

Passion Vespers

Meditations on the Passion of Christ

The Sunday of the Passion

April 2, 2023 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.

¶ *The Officiant continues*

Let us pray.

¶ *Silence*

Assist 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 then seated*

Orison

Let my prayer come up into Thy presence as the incense,
and let the lifting up of my hands be as an evening sacrifice.

Words: Psalm 141

Music: Edward Bairstow (1874-1946)



Meditation I

From the writings of Isaac Watts (1675-1748)

With earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
“And where’s your God at last?”

'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove,
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

Anthem

Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks:
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

Music: Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

‣ *All stand*

Collect

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

Let us pray.

¶ *Silence*

Almighty 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 George Herbert (1593–1633)

Philosophers have measured mountains,
Fathomed the depths of the seas, of states, and kings,
Walked with a staff to heaven, and traced fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that sound them: Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet; there he shall see
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloody be,
Sin is that press and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay
And taste that juice, which on the cross a pike
Did set again abroach; then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood; but I, as wine.

Anthem

Author of life divine, who hast a table spread,
Furnished with mystic wine and everlasting bread,
Preserve the life thy self hast giv'n,
And feed and train us up for heav'n.

Our needy souls sustain with fresh supplies of love,
Till all thy life we gain and all thy fulness prove,
And, strengthened by thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil thy face.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
Music: Peter Aston (b. 1938)

‡ *All stand*

Collect

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

Let us pray.

‡ *Silence*

Assist 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 unto us life and immortality; through Jesus Christ our Lord. ‡ *People* Amen.

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

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 Orthodox Liturgy of Holy Saturday

Today 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

O mortal man, remember well,
when Christ our Lord was born,
he was crucified between two thieves,
and crowned with the thorn.

O mortal man, remember well,
when Christ died on the rood,
‘twas for our sins and wicked ways
Christ shed his precious blood.

O mortal man, remember well,
when Christ was wrapped in clay,
he was taken to a sepulchre
where no man ever lay.

*Words: Traditional English Carol
Music: Robert Lehman (2014)*

‡ *All stand*

Collect

Officiant Restore us, O Lord God of hosts:

People Show the light of thy countenance, and we shall be saved.

Let us pray.

‡ *Silence*

Almighty God, whose Son our Saviour Jesus Christ was lifted high upon the cross that he might draw the whole world unto himself: mercifully grant that we, who glory in the mystery of our redemption, may have grace to take up our cross and follow him; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, in glory everlasting.

‡ *People* Amen.

‡ *All are then seated*



Meditation IV

From an Anonymous thirteenth-century manuscript

Thou who createdst everything,
Sweet Father, heavenly King,
Hear me — I, thy son, implore:
For Man this flesh and bone I bore.

Clear and bright my breast and side,
Blood over whiteness spilling wide,
Holes in my body crucified.

Stiff and stark my long arms rise,
Dimness and darkness cloud my eyes;
Like sculptured marble hang my thighs.

Red my feet with the flowing blood,
Holes in them washed through with that flood.
Mercy on Man's sins, Father on high!
Through all my wounds to thee I cry!

Anthem

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beautiful feet
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace:

Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercy to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.

In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

Words: Phineas Fletcher (1580–1650)
Music: Kenneth Leighton (1929-1988)

‡ *All stand*

Collect

Officiant They pierce my hands and my feet:
People They stare and gloat over me.

Let us pray.

‡ *Silence*

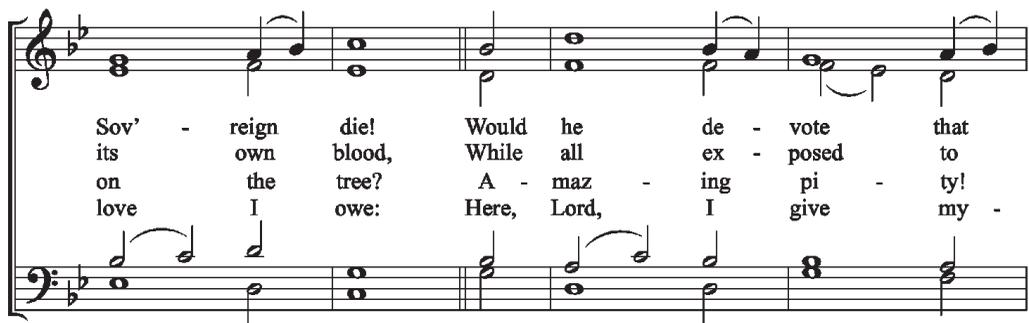
O Lord Jesus Christ, we beseech thee, draw near on those sacred feet which went about doing good and grew weary along the way of sorrows, and by us were pierced with nails; That with true sorrow, which worketh not death but life, we may draw near to thee; for thine endless mercies' sake. ‡ *People* Amen.

