





# Passion Vespers

Meditations on the Passion of Christ

## The Sunday of the Passion

April 10, 2022 5:00 PM

*¶ The service begins in silence; throughout the service the Congregation is seated for the reading of the Meditations and the singing of Anthems and Motets and stands for the Versicles, Collects, and for the singing of Hymns*

### Opening Devotions

*¶ All stand as the Choir and Ministers enter in silence*

*Officiant* ✠ In the Name of the Father, and of the Son,  
and of the Holy Ghost.

*People* Amen.

*Officiant* Lord, have mercy upon us.

*People* Christ, have mercy upon us.

*Officiant* Lord, have mercy upon us.

*¶ Officiant and People*

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.

*Officiant* We will glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ:

*People* In whom is our salvation, our life and resurrection.

Let us pray.

¶ *Silence*

**A**SSIST US MERCIFULLY with thy help, O Lord God of our salvation, that we may enter with joy upon the contemplation of those mighty acts whereby thou hast given us life and immortality; through Jesus Christ our Lord. ¶ *People Amen.*

¶ *All are seated*

## Orison

As now the sun's declining rays  
At eventide descend,  
So life's brief day is sinking down  
To its appointed end.

Lord, on the Cross thine arms were stretched  
To draw thy people nigh:  
O grant us then that Cross to love,  
And in those arms to die.

All glory to the Father be,  
All glory to the Son,  
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,  
While endless ages run. Amen.

*Words: Charles Coffin (1676–1749); tr. John Chandler (1806–1876)*

*Music: ST. COLUMBA; Irish melody, arr. Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924)*



## Meditation I

*From the writings of Paul Claudel (1868-1955)*

**I**T IS OVER. We have judged God and have condemned Him to death.  
We no longer want to have Christ with us, for he bothers us.  
We have no other king than Caesar! No other law than blood and gold!  
Crucify him if you wish, but rid us of him! Take him away!  
Cry out! Cry out! Too bad! Since it must be, let them sacrifice him, and give us Barabbas!

Pilate sits in the place named Gabbatha.

“Have you nothing to say?” asks Pilate. And Jesus answers not.

“I find no evil in this man,” says Pilate, “but bah! Let him die, as you insist! I give him to you. *Ecce homo.*”

Here he stands, a crown on his head and purple on his back.

One last time toward us his eyes are filled with tears and blood!

What can we do? There is no way to keep him with us any longer.

As he was a scandal for the Jews, so he is among us an absurdity.

And the sentence is given, lacking nothing – in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues. And we see the crowd which screams and the judge who washes his hands.

## Anthem

Jesu, grant me this I pray,  
Ever in thy heart to stay,  
Let me evermore abide  
Hidden in thy wounded side.

If the evil one prepare,  
Or the world, a tempting snare,  
I am safe when I abide  
In thy heart and wounded side.  
If the flesh, more dangerous still,  
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,  
Naught I fear when I abide  
In thy heart and wounded side.

Death will come one day to me;  
Jesu, cast me not from thee;  
Dying, let me still abide  
In thy heart and wounded side. Amen.

*Words: Anonymous, 17th c.*

*Music: Percy Whitlock (1903-1946)*

‡ *Stand*

## Collect

*Officiant* God did not spare his own Son:  
*People* But delivered him up for us all.

Let us pray.

‡ *Silence*

**A**LMIGHTY GOD, God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy, but first he suffered pain, and entered not into glory before he was crucified: mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the Cross, may find it none other than the way of life and peace; through Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord. ‡ *People Amen.*

‡ *All are then seated*



## Meditation II

*From the writings of Theodore of Studios (c. 826)*

**H**OW PRECIOUS THE GIFT of the cross, how splendid to contemplate! In the cross there is no mingling of good and evil, as in the tree of paradise; it is wholly beautiful to behold and good to taste. The fruit of this tree is not death but life, not darkness but light. This tree does not cast us out of paradise but opens the way for our return. This was the tree on which Christ, like a king on a chariot, destroyed the devil, the lord of death, and freed the human race from tyranny. This was the tree upon which the Lord, like a brave warrior wounded in hands, feet and side, healed the wounds of sin that the evil serpent had inflicted on our nature. A tree once caused our death, but now a tree brings life. Once deceived by a tree, we have now repelled the cunning serpent by a tree. What an astonishing transformation! That death should become life, that decay should become immortality, that shame should become glory!

