

Music for meditation: The Holy Ground
Words and Music Traditional

Farewell, my lovely Johnny,
A thousand times adieu.
You are going away from the Holy Ground
And the ones that you love true.
You'll sail the salt seas over
And then return for shore
To see again the one you love
And the Holy Ground once more.
You're on the salt sea sailing
And I am safe behind
Fond letters I will write to you
With the secrets of my mind,
The secrets of my mind, my love,
You're the one that I adore,
And still I live in hope you'll see
The Holy Ground once more.

I see the storm come round thee
And it's coming quick and soon;
The nights are dark and cloudy
You can scarcely see the moon,
The secrets of my mind, my love,
You're the one that I adore,
But still I live in hope to see
the Holy Ground once more.

But now the storms are over
And you are safe and well.
We will go into a public house
And we'll sit and drink our fill.
We will drink strong ale and porter
And we'll make the rafters roar,
And when our money it is all spent
We will go to sea no more.
You're the one that I adore,
And still I live in hope you'll see
The Holy Ground once more.

General Intercessions ABP 190 (adapted)

Hymn: My song is lover unknown A&M 63

Solemn Adoration of the Christ Crucified
Lord, by your holy cross you have redeemed
the world

We adore you, Christ, and we bless you.

Those who wish are invited to come forward
During the solemn Adoration the following will be sung

Choir: The Reproaches APB p.194

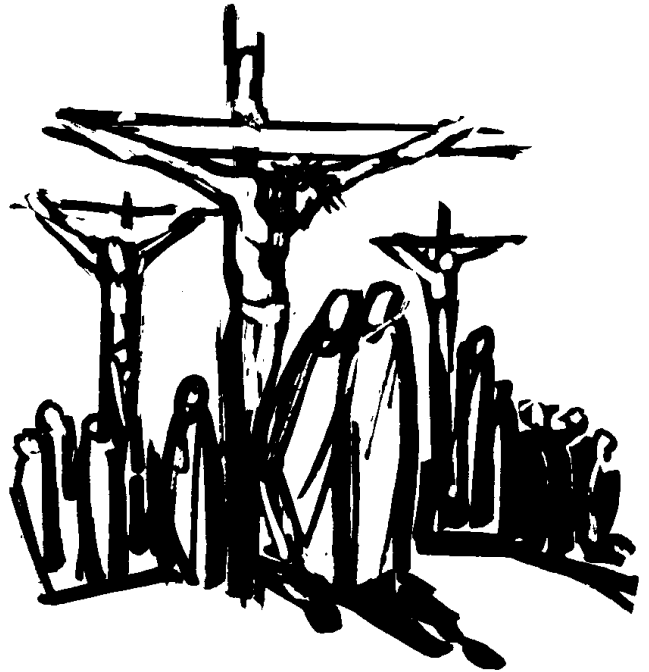
Hymn: Sing my tongue the glorious battle
APB p.197

Concluding Prayers APB p.199

Hymn: Praise to the Holiest A&M 117

*The Retiring Collection is to be added to the
Lenten Offering and given to the Rector's
discretionary fund to assist those in need.*

**ST PAUL'S RONDEBOSCH
GOOD FRIDAY
CELEBRATION OF THE LORD'S
PASSION & DEVOTIONS ON
LAMENTS
GOOD FRIDAY 10th APRIL 2009**



Order of Service

(page 188 and following. APB1989)

The Gathering Prayer

The procession enters, congregation standing.
All kneel while the priest prostrates himself.
After a silence, the priest prays alone the collect pg188

Greeting and Introduction

Hymn: There is a green hill A&M 137

Reading: Isaiah 52:13-53:12

Psalm sung by Choir: Ps 31 APB189

Reading: Hebrews 4:14-5:10

The Passion according to John

This is sung by the choir and may be followed in the pew
bible from page 880. The reading is followed with silence

Introductory Address:

A Lament for Good Friday

Choir Anthem: *Solus ad victimam*

Music: Kenneth Leighton (1929-88)

Words: Peter Abelard (1079-1142), trans. Helen Waddell

Alone to sacrifice thou goest, Lord, giving thyself to Death
whom thou hast slain. For us thy wretched folk is any
word? Who know that for our sins this is thy pain?

