

St John's College Chapel



A Meditation on the Passion of Christ

Saturday 5 March 2016

The congregation is requested to be as quiet as possible during the organ music.

ORGAN MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

Played by Glen Dempsey

Chorale Prelude on Rockingham

*Kenneth Leighton
(1929–1988)*

Adagio in C (BWV 564ii)

*Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)*

Venus
(*The Planets* op. 32)

*Gustav Holst
(1874–1934)
arr. Arthur Wills
(b.1926)*

Played by Joseph Wicks

Crucifixion (*Symphonie–Passion* op. 23)

*Marcel Dupré
(1899–1971)*

Cantabile
(*Symphonie* VI)

*Charles-Marie Widor
(1844–1937)*

Prélude (*Suite* op. 5)

*Maurice Duruflé
(1902–1986)*

ORDER OF SERVICE

ANTIPHON FOR PALM SUNDAY

Sung in the Ante-Chapel

Hosanna filio David; benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini,
Rex Israel. Hosanna in excelsis.

*Hosanna to the son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,
The King of Israel. Hosanna in the highest.*

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

¶ *Stand*

*All glory, laud and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.*

1. Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.

3. The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

2. The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

4. To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

5. Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

*Words translated from the Latin
hymn of St Theodulph of Orleans
John Mason Neale
(1818–1866)*

Tune VALET WILL ICH DIE GEBEN
Melchior Tescher (c.1613)
adapted *Johann Sebastian Bach*
(1685–1750)

¶ *Remain standing*

I GETHSEMANE

¶ *Remain standing*

SENTENCE

Burnt-offerings and sacrifice for sin hast thou not required: then said I, Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfill thy will, O my God.

Minister I will receive the cup of salvation.
Response **And call upon the name of the Lord.**

ANTIPHON

On the Mount of Olives he prayed to the Father: Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me. The spirit is indeed willing, but the flesh is weak. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

READINGS

¶ *Sit*

I WAKE AND FEEL THE FELL OF DARK, NOT DAY

By Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–1889)

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.
What hours, O what black hours we have spent
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.

With witness I speak this. But where I say
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent
To dearest him that lives alas! away.

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.
Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

THE COMING

By R.S. Thomas (1913–2000)

And God held in his hand
A small globe. Look, he said.
The son looked. Far off,
As through water, he saw
A scorched land of fierce
Colour. The light burned
There; crusted buildings
Cast their shadows; a bright
Serpent, a river
Uncoiled itself, radiant
With slime.

On a bare
Hill a bare tree saddened
The sky. Many people
Held out their thin arms
To it, as though waiting
For a vanished April
To return to its crossed
Boughs. The son watched
Them. Let me go there, he said.

ANTHEMS

JESU, GRANT ME THIS, I PRAY

Jesu, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in thy heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in thy wounded side.

If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

Death will come one day to me;
Jesu, cast me not from thee:
Dying let me still abide
In thy heart and wounded side.
Amen.

Words *anonymous, 17th century*

Music *Christopher Robinson*
(b. 1936)

EX ORE INNOCENTIIUM

It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.
And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept, and toiled and mourned, and died,
For love of those who loved him not.
I sometimes think about the cross,
And shut my eyes,
And try to see the cruel nails and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.
But even could I see him die,
I should but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in his heart.
And yet I want to love thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love thee more and more,
Until I see thee as thou art.

Words *William Walsham How*
(1823–1897)

Music *John Ireland*
(1879–1962)

SAINT LUKE 22 verses 39–54

And Jesus came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives; and his disciples also followed him. And when he was at the place, he said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye? Rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

And while he yet spake, behold a multitude, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus to kiss him. But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? When they which were about him saw what would follow, they said unto him, Lord, shall we smite with the sword?

And one of them smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear. And Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And he touched his ear, and healed him. Then Jesus said unto the chief priests, and captains of the temple, and the elders, which were come to him, Be ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and staves? When I was daily with you in the temple, ye stretched forth no hands against me: but this is your hour, and the power of darkness.

Then took they him, and led him, and brought him into the high priest's house.

COLLECT

Lord Jesus Christ, who in the Garden of Gethsemane didst pray with agony and bloody sweat that thy Father's will be done; grant that the same mind be formed also in us, that dying to sin and selfishness we may rise to life with thee: who now livest and reignest with the same Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. **Amen.**

MOTET

¶ *Sit*

NE IRASCARIS

Ne irascaris, Domine, satis
et ne ultra memineris iniquitatis nostrae.
Ecce, respice, populus tuus omnes nos.
Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta.
Sion deserta facta est, Jerusalem desolata est.

