



GOOD FRIDAY

The Hour of Reading and Mornign Prayer at 9.30pm

Making little cross upon the mouth

Priest (P): Lord, open our lips.

Congregation (C): And we shall praise your name.

Italic: second choir

INVITATORY PSALM

PSALM 94 (95)

ANTIPHON: Christ, the Son of God, redeemed us with his blood. Come, let us adore him. (C)

Come, ríng out our jóy to the Lórd; *
háil the Gód who sáves us.
Let us cóme before him, gíving thánks, *
with sóngs let us háil the Lórd. **ANT**

A míghty Gód is the Lórd, *
a gréat king abóve all góds.
In his hánd are the dépths of the éarth; *
the héights of the móuntains are hís.
To hím belongs the séa, for he máde it *
and the drý land sháped by his hánds. **ANT**

Come ín; let us bów and bend lów; *
let us knéel before the Gód who máde us:
for hé is our Gód and wé †
the péople who belóng to his pásture, *
the flóck that is léd by his hánd. **ANT**

O that todáy you would lísten to his vóice! †
'Hárden not your héarts as at Meríbah, *
as on that dáy at Mássah in the désert
when your fáthers pút me to the tést; *
when they tríed me, thóugh they saw my
wórk. **ANT**

For forty yéars I was wéaried of these péople †
and I sáid: "Their héarts are astráy, *
these péople do not knów my wáys."
Thén I took an óath in my ánger: *
"Néver shall they énter my rést." **ANT**

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen. **ANT**

HOUR OF READINGS

HYMN (P+C)

Gall he drinks, his strength subduing,
Reed and thorn and nail and spear
Plot his gentle frame's undoing,
Blood and water thence appear,
With their cleansing tide renewing
Earth and sea and starry sphere.

Hail, true cross, of beauty rarest,
King of all the forest trees,
Leaf and flower and fruit thou bearest
Medicine for a world's disease.
Fairest wood and iron fairest –
Yet more fair who hung on these.

Bend thy branches down to meet him,
Bend that stubborn heart of thine,
Let thy native force to greet him,
All its ruggedness resign.
Gently let thy wood entreat him,
Royal sufferer, and divine.

Victim of our race, he deigned
On thy arms to lay his head,
Thou the ark, whose refuge gained,
Sinful man no more may dread.
Ark, whose planks are deeply stained,
With the blood the Lamb hath shed.

Honour, glory, might and merit
To the eternal Trinity,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Throned in heaven co-equally.
All that doth the world inherit,
Praise one God in Persons three.

PSALM 2

(P)They arise, the kings of the earth;**(C)** princes
plot against the Lord and his anointed.

Whý this túmolt among nátions, *
among péoples this úseless múrmuring?
They aríse, the kíngs of the éarth, *

princes plót against the Lórd and his Anóinted.

'Cóme, let us bréak their fétters, *
cóme, let us cást off their yóke.'

*He who síts in the héavens láughs; *
the Lórd is láughing them to scórn.*

*Thén he will spéak in his ánger, *
his ráge will stríke them with térror.*

*'It is Í who have sét up my kíng *
on Síon, my hóly móuntain.'*

I will annóunce the decrée of the Lórd: †
The Lórd said to me: 'Yóu are my Són. *
It is Í who have begóttén you this dáy.
Ásk and I shall bequéath you the nátions, *
put the énds of the éarth in your posséssion.
With a ród of íron you will bréak them, *
shátter them like a pótter's jár.'

*Nów, O kíngs, understánd, *
take wárning, rúlers of the éarth;
sérve the Lórd with áwe *
and trémbling, páy him your hómage
lést he be ángry and you pérish; *
for súddenly his ánger will bláze.*

Blessed are théy who put their trúst in Gód.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,

as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

(P+C) They arise, the kings of the earth; princes plot against the Lord and his anointed.

PSALM 21 (22)

(P) They divided my clothing among them.

(C) They cast lots for my robe.

My Gód, my Gód, why have you forsáken me? *
You are fár from my pleá and the crý of my distréss.

O my Gód, I call by dáy and you gíve no replý; *
I cáll by níght and I fínd no péace.

