

SERVICE OF TENEBRAE
GOOD FRIDAY - APRIL 2, 2021

THE APPROACH TO GOD

DO NOT BE AFRAID

Philip Stopford (b. 1977)

Do not be afraid, for I have redeemed you. I have called you by your name; you are mine.
When you walk through the waters, I'll be with you; you will never sink beneath the waves.
When the fire is burning all around you, you will never be consumed by the flames.
When the fear of loneliness is looming, then remember I am at your side.
When you dwell in the exile of a stranger, remember you are precious in my eyes.
You are mine, O my child, I am your Father, and I love you with a perfect love.

Text by Gerard Markland (b. 1953)

GREETING:

Leader: Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

PEOPLE: AMEN.

Leader: Blessed be the name of the Lord our God.

PEOPLE: WHO REDEEMS US FROM DEATH.

Leader: For us and for our salvations, Christ became obedient unto death, even death on a cross.

PEOPLE: BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.

THE SHADOW OF BETRAYAL

FIRST READING

Matthew 26:20-25

When it was evening, he reclined at table with the Twelve.
And while they were eating, he said, "Amen, I say to you, one of you will betray me." Deeply distressed at this, they began to say to him one after another, "Surely it is not I, Lord?" He said in reply, "He who has dipped his hand into the dish with me is the one who will betray me. The Son of Man indeed goes, as it is written of him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed. It would be better for that man if he had never been born." Then Judas, his betrayer, said in reply, "Surely it is not I, Rabbi?" He answered, "You have said so."

IF THOU WILT BE PERFECT

MELISSA DUNPHY (B. 1980)

If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come follow me. Amen, I say to you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say to you: It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. And ev'ry one that hath left riches for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred times as much, and life everlasting. Many that are first, shall be last: and the last shall be first.

Matthew 19: 21-30

THE SHADOW OF AGONY OF THE SPIRIT

SECOND READING

Luke 22: 39-46

Then going out he went, as was his custom, to the Mount of Olives, and the disciples followed him. When he arrived at the place he said to them, "Pray that you may not undergo the test." After withdrawing about a stone's throw from them and kneeling, he prayed, saying, "Father, if you are willing, take this cup away from me; still, not my will but yours be done." And to strengthen him an angel from heaven appeared to him. He was in such agony and he prayed so fervently that his sweat became like drops of blood falling on the ground. When he rose from prayer and returned to his disciples, he found them sleeping from grief. He said to them, "Why are you sleeping? Get up and pray that you may not undergo the test."

INTO YOUR HANDS I SURRENDER MY SOUL

Michael John Trotta (b.1978)

Into your hands I surrender my whole soul (*Luke 23:46*)

Not mine, But Your will be done. (*Matthew 6:10*)

THE SHADOW OF ARREST

THIRD READING

Mark 14: 43:49

Then, while he was still speaking, Judas, one of the Twelve, arrived, accompanied by a crowd with swords and clubs who had come from the chief priests, the scribes, and the elders. His betrayer had arranged a signal with them, saying, "The man I shall kiss is the one; arrest him and lead him away securely." He came and immediately went over to him and said, "Rabbi." And he kissed him. At this they laid hands on him and arrested him. One of the bystanders drew his sword, struck the high priest's servant, and cut off his ear. Jesus said to them in reply, "Have you come out as against a robber, with swords and clubs, to seize me? Day after day I was with you teaching in the temple area, yet you did not arrest me; but that the scriptures may be fulfilled."

AH HOLY JESUS

Johann Crüger (1598 – 1662)

1. Ah, Holy Jesus,
How hast thou offended,
that man to judge thee
hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided,
by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.
2. Who was the guilty?
Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason,
Jesus, hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesus,
I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.
3. Lo, the Good Shepherd
for the sheep is offered;
the slave hath sinned,
and the Son hath suffered;
for our atonement,
while we nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.
4. For me, kind Jesus,
was thy incarnation,
thy mortal sorrow,
and thy life's oblation;
thy death of anguish
and thy bitter
Passion, for my salvation.
5. Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay thee, I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee, think on thy pity and thy love unswerving, not my deserving. *Text by Johann Heermann (1585-1647)*

THE SHADOW OF DESERTION

FOURTH READING

Mark 14: 50, 66-72

And they all left him and fled. While Peter was below in the courtyard, one of the high priest's maids came along. Seeing Peter warming himself, she looked intently at him and said, "You too were with the Nazarene, Jesus." But he denied it saying, "I neither know nor understand what you are talking about." So he went out into the outer court. Then the cock crowed. The maid saw him and began again to say to the bystanders, "This man is one of them." Once again he denied it. A little later the bystanders said to Peter once more, "Surely you are one of them; for you too are a Galilean." He began to curse and to swear, "I do not know this man about whom you are talking." And immediately a cock crowed a second time. Then Peter remembered the word that Jesus had said to him, "Before the cock crows twice you will deny me three times." He broke down and wept.

DROP, DROP SLOW TEARS

Orlando Gibbons (1583 – 1625)

1. Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from Heav'n
The news and Prince of Peace.
2. Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance:
Sin doth never cease.

