

GOOD FRIDAY CANTATA PARTICIPANTS

Pastor

Rev. Dr. Anita K. Herbert

Director of Music

William J. Bennett

Pianist

Jim Moore

Flute

Katie Hardwick

Clarinet

Erikah Rooman

Percussion

Josh Bohl

Violin 1

Kathryn Westurn

Violin 2

Paul Paert

Viola

Jeremiah Moultrie

Cello

Biana O'Niell

Narrators

Kelli Kemmerer

Colin Martin

Ushers

Lionel Lawson

Merrilyn Long

Marylou Semones

Oden Semones

Chancel Choir

Topper Avenel

Angela Blanchard

Bruce Bryson

Diane Burden

Jim Burden

Betty Cowen

Barbara Grube

Sandra Hess

Mike Homola

Sheryl Homola

Frieda Hughey

Sharon Klein

Jim Maes

Marie Maes

Hannah Meyer

Sharon Napoleone

Barbara Norris

Barbara Rudolph

Barbara Thornton

Tom Thornton

Doug Warren

Cynthia Wilson

John Wilson

Dotty Wright



Come join us on...

Saturday, April 4

10:00 am - Easter Egg Hunt

Sunday, April 5, Easter

8:45 am & 11:00 am - Traditional Service

10:00 am - Contemporary Service

407 South Laurel Street Summerville, SC 29483

843-871-0280

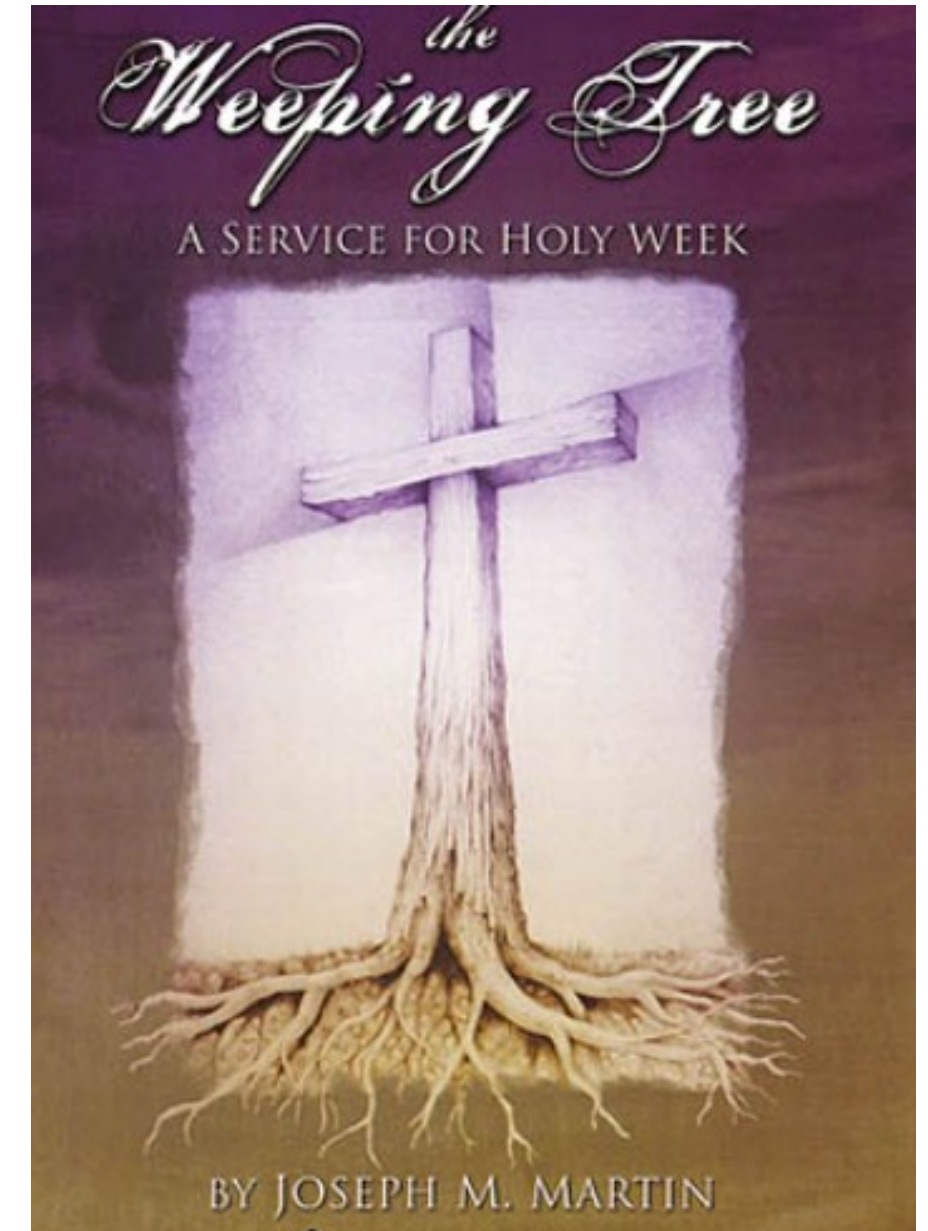
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**SUMMERVILLE
Presbyterian Church**

