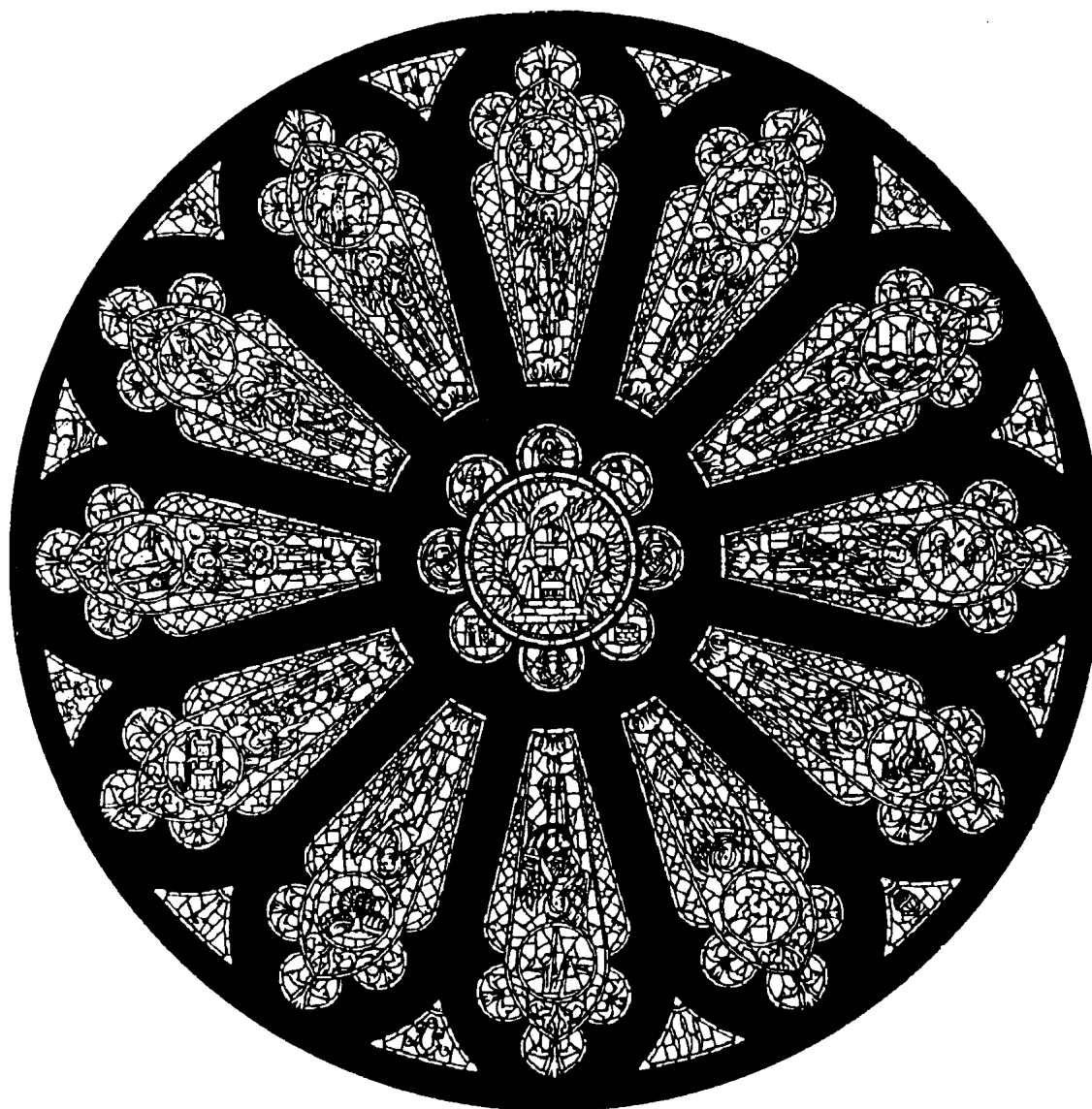


THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PHILIP



A MEDITATION ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST, WITH CAROLS

2 April 2023

4:00 PM

The Reverend Canon Lauren R. Holder, *Officiant*
The Cathedral Schola

Voluntaries

Kyrie, Gott Vater in Ewigkeit, BWV 669 (from *Clavier-Übung, Part III*)

(Lord, God, Father in Heaven)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten, BWV 647 (from *Schübler Chorales*)

(Hymn 635, "If thou but trust in God to guide thee")

J. S. Bach

Herzliebster Jesu (from *11 Chorale Preludes*, Opus 122)

(Hymn 158, "Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended")

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Méditation No. 3 in C sharp minor

Joseph Guy Ropartz (1864-1955)

O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig, BWV 656

(O innocent Lamb of God)

J. S. Bach

All stand for


The Procession

All sing.



