The Chapel of Selwyn College, Cambridge

MUSIC AND READINGS FOR LENT

SUNDAY 13 MARCH 2022 at 6:00pm
(the Second Sunday of Lent)

*Please stand as the Choir and Clergy enter the chapel.*

**INTROIT**  
**Hear my cry, O God**  
words: Psalm 61: 1-2  
music: Nicholas Gawley (SE 2021)

Hear my cry, O God: listen to my prayer.

**INTRODUCTION AND BIDDING PRAYER**

*The Dean of Chapel introduces the service and then says:*

Brothers and sisters, during Lent we prepare for the celebration of our Lord’s death and resurrection.

We remember how Christ entered his own city to complete his work as our Saviour: to suffer, to die, and to rise again.

We recall the betrayal by Judas, Peter’s denial, Thomas’ doubts, Pilate’s complicity, and the hope of Mary.

Let us go with them all, in faith and love, so that united with Jesus in his sufferings we may share his risen life.

O God our Saviour, whose son Jesus Christ entered Jerusalem as Messiah to suffer and to die; grant that we may hail him as our king and walk with him in the way that leads to eternal life.  
*Amen.*
HYMN
NEH 76
words: Charles Everest (1814-1877)
music: BRESLAU; Leipzig 1625, harm. Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

1 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross then in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave,
’Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o’er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only those who bear the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

6 To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend:
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.

Please sit.
SELF-EXAMINATION AND REPENTANCE

READING Let us test and examine our ways
Lamentations 3: 22-41

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases,
his mercies never come to an end;
they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness.
“The Lord is my portion,” says my soul,
“therefore I will hope in him.”
The Lord is good to those who wait for him,
to the soul that seeks him.
It is good that one should wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord.
It is good for one to bear the yoke in youth,
to sit alone in silence when the Lord has imposed it,
to put one’s mouth to the dust (there may yet be hope),
to give one’s cheek to the smiter,
and be filled with insults.
For the Lord will not reject forever.
Although he causes grief, he will have compassion
according to the abundance of his steadfast love;
for he does not willingly afflict or grieve anyone.
When all the prisoners of the land are crushed under foot,
when human rights are perverted in the presence of the Most High,
when one’s case is subverted — does the Lord not see it?
Who can command and have it done,
if the Lord has not ordained it?
Is it not from the mouth of the Most High that good and bad come?
Why should any who draw breath
complain about the punishment of their sins?
Let us test and examine our ways,
and return to the Lord.
Let us lift up our hearts as well as our hands to God in heaven.
Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears unto our pray'rs; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty. O holy and most merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from thee. Amen.

Is this a Fast, to keep The Larder lean? And clean From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish Of flesh, yet still To fill The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour, Or ragg'd go, Or show A down-cast look and sour?

No: ’tis a Fast to dole Thy sheaf of wheat And meat Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife And old debate, And hate; To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent; To starve thy sin, Not bin; And that’s to keep thy Lent.
HYMN  NEH 60
words: ascr. to St Gregory (540-604); tr. T. A. Lacy (1853-1931)
music: JESU CORONA; Rouen (1729); harm. Vaughan Williams

1  O kind Creator, bow thine ear
   To mark the cry, to know the tear
   Before thy throne of mercy spent
   In this thy holy fast of Lent.

2  Our hearts are open, Lord, to thee:
   Thou knowest our infirmity;
   Pour out on all who seek thy face
   Abundance of thy pardoning grace.

3  Our sins are many, this we know;
   Spare us, good Lord, thy mercy show;
   And for the honour of thy name
   Our fainting souls to life reclaim.

4  Give us the self-control that springs
   From discipline of outward things,
   That fasting inward secretly
   The soul may purely dwell with thee.

5  We pray thee, holy Trinity,
   One God, unchanging Unity,
   That we from this our abstinence
   May reap the fruits of penitence.

Please sit.
When Jesus had finished saying all these things, he said to his disciples, “You know that after two days the Passover is coming, and the Son of Man will be handed over to be crucified.” Then the chief priests and the elders of the people gathered in the palace of the high priest, who was called Caiaphas, and they conspired to arrest Jesus by stealth and kill him. But they said, “Not during the festival, or there may be a riot among the people.”

Now while Jesus was at Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, a woman came to him with an alabaster jar of very costly ointment, and she poured it on his head as he sat at the table. But when the disciples saw it, they were angry and said, “Why this waste? For this ointment could have been sold for a large sum, and the money given to the poor.” But Jesus, aware of this, said to them, “Why do you trouble the woman? She has performed a good service for me. For you always have the poor with you, but you will not always have me. By pouring this ointment on my body she has prepared me for burial. Truly I tell you, wherever this good news is proclaimed in the whole world, what she has done will be told in remembrance of her.”

