

**ST. ANDREW'S**  
EPISCOPAL CHURCH

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Denver, Colorado



**DOWNWARD TO DARKNESS**  
**GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 2020, 7:00 PM**

*On this solemn occasion, no bells are rung, and the organ is silent.*

**The Voluntary:** Passacaglia (*excerpt*) from Cello Suite No. 3

Benjamin Britten (1901-1976)

Matthew Dane, viola

*The People stand at the invitation of the Officiant*

*Officiant* Bless the Lord, who forgives all our sins.

*People* **God's mercy endures forever.**

*Officiant* Dear People of God, on this most solemn night, Jesus of Nazareth lay in the tomb. Gathered in his name, though dispersed in many places, we mark now, in word and music and silence, not only Our Lord's sorrows and death, but the lament of the whole world, beset by pandemic. Let us remember now in prayer, the most vulnerable among us, the homeless, the hungry, those who have lost their jobs. Let us pray for all who are alone and lonely in this time, all who face danger, all who mourn. Let us remember all who face death, all who grieve for the sorrows of the world.

***Silence.***

And now, gathering all our prayers, let us say together the words that Jesus taught us:

*People* **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. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.**

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*The People sit.*

**The First Reading**

*John 19:25b - 30*

Standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, 'Woman, here is your son.' Then he said to the disciple, 'Here is your mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home. After this, when Jesus knew that all was now

finished, he said (in order to fulfil the scripture), ‘I am thirsty.’ A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the wine, he said, ‘It is finished.’ Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

**Silence**

*Sung by the choir*

O vos omnes

*Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1610)*

[*Sung in Latin*] O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow.

*Tenebrae Responsory, based on Lamentations 1:12*

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### **The Second Reading**

*Mark 15:42-47*

When evening had come, and since it was the day of Preparation, that is, the day before the sabbath, Joseph of Arimathea, a respected member of the council, who was also himself waiting expectantly for the kingdom of God, went boldly to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then Pilate wondered if he were already dead; and summoning the centurion, he asked him whether he had been dead for some time. When he learned from the centurion that he was dead, he granted the body to Joseph. Then Joseph bought a linen cloth, and taking down the body, wrapped it in the linen cloth, and laid it in a tomb that had been hewn out of the rock. He then rolled a stone against the door of the tomb. Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joseph saw where the body was laid.

**Silence**

*Sung by the choir*

Give me that Stranger

*Michael McCarthy (2010)*

When he saw that the sun had hidden its rays, and that the veil of the temple was rent as the Savior died, Joseph of Arimathea went to Pilate, pleaded with him and cried, “Give me that stranger, who since his youth had wandered as a stranger, killed in hatred by his own people as a stranger, upon whom I look with wonder, seeing him as a guest of death. Give me that stranger, whom envious men estranged from the world. Give me that stranger, that I may bury him in a tomb, who, being a stranger, had no place whereon to lay his head. Give me that stranger, to whom his mother cried out when she saw him dead: “My Son! My Son, my senses are wounded, and my heart is burned as I see you dead! Yet, trusting in your resurrection, I will magnify

you!” In such words did the honorable Joseph plead with Pilate, and took the Savior’s body and, with fear, wrapped it in linen with spices. And he placed you in a tomb, O you who grant everlasting life and great mercy to all.

*Byzantine Troparion of the Burial of Christ*

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**The Third Reading:** Pietà

*John Taylor*

Lullay, my son, my dearest son,  
    Sleep sweetly now, and take your rest;  
At last your fearful labor’s done,  
    By which a ransomed world is blest.  
‘Tis hard, indeed, to bear the sight  
    Of your dear body bruised and torn,  
As helpless, now, as on that night  
    Of pain and joy, when you were born.

That time, of many times the first,  
    I suckled you, and watched your sleep;  
Today I heard you cry your thirst,  
    And could not aid, but only weep.  
As on that night, I lay your head  
    With tenderness against my breast,  
And closed the eyes, so bland and dead,  
    Which then so sweetly drooped to rest.

With swaddling bands I wrapped you warm  
    Against the breath of winter raw,  
And, lest your newness come to harm,  
    I laid you in the manger straw.  
A harder bed you have today,  
    My son, nor could I succour be.  
The words I heard old Simeon say  
    Were proved truest prophecy.

As once your precious life I bore  
    Within me, sharing every breath,  
Beneath your cross, I felt the sore  
    And bitter anguish of your death.  
I felt the sword's edge cleave apart  
    My soul, to see you, brutally torn,  
And suffered with you, in my heart,  
    Each trace of lash and nail and thorn.

That wondrous night so many years  
    Ago, I stroked your downy hair  
(All stained, I see it, through my tears,  
    By cruel crown they made you wear).  
I kissed your hands, so small and smooth,  
    And hushed your crying tenderly;  
Today I saw, but could not soothe  
    Your uncomplaining agony.

