

First Presbyterian Church

Established 1988 PCA

(931) 484-4644

www.firstprescrossville.org

office@firstprescrossville.org



Who is First Presbyterian Church?

We belong to the family of the Redeemed.
Transformed by the grace of Jesus' life, death, and resurrection,
we are delighting in the supremacy of God in all things
as we reach up to Him in worship,
reach in to one another with biblical teaching and shepherding care,
and reach out to the world with Christ.

*So that in everything He might be preeminent.
Colossians 1:18*

Order of Worship

*Please stand if you are able.

Bold text indicates congregational response.

Preparation for Worship

Blessed Lord Jesus, before your cross I kneel and see the heinousness of my sin, my iniquity that caused you to be “made a curse”, the evil that provokes the severity of divine wrath. Show me the enormity of my guilt by the crown of thorns, the pierced hands and feet, the bruised body, the dying cries. Your blood is the blood of incarnate God, its worth infinite, its value beyond all thought.

from *Valley of Vision*

Gospel Reading

Matthew 27:1-10

*Hymn of Lament & Praise

Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed

#254

Alas! and did my Savior bleed, and did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I have done, he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut its glories in,
When God, the mighty maker, died for man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face while his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt mine eyes in tears.

But drops of tears can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do.

Gospel Reading

Matthew 27:11-26

*Hymn of Lament & Praise

Franklin Kyrie

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy, have mercy Lord.

Christ, have mercy. Christ, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy, have mercy Lord.

Lord, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy, have mercy Lord.

Gospel Reading

Matthew 27:27-44

*Hymn of Lament & Praise

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

#247

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, 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 to thee.

When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted, see him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ, by man rejected; yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he.
'Tis the long-expected Prophet, David's Son, yet David's Lord;
By his Son God now has spoken: 'tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, as you hear him groaning, was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning, foes insulting his distress?
Many hands were raised to wound him, none would interpose to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierced him was the stroke that justice gave.

Ye who think of sin but lightly nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly, here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the sacrifice appointed, see who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's anointed, Son of Man and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation, here the refuge of the lost:
Christ, 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.