

Good Friday

The Seven Last Words at Twelve O'Clock

April 2, 2021

325 PARK AVENUE AT 51ST STREET NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

Opening Devotion

Organ Psalm Prelude Set 2, No. 2, Herbert Howells (1892–1983) "Out of the deep have I called to you, Lord."

Psalm 130:1

Welcome The Right Reverend Dean E. Wolfe

The Collect for Good Friday The Right Reverend Dean E. Wolfe

Almighty God, we pray you graciously to behold this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed, and given into the hands of sinners, and to suffer death upon the cross; who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.



Music: Rockingham, from Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature, ca. 1970; harm. Edward Miller (1731-1807); last stanza arr. David Willcocks (1919-2015).

Bidding The Right Reverend Dean E. Wolfe

Dear People of God: Our heavenly Father sent his Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved; that all who believe in him might be delivered from the power of sin and death, and become heirs with him of everlasting life.

We pray, therefore, for people everywhere according to their needs.

The First Collect The Reverend Canon Andrew J. W. Mullins

Let us pray for the holy catholic Church of Christ throughout the world; for its unity in witness and service, for all bishops and other ministers, and the people whom they serve, for Michael, our Presiding Bishop; for Andrew, Allen, and Mary, our Bishops, and all the people of this diocese, for all Christians in this community, that God will confirm the Church in faith, increase it in love, and preserve it in peace.

Almighty and everlasting God, by whose Spirit the whole body of your faithful people is governed and sanctified: Receive our supplications and prayers which we offer before you for all members of your holy Church, that in their vocation and ministry they may truly and devoutly serve you; through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

The Second Collect The Reverend Peter Thompson

Let us pray for all nations and peoples of the earth, and for those in authority among them; for Joseph, the President of the United States, for the Congress and the Supreme Court, for the Members and Representatives of the United Nations, for all who serve the common good, that by God's help they may seek justice and truth, and live in peace and concord.

Almighty God, kindle, we pray, in every heart the true love of peace, and guide with your wisdom those who take counsel for the nations of the earth; that in tranquility your dominion may increase, until the earth is filled with the knowledge of your love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The Third Collect The Reverend Deborah A. Lee

Let us pray for all who suffer and are afflicted in body or in mind; for the hungry and the homeless, the destitute and the oppressed, for the sick, the wounded, and the crippled, for those in loneliness, fear, and anguish, or those who face temptation, doubt, and despair, for the sorrowful and bereaved, for prisoners and captives, and those in mortal danger, that God will comfort and relieve them, and grant them the knowledge of God's tender love, and stir up in us the will and patience to minister to their needs.

Gracious God, the comfort of all who sorrow, the strength of all who suffer: Let the cry of those in misery and need come to you, that they may find your mercy present with them in all their afflictions; and give us, we pray, the strength to serve them for the sake of him who suffered for us, your Son Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The Fourth Collect The Right Reverend Dean E. Wolfe

Let us commit ourselves to God, and pray for the grace of a holy life, that, with all who have departed this world and have died in the peace of Christ, and those whose faith is known to God alone, we may be accounted worthy to enter into the fullness of the joy of our Lord, and receive the crown of life in the day of resurrection.

O God of unchangeable power and eternal light: Look favorably on your whole Church, that wonderful and sacred mystery; by the effectual working of your providence, carry out in tranquility the plan of salvation; let the whole world see and know that things which were cast down are being raised up, and things which had grown old are being made new, and that all things are being brought to their perfection by him through whom all things were made, your Son Jesus Christ our Lord; who lives and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. **Amen.**

Motet St. Bartholomew's Choir

Salvator mundi, salva nos, qui per crucem et sanguinem redemisti nos. Auxiliare nobis, te deprecamur, Deus noster.

Words: from the Sarum Manual. Music: Salvator mundi I, Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585). Savior of the world, save us, thou who by thy cross and blood hast redeemed us. Come to our rescue, we beseech thee, O Lord.

