

Good Friday

TENEBRAE



ST. LUCAS EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN

CHURCH AND SCHOOL

1417 Parkview Drive PO Box 44 Kewaskum, Wisconsin www.stlucaswels.org

Good Friday – Tenebrae (Service of Darkness)

April 18th, 2025

We call this Friday "good," for we know why Jesus willingly endured the agony of the cross. It wasn't a tragic miscarriage of justice. Jesus suffered this punishment vicariously, in our place. He was pierced for our transgressions and crushed for our iniquities. Because he did, we are now right with our holy God. Jesus' punishment is our peace.

The service meditates on three Psalms that prefigured Jesus' suffering and death. Psalm 2: *"The kings of the earth rise up and the rulers band together against the Lord and against his anointed."* Psalm 22: *"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? . . . All who see me mock me; they hurl insults, shaking their heads. 'He trusts in the Lord,' they say, 'let the Lord rescue him. Let him deliver him, since he delights in him.'" Psalm 27: "False witnesses rise up against me, spouting malicious accusations."*

The Psalms are followed by calls for us to repent. The *Quaerite Dominum* (Seek the Lord) is from Isaiah 55. The Reproaches, along with the hymn *Lamb of God Pure and Holy*, serve as our prayer of repentance.

The congregation gathers in silence. Please set all personal electronic devices to silent mode. The organ is played softly during this service, just enough to support congregational singing.

GOOD FRIDAY: SERVICE OF DARKNESS

Tenebrae

The bell tolls seven times.

The minister enters in silence.

The Tenebrae candles are lit.

Stand

Gospel

M: A reading from the Gospel of St. John:

John 19:17-30

Carrying his own cross, Jesus went out to the place of the Skull (which in Aramaic is called Golgotha). Here they crucified him, and with him two others—one on each side and Jesus in the middle.

Pilate had a notice prepared and fastened to the cross. It read: JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS. Many of the Jews read this sign, for the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city, and the sign was written in Aramaic, Latin and Greek. The chief priests of the Jews protested to Pilate, “Do not write ‘The King of the Jews,’ but that this man claimed to be king of the Jews.”

Pilate answered, “What I have written, I have written.”

When the soldiers crucified Jesus, they took his clothes, dividing them into four shares, one for each of them, with the undergarment remaining. This garment was seamless, woven in one piece from top to bottom.

“Let’s not tear it,” they said to one another. “Let’s decide by lot who will get it.”

This happened that the scripture might be fulfilled which said, “They divided my garments among them and cast lots for my clothing.” So this is what the soldiers did.

Near the cross of Jesus stood his mother, his mother’s sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother there, and the disciple whom he loved standing nearby, he said to his mother, “Dear woman, here is your son,” and to the disciple, “Here is your mother.” From that time on, this disciple took her into his home.

Later, knowing that all was now completed, and so that the Scripture would be fulfilled, Jesus said, “I am thirsty.” A jar of wine vinegar was there, so they soaked a sponge in it, put the sponge on a stalk of the hyssop plant, and lifted it to Jesus’ lips. When he had received the drink, Jesus said, “It is finished.” With that, he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Be Seated

Silence for contemplation

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

CW 430



- 1 Strick-en, smit-ten, and af-flict-ed, see him dy-ing on the
- 2 Tell me, as you hear him groan-ing, was there ev-er grief like
- 3 If you think of sin but light-ly nor sup-pose the e-vil
- 4 Here we have a firm foun-da-tion, here the ref-uge of the



tree! 'Tis the Christ, by man re-ject-ed; yes, my
his, friends through fear his cause dis-own-ing, foes in-
great, here you see its na-ture right-ly, here its
lost: Christ, the rock of our sal-va-tion, is the



soul, 'tis he, 'tis he. 'Tis the long-ex-pect-ed
sult-ing his dis-tress? Man-y hands were raised to
guilt may es-ti-mate. Mark the sac-ri-fice ap-
name of which we boast; Lamb of God, for sin-ners



Proph-et, Da-vid's son, yet Da-vid's Lord; proofs I
wound him, none would in-ter-vene to save; but the
point-ed, see who bears the aw-ful load; 'tis the
wound-ed, sac-ri-fice to can-cel guilt! None shall



see suf-fi-cient of it: 'tis the true and faith-ful Word.
deep-est stroke that pierced him was the stroke that jus-tice gave.
Word, the Lord's a-noint-ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
ev-er be con-found-ed who on him their hope have built.

