

St John's College Chapel



A Meditation on the Passion of Christ

Saturday 7 March 2015

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

ORGAN MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

Played by Edward Picton-Turbervill

Prelude in C minor (BWV 546i)

*Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)*

Dies sind die heil'gen zehn Gebot (BWV 678)

Johann Sebastian Bach

Played by Joseph Wicks

Crucifixion (*Symphonie–Passion* op. 23)

*Marcel Dupré
(1899–1971)*

Cantabile
(Trois Pièces)

*César Franck
(1822–1890)*

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*

‘Tichborne’s Elegy’
by Chidiock Tichborne (1558–1586)
written in the Tower before his execution

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares; My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares, And all my good is but vain hope of
gain; The day is past, and yet I saw no sun, And now I live, and now my life is
done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told, My fruit is fallen, and yet my leaves
are green, My youth is spent, and yet I am not old, I saw the world, and yet I
was not seen; My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun, And now I live, and
now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my womb, I looked for life, and saw it was
a shade, I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb, And now I die, and now I
was but made; The glass is full, and now the glass is run, And now I live, and
now my life is done.

Psalm 22 vv. 1–11

(Translation taken from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible)

My God, my God,
why hast thou forsaken me?
Why art thou so far from helping me,
from the words of my groaning?
O my God, I cry by day,
but thou dost not answer;
and by night, but find no rest.

Yet thou art holy,
enthroned on the praises of Israel.
In thee our fathers trusted;
they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.
To thee they cried, and were saved;
in thee they trusted,
and were not disappointed.

But I am a worm, and no man;
scorned by men,
and despised by the people.
All who see me mock at me,
they make mouths at me,
they wag their heads;
“He committed his cause to the Lord;
let him deliver him, let him rescue him,
for he delights in him!”

Yet thou art he who took me from the womb;
thou didst keep me safe
upon my mother’s breasts.
Upon thee was I cast from my birth,
and since my mother bore me
thou hast been my God.
Be not far from me,
for trouble is near
and there is none to help.

MOTET

O LANGUENS JESU

O languens Jesu, defuncte Jesu, Matris in sinu flentis!
Nostros Dolores, cordis amores Fac socios dolentis.

O Jesu chare, fac nos amare Te pro nobis dolentem.
Te nunc deflendo, Te-cum dolendo, Videbimus gaudentem.
Amen

*Oh Jesus, lying dead in your weeping mother's lap!
Make our pains into loves allied to your pained heart.*

*O beloved Jesus, make us love you who endure pain for us.
Though now with you weeping and in pain, we will see you rejoice.
Amen.*

Words *Szelepcsényi György*
(1595–1685)
Ferenc Szegedi Lénárt
(1614–1675)

Music *Lajos Bárdos*
(1899–1986)

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.**

WASH ME THOROUGHLY

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness,
and forgive me all my sin.
For I acknowledge my faults
and my sin is ever before me.

Words *Psalm 51 vv. 2–3*

Music *Samuel Sebastian Wesley*
(1810–1876)

I LOVE THE LORD

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice
and my supplications.
Because he hath inclined his ear unto me,
therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.
The sorrows of death compassed me,
and the pains of hell gat hold upon me:
I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord;
O Lord I beseech thee, deliver my soul.
Return unto thy rest, O my soul;
the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.
For thou hast delivered my soul from death,
mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.
I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.
I love the Lord.

Words *Psalm 116 vv. 1–4, 7–9*

Music *Jonathan Harvey*
(1939–2012)

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.

READING

¶ *Sit*

An Extract from ‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’
by Oscar Wilde (1854–1900)

I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

But this I know, that every Law
That men have made for Man,
Since first Man took His brother’s life,
And the sad world began,
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan.

This too I know- and wise it were
If each could know the same-
That every prison that men build
Is built with bricks of shame,
And bound with bars lest Christ should see
How men their brothers maim.

With bars they blur the gracious moon,
And blind the goodly sun:
And the do well to hide their Hell,
For in it things are done
That Son of things nor son of Man
Ever should look upon!

The vilest deeds like poison weeds
Bloom well in prison-air:
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the warder is Despair.

For they starve the little frightened child
Till it weeps both night and day:
And they scourge the weak, and flog the fool,
And gibe the old and gray,
And some grow mad, and all grow bad,
And none a word may say.