Share Christ, Serve Others, Grow Together in Faith



GOOD FRIDAY CANTATA
Friday, April 3, 7:30 pm

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Welcome and Opening Prayer

Rev. Dr. Anita K. Herbert

*Procession of the Cross

Monologue: The Weeping Tree

Kelli Kemmerer & Colin Martin

The Weeping Tree

*Upon the wind there comes a call, a whisper soft and low,
a lonesome cry that fills the night and echoes through the soul.*

*It stirs the seekers tender heart. It bids them come and see,
to kneel in shadows cast by grace, to touch the weeping tree.*

*Against the sky the timbers rise, a silhouette of grace,
a rugged throne for heaven's own, the sinner's hiding place.*

*Its burdened arms reach out to all; they draw the world to see
the price of love is paid in blood upon the weeping tree.*

*O come to the place where promise lives and rest where hope begins,
where crimson leaves adorn the ground, a gift from graceful winds.*

O come and walk the winding path that leads to Calvary.

Come lay your burdens down and rest beneath the weeping tree.

Come lay your burdens down and rest beneath the weeping tree.

Monologue: Of Tears and Sorrow

Kelli Kemmerer & Colin Martin

Of Tears and Sorrow

Soloists: Sharon Napoleone & Doug Warren

Surely He hath borne our griefs, and hath carried our sorrows.

*Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows,
carried our sorrows, carried our sorrows.*

Surely He hath borne our griefs, and hath carried our sorrows.

*Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows,
carried our sorrows, carried our sorrows.*

Surely He hath borne our griefs.

He was wounded for all our transgressions.

He was bruised for all our sin.

And the chastisement of our peace was upon Him,

and with His stripes we are healed.

Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison. Kyrie eleison, eleison. Kyrie eleison.

Kyrie eleison. Kyrie eleison.

Surely He hath borne our griefs, and hath carried our sorrows.

*Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows,
carried our sorrows, carried our sorrows.*

Monologue: Lamentation of the Cross

Kelli Kemmerer & Colin Martin

Lamentation of the Cross

*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!

*Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow, where the blood of Christ was shed,
perfect Man on thee did suffer. Perfect God on thee has bled!*

Faithful cross above all others, standing for eternity!

Rugged wood and cruel branches, perfect fruit is hung on Thee.

How pale Thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn!

How does that visage languish which once was bright as morn!

How does that visage languish which once was bright as morn!

When He is gone, care for one another.

Monologue: Wondrous Love, Wondrous Cross

Kelli Kemmerer & Colin Martin

Wondrous Love, Wondrous Cross

What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul!

What wondrous love is this. What wondrous love is this, O my soul!

What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss

to bear the heavy cross for my soul, for my soul,

to bear the heavy cross for my soul.

*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.*

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul!

What wondrous love is this, O my soul!

See from His head, His hands, His feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down.

O what wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss

to bear the heavy cross for my soul, for my soul,

to bear the heavy cross for my soul!

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Kyrie, Kyrie, Kyrie eleison.

What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul!

Monologue: Alas, And Did My Savior Bleed?

Kelli Kemmerer & Colin Martin

Alas, And Did My Savior Bleed?

*Alas, and did my Savior bleed and did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head for sinners such as I?*

Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity, grace unknown, and love beyond degree!

*Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut His glories in,
when Christ the mighty Maker died for man, the creature's sin.*

*Thus might I hide my blushing face while Calv'ry's cross appears;
dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt my heart with tears,*

*And melt my heart with tears, and melt my heart with tears,
and melt my heart with tears.*

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe.

Here, Lord, I give myself away 'Tis all that I can do.

Kyrie eleison Kyrie eleison!

Alas and did my Savior bleed and did my Sov'reign die!

Monologue: Without His Cross

Kelli Kemmerer & Colin Martin

Without His Cross

*Without His tears there is no comfort. Without His death there is no life.
Without His blood there is no pardon. Without His cross there is no crown.*

*Without His shame there is no glory. Without His grief there is no joy.
Without His stripes there is no healing. Without His cross there is no crown.*

Lamb of God, You bring salvation,

and with Your grace our hearts are sealed.

Lord, with Your tears of love You bathe our sorrows.

In Your eyes we stand revealed.

*Without His tears there is no comfort. Without His death there is no life.
Without His blood there is no pardon. Without His cross there is no crown.*

Without His blood there is no pardon. Without His cross there is no crown.

Without His cross there is no crown.

Closing

Rev. Dr. Anita K. Herbert

**After three minutes of silence to represent the three days in the
grave, a bell will toll and all may leave in silence.**