### Anthem

It is a thing most wonderful, Almost too wonderful to be that God's own Son should come from heaven, and die to save a child like me. And yet I know that it is true: He chose a poor and humble lot, And wept and mourned and toiled and died, For love of those who loved him not. I sometimes think about the cross, and shut my eyes and try to see the cruel nails and crown of thorns and Jesus crucified for me. But even could I see him die, I could but see a little part of that great love which like a fire, is always burning in his heart. And yet I want to love thee Lord; O light the flame within my heart, That I may love thee more and more, until I see thee as thou art most wonderful.

*Words: W. Walsham How (1823-1897)*

*Music: Philip Moore (1989)*

♩ *Stand*

## Collect

*Officiant* For as in Adam all die:

*People* Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Let us pray.

♩ *Silence*

**O** CHRIST, REDEEMER AND LORD, who by thy death didst bequeath to us so great a legacy as to inherit life: So charge, we pray thee, our mortality with thine immortal Spirit, that led by grace in the way we lose not glory in the end; where with the Father and the same Spirit thou livest and reignest, God for ever and ever. ♩ *People Amen.*

♩ *All remain standing and join in singing the following Hymn*

## Hymn

1 Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, where the  
2 Here the King of all the a - ges, throned in  
3 O mys - ter - ious con - de - scend - ing! O a -  
4 Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, where the

blood of Christ was shed, per - fect Man on  
light ere worlds could be, robed in mor - tal  
ban - don - ment sub - lime! Ve - ry God him -  
blood of Christ was shed, per - fect Man on



thee did suf - fer, per - fect God on thee has bled!  
 flesh is dy - ing, cru - ci - fied by sin for me.  
 self is bear - ing, all the suf - fer - ings of time!  
 thee did suf - fer, per - fect God on thee has bled!

Words: William J. Sparrow-Simpson (1860–1952)  
 Music: CROSS OF JESUS, John Stainer (1840–1901)

*♩ All are then seated*



## Meditation III

*From the writings of Richard Rolle (1290–1349)*

SWEET JESU!  
 Your body at that time was like heaven,  
 because just as heaven is full of stars,  
 so your body was full of wounds.  
 But your wounds, Lord, are better than the stars,  
 because stars only shine at night,  
 and your wounds are powerful by night and by day;  
 all the stars only give a little light at night,  
 and a single cloud can hide all of them;  
 but a single one of your wounds, sweet Jesu,  
 was and is sufficient to dispel the clouds of sin  
 and to clear the conscience of every sinful person.  
 Here, sweet Jesu,  
 I implore you that these wounds  
 may be my meditation night and day,  
 since in your wounds  
 lies the complete remedy for every disease  
 of the soul.

## Anthem

Jesu, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

*Words: St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153)*

*Music: Edward C. Bairstow (1874–1946)*

‡ *Stand*

## Collect

*Officiant* Christ became obedient for us unto death:

*People* Even death on the Cross.

Let us pray.

