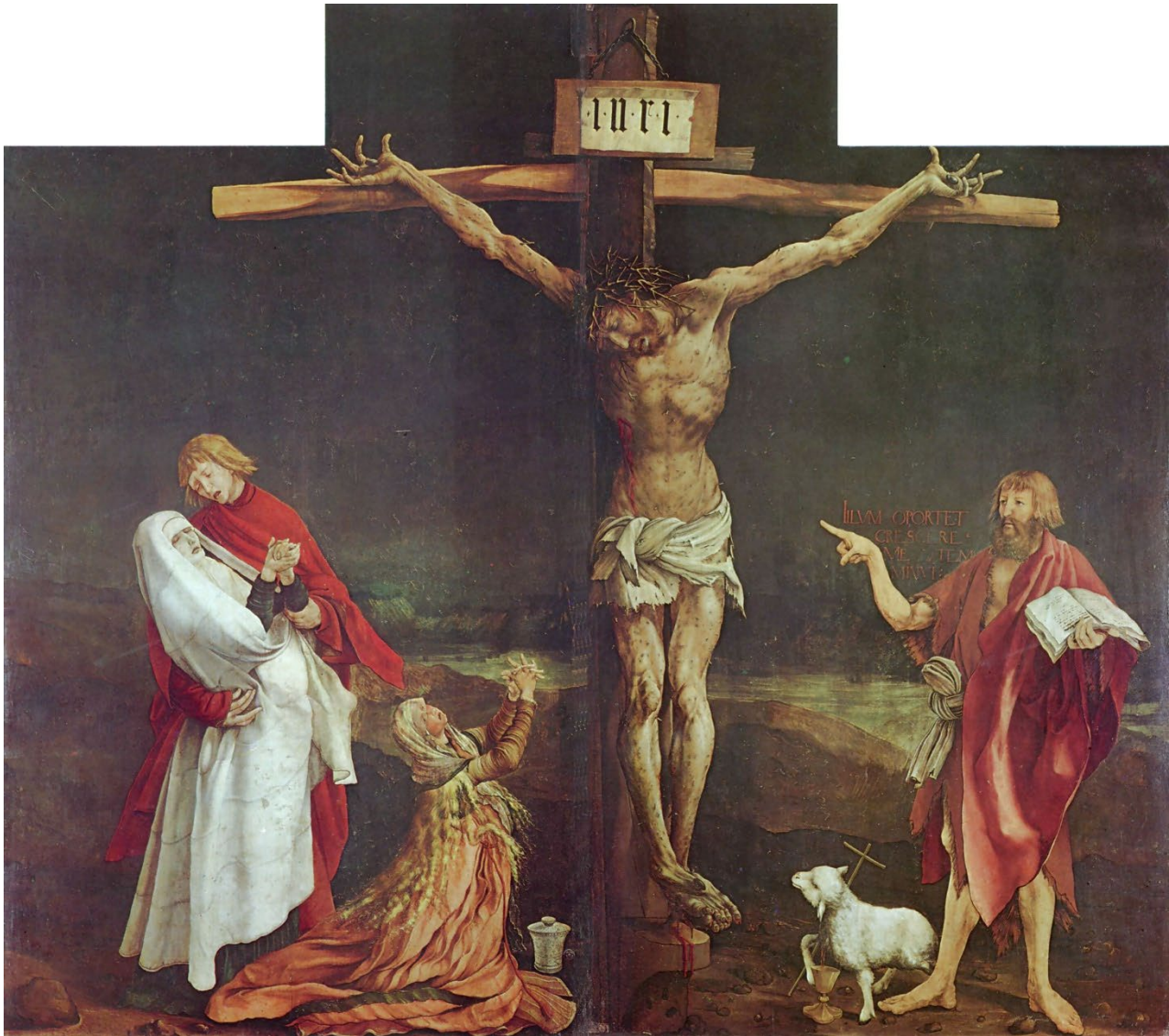




Great St Mary's
THE UNIVERSITY CHURCH CAMBRIDGE

GOOD FRIDAY

29 March 2024



A Service of Meditations and Hymns

'This is My Body, Given For You'
Revd Canon Professor Ben Quash

12.30 – 1.25pm

Great St Mary's, the University Church

12pm Silent Prayer

12.30pm 'This is My Body, Given For You' – Mediations led by Revd Canon Prof Ben Quash

1.30pm The Liturgy of Good Friday

3.00pm We depart in Silence

Wherever you have come from, and whoever you are, consider yourself at home here with us. We are one in Christ and today we are united with him in his suffering on the Cross. People are welcome to join or leave the service at 1.30pm.

Please note this service is being livestreamed.

