



**A SERVICE OF REFLECTION
FOR GOOD FRIDAY**



featuring
STAINER
CRUCIFIXION

Friday 2nd April 2021
7.30-8.45pm

*Welcome to the Cathedral Church of St Anne, Belfast.
Please follow the instructions from the Churchwardens.
Under government guidance for the purposes of keeping
Contact Tracing Records
it is essential that you complete the following information.
Please leave this service sheet in the box at the West End
when you leave at the end of the service.
These will be retained for 21 days, after which they will be destroyed.
Thank you.*

Name(s): _____

Telephone contact: _____



Please stand as the clergy enter in silence

The Dean welcomes the congregation and introduces the service

ACCLAMATIONS

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you,
because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

O Saviour of the world, who by your cross and precious blood have redeemed us,
save us and help us, we humbly pray.

SCRIPTURE READING Isaiah 53:1-10, 12

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.
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

THE LORD'S PRAYER

As our Saviour Christ has taught us, so we pray:

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.

THE COLLECT

Eternal God, in the cross of Jesus we see the cost of our sin and the depth of your love: in humble hope and fear may we place at his feet all that we have and all that we are, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Please sit whilst the choir sings **THE CRUCIFIXION** - A Meditation on the sacred passion of the Holy Redeemer

*Words: selected and written by the Reverend J. Sparrow Simpson (1859-1952)
Music: Sir John Stainer (1840-1901)*

Narrator

And they came to a place named Gethsemane.
And Jesus said to his disciples,
"Sit ye here, while I shall pray."

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN

Jesus

Could ye not watch with me, one brief hour?
Could ye not pity my sorest need?
Ah! If ye sleep while the tempests lower,
Surely, My friends, I am 'lone indeed.

People

Jesu, Lord Jesu, bowed in bitter anguish,
and bearing all the evil we have done!
Oh, teach us, teach us how to love Thee for Thy love.
Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.

Jesus

Could ye not watch with Me one brief hour?
Did ye not say upon Kedron's slope
ye would not fall into the Tempter's power?
Did ye not murmur great words of hope?

People

Jesu, Lord Jesu,
bowed in bitter anguish,
and bearing all the evil we have done!
Oh, teach us, teach us how to love Thee for Thy love.
Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.

Jesus

Could ye not watch with Me...? Even so,
willing in heart, but the flesh is vain.
Back to Mine agony I must go.
Lonely to pray in bitterest pain.

Narrator

And they laid their hands on him, and took him,
and led Him away to the high priest.
And the high priest asked him and said unto Him.

High Priest

Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?

Narrator

Jesus said,

Jesus

I am and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven!

Narrator

Then the high priest rent his clothes, and saith:

High Priest

What need we any further witnesses?
Ye have heard the blasphemy!

Narrator

And they all condemned him, to be guilty of death.
And they bound Jesus and carried Him away
And delivered Him to Pilate.
And Pilate, willing to content the people,
Released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus,
When he had scourged Him, to be crucified.
And the soldiers led Him away.

THE PROCESSIONAL TO CALVARY

People

Fling wide the gates,
For the Saviour waits to tread in His royal way
He has come from above in His power and love, to die on this Passion day.
Fling wide the gates!
The Saviour waits!
Fling wide the gates!
The Saviour waits to tread in His royal way
His cross is the sign of the love divine
His crown is the thorn-wreath of woe
He lays his load on the sorrowful road
And bends 'neath the burden throne.
Fling wide the gates!
He waits! The Saviour waits!
Fling wide the gates, for the Saviour waits to tread in His royal way.
He has come from above in His power and love, to die on this Passion day,
To die on this Passion day.

Narrator

How sweet is the grace of his sacred face?
And lovely beyond compare?

Though weary and worn
With the merciless scorn
Of a world He has come to spare.
The burden of wrong
That earth bears along,
Past evil and evil to be.
All Sins of Man,
Since the world began,
They are laid –
Dear Lord –
On Thee.

People

Then on to the end,
My God and my Friend,
With Thy Banner lifted high!
Thou art come from above
In thy power and love,
To endure and suffer and die.
Fling wide the gates!
He waits! The Saviour waits!
Then on to the end,
My God and my Friend,
To suffer, endure, and die.
To suffer, endure, and die.

Narrator

And when they had come to the place called Calvary
There they crucified Him – they crucified Him.
And the malefactors – one on the right, and the other on the left.