*Yet yóu, O Gód, are hóly, *
enthronéd on the práises of Ísrael.
In yóu our fáthers put their trúst; *
they trústed and you sét them frée.
When they críed to yóu, they escáped. *
In you they trústed and néver in váin.*

But Í am a wórm and no mán, *
scorned by mén, despísed by the péople.
Áll who sée me deríde me. *
They curl their líps, they tóss their héads.
'He trústed in the Lórd, let him sáve him; *
let him reléase him if thís is his fríend.'

*Yes, it was yóu who tóok me from the wómb, *
entrústed me to my móther's bréast.
To yóu I was commítted from my bírth, *
from my móther's womb yóu have been my Gód.
Do not léave me alóne in my distréss; *
come clóse, there is nóne else to hélp.*

Mány búlls have surróunded me, *
fierce búlls of Báshan close me ín.
Agáinst me they ópen wide their jáws, *
like líons, rénding and róaring.

*Like wáter Í am poured óut, *
disjóinted are áll my bónes.
My héart has becóme like wáx, *
it is mélted withín my bréast.
Párchéd as burnt cláy is my thróat, *
my tóngue cléaves to my jáws.*

Mány dógs have surróunded me, *
a bánd of the wícked besét me.
They tear hóles in my hánds and my féet *
and láy me in the dúst of déath.

*I can cóunt every óne of my bónes. *
Thése péople stáre at me and glóat;
they dívide my clóthing amóng them. *
They cást lóts for my róbe.*

O Lórd, do not léave me alóne, *
my stréngth, make háste to hélp me!
Réscue my sóul from the swórd, *
my lífe from the gríp of these dógs.
Save my lífe from the jáws of these líons, *
my poor sóul from the hórns of these óxen.

*I will téll of your náme to my bréthren *
and práise you where théy are assémbled.
'You who féar the Lórd give him práise; †
all sóns of Jácob, give him glóry. *
Revére him, Ísrael's sóns.*

*'For hé has néver despised *
nor scórned the póverty of the póor.
From hím he has not hídden his fáce, *
but he héard the póor man when he críed.'*

*Yóu are my práise in the gréat assémbly. *
My vóws I will páy before thóse who féar him.
The póor shall éat and shall háve their fill. †
They shall práise the Lórd, thóse who séek him. *
May their héarts líve for éver and éver!*

*All the éarth shall remémber and retúrn to the
Lórd, †
all fámilies of the nátions wórship befóre
him; *
for the kíngdom is the Lórd's, he is rúler of
the nátions.
They shall wórship him, áll the míghty of the
éarth; *
befóre him shall bów all who go dówn to the
dúst.*

*And my sóul shall live for hím, my children sérve
him. *
They shall téll of the Lórd to generátions yet
to cóme,
decláre his fáithfulness to péoples yet unbórn: *
'Thése things the Lórd has dóne.'*

*Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the
Holy Spirit,

as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.*

(P+C) They divided my clothing among them.
They cast lots for my robe.

PSALM 37 (38)

(P) Those who sought my life **(C)** used violence
against me.

*O Lórd, do not rebúke me in your ánger; *
do not púnish me, Lórd, in your ráge.
Your árrows have sunk déep in mé; *
your hánd has come dówn upón me.
Through your ánger all my bódý is síck: *
through my sín, there is no héalth in my límbs.*

*My gúilt towers hígher than my héad; *
it is a wéight too héavy to béar.
My wóunds are fól and féstering, *
the resúlt of my ówn fólly.
I am bówed and bróught to my knées. *
I go móurning áll the day lóng.*

*All my fráme búrns with féver; *
áll my bódý is síck.
Spént and útterly crúshed, *
I cry alóud in ánguish of héart.*

*O Lórd, you knów all my lónging: *
my gróans are not hídden from yóu.
My heart thróbs, my stréngth is spént; *
the very líght has góne from my éyes.*

*My fríends avóid me like a léper; *
those clósest to me stánd afar óff.
Those who plót against my lífe lay snáres; †
those who séek my rúin speak of hárm, *
planning tréachery áll the day lóng.*

*But Í am like the déaf who cannot héar, *
like the dúmb unáble to spéak.
Í am like a mán who hears nóthing *
in whose móuth is nó defénce.*

*I cóunt on yóu, O Lórd: *
it is yóu, Lord Gód, who will ánsver.
I práy: 'Do not lét them móck me, *
those who tríumph if my fóot should slíp.'*

*For Í am on the póint of fálling *
and my páin is álways befóre me.
I conféss that Í am gúilty *
and my sín fills me with dismáý.*

*My wánton énemies are númerless *
and my líng fóes are mány.
They repáy me évil for góod *
and attáck me for séeking what is ríght.*

*O Lórd, dó not forsáke me! **
My Gód, do not stáy afar óff!
*Make háste and cóme to my hélp, **
O Lórd, my Gód, my sáviour!

