



**BLACKBURN  
CATHEDRAL**

The Cathedral  
Good Friday  
Liturgy

*Finding Christ in the Wilderness*  
Images by Stanley Spencer

*Friday, 18 April 2025, 12 Noon*

# *Welcome* to this afternoon's service

The President is  
**The Very Reverend Peter Howell-Jones**  
*The Dean*

The Preacher is  
**The Very Reverend Dr Frances Ward**  
*Dean Emerita of St. Edmundsbury*

The service is sung by  
**The Cathedral Choir**

Directed by  
**John Robinson**  
*Organist and Director of Music*

**The last hour, from 2.00pm, is live streamed**

# The Gathering

*Please remain seated as the ministers enter in silence*

*then stand with the ministers to sing*

## Hymn

Passion Chorale 90



O sacred head sore wounded,  
with grief and shame weighed down.  
O kingly head surrounded  
with thorns thine only crown!  
Death's pallor now comes o'er thee,  
the glow of life decays;  
yet hosts of heaven adore thee,  
and tremble as they gaze.

What language shall I borrow  
to praise thee, heavenly friend,  
for this thy dying sorrow,  
thy pity without end?  
O agony and dying!  
O love to sinners free!  
Jesus, all grace supplying,  
turn thou thy face on me.

In this thy bitter passion,  
Good Shepherd, think on me  
with thy most sweet compassion,  
unworthy though I be:  
beneath thy Cross abiding,  
for ever would I rest,  
in thy dear love confiding,  
and with thy presence blest.

*Salve caput cruentatum - Bernard of Clairvaux Rupert Davis  
(1909-1994) and others.*

## The Collect

Let us pray.

*Silence is kept – please remain standing*

Almighty Father, look with mercy on this your family  
for which our Lord Jesus Christ was content to be betrayed  
and given up into the hands of sinners  
and to suffer death upon the cross;  
who is alive and glorified with you and the Holy Spirit,  
one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

*Please sit down*

### 12.05 pm – Christ Prays in the Wilderness



## Reading

(Ephesians 3.14-end)

*Read by Mihaela Mladin*

For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth takes its name. I pray that, according to the riches of his glory, he may grant that you may be strengthened in your inner being with power through his Spirit, and that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith, as you are being rooted and grounded in love. I pray that you may have the power to comprehend, with all the saints, what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ that surpasses knowledge, so that you may be filled with all the fullness of God.

Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to accomplish abundantly far more than all we can ask or imagine, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus to all generations, for ever and ever. Amen.

## Reflection

*The Very Revd Dr Frances Ward*

*A short silence is kept*

*We remain seated to sing repeatedly*



Wait for the Lord whose day is near  
Wait for the Lord, keep watch, take heart.

*Ateliers et Presses de Taizé*

*A short silence is kept*

## 12.30 – Christ Driven into the Wilderness



*We stand to sing*

**Hymn**  
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?

He came from his blest throne,  
salvation to bestow:  
but sin made strange, and none  
the longed-for Christ would know.  
But O, my friend, my friend indeed,  
who at my need his life did spend!

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.

Why, what hath my Lord done?  
What makes this rage and spite?  
He made the lame to run,  
he gave the blind their sight.  
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these  
themselves displease, and 'gainst him rise.

They rise, and needs will have  
my dear Lord made away;  
a murderer they save,  
the Prince of Life they slay.  
Yet cheerful he to suffering goes,  
that he his foes from thence might free.

In life no house, no home  
my Lord on earth might have;  
in death no friendly tomb,  
but what a stranger gave.  
What may I say? Heaven was his home;  
but mine the tomb wherein he lay.