Isaiah 52:13-53:12 Lucy Martin Gianino

See, my servant shall prosper; he shall be exalted and lifted up, and shall be very high. Just as there were many who were astonished at him—so marred was his appearance, beyond human semblance, and his form beyond that of mortals—so he shall startle many nations; kings shall shut their mouths because of him; for that which had not been told them they shall see, and that which they had not heard they shall contemplate. 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. 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.

Motet St. Bartholomew's Choir

Crux fidelis, inter omnes arbor una nobilis: nulla silva talem profert, fronde, flore, germine. Dulce lignum, dulces clavos, dulce pondus sustinet.

Words: Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (c. 530-c.609). Music: attr. John IV of Portugal (1604-1656).

Faithful cross, above all other, One and only noble tree: None in foliage, none in blossom, None in fruit thy peer may be. Sweetest wood and sweetest iron, Sweetest weight is hung on thee!

The First Word

Luke 23:32-35 Leathea Vanadore

Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. Then Jesus said, "Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing." And they cast lots to divide his clothing. And the people stood by, watching; but the leaders scoffed at him, saying, "He saved others; let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one!"

Motet St. Bartholomew's Choir

Nolo mortem peccatoris; ["I do not wish the death of the sinner;"] Haec sunt verba Salvatoris. [These are the words of the Savior]

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.

Words: John Redford (d. 1547). Music: Thomas Morley (c.1557-1602).

Reflection Patrick Bergquist

Psalm 103:8-14 Adelaide Kent

The Lord is full of compassion and mercy, slow to anger and of great kindness.

He will not always accuse us, nor will he keep his anger for ever.

He has not dealt with us according to our sins, nor rewarded us according to our wickedness.

For as the heavens are high above the earth, so is his mercy great upon those who fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far has he removed our sins from us.

As a father cares for his children, so does the Lord care for those who fear him.

For he himself knows whereof we are made; he remembers that we are but dust.

Prayer David Budd

Hymn 458



Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-1683), alt. Music: *Love Unknown*, John Ireland (1879-1962). Descant and re-harmonization by Bryan Anderson (b. 1993).

The Second Word

Luke 23:39-44a Avery Geehr

One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, "Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!" But the other rebuked him, saying, "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong." Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom." He replied, "Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise." It was now about noon.

Solo Rachel Farrar

He bare him up, he bare him down, He bare him into an orchard brown. Lully, lullay, lully, lullay!

The falcon has borne my make* away.

[mate]

[maid]

In that orchard there was an hall That was hanged with purple and pall; And in that hall there was a bed: It was hanged with gold so red; Lully, lullay, lully, lullay! The falcon has borne my make away.

In that bed there lieth a knight, His woundes bleeding day and night; By that bed's side there kneels a may*, And she weepeth both night and day;

Lully, lullay, lully, lullay!

The falcon has borne my make away.

And by that bed's side there stands a stone, Corpus Christi* written thereon.

[The body of Christ]

Words: Anon. 15th century. Music: Corpus Christi Carol from *A Boy was Born*, Benjamin Britten (1913-1976).

Reflection Jamie Ferrara

Psalm 139:1-11 Casey and Charlotte Lamb

Lord, you have searched me out and known me; you know my sitting down and my rising up; you discern my thoughts from afar.

You trace my journeys and my resting-places and are acquainted with all my ways.

Indeed, there is not a word on my lips, but you, O Lord, know it altogether.

You press upon me behind and before and lay your hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is so high that I cannot attain to it.

Where can I go then from your Spirit? where can I flee from your presence?

If I climb up to heaven, you are there; if I make the grave my bed, you are there also.