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,

*as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.*

(P+C) Those who sought my life used violence
against me.

(P) False witnesses have risen against me,
(C) And falsehood has deceived itself.

FIRST READING

HEBREWS 9:11-28

Now Christ has come, as the high priest of all the blessings which were to come. He has passed through the greater, the more perfect tent, which is better than the one made by men's hands because it is not of this created order; and he has entered the sanctuary once and for all, taking with him not the blood of goats and bull calves, but his own blood, having won an eternal redemption for us. The blood of goats and bulls and the ashes of a heifer are sprinkled on those who have incurred defilement and they restore the holiness of their outward lives; how much more effectively the blood of Christ, who offered himself as the perfect sacrifice to God through the eternal Spirit, can purify our inner self from dead actions so that we do our service to the living God.

He brings a new covenant, as the mediator, only so that the people who were called to an eternal inheritance may actually receive what was promised: his death took place to cancel the sins that infringed the earlier covenant. Now wherever a will is in question, the death of the testator must be established; indeed, it only becomes valid with that death, since it is not meant to have any effect while the testator is still alive. That explains why even the earlier covenant needed something to be killed in order to take effect, and why, after Moses had announced all the commandments of the Law to

the people, he took the calves' blood, the goats' blood and some water, and with these he sprinkled the book itself and all the people, using scarlet wool and hyssop; saying as he did so: This is the blood of the covenant that God has laid down for you. After that, he sprinkled the tent and all the liturgical vessels with blood in the same way. In fact, according to the Law almost everything has to be purified with blood; and if there is no shedding of blood, there is no remission. Obviously, only the copies of heavenly things can be purified in this way, and the heavenly things themselves have to be purified by a higher sort of sacrifice than this. It is not as though Christ had entered a man-made sanctuary which was only modelled on the real one; but it was heaven itself, so that he could appear in the actual presence of God on our behalf. And he does not have to offer himself again and again, like the high priest going into the sanctuary year after year with the blood that is not his own, or else he would have had to suffer over and over again since the world began. Instead of that, he has made his appearance once and for all, now at the end of the last age, to do away with sin by sacrificing himself. Since men only die once, and after that comes judgement, so Christ, too, offers himself only once to take the faults of many on himself, and when he appears a second time, it will not be to deal with sin but to reward with salvation those who are waiting for him.

RESPONSORY

HEB 9:28; IS 53:11

(P) He was led out as a lamb that is led to the slaughterhouse; harshly dealt with, he never opened his mouth; he was given over to death,* so as to give life to his people.

(C) He surrendered himself to death and was ranked with sinners,* so as to give life to his people.

**SECOND READING. FROM THE
CATECHESSES BY SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, BISHOP**

If we wish to understand the power of Christ's blood, we should go back to the ancient account of its prefiguration in Egypt. "Sacrifice a lamb without blemish," commanded Moses, "and sprinkle its blood on your doors." If we were to ask him what he meant, and how the blood of an irrational beast could possibly save men endowed with reason, his answer would be that the saving power lies not in the blood itself, but in the fact that it is a sign of the Lord's blood. In those days, when the destroying angel saw the blood on the doors he did not dare to enter, so how much less will the devil approach now when he sees, not that figurative blood on the doors, but the true blood on the lips of believers, the doors of the temple of Christ.

If you desire further proof of the power of this blood, remember where it came from, how it ran down from the cross, flowing from the Master's side. The gospel records that when Christ was dead, but still hung on the cross, a soldier came and pierced his side with a lance and immediately there poured out water and blood. Now the water was a symbol of baptism and the blood, of the holy Eucharist. The soldier pierced the Lord's side, he breached the wall of the sacred temple, and I have found the treasure and made it my own. So also with the lamb: the Jews sacrificed the victim and I have been saved by it.

