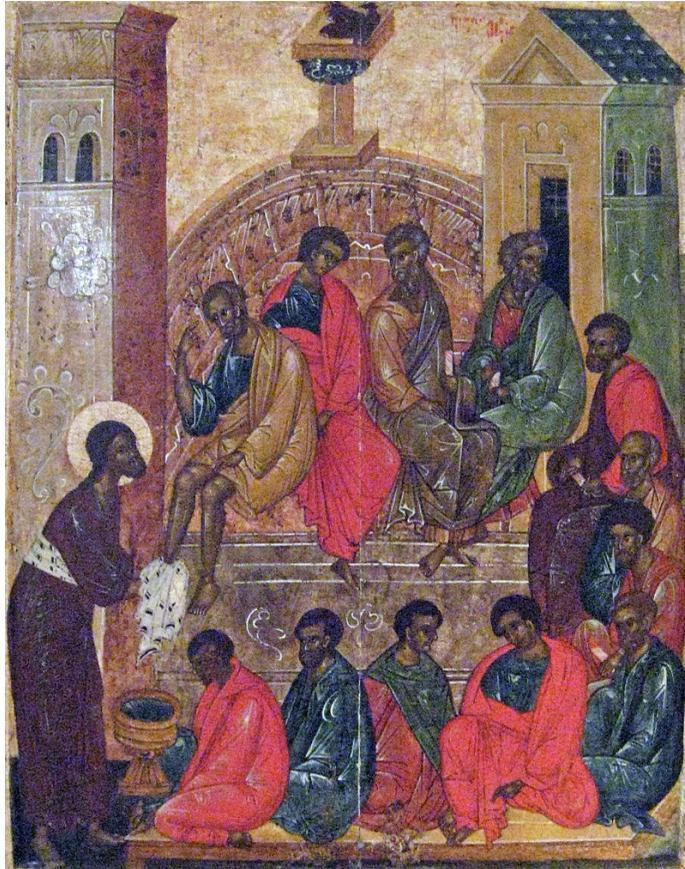




THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH
OF ALL SAINTS

A SERVICE OF READINGS & MUSIC FOR PASSIONTIDE



SUNDAY MARCH 28TH 2021 AT 5:00 P.M.
PALM SUNDAY

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS
1330 CATHEDRAL LANE, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

A SERVICE OF READINGS & MUSIC FOR PASSIONTIDE
The Cathedral Church of All Saints, Halifax, Nova Scotia

Voluntary Herzlich thut mich verlangen J. S. Bach (BWV 727)
(My heart is filled with longing)

Introit Adoramus te, Christe

Adoramus te, Christe,
et benedicimus tibi,
quia per sanctam crucem tuam
redemisti mundum.
Qui passus es pro nobis,
Domine, miserere nobis.

*We adore thee, O Christ,
and we bless thee,
because by thy holy cross
thou hast redeemed the world.
O Lord, who suffered for us,
have mercy on us.*

Words: John 13: 34-35

Music: G. P. da Palestrina (c.1525-94)

Processional Hymn The Royal Banners Forward Go VEXILLA REGIS

1 The royal banners forward go;
the cross shines forth in mystic glow;
where he, the Life, did flesh endure,
and by that death did life procure.

2 There while he hung, his sacred side
by soldier's spear was opened wide
to cleanse us in the precious flood
of water mingled with his blood.

3 Fulfilled is all his words foretold;
then spread the banners, and unfold
love's crowning power, that all may see
he reigns and triumphs from the tree.

4 O tree of grace, the conquering sign,
which dost in royal purple shine,
gone is thy shame; for, lo, each bough
proclaims the prince of glory now.

5 For once thy favoured branches bore
the wealth that did the world restore,
the priceless treasure, freely spent
to pay for our enfranchisement.

6 Father of all, life's source and spring,
may every soul thy praises sing;
may those obey the rule of heaven,
for whom the perfect life was given.