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

*Samuel Crossman (c. 1624-1684) alt.*

*Read by Louise Hicks*

The sleepless trees held vigil as he prayed  
And friends fell fast into the arms of sleep.  
In agony of faith, his heart dismayed,  
He stood apart and called from deep to deep.  
Did he recall a garden, long since lost,  
Where hands reached out to grasp the bitter fruit?  
Did drops of bloody sweat betray the cost  
That would be paid to water love's new shoot?  
When we wrestle demons through the night  
As pale fear wears the grinning mask of death,  
He shares our darkened path, our lonely fight,  
The broken prayers we speak under our breath.  
Then: Shouting, orders, a drawing sword's hiss;  
A loved one, arms open, waiting a kiss.

*(Poem: The Agony in the Garden, Steven Shakespeare)*

## Reflection

*The Very Revd Dr Frances Ward*

*A short silence is kept*

*We remain seated to sing repeatedly*

Stay with me, re - main here with me;  
watch and pray, watch and pray.

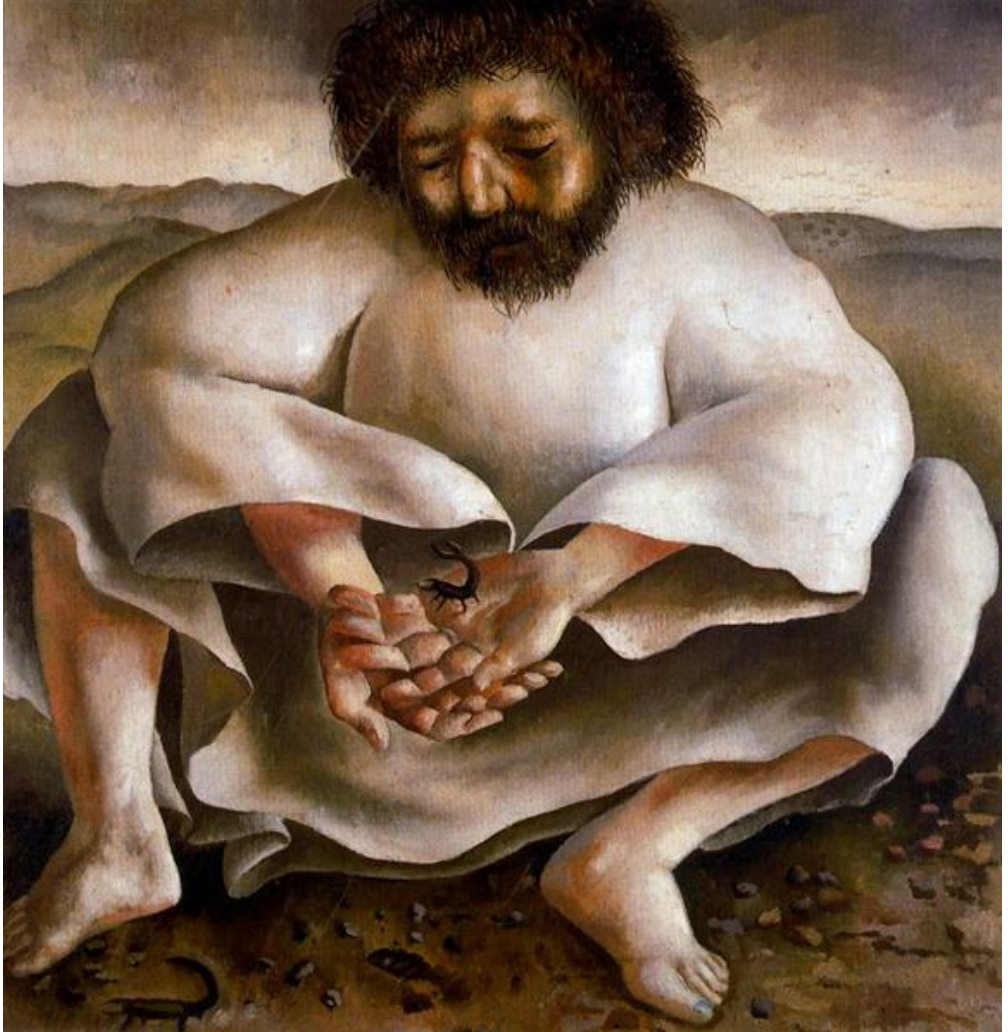
The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the lyrics 'Stay with me, re - main here with me;' and the second line corresponds to 'watch and pray, watch and pray.' The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

Stay with me, remain with me, watch and pray

*Ateliers et Presses de Taizé*

*Silence is kept*

## Ipm – Christ with the Scorpion in the Wilderness



*We stand to sing*

**Hymn**  
Southwell 70



Lord Jesus, think on me,  
and purge away my sin;  
from earthborn passions set me  
free,  
and make me pure within.

