

The Prayer Meeting Podcast is a worship podcast where you are invited to sing, play along, or just listen. Music notation of these songs will be available shortly. This week's episode is an extended worship jam based on the songs of Holy Week, and in particular the events that transpired on Good Friday. Many of these songs were based upon a detailed survey that many of you answered.

2:53 Were You There

5:30 Stabat Mater

7:49 What Wondrous Love Is This

10:05 O Come And Mourn With Me Awhile

13:11 Beneath the Cross of Jesus

16:47 When I Survey/The Old Rugged Cross

23:29 O Sacred Head Once Wounded

27:00 Glory Be To Jesus

32:59 O The Blood of Jesus / The King of Glory

38.20 Nothing But The Blood

41:03 When He Sees the Blood

Feel free to pass this podcast along to anybody whom you feel would be blessed by it. Also, if you're a musician or worship leader, feel free to use these songs in your own circles.

1. WERE YOU THERE?

Spiritual

1. Were you there when they crucified my Lord
Were you there when they crucified my Lord

**O, sometimes it causes me to tremble,
tremble, tremble**

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?

2. STABAT MATER

Ascribed to Jacopone Da Todi OFM (d. 1306)

Tr. by R. A. Knox.

1. By the Cross her vigil keeping
Stands the Queen of sorrows weeping
While her Son in torment hangs;

2. Now she feels--O heart afflicted
By the sword of old predicted!
More than all a mother's pangs.

3. Sad and heavy stands beside him
She who once had magnified him
One-begotten, only-born'

4. While she sees that rich atoning
Long the moaning, deep the groaning
Of her mother-heart forlorn.

STABAT MATER (Cont.)

5. Who, Christ's Mother contemplating
In such bitter anguish waiting
Has no human tears to shed?

6. Who would leave Christ's Mother, sharing
All the pain her Son is bearing,
By those tears uncomforted?

7. Earth and heaven His cause forsaking,
Now His noble heart is breaking,
Now the laboring breath is still.

8. Mother, fount whence love flows truest
Let me know the pain thou knewest,
Let me weep as thou hast wept.

3. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE IS THIS

Traditional (early U.S.)

1. What wondrous love is this
O my soul o my soul
What wondrous love is this o my soul
What wondrous love is this
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse
for my soul for my soul
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul

2. When I was sinking down,
sinking down sinking down
When I was sinking down, sinking down
When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown
Christ laid aside His crown
for my soul for my soul
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul

3. To God and to the Lamb
I will sing, I will sing
To God and to the Lamb I will sing
To God and to the Lamb
Who is the Great I AM
While millions join the theme
I will sing I will sing
While millions join the theme I will sing

4. And when from death I'm free
I'll sing on I'll sing on
And when from death I'm free I'll sing on
And when from death I'm free
I'll sing and joyful be
Throughout eternity
I'll sing on I'll sing on
Throughout eternity I'll sing on

4. O COME AND MOURN WITH ME AWHILE

JB Dykes (1823-76)
FW Faber, (1814-63)

1. O come and mourn with me awhile
See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her;
Jesus our Love, is crucified.
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and men deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs
Jesus our Love, is crucified.
3. How fast His feet and hands are nailed:
His blessed tongue with thirst is tied;
His failing eyes are blind with blood
Jesus our Love, is crucified.
4. Sev'n words He spoke, sev'n Words of love.
And all three hours, His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men
Jesus our Love, is crucified.
5. O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act, Your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
Jesus our Love, is crucified.

5. BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS

Elizabeth C. Clephane
Frederick C. Maker

1. Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would make my stand;
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a wary land,
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way
From the burning of the noontide heat
And the burden of the day.
2. Upon that cross of Jesus
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess:
The wonder of His glorious love
And my unworthiness.
3. I take, O cross thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face.
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain or loss,
My sinful self, my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

6. WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
Edward Miller (1731-1807)
[ROCKINGHAM]

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.
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.
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?
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.

7. THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

George Bennard

1. On a hill far away, stood an old rugged cross
The emblem of suff'ring and shame
And I loved that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.
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.

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

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.
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
There His glory for ever I'll share.

8. O SACRED HEAD ONCE WOUNDED

Bernard of Clairvaux (c. 1150)
tr. Paul Gerhardt
Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)
Arr. by J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
[PASSION CHORALE]

1. O sacred Head, once wounded
With grief and shame bow'd 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.

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
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace

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
Outlive my love for Thee.

9. GLORY BE TO JESUS

Edward Caswall
Friedrich Filitz

1. Glory be to Jesus, who in bitter pains
Poured for me the lifeblood, from His sacred veins

2. Grace and life eternal, in that blood I find
Blest be his compassion, infinitely kind!

3. Blest thru endless ages, be the precious stream
Which from sin and sorrow, doth the world redeem

4. Oft as earth exulting, wafts its praise on hi
Angel hosts, rejoicing, make their glad reply

5. Lift ye then yr voices, swell the mighty flood
Louder still + louder, praise the precious blood

10. O THE BLOOD OF JESUS

Author unknown

O the Blood of Jesus
O the Blood of Jesus
O the Blood of Jesus
It washes white as snow.

11. THE KING OF GLORY

Author unknown

The King of Glory who died on the tree
Saved my soul and set me free
Fills my life with joy and glee
And this King of Glory is coming back for me.
The King of Glory who died on the tree
Saved my soul and set me free
Fills my life with joy and glee
And He's just the same today.

12. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD

Author Unknown

What can wash away our sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus
What can make us whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus

For our pardon this we see
Nothing but the blood of Jesus
For our cleansing, this our plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus

**O precious is the flow
That makes us white as snow
No other fount we know
Nothing but the blood of Jesus**

13. WHEN HE SEES THE BLOOD

John G. Foot (1880)

1. Christ our Redeemer died on the cross
Died for the sinner, paid all His due;
Sprinkle your soul with the Blood of the Lamb,
And He will pass, will pass over you.

**When He sees the blood,
When He sees the blood,
When He sees the blood,
He will pass, He will pass over you.**

2. Chiefest of sinners, Jesus will save;
All He has promised, that He will do;
Wash in the fountain opened for sin
And He will pass, will pass over you.

3. Judgment is coming, all will be there,
Each one receiving justly His due;
Hide in the saving, sin-cleansing blood,
And He will pass, will pass over you.

4. Oh, great compassion! O boundless love!
O loving kindness, faithful and true!
Find peace and shelter under the blood,
And He will pass, will pass over you.

PRAYER BEFORE A CRUCIFIX

Behold o good and most sweet Jesus, I fall upon my knees before Thee, and with most servent desire beg and beseech Thee that Thou wouldst impress upon my heart a lively sense of faith, hope and charity, true repentance for my sins, and a firm resolve to make amends. And with deep affection and grief, I reflect upon Thy five wounds, having before my eyes that which Thy prophet David spoke about Thee, o good Jesus: "They have pierced my hands and feet, they have counted all my bones." Amen.

DEVOTION TO THE FIVE SACRED WOUNDS

Lord Jesus Christ, we adore the sacred wound of Your left foot. We thank You for the pain which You endured with so much love and charity. We suffer with You in Your sufferings, and we humbly beg pardon for our sins, which we deplore beyond all else. Convert all sinners, and make them understand the enormity of rejecting Your love. Jesus hear us.

Jesus graciously hear us.

Lord Jesus Christ, we adore the sacred wound of Your right foot. We thank You for the pain which You endured with so much love and charity. We suffer with You in Your sufferings, and we pray that you would grant us strength against all temptations, and prompt obedience in the doing of Your holy will. Comfort, O Jesus, the poor, the miserable, the afflicted, and all who are tempted or persecuted. Most just judge, govern those who administer justice, and assist all those who labour in the care of souls. Jesus hear us.

Jesus graciously hear us.

Lord Jesus Christ, we adore the sacred wound of Your left hand. We thank You for the pain which You endured with so much love and charity. We suffer with You in Your sufferings, and we pray that You would give us the grace to earnestly desire heaven. Grant us patience in all the trials of this life, and conformity in all things to Your blessed will Pardon all our enemies, and all those who bear ill-will against us. Grant patience to the sick, and restore them to health; support with Your grace all who are in their agony, that they may soon see Your face in glory. Jesus hear us.

Jesus graciously hear us.

Lord Jesus Christ, we adore the sacred wound of Your right hand. We thank You for the pain which You endured with so much love and charity. We suffer with You in Your sufferings, and we pray that You would grant us a resolute will to seek those things which are a help to our salvation. Grant us the grace of final perseverance, peace and relief to the souls in purgatory, and daily lead nearer to true holiness Your servants in this world. Jesus hear us.

Jesus graciously hear us.

Lord Jesus Christ, we adore the sacred wound of Your blessed side. We thank You for the infinite love manifested towards us at the opening of Your sacred heart. Grant us a pure and perfect charity, that we may love all things for Your sake and You above all things, and may we breathe our last in the presence of Your divine love. Protect Your holy Church, direct your vicar upon earth, bishops, priests and all who labour for the sake of the gospel. Preserve in Your holy service all Christian kings and rulers. Bring back in to the way of salvation all those who have gone astray and bring under Your sacred will all the enemies of Your Holy Name.

Jesus hear us.

Jesus graciously hear us.

Let us pray.

Lord Jesus Christ, we honor the five wounds which in Your love You endured for us Your servants whom You have redeemed with Your precious blood. Grant that our devotion to them may console us with the thought that one day, through the power of Your resurrection, we will be with You in paradise. We make this prayer to the Father, who with You and the Holy Spirit, lives and reigns God for ever and ever. Amen.

PSALM 51 (50)

Douay-Rheims Translation

Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy. And according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my iniquity. Wash me yet more from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know my iniquity, and my sin is always before me.

To thee only have I sinned, and have done evil before thee: that thou mayst be justified in thy words and mayst overcome when thou art judged. For behold I was conceived in iniquities; and in sins did my mother conceive me. For behold thou hast loved truth: the uncertain and hidden things of thy wisdom thou hast made manifest to me. Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow. To my hearing thou shalt give joy and gladness: and the bones that have been humbled shall rejoice.

Turn away thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Create a clean heart in me, O God: and renew a right spirit within my bowels. Cast me not away from thy face; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and strengthen me with a perfect spirit. I will teach the unjust thy ways: and the wicked shall be converted to thee.

Deliver me from blood, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall extol thy justice. O Lord, thou wilt open my lips: and my mouth shall declare thy praise. For if thou hadst desired sacrifice, I would indeed have given it: with burnt offerings thou wilt not be delighted. A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit: a contrite and humbled heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Deal favourably, O Lord, in thy good will with Sion; that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up.

Then shalt thou accept the sacrifice of justice, oblations and whole burnt offerings: then shall they lay calves upon thy altar.