

“It was on a Friday Morning”

Sydney Bertram Carter (1915-2004) wrote the following text, based on Luke 23:39-43, and the tune to which they are set, FRIDAY MORNING. Their inclusion in *Book of Worship for United States Armed Forces* (1974) prompted a strong reaction. They still provoke a wide range of thoughts and feelings as they give voice to the thief beside Jesus—and to many since.

A reflection by Andrew Pratt can be found at

<https://hymnsocietygbi.org.uk/2021/07/it-was-on-a-friday-morning-andrew-pratt/>

It was on a Friday morning
that they took me from the cell,
and I saw they had a carpenter
to crucify as well.

You can blame it on to Pilate,
you can blame it on the Jews,
you can blame it on the Devil,
it's God I accuse.

It's God they ought to crucify
instead of you and me,
I said to the carpenter
a-hanging on the tree.

You can blame it on to Adam,
you can blame it on to Eve,
you can blame it on the apple,
but that I can't believe.

It was God that made the Devil
and the woman and the man,
and there wouldn't be an apple
if it wasn't in the plan.

Its God they ought to crucify
instead of you and me,
I said to the carpenter
a-hanging on the tree.

Now Barabbas was a killer
and they let Barabbas go.
But you are being crucified
for nothing, here below.
Your God is up in heaven
and he doesn't do a thing:
with a million angels watching,
and they never move a wing.

It's God they ought to crucify
instead of you and me,
I said to the carpenter
a-hanging on the tree.

To hell with Jehovah,
to the carpenter I said,
I wish that a carpenter
had made the world instead.
Goodbye and good luck to you,
our ways will soon divide.
Remember me in heaven,
the man you hung beside.

It's God they ought to crucify
instead of you and me,
I said to the carpenter
a-hanging on the tree.