



THE CATHEDRAL AND METROPOLITICAL CHURCH OF CHRIST, CANTERBURY



Preaching of the Cross: Prayers and Passion
and Liturgy of Good Friday

18th April 2025

12-3pm

Nave

Welcome to Canterbury Cathedral for this Service

Livestreaming

This service will be livestreamed and you may be seen on camera, although we will not deliberately take any close-ups of the congregation.

By attending you agree to be seen in this way.

If you have any concerns please speak to a member of the clergy.

Cover Image: Crucifix in Our Lady Martyrdom ('The Dean's Chapel')



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This year was designated as a Jubilee Year of Hope by Pope Francis. We are following his lead in reflecting on hope both this Lent, Holy Week and Easter but also in Advent and Christmas. This seems very timely in light of world events and as we await a new Archbishop of Canterbury and the next phase of the story of our church.

The poems are written by Dr Pádraig Ó Tuama. He is an Irish poet, conflict mediator and theologian. His is well known for his contributions to the On Being podcast. He has published five volumes of poetry. He was previously Director of the Corrymela Community and he often speaks at the Greenbelt Festival.

Responsory

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you;

By your holy cross, you have redeemed the world.

Christ committed no sin, so guile was found on his lips

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you;

He himself bore our sins in his body on the tree

That we might die to sin and live to righteousness

By your holy cross, you have redeemed the world.

By his wounds you have been healed.

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you;

By your holy cross, you have redeemed the world.

Collect

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 Lord's Prayer

Gathered at the foot of the cross,
we pray, each in our own language, as Jesus taught us.

**Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours
now and for ever. Amen.**

Notre Père...
Vater Unser...
Onze Vader...
Padre Nuestro...
Ojcze Nasz...
Baba Yetu...
E to matou Matua...
Ein Tad...

12noon-12.30pm Hope in Hate



When I needed a neighbour,
were you there, were you there?
When I needed a neighbour,
were you there?
And the creed and the colour
and the name won't matter,
were you there?

²I was hungry and thirsty,
were you there, were you there?
I was hungry and thirsty,
were you there?
And the creed and the colour
and the name won't matter,
were you there?

³I was cold, I was naked,
were you there, were you there?
I was cold, I was naked,
were you there?
And the creed and the colour
and the name won't matter,
were you there?

⁴When I needed a shelter,
were you there, were you there?
When I needed a shelter,
were you there?
And the creed and the colour
and the name won't matter,
were you there?

⁵When I needed a healer,
were you there, were you there?
When I needed a healer,
were you there?
And the creed and the colour
and the name won't matter,
were you there?

⁶Wherever you travel
I'll be there, I'll be there,
wherever you travel
I'll be there.
And the creed and the colour
and the name won't matter,
I'll be there.

Words: Sydney Carter (1915-2004)

Tune: NEIGHBOUR

AM 575

Bible Reading

Mark 15:25-37 read by the Canon Treasurer

It was nine o'clock in the morning when they crucified him. The inscription of the charge against him read, 'The King of the Jews.' And with him they crucified two bandits, one on his right and one on his left. Those who passed by derided him, shaking their heads and saying, 'Aha! You who would destroy the temple and build it in three days, save yourself, and come down from the cross!' In the same way the chief priests, along with the scribes, were also mocking him among themselves and saying, 'He saved others; he cannot save himself. Let the Messiah, the King of Israel, come down from the cross now, so that we may see and believe.' Those who were crucified with him also taunted him.

When it was noon, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. At three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice, 'Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?' which means, 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?' When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, 'Listen, he is calling for Elijah.' And someone ran, filled a sponge with sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink, saying, 'Wait, let us see whether Elijah will come to take him down.' Then Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last.

Poem Shaking hands by Pádraig Ó Tuama

Because what's the alternative?

Because of courage.

Because of loved ones lost.

Because no more.

Because it's a small thing; shaking hands; it happens every day.

Because I heard of one man whose hands haven't stopped shaking since a market day in Omagh.

Because it takes a second to say hate, but it takes longer, much longer, to be a great leader.

Much, much longer.

Because shared space without human touching doesn't amount to much.

