



Three Hours at the Cross

Preaching of the Passion

Good Friday
Friday 18th April 2025
12noon

Welcome to Lincoln Cathedral

*Any indications for sitting, kneeling or standing are given for guidance.
If you need to sit at any point during the service, please feel free to do so.
Toilets are available in the Cloisters.*

*Hymns will be sung at 20-minute intervals.
If you would like to leave and return during the service, please do so between these
hymns. Entry and exit for this service is via the Galilee Porch.*

12noon

Please stand.

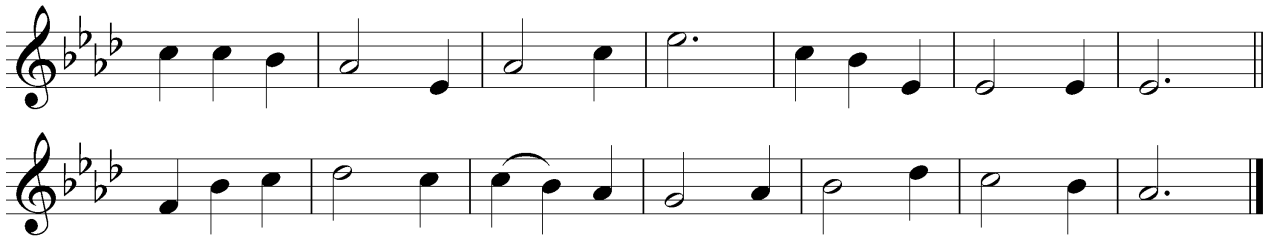
OPENING PRAYER

Officiant Let us pray.

The officiant offers the prayer, to which all respond

All **Amen.**

HYMN



**Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise,
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.**

**O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight
and to the rescue came.**

**O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive and should prevail;**

And that a higher gift than grace
should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
and essence all-divine.

O generous love! That he who smote
in Man for man the foe,
the double agony in Man
for man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
and on the cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and inspire
to suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise,
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

Words: John Henry Newman (1801-90)

Music: J. B. Dykes (1823-76)

(NEH 439)

FIRST ADDRESS

The Pattern of Christ

PRAYERS

Officiant We adore thee, O Christ and we bless thee.

All **Because by thy holy Cross thou hast redeemed the world.**

Officiant Let us pray.

The officiant offers the prayer, to which all respond

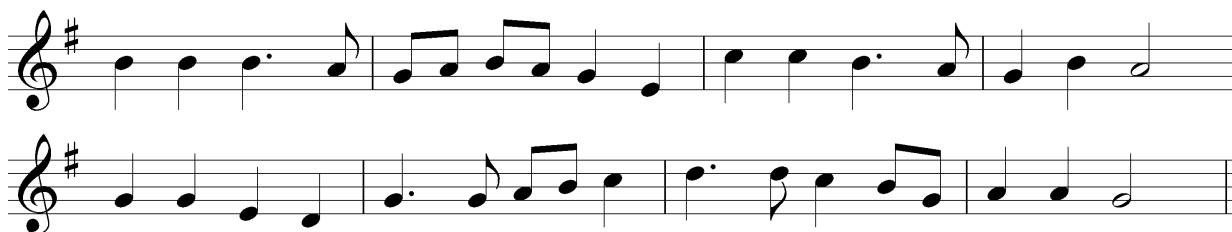
All **Amen.**

Sit

12.20pm

HYMN

Please stand to sing



Father, hear the prayer we offer:
not for ease that prayer shall be,
but for strength that we may ever
live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
do we ask our way to be;
but the steep and rugged pathway
may we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
would we idly rest and stay;
but would smite the living fountains
from the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
in our wanderings be our guide;
through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side.

Words: Maria Willis (1824-1908)

*Music: traditional English melody, adapted by R. V. Williams (1872-1958)
(NEH 357)*

SECOND ADDRESS

Water and Baptism

PRAYERS

Officiant I saw water flowing from the threshold of the temple.

All **Wherever the river flows everything will spring to life.**

Officiant Let us pray.

