

The Sunday of the Passion

Passion Vespers

March 24, 2024 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: Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

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

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 lacrymae meae panes die ac nocte, dum dicitur mihi quotidie:
Ubi est Deus?

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 thy God?

Words: Psalm 42: 1-3

Music: Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594)

¶ *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 abroad; 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

O Living Bread! who once didst die, and lay Thee down in rocky tomb:
Within my heart for ever lie, and shed Thy brightness o'er its gloom.
O precious Blood! So freely shed, sweet pledge of pardon from above:
Speak to my heart so cold and dead, and wake it into Life and Love.
O Sacred Food! O Cleansing Tide! Fill all my soul with Love divine:
O Thou that didst my life redeem: Come to my heart and make me Thine. Amen.

Words: Bishop Walsham How (1823-1897)

Music: Percy Whitlock (1903-1946)

♩ *All stand*

Collect

Officiant God did not spare his own Son:

People But delivered him up for us all.

Let us pray.

g 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. *g People*
Amen.

g All remain standing and join in singing the following 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

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: 17th century

Music: Percy Whitlock (1903-1946)

‡ *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.

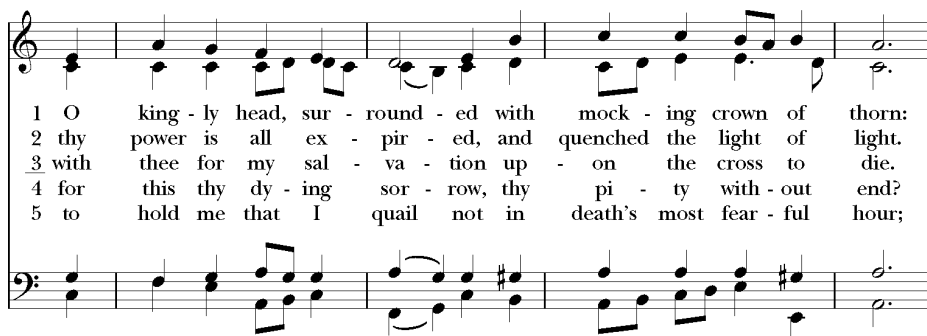
♪ *Silence*

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.

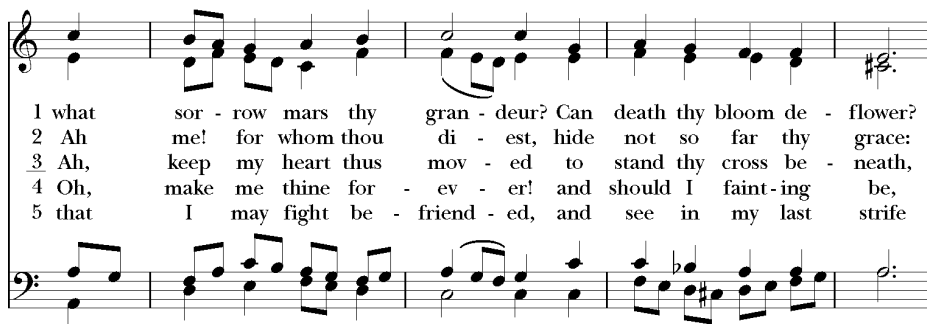
♪ *All remain standing and join in singing the following Hymn found overleaf*



1 O sa - cred head, sore wound - ed, de - filed and put to scorn;
 2 Thy beau - ty, long - de - sir - ed, hath va - nished from our sight;
 3 In thy most bit - ter pas - sion my heart to share doth cry,
 *4 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
 *5 My days are few, O fail not, with thine im - mor - tal power,



1 O king - ly head, sur - round - ed with mock - ing crown of thorn:
 2 thy power is all ex - pir - ed, and quenched the light of light.
 3 with thee for my sal - va - tion up - on the cross to die.
 4 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pi - ty with - out end?
 5 to hold me that I quail not in death's most fear - ful hour;



1 what sor - row mars thy gran - deur? Can death thy bloom de - flower?
 2 Ah me! for whom thou di - est, hide not so far thy grace:
 3 Ah, keep my heart thus mov - ed to stand thy cross be - neath,
 4 Oh, make me thine for - ev - er! and should I faint - ing be,
 5 that I may fight be - friend - ed, and see in my last strife



1 O coun - te - nance whose splen - dor the hosts of heaven a - dore!
 2 show me, O Love most high - est, the bright - ness of thy face.
 3 to mourn thee, well - be - lov - ed, yet thank thee for thy death.
 4 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, out - live my love for thee.
 5 to me thine arms ex - tend - ed up - on the cross of life.