Because it's easier to speak to your own than to hold the hand of someone whose side has been previously described, proscribed, denied.

Because it is tough.

Because it is tough.

Because it is meant to be tough, and this is the stuff of memory, the stuff of hope, the stuff of gesture, and meaning and leading.

Because it has taken so, so long.

Because it has taken land and money and languages and barrels and barrels of blood.

Because lives have been lost.

Because lives have been taken.

Because to be bereaved is to be troubled by grief.
Because more than two troubled peoples live here.
Because I know a woman whose hand hasn't been shaken since she was a man.
Because shaking a hand is only a part of the start.
Because I know a woman whose touch calmed a man whose heart was breaking.
Because privilege is not to be taken lightly.

Because this just might be good.
Because who said that this would be easy?
Because some people love what you stand for, and for some,
if *you* can, *they* can.
Because solidarity means a common hand.
Because a hand is only a hand; so hang onto it.

So join your much discussed hands.
We need this; for one small second.
So touch.
So lead.

Reflection The Dean

Anthem Blute nur, du liebes Herz

Blute nur, du liebes Herz!
Ach! ein Kind, das du erzogen,
Das an deiner Brust gesogen,
Droht den Pfleger zu ermorden,
Denn es ist zur Schlange worden.

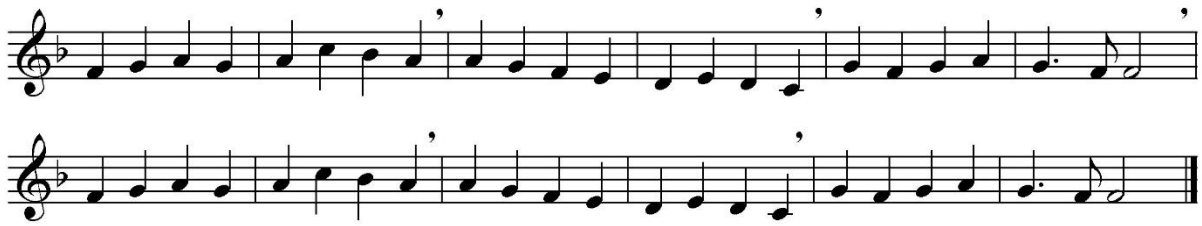
*Bleed out, you loving heart!
Alas! A child that you raised,
that nursed at your breast,
threatens to murder its caretaker,
since it has become a serpent.*

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), BWV 244

Prayers starting with the Responsory on page 2

Silence

12.30-1.00pm Hope in Trauma



At the cross her station keeping
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
where he hung, the dying Lord;
for her soul, of joy bereavèd,
bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
felt the sharp and piercing sword.

²O how sad and sore distressèd
now was she, that Mother blessèd
of the sole-begotten one!
Deep the woe of her affliction,
when she saw the crucifixion
of her ever-glorious Son.

³Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing
pierced by anguish so amazing,
born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking
such a cup of sorrow drinking,
would not share her sorrows deep?

⁴For his people's sins chastised,
she beheld her Son despised,
scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
saw him then from judgement taken,
and in death by all forsaken,
till his spirit he resigned.

⁵O good Jesu, let me borrow
something of thy Mother's sorrow,
fount of love, Redeemer kind,
that my heart fresh ardour gaining,
and a purer love attaining,
may with thee acceptance find.

Words: Edward Caswall (1814-78)

Tune: STABAT MATER

AM 177

Bible Reading

Mark 15:39-41 read by the Canon Missioner

Now when the centurion, who stood facing him, saw that in this way he breathed his last, he said, 'Truly this man was God's Son!' There were also women looking on from a distance; among them were Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James the younger and of Joses, and Salome. These used to follow him and provided for him when he was in Galilee; and there were many other women who had come up with him to Jerusalem.

Poem [t h e] n o r t h [e r n] [o f] i r e l a n d by Pádraig Ó Tuama

It is both a dignity and
a difficulty
to live between these
names,

perceiving politics
in the syntax of
the state.

And at the end of the day,
the reality is
that whether we
change
or whether we stay
the same

these questions will
remain.

