

# ST. JOHN ON THE MOUNTAIN

## THE SOLEMN LITURGY FOR GOOD FRIDAY

APRIL 2, 2021



### THE LITURGY FOR GOOD FRIDAY

HYMN 172

*Were You There*

1 Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you  
2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Were you  
\*3 Were you there when they pierced him in the side? Were you  
4 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you

there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Oh!  
there when they nailed him to the tree? Oh!  
there when they pierced him in the side? Oh!  
there when they laid him in the tomb? Oh!

Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,  
Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,  
Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,  
Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,

trem-ble. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?  
trem-ble. Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
trem-ble. Were you there when they pierced him in the side?  
trem-ble. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

## OPENING ACCLAMATION

*Presider:* Blessed be our God,

*Assembly:* For ever and ever. Amen.

*Presider:* Let us pray.

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.*

PSALM 22: 1-11

*sung by the choir*

- 1 **M**y God, my God, why have you forsaken me? \*  
and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?
- 2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer; \*  
by night as well, but I find no rest.
- 3 Yet you are the Holy One, \*  
enthroned upon the praises of Israel.
- 4 Our forefathers put their trust in you; \*  
they trusted, and you delivered them.
- 5 They cried out to you and were delivered; \*  
they trusted in you and were not put to shame.
- 6 But as for me, I am a worm and no man, \*  
scorned by all and despised by the people.
- 7 All who see me laugh me to scorn; \*  
they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,
- 8 "He trusted in the Lord; let him deliver him; \*  
let him rescue him, if he delights in him."
- 9 Yet you are he who took me out of the womb, \*  
and kept me safe upon my mother's breast.
- 10 I have been entrusted to you ever since I was born; \*  
you were my God when I was still in my mother's womb.
- 11 Be not far from me, for trouble is near, \*  
and there is none to help.

# THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST ACCORDING TO MARK

ANTHEM Crown of Roses

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

## THE SOLEMN COLLECTS

### REPROACHES

*sung by the Choir*

setting: Thomas Luis de Victoria

O my people, what have I done to thee?  
Or how have I offended you?  
Answer me.

Because I led thee out of the land of Egypt:  
thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Saviour.

Hagios o Theos.  
Sanctus Deus.  
Hagios Ischyros.  
Sanctus fortis.  
Hagios Athanatos, eleison himas.  
Sanctus immortalis, miserere nobis.

Because I led thee through the desert for forty years:  
and fed thee with manna, and brought thee into a land exceeding good:  
thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Saviour.

O my people, what have I done to thee?  
Or how have I offended you?  
Answer me.

## CLOSING PRAYER

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*

## HYMN 168

*Herzlich tut mich*

1 O sa - cred head, sore wound - ed, de - filed and put to scorn;  
2 Thy beau - ty, long - de - sir - ed, hath va - nished from our sight;  
3 In thy most bit - ter pas - sion my heart to share doth cry,  
\*4 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,  
\*5 My days are few, O fail not, with thine im - mor - tal power,

1 O king - ly head, sur - round - ed with mock - ing crown of thorn:  
2 thy power is all ex - pir - ed, and quenched the light of light.  
3 with thee for my sal - va - tion up - on the cross to die.  
4 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pi - ty with - out end?  
5 to hold me that I quail not in death's most fear - ful hour;

1 what sor - row mars thy gran - deur? Can death thy bloom de - flower?  
2 Ah me! for whom thou di - est, hide not so far thy grace:  
3 Ah, keep my heart thus mov - ed to stand thy cross be - neath,  
4 Oh, make me thine for - ev - er! and should I faint - ing be,  
5 that I may fight be - friend - ed, and see in my last strife

1 O coun - te - nance whose splen - dor the hosts of heaven a - dore!  
2 show me, O Love most high - est, the bright - ness of thy face.  
3 to mourn thee, well - be - lov - ed, yet thank thee for thy death.  
4 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, out - live my love for thee.  
5 to me thine arms ex - tend - ed up - on the cross of life.

Words: Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676); sts. 1-3 and 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 Hessler (1564-1612); adapt. and harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)



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