Words: Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676); sts. 1-3, 5, tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930); st. 4, tr. James Waddell Alexander (1804-1859), alt.
 Music: Herzlich tut mich verlangen [Passion Chorale], Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612);
 adapt. And harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

¶ *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

Nolo mortem peccatoris; Haec sunt verba Salvatoris.
I desire not the death of a sinner; these are the words of the Savior.
Father, I am thine only Son, Sent down from heaven mankind to save.
Father, all things fulfilled and done According to thy will, I have.
Father, now all my will is this: Nolo mortem peccatoris.
Father, behold my painful smart, Taken for man on every side;
Even from my birth to death most tart, No kind of pains I have denied,
But suffered all for love of this: Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Words: Medieval Carol

Music: Thomas Morley (1557-1603)

¶ *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*

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

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine, vere passum, immolatum in cruce pro homine, cuius latus perforatum fluxit sanguine: esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine.

O Jesu dulcis, O Jesu pie, O Jesu, fili Mariae. Miserere mei. Amen.

Hail, true Body, born of the Virgin Mary, who has truly suffered, was sacrificed on the cross for mortals, whose pierced side flowed with blood: Be for us a foretaste of Heaven in the final judgement.

Oh sweet, oh pious, oh Jesus, son of Mary, Have mercy on me. Amen.

Music: William Byrd (1540-1623)

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 2024

“Love so amazing, so divine”

Holy Week Preacher



The Rev. Canon Martin Draper is a retired priest living in London. His early ministry was in the Diocese of London, where he served at St. Mary-the-Virgin, Primrose Hill, and St. Matthew's, Westminster. Later, he served in the Diocese of Europe, where he was the Chaplain of St. George's, Paris, for eighteen years, and, until his retirement, Archdeacon of France. Father Draper now helps in a number of central London parishes, most especially St. James's, Paddington, and St. Marylebone Parish Church. Father Draper has led Quiet Mornings and preached at CSMSG in years past.

Holy Week 2024

“Love so amazing, so divine”

The Sunday of the Passion: Palm Sunday, March 24

8:00 AM Holy Eucharist
10:00 AM Choral Eucharist
5:00 PM Passion Vespers

Holy Monday, March 25

5:30 PM Evensong

Holy Tuesday, March 26

5:30 PM Evensong

Holy Wednesday, March 27

5:30 PM Evensong

Maundy Thursday, March 28

5:30 PM A Family Service with Footwashing and Holy Eucharist
(St. George's Chapel) Simple Supper will follow.
7:00 PM The Mandatum, Holy Eucharist, and Stripping of the Altar
9:00 PM Vigil at the Altar of Repose starts

Good Friday, March 29

7:00 AM Stations of the Cross
Noon Vigil at the Altar of Repose ends
Noon The Good Friday Liturgy

Holy Saturday: The Eve of Easter, March 30

7:00 PM The Great Vigil of Easter Incense will be used.
A reception with dessert will follow.

The Sunday of the Resurrection: Easter Day, March 31

7:30 AM Holy Eucharist
8:45 AM Festival Music for Organ and Brass
9:00 AM Choral Eucharist
The nursery (0 - 3 yrs.) will be available, register online
10:45 AM Festival Music for Organ and Brass
11:00 AM Choral Eucharist
5:00 PM Holy Eucharist with Baptism (St. George's Chapel)

The Sunday of the Passion: Palm Sunday Passion Vespers

5:00 PM

Cover Art
The Crucifixion
Fra Angelico (Guido di Pietro) Italian
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The Rev. Anne Hunter Kelsey *Priest Associate*

Mr. S. William Aitken *Interim Organist and Choral Director*

