PETERHOUSE CHAPEL

A SERVICE FOR PASSIONTIDE
13 March 2022
Please stand as the Clergy and Chapel Choir enter.

CHOIR

God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son, that whoso believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

Text: John 3:16  
Music: Sir John Stainer (1840-1901)

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.

HYMN 86  
*My song is love unknown*

Please sit

MARK 14: 32-52  
*The Garden of Gethsemane*

CHOIR

Hýr þú oss himnum á,  
hýr vor faðir, börn þín smá,  
lukku oss þar til ljá,  
lif eilífþ þer erfum hjá,  
og að þer aldrei flænumst frá.  
Þitt ríki þróist hér
það þín stjórn og kristni er,
svo að menn sem flestir,
safnist, Guð, til handa þér,
fegin yfir því fögnum vér.

Síst skarta sönglist má,
sé þar ekki elskan hjá,
syngjum því þýtt loft þá,
Þér, Guð drottninn, himnum á.
Maður rétt kristinn mun þess gá.

En þegar aumir vér,
öndumst burt úr heimi hér,
oss tak þá, Guð, að þér í þá dýrð,
sem aldrei þver.
Amen, Amen, það eflaust sker.

Hear us in heaven,
Loving Father, as we, your small children,
Ask for the fortune
To receive eternal life.
We shall not stray from your path.

May we help your kingdom
To grow here on earth,
Following your guidance,
We gather around in your name,
And gladly celebrate.

We cannot make a joyful song
Unless we are moved by love.
So let us sing our gentle praise
To you, Lord God, in heaven,
As the truly faithful have done.
When our poor souls pass away from this world,
Take us God to you,
Into your everlasting glory.
Amen, Amen, may this be done.

Text: Olafur á Söndum (1560–1627)
Music: Anna Thorvaldsdottir (b.1977)

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

Please stand

HYMN 62
Ah, holy Jesu, how hast thou offended?

Please sit

The Look
Elizabeth Barrett-Browning (1806-61)

The Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word,
No gesture of reproach; the Heavens serene
Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean
Their thunders that way: the forsaken Lord
Looked only, on the traitor. None record
What that look was, none guess; for those who have seen
Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang keen,
Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,
Have missed Jehovah at the judgment-call.
And Peter, from the height of blasphemy—
‘I never knew this man’—did quail and fall
As knowing straight THAT GOD; and turned free
And went out speechless from the face of all
And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.
CHOIR

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)

MARK 15: 1-20

Jesus is led before Pilate, and condemned to death

Please stand

HYMN 84

It is a thing most wonderful

Please sit
from The Sacrifice
George Herbert (1593-1633)

O all ye who passe by, behold and see;
Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree;
The tree of life to all, but onely me:
Was ever grief like mine?

Lo, here I hang, charg’d with a world of sinne,
The greater world o’ th’ two; for that came in
By words, but this by sorrow I must win:
Was ever grief like mine?

Such sorrow as, if sinfull man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel.
Till all were melted, though he were all steel:
Was ever grief like mine?

But, O my God, my God! why leav’st thou me,
The sonne, in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God ------
Never was grief like mine.

CHOIR

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam:
attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus.

O all ye that pass by the way,
attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow.

Text: Lamentations 1:12
Music: Blake Henson (b.1983)
A memory of Kreisler once:
At some recital in this same city,
The seats all taken, I found myself pushed
On to the stage with a few others,
So near that I could see the toil
Of his face muscles, a pulse like a moth
Fluttering under the fine skin,
And the indelible veins of his smooth brow.

I could see, too, the twitching of the fingers,
Caught temporarily in art’s neurosis,
As we sat there or warmly applauded
This player who so beautifully suffered
For each of us upon his instrument.

So it must have been on Calvary
In the fiercer light of the thorns’ halo:
The men standing by and that one figure,
The hands bleeding, the mind bruised but calm,
Making such music as lives still.
And no one daring to interrupt
Because it was himself that he played
And closer than all of them the God listened.
Please stand

HYMN 90
O sacred head, sore wounded (omit *)

Please remain standing

MARK 15: 33-47
The death of Jesus

Silence is kept

CHOIR
Laß dich nur nichts nicht dauren
Mit Trauern,
Sei stille!
Wie Gott es fügt,
So sei vergnügt
Mein Wille.

Was willst du heute sorgen
Auf morgen?
Der Eine
steht allem für;
Der gibt auch dir
das Deine.
Sei nur in allem Handel
Ohn Wandel,
Steh feste!
Was Gott beschleußt,
Das ist und heißt
das Beste.
Amen.

Let naught afflict thee
with grief;
Be calm
As God ordains,
so be content
my will.

Why take thought for
the morrow?
The one God
who gives thee
What is thine
watches over all.

All in thy doings
be steadfast
And true.
What God decrees
is, and is acknowledged,
the best.
Amen.

Text: Paul Fleming (1609-40)
Music: Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

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.

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

HYMN 95
When I survey the wondrous cross

Please stand as the Clergy and Chapel Choir depart.