



Good Friday Cantata with Orchestra

Raleigh Court United Methodist Church
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Order of Worship

You have been given a nail to hold in your hand during the service.

As you hold it, remember that Christ died in your place,
for the forgiveness of your personal sins and the world's sins.

When you leave the sanctuary, please drop your nail in
one of the buckets provided at the exits or in the bucket
at the foot of the cross.

Prelude Debra LeBrun
Herzlich Tut Mich Verlangen (O Sacred Head Now Wounded)
by J. S. Bach Adagio from Organ Concerto in A Minor by J. S. Bach

Welcome Pastor Taylor Mertins

*Opening Hymn Were You There v 1,2,3,5 UMH 289

Good Friday Prayer

Scripture John 3:16-17

Hymn Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed UMH 294

In My Place
Remembering Christ's Sacrifice of Love
Music by Craig Courtney, Narration by Pamela Stewart

Please depart in silence. Feel free to remain in the sanctuary in prayer.

*All who are able are encouraged to stand for this act of worship.

UMH = United Methodist Hymnal

In My Place by Craig Courtney

1. Lest I Forget Thy Love Words by Jennie E. Hussey

Lest I forget Thy love.

King of my life I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glory be;

Lest I forget Thy thorn-crowned brow, lead me to Calvary.

Lest I forget Thy love.

Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, tenderly mourned and wept;

Angels in robes of light arrayed guarded Thee whilst Thou slept.

Lest I forget Gethsemane, lest I forget Thine agony,

Lest I forget Thy love for me, lead me to Calvary.

Let me like Mary, through the gloom, come with a gift to Thee;

Show to me now the empty tomb, lead me to Calvary.

May I be willing, Lord, to bear daily my cross for Thee;

Even Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

Lest I forget Gethsemane, Lest I forget Thine agony,

Lest I forget Thy love for me, Lead me to Calvary.

Narrator

Judas

2. Ah, Holy Jesus Words by Johann Heermann, trans. by Robert Bridges

Ah, holy Jesus, how hast Thou offended,

That we to judge Thee have in hate pretended?

By foes derided, by Thine own rejected, O most afflicted!

Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee?

Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee!

'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee; I crucified thee.

For me, kind Jesus, was Thy incarnation,

Thy mortal sorrow, and Thy life's oblation;

Thy death of anguish and Thy bitter passion, for my salvation.

Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay Tee,

I do adore Thee, and will ever pray Thee,

think on Thy pity and Thy love unswerving, not my deserving.

Narrator

Peter

3. When I Am Lifted Up Words by Pamela Stewart

In villages, on mountainsides, or by the open sea,
The broken and forgotten ones, the children and the weak,
Longing for a simple touch, a single look their way,
He had compassion on them all and He was heard to say,
“None of these who come to me will I turn away,
The lowly or the powerful, betrayer or betrayed.
When I am high and lifted up for all the world to see,
My arms outstretched to welcome them. I’ll draw them all to me.”

Upon a hill called Golgotha stood Peter with his fears,
And Thomas with his inner doubt and Mary with her tears.
The singers of “hosannas” who had praised Him in the street,
And those who shouted “Crucify!” now gathered at His feet.
“None of these who come to me will I turn away,
The lowly or the powerful, betrayer or betrayed.
When I am high and lifted up for all the world to see,
My arms outstretched to welcome them. I’ll draw them all to me.”

With open arms He’s waiting still to draw us to his side,
That all who come may be embraced and in His arms abide.
“None of these who come to me will I turn away,
The lowly or the powerful, betrayer or betrayed.
When I am high and lifted up for all the world to see,
My arms outstretched to welcome them. I’ll draw them all to me.”

Narrator

The Thief

4. O Sacred Head Words by Bernard of Clairvaux, trans. by James Alexander

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Thine only crown.
How pale Thou art 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;
mine, mine was the transgression, but Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
look on me with Thy favor, vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

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!

Lord, be my consolation; shield me when I must die;
Remind me of Thy Passion when my last hour draws nigh.
These eyes, new faith receiving, from Thee shall never move;
for those who die believing die safely in Thy love.

Narrator

The Centurion

5. I Stand Amazed Words by Charles H. Gabriel

Soloist: Steph Dickenson

I stand amazed in the presence of Jesus the Nazarene,
And wonder how He could love me, a sinner, condemned, unclean.
How marvelous, how wonderful!
And my song shall ever be.
How marvelous, how wonderful is my savior's love for me!

Narrator

A Member of the Crowd

6. Holy Words by Craig Courtney

Holy, holy, holy, holy is the Lord Almighty.
Heaven and earth, heaven and earth,
Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in excelsis.
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in excelsis.

Blessed is he, blessed is he who comes in the name, the name of the Lord.
Blessed is he, blessed is he who comes in the name, the name of the Lord.
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in excelsis.
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in excelsis.
Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy.

Narrator

7. Behold the Lamb of God Words by Fanny Crosby and Craig Courtney

Behold the Lamb of God, the Lamb for sinners slain;
A perfect sacrifice for all, He died, 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 Heaven rejoice, and earth her honors bring
To Him, the everlasting God, the great, eternal King.
Behold the Lamb of God, 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.
Behold the Lamb of God, Behold His hands, His side.
The Son of God, the sinless lamb, for me was crucified.
The Son of God, the sinless Lamb, for me was crucified.

Please depart in silence. Feel free to remain in the sanctuary in prayer.

Readers

Narrator: Charlotte Runyon

Judas: Fred Sistler

Peter: Brian Clingenpeel

Thief: Roy Miller

Centurion: Larry Dickenson

Member of the Crowd: Sidney Handy

Choir

Sopranos: Stephanie Dickenson, Judy Gearing,
Jenifer Kurtz, Kristi Vernon

Altos: Beth Clingenpeel, Linda Dickey, Louise Miller,
Audrey Sistler, Judy Thornton, Susan Tobiason

Tenors: Sarah McConchie Landon Paul

Basses: George Dickenson, Bill Gearing, Hal Jeffery

Orchestra

Violins: Annamarie Kresge, Sophia Ciatti

Viola: Joseph Grof

Cello: Hannah Cox

Bass: Eric Hollandsworth

Flute: Sally Sizer

Oboe: Maggie Rahmoeller

Clarinet: Robert Langford and Becky Peterman

Bassoon: Rebecca Wilson

Piano: Judy Clark

Timpani: Taylor Cobb

Conductor

Debra LeBrun

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