

Choir Lord, let me know my end – Maurice Greene (1696 – 1775)

Lord, let me know mine end and the number of my days,
That I may be certified how long I have to live.
Thou hast made my days as it were a span long;
And mine age is as nothing in respect of Thee,
And verily, ev'ry man living is altogether vanity,
For man walketh in a vain shadow
And disquieteth himself in vain,
He heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them.
And now, Lord, what is my hope?
Truly my hope is even in Thee.
Hear my pray'r, O Lord
And with Thy ears consider my calling,
Hold not Thy peace at my tears!
O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence
And be no more seen.

READING

Romans 8.18 – 23, 31 – 39
The Christian hope

Stand **HYMN 388 Lord Christ, who on thy heart didst bear**

During which a collection is taken
– please be as generous as your means allow

BLESSING

Choir and ministers exit in silence



Welcome to the Church of
St James the Greater
Leicester



Music & Readings
for
PASSIONTIDE
2014

Stand HYMN 63 *omit verses 4 & 6* **My song is love unknown**

Sit **PASSION OF THE PRESENT**

READING excerpts from a newspaper article by Bishop Rowan Williams

Stand

PRAYER

We stand in solidarity with all who suffer, sharing Christ's compassion with the world he loves.

On the battlefields of war-torn nations

Be present, suffering Lord.

Where AIDS lays waste the bodies of the young

Be present, suffering Lord.

At the table of the hungry children

Be present, suffering Lord.

Where work is hard and cruel

Be present, suffering Lord.

Where slavery and human trafficking persists.

Be present, suffering Lord.

In the face of racism and ethnic cleansing

Be present, suffering Lord.

When faith is met by hate and love by rejection

Be present, suffering Lord.

In our small sufferings

be present, Lord of Glory

Consoled by the presence of Christ here among us,
we pray the Lord's Prayer:

All **Our Father, who art in heaven ...**

Sit

PRAYER

All **God of love,
passionate and strong, tender and careful,
watch over us and hold out your destiny for us
all the days of our life.**

Vicar Hear us, O Lord,
All sing **have mercy upon us :
for we have sinned against thee.**

SILENCE

Stand HYMN 514 **There in God's Garden**

THE PASSION OF CHRIST

Sit READING
Matthew 26.14 – 54
Betrayal, Last Supper and in the garden of Gethsemane

Choir God so loved the world – John Stainer (1840-1901)

God so loved the world.
that He gave His only begotten Son,
that whoso believeth, 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.

All PRAYER of Richard of Chichester (1197 – 1253)
**Thanks be to thee, O Lord Jesus Christ,
for all the benefits you have won for us,
for all the pains and insults you have born for us.
Most merciful redeemer, friend and brother,
may we see you more clearly, love you more dearly
and follow you more nearly, day by day.**

Vicar Hear us, O Lord,
All sing **have mercy upon us :
for we have sinned against thee.**

SILENCE

All stand as choir & ministers enter in silence

Choir INTROIT Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)
Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of peace.
Cease not, wet eyes,
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.

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

All PRAYER
**Gracious Father,
you gave up your Son
out of love for the world:
lead us to ponder the mysteries of his passion,
that we may know eternal peace
through the shedding of our Saviour's blood.**

Vicar Hear us, O Lord,
All sing **have mercy upon us :
for we have sinned against thee.**

SILENCE

HYMN 387 **Lord Christ when first thou cam'st**

Sit

LAMENTATION

Choir The Lamentation – Edward Bairstow (1874 – 1946)
How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people:
how is she become as a widow!

She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces:
how is she become tributary!
She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks:
among all her lovers, she hath none to comfort her.
The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn assembly:
all her gates are desolate, and she herself is in bitterness.
The Lord hath afflicted her for the multitude of her transgressions:
her children are gone into captivity before the enemy.
All they that go by clap their hands at her:
they hiss, and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem saying,
'Is this the city that men called the perfection of beauty;
the joy of the whole earth?'

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

For these things I weep: mine eye runneth down with water.
From on high hath the Lord sent fire into my bones,
and it prevaileth against them: he hath made me desolate and faint all the day.
My flesh and my skin hath he made old: he hath broken my bones.
He hath builded against me; and compassed me with gall and travail.
He hath made me to dwell in dark places: as those that have been long dead.
I am become a derision to all my people: and their song all the day.
Let him give his cheek to him that smiteth him:
let him be filled full with reproach.
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by:
behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.
Remember mine affliction and my misery: the wormwood and the gall.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: behold and see our reproach.
The joy of our heart is ceased: our dance is turned into mourning.
The crown is fallen from our head: woe unto us, for we have sinned.
For this our heart is faint: for these things our eyes are dim.
Let us search and try our ways: and turn again unto the Lord.
Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned:
renew our days as of old.
It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed:
because his compassions fail not.
They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness.
The Lord is my portion, saith my soul: therefore will I hope in him.
O Lord, thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

PRAYER

All **Father, you know our need to lament,
to express complaint and sorrow.
You are the keeper of the details and the vindicator of names.
Enable us to entrust to you the lives of each, the needs of all,
and the concerns brought to our attention.
In the name of Jesus who sets the example in expressing such
prayer
And in the confidence that you hear us.**

Vicar Hear us, O Lord,
All sing **have mercy upon us :
for we have sinned against thee.**

SILENCE

Stand **HYMN 335 A stranger once did bless the earth**

Sit **DESTINY**

READING Luke 2.32 - 35
Mary is told of her child's future with foreboding.

Choir **Crown of Roses – Tchaikovsky (1840 – 1893)**

When Jesus Christ was yet a child,
He had a garden small and wild,
Wherein He cherished roses fair,
And wove them into garlands there.

Now once, as summer time drew nigh,
There came a troop of children by,
And seeing roses on the tree,
With shouts they pluck'd them merrily.

“Do you bind roses in your hair?”
They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there.
The Boy said humbly: “Take, I pray,
All but the naked thorns away.”

Then of the thorns they made a crown,
And with rough fingers press'd it down,
Till on his forehead fair and young,
Red drops of blood, like roses sprung.