Lord Jesus, think on me,  
with care and woe opprest;  
let me thy loving servant be,  
and taste thy promised rest.

Lord Jesus, think on me,  
amid the battle's strife;  
in all my pain and misery  
be thou my health and life.

Lord Jesus, think on me,  
nor let me go astray;  
through darkness and perplexity  
point thou the heavenly way.

Lord Jesus, think on me,  
when flows the tempest high:  
when on doth rush the enemy,  
O Saviour, be thou nigh.

Lord Jesus, think on me,  
that, when the flood is past,  
I may the eternal brightness see,  
and share thy joy at last.

*Greek, Synesius of Cyrene (375- 430) tr.  
A.W. Chatfield (1808-96)*

*Read by Ceri Davies*

*(Psalm 31.1-24)*

In you, O Lord, I seek refuge;  
do not let me ever be put to shame;  
in your righteousness deliver me.  
Incline your ear to me;  
rescue me speedily.  
Be a rock of refuge for me,  
a strong fortress to save me.  
You are indeed my rock and my fortress;  
for your name's sake lead me and guide me,  
take me out of the net that is hidden for me,  
for you are my refuge.  
Into your hand I commit my spirit;  
you have redeemed me, O Lord, faithful God.  
You hate those who pay regard to worthless idols,  
but I trust in the Lord.  
I will exult and rejoice in your steadfast love,  
because you have seen my affliction;  
you have taken heed of my adversities,  
and have not delivered me into the hand of the enemy;  
you have set my feet in a broad place.  
Be gracious to me, O Lord, for I am in distress;  
my eye wastes away from grief,  
my soul and body also.  
For my life is spent with sorrow,  
and my years with sighing;  
my strength fails because of my misery,  
and my bones waste away.  
I am the scorn of all my adversaries,  
a horror to my neighbours,  
an object of dread to my acquaintances;  
those who see me in the street flee from me.  
I have passed out of mind like one who is dead;  
I have become like a broken vessel.  
For I hear the whispering of many—  
terror all around!—  
as they scheme together against me,  
as they plot to take my life.

But I trust in you, O Lord;  
     I say, 'You are my God.'  
 My times are in your hand;  
     deliver me from the hand of my enemies and persecutors.  
 Let your face shine upon your servant;  
     save me in your steadfast love.  
 Do not let me be put to shame, O Lord,  
     for I call on you;  
 let the wicked be put to shame;  
     let them go dumbfounded to Sheol.  
 Let the lying lips be stilled  
     that speak insolently against the righteous  
     with pride and contempt.  
 O how abundant is your goodness  
     that you have laid up for those who fear you,  
 and accomplished for those who take refuge in you,  
     in the sight of everyone!  
 In the shelter of your presence you hide them  
     from human plots;  
 you hold them safe under your shelter  
     from contentious tongues.  
 Blessed be the Lord,  
     for he has wondrously shown his steadfast love to me  
     when I was beset as a city under siege.  
 I had said in my alarm,  
     'I am driven far from your sight.'  
 But you heard my supplications  
     when I cried out to you for help.  
 Love the Lord, all you his saints.  
     The Lord preserves the faithful,  
     but abundantly repays the one who acts haughtily.  
 Be strong, and let your heart take courage,  
     all you who wait for the Lord.