Text: Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855, alt. Tune: Geistliche Volkslieder, Paderborn, 1850 Text and tune: Public domain

The first candle is extinguished.

Silence for meditation

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

CW 429

Stanzas 3 & 4 sung by cantors



1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and
2 Men mock and taunt and jeer you, they smite your
3 Now from your cheeks has van - ished their col - or,
4 My bur - den in your pas - sion, Lord, you have



shame weighed down, now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed,
coun - te - nance, though might - y worlds shall fear you
once so fair; from your red lips is ban - ished
borne for me, for it was my trans - gres - sion,



with thorns your on - ly crown, O sa - cred head, no
and flee be - fore your glance. How pale you are with
the splen - dor that was there. Grim death with cru - el
my shame, on Cal - va - ry. I cast me down be -



glo - ry now from your face does shine; yet, though de -
an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn! Your eyes with
rig - or has robbed you of your life; thus you have
fore you; wrath is my right - ful lot. Have mer - cy,



spised and go - ry, I joy to call you mine.
pain now lan - guish that once were bright as morn!
lost your vig - or, your strength, in this sad strife.
I im - plore you; Re - deem - er, spurn me not!

5 What language shall I borrow
to thank you, dearest Friend,
for this, your dying sorrow,
your pity without end?
O make me yours forever,
and keep me strong and true;
Lord, let me never, never
outlive my love for you.

6 My Savior, then be near me
when death is at my door,
and let your presence cheer me;
forsake me nevermore!
When soul and body languish,
O leave me not alone,
but take away my anguish
by virtue of your own!

7 Lord, be my consolation,
 my shield when I must die;
 remind me of your passion
 when my last hour draws nigh.
 My eyes will then behold you,
 upon your cross will dwell;
 my heart will then enfold you—
 who dies in faith dies well!

Text: attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153, abr.; German version, Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676; tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt. Tune: Hans Leo Hassler, 1546–1612 Text: © 1941 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: OneLicense no. 703484 Tune: Public domain

The second candle is extinguished.

Silence for meditation

O LORD, You Are My Light

Psalm 27B



1 O LORD, you are my light and my sal - va - tion near;
 2 My one re - quest has been and still this prayer I raise;
 3 When trou - bles round me swell, when fears and dan - gers throng,
 4 Up - lift - ed on a rock a - bove my foes a - round,



then who will cause me fright or fill my heart with fear?
 that I may live with - in God's house for all my days.
 se - cure - ly I will dwell in his pa - vil - ion strong.
 a - mid the bat - tle shock my song shall still re - sound.



While God my strength, my life sus - tains, se - cure from fear my
 God's glo - rious beau - ty to ad - mire, and in his tem - ple
 With - in the shel - ter of God's tent he hides me till the
 Then joy - ful of - f'ings I will bring; the LORD God's praise my



soul re - mains, se - cure from fear my soul re - mains.
 to in - quire, and in his tem - ple to in - quire.
 storm is spent, he hides me till the storm is spent.
 heart shall sing, the LORD God's praise my heart shall sing.

Text (st. 1): Psalter, 1887, alt.; (sts. 2–4): Psalter, 1912, alt. Tune: John D. Edwards Text and tune: Public domain

The third candle is extinguished.

Silence for meditation

Seek the Lord -- Quaerite

from Occasional Services

Sung by Cantors

Seek the Lord while he may be found;
Call upon him while he is near.
Let the wicked forsake his way
and evil man his thoughts.
Let him turn to the Lord, and he will have mercy on him,
and to our God, for he will freely pardon.

“For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
neither are your ways my ways,” declares the Lord.
“As the heavens are higher than the earth,
so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts.
As the rain and the snow come down from heaven
and do not return to it without watering the earth

and making it bud and flourish,
so that it yields seed for the sower and bread for the eater,
so is my word that goes out from my mouth:
It will not return to me empty;
But will accomplish what I desire
and achieve the purpose for which I sent it.”

The fourth candle is extinguished.