Hymn 158

music: *Herzliebster Jesu*, Johann Crüger (1598-1662)



words: Johann Heermann (1585-1647), transl. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)




1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed, that man to
2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on thee? A - las, my
3 Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered; the slave hath
4 For me, kind Je - sus, was thy in - car - na - tion, thy mor - tal
5 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee, I do a -



1 judge thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
2 trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,
3 sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a - tone - ment,
4 sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of an - guish
5 dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy pi - ty



1 by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
2 I it was de - nied thee: I cru - ci - fied thee.
3 while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.
4 and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
5 and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.



Gethsemane

The Officiant begins,

Burnt-offerings and sacrifice for sin hast thou not required: then said I, Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfill thy will, O my God.

V. I will receive the cup of salvation:

R. And call upon the name of the Lord.

All remain standing as the Choir sings

Antiphon I

music: Ancient plainchant, In Monte Oliveti

words: Response to the 1st Lesson at Matins, 1st Nocturn of Maundy Thursday

On the Mount of Olives he prayed to the Father,
Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me.
The spirit is indeed willing, but the flesh is weak,
watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.

All sit for

A Reading

T.S. Eliot, *The Journey of the Magi*

A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times when we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
With a running stream and a water mill beating the darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wineskins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.

Carol

*music: folksong collected by Lucy E. Broadwood (1858-1929), Sussex Mummers' Carol,
O mortal one, remember well
words: Sussex Mummers' Carol, alt.*

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

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

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



1 A sta - ble lamp is light - ed Whose
2 (This) child through Da - vid's ci - ty Shall
3 (Yet) he shall be for - sak - en, And
4 (But) now, as at the end - ing, The



glow shall wake the sky; The stars shall bend their voic - es,
ride in tri - umph by; The palm shall strew its branch - es,
yield - ed up to die; The sky shall groan and dark - en,
low is lift - ed high; The stars shall bend their voic - es,



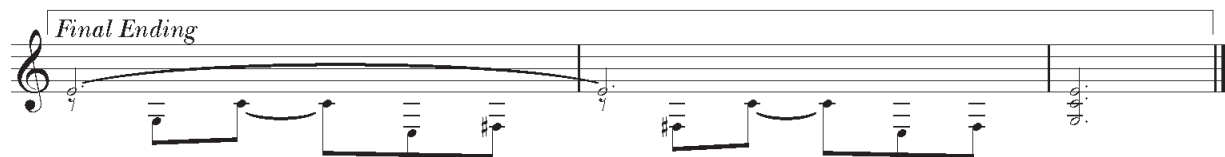
And ev - ery stone shall cry. _____ And ev - ery stone shall cry,
And ev - ery stone shall cry. _____ And ev - ery stone shall cry,
And ev - ery stone shall cry. _____ And ev - ery stone shall cry,
And ev - ery stone shall cry. _____ And ev - ery stone shall cry,



And straw like gold shall shine; A barn shall har - bor hea - ven,
Though hea - vy, dull, and dumb, And lie with - in the road - way
For ston - y hearts of men: God's blood up - on the spear-head,
In prais - es of the Child By whose de - scent a - mong us



A stall be - come a shrine. _____ 2 This
To pave his king - dom come. _____ 3 Yet
God's love re - fused a - gain. _____ 4 But
The worlds are rec - on - ciled. _____



All sit.

The Gospel of Mark

Mark 14:32-50
music: Ancient Plainchant

They went to a place called Gethsemane; and Jesus said to his disciples, "Sit here while I pray." He took with him Peter and James and John, and began to be distressed and agitated. And he said to them, "I am deeply grieved, even to death; remain here, and keep awake." And going a little farther, he threw himself on the ground and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. He said, "Abba, Father, for you all things are possible; remove this cup from me; yet, not what I want, but what you want." He came and found them sleeping; and he said to Peter, "Simon, are you asleep? Could you not keep awake one hour? Keep awake and pray that you may not come into the time of trial; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." And again he went away and prayed, saying the same words. And once more he came and found them sleeping, for their eyes were very heavy; and they did not know what to say to him. He came a third time and said to them, "Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? Enough! The hour has come; the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Get up, let us be going. See, my betrayer is at hand."

