



Friday 18 April 2025

12noon–3.00pm

# The Three Hours

## The Sun's Light Failed

### Hard questions from the Passion of Jesus as told by Luke

Preacher

Rt Revd Vivienne Faull  
Bishop of Bristol

Presider

Revd Dr Sam Wells

With

The Choir of St Martin-in-the-Fields

Directed by

Jennifer Sterling

Organist

Phoebe Tak Man Chow

In this service through music, words and silence we reflect on and stay close to the cross.

You are welcome to stay for the whole service, from 12noon to 3.00pm, or for part of it. The service is divided into six parts. The congregational hymns at the end of each part provide opportunities for joining or leaving the service.

If you have a mobile phone, please ensure it is switched to a silent setting.

## Introit    God so loved the world    *Stainer*

God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whoso believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. Amen.

*John 3: 16-17*

## Opening Prayer

## Part One

### Reading    Luke 22: 39–46    *read by Dan Kaszeta*

He came out and went, as was his custom, to the Mount of Olives; and the disciples followed him. When he reached the place, he said to them, 'Pray that you may not come into the time of trial.' Then he withdrew from them about a stone's throw, knelt down, and prayed, 'Father, if you are willing, remove this cup from me; yet, not my will but yours be done.' Then an angel from heaven appeared to him and gave him strength. In his anguish he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat became like great drops of blood falling down on the ground. When he got up from prayer, he came to the disciples and found them sleeping because of grief, and he said to them, 'Why are you sleeping? Get up and pray that you may not come into the time of trial.'

### Address    Why are you sleeping?

### Anthem    Salvator mundi    *Tallis*

Salvator mundi, salva nos, qui per crucem et sanguinem redemisti nos, auxiliare nobis, te deprecamur, Deus noster. *Save us O Saviour of the world, which by thy cross and blood hast redeemed us, help us, we beseech thee, O our God.*

*Antiphon at Holy Unction, BCP, "Cantiones Sacrae" 1575*

*Silence is kept.*

### Collect

## Hymn

- 1**    **Glory be to Jesus,  
who, in bitter pains,  
poured for me the life-blood  
from his sacred veins.**
- 2**    **Grace and life eternal  
in that blood I find;  
blest be his compassion  
infinitely kind.**
- 3**    **Blest through endless ages  
be the precious stream,  
which from endless torments  
did the world redeem.**
- 4**    **Abel's blood for vengeance  
pleaded to the skies;  
but the blood of Jesus  
for our pardon cries.**
- 5**    **Oft as it is sprinkled  
on our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
terror-struck departs;**
- 6**    **Oft as earth exulting  
wafts its praise on high,  
angel-hosts rejoicing  
make their glad reply.**
- 7**    **Lift ye then your voices;  
swell the mighty flood;  
louder still and louder  
praise the precious blood.**

*Edward Caswall (1814-1878) based on Viva! Viva! Gesu!, Italian, before 19th-century*

## Part Two

Reading Luke 22: 47–62 *read by Andrea Budd*

While he was still speaking, suddenly a crowd came, and the one called Judas, one of the twelve, was leading them. He approached Jesus to kiss him; but Jesus said to him, 'Judas, is it with a kiss that you are betraying the Son of Man?' When those who were around him saw what was coming, they asked, 'Lord, should we strike with the sword?' Then one of them struck the slave of the high priest and cut off his right ear. But Jesus said, 'No more of this!' And he touched his ear and healed him. Then Jesus said to the chief priests, the officers of the temple police, and the elders who had come for him, 'Have you come out with swords and clubs as if I were a bandit? When I was with you day after day in the temple, you did not lay hands on me. But this is your hour, and the power of darkness!' Then they seized him and led him away, bringing him into the high priest's house. But Peter was following at a distance. When they had kindled a fire in the middle of the courtyard and sat down together, Peter sat among them. Then a servant-girl, seeing him in the firelight, stared at him and said, 'This man also was with him.' But he denied it, saying, 'Woman, I do not know him.' A little later someone else, on seeing him, said, 'You also are one of them.' But Peter said, 'Man, I am not!' Then about an hour later yet another kept insisting, 'Surely this man also was with him; for he is a Galilean.' But Peter said, 'Man, I do not know what you are talking about!' At that moment, while he was still speaking, the cock crowed. The Lord turned and looked at Peter. Then Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said to him, 'Before the cock crows today, you will deny me three times.' And he went out and wept bitterly.