HYMN – THE MYSTERY OF THE DIVINE HUMILIATION

Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow,
Where the blood of Christ was shed,
Perfect Man on thee was tortured,
Perfect God on thee has bled!

Here the King of all the ages,
Throned in light ere worlds could be,
Robed in mortal flesh is dying,
Crucified by sin for me.

Evermore for human failure
By his Passion we can plead;
God has borne all mortal anguish,
Surely he will know our need.

Who shall fathom that descending,
From the rainbow-circled throne,
Down to earth's most base profaning,
Dying desolate alone.

From the "Holy, Holy, Holy,
We adore Thee, O most High,"
Down to earth's blaspheming voices
And the shout of "Crucify."

Narrator

He made Himself of no reputation, and took up on Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death ev'n the death of cross.

THE MAJESTY OF THE DIVINE HUMILIATION

Narrator – tenor

King ever glorious!
The dews of death are gathering round Thee,
Upon the cross Thy foes have bound Thee.
Thy strength is gone!

Not in Thy Majesty,
Robed in Heaven's supremest splendour
But in weakness and surrender,
Thou hangest here.

Who can be like Thee?
Pilate high in Zion dwelling?
Rome with arms the world compelling?
Proud though they be!

Thou art sublime!
Far more awful in Thy weakness,
More than kingly in Thy meekness,
Thou, Son of God!

Glory, and honour -
Let the world divided and take them;

Crown its monarchs and unmake them -
But Thou -
Thou it reign!

Here in abasement
Crownless,
Poor,
Disrobed,
And bleeding:
There, in glory interceding,
Thou art the King!
Thou art the King!

Bass solo

And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Mankind

God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but everlasting life. For God sent not His Son in to the world to condemn the world; But that the world through Him might be saved. God so loved world.

HYMN – LITANY OF THE PASSION

Holy Jesu, by thy passion,
By the woes which none can share,
Bourne in more than kingly fashion
By thy love beyond compare:
Crucified I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the treachery and trial,
By the blows and sore distress
By desertion and denial
by thine awful loneliness:
Crucified I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By thy look so sweet and lowly,
While they smote thee on the face,
By thy patience, calm and holy,
In the midst of keen disgrace:
Crucified, I turn to thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the hour of condemnation,
By the blood which trickled down
When, for us and our salvation,
Thou didst wear the robe and crown:
Crucified, I turn to thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the path of sorrows dreary,
By the cross, thy dreadful load,
By the pain, when faint and weary,
Thou didst sink upon the road:
Crucified, I turn to thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the Spirit which could render
Love for hate and good for ill,
By the mercy, sweet and tender,
Poured upon Thy murderers still:
Crucified I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

Narrator

Jesus said,

Jesus

“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

Duet

So Thou liftest Thy divine petition,
Pierc'd with cruel anguish through and through
So Thou grieveest o'er our lost condition,
Pleading, “Ah, they know not what they do.”

Oh 'twas love, in love's divinest feature,
Passing o'er that dark and murd'rous blot,
Finding e'en for each low fallen creature,
Tho' they slay Thee, one redeeming spot.

Yes! And still Thy patient heart is yearning
With a love that mortal scarce can bear.
Thou in pity deep, divine, and burning
Lifest e'en for me Thy mighty prayer.

So Thou pleadest, e'en for my transgression,
Bidding me look up, and trust, and live;
So Thou mumurest Thine intercession,
Bidding me look up, and trust, and live;
So Thou pleadest,
Yea, he knew not,
For My sake forgive.

HYMN – THE MYSTERY OF INTERCESSION

Jesus, the Crucified pleads for me,
While he is nailed to the shameful tree,
Scorned and forsaken, derided and curst,
See how His enemies do their worst!
Yet, in the midst of the torture and shame,
Jesus, the Crucified, breathes my name!
Wonder of wonders, oh! How can it be?
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

Lord, I have left thee, I have denied,
Followed the world in my selfish pride;
Lord, I have joined in the hateful cry,
Slay him, away with him, crucify!
Lord, I have done it, oh! Ask me not how;
Woven the thorns for thy tortured brow:
Yet in his pity so boundless and free,
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

Though thou hast left me and wandered away,
Chosen the darkness instead of the day;
Though thou art covered with many a stain,
Though thou hast wounded me oft and again:
Though thou hast followed thy wayward will;
Yet, in my pity, I love thee still.
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

Jesus is dying in agony sore,
Jesus is suffering more and more,
Jesus is bowed with the weight of His woe,
Jesus is faint with each bitter throe,
Jesus is bearing it all in my stead,
Pity Incarnate for me has bled;
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

Narrator

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him saying:

First Malefactor

“If thou be the Christ save thyself and us.”

