

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.

Sit READING: Hebrews 10.12 – 23

PRAYER

SILENCE ... *Candles extinguished*

CHOIR: Solus ad victimam *Leighton*

Stand HYMN (AMR 117):
Praise to the holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise:
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight
and to the rescue came.

O wisest love! That flesh and blood,
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive and should prevail;

and that a higher gift than grace
should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
and essence all-divine.

O generous love! That he, who smote
in man for man the foe,
the double agony in man
for man should undergo;

and in the garden secretly,
and on the cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and inspire
to suffer and to die.

Remain standing

SILENCE IN DARKNESS

A Single candle is carried in

DEPART *in silence*



The Church of St James the Greater
Leicester



GOOD FRIDAY EVENING 2018

The use of candles in this special service for Good Friday evening is derived from the ancient service of Tenebrae (meaning shadows or darkness). Candles are progressively extinguished in the course of the service. The gathering darkness invites us to enter into the darkness which – we are reliably informed – covered the land at the time of the crucifixion of our Lord. Finally a solitary candle relieves the darkness to represent the unquenchable light of the life of Christ made apparent at the resurrection.

Please remain sitting

as the choir and ministers enter in silence

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

CHOIR: Were you there? *arr. Batten*

PRAYER:

Vicar God of eternal love,

All **we approach**

you with a sense of deep wonder.

Your love reaches out to us

in the face of rejection and pain.

You suffer in the conflicts and failures

which are our lives,

and you still love us.

Vicar Open our hearts and minds
to contemplate the Passion.

All **Assure us again**
of forgiveness and acceptance,
and so fill us with your love
that we may recognise and answer the
call to share your passion in the world.

Vicar This we ask, through him
in whom your suffering love is revealed.
Jesus Christ our Lord.

All **Amen.**

Stand HYMN (AMR 64):

All ye who seek for sure relief
in trouble and distress,
whatever sorrow vex the mind,
or guilt the soul oppress,

Jesus, who gave himself for you
upon the cross to die,
opens to you his sacred heart;
O to that heart draw nigh.

Ye hear how kindly he invites;
ye hear his words so blest --
"All ye that labour come to me
and I will give you rest."

O Jesus, joy of saints on high,
thou hope of sinners here,
attracted by those loving words
to thee we lift our prayer.

Wash thou our wounds in that dear blood
which from thy heart doth flow;
a new and contrite heart on all
who cry to thee bestow.

Sit READING: Isaiah 52.13 – 53.9

CHOIR: Lamentations *Bairstow*

SILENCE ... *Candles extinguished*

REFRAIN: Taizé

All sing **Jesus, remember me,
When you come into your Kingdom.
Jesus, remember me,
When you come into your Kingdom.**

PRAYER

Stand HYMN (NH&WS 5):

Ah, holy Jesu,
How hast thou offended,
That so to judge thee
Mortals have pretended?
By foes derided,
By thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty?
Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, O Lord,
My treason hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesu,
I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

Lo, the good shepherd
For the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinned,
And the Son has suffered:
For our atonement
Christ himself is pleading,
Still interceding.

For me, kind Jesu,
Was thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow,
And thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish
And thy bitter passion
For my salvation.

Therefore, kind Jesu
Since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee
And will ever pray thee
Think on thy pity
And thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

Sit READING: Luke 23.39 - 56

CHOIR: Eia mater fons amoris *Dvorak*

SILENCE ... *Candles extinguished*

REFRAIN:

All sing **Jesus, remember me ...**

PRAYER

Stand HYMN (AMR138)

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.

Inscribed upon the cross we see
in shining letters, 'God is love';
he bears our sins upon the tree;
he brings us mercy from above.

The cross! It takes our guilt away;
it holds the fainting spirit up;
it cheers with hope the gloomy day,
and sweetens every bitter cup.

It 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;

the 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.

Sit READING: The Seventh Word – the Soldier
Sylvia Sands

CHOIR: God so loved the world *Stainer*

SILENCE ... *Candles extinguished*

REFRAIN:

All sing **Jesus, remember me ...**

Sit or CANTICLE of PENITENCE

Kneel Response:

Lord, hear us:

All **Lord have mercy.**

Stand HYMN: (AMR 67)

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?