Address Is it with a kiss?

Anthem The Lamentation *Bairstow*

How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people: how is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces: how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers, she hath none to comfort her. The ways of Zion do mourn, be-cause none come to the solemn assembly: all her gates are desolate, and she herself is in bitterness. The Lord hath afflicted her for the multitude of her transgressions: her children are gone into captivity before the enemy. All they that go by clap their hands at her: they hiss, and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem

*continued...*

saying, 'Is this the city that men called the perfection of beauty; the joy of the whole earth?' Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God. For these things I weep: mine eye runneth down with water. From on high hath the Lord sent fire into my bones, and it prevaieth against them: he hath made me desolate and faint all the day. My flesh and my skin hath he made old: he hath broken my bones. He hath builded against me; and compassed me with gall and travail. He hath made me to dwell in dark places: as those that have been long dead. I am become a derision to all my people: and their song all the day. Let him give his cheek to him that smiteth him: let him be filled full with re-proach. Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by: behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow. Remember mine affliction and my misery: the wormwood and the gall. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God. Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: behold and see our reproach. The joy of our heart is ceased: our dance is turned into mourning. The crown is fallen from our head: woe unto us, for we have sinned. For this our heart is faint: for these things our eyes are dim. Let us search and try our ways: and turn again unto the Lord. Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned: renew our days as of old. It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed: because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul: therefore will I hope in him. O Lord, thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

*From the Lamentation of Jeremiah*

*Silence is kept.*

Collect

Hymn

- 1 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?**
- 2 He came from his blest throne,  
salvation to bestow;  
but people scorned him; none  
the longed-for Christ would know.  
But O, my Friend,  
my Friend indeed,  
who at my need  
his life did spend.**

*continued...*

- 3 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.**
- 4 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.**

*Samuel Crossman (1624-1684)*

## Part Three

Reading Luke 22: 63—23: 12 *read by Fiona MacMillan*

Now the men who were holding Jesus began to mock him and beat him; they also blindfolded him and kept asking him, 'Prophecy! Who is it that struck you?' They kept heaping many other insults on him. When day came, the assembly of the elders of the people, both chief priests and scribes, gathered together, and they brought him to their council. They said, 'If you are the Messiah, tell us.' He replied, 'If I tell you, you will not believe; and if I question you, you will not answer. But from now on the Son of Man will be seated at the right hand of the power of God.' All of them asked, 'Are you, then, the Son of God?' He said to them, 'You say that I am.' Then they said, 'What further testimony do we need? We have heard it ourselves from his own lips!'

Then the assembly rose as a body and brought Jesus before Pilate. They began to accuse him, saying, 'We found this man perverting our nation, forbidding us to pay taxes to the emperor, and saying that he himself is the Messiah, a king.' Then Pilate asked him, 'Are you the king of the Jews?' He answered, 'You say so.' Then Pilate said to the chief priests and the crowds, 'I find no basis for an accusation against this man.' But they were insistent and said, 'He stirs up the people by

teaching throughout all Judea, from Galilee where he began even to this place.'

When Pilate heard this, he asked whether the man was a Galilean. And when he learned that he was under Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him off to Herod, who was himself in Jerusalem at that time. When Herod saw Jesus, he was very glad, for he had been wanting to see him for a long time, because he had heard about him and was hoping to see him perform some sign. He questioned him at some length, but Jesus gave him no answer. The chief priests and the scribes stood by, vehemently accusing him. Even Herod with his soldiers treated him with contempt and mocked him; then he put an elegant robe on him, and sent him back to Pilate. That same day Herod and Pilate became friends with each other; before this they had been enemies.

Address Who is it that struck you?

Anthem There is a green hill far away *Bob Chilcott*

There is a green hill far away, without a city wall, where the dear Lord was crucified, who died to save us all. We may not know, we cannot tell, what pains he had to bear, but we believe it was for us he hung and suffered there. He died that we might be forgiven, he died to make us good, that we might go at last to heaven, saved by his precious blood. O dearly, dearly has he loved, and we must love him too, and trust in his redeeming blood, and try his works to do.

*Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)*

*Silence is kept.*

Collect

Hymn

- 1 **O sacred head, surrounded  
by crown of piercing thorn!  
O bleeding head, so wounded,  
so shamed and put to scorn!  
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,  
the glow of life decays;  
yet angel-hosts adore thee,  
and tremble as they gaze.**

*continued...*

- 2    Thy comeliness and vigour  
is withered up and gone,  
and in thy wasted figure  
I see death drawing on.  
O agony and dying!  
O love to sinners free!  
Jesu, all grace supplying,  
turn thou thy face on me.**
- 3    In this thy bitter passion,  
good Shepherd, think of me  
with thy most sweet compassion,  
unworthy though I be:  
beneath thy cross abiding  
for ever would I rest,  
in thy dear love confiding,  
and with thy presence blest.**

*Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676) from a 14th-century Latin hymn tr. Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)*

## Part Four

Reading    Luke 23: 26–31    *read by Jeff Claxton*

As they led him away, they seized a man, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the country, and they laid the cross on him, and made him carry it behind Jesus. A great number of the people followed him, and among them were women who were beating their breasts and wailing for him. But Jesus turned to them and said, ‘Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For the days are surely coming when they will say, “Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bore, and the breasts that never nursed.” Then they will begin to say to the mountains, “Fall on us”; and to the hills, “Cover us.” For if they do this when the wood is green, what will happen when it is dry?’

Address    What will happen?

## Anthem    Stabat Mater    *Caldara*

Stabat mater dolorosa juxta crucem lacrimosa, dum pendebat Fílius. Cuius animam gementem, contristatam et dolentem pertransívit gládius. O quam tristis et afflícta fuit illa benedícta, mater Unigeniti! Quae mœrebat et dolebat, pia Mater, dum videbat nati pœnas ínclýti. Quis est homo qui non fleret, matrem Christi si videret in tanto supplício? Quis non posset contristari Christi Matrem contemplari dolentem cum Fílio? Pro peccatis suæ gentis vidit Jesum in tormentis, et flagellis subditum. Vidit suum dulcem Natum moriendo desolatum, dum emísit spíritum. Eja, Mater, fons amoris me sentire vim doloris fac, ut tecum lugeam. Fac, ut ardeat cor meum in amando Christum Deum ut sibi complaceam. Sancta Mater, istud agas, crucifíxi fige plagas cordi meo valide. Tui Nati vulnerati, tam dignati pro me pati, pœnas mecum dívide. Fac me tecum pie flere, crucifíxo condolere, donec ego víxero. Juxta crucem tecum stare, et me tibi sociare in planctu desidero. Virgo vírginum præclara, mihi iam non sis amara, fac me tecum plangere. Fac ut portem Christi mortem, passionis fac consortem, et plagas recolere. Fac me plagis vulnerari, fac me cruce inebriari, et cruore Filii. Flammis ne urar succensus, per te, Virgo, sim defensus in die iudícii. Christe, cum sit hinc exire, da per Matrem me venire ad palmam victoriæ. Quando corpus morietur, fac, ut animæ donetur paradisi gloria. *At the cross her station keeping, stood the mournful Mother weeping, close to her Son to the last. Through her heart, his sorrow sharing, all his bitter anguish bearing, now at length the sword has passed. O how sad and sore distressed was that Mother, highly blest, of the sole-begotten One. Christ above in torment hangs, she beneath beholds the pangs of her dying glorious Son. Is there one who would not weep, whelmed in miseries so deep, Christ's dear Mother to behold? Can the human heart refrain from partaking in her pain, in that Mother's pain untold? Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defiled, she beheld her tender child all with bloody scourges rent. For the love of his own nation, saw him hang in desolation, till his spirit forth he sent. O thou Mother! fount of love! Touch my spirit from above, make my heart with thine accord: Make me feel as thou hast felt; make my soul to glow and melt with the love of Christ my Lord. Holy Mother! pierce me through, in my heart each wound renew of my Saviour crucified: Let me share with thee his pain, who for all my sins was slain, who for me in torments died. Let me mingle tears with thee, mourning him who mourned for me, all the days that I may live: By the cross with thee to stay, there with thee to weep and pray, is all I ask of thee to give. Virgin of all virgins blest!, Listen to my fond request: let me share thy grief divine; Let me, to my latest breath, in my body bear the death of that dying Son of thine. Wounded with his every wound, steep my soul till it hath swooned, in his very blood away; Be to me, O Virgin, nigh, lest in flames I burn and die, in his awful judgement day. Christ, when thou shalt call me hence, be thy Mother my defense, be thy cross my victory; While my body here decays, may my soul thy goodness praise, safe in paradise with thee.*

*Latin, 13th-century*

*Silence is kept.*

Collect

## Hymn

- 1 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.**
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
save in the cross of Christ my God;  
the very things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.**
- 3 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.**
- 4 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.**
- 5 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.**

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

## Part Five

Reading Luke 23: 32–43 *read by Flora Saxby*

Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. Then Jesus said, 'Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing.' And they cast lots to divide his clothing. And the people stood by, watching; but the leaders scoffed at him, saying, 'He saved others; let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one!' The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine, and saying, 'If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!' There was also an inscription over him, 'This is the King of the Jews.'

