

## My song is Love Unknown

In life, no house, no home  
My Lord on earth might have;  
In death, no friendly tomb,  
But what a stranger gave.  
What may I say?  
Heav'n was His home;  
But mine the tomb  
Wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing,  
No story so divine;  
Never was love, dear King,  
Never was grief like Thine.  
This is my Friend,  
In whose sweet praise  
I all my days  
Could gladly spend.

**Scripture: Mathew 27: 45 – 50**

## Concluding prayer

*\* It was on the Friday from Stages on the Way, Worship resources for Lent, Holy Week and Easter © 1998 Wild Goose Publications*

*My Song is Love Unknown by Samuel Crossman (1624 – 1684)*

*Please leave in silence and take this order of service with you*



# The Last Hour



*A service of scripture, music, prayer and poetry for Good Friday.*

**Music: Arvo Part, De Profundis; Psalm 130**

**Poem: It was on the Friday\***

## Silence

### My Song is Love Unknown

My song is love unknown,  
My Saviour's love to me;  
Love to the loveless shown,  
That they might lovely be.  
O who am I,  
That for my sake  
My Lord should take  
Frail flesh, and die?

He came from His blest throne  
Salvation to bestow;  
But men made strange, and none  
The longed-for Christ would know:  
But oh, my Friend,  
My Friend indeed,  
Who at my need  
His life did spend.

**Gospel: Mathew 27: 29 – 44**

**Poem : Good Friday, St Melito of Sardis**

**Silence**

**Music: Arvo Part, De Profundis;  
Credo**

**Scripture: Isaiah 53: 1-6:**

**My Song is Love unknown**

Sometimes they strew His way,  
And His sweet praises sing;  
Resounding all the day  
Hosannas to their King:  
Then "Crucify!"  
Is all their breath,  
And for His death  
They thirst and cry

They rise and needs will have  
My dear Lord made away;  
A murderer they save,  
The Prince of life they slay.  
Yet cheerful He  
To suffering goes,  
That He His foes  
From thence might free.

**Descent into Hell from the  
Lamentation at the Tomb**

**Music: Arvo Part, De Profundis;  
Kyrie**

**Prayers**

Holy God  
**Holy God,**  
holy and strong,  
holy and immortal,  
have mercy upon us.

**Julian of Norwich**

**Laying down of our burden**

**Music: Arvo Part, De Profundis; And  
one of the Pharisees  
(Luke 7: 36 – 50)**

*One of the Pharisees asked Jesus to eat with him, and he went into the Pharisee's house and took his place at the table. And a woman in the city, who was a sinner, having learned that he was eating in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster jar of ointment. She stood behind him at his feet, weeping, and began to bathe his feet with her tears and to dry them with her hair. Then she continued kissing his feet and anointing them with the ointment. Now when the Pharisee who had invited him saw it, he said to himself, 'If this man were a prophet, he would have known who and what kind of woman this is who is touching him—that she is a sinner.' Jesus spoke up and said to him, 'Simon, I have something to say to you.' 'Teacher,' he replied, 'speak.' 'A certain creditor had two debtors; one owed five hundred denarii, and the other fifty. When they could not pay, he cancelled the debts for both of them. Now which of them will love him more?' Simon answered, 'I suppose the one for whom he cancelled the greater debt.' And Jesus said to him, 'You have judged rightly.' Then turning towards the woman, he said to Simon, 'Do you see this woman? I entered your house; you gave me no water for my feet, but she has bathed my feet with her tears and dried them with her hair. You gave me no kiss, but from the time I came in she has not stopped kissing my feet. You did not anoint my head with oil, but she has anointed my feet with ointment. Therefore, I tell you, her sins, which were many, have been forgiven; hence she has shown great love. But the one to whom little is forgiven, loves little.' Then he said to her, 'Your sins are forgiven.' But those who were at the table with him began to say among themselves, 'Who is this who even forgives sins?' And he said to the woman, 'Your faith has saved you; go in peace.'*