Immediately, while he was still speaking, Judas, one of the twelve, arrived; and with him there was a crowd with swords and clubs, from the chief priests, the scribes, and the elders. Now the betrayer had given them a sign, saying, "The one I will kiss is the man; arrest him and lead him away under a guard." So when he came, he went up to him at once and said, "Rabbi!" and kissed him. Then they laid hands on him and arrested him. But one of those who stood near drew his sword and struck the slave of the high priest, cutting off his ear. Then Jesus said to him, "Have you come out with swords and clubs to arrest me as though I were a bandit? Day after day I was with you in the temple teaching, and you did not arrest me. But let the scripture be fulfilled." And all of them deserted him and fled.

Silence is observed.

All stand for

The Collect

O Lord Jesus Christ, who in the Garden of Gethsemane prayed with agony and bloody sweat that thy Father's will be done; grant that the same mind be formed also in us, that dying to sin and selfishness we may rise to life with thee: who now livest and reignest with the same Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. **Amen.**

All sit while the Choir sings the

Carol

*music: Richard Runciman Terry (1865-1938), Richard de Castre's Prayer to Jesus
words: c.1430, attributed to St. Rich*

Jhesu, Lord, that madest me,
And with Thy blessyd blood hast bought,
Forgive that I have grievéd Thee
With word, and wil, and eek with thought.

Jhesu, in whom is all my trust,
That died upon the roodé tree,
Withdrawe myn herte from fleshli lust,
And from all worldly vanyté.

Jhesu, for thy woundés smerte
On feet and on thyn handés two,
O make me meeke and low of herte,
And Thee to love as I schulde do.

Jhesu, keepe them that are good,
Amende them that han grievéd Thee,
And send them fruites of earthli food
As each man needeth in his degree.

The Trial

All stand. The Officiant says,

I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting.

V. Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against an unrighteous people.

R. **O deliver me from deceitful and wicked man.**

All remain standing while the choir sings

Antiphon II

*music: Ancient plainchant, Tradiderunt me
words: Response to the 7th Lesson at Matins on Good Friday*

They delivered me into the hands of the ungodly,
and numbered me amongst the workers of wickedness.
They have not spared my soul.
Mighty men have gathered together as my enemies,
and giants have taken their stand against me,
foreigners have risen against me, and the mighty seek my life.

A Reading

Isaiah 53:1-6

Who has believed what we have heard? And to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed? For he grew up before him like a young plant, and like a root out of dry ground; he had no form or majesty that we should look at him, nothing in his appearance that we should desire him. He was despised and rejected by others; a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity; and as one from whom others hide their faces he was despised, and we held him of no account.

Surely he has borne our infirmities and carried our diseases; yet we accounted him stricken, struck down by God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, crushed for our iniquities; upon him was the punishment that made us whole, and by his bruises we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have all turned to our own way, and the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Carol

music: Kim André Arnesen (b. 1980), Even when He is silent

words: Anonymous, found on the wall of a Nazi concentration camp after World War II

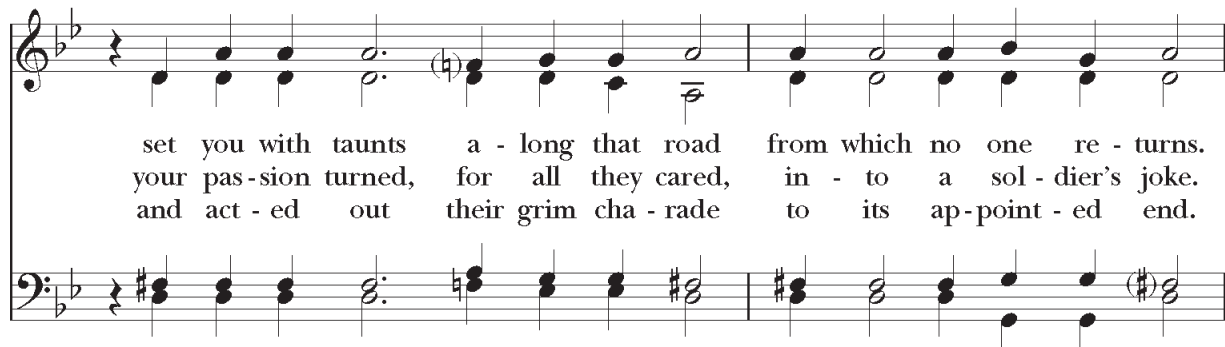
I believe in the sun even when it's not shining.