One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, 'Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!' But the other rebuked him, saying, 'Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong.' Then he said, 'Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.' He replied, 'Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.'

Address Unforgiveable?

Anthem Crucifixus *Lotti*

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato: passus et sepultus est. *He was crucified even for us under Pontius Pilate: he suffered and was buried.*

*From the Credo in F*

*Silence is kept.*

Collect

Hymn

- 1 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;  
were you there when they crucified my Lord?**
- 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;  
were you there when they nailed him to the tree?**
- 3 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;  
were you there when they laid him in the tomb?**

*Amercian folk hymn*

## Part Six

Reading Luke 23: 44–49 *read by Jess Templeman*

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, while the sun's light failed; and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, 'Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.' Having said this, he breathed his last. When the centurion saw what had taken place, he praised God and said, 'Certainly this man was innocent.' And when all the crowds who had gathered there for this spectacle saw what had taken place, they returned home, beating their breasts. But all his acquaintances, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at a distance, watching these things.

Address Who are you?

Anthem Ruht wohl, ihr heiligen Gebeine *J.S. Bach*

Ruht wohl, ihr heiligen Gebeine, die ich nun weiter nicht beweine, Ruht wohl und bringt auch mich zur Ruh! Das Grab, so euch bestimmt ist und ferner keine Not umschliesst, macht mir den Himmel auf und schliesst die Hölle zu. *Rest well, you saintly bones, which I will no longer bewail; rest well and bring also me unto rest. The grave—which is appointed to you and from now on will enclose no distress—opens heaven unto me and closes hell.*

*Good Friday Vespers, tr. Michael Marissen and Daniel R. Melamed*

*Silence is kept.*

Collect

Hymn

- 1 It is a thing most wonderful,  
almost too wonderful to be,  
that God's own Son should come from heaven,  
and die to save a child like me.**
- 2 And yet I know that it is true;  
he chose a poor and humble lot,  
and wept and toiled and mourned and died  
for love of those who loved him not.**

*continued...*

- 3 I cannot tell how he could love  
a child so weak and full of sin;  
his love must be most wonderful,  
if he could die my love to win.
- 4 I sometimes think about the cross,  
and shut my eyes, and try to see  
the cruel nails and crown of thorns,  
and Jesus crucified for me.
- 5 But even could I see him die,  
I could but see a little part  
of that great love which, like a fire,  
is always burning in his heart.
- 6 It is most wonderful to know  
his love for me so free and sure;  
but 'tis more wonderful to see  
my love for him so faint and poor.
- 7 And yet I want to love thee, Lord;  
O light the flame within my heart,  
and I will love thee more and more,  
until I see thee as thou art.

*William Walsham How (1823-1897)*

## **Anthem O Saviour of the world Goss**

O Saviour of the world, who by thy cross and precious blood hath redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech thee O Lord. Amen.

*Book of Common Prayer*

At the end of the service please depart quietly.

There is a retiring collection for the work of St Martin-in-the-Fields.

Hot cross buns and refreshments are served in St Martin's Hall.

The Wintershall Passion Play takes place in Trafalgar Square at 3.15pm today.

## Services on Easter Day

- 5.30am     The Easter Vigil, Lighting of the New Fire, Renewal of Baptismal Vows and First Eucharist of Easter
- 10.00am     Easter Eucharist  
*All are invited to bring a bell or whistle to make a joyful noise at the start of the Easter 10am service.*
- 1.30pm     Eucharist in Cantonese
- 3.15pm     Choral Classics
- 5.00pm     Choral Evensong

The Being With course is an opportunity to find a faith to live by through listening to the life-experiences of other members of a group in an accepting and non-judgemental way. There will be an onsite group starting at St Martin's on Thursday May 1 from 7-8.30pm running every Thursday until July 3. There will be another online course starting - date to be confirmed. Please email [beingwith@smitf.org](mailto:beingwith@smitf.org) if you would like to join the course either onsite or online or have any questions.

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