3. In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye see sin, but through my tears.

Poem by Phineas Fletcher (1582-1650)

THE SHADOW OF ACCUSATION

FIFTH READING

Matthew 27: 11-18; 21-26

Now Jesus stood before the governor, and he questioned him, "Are you the king of the Jews?" Jesus said, "You say so." And when he was accused by the chief priests and elders, he made no answer. Then Pilate said to him, "Do you not hear how many things they are testifying against you?" But he did not answer him one word, so that the governor was greatly amazed. Now on the occasion of the feast the governor was accustomed to release to the crowd one prisoner whom they wished. And at that time they had a notorious prisoner called Barabbas. So when they had assembled, Pilate said to them, "Which one do you want me to release to you, Barabbas, or Jesus called Messiah?" For he knew that it was out of envy that they had handed him over. They answered, "Barabbas!" Pilate said to them, "Then what shall I do with Jesus called Messiah?" They all said, "Let him be crucified!" But he said, "Why? What evil has he done?" They only shouted the louder, "Let him be crucified!" When Pilate saw that he was not succeeding at all, but that a riot was breaking out instead, he took water and washed his hands in the sight of the crowd, saying, "I am innocent of this man's blood. Look to it yourselves." And the whole people said in reply, "His blood be upon us and upon our children." Then he released Barabbas to them, but after he had Jesus scourged, he handed him over to be crucified.

I SEE HIS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE

I see his blood upon the rose,
And in the stars, the glory of His eyes.
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

All pathways by His feet are worn, His strong heart stirs the ever beating sea.
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn. His cross is every tree.

Poem by Joseph Mary Plunkett (1887-1916)

Michael Bedford (b.1949)

I see His face in every flower,
The thunder and the singing of the birds
are but his voice, and carved by His power
Rocks are His written words.

THE SHADOW OF CRUCIFIXION

SIXTH READING

Luke 23: 32-35

Now two others, both criminals, were led away with him to be executed. When they came to the place called the Skull, they crucified him and the criminals there, one on his right, the other on his left. Then Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." They divided his garments by casting lots. The people stood by and watched; the rulers, meanwhile, sneered at him and said, "He saved others, let him save himself if he is the chosen one, the Messiah of God."

ADORAMUS TE, CHRISTE

ADORAMUS TE, Christe,
et benedicimus tibi,
quia per sanctam crucem tuam
redemisti Mundum.
Qui passus es pro nobis,
Domine, Domine, miserere nobis.

Recitation for the 'Stations of the Cross'

Giovanni di Palestrina (1525 – 1594)

*We adore You, O Christ
and we bless You.
Who by thy holy cross
has redeemed the world.
He, who suffered death for us,
O Lord, O Lord, have mercy on us.*

THE SHADOW OF HUMILIATION

SEVENTH READING

Luke 23: 36-43

Even the soldiers jeered at him. As they approached to offer him wine they called out, "If you are King of the Jews, save yourself." Above him there was an inscription that read, "This is the King of the Jews." Now one of the criminals hanging there reviled Jesus, saying, "Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us." The other, however, rebuking him, said in reply, "Have you no fear of God, for you are subject to the same condemnation? And indeed, we have been condemned justly, for the sentence we received corresponds to our crimes, but this man has done nothing criminal." Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom." He replied to him, "Amen, I say to you, today you will be with me in Paradise."

ECCE QUOMODO MORITUR JUSTUS

Ecce quomodo moritur justus
et nemo percipit corde.
Viri justi tolluntur
et nemo considerat.
A facie iniquitatis sublatus est justus

Jacob Handl (1550 – 1591)

*Behold how the righteous man dies
And no one understands.
Righteous men are taken away
And no one considers:
The righteous man has been taken away from present iniquity*

et erit in pace memoria eius:
In pace factus est locus ejus
et in Sion habitatio ejus.
Et erit in pace memoria ejus.

*And his memory shall be in peace.
In peace is his place
And in Sion is his homestead.
And his memory shall be in peace.*

THE SHADOW OF DEATH

EIGHTH READING

Mark 15: 33-39

At noon darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. And at three o'clock Jesus cried out in a loud voice, "*Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?*"* which is translated, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" Some of the bystanders who heard it said, "Look, he is calling Elijah." One of them ran, soaked a sponge with wine, put it on a reed, and gave it to him to drink, saying, "Wait, let us see if Elijah comes to take him down." Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last. The veil of the sanctuary was torn in two from top to bottom. When the centurion who stood facing him saw how he breathed his last he said, "Truly this man was the Son of God!"

AVE VERUM CORPUS

Philip Stopford (b. 1978)

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine,
vere passum, immolatum in cruce pro homine
cuius latus perforatum fluxit aqua et sanguine:
esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine.
O dulcis, O pie, O Jesu fili Mariae
Miserere nobis. Amen

*Hail, true Body, born of the Virgin Mary,
having truly suffered, sacrificed on the cross for mankind,
from whose pierced side water and blood flowed: Be for
us a foretaste of the Heavenly banquet in the trial of death!
O Sweet, O merciful Jesus, son of Mary,
Have mercy upon us. Amen*

Ave Verum Corpus natum is a short Eucharistic hymn dating from the 14th century and attributed to Pope Innocent VI (d 1362). During the Middle Ages it was sung at the elevation of the Host during the consecration.