I believe in love even when I feel it not.

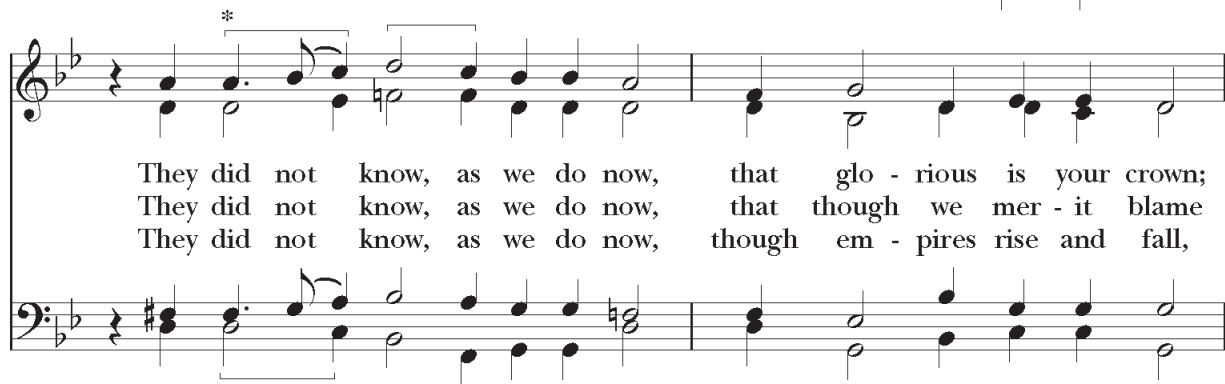
I believe in God even when He is silent.



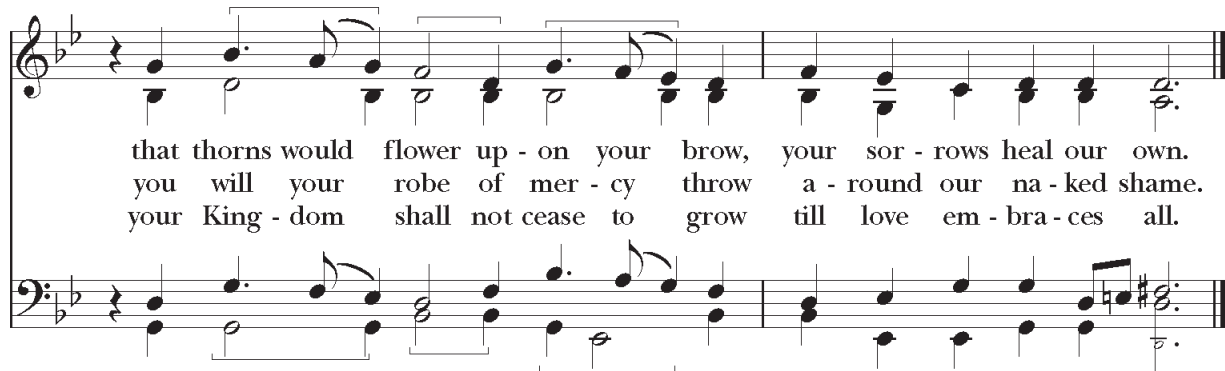
1 To mock your reign, O dear - est Lord, they made a crown of thorns;
 2 In mock ac - claim, O gra - cious Lord, they snatched a pur - ple cloak,
 3 A scep - tered reed, O pa - tient Lord, they thrust in - to your hand,



set you with taunts a - long that road from which no one re - turns.
 your pas-sion turned, for all they cared, in - to a sol - dier's joke.
 and act - ed out their grim cha - rade to its ap-point - ed end.



They did not know, as we do now, that glo - rious is your crown;
 They did not know, as we do now, that though we mer - it blame
 They did not know, as we do now, though em - pires rise and fall,



that thorns would flower up - on your brow, your sor - rows heal our own.
 you will your robe of mer - cy throw a - round our na - ked shame.
 your King - dom shall not cease to grow till love em - bra - ces all.

