



The Cathedral  
Good Friday  
Liturgy

*Friday, 29 March 2024*

*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 Jerry Lepine**  
*Former Dean of Bradford*

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

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

*The reflections are being recorded*

**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



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 – “Songs of Pain and Promise”

#### Reading

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

*Read by Julie Eatwell*

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.  
Remember my affliction and my bitterness, the wormwood and the gall!  
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 we should wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord.  
For the Lord will not reject for ever;  
though 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 Jerry Lepine.*

*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 – Forsaken

*We stand to sing*

**Hymn**  
Aus der Tiefe



“Why has God forsaken me?”  
cried out Jesus from the cross,  
as he shared the loneliness  
of our deepest grief and loss.

Jesus, as his life expired,  
placed himself within God’s care;  
at our dying, Lord may we  
trust the love that conquers fear.

Myst’ry shrouds our life and death  
but we need not be afraid,  
for the mystery’s heart is love,  
God’s great love which Christ displayed.

*William L. (Bill) Wallace (b.1933)*

## Readings

*Read by Ruth Watton*

*(Matthew 27.46)*

“My God, my God why have you forsaken me?”

*(Psalm 22. 1-11)*

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?  
Why are you so far from saving me, so far from my cries of anguish?  
My God, I cry out by day, but you do not answer, by night, but I find no rest.  
Yet you are enthroned as the Holy One; you are the one Israel praises.  
In you our ancestors put their trust; they trusted and you delivered them.  
To you they cried out and were saved;  
in you they trusted and were not put to shame.  
But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by everyone, despised by the people.  
All who see me mock me; they hurl insults, shaking their heads.  
“He trusts in the Lord,” they say, “let the Lord rescue him.  
Let him deliver him, since he delights in him.”  
Yet you brought me out of the womb;  
you made me trust in you, even at my mother’s breast.  
From birth I was cast on you; from my mother’s womb you have been my God.  
Do not be far from me, for trouble is near; and there is no one to help.

## Reflection

*The Very Revd Jerry Lepine*

*A short silence is kept, before a soloist sings*

So much wrong and so much injustice  
so you shouldered a wooden cross.  
Now like you, my best dreams are  
shattered.  
All I know is the weight of loss.

*My beloved, my beloved,  
tell me where can you be found?  
You drank deep of the cup of suffering  
and your death is our holy ground.*

Olive trees showed the pain of sorrow;  
they were grieving for their Lord.  
Round Jerusalem the hills were mourning,  
as the city denied its God.

*My beloved....*

No fine song, no impressive music  
can attempt to relieve my heart.  
In this hour I am called to grieving  
Lest no other will play this part.  
*My beloved....*

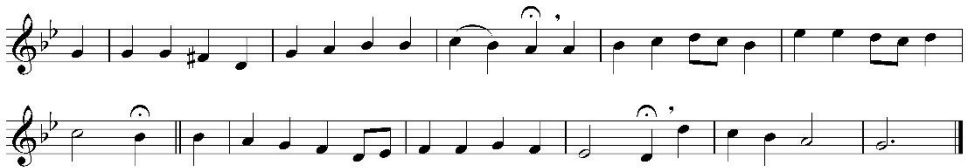
Everything I could ever offer  
could not pay for what God has done,  
but my life shall be spent in honour  
of my Saviour, God's only Son.  
*My beloved....*  
*Arabic text. English version and music John L.  
Bell (b.1949)*

*Silence is kept*

## Ipm – Thirst

*We stand to sing*

**Hymn**  
Herzliebster Jesu



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 sinnèd, and the Son hath 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.

*Robert Bridges (1844-1930), from J Heerman (1585-1647), based on an 11<sup>th</sup> century Latin mediation.*

## Readings

*Read by Jeremy Duerden*

*(John 19.28)*

Later, knowing that everything had now been finished, and so that Scripture would be fulfilled, Jesus said, "I am thirsty."