THE SHADOW OF BURIAL

NINTH READING

Matthew 27: 57-60

When it was evening, there came a rich man from Arimathea named Joseph, who was himself a disciple of Jesus. He went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus; then Pilate ordered it to be handed over. Taking the body, Joseph wrapped it [in] clean linen and laid it in his new tomb that he had hewn in the rock. Then he rolled a huge stone across the entrance to the tomb and departed.

BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO MOURN

Daniel Knaggs (b. 1990)

Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be consoled. (*Mt 5: 4*)

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall have their fill. (*Mt 5: 6*)

READING OF PSALM 22

My God, my God, why have you abandoned me? Why so far from my call for help, from my cries of anguish? My God, I call by day, but you do not answer; by night, but I have no relief. Yet you are enthroned as the Holy One; you are the glory of Israel. In you our fathers trusted; they trusted and you rescued them. To you they cried out and they escaped; in you they trusted and were not disappointed. But I am a worm, not a man, scorned by men, despised by the people. All who see me mock me; they curl their lips and jeer; they shake their

heads at me. “He relied on the LORD—let him deliver him; if he loves him, let him rescue him.” For you drew me forth from the womb, made me safe at my mother’s breasts. Upon you I was thrust from the womb; since my mother bore me you are my God. Do not stay far from me, for trouble is near, and there is no one to help. Many bulls surround me; fierce bulls of Bashan encircle me. They open their mouths against me, lions that rend and roar. Like water my life drains away; all my bones are disjointed. My heart has become like wax, it melts away within me. As dry as a potsherd is my throat; my tongue cleaves to my palate; you lay me in the dust of death. Dogs surround me; a pack of evildoers closes in on me. They have pierced my hands and my feet I can count all my bones. They stare at me and gloat; they divide my garments among them; for my clothing they cast lots. But you, LORD, do not stay far off my strength, come quickly to help me. Deliver my soul from the sword, my life from the grip of the dog. Save me from the lion’s mouth, my poor life from the horns of wild bulls. Then I will proclaim your name to my brethren; in the assembly I will praise you. “You who fear the LORD, give praise! All descendants of Jacob, give honor; show reverence, all descendants of Israel! For he has not spurned or disdained the misery of this poor wretch, Did not turn away—from me, but heard me when I cried out. I will offer praise in the great assembly; my vows I will fulfill before those who fear him. The poor will eat their fill; those who seek the LORD will offer praise. May your hearts enjoy life forever!” All the ends of the earth will remember and turn to the LORD; All the families of nations will bow low before him. For kingship belongs to the LORD, the ruler over the nations. All who sleep in the earth will bow low before God; All who have gone down into the dust will kneel in homage. And I will live for the LORD; my descendants will serve you. The generation to come will be told of the Lord, that they may proclaim to a people yet unborn the deliverance you have brought.

O GRACIOUS LIGHT

MICHAEL JOHN TROTTA (B.1978)

O gracious Light, pure brightness of the everliving Father in heaven, O Jesus Christ, holy and blessed! Now as we come to the setting of the sun, and our eyes behold the vesper light, we sing your praises, O God: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. You are worthy at all times to be praised by happy voices, O Son of God, O Giver of life, and to be glorified through all the worlds.

Phos Hilaron (Ancient Greek: Φῶς Ἠλαρόν) is an ancient Christian hymn originally written in Koine Greek. Often referred to by its Latin title Lumen Hilare, it has been translated into English as “O Gracious Light”.

It is the earliest known Christian hymn recorded outside of the Bible that is still in use today.

2020PASCHAL CANDLE EXTINGUISHED FOR THE LAST TIME

TOTAL DARKNESS

STREPITUS

SILENCE

BEHOLD, BEFORE OUR WONDERING EYES

1. Behold, before our wondering eyes,
Beyond the gates of Paradise
Shines out the Tree of Life adored,
The cross of Jesus Christ, our Lord.
3. Behold, against the wall of night,
The doorway to eternal light
Stands open now: the narrow way
Invites us into endless day.

Barney Walker/Gael Berberick

2. Behold, behold the glorious wood
Upon which hung our only good;
It bore Him up, in offering,
The Lamb whose praise the angels sing.
4. All glory be to Him who died,
All glory to the crucified
Who lives and reigns eternally,
With Father, Spirit, One in Three.

DISMISSAL: May Jesus Christ, who for our sake became obedient unto death, even death on a cross, keep you and strengthen you. **People: Amen**

SILENT EXIT

HOLY SATURDAY

SUNG MORNING PRAYER AT 8:00 AM

THE GREAT VIGIL OF EASTER AT 8:15 PM

SUNDAY OF THE RESURRECTION

MASSES AT 10:30 AM & 12:30PM

SACRED HEART CHURCH - BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY

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