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

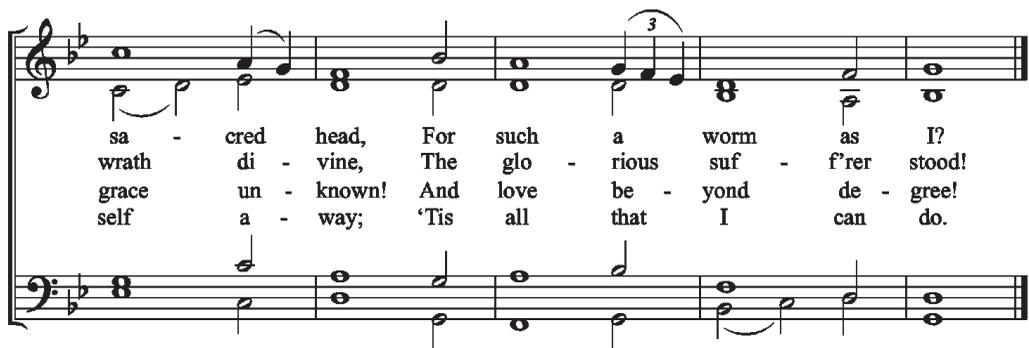
Hymn



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)

♩ All are then seated



Meditation V

From the writings of Gregory of Nazianzus (329–389)

Why was the blood that was shed for us, God’s most precious and glorious blood, this blood of the One who carried out the sacrifice and of the One who was himself the sacrifice? Why was it poured out, and to whom was it offered? If the death of Christ was a ransom paid to the Father, the question that arises is for what reason? We were not held captive by the Father. And anyway, why should the blood of his only Son be pleasing to the Father who once refused to accept Isaac when Abraham his father offered him as a burnt offering, and instead was pleased to accept the sacrifice of a ram? Surely it is evident that the Father accepts the sacrifice of Christ, not because he demands it, still less because he feels some need of it, but in order to carry forward his own purposes for the world. Humanity had to be brought back to life by the humanity of God. We had to be summoned to life by his Son. Let the rest be adored in silence. Nothing can equal the miracle of our salvation. A few drops of blood have set free the entire universe.

Anthem

When he saw that the sun had hidden its rays, and that the veil of the temple was rent as the Savior died, Joseph of Arimathea went to Pilate, pleaded with him, and cried out:

“Give me that stranger, who since his youth had wandered as a stranger, killed in hatred by his own people as a stranger; upon whom I look with wonder, seeing him as a guest of death; whom envious men estranged from the world; that I may bury him in a tomb, who, being a stranger, had no place whereon to lay his head; to whom his mother cried out when she saw him dead: ‘My Son! My senses are wounded, and my heart is burned as I see you dead! Yet, trusting in your resurrection, I will magnify you!’”

In such words did the honorable Joseph plead with Pilate. And took the Savior’s body and, with fear, wrapped it in linen with spices. And he placed you in a tomb. O you who grant everlasting life and great mercy to us all.

*Words: Byzantine Troparion
Music: Michael McCarthy (2010)*

¶ *All 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 writings of Jacobus de Voragine (c. 1260)

The Lord's Passion was painful: it penetrated every part of his body, it smote all his senses. The pain was first of all in his eyes, because he wept. He also wept at other times and places – at the resurrection of Lazarus and over Jerusalem. In the first instance he shed tears of love, so that some who saw him weeping said: “See how he loved him!” In the second instance they were tears of compassion, but the third time they were tears of pain. He suffered in his hearing, when insults and blasphemies were leveled at him. These were aimed at four particular prerogatives of Christ. He possessed preeminent nobility because in his divine nature he was the Son of the eternal King of kings and Lord of Lords. He possessed ineffable truth, because he is the way, the truth, and the life. He had insuperable power, because all things were made by him and without him nothing was made. And he was a unique goodness, because no one is good but God alone. He suffered in the sense of smell. A strong smell of decay pervaded the place of Calvary, where dead bodies were left to rot. Because criminals were beheaded there and many

skulls were strewn about, it was called the place of skulls. He suffered in the sense of taste. When he cried out, “I thirst!” they gave him vinegar mixed with myrrh and gall, so that the vinegar would make him die more quickly and the guards would sooner be relieved of their watch. He suffered pain through the sense of touch. In every part of his body, from the soles of his feet to the top of his head there was no soundness. “The head that angels trembled to look upon is stabbed with clustered thorns; the face, more beautiful than the faces of the children of men, is befouled by spittle; the eyes that outshine the sun are clouded over in death; the ears that hear the angels sing hear the taunts of sinners; the mouth that teaches angels is given gall and vinegar to drink; the feet whose footstool is adored because it is holy are fixed to the cross with a nail; the hands that shaped the heavens are spread open and nailed to the cross; the body is scourged, the side is pierced with a lance, and what more is there? Nothing is left in him except the tongue, so that he could pray for sinners and commend his mother to a disciple.”

