PETERHOUSE CHAPEL

A SERVICE FOR PASSIONTIDE

14 March 2021
Please stand as the Clergy enter.

CANTOR

Hymn 517 (NEH): *Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle* (Latin)

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Pange, lingua, gloriōsi
proelium certaminis,
et super Crucis trophaeo
dic triumphum nobillem,
qualiter Redemptor orbis
immolatus vicerit.
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*Translation:*

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Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle;
sing the ending of the fray.
Now above the cross, the trophy,
sound the loud triumphant lay:
tell how Christ, the world’s
Redeemer,
as a victim won the day.
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En acetum, fel, arundo,
sputa, clavi, lancea:
mite corpus perforatur,
Sanguis, unda profuit
terra, pontus, astra, mundus,
quo lavantur flumine!
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*Translation:*

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He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar and spear and reed;
From that holy Body pierced
Blood and water forth proceed:
Earth and stars and sky and ocean
By that flood from stain are freed.
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Crux fidelis,
inter omnes
arbor una nobilis;
nulla talem silva profert,
flore, fronde, germine.
Dulce lignum, dulci clavo,
dulce pondus sustinens!
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*Translation:*

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Faithful Cross! above all other
One and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be;
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron!
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.
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Dean: We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you:
People: **Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.**

*The Dean reads the Collect for Palm Sunday, to which all respond* Amen.
CANTOR

Hymn 86 (NEH): My song is love unknown

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?

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.

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.

MARK 14:32-52: The Garden of Gethsemane
“Gethsemane,” Mary Oliver

The grass never sleeps.
Or the roses.
Nor does the lily have a secret eye that shuts until morning.

Jesus said, wait with me. But the disciples slept.

The cricket has such splendid fringe on its feet,
and it sings, have you noticed, with its whole body,
and heaven knows if it ever sleeps.

Jesus said, wait with me. And maybe the stars did,
maybe the wind wound itself into a silver tree, and didn’t move,
maybe
the lake far away, where once he walked as on a
blue pavement,
lay still and waited, wild awake.

Oh the dear bodies, slumped and eye-shut, that could not
keep that vigil, how they must have wept,
so utterly human, knowing this too
must be a part of the story.

CANTOR

Hymn 84 (NEH): *It is a thing most wonderful*

It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God’s own Son should come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

I sometimes think about the cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails and crown of thorns
And Jesus crucified for me.
But even could I see him die,  
I could but see a little part  
Of that great love, which, like a fire,  
Is always burning in his heart.

And yet I want to love thee, Lord;  
O light the flame within my heart,  
And I will love thee more and more,  
Until I see thee as thou art.

Please sit.

MARK 14:53-72: Jesus is led before the High Priest; Peter’s Denial

Please stand.

CANTOR

Psalm 22: 1-22

1 My God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me * and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint?

2 O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not * and in the night-season also I take no rest.

3 And thou continuest holy *  
O thou worship of Israel.

4 Our fathers hoped in thee *  
they trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them.

5 They called upon thee, and were holpen *  
they put their trust in thee, and were not confounded.

6 But as for me, I am a worm, and no man *  
a very scorn of men, and the out-cast of the people.

7 All they that see me laugh me to scorn *  
they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,
He trusted in God, that he would deliver him *
let him deliver him, if he will have him.

But thou art he that took me out of my mother’s womb *
thou wast my hope, when I hanged yet upon my mother’s breasts.

I have been left unto thee ever since I was born *
and thou art my God even from my mother’s womb.

O go not from me, for trouble is hard at hand *
and there is none to help me.

Many oxen are come about me *
fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side.

They gape upon me with their mouths *
as it were a ramping and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint *
my heart also in the midst of my body is even like melting wax.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth
to my gums *
and thou shalt bring me into the dust of death.

For many dogs are come about me *
and the council of the wicked layeth siege against me.

They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones *
they stand staring and looking upon me.

They part my garments among them *
and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O Lord *
thou art my succour, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword *
my darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion’s mouth *
thou hast heard me also from among the horns of the unicorns.

I will declare thy Name unto my brethren *
in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

Please sit.
“The Agonie,” George Herbert

Philosophers have measur’d mountains,
Fathom’d the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
Walk’d with a staffe to heav’n, and traced fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that sound them; Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair
Unto mount Olivet; there shall he see
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skinne, his garments bloudie be.
Sinne is that presse and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruell food through ev’ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay
And taste that juice, which on the crosse a pike
Did set again abroach; then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love in that liquour sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as bloud; but I, as wine.

Please stand.

CANTOR

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from Heav’n
The news and Prince of Peace.

Cease not, wet tears,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance:
Sin doth never cease.

In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye see
Sin, but through my tears.

Text: Phineas Fletcher (1582-1650)
Music: Orlando Gibbons (c.1583-1625)

Please sit.

MARK 15:1-20, Jesus is questioned by Pilate and condemned to death

Please stand.

CANTOR

Hymn 62 (NEH): Ah, Holy Jesu!

Ah, holy Jesu, how hast thou offended,
That man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by Thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesu, hath undone Thee.
‘Twas I, Lord Jesu, I it was denied Thee!
I crucified Thee.

For me, kind Jesus, was thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life’s oblation;
Thy death of anguish and Thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

Please sit.
“Lachrimae Amantis,” by Geoffrey Hill

A free translation of Lope de Vega Carpio (1562-1635)

What is there in my heart that you should sue
so fiercely for its love? What kind of care
brings you as though a stranger to my door
through the long night and in the icy dew
seeking the heart that will not harbor you,
that keeps itself religiously secure?
At this dark solstice filled with frost and fire
your passion’s ancient wounds must bleed anew.
So many nights the angel of my house
has fed such urgent comfort through a dream,
whispered “your lord is coming, he is close”
that I have drowsed half-faithful for a time
bathed in pure tones of promise and remorse:
“tomorrow I shall wake to welcome him.”

Please stand.

CANTOR

Hymn 76 (NEH): Take up thy cross

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think til death to lay it down;
For only those who bear the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Please sit.

MARK 15:21-32, Simon of Cyrene & Crucifixion of Christ

“Still falls the Rain” (1940), Edith Sitwell

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.”

Please stand.

CANTOR

Hymn 90 (NEH): *O sacred head*

O sacred head, sore wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call Thee mine.

What language shall I borrow to thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever, and should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to Thee.

Be Thou my consolation, my shield when I must die;
Remind me of Thy passion when my last hour draws nigh.
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee, upon Thy cross shall dwell,
My heart by faith enfolds Thee. Who dieth thus dies well.

Please sit.
MARK 15: 33-47: The death of Jesus

Silence is kept. Please kneel.

The Dean reads the Collect for Good Friday and two further Collects, to which all respond

Amen.

Our Father,
which art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive them
that 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.

Please stand.

CANTOR

Hymn 93 (NEH): Were you there?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
O—sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed him to the cross?
Were you there when they nailed him to the cross?
O—sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble
Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?

Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
O–sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Dean: We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you;
People: **Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.**

*Please stand as the Clergy depart.*