*(Psalm 143)*

Lord, hear my prayer, listen to my cry for mercy;  
in your faithfulness and righteousness come to my relief.  
Do not bring your servant into judgment,  
for no one living is righteous before you.  
The enemy pursues me, he crushes me to the ground;  
he makes me dwell in the darkness like those long dead.  
So my spirit grows faint within me; my heart within me is dismayed.  
I remember the days of long ago; I meditate on all your works  
and consider what your hands have done.  
I spread out my hands to you; I thirst for you like a parched land.



Answer me quickly, Lord; my spirit fails.  
Do not hide your face from me or I will be like those who go down to the pit.  
Let the morning bring me word of your unfailing love,  
for I have put my trust in you.  
Show me the way I should go, for to you I entrust my life.  
Rescue me from my enemies, Lord, for I hide myself in you.  
Teach me to do your will, for you are my God;  
may your good Spirit lead me on level ground.  
For your name's sake, Lord, preserve my life;  
in your righteousness, bring me out of trouble.  
In your unfailing love, silence my enemies;  
destroy all my foes, for I am your servant.

*Silence is kept*

## Reflection

*The Very Revd Jerry Lepine*

*A short silence is kept*

*A soloist sings*

I cry to God and he hears me;  
in my times of trouble I seek him.  
By night my hands plead in prayer,  
but I find nothing for my comfort.

I think of God and I moan;  
I meditate and feel useless.  
God keeps the sleep from my eyes,  
and my speech is lost in confusion.

I thought of days gone by,  
and remembered times now  
vanished.  
I spent the night in deep distress  
while my spirit murmured within  
me.

Will God reject us for ever?  
Will God refuse us his mercy?  
Has endless love reached an end?  
Are God's promises now invalid?

Has God forgotten to be gracious?  
Has anger doused his compassion?  
Has God's mighty arm lost its grasp?  
Does it hang powerless beside him?

Let me now remember God's work  
and recall his wonderful greatness.  
Let me meditate on his power  
and remember all God has done.

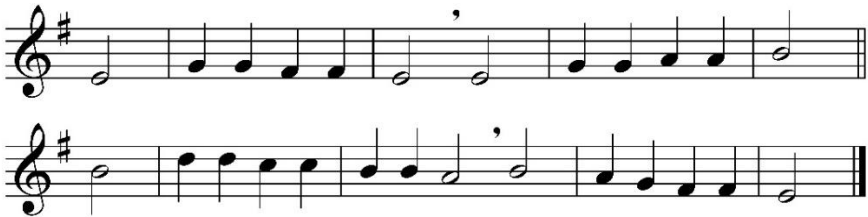
*Psalm 78 para John Bell (b.194)*

*Silence is kept*

## 1.30pm - Trust

*We stand to sing*

**Hymn**  
Southwell



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 many a care opprest;  
let me thy loving servant be,  
and taste thy promised rest.

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

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

*Synesius of Cyrene tr. A.W. Chatfield*

*Read by Jean Duerden*

## Readings

*(Luke 23.46)*

“Father into your hands I commend my spirit”.

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.

## Reflection

*The Very Revd Jerry Lepine.*

*A short silence is kept*

*We remain seated to sing repeatedly*

In ma - nus tu - as, Pa - ter, com - men - do spi - ri - tum me - um, in

5

ma - nus tu - as, Pa - ter, com - men - do spi - ri - tum me - um.

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff contains the first line of the hymn: 'In ma - nus tu - as, Pa - ter, com - men - do spi - ri - tum me - um, in'. The second staff, starting with a measure rest marked '5', contains the second line: 'ma - nus tu - as, Pa - ter, com - men - do spi - ri - tum me - um.' The notes are simple, mostly quarter and half notes, with some rests.

*Ateliers et Presses de Taizé*

*We keep a period of silence, then stand to sing as the choir enters*

2.00 pm: "Emptied himself"

Hymn  
Caswell 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 Caswell  
(1814-1878)*

*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)*

*(Psalm 22)*

*We sit as the choir sings*

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 Julie Eatwell*

*(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 Jerry Lepine*

*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**

## **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.
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*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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