



Lent Service  
Christ the King Free Lutheran Church

March 7, 2021

6:00 PM

# Lent Service

## March 7, 2021

**Welcome**

**Scripture Reading**    Mark 8:27-30

**Opening Hymns**    # 258 (Hymnal) *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*  
                          # 284 (Hymnal) *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded*

**Prayer**

**Special Music**        *Into the Garden the Savior Went*  
                                  Bill Steuck & Irene Warner

**Message**    **Crucifixion Confessions**    *Peter*

Mark 14:66-72        Alan Warner

**Closing Hymn**        # 256 (Hymnal) *The Old Rugged Cross*

**Benediction**

**Message next Sunday:**    **Criminals**    Luke 23:39-43    Dave Muller

## Mark 8:27-30

<sup>27</sup> And Jesus went on with his disciples to the villages of Caesarea Philippi. And on the way he asked his disciples, “Who do people say that I am?” <sup>28</sup> And they told him, “John the Baptist; and others say, Elijah; and others, one of the prophets.” <sup>29</sup> And he asked them, “But who do you say that I am?” Peter answered him, “You are the Christ.” <sup>30</sup> And he strictly charged them to tell no one about him.

## *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*

### Verse 1

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.

### Verse 2

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.

### Verse 3

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?

### Verse 4

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.

CCLI Song # 27893

Isaac Watts | Lowell Mason

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## *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded*

### Verse 1

O sacred Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thy only crown,  
How art Thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn!  
How does that visage languish  
Which once was bright as morn!

### Verse 2

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,  
Vouch-safe to me Thy grace.

### Verse 3

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  
Out live my love for Thee!

CCLI Song # 4224059

Bernard of Clairvaux | Hans Leo Hassler | James Waddell Alexander | Paulus Gerhardt

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*Into the Garden the Savior Went*

Into the Garden the Savior went,  
On past the deep shadowed trees;  
Leaving His followers,  
there He knelt quietly on His knees.  
Those whom He loved  
could not fully know all of His destiny;  
Soon they were sleeping while Jesus prayed,  
there in Gethsemane.

Into the garden the Savior went,  
bearing the sins of the world;  
All my iniquities, all my wrongs  
on Him that night were hurled.  
Deep in His spirit this question burned;  
“May I from this cup be free?”  
“Thy will be done!” was the prayer He prayed,  
there in Gethsemane.

Into the garden the Savior went,  
there in great agony prayed;  
Sweat drops of blood fell upon the ground,  
still it was there He stayed.  
Facing the cross was no easy task,  
with all its misery;  
In final surrender the Savior bowed,  
there in Gethsemane,  
There in Gethsemane.

## *The Old Rugged Cross*

### Verse 1

On a hill far away  
Stood an old rugged cross,  
The emblem of suffering and shame;  
And I love that old cross  
Where the dearest and best  
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

### **Chorus**

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
'Til my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it some day for a crown.

### Verse 2

O that old rugged cross,  
So despised by the world,  
Has a wondrous attraction for me;  
For the dear Lamb of God  
Left His glory above  
To bear it to dark Calvary.

### **Chorus**

### Verse 3

In the old rugged cross,  
Stained with blood so divine,  
A wondrous beauty I see;  
For 'twas on that old cross  
Jesus suffered and died  
To pardon and sanctify me.

### **Chorus**

### Verse 4

To the old rugged cross  
I will ever be true,  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me some day  
To my home far away,  
Where His glory forever I'll share.

### **Chorus**