Words: V. Fortunatus (c.549-c.600)

Music: Mode I (12th cent.)

trans. J. M. Neale (1818-66) and P. Dearmer (1867-1936)

First Reading Mark 8. 34 – 37 and 10. 33 – 34

When Jesus had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and unto the scribes; and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles: And they shall mock him, and shall scourge him, and shall spit upon him, and shall kill him: and the third day he shall rise again.

Hymn 386 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross ROCKINGHAM

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;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

Words: I. Watts (1674-1748)

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

Music: *Psalmody in Miniature*, 1780

Harm: E. Miller (1731-1807) *Descant:* P. Halley

Second Reading Mark 14. 12 – 21

And the first day of unleavened bread, when they killed the passover, his disciples said unto him, Where wilt thou that we go and prepare that thou mayest eat the passover? And he sendeth forth two of his disciples, and saith unto them, Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him. And wheresoever he shall go in, say ye to the goodman of the house, The Master saith, Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples? And he will shew you a large upper room furnished and prepared: there make ready for us. And his disciples went forth, and came into the city, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover. And in the evening he cometh with the twelve. And as they sat and did eat, Jesus said, Verily I say unto you, One of you which eateth with me shall betray me. And they began to be sorrowful, and to say unto him one by one, Is it I? and another said, Is it I? And he answered and said unto them, It is one of the twelve, that dippeth with me in the dish. The Son of man indeed goeth, as it is written of him: but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! good were it for that man if he had never been born.

Anthem Vinea mea electa

Vinea mea electa, ego te plantavi:
quomodo conversa es in amaritudinem,
ut me crucifigures
et Barrabam dimitteres.
Sepivi te, et lapides elegi ex te,
et ædificavi turrim.

*O vineyard, my chosen one, I planted you:
How have you been changed into bitterness,
that you would crucify me
and set Barabbas free?
I enclosed you and picked the stones from you
and built a watchtower.*

Words: First Nocturn of Matins on Good Friday

Music: F. Poulenc (1899-1963)

Third Reading **John 13. 3 – 14**

Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God, and went to God; He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. Then cometh he to Simon Peter: and Peter saith unto him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet? Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter. Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me. Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith to him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit: and ye are clean, but not all. For he knew who should betray him; therefore said he, Ye are not all clean. So after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

Anthem Drop, Drop, Slow Tears

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of Peace.

Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.

In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye see sin,
But through my tears.

Words: P. Fletcher (1582-1650)

Music: O. Gibbons (1583-1625)

Hymn 51**Now My Tongue, The Mystery Telling**

GRAFTON

1 Now, my tongue, the mystery telling
of the glorious body sing,
and the blood, all price excelling,
which the nations' Lord and King,
once on earth among us dwelling,
shed for this world's ransoming.

2 That last night, at supper lying,
with the twelve, his chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
keeps the feast its rites demand;
then, more precious food supplying,
gives himself with his own hand.

5 Glory let us give, and blessing,
to the Father and the Son;
honour, thanks, and praise addressing
while eternal ages run,
and the Spirit's power confessing,
who from both with both is one.

3 Word made flesh, by word he maketh
very bread his flesh to be,
wine his blood for whoso taketh;
and if senses fail to see,
faith alone the true heart waketh,
to behold the mystery.

4 Therefore we, before him bending,
this great sacrament revere;
types and shadows have their ending,
for the newer rite is here;
faith, our outward sense befriending,
makes our inner vision clear.

Words: Attrib. T. Aquinas (c.1225-74)
trans. E. Caswall (1814-78)

Music: Melody *Le Recueil noté*, Lyon, 1871
Descant: P. Halley

Fourth Reading Mark 14. 32 – 42

And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane: and he saith to his disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray. And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy; And saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here, and watch. And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt. And he cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? couldest not thou watch one hour? Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak. And again he went away, and prayed, and spake the same words. And when he returned, he found them asleep again, (for their eyes were heavy,) neither wist they what to answer him. And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: it is enough, the hour is come; behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand.