For they are ours, O Lord, our deeds, our deeds. Why
must thou suffer torture for our sin? Let our hearts suffer
in thy Passion, Lord, that very suffering may thy mercy
win.

This is the night of tears, the three days' space, sorrow
abiding of the eventide, Until the day break with the risen
Christ, and hearts that sorrowed shall be satisfied.

So may our hearts share in thine anguish, Lord, that they
may sharers of thy glory be; Heavy with weeping may the
three days pass, to win the laughter of thine Easter Day.

Lament I: My God! My God! Why...?

Music for meditation:

Words and music Billy Joel

In every heart there is a room
A sanctuary safe and strong
To heal the wounds from lovers past
Until a new one comes along

I spoke to you in cautious tones
You answered me with no pretence
And still I feel I said too much
My silence is my self defence

And every time I've held a rose
It seems I only felt the thorns
And so it goes, and so it goes
And so will you soon I suppose

But if my silence made you leave
Then that would be my worst mistake
So I will share this room with you
And you can have this heart to break

And this is why my eyes are closed
It's just as well for all I've seen
And so it goes, and so it goes
And you're the only one who knows

So I would choose to be with you
That's if the choice were mine to make
But you can make decisions too
And you can have this heart to break

And so it goes, and so it goes
And you're the only one who knows

Meditation: From the depths of my solitude
by Michel Quoist

Hymn: When I survey A&M 67

Choir: Carol See Christ was wounded

Music: *Felinfoel* Michael Downey (b1942)

Words: Brian Foley

See, Christ was wounded for our sake,
and bruised and beaten for our sin;
so by his sufferings we are healed,
for God has laid our guilt on him.

Look on his face, come close to him
See, you will find no beauty there;
despised, rejected, who can tell
the grief and sorrow he must bear?

Like sheep that stray, we leave God's path
to choose our own and not his will;
like sheep to slaughter he has gone,
obedient to his Father's will.

Cast out to die by those he loved,
Reviled by those he died to save,
See how sin's pride has sought his death,
See how sin's hate has made his grave.

For on his shoulders God has laid
the weight of sin that we should bear;
so by his passion we have peace,
through his obedience and his prayer

Lament II: 'Woman behold...'

Music for meditation: On Children

Music: Not the Midnight Mass

Words Kahlil Gibran

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for
itself.

They come through you but are not from you,
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
They have their own thoughts.

You can house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the place of tomorrow,
which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them,
but cannot to make them just like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

**Meditation: She said to him: I'll be with you,
my child.'** by Marcel Quoist

Hymn: It is a thing A&M 70

Lament III: I am thirst

Music for meditation: Let the River Run
Words and Music Carly Simon

*Let the river run,
Let all the dreamers
Wake the nation.
Come, the New Jerusalem.*

Silver cities rise,
The morning lights
The streets that meet them,
And sirens call them on
With a song.

It's asking for the taking.
Trembling, shaking.
Oh, my heart is aching.

We're coming to the edge,
Running through the water,
Coming through the fog,
Your sons and daughters.

We the great and small
Stand on a star
And blaze a trail of desire
Through the dark'ning dawn.

It's asking for the taking.
Come run with me now,
The sky is the colour of blue
You've never even seen
In the eyes of your lover.

Oh, my heart is aching.
We're coming to the edge,
Running through the water,
Coming through the fog,
Your sons and daughters.

Silence and Prayer: by Max Lucado

Hymn: The Servant King

From Heaven you came helpless babe,
Entered our world, Your glory veiled;
Not to be served But to serve,
And give Your life That we might live.
*This is our God, The Servant King,
He calls us now, to follow Him,
To bring our lives as a daily offering
Of worship to The Servant King.*

There in the garden Of tears,
My heavy load He chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow Was torn,
'Yet not My will But Yours,' He said.

Come see His hands And His feet,
The scars that speak Of sacrifice;
Hands that flung stars Into space
To cruel nails Surrendered.

So let us learn How to serve,
And in our lives Enthroned Him;
Each other's needs To prefer,
For it is Christ We're serving.

Lament IV: Finished... Lament in real life