‡ *Silence*

**O** LORD JESUS CHRIST, Son of the most high God, who didst empty thyself and give thy whole life to us, even unto death, the death of the Cross: Grant us to receive so immeasurable a gift penitently, gladly, and thankfully; and to hold back nought of ourselves from others and from thee; who livest and reignest in the glory of the eternal Trinity, one God for ever and ever. ‡ *People Amen.*

‡ *All are then seated*



## Meditation IV

*From the writings of Julian of Norwich (c. 1342–c. 1417)*

**L**ORD JESUS CHRIST,  
this revelation of your pains,  
fills me full of pains;  
and then it came to me  
that I had little known  
what pain it was that I had asked,  
and like a wretch I regretted it,  
thinking that if I had known what it had been,  
I should have been reluctant to ask for it.  
For it seemed to me that my pains  
exceeded any mortal death.  
I thought, ‘Is there any pain in hell  
like this pain?’  
And, Lord Jesus, you answered:  
‘Hell is a different pain, for in it there is despair.  
But of all the pains that lead to salvation,  
this is the greatest, to see your beloved suffer.’  
How could any pain be greater  
than to see you suffer,  
my life, my bliss and all my joy?  
Here I felt unshakably  
that I love you, Lord Jesus Christ  
so much more than myself  
that there is no pain which can be suffered  
like the sorrow which I feel to see you in pain.

## Anthem

While I held my tongue, my bones withered away,  
because of my groaning all day long.

*Beati quorum remissae sunt iniquitates  
et quorum tecta sunt peccata.*

For your hand was heavy upon me day and night;  
my moisture was dried up as in the heat of summer.

*Beatus vir qui non imputabit Dominus peccatum  
nec est in spiritu eius dolus.*

I said, I will confess my transgressions to the Lord.  
Then you forgave me that the guilt of my sin.

You are my hiding place; you preserve me from trouble;  
you surrounded me with shouts of deliverance.

*Tu es refugium a tribulatione quae circumdedit me  
exultatio mea erue me a circumdantibus me.*

*Words: Psalm 32*

*Music: Zachary Wadwaorth (b.1983)*

‡ *Stand*

## Collect

*Officiant* Be imitators of God, and walk in love:

*People* As Christ loved us and gave himself for us, an offering and sacrifice to God.

Let us pray.

‡ *Silence*

**O** LORD JESUS CHRIST, Son of the living God, grant us of thy tender grace true fellowship with thee in thy sufferings, by abhorring and renouncing the open sins and the secret sins, the habitual sins and the sudden sins, the little sins and the great sins, which crucify thee afresh; who now livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, for ever and ever. ♪ *People Amen.*

♪ *All remain standing and join in singing the following Hymn*

### Hymn

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed! And did my  
 2. Thy bod - y slain, sweet Je - sus thine, And bathed in  
 3. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up -  
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of

Sov' - reign die! Would he de - vote that  
 its own blood, While all ex - posed to  
 on the tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty!  
 love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my -

sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?  
 wrath di - vine, The glo - rious suf - f'rer stood!  
 grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: LIBERTY HALL, Amzi Chapin (1768-1835)



## Meditation V

*From the writings of Malcolm Guite (b. 1957)*

**H**ERE AT THE CENTRE everything is still  
Before the stir and movement of our grief  
Which bears it's pain with rhythm, ritual,  
Beautiful useless gestures of relief.  
So they anoint the skin that cannot feel  
Soothing his ruined flesh with tender care,  
Kissing the wounds they know they cannot heal,  
With incense scenting only empty air.  
He blesses every love that weeps and grieves  
And makes our grief the pangs of a new birth.  
The love that's poured in silence at old graves  
Renewing flowers, tending the bare earth,  
Is never lost. In him all love is found  
And sown with him, a seed in the rich ground.

## Anthem

Sicut cervus desiderat  
ad fontes aquarum:  
ita desiderat anima mea  
ad te, Deus.  
Sitivit anima mea ad Deum  
fontem vivum:  
quando veniam, et apparebo  
ante faciem Dei?  
Fuerunt mihi lachrymae meae  
panes die ac nocte:  
dum dicitur mihi quotidie,  
Ubi est Deus tuus?

