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 a present far too small; love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

Stand READING: Hebrews 10.12 – 23

PRAYER

SILENCE ... Candles extinguished

Stand HYMN (AMR 117):

Praise to the holiest in the height, and in the depth be praise: in all his words most wonderful, most sure in all his ways.

O loving wisdom of our God! When all was sin and shame, a second Adam to the fight and to the rescue came.

O wisest love! That flesh and blood, which did in Adam fail, should strive afresh against the foe, should strive and should prevail;

and that a higher gift than grace should flesh and blood refine, God's presence and his very self, and essence all-divine.

O generous love! That he, who smote in man for man the foe, the double agony in man for man should undergo;

and in the garden secretly, and on the cross on high, should teach his brethren, and inspire to suffer and to die.

Remain standing

SILENCE IN DARKNESS

A Single candle is carried in

DEPART in silence

Hymns are reproduced under licence.
This service was devised in 2004 by the Worship Group of St James the Greater (revised in 2015)



The Church of St James the Greater Leicester



GOOD FRIDAY EVENING

The use of candles in this special service for Good Friday evening is derived from the ancient service of Tenebrae (which means 'shadows'). Candles are progressively extinguished in the course of the service. The gathering darkness invites us to enter into the darkness which – we are reliably informed – covered the land at the time of the crucifixion of our Lord. Finally a solitary candle relieves the darkness to represent the unquenchable light of the life of Christ made apparent at the resurrection.

Please remain sitting

as the choir and ministers enter in silence

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

CHOIR: Christus factus est Bruckner

PRAYER:

Vicar God of eternal love,

All we approach
you with a sense of deep wonder.
Your love reaches out to us
in the face of rejection and pain.
You suffer in the conflicts and failures
which are our lives,
and you still love us.

Vicar Open our hearts and minds to contemplate the Passion.

All Assure us again of forgiveness and acceptance, and so fill us with your love that we may recognise and answer the call to share your passion in the world.

Vicar This we ask, through him in whom your suffering love is revealed. Jesus Christ our Lord.

All **Amen.**

Stand HYMN (AMR 64):

All ye who seek for sure relief in trouble and distress, whatever sorrow vex the mind, or guilt the soul oppress,

Jesus, who gave himself for you upon the cross to die, opens to you his sacred heart; O to that heart draw nigh.

Ye hear how kindly he invites; ye hear his words so blest -- "All ye that labour come to me and I will give you rest."

O Jesus, joy of saints on high, thou hope of sinners here, attracted by those loving words to thee we lift our prayer. Wash thou our wounds in that dear blood which from thy heart doth flow; anew and contrite heart on al hope inspire, a who cry to thee bestow bestow.

Sit READING: Isaiah 52.13 – 53.9

CHOIR: Lamentations Bairstow

SILENCE ... Candles extinguished

REFRAIN: Taizé

All sing Jesus, remember me,
When you come into your Kingdom.
Jesus, remember me,
When you come into your Kingdom.

PRAYER

Stand HYMN (NH&WS 5):

Ah, holy Jesu, How hast thou offended, That so to judge thee Mortals have pretended? By foes derided, By thine own rejected, O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty?
Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, O Lord,
My treason hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesu,
I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

Lo, the good shepherd For the sheep is offered; The slave hath sinned, And the Son has suffered: For our atonement Christ himself is pleading, Still interceding.

For me, kind Jesu, Was thy incarnation, Thy mortal sorrow, And thy life's oblation; Thy death of anguish And thy bitter passion For my salvation.

Therefore, kind Jesu
Since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee
And will ever pray thee
Think on thy pity
And thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

Sit READING: Luke 23.39 - 56

CHOIR: Crown of Thorns Tchaikovsky

SILENCE ... Candles extinguished

REFRAIN:

All sing Jesus, remember me ...

PRAYER

Stand HYMN (AMR138)

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.

Sit READING: The Seventh Word – the Soldier Sylvia Sands

Sylvia Salid

CHOIR: Were you there Arr. Mark Batten

SILENCE ... Candles extinguished

REFRAIN:

All sing Jesus, remember me ...

Sit CHOIR: God so loved the world Stainer

Kneel CANTICLE of PENITENCE

Response: Lord, hear us:

All Lord have mercy.

Stand HYMN: (AMR 67)

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?