

Good Friday

Voice

Fa - ther, in-to your hands I com-mend my spi - rit.

Organ

Org.

1. In you, O Lord, I take refuge.+
 Let me never be **put to shame**.
 In your justice, **set me free**.
 Into your hands I com-*mend my* spirit.
 You will redeem me, O Lord, O faith-**ful** God.
2. Because of all my foes I have become an object of **re-proach**,
 an object of scorn to my neighbors and of fear **to my** friends.
 Those who see me in the street *flee from me*.
 I am forgotten, like someone dead,+
 and have become like a bro-**ken** vessel.
3. But as for me, I trust in **you, O Lord**;
 I say, you **are my** God.
 My lot is in your hands,+
 deliver me from the hands of my *e-ne-mies*
 and those who **pur-sue** me.
4. Let your face shine **on your** servant.
 Save me in your merci-**ful** love.
 Be strong, let your *heart take* courage,
 all who hope in **the** Lord.