"There flowed from his side water and blood." Beloved, do not pass over this mystery without thought; it has yet another hidden meaning, which I will explain to you. I said that water and blood symbolised baptism and the holy Eucharist. From these two sacraments the Church is born: from baptism, "the cleansing water that gives rebirth and renewal through the Holy Spirit," and from the holy Eucharist. Since the symbols of baptism and the Eucharist flowed from his side, it was from his side that Christ fashioned the Church, as he had fashioned Eve from the side of Adam. Moses gives a hint of this when he tells the story of the first man and makes him exclaim: "Bone from my bones and flesh from my flesh!" As God then took a rib from Adam's side to fashion a woman, so Christ has

given us blood and water from his side to fashion the Church. God took the rib when Adam was in a deep sleep, and in the same way Christ gave us the blood and the water after his own death.

Do you understand, then, how Christ has united his bride to himself and what food he gives us all to eat? By one and the same food we are both brought into being and nourished. As a woman nourishes her child with her own blood and milk, so does Christ unceasingly nourish with his own blood those to whom he himself has given life.

RESPONSORY

(P) Your ransom was not paid in anything corruptible, neither in silver nor gold, but in the precious blood of Christ, a lamb without blemish.* Through him we all have access to the Father in the one Spirit.

(C) The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, purifies us from all sin.* Through him we all have access to the Father in the one Spirit.

MORNING PRAYER

PSALM 50 (51)

(P) God did not spare his own Son, **(C)** but gave him up for us all.

Have mércy on me, Gód, in your kíndness. *

In your compásson blot óut my offénce.
O wásh me more and móre from my gúilt *
and cléanse me fróm my sín.

*My offénces trúly I knów them; *
my sín is álways befóre me.*

*Against yóu, you alóne, have I sinned; *
what is évil in your síght I have dóne.*

That you may be jústified whén you give séntence *

and be withóut repróach when you júdge,
O sée, in gúilt I was bórn, *
a sínner was Í concéived.

*Indéed you love trúth in the héart; *
then in the sécret of my héart teach me
wísdóm.*

*O púrfy me, thén I shall be cléan; *
O wásh me, I shall be whíter than snów.*

Make me héar rejóicing and gládness, *
that the bónes you have crúshed may revíve.
From my síns turn awáy your fáce *
and blót out áll my gúilt.

*A púre heart créate for me, O Gód, *
put a stéadfast spírit withín me.
Do not cást me awáy from your présence, *
nor depríve me of your hólý spírit.*

Give me agáin the jóy of your hélp; *
with a spírit of férvour sustáin me,
that I may téach transgréssors your wáys *
and sínners may retúrn to yóu.

*O réscue me, Gód, my hélper, *
and my tóngue shall ríng out your góodness.
O Lórd, ópen my líps *
and my móuth shall decláre your práise.*

For in sácrifice you táke no delíght, *
burnt óffering from mé you would refúse,
my sácrifice, a cóntrite spírit. *
A húbmed, contrite héart you will not spúrn.

*In your góodness, show fávour to Síon: *
rebúild the wálls of Jerúsalem.
Thén you will be pléased with lawful sácrifice, *
hólocausts óffered on your áltar.*

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,

*as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.*

(P+C) God did not spare his own Son, but gave
him up for us all.

CANTICLE

HABAKKUK 3

(P) Jesus Christ showed his love for us **(C)** and
freed us from our sins with his life's blood.

Lord, I have heard of your fame, *
I stand in awe at your deeds.
Do them again in our days, †
in our days make them known! *
In spite of your anger, have compassion.

*God comes forth from Teman, *
the Holy One comes from Mount Paran.
His splendour covers the sky *
and his glory fills the earth.
His brilliance is like the light, †
rays flash from his hands; *
there his power is hidden.*

You march out to save your people, *
to save the one you have anointed.
You made a path for your horses in the sea, *
in the raging of the mighty waters.

*This I heard and I tremble with terror, *
my lips quiver at the sound.
Weakness invades my bones, *
my steps fail beneath me
yet I calmly wait for the doom *
that will fall upon the people who assail us.*

For even though the fig does not blossom, *
nor fruit grow on the vine,
even though the olive crop fail, *
and fields produce no harvest,
even though flocks vanish from the folds *
and stalls stand empty of cattle,

*Yet I will rejoice in the Lord *
and exult in God my saviour.
The Lord my God is my strength. †
He makes me leap like the deer, *
he guides me to the high places.*

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,

*as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.*

(P+C) Jesus Christ showed his love for us and freed us from our sins with his life's blood.