If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,

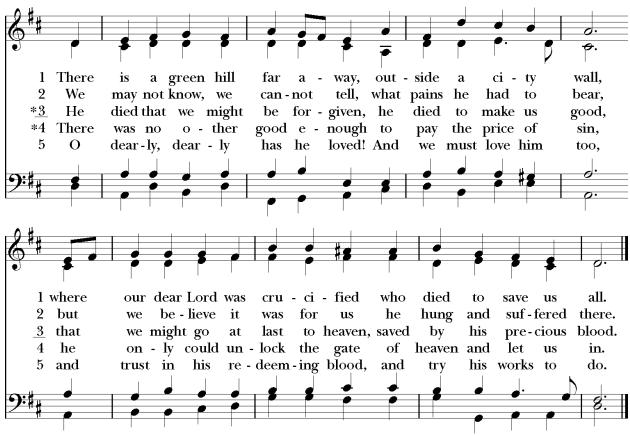
Even there your hand will lead me and your right hand hold me fast.

If I say, "Surely the darkness will cover me, and the light around me turn to night,"

Darkness is not dark to you; the night is as bright as the day; darkness and light to you are both alike.

Prayer Dickie Ann Boal Johnson

Hymn 167



Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895), alt. Music: *Horsley*, William Horsley (1774-1858).

The Third Word

John 19:25b-27 Hunter Carter

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.

Anthem St. Bartholomew's Choir

When David heard that Absalom was slain, he went up into his chamber over the gate and wept, and thus he said:
my son, my son, O Absalom my son,
would God I had died for thee!

Words: 2 Samuel 18:33. Music: Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656).

Reflection Molly O'Neil Frank

Psalm 113 Leslie McCullough Jeffries

Give praise, you servants of the Lord; praise the Name of the Lord.

Let the Name of the Lord be blessed, from this time forth for evermore.

From the rising of the sun to its going down let the Name of the Lord be praised.

The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

Who is like the Lord our God, who sits enthroned on high, but stoops to behold the heavens and the earth?

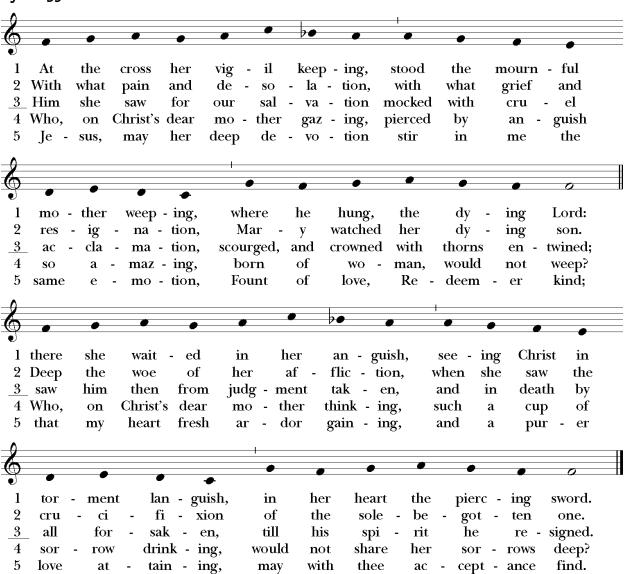
He takes up the weak out of the dust and lifts up the poor from the ashes.

He sets them with the princes, with the princes of his people.

He makes the woman of a childless house to be a joyful mother of children.

Prayer Christina Brandt-Young

Hymn 159



Words: Latin, 13th cent.; ver. Hymnal 1982. Music: *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, melody from Maintzisch Gesangbuch, 1661.

The Fourth Word

Mark 15:33-37 Fortuna Bucknor

When it was noon, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. At three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice, "Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?" which means, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, "Listen, he is calling for Elijah." And someone ran, filled a sponge with sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink, saying, "Wait, let us see whether Elijah will come to take him down." Then Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last.