Who are we
to be
with one
another?

and

How are we
to be
with one
another?

and

What to do
with all those memories
of all those funerals?

and

What about those present
whose past was blasted
far beyond their
future?

I wake.
You wake.
She wakes.
He wakes.
They wake.

We Wake
and take
this troubled beauty forward.

Reflection

The Dean

Anthem

Ombra mai fu

English translation

Serse
There never was a shade
Of any plant
Dearer and lovelier
Or more sweet.

Original Italian text

Serse
*Ombra mai fu
Di vegetabile,
Cara ed amabile,
Soave più.*

George Friderick Handel (1685-1759)

Prayers

starting with the Responsory on page 2

Silence

1.00-1.30pm Hope in humanity



Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they crucified my Lord?

²Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

³Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Words: American folk hymn

Tune: WERE YOU THERE

AM 184

Reading

Mark 15:42-47 read by The Archdeacon of Canterbury

When evening had come, and since it was the day of Preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath, Joseph of Arimathea, a respected member of the council who was also himself waiting expectantly for the kingdom of God, went boldly to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then Pilate wondered if he were already dead, and summoning the centurion he asked him whether he had been dead for some time. When he learned from the centurion that he was dead, he granted the body to Joseph. Then Joseph bought a linen cloth and, taking down the body, wrapped it in the linen cloth and laid it in a tomb that had been hewn out of rock. He then rolled a stone against the door of the tomb. Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus saw where the body was laid.

Poem The Facts of Life by Pádraig Ó Tuama

That you were born
and you will die.

That you will sometimes love enough
and sometimes not.

That you will lie
if only to yourself.

That you will get tired.

That you will learn most from the situations
you did not choose.

That there will be some things that move you
more than you can say.

That you will live
that you must be loved.

That you will avoid questions most urgently in need of
your attention.

That you began as the fusion of a sperm and an egg
of two people who once were strangers
and may well still be.

That life isn't fair.
That life is sometimes good
and sometimes better than good.

That life is often not so good.

That life is real
and if you can survive it, well,
survive it well
with love
and art
and meaning given
where meaning's scarce.

That you will learn to live with regret.
That you will learn to live with respect.

That the structures that constrict you
may not be permanently constraining.

That you will probably be okay.

That you must accept change
before you die
but you will die anyway.

So you might as well live
and you might as well love.
You might as well love.
You might as well love.

Reflection

The Dean

Anthem

Mache dich, mein Herze rein

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein,
Ich will Jesum selbst begraben.
Denn er soll nunmehr in mir
Für und für
Seine süße Ruhe haben.
Welt, geh aus, laß Jesum ein!

*Make yourself pure, my heart,
I want to bury Jesus myself.
For from now on he shall have in me,
forever and ever,
his sweet rest.
World, get out, let Jesus in!*

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) BWV 244

Silence

Prayers

starting with the Responsory on page 2



God of freedom, God of justice,
you whose love is strong as death,
you who saw the dark of prison,
you who knew the price of faith—
touch our world of sad oppression
with your Spirit's healing breath.

²Rid the earth of torture's terror,
you whose hands were nailed to wood;
hear the cries of pain and protest,
you who shed the tears and blood—
move in us the pow'r of pity
restless for the common good.

³Make in us a captive conscience
quick to hear, to act, to plead;
make us truly sisters, brothers
of whatever race or creed—
teach us to be fully human,
open to each other's need.

Words: Shirley Erena Murray (1931-2020)

Tune: RHUDDLAN

AM 559

The Liturgy of Good Friday

At 1.45pm the choir will enter and we stand to sing



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?

³Sometimes 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.

²He 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!

⁴They 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.

⁵Here 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 (1624-83)

Tune: LOVE UNKNOWN

AM 147

Sit

Old Testament Reading

Isaiah 52.13 - end of 53

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.

Remain seated as the choir sings

Lamentation

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 that go by clap their hands at her: they hiss, and wag their heads 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)

New Testament Reading

Hebrews 10.16-25

The Holy Spirit testifies to us, for after saying,

‘This is the covenant that I will make with them
after those days, says the Lord:

I will put my laws in their hearts,
and I will write them on their minds’,

he also adds, ‘I will remember their sins and their lawless deeds no more.’

