



Good Friday

Friday, April 3, 2026
6:30pm

Pilgrim Evangelical Lutheran Church

W156 N5436 Bette Drive, Menomonee Falls, WI | 262-781-3520 | office@pilgrimcares.org

Good Friday Tenebrae

The word Tenebrae is a Latin word which means *shadows* or *darkness*. The service presents a series of readings, songs and sounds to center our attention on our Lord's crucifixion and our repentance over the sin which made it necessary. The altar candles are extinguished one by one as we remember the Passion of Jesus which he suffered to free us from sin, death, and hell. As each candle is extinguished, the church lights are gradually dimmed. The large candle signifies Jesus, the Light of the World. The extinguishing of this candle symbolizes the Lord's death. The removal of the Christ candle denotes his burial, and the harsh sound, called *strepitus*, indicates the stone being rolled against the entrance of Jesus' tomb. The Christ candle is lit and returned to the altar in anticipation of our reassembling on Easter Sunday to celebrate Jesus' glorious resurrection from death.

At the conclusion of our Tenebrae worship, you may take time for personal meditation. Then please leave quietly contemplating the Passion of Christ.

SERVING IN WORSHIP

Minister
Organist

Pastor Collin Vanderhoof
David Porth

SERVICE OF TENEBRAE

Invitation to Worship

First Reading

“By his wounds we are healed”

Jesus, in Your Dying Woes

CW 435



- 1 Je - sus, in your dy - ing woes, e - ven while your life - blood flows,
- 2 Je - sus, pit - y - ing the sighs of the thief who near you dies,
- 3 Je - sus, lov - ing to the end her whose heart your sor - rows rend,
- 4 Je - sus, plunged in depths un - known with our e - vil foe a - lone,



- crav - ing par - don for your foes: hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!
prom - is - ing him par - a - dise: hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!
and your dear - est hu - man friend: hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!
while no light from heav'n is shown: hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!

- 5 Jesus, in your thirst and pain,
while your wounds the lifeblood drain,
thus fulfilling Scripture's plan:
hear us, holy Jesus!
- 6 Jesus, all our ransom paid,
all your Father's will obeyed,
by your sufferings perfect made:
hear us, holy Jesus!
- 7 Jesus, all your labor vast,
all your woe and conflict past,
yielding up your soul at last:
hear us, holy Jesus!

Responsive Reading

Here is your king!

CRUCIFY HIM!

But he is innocent!

CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM!

Why do you seek his death?

CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM!

Second Reading

“They crucified him”

The Nails and the Cross

At this time we ask anyone who would like to participate to come forward at the direction of the ushers. In pew sections from left (north) to right (south), you will be dismissed to place a nail in the cross. In quiet reflection we realize that it was our sins that nailed Jesus to the cross. Yet it also reminds us all the more that our sins were placed on the cross and paid for in full by the blood of our loving Savior. “Look, the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world.” (John 1:29) After placing the nail in the cross, please walk to the far right (south) window aisle, walk to the back of the church and then return to your pew in silence.

My Song Is Love Unknown

CW 397



1 My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to
2 He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be -
3 Some - times they strew his way and his sweet prais - es
4 Why? What has my Lord done? What makes this rage and



me, love to the love - less shown that they might love - ly
stow, but such dis - dain! So few the longed - for Christ would
sing, re - sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their
spite? He made the lame to run, he gave the blind their



be. Oh, who am I that for my sake
know! But oh, my friend, my friend in - deed,
King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath,
sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these



my Lord should take frail flesh and die?
who at my need his life did spend!
and for his death they thirst and cry.
them - selves dis - please and 'gainst him rise.

5 They rise and needs will have
my dear Lord made away.
A murderer they save,
the Prince of life they slay.
Yet cheerful he
to suffering goes
that he his foes
from death might free.

Continued

- 6 In life no house, no home
my Lord on earth might have;
in death no friendly tomb
but what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heav'n was his home
but mine the tomb
wherein he lay.
- 7 Here might I stay and sing;
no story so divine,
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like thine.
This is my friend,
in whose sweet praise
I all my days
could gladly spend!

Text: Samuel Crossman, c. 1624–1683, alt. Tune: John N. Ireland, 1879–1962 Text and tune: Public domain

Third Reading

“Father, forgive them”

Responsive Reading

Here is death,

which is the price of our sin.

Here is sorrow and suffering,

which is our just reward.

Here is pain and blood and torture,

which are our punishment.

Here is death and life,

for the Lamb, the Christ, bore all for us.