All sit.

The Gospel of Matthew

Matthew 27:11-26
music: Ancient Plainchant

Now Jesus stood before the governor; and the governor asked him, “Are you the King of the Jews?” Jesus said, “You say so.” But when he was accused by the chief priests and elders, he did not answer. Then Pilate said to him, “Do you not hear how many accusations they make against you?” But he gave them no answer, not even to a single charge, so that the governor was greatly amazed.

Now at the festival the governor was accustomed to release a prisoner for the crowd, anyone whom they wanted. At that time they had a notorious prisoner, called Barabbas. So after they had gathered, Pilate said to them, “Whom do you want me to release for you, Jesus Barabbas or Jesus who is called the Messiah?” For he realized that it was out of jealousy that they had handed him over. While he was still sitting on the judgment seat, his wife sent word to him, “Have nothing to do with that innocent man, for today I have suffered a great deal because of a dream about him.” Now the chief priests and the elders persuaded the crowds to ask for Barabbas and to have Jesus killed. The governor again said to them, “Which of the two do you want me to release for you?” And they said, “Barabbas.” Pilate said to them, “Then what should I do with Jesus who is called the Messiah?” All of them said, “Let him be crucified!” Then he asked, “Why, what evil has he done?” But they shouted all the more, “Let him be crucified!”

So when Pilate saw that he could do nothing, but rather that a riot was beginning, he took some water and washed his hands before the crowd, saying, “I am innocent of this man’s blood; see to it yourselves.” Then the people as a whole answered, “His blood be on us and on our children!” So he released Barabbas for them; and having flogged Jesus, handed him over to be crucified.

Silence is observed.

All stand for

The Collect

Almighty and everlasting God, who, of thy tender love towards us, hast sent thy son, our Savior Jesus Christ, to take upon the cross, that all humankind should follow the example of his great humility: mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

All sit for the
Carol

music: Peter Illyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893), The Crown of Roses
words: Alexei Plechtchéev, transl. Geoffrey Dearmer (1893-1996)

When Jesus Christ was yet a child
He had a garden small and wild,
Wherein he cherished roses fair,
And wove them into garlands there.

Now once, as summertime drew nigh,
There came a troop of children by,
And seeing roses on the tree,
With shouts they plucked them merrily.

“Do you bind roses in your hair?”
They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there.
The boy said humbly, “Take, I pray,
All but the naked thorns away.”

Then of the thorns they made a crown,
And with rough fingers pressed it down,
Till on his forehead fair and young
Red drops of blood like roses sprung.

The Crucifixion

All stand. The Officiant says,

And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

V. My God, my God, look upon me:

R. **Why hast thou forsaken me?**

All remain standing while the choir sings

Antiphon III

music: Ancient plainchant, Quid ultra debui facere tibi
words: Reproaches, Good Friday afternoon

What more could I have done that I have not done?
I planted thee as my choicest vine.
But thou hast become exceeding bitter to me.
When I was thirsty thou gavest me vinegar to drink,
and thou hast pierced with a spear the side of thy Savior.

A Reading

Isaiah 53:7-12

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he did not open his mouth; like a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent, so he did not open his mouth. By a perversion of justice he was taken away. Who could have imagined his future? For he was cut off from the land of the living, stricken for the transgression of my people. They made his grave with the wicked and his tomb with the rich, although he had done no violence, and there was no deceit in his mouth.

Yet it was the will of the Lord to crush him with pain. When you make his life an offering for sin, he shall see his offspring, and shall prolong his days; through him the will of the Lord shall prosper. Out of his anguish he shall see light; he shall find satisfaction through his knowledge. The righteous one, my servant, shall make many righteous, and he shall bear their iniquities. Therefore I will allot him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he poured out himself to death, and was numbered with the transgressors; yet he bore the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

Carol

music: Charles Snider (b. 1955), Was ever grief like mine?
words: George Herbert (1593-1633)

Oh all ye who pass by, behold and see;
Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree;
The tree of life to all, but only me:
Was ever grief like mine?