*Silence is kept*

## Reflection

*The Very Revd Dr Frances Ward*

*A short silence is kept*

*We remain seated to sing repeatedly*

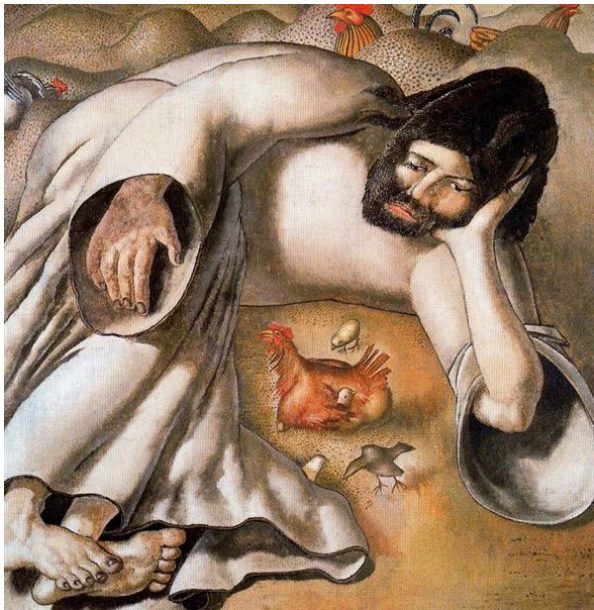
Je - sus, re - mem - ber me when you come in - to your king - dom.

Je - sus, re - mem - ber me when you come in - to your king - dom.

*Ateliers et Presses de Taizé*

*Silence is kept*

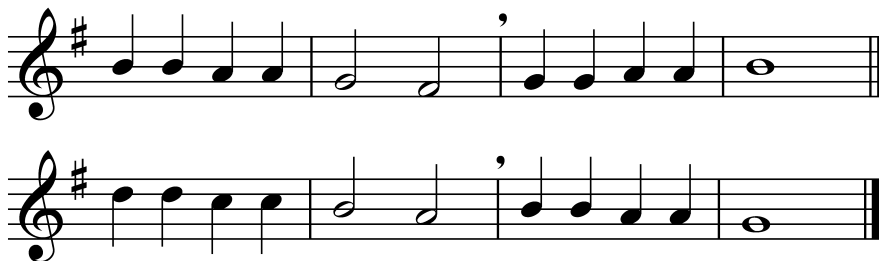
**1.30pm – Christ in the Wilderness with Chickens**



We stand to sing

## Hymn

Caswall 83



Glory be to Jesus,  
who, in bitter pains,  
poured for me the life-blood  
from his sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal  
in that blood I find;  
blest be his compassion  
infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages  
be the precious stream,  
which from endless torment  
doth the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance  
pleaded to the skies;  
but the blood of Jesus  
for our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled  
on our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
terror-struck departs;

Oft as earth exulting  
wafts its praise on high,  
angel-hosts rejoicing  
make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices;  
swell the mighty flood;  
louder still and louder  
praise the precious blood.

*Anonymous Italian translated Edward Caswall  
(1814-78)*

## Readings

*Read by Krystyna Adams*

*(Lamentations: 1.12, 16a,b, 3.19, 21-26, 31-33)*

Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by?  
Look and see  
if there is any sorrow like my sorrow,  
which was brought upon me,  
which the Lord inflicted  
on the day of his fierce anger.

For these things I weep;  
my eyes flow with tears;  
for a comforter is far from me,  
one to revive my courage;

But this I call to mind,  
and therefore I have hope:  
The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases,  
his mercies never come to an end;  
they are new every morning;  
great is your faithfulness.  
'The Lord is my portion,' says my soul,  
'therefore I will hope in him.'  
The Lord is good to those who wait for him,  
to the soul that seeks him.  
It is good that one should wait quietly  
for the salvation of the Lord.

For the Lord will not  
reject for ever.  
Although he causes grief, he will have compassion  
according to the abundance of his steadfast love;  
for he does not willingly afflict  
or grieve anyone.

