! He bows His head and dies!
 Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim The grace and glo - ry of Your name.

Music: Gregory D. Wilbur, 2012 © wilburmusic.com
 Text: John Newton (1725–1807)

[Come, sinners, view]
 8 8. 8 8.

The Third Lesson

Jesus Questioned by the High Priest

John 18:19-24

The third candle extinguished.

The Fourth Lesson

Peter Denies Jesus Again

John 18:25–27

The fourth candle extinguished.

Be Not Far Off, for Grief Is Near

Psalm 22:11-20

KINGSFOLD (C.M.D.)

Melody collected by Lucy Broadwood
harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

The Book of Psalms for Singing, 1973

1. ¹¹Be not far off, for grief is near, And none to help is found;
2. ¹⁵My strength is on - ly bro - ken clay; My mouth and tongue are dry,
3. ¹⁷My bones are plain for me to count; men see me and they stare.

¹²For bulls of Ba - shan in their strength Now cir - cle me a - round.
For in the ver - y dust of death You there make me to lie.
¹⁸My clothes a - mong them they di - vide, And gam - ble for their share.

¹³Their li - on - jaws they o - pen wide, And roar to tear their prey.
¹⁶For see how dogs en - cir - cle me! On eve - ry side there stands
¹⁹Now hur - ry, O my Strength, to help! Do not be far, O LORD!

¹⁴My heart is wax, my bones un - knit, My life is poured a - way.
A broth - er - hood of cru - el - ty; They pierce my feet and hands.
²⁰But snatch my soul from rag - ing dogs, And spare me from the sword.

The Fifth Lesson
Jesus Before Pilate

John 18:28–40

The fifth candle extinguished.

The Sixth Lesson
Jesus is Sentenced to be Crucified

John 19:1–16

The sixth candle extinguished.

Congregational Hymn—Stricken, Smitten, And Afflicted

Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the tree!
Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, Was there ev - er grief like His?
Ye who think of sin but light - ly, Nor sup - pose the e - vil great,
Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the re - fuge of the lost.

'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
Friends through fear His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in - sult - ing his dis - tress:
Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its guilt may es - ti - mate.
Christ the Rock of our sal - va - tion, His the Name of which we boast.

'Tis the long ex - pect - ed Proph - et, Dav - id's Son, yet Dav - id's Lord;
Man - y hands were raised to wound Him, None would in - ter - pose to save;
Mark the Sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed! See Who bears the aw - ful load!
Lamb of God for sin - ners wound - ed! Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!

by his Son God now has spok - en: 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.
But the deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.
'Tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man, and Son of God.
None shall ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.

Text: Thomas Kelly, 1804; Music: O MEIN JESU, ICH MUSS STERBEN, *Geistliche Volkslieder*, 1850.

The Christ candle extinguished.

Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended 959

1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast Thou of - fend - ed,
2. Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on Thee?
3. *Lo, the good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered:*
4. For me, kind Je - sus, was Thine in - car - na - tion,
5. There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay Thee,

5
That man to judge Thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -
A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord
The slave hath sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered. For man's a -
Thy mor - tal sor - row, and Thy life's ob - la - tion, Thy death of
I do a - dore Thee, and will ev - er pray Thee Think on Thy

10
rid - ed, by Thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
Je - sus, I it was de - nied Thee: I cru - ci - fied Thee.
tone - ment, while he noth - ing heed - eth, God in - ter - ced - eth.
an - guish and Thy bit - ter pas - sion, For my sal - va - tion.
pit - y and Thy love un - swerv - ing, Not my de - serv - ing.

Music: Johann Crüger, 1640

HERZLIEBSTER JESU

875 Text: Johann Heermann, 1630; tr. Robert S. Bridges, 1899

11 11. 11 5.

