

The Liturgy of The Passion (Good Friday)



Truro
Cathedral

Welcome to Truro Cathedral, and to this service in which we remember Jesus' death upon the cross, and the enormity of his love for us, in word, music and sacrament.

The ministers enter in plain cassocks, the altars are stripped of all beauty and glory, and the climax of the liturgy of the word is the singing of the Passion Gospel according to St. John. Many translations of St John's gospel, including musical settings, translate the Greek word Ἰουδαῖοι as "the Jews" leading to anti-Semitic interpretations of who is to blame for the death of Jesus. A more accurate translation would be "*The Judeans*". We are *all* responsible, whilst he offers himself *freely* to save us. It is good to remember that St John himself was Jewish and his gospel is the account that stresses that the cross is a place of victory not a place of failure.

Traditionally the Litany is sung during this service after which the Proclamation of the Cross takes place. A wooden cross is carried through the building for our adoration, and we are asked to behold it as if looking at the very wood of the cross on which the Saviour hung. There is then the opportunity for everyone to venerate the cross, by kneeling at its foot, gazing at it in adoration as a sign of devotion and discipleship. During the Veneration, the choir sings a setting of the Reproaches, an ancient text based on Scripture in which God's love for us is strongly contrasted with the hatred that the human race has shown towards his Son.

The final part of the service, the Liturgy of the Sacrament, invites us to receive the Body of Christ, the Sacrament of Christ's love which the Passion proclaims. There is an ancient tradition that the Eucharist should not be celebrated on this day, but Holy Communion (in one kind, the bread) is given from the Reserved Sacrament consecrated at the Maundy Thursday Eucharist of the Last Supper. "The Body of Christ, broken for you".

All directions on posture are suggestions and the congregation are free to sit or kneel at any point in the service.

The Gathering

*Please stand as the clergy enter. Please join in the text marked in **bold type**
The choir sings:*

Civitas sancti tui, facta est deserta.	Your holy cities have become a wilderness.
Sion deserta, facta est.	Zion has become a wilderness,
Jerusalem desolata est.	Jerusalem a desolation.

Music: William Byrd (c1539–1623)

Words: Isaiah 64

The president says

Almighty Father, look with mercy on this your family
for which our Lord Jesus Christ was content to be betrayed
and given up into the hands of sinners
and to suffer death upon the cross;
who is alive and glorified with you and the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

The Liturgy of the Word

First Reading **Isaiah 52:13 – 53:12**

Please sit

A reading from the book of the prophet Isaiah.

See, my servant shall prosper; he shall be exalted and lifted up, and shall be very high. Just as there were many who were astonished at him - so marred was his appearance, beyond human semblance, and his form beyond that of mortals - so he shall startle many nations; kings shall shut their mouths because of him; for that which had not been told them they shall see, and that which they had not heard they shall contemplate. Who has believed what we have heard? And to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed? For he grew up before him like a young plant, and like a root out of dry ground; he had no form or majesty that we should look at him, nothing in his appearance that we should desire him. He was

despised and rejected by others; a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity; and as one from whom others hide their faces he was despised, and we held him of no account. Surely he has borne our infirmities and carried our diseases; yet we accounted him stricken, struck down by God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, crushed for our iniquities; upon him was the punishment that made us whole, and by his bruises we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have all turned to our own way, and the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he did not open his mouth; like a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent, so he did not open his mouth. By a perversion of justice he was taken away. Who could have imagined his future? For he was cut off from the land of the living, stricken for the transgression of my people. They made his grave with the wicked and his tomb with the rich, although he had done no violence, and there was no deceit in his mouth. Yet it was the will of the Lord to crush him with pain. When you make his life an offering for sin, he shall see his offspring, and shall prolong his days; through him the will of the Lord shall prosper. Out of his anguish he shall see light; he shall find satisfaction through his knowledge. The righteous one, my servant, shall make many righteous, and he shall bear their iniquities. Therefore I will allot him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he poured out himself to death, and was numbered with the transgressors; yet he bore the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

This is the word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Psalm 22:1-21

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me,

and are so far from my salvation, from the words of my distress?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer;

and by night also, but I find no rest.

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

Yet you are the Holy One, enthroned upon the praises of Israel.
Our forebears trusted in you;
they trusted, and you delivered them.

They cried out to you and were delivered;
they put their trust in you and were not confounded.

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

But as for me, I am a worm and no man,
scorned by all and despised by the people.

All who see me laugh me to scorn;
they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

'He trusted in the Lord; let him deliver him;
let him deliver him, if he delights in him.'

But it is you that took me out of the womb
and laid me safe upon my mother's breast.

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

On you was I cast ever since I was born;
you are my God even from my mother's womb.
Be not far from me, for trouble is near at hand
and there is none to help.

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

Mighty oxen come around me;
fat bulls of Bashan close me in on every side.

They gape upon me with their mouths,
as it were a ramping and a roaring lion.

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

I am poured out like water; all my bones are out of joint;
my heart has become like wax melting in the depths of my body.
My mouth is dried up like a potsherd; my tongue cleaves to my
gums; you have laid me in the dust of death.