The officiant offers the prayer, to which all respond

All **Blessed be God for ever.**

Sit

12.40pm

HYMN

Please stand to sing



I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'come unto me and rest;
lay down, thou weary one, lay down
thy head upon my breast:'
I came to Jesus as I was,
so weary, worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
and he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'behold, I freely give
the living water, thirsty one;
stoop down and drink and live:'
I came to Jesus, and I drank
of that life-giving stream;
my thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
and now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's light;
look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
and all thy day be bright:'
I looked to Jesus, and I found
in him my star, my sun;
and in that light of life I'll walk
till travelling days are done.

Words: Horatio Bonar (1808-89)

Music: traditional English melody, adapted by R.V. Williams (1872-1958)

(NEH 376)

THIRD ADDRESS

Water and Christ as the Living Water

PRAYERS

Officiant Wherever the river flows everything will spring to life.

All **For the river of the water of life
flows from the throne of God and of the Lamb.**

Officiant Let us pray.

The officiant offers the prayer, to which all respond

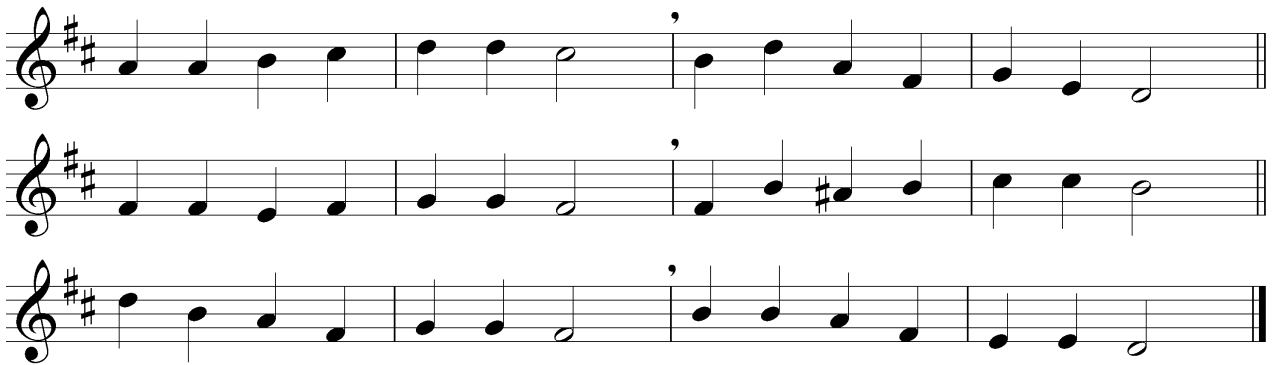
All **Amen.**

Sit

1pm

HYMN

Please stand to sing



**Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
triumph o'er the shades of night;
dayspring from on high, be near;
daystar, in my heart appear.**

**Dark and cheerless is the morn
unaccompanied by thee;
joyless is the day's return,
till thy mercy's beams I see;
till they inward light impart,
glad my eyes, and warm my heart.**

Visit then this soul of mine,
pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
fill me, radiance divine,
scatter all my unbelief;
more and more thyself display,
shining to the perfect day.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-88)

*Music: from J G Werner's Choralbuch (Leipzig, 1815)
(NEH 234ii)*

FOURTH ADDRESS Awakening, Illumination and Transfiguration

PRAYERS

Officiant From all blindness of heart.

All **Good Lord, deliver us.**

Officiant Let us pray.

The officiant offers the prayer, to which all respond

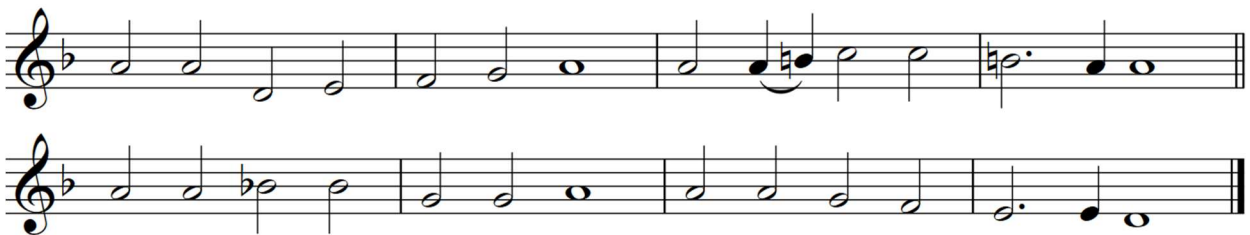
All **Amen.**

Sit

1.20pm

HYMN

Please stand to sing



Forty days and forty nights
thou wast fasting in the wild,
forty days and forty nights
tempted and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day,
chilly dewdrops nightly shed,
prowling beasts about thy way,
stones thy pillow, earth thy bed.