We welcome Professor Revd Canon Ben Quash, Professor of Christianity and the Arts at Kings College, London. No stranger to Cambridge, he was previously Chaplain to Fitzwilliam College and Dean and Fellow at Peterhouse. His research interests include the way in which the arts can stimulate renewed engagement with the Bible and Christian theology.

www.greatstmarys.org

@greatstmarys



Silent Prayer, 12pm

St Andrew's chapel is set aside from noon, for those who wish to take part in silent prayer in preparation for today's service.

Preaching on the Cross, 12.30pm

ORGAN PRELUDE

Chorale Prelude on "Rockingham"
C. Hubert H. Parry (1848–1918)

THE GATHERING

*The ministers enter in silence. We **KNEEL** for a time of silent prayer.*

COLLECT

Almighty Father, look with mercy on this your family for which our Lord Jesus Christ was content to be betrayed and given up into the hands of sinners and to suffer death upon the cross; who is alive and glorified with you and the Holy Spirit one God, now and for ever.

All **Amen.**

WELCOME

A minister offers words of welcome and introduces the service.

Please sit for the

MEDITATION – ON THE KNEES



Figure 1 - Stanley Spencer, *Consider the Lilies (Christ in the Wilderness series)*, 1939, Art Gallery of Western Australia, Perth



Figure 2- Sebastiano del Piombo, Christ Carrying the Cross, 1535-40, Oil on slate, 157 x 118 cm, Szépművészeti Múzeum, Budapest

1 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?

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.

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.

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.

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!

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.

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.



Figure 3 - Sebastiano del Piombo, *The Raising of Lazarus*, 1517-19, Oil on canvas, transferred from wood, 381 x 289.6 cm, National Gallery