## Reflection

*The Very Revd Dr Frances Ward*

*A short silence is kept*

*We remain seated to sing repeatedly*

U - bi ca - ri - tas et a - - mor,  
*Live in char - i - ty and stead - fast love,*

5 U - bi ca - ri - tas De - us i - bi est.  
*live in char - i - ty; God will dwell with you.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The first system begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes a short silence indicated by a double bar line.

*Ubi Caritas: Where true charity is, God is there*

*Ateliers et Presses de Taizé*

*We keep a period of silence*

# The Final Hour at the Cross

*Please stand as the choir and clergy enter*

**2.00 pm – Christ in the Wilderness**



### *The President prays*

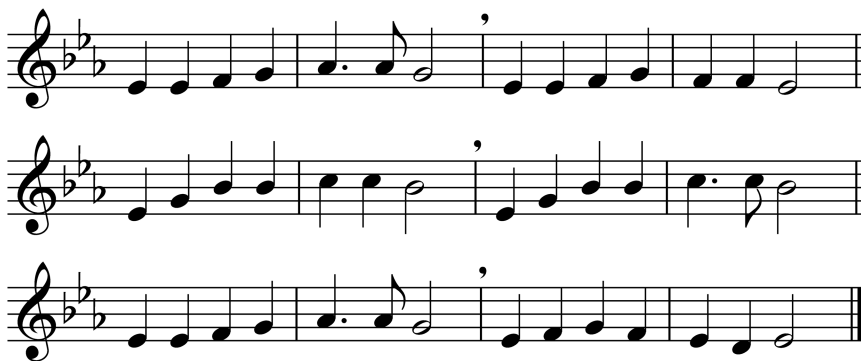
Let us pray.

*Silence is kept – please remain standing*

Eternal God,  
in the cross of Jesus  
we see the cost of our sin  
and the depth of your love:  
in humble hope and fear  
may we place at his feet  
all that we have and all that we are,  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

## Hymn

Petra 445



Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
let me hide myself in thee;  
let the water and the blood,  
from thy riven side which flowed,  
be of sin the double cure:  
cleanse me from its guilt and  
power.

Not the labours of my hands  
can fulfil thy law's demands;  
could my zeal no respite know,  
could my tears for ever flow,  
all for sin could not atone:  
thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
simply to thy cross I cling;  
naked, come to thee for dress;  
helpless, look to thee for grace;  
foul, I to the fountain fly;  
wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
when my eyelids close in death,  
when I soar through tracts  
unknown,  
see thee on thy judgement  
throne;  
rock of ages, cleft for me,  
let me hide myself in thee.

*Augustus Toplady (1740-78)*

*We remain standing as the President prays*

Lord, on this day when our Lord Jesus Christ laid down his life for the world, we pray that in looking on his cross we may know both the cruelty of this world and the loyalty of his love. **Amen**

*Prayer M.J.Kramer (2020)*

*We sit as the choir sings*

*(Psalm 22)*

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?  
O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not :  
and in the night-season also I take no rest.  
And thou continuest holy : O thou worship of Israel.  
Our fathers hoped in thee : they trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them.  
They called upon thee, and were holpen :  
they put their trust in thee, and were not confounded.  
But as for me, I am a worm, and no man :  
a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people.

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 :  
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 casts 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.

*A short silence is kept*

## Reading

*Read by Nigel Scales*

*(Philippians 2.5–11)*

Christ Jesus was in the form of God,  
but he did not cling to equality with God.  
He emptied himself, taking the form of a servant,  
and was born in our human likeness.  
Being found in human form he humbled himself,  
and became obedient unto death, even death on a cross.  
Therefore God has highly exalted him,  
and bestowed on him the name above every name,  
That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow,  
in heaven and on earth and under the earth;  
And every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord,  
to the glory of God the Father.

## Reflection

*The Very Revd Dr Frances Ward*

*A short silence is kept*

*The choir sings*

God so loved the world, that he gave 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.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,  
that whoso believeth in him should not perish,  
but have everlasting life.