Where there is forgiveness of these, there is no longer any offering for sin.

Therefore, my friends, since we have confidence to enter the sanctuary by the blood of Jesus, by the new and living way that he opened for us through the curtain (that is, through his flesh), and since we have a great priest over the house of God, let us approach with a true heart in full assurance of faith, with our hearts sprinkled clean from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast to the confession of our hope without wavering, for he who has promised is faithful. And let us consider how to provoke one another to love and good deeds, not neglecting to meet together, as is the habit of some, but encouraging one another, and all the more as you see the Day approaching.

Stand to sing



We sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

²Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, ‘God is Love’;
He bears our sins upon the Tree:
He brings us mercy from above.

³The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens ev’ry bitter cup.

⁴It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light

⁵The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels’ theme in heaven above.

Please remain standing for the singing of the Passion, or sit if you need to

The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ according to John

At that time: Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him. And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe, and said: *Hail, King of the Jews!*

And they smote him with their hands. Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them: Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him. Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them: Behold the man! When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying: *Crucify him, crucify him.*

Pilate saith unto them: Take ye him, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him. The Jews answered him: *We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God.*

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid. And went again into the judgment hall: and saith unto Jesus: Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer. Then saith Pilate unto him: Speakest thou not unto me? Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee? Jesus answered: Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above. Therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin. And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release him. But the Jews cried out, saying: *If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend. Whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Caesar.*

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment seat, in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha. And it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour, and he saith unto the Jews: Behold your King! But they cried out: *Away with him, away with him, crucify him.*

Pilate saith unto them: Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered: *We have no king but Caesar.* 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 other 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.

Silence is kept and we kneel or bow our heads.

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.

Music: Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

Remain standing

The Prayers of Intercession

The President says

God sent his Son into the world, not to condemn the world,
but that the world might be saved through him.
Therefore we pray to our heavenly Father
for people everywhere according to their needs.

Sit or kneel

A minister says

Let us pray for the Church of God throughout the world:
for unity in faith, in witness and in service,
for bishops and other ministers, and those whom they serve,
for Rose Bishop of Dover,
and the people of this diocese,
for those to be baptized, for all Christians in this place,
for those who are mocked and persecuted for their faith,
that God will confirm his Church in faith,
increase it in love, and preserve it in peace.

Silence is kept

Almighty and everlasting God,
by whose Spirit the whole body of the Church
is governed and sanctified:
hear our prayer which we offer for all your faithful people,
that in their vocation and ministry
they may serve you in holiness and truth to the glory of your name;
through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

A minister says

Let us pray for the nations of the world and their leaders:
for Charles our King and the Parliaments of this land,
for those who administer the law and all who serve in public office,
for all who strive for justice and reconciliation,
that by God's help the world may live in peace and freedom.

Silence is kept

Most gracious God and Father,
in whose will is our peace,
turn our hearts and the hearts of all to yourself,
that by the power of your Spirit the peace which is founded on justice
may be established throughout the world;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

A minister says

Let us pray for God's ancient people, the Jews, the first to hear his word:
for greater understanding between Christian and Jew,
for the removal of our blindness and bitterness of heart,
that God will grant us grace to be faithful to his covenant
and to grow in the love of his name.

Silence is kept

Lord God of Abraham and Sarah
bless the descendants of your covenant Jew, Christian and Muslim.
Take from us all suspicion and fear
and grant strength to those seeking paths of peace, reconciliation and justice
hasten the coming of your kingdom when all might dwell together in mutual
love and peace. **Amen.**

A minister says

Let us pray for those who do not believe the gospel of Christ:
for those who have not heard the message of salvation,
for all who have lost faith, for the contemptuous and scornful,
for those who are enemies of Christ
and persecute those who follow him,
for all who deny the faith of Christ crucified,
that God will open their hearts to the truth
and lead them to faith and obedience.

Silence is kept

Merciful God,
creator of all the people of the earth,
have compassion on all who do not know you,
and by the preaching of your gospel with grace and power,
gather them into the one fold of the one Shepherd;
Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

A minister says

Let us pray for all those who suffer:
for those who are deprived and oppressed,
for all who are sick,
for those in darkness, in doubt and in despair,
in loneliness and in fear,
for prisoners, captives and refugees,
for the victims of false accusations and violence,
for all at the point of death and those who watch beside them,
that God in his mercy will sustain them
with the knowledge of his love.