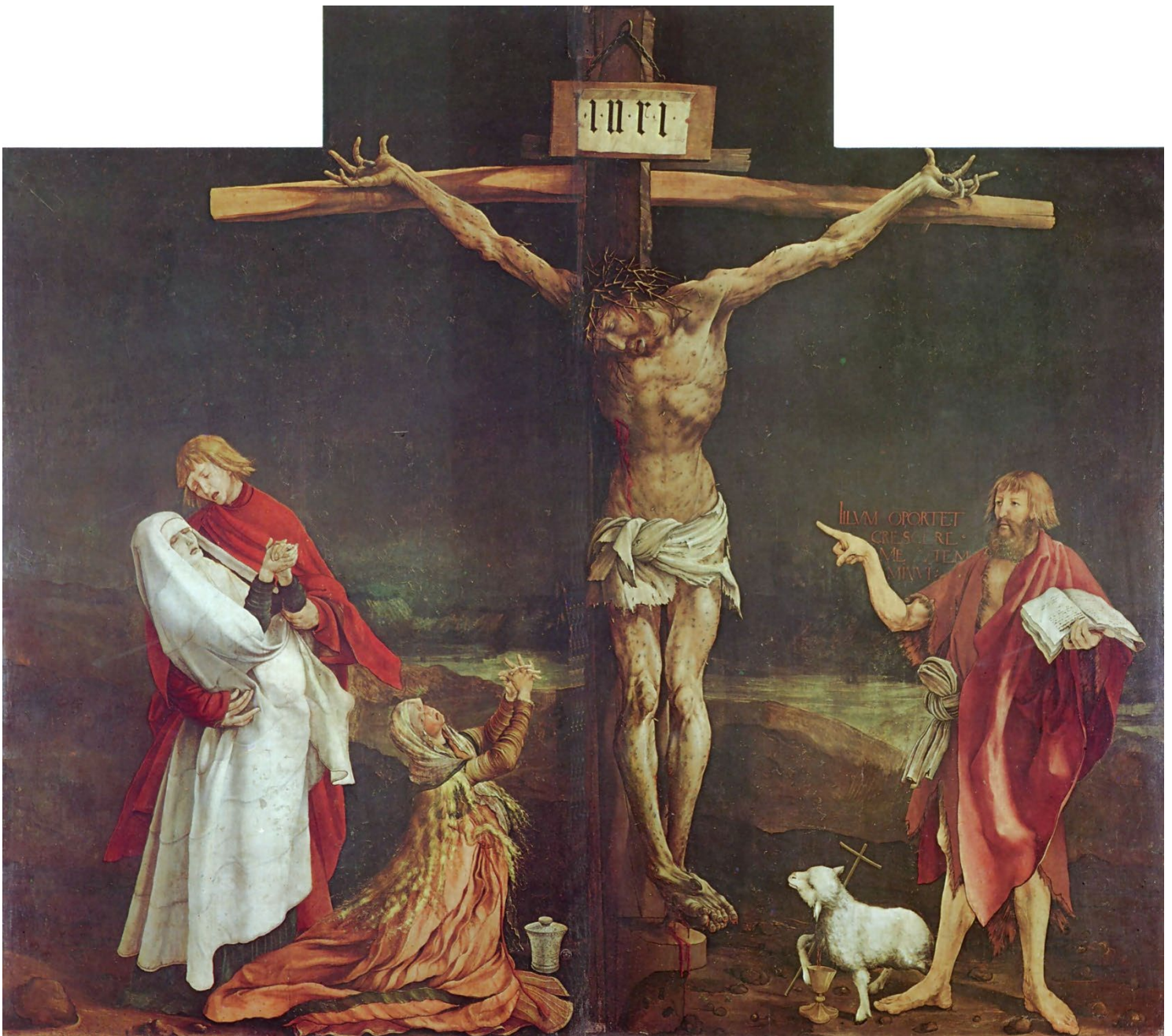


Figure 4 - Matthias Grünewald, Crucifixion from the Isenheim Altarpiece, c.1515, Oil on panel, 269 x 307 cm, Unterlinden Museum, Colmar

We stand to sing the

HYMN

1 Glory be to Jesus,
who, in bitter pains,
poured for me the life-blood
from his sacred veins.

2 Grace and life eternal
in that blood I find;
blest be his compassion
infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
be the precious stream,
which from endless torments
did the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
pleaded to the skies;
but the blood of Jesus
for our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled
on our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
terror-struck departs.

6 Oft as earth exulting
wafts its praise on high,
angel-hosts rejoicing
make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye then your voices;
swell the mighty flood;
louder still and louder
praise the precious blood.

AMNS 66

Words Italian, translated by Edward Caswall (1814-78)

Tune CASWALL Friedrich Filitz (1804-76)

We sit for the

MEDITATION – ON THE SIDE



Figure 5 - Lorenzo Veneziano, Calling of the Apostles Peter and Andrew, c. 1370, Oil on poplar panel, 24 x 33 cm, Staatliche Museen, Berlin



Figure 6 - Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio, *The Incredulity of St Thomas*, 1601-2, Oil on canvas, 107 cm × 146 cm, Sanssouci Picture Gallery, Potsdam

We stand to sing the

HYMN

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 let me hide myself in thee;
 let the water and the blood,
 from thy riven side which flowed,
 be of sin the double cure:
 cleanse me from its guilt and power.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 simply to thy cross I cling;
 naked, come to thee for dress;
 helpless, look to thee for grace;
 foul, I to the fountain fly;
 wash me, Saviour, or I die.

2 Not the labours of my hands
 can fulfil thy law's demands;
 could my zeal no respite know,
 could my tears for ever flow,
 all for sin could not atone:
 thou must save, and thou alone.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 when my eyelids close in death,
 when I soar through tracts unknown,
 see thee on thy judgement throne;
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 let me hide myself in thee.

AMNS 135, Words Augustus Toplady (1740-78)
 Tune Richard Redhead (1820-1901)



Figure 7 - Unknown artist of Lake Constance region, John the Apostle resting on the bosom of Christ, c.1310, Oakwood, old colouring, Bode-Museum Berlin



Figure 8 - Graham Sutherland, *The Crucifixion*, 1947, Oil on board, Pallant House Gallery, Chichester

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'Come unto me and rest;
lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 thy head upon my breast':
I came to Jesus as I was,
 weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
 and he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'Behold, I freely give
the living water, thirsty one;
 stoop down and drink and live':
I came to Jesus, and I drank
 of that life-giving stream;
my thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 and now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'I am this dark world's light;
look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 and all thy day be bright':
I looked to Jesus, and I found
 in him my star, my sun;
and in that light of life I'll walk
 till travelling days are done.

AMNS 247

Words Horatius Bonar (1808-89)

Tune KINGSFOLD, English Traditional Melody



Figure 9 - Giovanni Bellini, *Madonna of the Meadow*, c.1500, Oil and egg on synthetic panel, transferred from wood, 67.3 x 86.4 cm, National Gallery



Figure 10 - Michelangelo, The Deposition of Christ, 1547-1555, Marble, Museo dell'Opera del Duomo, Florence

**O sacred head, surrounded
by crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
so shamed and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
the glow of life decays;
yet angel-hosts adore thee,
and tremble as they gaze.**

**Thy comeliness and vigour
is withered up and gone,
and in thy wasted figure
I see death drawing on.**

**O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
turn thou thy face on me.**

**In this thy bitter passion,
good Shepherd, think of me
with thy most sweet compassion,
unworthy though I be:
beneath thy cross abiding
for ever would I rest,
in thy dear love confiding,
and with thy presence blest.**

AMNS 68

Words attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux (c.1090-1153),
translated by Henry W. Baker (1821-77)

Tune PASSION CHORALE Hans L. Hassler (1564-1612)

The minsters leave in silence. A period of quiet rest follows during which you are invited to remain for silent prayer before the Liturgy of Good Friday begins.