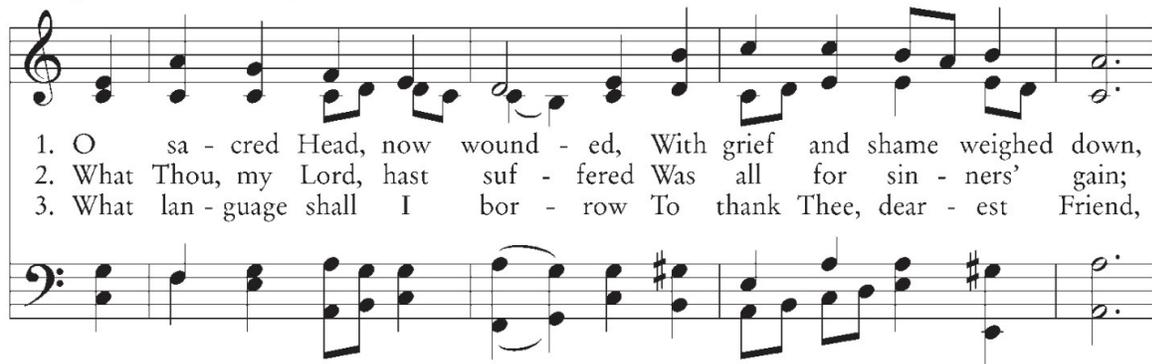
The Eighth Lesson
The Burial of Jesus

John 19:31-42

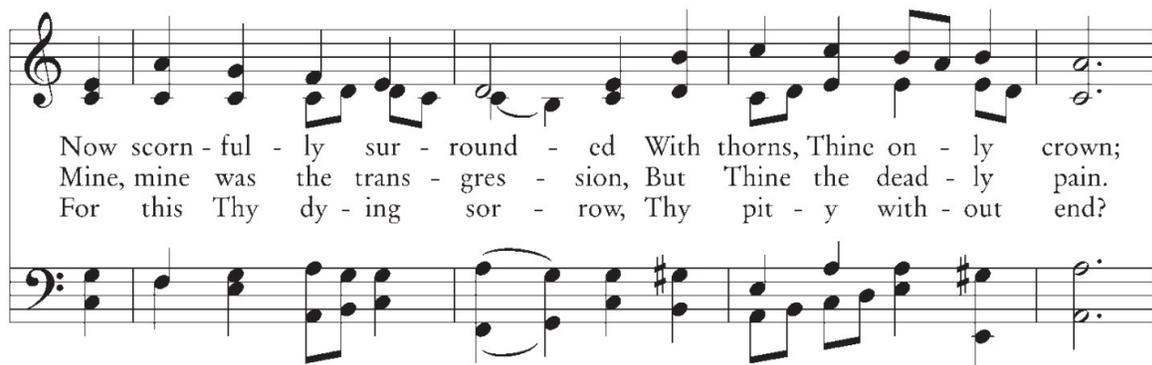
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN (7 6. 7 6. D.)
Hans Leo Hassler, 1601
harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729

attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153
tr. James Waddell Alexander, 1830



1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?



How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
O make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be,



How does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

"THE SACRIFICE" by George Herbert

OH all ye, who passe by, whose eyes and minde
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blinde;
To me, who took eyes that I might you finde:
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread;
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave:
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did beare,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there:
Was ever grief like mine?

For thirtie pence he did my death devise,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:
Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts deare treasure
Drops bloud (the onely beads) my words to measure:
O let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure:
Was ever grief like mine?

These drops being temper'd with sinners tears
A Balsome are for both the Hemispheres:
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet my Disciples sleep; I cannot gain
One houre of watching; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they runne!
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne!
Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief,
Who am the Way and Truth, the true relief;
Most true to those, who are my greatest grief:
Was ever grief like mine?

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse?
Canst thou finde hell about my lips? and misse
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse?
Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but furie: yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands
Was ever grief like mine?

All my Disciples flie; fear puts a barre
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the starre,
That brought the wise men of the East from farre.
Was ever grief like mine?

Then from one ruler to another bound
They leade me; urging, that it was not sound
What I taught: Comments would the test
confound.
Was ever grief like mine?

The Priest and rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And readie Paschal Lambe of this great week:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemie,
That I did thrust into the Deitie,
Who never thought that any robbie:
Was ever grief like mine?

Some said, that I the Temple to the floore
In three dayes raz'd, and raised as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they condemne me all with that same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

They binde, and leade me unto *Herod*: he
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is my enmitie:
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,
And onely am the Lord of Hosts and might:
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod in judgement sits, while I do stand;
Examines me with a censorious hand:
I him obey, who all things else command:
Was ever grief like mine?

The *Jews* accuse me with dispitifulnesse;
And vying malice with my gentlenesse,
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse:
Was ever grief like mine?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stonie hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like mine?

My silence rather doth augment their crie;
My dove doth back into my bosome flie,
Because the raging waters still are high:
Was ever grief like mine?