Anthem St. Bartholomew's Choir, Aine Hakamatsuka, soprano solo

Even such is time, that takes in trust Our youth, our joys, and all we have, And pays us but with earth and dust, Who in the dark and silent grave When we have wandered all our ways Shuts up the story of our days, And from which earth and grave and dust The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

Words: Sir Walter Raleigh (c.1552-1618). Music: Bob Chilcott (b. 1955).

Reflection Liza Page Nelson

Psalm 22:1-20 Steve Sakson

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer; by night as well, but I find no rest.

Yet you are the Holy One, enthroned upon the praises of Israel.

Our forefathers put their trust in you; they trusted, and you delivered them.

They cried out to you and were delivered; they trusted in you and were not put to shame.

But as for me, I am a worm and no man, scorned by all and despised by the people.

All who see me laugh me to scorn; they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,

"He trusted in the Lord; let him deliver him; let him rescue him, if he delights in him."

Yet you are he who took me out of the womb, and kept me safe upon my mother's breast.

I have been entrusted to you ever since I was born; you were my God when I was still in my mother's womb.

Be not far from me, for trouble is near, and there is none to help.

Many young bulls encircle me; strong bulls of Bashan surround me.

They open wide their jaws at me, like a ravening and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water; all my bones are out of joint; my heart within my breast is melting wax.

My mouth is dried out like a pot-sherd; my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; and you have laid me in the dust of the grave. Packs of dogs close me in, and gangs of evildoers circle around me; they pierce my hands and my feet; I can count all my bones.

They stare and gloat over me; they divide my garments among them; they cast lots for my clothing.

Be not far away, O Lord; you are my strength; hasten to help me.

Save me from the sword, my life from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth, my wretched body from the horns of wild bulls.

Prayer Kate Getzendanner

Hymn 160



Words: William J. Sparrow-Simpson (1860-1952). Music: *Cross of Jesus*, John Stainer (1840-1901).

The Fifth Word

John 19:25b-28 Ron Bagden

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 fulfill the scripture), "I am thirsty."

Motet St. Bartholomew's Choir

Sicut cervus desiderat ad fontes aquarum, ita desiderat anima mea ad te Deus.

As the hart longs for the flowing streams, so longs my soul for thee, O God.

Words: Psalm 42:1.

Music: Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525–1594).

Reflection Catherine Belford Budd

Psalm 63:1-8 Liza Rafael

O God, you are my God; eagerly I seek you; my soul thirsts for you, my flesh faints for you, as in a barren and dry land where there is no water.

Therefore I have gazed upon you in your holy place, that I might behold your power and your glory.

For your loving-kindness is better than life itself; my lips shall give you praise.

So will I bless you as long as I live and lift up my hands in your Name.

My soul is content, as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth praises you with joyful lips,

When I remember you upon my bed, and meditate on you in the night watches.

For you have been my helper, and under the shadow of your wings I will rejoice.

My soul clings to you; your right hand holds me fast.

Prayer Mori Goto

Hymn 158



Words: Johann Heermann (1585-1647); tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), alt. Music: *Herzliebster Jesu*, Johann Cruger (1598-1662), alt.

The Sixth Word

John 19:29–30, 33–37 Jeremy Russell

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. 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."

Anthem St. Bartholomew's Choir

Jesu, grant me this, I pray, Ever in thy heart to stay; Let me evermore abide In thy heart and wounded side.

If the evil one prepare, Or the world, a tempting snare, 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. Amen.

Words: 17th-century Latin Hymn "Dignare me, O Jesu, rogo te," trans. Henry William Baker (1821-1877). Music: Edward Cuthbert Bairstow (1874-1946), based on Song 13 by Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625).

Reflection Barry Phillips

Psalm 39:5-15 Miriam Schneider

Lord, let me know my end and the number of my days, so that I may know how short my life is.

You have given me a mere handful of days, and my lifetime is as nothing in your sight; truly, even those who stand erect are but a puff of wind.

We walk about like a shadow, and in vain we are in turmoil; we heap up riches and cannot tell who will gather them.

