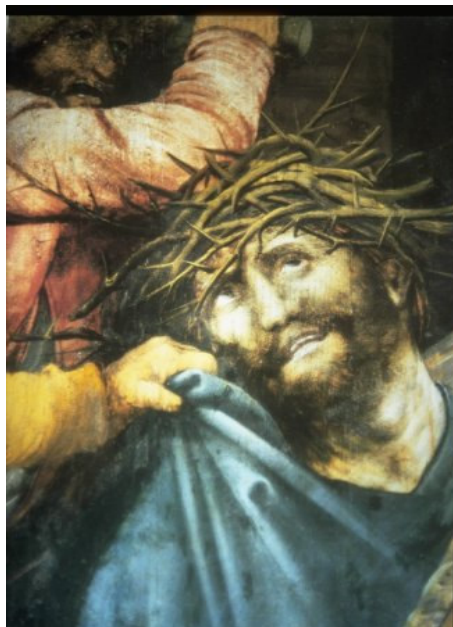


**Christ Church
New Mill**

GOOD FRIDAY

**April 6th 2007
7.30pm**



***Meditations on the Cross
in Music and Words***

Welcome to Christ Church, New Mill, for the annual Good Friday service of music and words.

You may like to meditate on the words on this page before the service starts.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not perish, but have everlasting life. *John 3: 16*

For who is Christ, unless that which “in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God”? This Word of God “became flesh and dwelt among us”; for he was incapable of dying for us until he had assumed mortal flesh for us. *St. Augustine*

Seeing the sorrow and desolation of us, he was made sorry through his kindness and love. All the time he could suffer, he did suffer for us, and sorrow too

....This is his meaning: “How could I not, out of love for you, do all I can for you for love of you I am ready to die often, regardless of the suffering.” *Julian of Norwich*

The sin of Pilate - cowardice and political time-serving; the sin of Caiaphas - spiritual pride and ecclesiastical time-serving; the sin of the soldiers, the crowd - brutality, blood-lust, the blind following the majority. These sins are not museum specimens, impaled on pins in glass cases, strange reactions of long-ago people in far-away places. Far from it. They are the sins of Acacia Avenue and Laburnum Grove - the sins of ordinary people. Your sins and my sins. It is these, the penny-plain treacheries of John Citizen and his unglamorous wife, which flame in the heat of the moment and flare to the sudden murder of God. *P.W. Turner*

(See: <http://www.dur.ac.uk/StChads/chaplain/why5.htm>)

*During the service, please join in the items printed in **bold type**.*

Please stand at the sound of the bell.

The collect for Good Friday:

Almighty God, we beseech you graciously to look with mercy upon this your family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was content to be betrayed and given up into the hands of wicked men, 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

Processional Hymn

**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.**

Thomas.Kelly 1769-1855

Please kneel or sit.

Prayer.

Lord Jesus Christ,
we confess we have failed you as did your first disciples.
We ask for your mercy and your help.

Our selfishness betrays you:

Lord, forgive us.

Christ have mercy.

We fail to share the pain of your suffering:

Lord, forgive us.

Christ have mercy.

We run away from those who abuse you:

Lord, forgive us.

Christ have mercy.

We are afraid of being known to belong to you:

Lord, forgive us.

Christ have mercy.

The Lord forgive us when we know not what we do;
The Lord remember us when He comes in His kingdom;
The Lord receive us as we commit ourselves into his hands.

Amen

Please sit.

The choir sings Miserere (Psalm 51, vv 1-8, 20)

(Music by Gregorio Allegri 1582-1652 English tr.: Book of Common Prayer)

Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.
(Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness).

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum: dele iniquitatem meam.

(According to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences)
Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea; et a peccato meo munda me.

(Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin)

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco: et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

(For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me)

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram te feci: ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis, et vincas cum judicaris.

(Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.)

Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum: et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

(Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me)

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti: incerta et occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi.

(But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shall make me to understand wisdom secretly)

Asperges me hyssopo, et mundabor: lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor.

(Thou shalt purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow)

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium justitiae, oblationes et holocausta: tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulos.

(Thou shalt be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt offerings and oblations: then shall they offer young bullocks upon thine altar).