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With manna, angel's food, I fed them all:
Was ever grief like mine?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go;
For they will pierce my side, I full well know;
That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow:
Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die; now all is finished.
My woe, man's weal: and now I bow my head.
Only let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

All stand to sing the
Hymn

music: Morgan's Steep, Kenneth Miller (b.1989)
words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my
2. Was it for crimes that I had done he groaned up -
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and shut its
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while his dear
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of

Sov - ereign die! Would he de - vote that sa - cred head for
on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, and
glo - ries in when God, the might - y mak - er, died for
cross ap - pears, dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and
love I owe; here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'tis

sin - ners such as I? for sin - ners such as I?
love be - yond de - gree! and love be - yond de - gree!
his own crea - tures' sin, for his own crea - tures' sin.
melt mine eyes to tears, and melt mine eyes to tears.
all that I can do, 'tis all that I can do.

Then he handed him over to them to be crucified.

So they took Jesus; and carrying the cross by himself, he went out to what is called The Place of a Skull, which in Hebrew is called Golgotha. There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus between them. Pilate also had an inscription written and put on the cross. It read, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Many of the Jews read this inscription, because the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city; and it was written in Hebrew, in Latin, and in Greek. Then the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, "Do not write, 'The King of the Jews,' but, 'This man said, I am King of the Jews.'" Pilate answered, "What I have written I have written." When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top. So they said to one another, "Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it." This was to fulfil what the scripture says, "They divided my clothes among themselves, and for my clothing they cast lots." And that is what the soldiers did.

All stand.

Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, "Woman, here is your son." Then he said to the disciple, "Here is your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfil the scripture), "I am thirsty." A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the wine, he said, "It is finished." Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Silence.

Since it was the day of Preparation, the Jews did not want the bodies left on the cross during the sabbath, especially because that sabbath was a day of great solemnity. So they asked Pilate to have the legs of the crucified men broken and the bodies removed. Then the soldiers came and broke the legs of the first and of the other who had been crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus and saw that he was already dead, they did not break his legs. Instead, one of the soldiers pierced his side with a spear, and at once blood and water came out. (He who saw this has testified so that you also may believe. His testimony is true, and he knows that he tells the truth.) These things occurred so that the scripture might be fulfilled, "None of his bones shall be broken." And again another passage of scripture says, "They will look on the one whom they have pierced."

Silence is observed.

The Collect

O God, Creator of heaven and earth: Grant that, as the crucified body of thy dear Son was laid in the tomb and rested on that holy Sabbath, so we may await with him the coming of the third day, and rise with him to newness of life; who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. **Amen.**

All kneel or sit while the choir sings

Spiritual: Hymn 172, stanzas 1, 2 & 4

*music: Were You There, African-American spiritual;
harm. Charles Winfred Douglas (1867-1944)
words: African-American spiritual*

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Motet

*music: Antonio Lotti (1667-1740), Crucifixus à 8
words: Crucifixus, Latin, from the Nicene Creed, 325 A.D.*

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

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

Silence is observed.

All stand for

The Retiring Procession

Silence is observed.

As you depart, you are invited to place your offering in the offering plate provided.

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Musicians

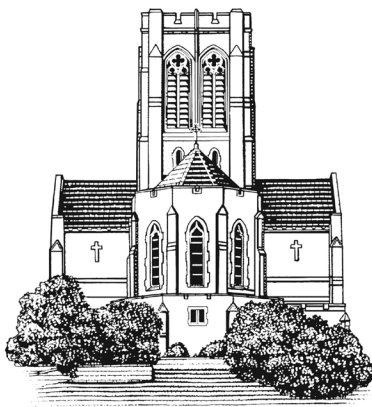
The Cathedral Schola
Caroline Robinson, *organist*
Jack Mitchener, *organist*
Dale Adelman, *conductor*

Readers

John Lemley
Mary Kay Knight
The Reverend Canon Lauren R. Holder

Gospelers

Alan Roberts, *Evangelist*
Timothy Gunter, *Jesus*
Samuel Potts, *Peter & Pilate*



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Dale Adelman, Ph.D., *Canon for Music*

The Reverend Lauren R. Holder, *Canon for Community and Education*

The Reverend George M. Maxwell, Jr., *Vicar*

The Reverend Julia B. Mitchener, *Canon for Mission*

The Reverend Catherine Zappa, *Canon for Liturgy and Pastoral Care*

The Reverend Deacon Salmoon Bashir, *Curate for Ecumenical and Interreligious Relations*

The Reverend Deacon Juan Sandoval, *Deacon for Hispanic Ministries*

The Reverend Theophus "Thee" Smith, Ph.D., *Priest Associate*

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Dr. Melody Palmore, *Junior Warden*

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