PSALM 147 (147B)

(P) We venerate your Cross, Lord; we praise and glorify your holy resurrection. **(C)** Because of the tree joy has come into the whole world.

O práise the Lórd, Jerúsalem! *
Síon, práise your Gód!

*He has stréngthened the bárs of your gátes *
he has bléssed the children withín you.
He estáblished péace on your bórders, *
he féeds you with fínest whéat.*

He sénds out his wórd to the éarth *
and swíftly rúns his commánd.
He shówers down snów white as wóol, *
he scátters hóar-frost like áshes.

*He húrls down háilstones like crúmbs. *
The wáters are frózen at his tóuch;
he sénds forth his wórd and it mélts them: *
at the bréath of his móuth the waters flów.*

He mákes his wórd known to Jácob, *
to Ísrael his láws and decrées.
He has not déalt thus with óther nátions; *
he has not táught them hís decrées.

*Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,*

as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

(P+C) We venerate your Cross, Lord; we praise and glorify your holy resurrection. Because of the tree joy has come into the whole world.

SHORT READING

ISAIAH 52:13-15

See, my servant will prosper, he shall be lifted up, exalted, rise to great heights. As the crowds were appalled on seeing him – so disfigured did he look that he seemed no longer human – so will the crowds be astonished at him, and kings

stand speechless before him; for they shall see something never told and witness something never heard before.

SHORT RESPONSORY

(P) Christ humbled himself for us and, in obedience, accepted death, **(C)** even death on a cross.

CANTICLE

BENEDICTUS

(P) Over his head was placed the charge against him: **(C)** 'This is Jesus, the Nazarene, the King of the Jews.'

(P+C) Bléssed be the Lórd, the Gód of Ísrael! *
He has vísited his péople and redéemed them.

He has raised úp for ús a mighty sáviour *
in the hóuse of Dávid his sérvant,
as he prómised by the líps of holy mén, *
thóse who were his próphets from of óld.

A sáviour who would frée us from our fóes, *
from the hánds of áll who háte us.
So his lóve for our fáthers is fulfilled *
and his hóly covenant remémbred.

He swóre to Ábraham our fáther to gránt us, *
that frée from féar, and sáved from the hánds
of our fóes,
we might sérve him in hóliness and jústice *
all the dáys of our lífe in his présence.

As for yóu, little chíld, *
you shall be cálled a próphét of Gód, the
Most Hígh.

You shall go ahéad of the Lórd *
to prépare his wáys befóre him,

To make knówn to his péople their salvátion *
through forgíveness of áll their síns,
the loving-kíndness of the héart of our Gód *
who vísits us like the dáwn from on hígh.

He will give líght to those in dárkness, †
those who dwéll in the shádw of déath, *
and gúide us into the wáy of péace.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.

(P+C) Over his head was placed the charge
against him: 'This is Jesus, the Nazarene, the King
of the Jews.'

PRAYERS AND INTERCESSIONS

(P) Let us pray to our Redeemer, who suffered
for us, was buried, and rose from the dead.

(C) – Lord, have mercy on us.

(P) Lord and master, for us you became
obedient even to death;
keep us faithful to God's will in the darkness
of our lives.

(C) – Lord, have mercy on us.

(P) Jesus, our life, by dying on the cross you
destroyed hell and death;
grant that we may die with you and rise with
you in glory.

(C) – Lord, have mercy on us.

(P) Christ, our king, you were the scorn of the
people, a worm not a man;
teach us to tread your path of humility.

(C) – Lord, have mercy on us.

(P) Jesus, our Saviour, you laid down your life
for your friends;
let us love one another as you have loved us.

(C) – Lord, have mercy on us.

(P) Jesus, our hope, you stretched out your
hands on the cross to embrace all ages of men;
gather all God's scattered children into the
kingdom of salvation.

(C) – Lord, have mercy on us.

(C) Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us,
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

(P) Be mindful, Lord, of this your family, for
whose sake our Lord Jesus Christ, when
betrayed, did not hesitate to yield himself into
his enemies' hands and undergo the agony of
the cross. Who lives and reigns with you in the
unity of the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever.

(C) Amen.

BLESSING

(P) The Lord be with you.

(C) And with your spirit.

(P) May almighty God bless you, the Father, and
the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

(C) Amen.

(P) Go in peace.

(C) Thanks be to God.