And now, what is my hope? O Lord, my hope is in you.

Deliver me from all my transgressions and do not make me the taunt of the fool.

I fell silent and did not open my mouth, for surely it was you that did it.

Take your affliction from me; I am worn down by the blows of your hand.

With rebukes for sin you punish us; like a moth you eat away all that is dear to us; truly, everyone is but a puff of wind.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear to my cry; hold not your peace at my tears.

For I am but a sojourner with you, a wayfarer, as all my forebears were.

Turn your gaze from me, that I may be glad again, before I go my way and am no more.

Prayer Manny Rodríguez-Leach

Hymn 171



Words: James Montgomery (1771-1854). Music: *Petra*, Richard Redhead (1820-1901).

The Seventh Word

Luke 23:44-49 Erin Salvatore

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, while the sun's light failed; and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit." Having said this, he breathed his last. When the centurion saw what had taken place, he praised God and said, "Certainly this man was innocent." And when all the crowds who had gathered there for this spectacle saw what had taken place, they returned home, beating their breasts. But all his acquaintances, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at a distance, watching these things.

Anthem Members of St. Bartholomew's Choir Miriam Chaudoir, Wendy Gilles, Chris Carter, Jeff Morrissey

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?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? 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 pierced him in the side? 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?

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

Words: African-American spiritual. Music: *Were you There*, African-American spiritual; harm. Charles Winfred Douglas (1867-1944).

Reflection Rob Radtke

Psalm 31:1-5 Mohana Buckley

In you, O Lord, have I taken refuge; let me never be put to shame; deliver me in your righteousness.

Incline your ear to me; make haste to deliver me.

Be my strong rock, a castle to keep me safe, for you are my craq and my stronghold; for the sake of your Name, lead me and guide me.

Take me out of the net that they have secretly set for me, for you are my tower of strength.

Into your hands I commend my spirit, for you have redeemed me, O Lord. O God of truth.

Prayer Wes Lambert



Words: Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676); sts. 1-3, 5, tr. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930); st. 4, tr. James Waddell Alexander (1804-1859), alt. Music: Herzlich tut mich verlangen [Passion Chorale], Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612); adapt. and harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750).

The Final Prayer The Right Reverend Dean E. Wolfe

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, we pray you to set your passion, cross, and death between your judgment and our souls, now and in the hour of our death. Give mercy and grace to the living; pardon and rest to the dead; to your holy Church peace and concord; and to us sinners everlasting life and glory; for with the Father and the Holy Spirit you live and reign, one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

The Tolling of the Bell

Service Participants

Presider The Right Reverend Dean E. Wolfe **Assisting Clergy** The Reverend Canon Andrew J. W. Mullins, The Reverend Deborah A. Lee, The Reverend Peter Thompson

Preachers Patrick Bergquist, Jamie Ferrara, Molly O'Neil Frank, Liza Page Nelson, Catherine Belford Budd, Barry Phillips, Rob Radtke

Readers Lucy Martin Gianino, Leathea Vanadore, Adelaide Kent, Avery Geehr, Casey and Charlotte Lamb, Hunter Carter, Leslie McCullough Jeffries, Fortuna Bucknor, Steve Sakson, Ron Bagden, Liza Rafael, Jeremy Russell, Miriam Schneider, Erin Salvatore, Mohana Buckley

Prayers David Budd, Dickie Ann Boal Johnson, Christina Brandt-Young, Kate Getzendanner, Mori Goto, Manny Rodríguez-Leach, Wes Lambert

St. Bartholomew's Choir St. Bart's Singers Quartet Miriam Chaudoir, Wendy Gilles, Chris Carter, Jeff Morrissey Organist and Choirmaster Dr. Paolo Bordignon

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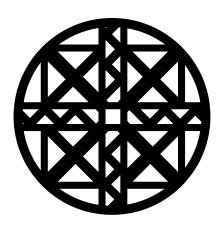
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