Anthem **Hear My Prayer**

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my crying come unto thee.

Words: Psalm 102:1

Music: H. Purcell (1659-1695)

Fifth Reading **Mark 14. 43 – 50**

And immediately, while he yet spake, cometh Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and the scribes and the elders. And he that betrayed him had given them a token, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; take him, and lead him away safely. And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to him, and saith, Master, master; and kissed him. And they laid their hands on him, and took him. And one of them that stood by drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear. And Jesus answered and said unto them, Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take me? I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not: but the scriptures must be fulfilled. And they all forsook him, and fled.

Anthem **Lay Me Low**

Lay me low, lay me low, lay me low.
Where the Lord can find me,
Where the Lord can own me,
Where the Lord can bless me.

Words: Addah Z. Potter, New Lebanon, New York ca. 1838

Music: Trad. Shaker
arr. K. Siegfried (b.1969)

Sixth Reading **Mark 14. 53 – 65**

And they led Jesus away to the high priest: and with him were assembled all the chief priests and the elders and the scribes. And Peter followed him afar off, even into the palace of the high priest: and he sat with the servants, and warmed himself at the fire. And the chief priests and all the council sought for witness against Jesus to put him to death; and found none. For many bare false witness against him, but their witness agreed not together. And there arose certain, and bare false witness against him, saying, We heard him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands. But neither so did their witness agree together. And the high priest stood up in the midst, and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee? But he held his peace, and answered nothing. Again the high priest asked him, and said unto him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of

power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. Then the high priest rent his clothes, and saith, What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy: what think ye? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death. And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to buffet him, and to say unto him, Prophesy: and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands.

Hymn 628

O Love, How Deep

PUER NOBIS NASCITUR

1 O love, how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
that God, the Son of God, should take
our mortal form for mortals' sake!

2 He sent no angel to our race
of higher or of lower place,
but wore the robe of human frame
for us, and to this lost world came.

3 For us he was baptized and bore
his holy fast, and hungered sore;
for us temptations sharp he knew;
for us the tempter overthrew.

4 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
for us his daily works he wrought;
by words and signs and actions, thus
still seeking not himself, but us.

5 For us by wickedness betrayed,
scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
he bore the shameful cross and death;
for us at length gave up his breath.

6 For us he rose from death again;
for us he went on high to reign;
for us he sent his Spirit here
to guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

7 To God whose boundless love has won
salvation for us through the Son,
to God the Father, glory be
both now and through eternity.

Words: Latin, 15th cent.
trans. B. Webb (1819-85)

Music: Melody, Trier MS (15th cent.); M. Praetorius (1571-1621)
& G. R. Woodward (1848-1934)

Seventh Reading Mark 15. 1 – 15

And straightway in the morning the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council, and bound Jesus, and carried him away, and delivered him to Pilate. And Pilate asked him, Art thou the King of the Jews? And he answering said unto them, Thou sayest it. And the chief priests accused him of many things: but he answered nothing. And Pilate asked him again, saying, Answerest thou nothing? behold how many things they witness against thee. But Jesus yet answered nothing; so that Pilate marvelled. Now at that feast he released unto them one prisoner, whomsoever they desired. And there was one named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection. And the multitude crying aloud began to desire him to do as he had ever done unto them. But Pilate answered them, saying, Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews? For he knew

that the chief priests had delivered him for envy. But the chief priests moved the people, that he should rather release Barabbas unto them. And Pilate answered and said again unto them, What will ye then that I shall do unto him whom ye call the King of the Jews? And they cried out again, Crucify him. Then Pilate said unto them, Why, what evil hath he done? And they cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify him. And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified.