Silence for meditation

Stand

Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle

CW 419

Cantors sing stanzas 2 & 4



1 Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle, waged in blood on
 2 Tell how, when at length the full - ness of th'ap - point - ed
 3 Thus, with thir - ty years ac - com - plished, he went forth from
 4 Faith - ful cross, true sign of tri - umph, be for all the
 5 Un - to God be praise and glo - ry; to the Fa - ther



Cal - va - ry; o'er the cross, tri - um - phant tro - phy,
 time was come, he, the Word, was born of wom - an,
 Naz - a - reth, des - tined, ded - i - cat - ed, will - ing,
 no - blest tree; none in fo - liage, none in blos - som,
 and the Son, to th'e - ter - nal Spir - it hon - or



tell who strug - gled val - iant - ly; tell how earth's Re -
 left for us his Fa - ther's home, blazed the path of
 did his work and met his death; like a lamb he
 none in fruit your e - qual be, sym - bol of the
 now and ev - er - more be done— praise and glo - ry



deem - er con - quered— vic - tim gain - ing vic - to - ry.
 true o - be - dience, shone as light a - midst the gloom.
 hum - bly yield - ed on the cross his dy - ing breath.
 world's re - demp - tion, for your bur - den makes us free.
 in the high - est while the time - less a - ges run.

Text: Venantius Fortunatus, c. 530–609, abr.; (st. 1): tr. Michael D. Schultz, b. 1963; (sts. 2–5): tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–1866, alt.

Tune: Carl F. Schalk, 1929–2021

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Text (sts. 2–5): Public domain

Tune: © 1967 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: OneLicense no. 703484

Be Seated

REPROACHES

First Reproach

Sung by Cantor

Thus says the Lord: What have I done to you, O my people, and wherein have I offended you? Answer me. For I have raised you up out of the prison house of sin and death, and you have delivered up your Redeemer to be scourged. For I have redeemed you from the house of bondage, and you have nailed your Savior to the cross. O my people!

Holy Lord God, holy and mighty God, holy and most merciful Redeemer, God eternal, leave us not to bitter death. O Lord, have mercy.

Lamb of God, Pure and Holy

CW 947 st. 1

1 Lamb of God, pure and ho - ly, who on the cross did suf - fer,
ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, your-self to scorn did of - fer.
All sin you car-ried for us, else had de-spair reigned o'er us:
have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!

Text: Nicolaus Decius, c. 1485–after 1546; tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941 Tune: Nicolaus Decius, c. 1485–after 1546 Text and tune: Public domain

Second Reproach

Sung by Cantor

Thus says the Lord: What have I done to you, O my people, and wherein have I offended you? Answer me. For I have conquered all your foes, and you have given me over and delivered me to those who persecute me. For I have fed you with my Word and refreshed you with living water, and you have given me gall and vinegar to drink. O my people!

Holy Lord God, holy and mighty God, holy and most merciful Redeemer, God eternal, allow us not to lose hope in the face of death and hell. O Lord, have mercy.

Lamb of God, Pure and Holy

CW 947 st. 2

2 Lamb of God, pure and ho - ly, who on the cross did suf - fer,
ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, your-self to scorn did of - fer.
All sin you car - ried for us, else had de-spair reigned o'er us:
have mer - cy on us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff continues the melody and lyrics. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

Text: Nicolaus Decius, c. 1485–after 1546; tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941
Tune: Nicolaus Decius, c. 1485–after 1546
Text and tune: Public domain

Third Reproach

Sung by cantor

Thus says the Lord: What have I done to you, O my people, and wherein have I offended you? Answer me. What more could have been done for my vineyard than I have done for it? When I looked for good grapes, why did it yield only bad? My people, is this how you thank your God? O my people!

Holy Lord God, holy and mighty God, holy and most merciful Redeemer, God eternal, keep us steadfast in the true faith. O Lord, have mercy.

Lamb of God, Pure and Holy

CW 947 st. 3

3 Lamb of God, pure and ho - ly, who on the cross did suf - fer,
ev - er pa - tient and low - ly, your-self to scorn did of - fer.
All sin you car - ried for us, else had de - spair reigned o'er us:
your peace be with us, O Je - sus! O Je - sus!