*Be not angry, O Lord, still,
neither remember our iniquity for ever.
Behold, see, we beseech thee, we are all thy people.
Thy holy cities are a wilderness,
Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation.*

Words *Isaiah 64 vv. 9–10*

Music *William Byrd*
(1543–1623)

1. My song is love unknown,
 My Saviour's love to me,
 Love to the loveless shown,
 That they might lovely be.
 O, who am I,
 That for my sake
 My Lord should take
 Frail flesh, and die?

2. He came from his blest throne,
 Salvation to bestow:
 But men made strange, and none
 The longed-for Christ would know.
 But O, my Friend,
 My Friend indeed,
 Who at my need
 His life did spend!

3. Sometimes they strew his way,
 And his sweet praises sing;
 Resounding all the day
 Hosannas to their King.
 Then 'Crucify!
 Is all their breath,
 And for his death
 They thirst and cry.

4. 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 thence might free.

5. 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.

Words *Samuel Crossman*
 (1624–1683)

Tune LOVE UNKNOWN
John Ireland
 (1879–1962)
 Descant *Christopher Robinson*
 (b. 1936)

II THE TRIAL

¶ *Remain standing*

SENTENCE

I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting.

Minister Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people.

Response **O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.**

ANTIPHON

They delivered me into the hands of the ungodly and numbered me amongst the workers of wickedness. They have not spared my soul. Mighty men are gathered together as my enemies and giants have taken their stand against me. Foreigners have risen against me, and the mighty seek my life.

READINGS

¶ *Sit*

PSALM 102 vv. 1–11

(Translation taken from the New Jerusalem Bible)

Yahweh, hear my prayer, let my cry for help reach you.

Do not turn away your face from me when I am in trouble; bend down and listen to me, when I call, be quick to answer me!

For my days are vanishing like smoke, my bones burning like an oven; like grass struck by blight, my heart is withering, I forget to eat my meals. From the effort of voicing my groans my bones stick out through my skin.

I am like a desert-owl in the wastes, a screech-owl among ruins, I keep vigil and moan like a lone bird on a roof.

All day long my enemies taunt me, those who once praised me now use me as a curse.

Ashes are the food that I eat, my drink is mingled with tears, because of your fury and anger, since you have raised me up only to cast me away;

my days are like a fading shadow, I am withering up like grass.

ROAD 1940

By Sylvia Townsend Warner (1893–1978)

Why do I carry, she said,
This child that is no child of mine?
Through the heat of the day it did nothing but fidget and whine.
Now it snuffles under the dew and the cold star-shine,
And lies across my heart heavy as lead,
Heavy as the dead.

Why did I lift it, she said,
Out of its cradle in the wheel-tracks?
On the dusty road burdens have melted like wax,
Soldiers have thrown down their rifles, misers slipped their packs:
Yes, and the woman who left it there has sped
With a lighter tread.

Though I should save it, she said,
What have I saved for the world's use?
If it grow to hero it will die or let loose
Death, or to hireling, nature already is too profuse
Of such, who hope and are disinherited,
Plough and are not fed.

But since I've carried it, she said,
So far I might as well carry it still.
If we ever should come to kindness someone will
Pity me perhaps as the mother of a child so ill,
Grant me even to lie down on a bed;
Give me at least bread.

ANTHEM

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD

God so loved the world,
that he gave his only begotten Son,
that whoso believeth in him should not perish,
but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world
to condemn the world;
but that the world through him might be saved.

Words *John 3 vv. 16, 17*

Music *John Stainer*
(1840–1901)

GOSPEL

¶ *Stand*

SAINT MATTHEW 27 verses 11–26

And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest. And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing. Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly. Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would. And they had then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas. Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ? For he knew that for envy they had delivered him.

When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him. But the chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus. The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto

you? They said, Barabbas. Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified. And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.

When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.

Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified.

COLLECT

Almighty and everlasting God, who, of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility: mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

MOTET

¶ *Sit*

O CRUX, AVE, SPES UNICA

O Crux, ave, spes unica,
O Redemptoris gloria,
auge piis iustitiam,
reisque dona veniam.

*Hail, O Cross, only hope,
glory of the Redeemer;
add to the holiness of the righteous,
and grant forgiveness to the guilty.*

HYMN

¶ *Stand*

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.

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.

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?