Sleep now, my son, and take your rest –  
    The ransom's paid; your task is done.  
Your friends, by sorrow sore oppressed,  
    Fear all is lost – I know you've won!  
They come, with gentle force, to bear  
    You from my arms. My heart shall break;  
And yet, to shield me from despair,  
    I have your word – You shall awake!

*Silence*

All stand and sing

## Hymn 173

1 O sor - row deep! Who would not weep  
2 The Pas - chal Lamb, like I - saac's ram,  
3 Blest shall they be e - ter - nal - ly  
4 O Je - sus blest, my help and rest,

with heart - felt pain and sigh - ing!  
in blood was of - fered for us,  
who pon - der in their weep - ing  
with tears I pray thee, hear me:

*slightly slower*  
God the Fa - ther's on - ly Son  
pour - ing out his life that he  
that the glo - rious Prince of Life  
now, and e - ven un - to death,

in the tomb is - ly - ing.  
might to life re - store us.  
should in death be sleep - ing.  
dear - est Lord, be near me.

Words: St. 1, Friedrich von Spee (1591-1635); tr. Charles Winfred Douglas (1867-1944).

Sts. 2-3, James Waring McCrady (b. 1938). St. 4, Johann Rist (1607-1667);

tr. Charles Winfred Douglas (1867-1944)

Music: *O Traurigkeit*, melody and bass *Himmlischer Lieder*, 1641, alt.; harm. *Hymnal* 1982

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*The People sit.*

**The Fourth Reading:** “I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day”

*Gerard Manley Hopkins*

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.  
What hours, O what black hours we have spent  
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!  
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.

With witness I speak this. But where I say  
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament  
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent  
To dearest him that lives alas! away.

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree  
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;  
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.

Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see  
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be  
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

***Silence***

*Sung by the choir*

My God, my God

*John Blow (1636-1708)*

My God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me? and art so far from my health and from the words of my complaint? O God, my God, I cry unto thee in the daytime, and thou hearest not; and in the night season I take no rest. And thou continuest holy, O thou worship of Israel

*Psalms 22:1-3*

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**The Fifth Reading:** When Death Comes

*Mary Oliver*

When death comes  
like the hungry bear in autumn;  
when death comes and takes all the bright coins from his purse

to buy me, and snaps the purse shut;  
when death comes  
like the measles-pox  
when death comes  
like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,

I want to step through the door full of curiosity, wondering:  
what is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?

And therefore I look upon everything  
as a brotherhood and a sisterhood,  
and I look upon time as no more than an idea,  
and I consider eternity as another possibility,

and I think of each life as a flower, as common  
as a field daisy, and as singular,

and each name a comfortable music in the mouth,  
tending, as all music does, toward silence,

and each body a lion of courage, and something  
precious to the earth.

When it's over, I want to say all my life  
I was a bride married to amazement.  
I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.

When it's over, I don't want to wonder  
if I have made of my life something particular, and real.

I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened,  
or full of argument.

I don't want to end up simply having visited this world

## *Silence*

*Viola solo*

**Kontakion** from Cello Suite No. 3

*Benjamin Britten*

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**The Sixth Reading:** *from* Sunday Morning

*Wallace Stevens*

. . . She hears, upon that water without sound,  
A voice that cries, "The tomb in Palestine  
Is not the porch of spirits lingering.  
It is the grave of Jesus, where he lay."  
We live in an old chaos of the sun,  
Or old dependency of day and night,  
Or island solitude, unsponsored, free,  
Of that wide water, inescapable.  
Deer walk upon our mountains, and the quail  
Whistle about us their spontaneous cries;  
Sweet berries ripen in the wilderness;  
And, in the isolation of the sky,  
At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make  
Ambiguous undulations as they sink,  
Downward to darkness, on extended wings.

## *Silence*

*Sung by the choir*

Ah, holy Jesus

*tune: Johann Crüger (1598-1662)*

*arr. John Ferguson (1995)*

Ah holy Jesus, how hast thou offended? By foes derided, by thine own rejected. Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee? Alas, my treason. Jesus, hath undone thee. 'Twas I, Lord Jesus. 'Twas I.

*Johann Heermann (1585-1647)*

*trans. Robert Bridges (1844-1930)*

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*Officiant* Bow down before the Lord.

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. *Amen.*

*The first verse is sung by a soloist; All sing vss. 2-4*

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?

**The Voluntary:** Sarabande from Cello Suite No. 5

*Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)*

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**Those Who Serve Today**

**Officiant:** The Rev'd Elizabeth P. Randall, Rector

**Choir**

Elise Bahr, Laura Tribby, *sopranos*  
Micaëla Larsen Brown, MB Krueger, *altos*  
Matt Bentley, Matthew Lea, *tenors*  
Alan Polacek, Timothy Krueger, *basses*

**Choirmaster:** Timothy J. Krueger

**Viola:** Matt Dane

**Cover art:** *Pieta*, William-Adolphe Bouguerau, 1876



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