Let us thine endurance share,
and awhile from joys abstain,
with thee watching unto prayer,
strong with thee to suffer pain.

And if Satan, vexing sore,
flesh or spirit should assail,
thou, his vanquisher before,
grant we may not faint nor fail.

So shall we have peace divine,
holier gladness ours shall be,
round us too shall angels shine,
such as ministered to thee.

Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
ever constant by thy side,
that with thee we may appear
at the eternal Eastertide.

Words: G.H. Smyttan (1822-70) and Francis Pott (1832-1909)

Music: Nurnburgisches Gesangbuch (1676)

(NEH 67)

FIFTH ADDRESS

Bread - not everything nourishes us:
The Temptations of Christ

PRAYERS

Officiant By thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation.

All **Good Lord, deliver us.**

Officiant Let us pray.

The officiant offers the prayer, to which all respond

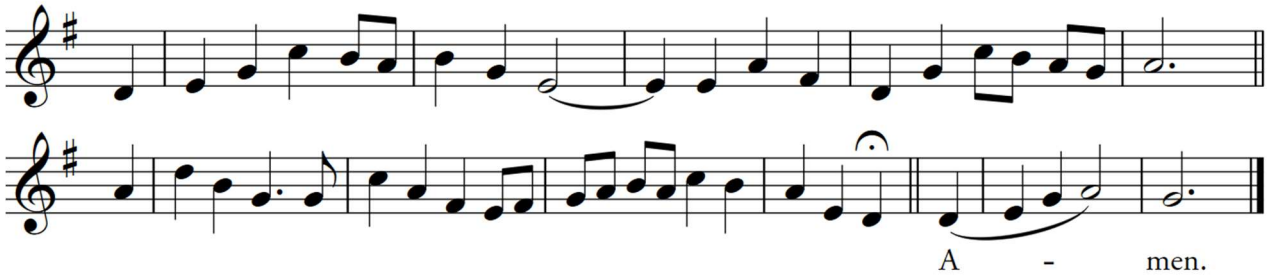
All **Amen.**

Sit

1.40pm

HYMN

Please stand to sing



The royal banners forward go,
the Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
life's torrent rushing from his side,
to wash us in that precious flood,
where mingled water flowed, and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
in true prophetic song of old,
the universal Lord is he,
who reigns and triumphs from the tree.

O Tree of beauty, Tree of light,
O Tree with royal purple dight,
elect on whose triumphal breast
those holy limbs should find their rest!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
the weight of this world's ransom hung,
the price of humankind to pay
and spoil the spoiler of his prey.

O Cross, our one reliance, hail!
So may thy power with us prevail
to give new virtue to the saint,
and pardon to the penitent.

To thee, eternal Three in One,
let homage meet by all be done:
whom by thy Cross thou dost restore,
preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

Words: Venantius Fortunatus (530-609)

Music: Percy Buck (1871-1947)

(NEH 79 t:128ii)

SIXTH ADDRESS

Christ the Bread of Life broken for us

PRAYERS

Officiant Your people eat the bread of angels.

All **You give them bread from heaven.**

Officiant Let us pray.

The officiant offers the prayer, to which all respond

All **Amen.**

Sit

2pm

HYMN

Please stand to sing



**At the Cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to Jesus at the last.
Through her soul, of joy bereavèd,
bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
now at length the sword hath passed.**

**O, that blessèd one, grief-laden,
blessèd Mother, blessèd Maiden,
Mother of the all-holy One;
O that silent, ceaseless mourning,
O those dim eyes, never turning
from that wondrous, suffering Son.**

**Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
in her trouble so amazing,
born of woman, would not weep?
Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
such a cup of sorrow drinking,
would not share her sorrow deep?**

**For his people's sins, in anguish,
there she saw the victim languish,
bleed in torments, bleed and die:
saw the Lord's anointed taken;
saw her Child in death forsaken,
heard his last expiring cry.**