Silence is kept

Almighty and everlasting God,
the comfort of the sad, the strength of those who suffer:
hear the prayers of your children who cry out of any trouble,
and to every distressed soul grant mercy, relief and refreshment,
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

A minister says

Let us commend ourselves and all God's children to his unfailing love,
and pray for the grace of a holy life,
that, with all who have died in the peace of Christ,
we may come to the fullness of eternal life
and the joy of the resurrection.

The President says

O God of unchangeable power and eternal light,
look favourably on your whole Church,
that wonderful and sacred mystery,
and by the tranquil operation of your perpetual providence
carry out the work of our salvation:
and let the whole world feel and see
that things which were cast down are being raised up
and things which had grown old are being made new
and that all things are returning to perfection
through him from whom they took their origin,
even Jesus Christ our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

Stand

Devotion at the Cross

During the following hymn the Cross is brought in



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 deflower?
O countenance whose splendour
The hosts of heaven adore.

³In 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.

²I pray thee, Jesus, own me,
Me, Shepherd good, for thine;
Who to thy fold hast won me,
And fed with truth divine.
Me guilty, me refuse not,
Incline thy face to me,
This comfort that I lose not,
On earth to comfort thee.

⁴My days are few, O fail not,
With thine immortal power,
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.

Words: Paul Gerhardt (1607-76)
from a 14th century Latin hymn
tr Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

Tune: PASSION CHORALE

NEH 90

At the end of the hymn sit or kneel and after the clergy have moved to venerate the Cross, members of the congregation are invited to come and kneel briefly before the Cross as an act of personal devotion.

*Please come forward when directed by the stewards and kneel in groups at the rails either side of the cross. **PLEASE BE BRIEF** in this symbolic act of devotion to allow as many people as possible the opportunity to do this.*

During this time the Choir sings **The Reproaches**

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 and 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 and 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 and 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!

Music: John Sanders (1933-2003)

The President says

Almighty God,
whose most dear Son went not up to joy but first he suffered pain,
and entered not into glory before he was crucified:
mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the cross,
may find it none other than the way of life and peace;
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

The Lord's Prayer

The President says

Gathered at the foot of the cross,
we pray, each in our own language, as Jesus taught us.

**Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours
now and for ever. Amen.**

Notre Père...

Vater Unser...

Onze Vader...

Padre Nuestro...

Ojcie Nasz...

Baba Yetu...

E to matou Matua...

Ein Tad...

Silence is kept

The Conclusion

*The cross is carried out of the cathedral to the Easter Garden in silence.
Please follow the clergy under the direction of the stewards. When all
have gathered in the Easter Garden, we sing*

*(If the weather is very wet, the cross will be carried to the West end of
the Cathedral)*



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.

²Forbid 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.

³See 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?

⁴His 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.

⁵Were 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

AM 157

The Dismissal Gospel

John 19.38-42

Joseph of Arimathea, who was a disciple of Jesus, though a secret one because of his fear of the Jews, asked Pilate to let him take away the body of Jesus. Pilate gave him permission; so he came and removed his body. Nicodemus, who had at first come to Jesus by night, also came, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, weighing about a hundred pounds. They took the body of Jesus and wrapped it with the spices in linen cloths, according to the burial custom of the Jews. Now there was a garden in the place where he was crucified, and in the garden there was a new tomb in which no one had ever been laid. And so, because it was the Jewish day of Preparation, and the tomb was nearby, they laid Jesus there.

The President says

Most merciful God,
who by the death and resurrection of your Son Jesus Christ
delivered and saved the world:
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, clergy and people depart in silence.

Stewards will be holding bags and baskets for your offering should you wish to make a gift as part of your Holy Week devotions. Please be generous as you are able. It costs £30,000 per day to enable us to continue to worship God in this place as we have for over 1,400 years and anything you can give is gratefully received.

If you would prefer, use the QR code



Thank you.