Text: Nicolaus Decius, c. 1485–after 1546; tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941

Tune: Nicolaus Decius, c. 1485–after 1546

Text and tune: Public domain

Silence for meditation

Sermon: Reflections on Repentance: Restored by His Sacrifice *Psalms 51:14-17*

Deliver me from the guilt of bloodshed, O God,
you who are God my Savior,
and my tongue will sing of your righteousness.

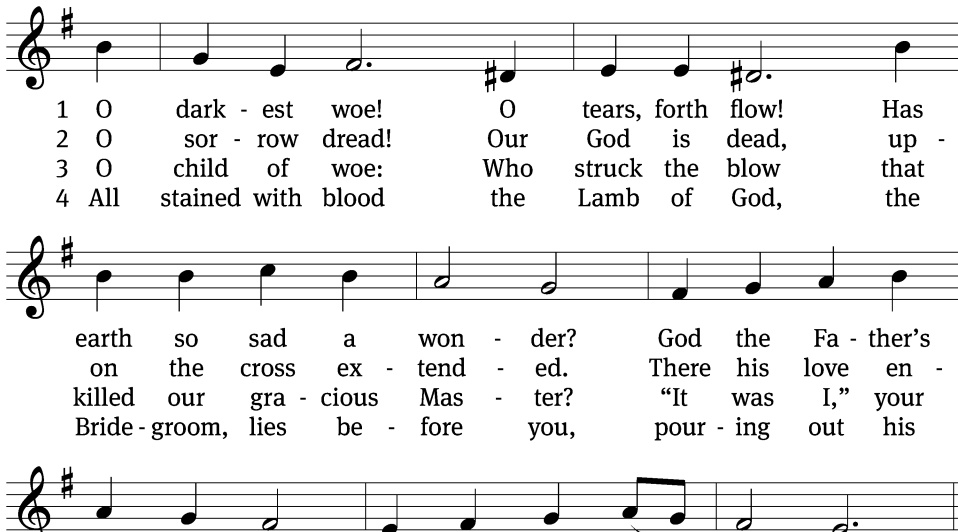
Open my lips, Lord,
and my mouth will declare your praise.

You do not delight in sacrifice, or I would bring it;
you do not take pleasure in burnt offerings.

My sacrifice, O God, is a broken spirit;
a broken and contrite heart
you, God, will not despise.

O Darkest Woe

CW 427



1 O dark - est woe! O tears, forth flow! Has
 2 O sor - row dread! Our God is dead, up -
 3 O child of woe: Who struck the blow that
 4 All stained with blood the Lamb of God, the

earth so sad a won - der? God the Fa - ther's
 on the cross ex - tend - ed. There his love en -
 killed our gra - cious Mas - ter? "It was I," your
 Bride - groom, lies be - fore you, pour - ing out his

on - ly Son now is bur - ied yon - der.
 liv - ened us as his life was end - ed.
 con - science cries, "I have wrought dis - as - ter!"
 life that he may to life re - store you.

5 O Virgin's Son,
 what you have won
 is far beyond all telling:
 how our God, detested, died,
 hell and devil felling.

6 O Jesus blest,
 my help and rest,
 regard my prayerful weeping:
 usher me through death and grave
 safe into your keeping.

Text (st. 1): Friedrich von Spee, 1591–1635; (sts. 1, 4, 6): tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.; (sts. 2–6): Johann Rist, 1607–1667, abr.; (sts. 2–3, 5): tr. Joseph Herl, b. 1959, alt.
 Tune: Himmlische Harmony, Mainz, 1628
 Text (sts. 2–3, 5): © Joseph Herl. Used by permission: OneLicense no. 703484
 Text (sts. 1, 4, 6) and tune: Public domain

The fifth candle is extinguished.

Silence for meditation

Christ became obedient for us unto death, even death on a cross. Therefore God has exalted him to the highest place and given him the name that is above every name.

Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins,

as we forgive those
who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours
now and forever. Amen.

O Dearest Jesus, What Law Have You Broken

CW 432

Cantors sing stanzas 3, 4, & 6



1 O dear - est Je - sus, what law have you bro - ken
2 They crown your head with thorns, they smite, they scourge you;
3 Whence come these sor - rows, whence this mor - tal an - guish?
4 What pun - ish - ment so strange is suf - fered yon - der!



that such sharp sen - tence should on you be spo - ken?
with cru - el mock - ings to the cross they urge you;
It is my sins for which you, Lord, must lan - guish;
The Shep - herd dies for sheep that loved to wan - der;



Of what great crime have you to make con -
they give you gall to drink, they still de -
yes, all the wrath, the woe that you in -
the Mas - ter pays the debt his ser - vants



fes - sion, what dark trans - gres - sion?
cry you; they cru - ci - fy you.
her - it, this I do mer - it.
owe him, who would not know him.