**In the Passion of my Maker,
be my sinful soul partaker,
may I bear with her my part;
of his Passion bear the token,
in a spirit bowed and broken
bear his death within my heart.**

**May his wounds both wound and heal me,
he enkindle, cleanse, anneal me,
be his Cross my hope and stay.
may he, when the mountains quiver,
from that flame which burns for ever
shield me on the judgement day.**

**Jesu, may thy Cross defend me,
and thy saving death befriend me,
cherished by thy deathless grace;
when to dust my dust returneth,
grant a soul that to thee yearneth
in thy Paradise a place.**

*Words: Latin, 13th century translated by various
Music: Mainzitch Gesangbuch (1661)
adapted by S. Webbe in Church Plainchant (1782)
(NEH 97)*

SEVENTH ADDRESS

The Mother of Christ –

A sword shall pierce your own soul too

PRAYERS

Officiant O Loving Mother of the Redeemer.

All **You brought forth the wonder of all nature
your own holy creator.**

Officiant Let us pray.

The officiant offers the prayer, to which all respond

All **Amen.**

Sit

2.20pm

HYMN

Please stand to sing



**Glory be to Jesus,
who, in bitter pains,
poured for me the life-blood
from his sacred veins.**

**Grace and life eternal
in that Blood I find;
blest be his compassion,
infinitely kind.**

**Blest through endless ages
be the precious stream,
which from endless torment
doth the world redeem.**

**Abel's blood for vengeance
pleaded to the skies;
but the Blood of Jesus
for our pardon cries.**

Oft as it is sprinkled
on our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting
wafts its praise on high,
hell with terror trembles,
heaven is filled with joy.

Lift ye then your voices;
swell the mighty flood;
louder still and louder
praise the precious Blood.

Words: Italian, translated by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

Music: F. Filitz (1804-1876)

(NEH 83)

EIGHTH ADDRESS Blood and Wine – Do whatever he tells you

PRAYERS

Officiant We adore thee, O Christ and we bless thee.

All **Because by thy holy Cross thou hast redeemed the world.**

Officiant Let us pray.

The officiant offers the prayer, to which all respond

All **Amen.**

Sit

2.40pm

HYMN

Please stand to sing



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.

Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-1683)

Music: John Ireland (1879-1962)

(NEH 86)

NINTH ADDRESS Blood, water and those who lose their life

PRAYERS

Officiant We adore thee, O Christ and we bless thee.

All **Because by thy holy Cross thou hast redeemed the world.**

Officiant The glorious Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ,

All **bring us to the joys of Paradise.**

Officiant Let us pray.

The officiant offers the prayer, to which all respond

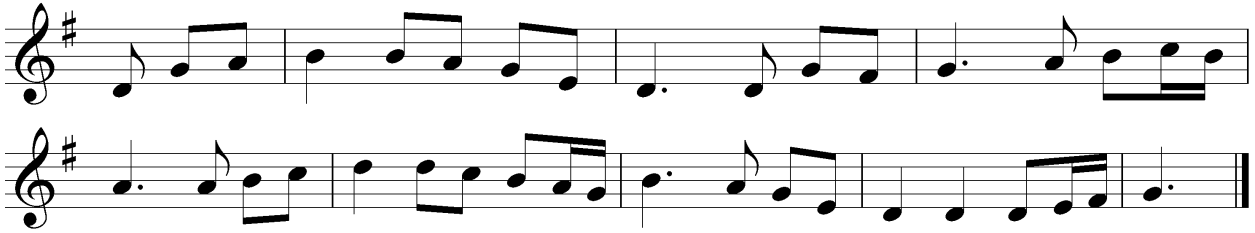
All **Amen.**

Sit

2.55pm

HYMN

Please stand to sing



**When I survey the wondrous Cross,
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.**

**Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the death of Christ my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.**

**See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?**

**His dying crimson like a robe,
spreads o'er his body on the Tree;
then am I dead to all the globe,
and all the globe is dead to me.**

**Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.**

Words: Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

*Music: Somerset folk song collected by Cecil Sharp (1859-1924) arranged by A.H.
(NEH 95 t:423ii)*

*All depart in **silence**.*

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