*From The Crucifixion by John Stainer (1840-1901)*

*We keep a period of silence, before the President prays*

Lord as we kneel at the foot of the cross  
we bring before you  
the suffering of our world  
and the brokenness of our hearts. **Amen**

## **Reading**

*Luke 23:44-46*

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, while the sun's light failed; and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, 'Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.' Having said this, he breathed his last.

*The reading is followed by an extended period of silence*

## **The Reproaches**

*Please kneel or sit, as the choir sings*

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you? Answer me!  
I led you out of Egypt, from slavery to freedom,  
but you led your Saviour to the cross.

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you? Answer me!  
Holy is God! Holy and strong! Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.  
For forty years I led you safely through the desert. I fed you with manna from  
heaven, and brought you to a land of plenty;  
but you led your Saviour to the cross.

Holy is God! Holy and strong! Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.  
What more could I have done for you? I planted you as my fairest vine, but you  
yielded only bitterness: when I was thirsty you gave me vinegar to drink, and you  
pierced your Saviour's side with a lance.

Holy is God! Holy and strong! Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.  
I opened the sea before you, but you opened my side with a spear.

I led you on your way in a pillar of cloud, but you led me to Pilate's court.

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you? Answer me!  
I bore you up with manna in the desert,  
but you struck me down and scourged me.

I gave you saving water from the rock, but you gave me gall and vinegar to drink.

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you? Answer me!  
I gave you a royal sceptre, but you gave me a crown of thorns.

I raised you to the height of majesty, but you have raised me high on a cross.  
O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you? Answer me!  
*Music by John Sanders (1933-2003)*

*Silence is kept*

## Veneration

*The following prayer and acclamation is said*

Eternal God in the cross of Jesus  
we see the cost of our sin  
and the depth of your love:  
in humble hope and fear  
may we place at his feet  
all that we have and all that we are,  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you,  
**because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.**

This is the wood of the cross,  
on which hung the Saviour of the world.  
**Come, let us worship.**

O Saviour of the world,  
who by your cross and precious blood have redeemed us,  
**save us and help us, we humbly pray.**

*We continue to kneel or sit for the hymn and the extended silence that follows*

# Hymn

ROCKINGHAM 95



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?

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 an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

*If you wish to venerate the cross, please step forward during this silence and the music that follows. Candles are available to light at the foot of the cross.*

*Following the silence the choir sings*

Salvator mundi, salva nos,  
qui per crucem et sanguinem  
redemisti nos:  
auxiliare nobis, te deprecamur,  
Deus noster.

○ Saviour of the world, save us,  
who by your cross and blood  
have redeemed us:  
Help us, we beseech you,  
○ Lord our God.

*Music by Thomas Tallis (1505-1585)*

*A short silence is kept*

## **The Lord's Prayer**

From the foot of the cross, we pray

**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.**

*Please stand as the Dean offers the concluding prayer and Gospel reading*

## Conclusion

O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God,  
set your passion, cross, and death  
between your judgement and us,  
now and in the hour of our death.  
Give mercy and grace to the living,  
rest to the departed,  
to your holy Church peace and concord,  
and to us sinners forgiveness,  
and everlasting life and glory;  
for with the Father and the Holy Spirit,  
you are alive and reign,  
God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

## The Gospel of the Burial of Christ

*(John 19.38-42)*

After these things, Joseph of Arimathea, who was a disciple of Jesus, though a secret one because of his fear of the Jews, asked Pilate to let him take away the body of Jesus. Pilate gave him permission; so he came and removed his body. Nicodemus, who had at first come to Jesus by night, also came, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, weighing about a hundred pounds. They took the body of Jesus and wrapped it with the spices in linen cloths, according to the burial custom of the Jews. Now there was a garden in the place where he was crucified, and in the garden there was a new tomb in which no one had ever been laid. And so, because it was the Jewish day of Preparation, and the tomb was nearby, they laid Jesus there.

*There is no blessing or dismissal*

*The ministers depart in silence*

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