Narrator

But the other answering rebuked him, saying:

Second Malefactor

“Dost not thou fear God seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward for our deeds: but this man has done nothing amiss.”

Narrator

And he said unto Jesus:

Second Malefactor

“Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.”

Narrator

And Jesus said unto him:

Jesus

“Verily I say to thee, today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.”

HYMN – THE ADORATION OF THE CRUCIFIED

I Adore Thee, I adore Thee!
Glorious ere the world began;
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,
Though divine, yet still divinest
In Thy dying love for man.

I Adore Thee, I adore Thee!
Thankful at Thy feet to be;
I have heard Thy accent thrilling,
Lo! I come, for Thou art willing
Me to pardon, even me.

I Adore Thee, I adore Thee!
Born of woman, yet Divine:
Stained with sins I kneel before Thee,
Sweetest Jesu, I implore Thee,
Make me ever only Thine.

Narrator

When Jesus therefore saw his Mother and the disciple standing by, whom he loved; He saith unto His Mother:

Jesus

“Woman! Behold thy son.”

Narrator

Then saith He to the disciple:

Jesus

“Behold thy mother!”

Narrator

There was darkness over all the earth.

And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying,

Jesus

“My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?”

Jesus

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.

Which is done unto Me,

Wherein the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger.

THE APPEAL OF THE CRUCIFIED

People

From the Throne of His Cross, the King of grief

Cries out to a world of unbelief:

Oh men and women, afar and nigh,

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

I laid My eternal power aside, I came from the Home of the Glorified,

A babe in the lowly cave to lie.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

I wept for the sorrows and pains of men,

I healed them and helped them and loved them,

But then, they shouted against Me, “Crucify!”

Is it nothing to you?

Behold Me and see: pierced thro’ and thro’ with countless sorrows,
and all is for you;

For you I suffer, for you I die.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

Oh men and women your deeds of shame,

Your sins without reason and number and name,

I bear them all on the Cross on high,
Is it nothing to you?
Is it nothing to you that I bow My Head?
And nothing to you that My Blood is shed?
Oh! Perishing souls to you I cry,
Is it nothing to you?
O come unto Me, by the woes I have borne,
By the dreadful scourge, and the crown of thorns,
By these I implore you to hear My cry,
Is it nothing to you?
O come unto Me, this awful price,
Redemption's tremendous sacrifice,
Is paid for you.
Oh! Why will ye die?
O come unto Me!
For why will ye die?
Come to Me.

Narrator

After this, Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished saith,

Jesus

I thirst.

Narrator

When Jesus had received the vinegar, he said,

Jesus

It is finished.

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

Narrator

And he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

HYMN

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
This our song shall ever be,
For we have no hope, nor Saviour,
If we have not hope in Thee!

All for Jesus Thou wilt give us
Strength to serve Thee, hour by hour;
None can move us from Thy presence,
While we trust Thy love and power.

All for Jesus - at thine altar
Thou wilt give us sweet content;
There, dear Lord, we shall receive thee
In the solemn Sacrament.

All for Jesus! Thou hast loved us;
All for Jesus! Thou hast died;
All for Jesus! Thou art with us;
All for Jesus Crucified.

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
This the Church's song must be
till, at last, her sons are gathered
one in love and one in Thee!

Amen.

COMMENDATION

Let us commend ourselves and all God's children to God's 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.

Silence

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 your Son our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever. **Amen.**

The clergy process out in silence

Belfast Cathedral Choir
Owen Lucas (Tenor)
David Robertson (Baritone)
Jack Wilson (Organ)
Matthew Owens (Conductor)

*Please remain seated until the Churchwardens direct you to exit.
We ask that the congregation members exit the building straight away and do not
congregate on the west steps. Thank you.*



NOTICES



EASTER SUNDAY – 4th APRIL
11.00AM FESTIVAL CHORAL EUCHARIST FOR EASTER DAY.
We look forward to welcoming you in person or online.

Music for this Service:

Setting: *Mozart* Missa Brevis C-dur, K. 217 “Kleine Orgel-Messe”
Anthem: *Handel* Hallelujah (from Messiah)

Please do not forget to make your FWO contributions to support the ongoing life and ministry of this cathedral.