

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

All

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

Sit

Choir Solus ad victimam – Kenneth Leighton (1929 – 1988)

Alone to sacrifice thou goest, Lord, giving thyself to Death whom thou hast slain. For us thy wretched folk is any word? Who know that for our sins this is thy pain? For they are ours, O Lord, our deeds, our deeds. Why must thou suffer torture for our sin? Let our hearts suffer in thy Passion, Lord, that very suffering may thy mercy win. This is the night of tears, the three days' space, sorrow abiding of the eventide, Until the day break with the risen Christ, and hearts that sorrowed shall be satisfied. So may our hearts share in thine anguish, Lord, that they may sharers of thy glory be; Heavy with weeping may the three days pass, to win the laughter of thine Easter Day!

READING

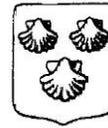
Romans 8.18 – 23, 31 – 39
The Christian Hope

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
2017

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

Sit **PASSION OF THE PRESENT**

READING excerpts from an article by Archbishop 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



PRAYER

Priest Let us pray together:

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.**

Priest Hear us, O Lord,

All **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 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.

PRAYER of Richard of Chichester (1197 – 1253)

Priest Let us pray together:

All **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 borne 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.**

Priest Hear us, O Lord,

All **have mercy upon us :
for we have sinned against thee.**

SILENCE

All stand as choir & ministers enter in silence

INTROIT

Choir Christus factus est – Anton Bruckner (1824–1896)

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens
usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.
Propter quod et Deus exultavit illum et dedit illi nomen,
quod est super omne nomen.

*Christ became obedient for us unto death,
even death on the cross.
Therefore God exalted Him and gave Him a name
which is above all names.*

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

PRAYER

Priest Let us pray together:

All **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.**

Priest Hear us, O Lord,

All **have mercy upon us :
for we have sinned against thee.**

SILENCE

HYMN 138 **We sing the praise of him who died**

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 a 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.

Priest Let us pray together:
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.**

Priest Hear us, O Lord,
All **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.