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

For the hounds are all about me;
the pack of evildoers close in on me;
they pierce my hands and my feet.
I can count all my bones;
they stand staring and looking upon me.
They divide my garments among them;
they cast lots for my clothing.

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

Be not far from me, O Lord; you are my strength;
hasten to help me.
Deliver my soul from the sword,
my poor life from the power of the dog.
Save me from the lion's mouth,
from the horns of wild oxen. You have answered me!

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

Second Reading

Hebrews 4: 14-16, 5: 7-9

A reading from the letter to the Hebrews.

Since we have a great high priest who has passed through the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast to our confession. For we do not have a high priest who is unable to sympathise with our weaknesses, but we have one who in every respect has been tested as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore approach the throne of grace with boldness, so that we may receive mercy and find grace to help in time of need. In the days of his flesh, Jesus offered up prayers and supplications, with loud cries and tears, to the one who was able to save him from death, and he was heard because of his reverent submission. Although he was a Son, he learned obedience through what he suffered; and having been made perfect, he became the source of eternal salvation for all who obey him.

This is the word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Hymn

There is a green hill far away,
without a city wall,
where the dear Lord was crucified,
who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
what pains he had to bear;
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiv'n,
he died to make us good,
that we might go at last to heav'n,
saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
to pay the price of sin;
he only could unlock the gate
of heav'n, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,
and we must love him too,
and trust in his redeeming blood,
and try his works to do.

*Tune: Horsley NEH 92
W.Horsley (1774-1858)*

Words: Mrs C. Alexander (1818-95)

Please stand.

The Singing of the Passion

The Passion Gospel is sung by the choir to the traditional setting by Tomas Luis de Victoria. Those who are unable to stand throughout are invited to sit at any time. Traditionally no response is made as the Passion is announced or at the end.

During the Gospel, when the account of Christ's death is reached, all bow or genuflect for a moment of silent prayer. The narrative is then resumed.

Sermon

The Dean

The Litany

Please sit or kneel

The Precentor and choir sing the Litany.

God the Father,
have mercy on us.

God the Son,
have mercy on us.

God the Holy Spirit,
have mercy on us.

Holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity,
have mercy on us.

From all evil and mischief;
from pride, vanity, and malice;
and from all evil intent,
Good Lord, deliver us.

From sloth, worldliness, and love of money;
from hardness of heart and contempt for your word and your laws, Good
Lord, deliver us.

From sins of body and mind;
From the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil,
Good Lord, deliver us.

In all times of sorrow; in all times of joy;
in the hour of death, and at the day of judgement,
Good Lord, deliver us.

By the mystery of your holy incarnation;
by your birth, childhood, and obedience;
by your baptism, fasting and temptation,
Good Lord, deliver us.

By your ministry in word and work; by your mighty acts of power; and by
your preaching of the kingdom,
Good Lord, deliver us.

By your agony and trial; by your cross and passion;
and by your precious death and burial,
Good Lord, deliver us.

By your mighty resurrection; by your glorious ascension;
and by the sending of the Holy Spirit,
Good Lord, deliver us.

Give us true repentance;
forgive us our sins of negligence and ignorance
and our deliberate sins;
and grant us the grace of your Holy Spirit
to amend our lives according to your holy word.

Holy God, holy and strong, holy and immortal,
have mercy upon us.

Please remain seated.

The Procession of the Cross

**1.O sacred head, sore wounded,
Defiled and put to scorn:
O kingly head, surrounded
With mocking crown of thorn;
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflow'r?
O countenance whose splendour
The hosts of heav'n adore!**

**2.In thy most bitter passion
My heart to share doth cry.
With thee for my salvation
Upon the cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd
To stand thy cross beneath,
To mourn thee, well-belovèd,
Yet thank thee for thy death.**

**3.Thy beauty, long desirèd,
Hath vanished from our sight:
Thy pow'r is all expirèd,
And quenched the light of light.
Ah me! for whom thou diest,
Hide not so far thy grace:
Show me, O Love most highest,
The brightness of thy face.**

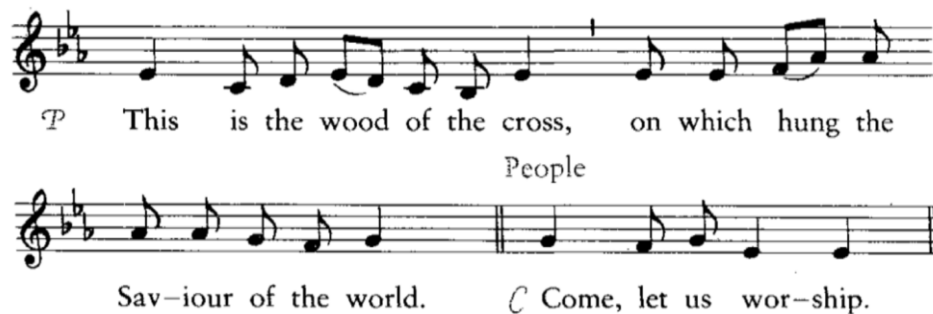
**4. My days are few, O fail not,
With thine immortal pow'r,
To hold me that I quail not
In death's most fearful hour:
That I may fight befriended,
And see in my last strife
To me thine arms extended
Upon the cross of life.**

*Tune: Passion Chorale
J.S.Bach. (1685-1750*

Text: P. Gerhardt (1607-76)

During the hymn, the president, deacon and servers move to the West End of the cathedral to prepare for the Procession of the Cross.