Each narrow cell in which we dwell
Is a foul and dark latrine,
And the fetid breath of living Death
Chokes up each grated screen,
And all, but Lust, is turned to dust
In Humanity's machine.

The brackish water that we drink
Creeps with a loathsome slime,
And the bitter bread they weigh in scales
Is full of chalk and lime,
And Sleep will not lie down, but walks
Wild-eyed, and cries to Time.

But though lean Hunger and green Thirst
Like asp with adder fight,
We have little care of prison fare,
For what chills and kills outright
Is that every stone one lifts by day
Becomes one's heart by night.

With midnight always in one's heart,
And twilight in one's cell,
We turn the crank, or tear the rope,
Each in his separate Hell,
And the silence is more awful far
Than the sound of a brazen bell.

And never a human voice comes near
To speak a gentle word:
And the eye that watches through the door
Is pitiless and hard:
And by all forgot, we rot and rot,
With soul and body marred.

And thus we rust Life's iron chain
Degraded and alone:
And some men curse, and some men weep,
And some men make no moan:
But God's eternal Laws are kind
And break the heart of stone.

And every human heart that breaks,
In prison-cell or yard,
Is as that broken box that gave
Its treasure to the Lord,
And filled the unclean leper's house
With the scent of costliest nard.

Ah! happy they whose hearts can break
And peace of pardon win!
How else may man make straight his plan
And cleanse his soul from Sin?
How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?

RECITATIVE and CHORUS

ALL THEY THAT SEE HIM

All they that see him,
laugh him to scorn;
they shoot out their lips,
and shake their heads saying:

HE TRUSTED IN GOD

He trusted in God
that he would deliver him:
let him deliver him,
if he delight in him.

Words *Psalm 22 vv. 7–8*

Music from *Messiah*
George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

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.**

CHORUS

¶ *Sit*

WEINEN, KLAGEN, SORGEN, ZAGEN

Weinen, Klagen,
Sorgen, Zagen,
Angst und Not
sind der Christen Tränenbrot,
die das Zeichen Jesu tragen.

*Weeping, lamenting,
Grieving, trembling,
Anguish and distress
are the Christian's bread of tears:
they who bear the mark of Jesus.*

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*

‘At a Calvary near the Ancre’
by Wilfred Owen (1893–1918)

One ever hangs where shelled roads part.
In this war He too lost a limb,
But His disciples hide apart;
And now the Soldiers bear with Him.
Near Golgotha strolls many a priest,
And in their faces there is pride
That they were flesh-marked by the Beast
By whom the gentle Christ’s denied.
The scribes on all the people shove
And bawl allegiance to the state,
But they who love the greater love
Lay down their life; they do not hate.

‘Still Falls the Rain’
by Dame Edith Louisa Sitwell (1887–1964)

Still falls the Rain—
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss—
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain
With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the hammer-beat
In the Potter’s Field, and the sound of the impious feet

On the Tomb:
Still falls the Rain

In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and the human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain
At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross.
Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy on us—
On Dives and on Lazarus:
Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.

Still falls the Rain—
Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man’s wounded Side:
He bears in His Heart all wounds, —those of the light that died,
The last faint spark
In the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad uncomprehending dark,
The wounds of the baited bear—
The blind and weeping bear whom the keepers beat
On his helpless flesh... the tears of the hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain—
Then—O Ile leape up to my God: who pulles me doune—
See, see where Christ’s blood streames in the firmament:
It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree

Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart
That holds the fires of the world,—dark-smirched with pain
As Caesar’s laurel crown.

Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man
Was once a child who among beasts has lain—
“Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood, for thee.”

ANTHEM

THE ROYAL BANNERS FORWARD GO

The royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's king should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood.

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but he could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

Words *Venantius Fortunatus*
(530–609)
Tr. *John Mason Neale*
(1818–1866)

Music *Jonathan Harvey*
(1939–2012)

This work was composed for the College Choir in 2004

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.**

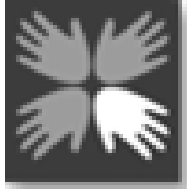
ORGAN MUSIC AFTER THE SERVICE

Played by Edward Picton-Turbervill

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.