Heark how they crie aloud still, *Crucifie:*
It is not fit he live a day, they crie,
Who cannot live lesse then eternally:
Was ever grief like mine?

Pilate, a stranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine owne deare people, cry, *Away, away*,
With noises confused frightening the day:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet still they shout, and crie, and stop their eares,
Putting my life among their sinnes and fears,
And therefore wish *my blood on them and theirs:*
Was ever grief like mine?

See how spite cankers things. These words aright
Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light:
But hony is their gall, brightnesse their night:
Was ever grief like mine?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesie:
For it was their own case who killed me:
Was ever grief like mine?

And a seditious murderer he was:
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth passe
All understanding, more then heav'n doth glasse:
Was ever grief like mine?

Why, Caesar is their onely King, not I:
He clave the stonie rock, when they were drie;
But surely not their hearts, as I well trie:
Was ever grief like mine?

Ah! how they scourge me! yet my tendernesse
Doubles each lash: and yet their bitternesse
Windes up my grief to a mysteriousnesse:
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet him, and box him as they list,
Who grasps the earth and heaven with his fist,
And never yet, whom he would punish, miss'd:
Was ever grief like mine?

Behold, they spit on me in scornfull wise,
Who by my spittle gave the blinde man eies,
Leaving his blindnesse to my enemies:
Was ever grief like mine?

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As *Moses* face was veiled, so is mine,
Lest on their double-dark souls either shine:
Was ever grief like mine?

Servants and abjects flout me; they are wittie:
Now prophesie who strikes thee, is their dittie.
So they in me denie themselves all pitie:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well nigh suffereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

Weep not, deare friends, since I for both have wept
When all my tears were blood, the while you slept:
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept:
Was ever grief like mine?

The souldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuse me all:
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with a scarlet robe they me aray;
Which shews my blood to be the onely way
And cordiall left to repair mans decay:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear:
For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and watred there:
Was ever grief like mine?

So sits the earths great curse in *Adam's* fall
Upon my head: so I remove it all
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They strike my head, the rock from thence all store
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore:

Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail king*:
What ever scoffes & scornfulnesse can bring,
I am the floore, the sink, where they it fling:

Was ever grief like mine?

Yet since mans scepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloudie their weeds;
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:

Was ever grief like mine?

The souldiers also spit upon that face,
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
And Prophets, once to see, but found no place:

Was ever grief like mine?

Thus trimmed, forth they bring me to the rout,
Who *Crucifie him*, crie with one strong shout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out:

Was ever grief like mine?

They leade me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they leade me out agen.
Whom devils flie, thus is he toss'd of men:

Was ever grief like mine?

And now wearie of sport, glad to ingrosse
All spite in one, counting my life their losse,
They carrie me to my most bitter crosse:

Was ever grief like mine?

O all ye who passe by, behold and see;
Man stole the fruit,⁴ but I must climbe the tree;
The tree of life to all, but onely me:

Was ever grief like mine?

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne,
The greater world o' th' two; for that came in
By words, but this by sorrow I must win:

Was ever grief like mine?

Such sorrow as, if sinfull man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel.
Till all were melted, though he were all steel:

Was ever grief like mine?

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,
The sonne, in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God -----

Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my soul, my bodie many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
Reproches, which are free, while I am bound.

Was ever grief like mine?

Now heal thy self, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so, when I left my crown
And fathers smile for you, to feel his frown:

Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not my self, there doth consist
All that salvation, which ye now resist;
Your safetie in my sicknesse doth subsist:

Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two theeves I spend my utmost breath,
As he that for some robbetrie suffereth.
Alas! what have I stollen from you? Death.

Was ever grief like mine?

A king my title is, prefixt on high;
Yet by my subjects am condemn'd to die
A servile death in servile companie:

Was ever grief like mine?

They give me vineger mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all:

Was ever grief like mine?

They part my garments, and by lot dispose
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes:

Was ever grief like mine?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go;
For they will pierce my side, I full well know;
That as sinne came, so Sacraments might flow:

Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die; now all is finished.
My wo, mans weal: and now I bow my head.
Onely let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

[Sung]

Here we have a firm foundation
Here the refuge of the lost
Christ's the Rock of our salvation
His the name of which we boast
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded
Sacrifice to cancel guilt
None shall ever be confounded
Who on him their hope have built