



LANCASTER PRIORY

Service of Music and Readings for Passiontide 2022

3rd April 2022 7.30pm

Introit (NEH82)

Drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beautiful feet,
which brought from heaven the news and Prince of Peace.

Cease not, wet eyes, his mercies 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.
Phineas Fletcher

Processional Hymn (NEH128ii) *Please stand*

The royal banners forward go,
the cross shines forth in mystic glow;
where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
life's torrent rushing from his side,
to wash us in that precious flood,
where mingled water flowed, and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
in true prophetic song of old,
the universal Lord is he,
who reigns and triumphs from the tree.

O tree of beauty, tree of light!
O tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
those holy limbs should find their rest.

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
the weight of this world's ransom hung,
the price of humankind to pay,
and spoil the spoiler of his prey.

O cross, our one reliance, hail!
So may thy power with us prevail
to give new virtue to the saint,
and pardon to the penitent.

To thee, eternal Three in One,
let homage meet by all be done:
whom by the cross thou dost restore,
preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

Words Venantius Fortunatus 530-609 Tune GONFALON ROYAL
Tr J.M. Neale 1818-66 Percy Buck 1871-1947

Bidding Prayer

Dear friends in Christ, in this great and Holy Week we re-enact in prayer, song, and vigil the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Gospels warn of the inevitability of that Passion, and of the suffering that comes the way of those who dare to follow Christ.

The world would not receive its Saviour; 'He was in the world, and the world was made through him, yet the world knew him not.

But to all who received him, who believe in his name, gave he power to become children of God'.

Let us therefore think and pray on the Passion of our Lord, that fullest and most perfect expression of love divine; that through God's grace we might receive Him anew into our hearts and lives and become children of our heavenly Father.

Please sit.

Anthem *Nolo mortem peccatoris* (Morley)

Nolo mortem peccatoris; Haec sunt verba Salvatoris.

Father I am thine only Son, sent down from heav'n mankind to save.

Father, all things fulfilled and done according to thy will, I have.

Father, my will now all is this: *Nolo mortem peccatoris.*

Father, behold my painful smart, taken for man on ev'ry side;
Ev'n from my birth to death most tart, no kind of pain I have denied,
but suffered all, and all for this: *Nolo mortem peccatoris*.

First Reading *Peter the Apostle*

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?

Second Reading *Mary Magdalene*

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?

Third Reading *The repentant thief*

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Hymn (NEH86) *Please stand*

My song is love unknown,
my Saviour's love to me,
love to the loveless shown,
that they might lovely be.
O who am I,
that for my sake
my Lord should take
frail flesh, and die?

2. He came from his blest throne,
salvation to bestow;
but men made strange, and none
the longed-for Christ would know.
But O, my Friend,
my Friend indeed,
who at my need
his life did spend!

3. Sometimes they strew his way,
and his sweet praises sing;
resounding all the day
hosannas to their King.
Then 'Crucify!'
is all their breath,
and for his death
they thirst and cry.

4. Why, what hath my Lord done?
what makes this rage and spite?
he made the lame to run,
he gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
yet they at these
themselves displease,
and 'gainst him rise.

5. They rise, and needs will have
my dear Lord made away;
a murderer they save,
the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful he
to suffering goes,
that he his foes
from thence might free.

6. In life, no house no home
my Lord on earth might have;
in death, no friendly tomb
but what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was his home;
but mine the tomb
wherein he lay.

7. Here might I stay and sing:
no story so divine;
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like thine!
This is my Friend,
in whose sweet praise
I all my days
could gladly spend.

Samuel Crossman 1624-1683

Reflection

Anthem *Crucifixus a 8* (Lotti)

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis; sub Pontio Pilato passus et sepultus est.
He was crucified also for us, under Pontius Pilate he suffered and was
buried.

Fourth Reading *Salome*

Were you there when the curtain tore in two?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when the curtain tore in two?

Fifth Reading *The Centurion*

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

Sixth Reading *Mary, Mother of our Lord*

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?

Anthem *God so loved the world* (Chilcott)

God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son; that whoso believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

Prayers

Intercessions are offered, concluding with

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.

Anthem *Solus ad victimam* (Leighton)

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, 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.

Peter Abelard (1079-1142), trans. Helen Waddell

Conclusion

You are worthy, O Lamb, for you were slain, and by your blood you ransomed for God saints from every tribe and language and nation; you have made them to be a kingdom and priests serving our God.

**We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you,
because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.**

To him who loves us and has freed us from our sins by his blood, and made us a kingdom of priests to stand and serve before our God; **to him who sits upon the throne and to the Lamb be praise and honour, glory and might, for ever and ever. Amen.**

Hymn (NEH93)

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

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?

2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?

Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?

3. Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

4. Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

5. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

6. Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?
Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?

All leave in silence