*Like as the hart desireth  
the water-brook:  
so longeth my soul  
after thee, O God.  
My soul is athirst for God,  
yea, even for the living God:  
when shall I come to appear  
before the presence of God?  
My tears have been my meat  
day and night:  
While they daily say unto me,  
Where is now thy God?*

*Words: Psalm 42:1–3*

*Music: Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1892–1983)*

¶ *Stand*

## Collect

*Officiant* O death, where is thy sting?

*People* O grave, where is thy victory?

Let us pray.

¶ *Silence*

**O** LORD JESUS CHRIST, Son of God most high, who in an infinite mercy didst make bonds and lashes, thorns and nails, spittings, blasphemies and a gallows the instruments of our salvation: We glorify thee for the suffering and shame which brought thee to death, yet gave us life, now and for ever and ever. ¶ *People Amen.*

¶ *All are then seated*



## Meditation VI

*From the Orthodox Liturgy of Holy Saturday*

**T**ODAY A TOMB HOLDS HIM who holds the creation in the hollow of his hand; a stone covers him who covered the heavens with glory. Life sleeps and hell trembles, and Adam is set free from his bonds. Glory to thy dispensation, whereby thou hast accomplished all things. What is this sight that we behold? What is this present rest? The King of the ages, having through his passion fulfilled the plan of salvation, keeps Sabbath in the tomb, granting us a new Sabbath. Unto him let us cry aloud: Arise, O Lord, judge thou the earth, for measureless is thy great mercy and thou dost reign for ever. Come, let us see our Life lying in the tomb, that he may give life to those that in their tombs lie dead. Come, let us look today on the Son of Judah as he sleeps, and with the prophet let us cry aloud to him: Thou hast slept as a lion; who shall awaken thee, O King? But of thine own free will do thou rise up, who willingly dost give thyself for us. Going down to death, O Life immortal, thou hast slain hell with the dazzling light of thy divinity. And when thou hast raised up the dead from their dwelling place beneath the earth, all the powers of heaven cried aloud: ‘Giver of Life, O Christ our God, glory to thee.’

## Anthem

Jhesu, Lord, that madest me, and with Thy blessyd blood hast  
bought, m Forgive that I have grieved Thee With word, and wil,  
and eek with thought. Jhesu, in whom is all my trust, That died  
upon the roode tree, Withdrawe myn herte from fleshli lust,  
And from all wordly vanyte.

Jhesu, for thy wondes smerte On feet and on thyn handes two, O  
make me meek and low of herte, And Thee to love as I schulde  
do. Jhesu, keepe them that are good, Amende them that han  
grieved Thee, And send them frutes of earthli food as each  
man needeth in his degree.

*Words: c.1430*

*Music: Richard Runciman Terry (1864-1938)*

‡ *Stand*

## Collect

*Officiant* Surely he hath borne our griefs:

*People* And carried our sorrows.

Let us pray.

‡ *Silence*

**O** LORD GOD, who hast brought all the great promises of the Gospel to us through the sorrows and death of thy dear Son Jesus Christ: Grant us, whensoever thou dost ask it, to suffer in so good a manner and for so good a cause as may be worthy of union with his most holy sufferings; that we may tread with the King the way to the kingdom; where he reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit ever one God, world without end. ‡ *People Amen.*

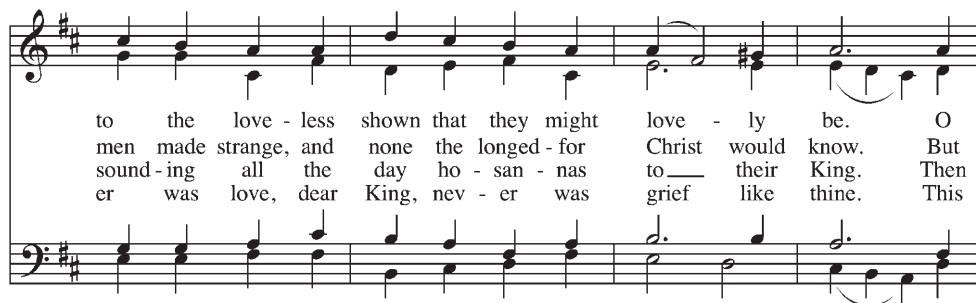
‡ *All remain standing and join in singing the following Hymn*



