

St Leo's: **Good Friday 2015**

Celebration of the Lord's Passion



We kneel in silence

Lord, by shedding his blood for us, your Son, Jesus Christ established the paschal mystery.
In your goodness, make us holy and watch over us always.
We ask this through Christ our Lord.

Amen.

1st Reading Isaiah 52: 13 – 53:12

Psalm 30



In you, O Lord, I take refuge, let me never be put to shame.

In your justice set me free, it is you who will redeem me, Lord.

Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

In the face of all my foes, I am a reproach,
an object of scorn to my neighbours and of fear to my friends.

Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

Those who see me in the street run away from me.

I am like a dead man, forgotten in men's hearts, like a thing thrown away.

Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

But as for me I trust in you, Lord, I say, "You are my God"

My life is in your hands deliver me from the hands of those who hate me. **Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.**

Let your face shine on your servant, and save me in your love.

Be strong, let your heart take courage, all you who hope in the Lord. **Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.**

2nd Reading: Hebrews 4:14-16. 5:7-9

Before the reading of the Passion:

Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory. Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory. Christ was humbler yet, even to accepting death on a cross. Christ was humbler yet; But God raised him high, but God raised him high, And gave him the name which is above all names. **Praise**

The Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ

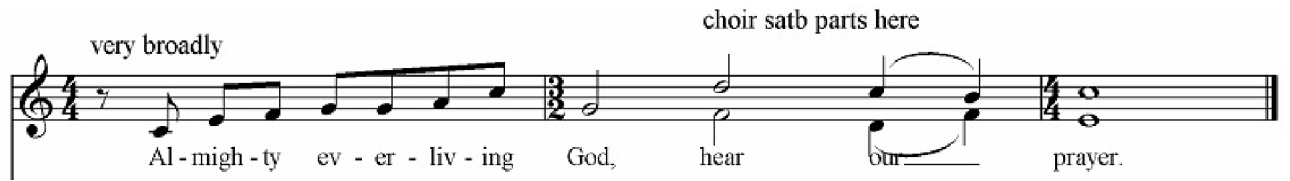
After the reading of the Passion we sing:

We sing the Saviour's glory, his triumph far and wide.

We tell the wondrous story how on a cross he died.

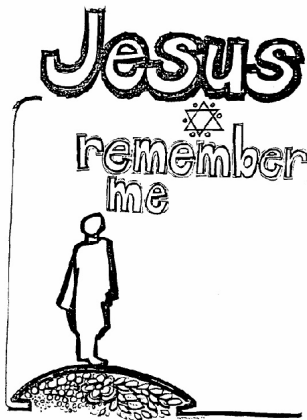
But God's great love and mercy shall every death embrace,
the cross becomes our glory, God's mighty throne of grace.

The General Intercessions



We pray for the needs of all God's people, and specifically for:
the Church;
the Pope;
the Faithful;
those preparing for baptism;
Christian Unity;
the Jewish people;
those who do not believe in Christ;
those who do not believe in God;
all who hold public office.

The Veneration of the Cross



This is the wood of the cross
on which hung the saviour of the world:
Come, let us adore. Come, let us adore.

As the veneration begins we sing:
**Jesus, remember me, when you come into
your kingdom.
Jesus, remember me, when you come into
your kingdom**

From Psalm 42



verse 1 My God, my strength, de - fend my cause: save me from the hands of the wick - ed.

My God, my strength, defend my cause: save me from the hands of the wicked.

Defend me, O God, and plead my cause against a godless nation:

My God, my strength, defend my cause.

From a deceitful and cunning people rescue me, O God.

save me from the hands of the wicked.

Since you, O God, are my stronghold, why have you rejected me?

My God, my strength, defend my cause.

Why do I go mourning, oppressed by the foe?

save me from the hands of the wicked.

O send forth your light and your truth. Let these be my guide.

My God, my strength, defend my cause.

Let them bring me to the holy mountain, to the place where you dwell.

save me from the hands of the wicked.

My God, my strength, defend my cause: save me from the hands of the wicked.

Hymn

God of mercy and compassion, look with pity upon me
Father let me call Thee Father 'tis this child returns to Thee
Jesus Lord, I ask for mercy, let me not implore in vain
All my sins I now detest them, never will I sin again.

See our Savior bleeding, dying, on the cross of Calvary
To that cross my sins have nailed Him, yet He bleeds and dies for me.
Jesus Lord, I ask for mercy, let me not implore in vain
All my sins I now detest them, never will I sin again.

choir

On the cross lifted thy face I scan, bearing that cross for me, Son of Man.
Thorns form thy diadem, rough wood thy throne, for us thy blood is shed, us alone.

No pillow under thee to rest thy head, only the splintered cross is thy bed, nails
pierce thy hands and feet, thy side the spear, no-one to comfort thee, Jesus dear.

hymn

O Sacred Head, sore wounded, with grief and shame weighed down!
O kingly head, surrounded with thorns, thine only crown.
How pale art thou with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish which once was bright as morn.

What language shall I borrow to praise thee heavenly friend,
for this thy dying sorrow, thy piety without end?
O make me thine forever, and should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

Communion

Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast;
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest;
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,
wash me with water flowing from thy side.

Strength and protection may thy Passion be;
O Blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;
deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;
so shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign;
in death's dread moments make me only thine;
call me and bid me come to thee on high,
when I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.

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