Anthem Solus ad victimam

Alone to sacrifice thou goest, Lord, Giving thyself to Death whom thou hast slain.
For us thy wretched folk is any word? Who know that for our sins this is thy pain?
For they are ours, O Lord, our deeds. Why must thou suffer torture for our sin?
Let our hearts suffer in thy Passion, Lord, That very suffering may thy mercy win.
This is the night of tears, the three days' space, Sorrow abiding of the eventide,
Until the day break with the risen Christ, And hearts that sorrowed shall be satisfied.
So may our hearts share in thine anguish, Lord, That they may sharers of thy glory be;
Heavy with weeping may the three days pass, To win the laughter of thine Easter Day.

Words: P. Abelard (1079-1142)

Music: K. Leighton (1899-1963)

trans. H. Waddell (1889-1965)

Eighth Reading **Mark 15. 22 – 32**

And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, The place of a skull. And they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but he received it not. And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments, casting lots upon them, what every man should take. And it was the third hour, and they crucified him. And the superscription of his accusation was written over, The King Of The Jews. And with him they crucify two thieves; the one on his right hand, and the other on his left. And the scripture was fulfilled, which saith, And he was numbered with the transgressors. And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads, and saying, Ah, thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, Save thyself, and come down from the cross. Likewise also the chief priests mocking said among themselves with the scribes, He saved others; himself he cannot save. Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe. And they that were crucified with him reviled him.

Anthem O vos omnes

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,
attendite, et videte,
si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.

*O all ye that pass by the way,
attend, and see,
whether there be any sorrow like my sorrow.*

Words: V. Fortunatus (530-609)

Music: P. Casals (1876-1973)

Ninth Reading **Mark 15. 33 – 37**

And when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? And some of them that stood by, when they heard it, said, Behold, he calleth Elias. And one ran and filled a sponge full of vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink, saying, Let alone; let us see whether Elias will come to take him down. And Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost.

A PERIOD OF SILENCE WILL BE KEPT

Anthem Jesu, The Very Thought of Thee

1. Jesu, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

5. Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

3. O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art:
How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Words: Bernard of Clairvaux (1090-1153)
trans. E. Caswall

Music: Melody by G. Slater (1896-1979)
arr. Paul Halley (b. 1952)

Tenth Reading Passion

H. Nouwen (1932-96)

Passion is a kind of waiting—waiting for what other people are going to do. Jesus went to Jerusalem to announce the good news to the people of that city. And Jesus knew that he was going to put a choice before them: Will you be my disciple, or will you be my executioner? There is no middle ground here. Jesus went to Jerusalem to put people in a situation where they had to say yes or no. That is the great drama of Jesus' passion: he had to wait upon how people were going to respond. How would they come? To betray him or to follow him? In a way, his agony is not simply the agony of approaching death. It is also the agony of having to wait. It is the agony of a God who depends on us for how God is going to live out the divine presence among us. It is the agony of the God who, in a very mysterious way, allows us to decide how God will be God. Here we glimpse the mystery of God's incarnation. God became human so that we could act upon God and God could be the recipient of our responses.

All action ends in passion because the response to our action is out of our hands. That is the mystery of work, the mystery of love, the mystery of friendship, the mystery of community—they always involve waiting. And that is the mystery of Jesus' love. God is revealed in Jesus as the one who waits for our response. Precisely in that waiting the intensity of God's love is revealed to us.

Collect for the Holy Cross

BLESSED Saviour, who by thy cross and passion hast given life unto the world: Grant that we thy servants may be given grace to take up the cross and follow thee through life and death; whom with the Father and the Holy Spirit we worship and glorify, one God, for ever and ever. **Amen.**

Collect for the Passion

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who, of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility: Mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The Blessing

Hymn 184 My Song Is Love Unknown

LOVE UNKNOWN

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 all 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.

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.

Words: S. Crossman (c.1624-83)

4 Why, what has 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.

5 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.

6 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.

Music: J. Ireland (1879-1962)

Descant: P. Halley

Voluntary

O Mensch bewein dein Sünde Groß
(O Man bewail thy grievous sin)

J. S. Bach (BWV 622)



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