Fourth Reading

“Today you will be with me in paradise”

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

Fifth Reading

“Dear woman, here is your son”

Choir Anthem

Sung by the Adult Choir

No Crying He Makes

*Again, God's Son sleeps.
Again, no crying he makes.
Again, his body is wrapped against the cold.*

*Where are the shepherds?
Where are the kings?
Joseph, where are you?*

*Angels guard the door, but not one angel sings.
Where is the hay for this cold room?
Ev'ry manger knows a tomb, my Jesus,
Ev'ry manger knows a tomb.*

*God does not slumber,
But God's Son sleeps
Death's cold dark sleep.*

*God's Son sleeps.
No crying he makes.
His body is wrapped against the cold.*




Sixth Reading

“My God, my God”

Psalm

Psalm 22A

Refrain



O sa - cred head, now wound-ed, with grief and shame weighed down.

Tone



My God, my God, why have you for- / saken me?

Why are you so far from saving me, so far from my cries of / anguish?

I am a worm and / not a man,

scorned by everyone, despised by the / people.

All who see me / mock me;

they hurl insults, shaking / their heads.

“He trusts in the / LORD,” they say,

“let the LORD / rescue him.” *Refrain*

All my bones are / on display;

you lay me in the / dust of death.

A pack of villains en- / circles me;

they pierce my hands / and my feet.

They divide my clothes a- / mong them

and cast lots for my / garment.

But you, LORD, do not be / far from me.

You are my strength; come quickly to / help me.

Glory be to the Father and / to the Son

and to the Holy / Spirit,

as it was in the be- / ginning,

is now, and will be forever. / Amen. *Refrain*

Text: attr. Bernard of Clairvaux; German version Paul Gerhardt; The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941 Tune: Hans Leo Hassler Setting: Paul G. Bunjes Tune: Public domain Setting: © 1982 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: License no. 130028684

O Dearest Jesus, What Law Have You Broken

CW 432 sts. 1-3, 5



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?
 5 The sin - less Son of God must die in sad - ness,



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 sin - ful child of man may live in glad - ness;



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 -
 we for - feit - ed our lives, yet are ac -



fes - sion, what dark trans - gres - sion?
 cry you; they cru - ci - fy you.
 her - it, this I do mer - it.
 quit - ted; God is com - mit - ted.

Text: Johann Heermann, 1585-1647; (sts. 1-3): tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878, alt.; (st. 5): tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt. Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598-1662 Text and tune: Public domain

Eighth Reading

“It is finished”

Go to Dark Gethsemane

CW 425 sts. 1-3



1 Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, all who feel the
2 Fol - low to the judg - ment hall, view the Lord of
3 Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; there, a - dor - ing



tempt - er's pow'r; your Re - deem - er's con - flict see,
life ar - rained. Oh, the worm - wood and the gall,
at his feet, mark that mir - a - cle of time,



watch with him one bit - ter hour. Turn not from his
oh, the pangs his soul sus - tained! Shun not suf - f'ring,
God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete. "It is fin - ished!"



griefs a - way; learn from Je - sus Christ to pray.
pain, or loss; learn from him to bear the cross.
hear him cry; learn from Je - sus Christ to die.

Text: James Montgomery, 1771-1854, alt. Tune: Richard Redhead, 1820-1901 Text and tune: Public domain

Ninth Reading

“Father, into your hands”

The Closing of the Tomb

The Resurrection Candle

Easter Hope

Lord, Thee I Love with All My Heart

CW 817 st. 3

3 Lord, let at last thine an - gels come, to A-br'ham's
bos - om bear me home that I may die un - fear - ing;
and in its nar - row cham - ber keep my bod - y
safe in peace - ful sleep un - til thy re - ap - pear - ing.
And then from death a - wak - en me that these mine eyes with
joy may see, O Son of God, thy glo - rious face, my Sav - ior
and my fount of grace. Lord Je - sus Christ, my prayer at -
tend, my prayer at - tend, and I will praise thee with - out end.

Text: tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878, alt.; Martin M. Schalling, 1532-1608Tune: Zwey Bücher . . . Tablatur, Strassburg, 1577 Text and tune: Public domain

The worshippers are asked to leave the church in silence.

You are invited to place your offering in the offering boxes in the narthex as you leave.

Please join us for Easter Worship Sunday at 7:00am (Dawn) 8:30 & 10:00am (Festival)

Acknowledgments

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Pilgrimcares.org

Pastor Collin Vanderhoof

cvanderhoof@pilgrimcares.org
608.548.0670

Pastor Aaron Winkelman

awinkelman@pilgrimcares.org
219.380.2212

Pastor Greg Hermanson

pastorhermanson@gmail.com
262.505.4377

Principal Kevin Klug

kklug@pilgrimcares.org
920.253.7688

Early Childhood Director Amanda Berg

aberg@pilgrimcares.org
507.829.7267