His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

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.

Words *Isaac Watts*
(1674–1748)

Tune ROCKINGHAM
Edward Miller
(1731–1807)
Descant *George Guest*
(1924–2002)

¶ *Remain standing*

III THE CRUCIFIXION

¶ *Remain standing*

SENTENCE

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Minister My God, my God, look upon me.
Response **Why hast thou forsaken me?**

ANTIPHON

What more could I have done that I have not done? I planted thee as my choicest vine but thou hast become exceeding bitter to me. When I was thirsty thou gavest me vinegar to drink and thou hast pierced with a spear the side of thy saviour.

READINGS

¶ *Sit*

GOLGOTHA

By John Heath-Stubbs (1918–2006)

In the middle of the world, in the centre
Of the polluted heart of man, a midden;
A stake stemmed in the rubbish.

From lipless jaws, Adam's skull
Gasp'd up through the garbage:
"I lie in the discarded dross of history,
Ground down again to the red dust,
The obliterated image. Create me."

From lips cracked with thirst, the voice
That sounded once over the billows of chaos
When the royal banners advanced, replied through the
smother of dark:

"All is accomplished, all is made new, and look –
All things, once more, are good."

Then, with a loud cry, exhaled His spirit.

WHAT WE BEHOLD ON THE CROSS

By Augustine of Hippo (354-430)

As they were looking on, so we too gaze on his wounds as he hangs. We see his blood as he dies. We see the price offered by the redeemer, touch the scars of his resurrection. He bows his head, as if to kiss you. His heart is made bare open, as it were, in love to you. His arms are extended that he may embrace you. His whole body is displayed for your redemption. Ponder how great these things are. Let all this be rightly weighed in your mind: as he was once fixed to the cross in every part of his body for you, so he may now be fixed in every part of your soul.

MOTET

CHRISTUS FACTUS EST

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens
usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.
Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum
et dedit illi nomen, quod est super omne nomen.

*Christ for us became obedient
unto death, even the death of the cross.
Wherefore God also has highly exalted him
and given him the name which is above every name.*

Words *Philippians 2 vv. 8-9*

Music *Anton Bruckner*
(1824-1896)

SAINT JOHN 19 verses 16–42

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the Place of a Skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha: Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS. This title then read many of the Jews: for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin. Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate, Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said, I am King of the Jews. Pilate answered, What I have written I have written.

Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be: that the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots. These things therefore the soldiers did.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst. Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar: and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it to his mouth. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

The Jews therefore, because it was the Preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath Day (for that Sabbath Day was an high day), besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs.

But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done, that the scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced.

And after this Joseph of Arimathaea, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus. And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight. Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus therefore because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand.

COLLECT

Almighty God, we beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross, who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. **Amen.**

CRUCIFIXUS

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis
sub Pontio Pilato passus et sepultus est.

*He was crucified also for us,
under Pontius Pilate he suffered and was buried.*

Words from the Nicene Creed

Music *Antonio Lotti*
(c.1667–1740)

GOSPEL

¶ *Stand*

SAINT MARK 16 verses 1–8

And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him. And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun. And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted. And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you. And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they any thing to any man; for they were afraid.

COLLECT FOR EASTER EVEN

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptised into the death of thy blessed Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord. **Amen.**

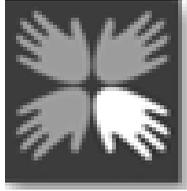
ORGAN MUSIC AFTER THE SERVICE

Played by Glen Dempsey

O Mensch, bewein dein Sünde groß (BWV 622)

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

The retiring collection will be for



THE MEDICAL FOUNDATION for the Care of Victims of Torture

The Medical Foundation is a human-rights organisation that exists to enable survivors of torture and organised violence to engage in a healing process to assert their own human dignity and worth.

Their concern for the health and well-being of torture survivors and their families is directed towards providing medical and social care, practical assistance, and psychological and physical therapy.

It is also their mission to raise public awareness about torture and its consequences.

MAKING A DIFFERENCE:

Sadly, torture is a reality in too many countries around the world. For those who have been held captive by torture regimes, and been subjected to all the brutality that that entails, fleeing into exile is often the only chance they have to save their lives.

Most will endure the lasting effects of torture for the rest of their lives. They may require specialist help, either physically or psychologically, so that they can begin to live a comparatively normal life.

The Medical Foundation is the only holistic treatment centre in the UK dedicated to helping survivors of torture and organised violence.