All turn to face West as the president, accompanied by the deacon and acolytes, carries the cross in procession. During the procession, the president presents the cross three times and the following words are sung:



P This is the wood of the cross, on which hung the
People
Sav-iour of the world. *C* Come, let us wor-ship.

All are invited to briefly kneel in adoration after each response.

The Veneration of the Cross

The cross is brought to the front of the nave. The clergy and servers venerate the cross first, then all are invited to venerate the cross by coming individually, standing or kneeling in front of it. Please stand if you are unable to kneel.

The Reproaches

John Sanders (1933 – 2003)

O my people, what have I done to you?
How have I offended you? Answer me.

I led you out of Egypt, from slavery to freedom,
but you led your Saviour to the cross.

O my people, what have I done to you?
How have I offended you? Answer me.

Holy is God! Holy and strong!
Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.

For forty years I led you safely through the desert.
I fed you with manna from heaven,
and brought you to a land of plenty:
but you led your Saviour to the cross.

Holy is God! Holy and strong!
Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.

What more could I have done for you?
I planted you as my fairest vine:
but you yielded only bitterness.
When I was thirsty you gave me vinegar to drink,
and you pierced your Saviour's side with a lance.

Holy is God! Holy and strong!
Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.

I opened the sea before you:
but you opened my side with a spear.
I led you on your way in a pillar of cloud:
but you led me to Pilate's court.

O my people, what have I done to you?
How have I offended you? Answer me.

I bore you up with manna in the desert:
but you struck me down and scourged me.
I gave you saving water from the rock:
but you gave me gall and vinegar to drink.

O my people, what have I done to you?
How have I offended you? Answer me.

I gave you a royal sceptre:
but you gave me a crown of thorns.
I raised you to the height of majesty;
but you have raised me high on a cross.

O my people, what have I done to you?
How have I offended you? Answer me.

When all have returned to their places, the following hymn is sung.

Hymn

**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 an offering far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.**

*Tune: Rockingham NEH 95
adapted by Edward Miller (1731–1807)*

Text: Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

The Liturgy of the Sacrament

*The deacon brings the Blessed Sacrament to the altar in silence,
accompanied by two candle-bearers.
Please remain seated*

The Lord's Prayer

Christ himself bore our sins in his body on the tree,
let us then pray to our Heavenly Father
in words that Christ himself has taught us.

**Our Father,
who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.**

Giving of Communion

Jesus is the Lamb of God
who takes away the sin of the world.
Blessed are those who are called to his supper.
**Lord, I am not worthy to receive you,
but only say the word, and I shall be healed.**

The president and people receive communion.

At the distribution the minister says

The body of Christ, broken for you.

The Lamentations of Jeremiah

Sung by the choir

How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people:
how is she become as a widow.
She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces:
how is she become tributary!
She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among
all her lovers she hath none to comfort her.
The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn assembly:
all her gates are desolate, and she herself is in bitterness.
The Lord hath afflicted her for the multitude of her transgressions: her
children are gone into captivity before the enemy.
All they that go by clap their hands at her:
they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying,
Is this the city that men called The perfection of beauty:
The joy of the whole earth?
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

For these things I weep: Mine eye runneth down with water.
From on high hath the Lord sent fire into my bones, and it prevaieth
against them: he hath made me desolate and faint all the day.
My flesh and my skin hath he made old: he hath broken my bones.
He hath builded against me:
and compassed me with gall and travail.
He hath made me to dwell in dark places:
as those that have been long dead.
I am become a derision to all my people: and their song all the day.
Let him give his cheek to him that smiteth him:
let him be filled full with reproach.
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.
Remember mine affliction and my misery:
the wormwood and the gall.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us:
behold and see our reproach.
The joy of our heart is ceased: our dance is turned into mourning.
The crown is fallen from our head: woe unto us for we have sinned.
For this our heart is faint: for these things our eyes are dim.
Let us search and try our ways: and turn again unto the Lord.
Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned:
renew our days as of old.
It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed:
because his compassions fail not.
They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness.
The Lord is my portion, saith my soul: therefore will I hope in him.
O Lord, thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul: thou hast redeemed
my life.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

Music: Edward Bairstow (1874–1946)

The Conclusion

The president says the final prayer

Let us pray
Most merciful God, who by the death and resurrection of your Son Jesus Christ delivered and saved all people: grant that by faith in him who suffered on the cross, we may triumph in the power of his victory; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

The choir and clergy depart in silence.

Please give this book back afterwards.

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