



**St Cuthbert's Church
Earls Court, SW5.
Friday, 19th April 2019
Good Friday of the Lord's
Passion of the Cross
Liturgy**

Welcome to St Cuthbert's.

Celebrant: Fr Simon Stokes
Deacon & Preacher: Fr Donald Easton
Sub-Deacon: Fr Paul Bagott

Musical Setting of the Mass: *Passion according to John
Choruses – Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)*

Adoration of the Cross: *Popule meus - Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-
1611)*

Crux fidelis – King John IV of Portugal (1604-1656)

O vos omnes – Carlo Gesualdo (1566-1613)

Communion: *Civitas sancti – William Byrd (c1539-1623)*

The service may be found in the enclosed Service Sheet for Good Friday.

Hymn 84

It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven,
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.

But even could I see him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in his heart.

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.

And yet I want to love thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love thee more and more,
Until I see thee as thou art.

NEH 84

Words: W Walsham How (1823-1897)

Hymn 86

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?

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!

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.

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.

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.

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?
Heav'n was his home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein he lay.

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.

NEH 86

Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-1683)