5 The sinless Son of God must die in sadness,
the sinful child of man may live in gladness;
we forfeited our lives, yet are acquitted;
God is committed.

6 I'll think upon your mercy without ceasing,
that earth's vain joys to me no more be pleasing;
to do your will shall be my sole endeavor
henceforth forever.

PSALM 51

Spoken softly by the congregation

¹Have mercy on me, O God,
according to your unfailing love;
according to your great compassion
blot out my transgressions.
²Wash away all my iniquity
and cleanse me from my sin.
³For I know my transgressions,
and my sin is always before me.
⁴Against you, you only, have I sinned
and done what is evil in your sight;
so you are right in your verdict
and justified when you judge.
⁵Surely I was sinful at birth,
sinful from the time my mother
conceived me.
⁶Yet you desired faithfulness even in the
womb;
you taught me wisdom in that secret
place.
⁷Cleanse me with hyssop, and I will be
clean;
wash me, and I will be whiter than snow.
⁸Let me hear joy and gladness;
let the bones you have crushed rejoice.
⁹Hide your face from my sins
and blot out all my iniquity.

7 And when, dear Lord, before your throne in heaven
to me the crown of joy at last is given,
where sweetest hymns your saints forever raise you,
I too shall praise you.

Text: Johann Heermann, 1585–1647; (sts. 1–4, 6–7): tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.; (st. 5): tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt. Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662 Text and tune: Public domain

¹⁰Create in me a pure heart, O God,
and renew a steadfast spirit within me.
¹¹Do not cast me from your presence
or take your Holy Spirit from me.
¹²Restore to me the joy of your salvation
and grant me a willing spirit, to sustain me.
¹³Then I will teach transgressors your ways,
so that sinners will turn back to you.
¹⁴Deliver me from the guilt of bloodshed, O God,
you who are God my Savior,
and my tongue will sing of your righteousness.
¹⁵Open my lips, Lord,
and my mouth will declare your praise.
¹⁶You do not delight in sacrifice, or I would bring
it;
you do not take pleasure in burnt offerings.
¹⁷My sacrifice, O God, is a broken spirit;
a broken and contrite heart
you, God, will not despise.
¹⁸May it please you to prosper Zion,
to build up the walls of Jerusalem.
¹⁹Then you will delight in the sacrifices of the
righteous,
in burnt offerings offered whole;
then bulls will be offered on your altar.

The sixth candle is extinguished. The seventh candle is carried from the chancel.

PRAYER OF THE DAY

Let us pray.

God Most Holy, look with mercy on this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed, to be given over into the hands of the wicked, and to suffer death upon the cross. Keep us always faithful to him, our only Savior, who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever.

Amen.

Silence for meditation

We Adore You, Jesus Christ (Adoramus te Christe)

Sung by Cantors

We adore you, Jesus Christ, Truly your cross and passion
and we bless your holy name; bring us life and healing.
truly your cross and passion
bring us life and healing.

A loud noise (strepitus) representing the rending of Christ's tomb is heard, and the seventh candle is returned to burn in the chancel.

Lord, Let at Last Thine Angels Come

CW 817

Sung by the cantors to close the service.

Lord, let at last thine angels come,	And then from death awaken me
to Abr'ham's bosom bear me home	that these mine eyes with joy may see,
that I may die unfearing;	O Son of God, thy glorious face,
and in its narrow chamber keep	my Savior and my fount of grace.
my body safe in peaceful sleep	Lord Jesus Christ, my prayer attend, my prayer attend,
until thy reappearing.	and I will praise thee without end.

Text: tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.; Martin M. Schalling, 1532–1608
Text: Public domain

The minister exits the chancel.

The congregation may remain for prayer and meditation before dispersing quietly.

SERVING IN WORSHIP

Presiding Minister: Pastor Timothy Henning

Organist: Coralee Henning

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