Reading: Isaiah 53: 10-12

Please stand to sing:

**Was it for me thy flesh was wounded sore,
Thy body lifted high on cross of shame?
(Contact info@newmillpc.org.uk for further details
about this hymn)**

© L.G. Sargent. Reproduced by kind permission .

Please sit.

Reading: Matthew 27: 11-31.

*The choir sings Before Pilate (from Olivet to Calvary. Music by
J.H. Maunder 1858-1920; words arr. Shapcott Wensley)*

Then came Jesus forth from the judgment hall wearing the
crown of thorns and the purple robe.

And Pilate said, "Behold your King!"

And they cried out saying, "Crucify Him!, Crucify Him! He
stirreth up the people!"

"Shall I crucify your King?"

"We have no king but Caesar! Away with this man, and re-
lease unto us Barabbas. Crucify Him!"

"Take ye Him, and crucify Him. for I find no fault in Him at
all".

Reading: Mark 15: 22-32

*The choir sings To mock your reign (words by Fred P. Green
1903-2000 © Stainer & Bell Ltd. CCLI 109371.*

Music by Thomas Tallis c.1505 – 85)

.

Reading: Do you see that man they've arrested (Peter Casey)

Please stand to sing: My song is love unknown (*over the page*)

Words Samuel Crossman 1624-84. Music John Ireland 1879-1962. Copied CCLI109371M

**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?**

**He came from His blessed 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.**

**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.**

**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.**

**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.**

Please sit

Reading: Mark 15: 33-37

*The choir sings Rest in Peace (from St. John Passion by J.S. Bach
1685-1750. Words translated from German by Revd J. Troutbeck)*

Rest here in peace, Redeemer blest and holy,
Henceforth no more will I bewail Thee,
Rest here in peace and lead Thou me to peace.

Reading: Here hangs a man discarded (Brian Wren)

Please stand to sing:

**Heart of stone relent! Relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murdered God's eternal Son.**

**Yes, our sins have done the deed!
Drove the nails that fixed Him there!
Crowned with thorns His sacred head -
Pierced Him with a soldier's spear!
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.**

**Will you let Him die in vain -
Still to death pursue your Lord;
Open tear His wounds again -
Trample on His precious blood?
No, with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart.**

Anon.

Please sit.

The choir sings Praise to Thee, Lord Jesus. (Heinrich Schütz, 1585-1672)

Praise to Thee, Lord Jesus, who in bitter pain, on the Cross
did suffer and for our sake wast slain.

Thou reignst with God in eternity.

Lead us, erring sinners, unto heaven and Thee.

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie eleison.

(Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy).

Reading: Colossians 1: 15-22

*The choir sings Ave verum corpus (William Byrd 1542-1623.
Words attrib. Pope Innocent VI, d. 1342)*

Ave verum Corpus, natum de Maria Virgine;
Vere passum, immolatum in cruce pro homine.
Cuius latus perforatum unda fluxit sanguine:
Esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine.

O dulcis, O pie, O Jesu Fili Mariae,
Miserere mei. Amen.

*(Hail, true body, born of the Virgin Mary:
Thou who truly hangedst weary on the cross for men.
From whose riven side flowed water and blood:
Be to us by thy example in death's hour our food.
O sweet and holy Son of Mary, have mercy on me. Amen.)*

Reading: Titus 2: 11-14

The choir sings Libera me (from Requiem by Gabriel Fauré 1845-1924)

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda;
quando coeli movendi sunt et terra; dum veneris judicare
saeculum per ignem. Tremens factus sum et ego et timeo, dum
discussio venerit atque ventura ira. Dies illa, dies irae,
calamitatis et miseriae; dies magna et amara valde. Requiem
aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis. Libera
me, Domine.

*(Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death on that awful day when
heaven and earth will be moved, when you will come to judge the world
with fire. Trembling I stand before you, and I fear the trial will be at
hand and the wrath to come. That day, a day of wrath, of calamity and
misery, will be a great and exceedingly bitter day. Grant them eternal
rest, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. Deliver me, O
Lord).*

Silence

Please kneel or sit for prayer.

Please stand to sing the Recessional 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!

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music adapted by Edward Miller (1735-1807)

*We hope you have enjoyed the service.
Please join us for tea/coffee in the Gallery Room.*