# Hymn



1. My song is love un - known, my Sa - vior's love to me, love  
2. He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow, but  
3. Some - times they strew his way, and his strong prais - es sing, re -  
4. Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine: nev -



to the love - less shown that they might love - ly be. O  
men made strange, and none the longed - for Christ would know. But  
sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to — their King. Then  
er was love, dear King, nev - er was grief like thine. This



who am I that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?  
O my friend, my friend in - deed, who at my need his life did spend.  
"Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath and for his death they thirst and cry.  
is my friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could glad - ly spend.

Words: Samuel Crossman (1624–1683)

Music: LOVE UNKNOWN: John Ireland (1879–1962)

*g All are then seated*



## Greeting

## Anthem

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, 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.

*Words: Peter Abelard (1079-1142)*

*Music: Kenneth Leighton (1929-1988)*

## Concluding Prayers

‡ *The People stand*

*Officiant* We adore thee, O Christ, and we bless thee.

*People* Because by thy holy Cross thou hast redeemed the world.

*Officiant* O Saviour of the world, by thy cross and precious blood thou hast  
redeemed us:

*People* Save us, and help us, we humbly beseech thee, O Lord.

Let us pray.

‡ *Silence*

**O**LORD JESUS CHRIST, Son of the living God, we pray thee to set thy Passion, Cross and death between thy judgement and our souls, now and in the hour of our death. Vouchsafe to the living mercy and grace, to the dead pardon and rest, to thy holy Church peace and concord, and to us sinners everlasting life and glory; who with the Father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest world without end. ¶ *People Amen.*

*Officiant* May the glorious Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ  
bring us to the joys of Paradise.

*People* Amen.

¶ *All remain standing as the Choir and Ministers depart*

*Holy Week has begun — please observe a reverent silence while leaving the Church*

# Holy Week 2022

## HOLY MONDAY

5:30 PM

Choral Evensong and Sermon

CHURCH

## HOLY TUESDAY

5:30 PM

Choral Evensong and Sermon

CHURCH

## HOLY WEDNESDAY

5:30 PM

Choral Evensong and Sermon

CHURCH

## MAUNDY THURSDAY

5:30 PM

Children's Maundy Thursday Liturgy

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

7:00 PM

The Mandatum, Holy Eucharist  
and Stripping of the Altar

CHURCH

9:00 PM

Vigil at the Altar of Repose

ST. MARY'S CHAPEL

*The Vigil will continue until Friday at Noon*

## GOOD FRIDAY

7:00 AM

Stations of the Cross

CHURCH

12:00 PM

The Good Friday Liturgy

CHURCH

12:00 PM

Children's Good Friday Liturgy

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

## HOLY SATURDAY

7:00 PM

The Great Vigil of Easter

CHURCH

## EASTER DAY

7:30 AM

The Holy Eucharist

CHURCH

8:45 AM

Festival Music for Organ and Brass

CHURCH

9:00 AM

Festal Eucharist

CHURCH

10:45 AM

Festival Music for Organ and Brass

CHURCH

11:00 AM

Festal Eucharist

CHURCH







The Sunday of the Passion:  
Passion Vespers  
April 10, 2022

“The Crucifixion”

ca. 1420–23

Fra Angelico (Guido di Pietro) Italian

The Met

Public Domain

The Rev. Andrew John Archie *Rector*

The Rev. Peter James Speropulos *Assistant Rector*

The Rev. Thomas Roy Albinson *Assistant Rector*

The Rev. Anne Hunter Kelsey *Priest Associate*

The Rev. Dr. Stewart Douglas Clem *Priest Associate*

Dr. Nicholas Frazier Bideler *Organist and Choirmaster, Music Director*

Kathleen Guilfooy Beyers *Assistant Choirmaster*



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