Motet

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato, passus et sepultus est.

He was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, died and was buried.

Words: Drawn from the Nicene Creed

Music: Antonio Lotti (c. 1667–1740)

‡ *All stand*

Collect

Officiant Christ became obedient for us unto death:

People Even death on the Cross.

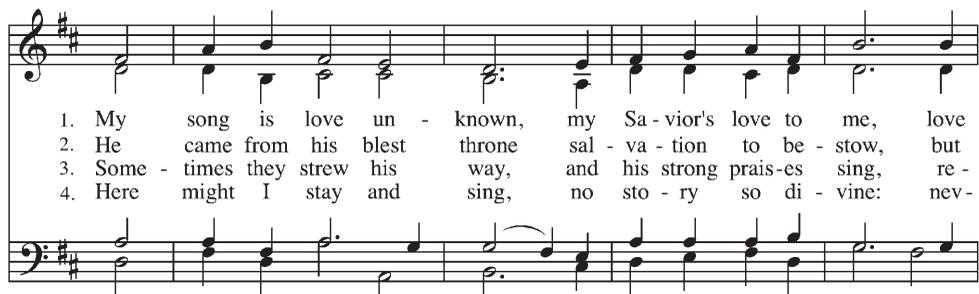
Let us pray.

‡ *Silence*

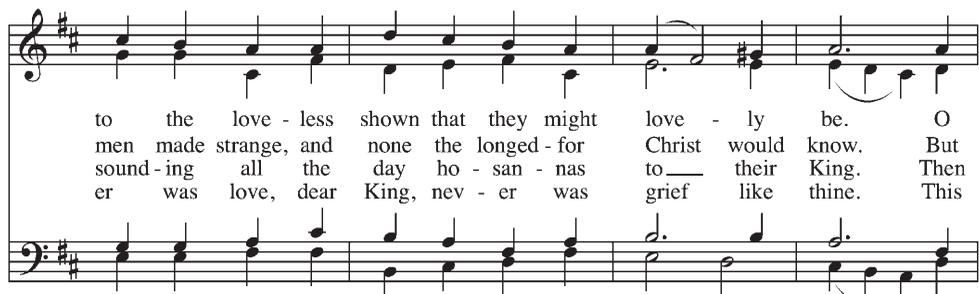
O God our Father, help us to nail to the Cross of thy dear Son the whole body of our death, the wrong desires of the heart, the sinful devisings of the mind, the corrupt apprehensions of the eyes, the cruel words of the tongue, the ill employment of hands and feet; that the old, being crucified and done away, the new may live and grow into glorious likeness of the same thy Son Jesus Christ; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, 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)

♩ All are then seated



Greeting

Anthem

Ride on in majesty! Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry, thy humble beast pursues his road with palms and scattered garments strowed. In lowly pomp ride on to die, O Christ thy triumph now begin o'er captive death and conquered sin. The winged squadrons of the sky look down with sad and wondering eyes to see the approaching sacrifice. Thy last and fiercest strife is night; the Father on his sapphire throne awaits his own anointed Son. In lowly pomp ride on to die; bow thy meek head to mortal pain, then take, O God, thy power and reign.

Words: Henry Milman (1791-1868)
Music: Grayston Ives (b.1948)

Concluding Prayers

‡ *All 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 2023

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 <i>The Vigil will continue until Friday at Noon</i>	St. Mary's Chapel
Good Friday		
7:00 am	Stations of the Cross	Church
12:00 pm	The Good Friday Liturgy	Church
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
5:00 pm	The Holy Eucharist	St. Mary's Chapel

The Sunday of the Passion: Palm Sunday
Passion Vespers
April 2, 2023
5:00 PM

“The Crucifixion”
c. 1400-1410

Master of St. Veronica (German, active about 1395-1415)
The Getty
No copyright

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 *Director of Music*
Kathleen Guilfooy Beyers *Assistant Director of Music*



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