



Friday 2 April, 2021

12noon–3.00pm

The Three Hours

The Seven Last Words



*Father into your hands I commend my spirit:
The St John's Bible*

Addresses given by
Revd Dr Sam Wells,
Revd Sally Hitchiner,
Revd Richard Carter,
Revd Jonathan Evens,
Revd Catherine Duce,
Revd Harry Ching.

Reader
Kristine Wellington

Soloist
Gabriella Noble

Accompanist
Polina Sosnina

Thank you for joining us today, whether you are in the building or worshipping online from home.

Please remember to keep yourself and others safe.

- Wear a face covering
- Maintain 2m distance
- Hand-sanitise regularly
- Use phones for liturgy and giving
- Sing only in our hearts

For full details, please see the separate document Congregation Safety over Covid 19.

Filming

This service is being streamed live to our public Facebook page. The camera focuses on the clergy and other contributors only for most of the service but turns to face the congregation at times, in the central block of seating between the pillars. If you wish to avoid being on camera, please sit in one of the side areas and let a steward know if you would like to receive communion

Supporting St Martin's

There is no collection plate in the service today. Instead you are invited to give in other ways:

- online at stmartininthefields.myiknowchurch.co.uk/giving,
- by texting COLLECTION to 70450 to donate £10 (texts cost £10 plus one standard rate message),
- by tapping the contactless donation point in the porch on your way out.



In this service through music, words and silence we reflect on and stay close to the cross. You are welcome to stay for the whole service, from 12noon to 3.00pm, or for part of it. The service is divided into seven parts. The congregational hymns at the beginning of each part provide opportunities for joining or leaving the service.

The Bells of St Martin-in-the-Fields, recorded pre-pandemic by the St Martin-in-the-Fields Band of Bell Ringers.

Introit When I survey the wondrous cross
from 'St John Passion' *Bob Chilcott*

When I survey the wondrous cross,
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the death of Christ my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Collect

Hymn

Recorded by St Martin's Voices

- 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?
- 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 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.

continued...

- 5 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 (1623-1683)

Scripture Reading Luke 23:34

‘Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing.’

Address *Revd Dr Sam Wells*

Solo Jesu, grant me this, I pray
 from 'St John Passion' *Bob Chilcott*

Jesu, grant me this, I pray,
ever in thy heart to stay;
let me evermore abide
hidden in thy wounded side.

If the world or Satan lay
tempting snares about my way,
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.

H.W. Baker (1821-1877)

Silence

Collect

Hymn

Recorded by St Martin's Voices

- 1 'Forgive our sins as we forgive',
you taught us, Lord, to pray,
but you alone can grant us grace
to live the words we say.
- 2 How can your pardon reach and bless
the unforgiving heart
that broods on wrongs, and will not let
old bitterness depart?
- 3 In blazing light your cross reveals
the truth we dimly knew,
how small the debts men owe to us,
how great our debt to you!
- 4 Lord, cleanse the depths within our souls,
and bid resentment cease;
then, reconciled to God and man,
our lives will spread your peace.

Rosamond E. Herklots (1905-1987)

Scripture Reading Luke 23:43

'Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.'

Address *Revd Sally Hitchiner*

Solo Drop, drop, slow tears from 'St John Passion' *Bob Chilcott*

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from Heav'n
The news and Prince of Peace.

Cease not, wet tears,
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 (1582-1650)

Silence

Collect

Hymn

Recorded by St Martin's Voices

- 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.

continued...

- 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.

Anonymous Italian translated Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

Scripture Reading John 19:26-27

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.

Address *Revd Catherine Duce*

Solo There is a green hill far away
from 'St John Passion' *Bob Chilcott*

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

continued...

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiv'n,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heav'n.
Saved by his precious blood.

O dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his work to do.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-95)

Silence

Collect

Hymn

Recorded by St Martin's Voices

- 1 We sing the praise of him who died,
of him who died upon the cross;
the sinner's hope let men deride,
for this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
in shining letters, 'God is love';
he bears our sins upon the tree;
he brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross! It takes our guilt away:
it holds the fainting spirit up;
it cheers with hope the gloomy day,
and sweetens every bitter cup.

continued...

- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
and nerves the feeble arm for fight;
it takes its terror from the grave,
and gilds the bed of death with light:
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
the measure and the pledge of love,
the sinner's refuge here below,
the angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)

Scripture Reading Matthew 27:46 and Mark 15:34
'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?'

Address *Revd Jonathan Evens*

Solo It is a thing most wonderful
from 'St John Passion' *Bob Chilcott*

It is a thing most wonderful,
almost too wonderful to be,
that God's own Son should come from heav'n,
and die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
and wept and toiled and mourned and died
for love of those who loved Him not.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
but 'tis more wonderful to see
my love for Him so faint and poor.

William Walsham How (1823-1897)

Silence

Collect

Hymn

Recorded by St Martin's Voices

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea
but that thy blood was shed for me,
and that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, though tossed about
with many a conflict, many a doubt,
fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am (thy love unknown
has broken every barrier down),
now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am, of that free love
the breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)

Scripture Reading John 19:28

'I am thirsty.'

Address *Revd Richard Carter*

Solo Pie Jesu from 'Requiem' *Andrew Lloyd Webber*

Pie Jesu, pie Jesu, pie Jesu, pie Jesu
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Dona eis requiem, dona eis requiem

Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Dona eis requiem, dona eis requiem
Sempiternam requiem

Merciful Jesus, merciful Jesus, merciful Jesus, merciful Jesus
Father, who takes away the sins of the world
Grant them rest, grant them rest

Lamb of God, Lamb of God, Lamb of God, Lamb of God
Father, who takes away the sins of the world
Grant them rest, grant them rest
Everlasting rest

Dies Irae from Requiem Mass

Silence

Collect

Hymn

Recorded by St Martin's Voices

- 1 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise:
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.
- 2 And that a higher gift than grace
should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
and essence all-divine.
- 3 And in the garden secretly,
and on the Cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and inspire
to suffer and to die.
- 4 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise:
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

John Henry Newman (1801-1890)

Scripture Reading John 19:30

When Jesus had received the wine, he said, 'It is finished.' Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Address *Revd Harry Ching*

Solo Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

continued...

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?
Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?

American Spiritual

Silence

Collect

Hymn O sacred head, sore wounded
Recorded by St Martin's Voices

- 1 O sacred head, sore wounded,
Defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head, surrounded
With mocking crown of thorn:
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendour
The hosts of heaven adore!

continued...

2 In thy most bitter passion
My heart to share doth cry,
With thee for my salvation
Upon the cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd
To stand thy cross beneath,
To mourn thee, well-belovèd,
Yet thank thee for thy death.

3 My days are few, O fail not,
With thine immortal power,
To hold me that I quail not
In death's most fearful hour:
That I may fight befriended,
And see in my last strife
To me thine arms extended
Upon the cross of life.

*'O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden' Paulus Gerhardt (1607-1676)
attributed after Arnuf von Loewen (1200-1250)
translated Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)_*

Scripture Reading Luke 23:46

Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, 'Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.' Having said this, he breathed his last.

Address *Revd Dr Sam Wells*

Solo When I survey the wondrous cross
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on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
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all the vain things that charm me most,
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Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

At the end of the service please depart quietly.

Services on Easter Day

- 5.30am The Easter Vigil, Lighting of the New Fire, Renewal of
Baptismal Vows and First Eucharist of Easter
- 10.00am Easter Eucharist
- 1.30pm Joint Service in Mandarin and Cantonese
- 7.00pm Sacred Space (Online)

St Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, London WC2N 4JJ
Telephone: 020 7766 1100 www.smitf.org email: clergyoffice@smitf.org
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