

Good Friday  
*Service of Shadows*

# Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Blue Hymnal #250

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 eyes 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;

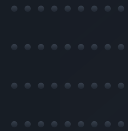
The wonders of redeeming love and my  
unworthiness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow  
for mine 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.

Text: Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872  
Music: Frederick C. Maker, 1881

The background is a dark, charcoal-colored surface with a complex, organic texture. A large, faint cross is centered on the page. There are also several faint, dotted circular lines scattered across the background, some of which appear to be part of a larger, partially visible circular design. The overall mood is somber and mysterious.

# *The Shadow of Betrayal*



# *The Shadow of Agony*



'Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow  
Blue Hymnal #241



'Tis Midnight and on Olive's brow  
the star is dimmed that lately shone.

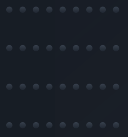
'Tis midnight; in the garden now  
the suff'ring Savior prays alone.

'Tis Midnight, and from all removed,  
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears.

E'en that disciple whom he loved  
Heeds not his master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt the  
Man of sorrows weeps in blood.  
Yet he who hath in anguish knelt  
Is not forsaken by his God.

Text: William B. Tappan, Poems, 1822  
Music: William B. Bradbury, The Shawm, 1853



# *The Shadow of Arrest*





*The Shadow of Desertion*

# *The Shadow of Accusation*



O Sacred Head, Now Wounded  
Blue Hymnal #252  
Verses 1, 3, and 4

O Sacred Head, now wounded,  
with grief and shame weighed down,  
now scornfully surrounded  
with thorns, thine only crown!

O sacred Head, what glory,  
what bliss till now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.



What thou, my Lord, has 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,

Vouch safe to me thy grace.

What language should 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 to thee.



# *The Shadow of Crucifixion*



The background is a dark, charcoal-colored surface with a mottled, painterly texture. A large, faint white cross is centered on the page. To the left of the cross, there is a faint circular outline, and to the right, there is a faint semi-circular arc. In the top right corner, there are three horizontal rows of small white dots. In the bottom left corner, there are two vertical lines of small white dots.

*The Shadow of Death*









Go to Dark Gethsemane

Blue Hymnal #240

Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r.  
Your redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour.  
Turn not from His griefs away.  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned.  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss.  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb.

There, adoring at His feet,

Mark that miracle of time,

God's own sacrifice complete.

"It is finished!" hear the cry.

Learn from Jesus Christ to die.

Music: James Montgomery, 1825

Music: Richard Redhead, 1853