Then one of the twelve, who was called Judas Iscariot, went to the chief priests and said, “What will you give me if I betray him to you?” They paid him thirty pieces of silver. And from that moment he began to look for an opportunity to betray him.

On the first day of Unleavened Bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying, “Where do you want us to make the preparations for you to eat the Passover?” He said, “Go into the city to a certain man, and say to him, ‘The Teacher says, My time is near; I will keep the Passover at your house with my disciples.’” So the disciples did as Jesus had directed them, and they prepared the Passover meal. When it was evening, he took his place with the twelve; and while they were eating, he said, “Truly I tell you, one of you will betray me.” And they became greatly distressed and began to say to him one after another, “Surely not I, Lord?” He answered, “The one who has dipped his hand into the bowl with me will betray me. The Son of Man goes as it is written of him, but woe to that one by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It would have been better for that one not to have been born.” Judas, who betrayed him, said, “Surely not I, Rabbi?” He replied, “You have said so.”
Crux fidelis (Faithful Cross)

Eclipse – at midnight –
it was dark – before –
Sunset – at Easter –
Blind-ness – on the dawn –
Faint star of Bethlehem
Gone down!

His harmlesse hands vnto the Crosse they nailed
Betweene two theiues, vpnitied, vnbewailde,
With sharpest pangs and terrors thus appailde,

To know just how he suffered –
would be dear –
To know if any Human eyes were near
To whom He could entrust his wavering gaze,–
Until it settle broad –
On Paradise

“Remember me, remember me,”
implored the thief!

Before –
Sunset – at Easter –
A Guest in Paradise.
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.
HYMN   NEH 95
words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
music: ROCKINGHAM; adapted Edward Miller (1731-1807)
from Webbe’s Collection of Psalm Tunes (1820)
descant by David Willcocks (1919-2015)

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 death of Christ, my God;
All the vain 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.
READING  Jesus of the Scars
Edward Shillito (1872-1948)

If we have never sought, we seek Thee now;
Thine eyes burn through the dark, our only stars;
We must have sight of thorn-pricks on Thy brow,
We must have Thee, O Jesus of the Scars.

The heavens frighten us; they are too calm;
In all the universe we have no place.
Our wounds are hurting us; where is the balm?
Lord Jesus, by Thy Scars, we claim Thy grace.

If, when the doors are shut, Thou drawest near,
Only reveal those hands, that side of Thine;
We know to-day what wounds are, have no fear,
Show us Thy Scars, we know the countersign.

The other gods were strong; but Thou wast weak;
They rode, but Thou didst stumble to a throne;
But to our wounds only God’s wounds can speak,
And not a god has wounds, but Thou alone.
ANTHEM  Carol of the Passion
words: Anon 15thC (British Library MS. Sloane 2593. ff.23r-v.)
music: Philip Lancaster (b. 1977)

Nowel el el el el!
Mary moder, cum and se,
Thi sone is nayld on a tre,
Hand and fot he may not go,
His body is woundyn al in woe.

Thi swete sone, That thu hast born,
To save mankynde that was forlorn,
His hed is wrethin in a thorn,
His blysful body is al to-torn.

Quan he this tale began to telle,
Mary wold non longer dwelle,
But hyid here faste to that hylle,
Ther Jhesu his blod be-gan to spylle.

Myn swete sone, that art me dere,
Qwy han men hangyd the here?
Thi hed is wrethin in a brere;
Myn lovely son, qwer is thi chere?

Thin swete body, that in me rest,
Thin comely mowth, that I hve kest,
Now on rode is mad thi nest,
Leve chyld, quat is me best?

Woman, to Jon I the betake!
Jon kyp this woman for myn sake,
For synful sowlys my deth I take,
On rode I hange for manys sake.

This game alone me muste play,
For synful sowle I deye to dey,
Ther is no wyõt that goth be the way,
Of myn peynys can wel say.
REDEMPTION AND SALVATION

READING  Spiritual blessings in Christ
Ephesians 1: 3-11; 2: 1-10

In Christ we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses, according to the riches of his grace that he lavished on us. With all wisdom and insight he has made known to us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure that he set forth in Christ, as a plan for the fullness of time, to gather up all things in him, things in heaven and things on earth. In Christ we have also obtained an inheritance, having been destined according to the purpose of him who accomplishes all things according to his counsel and will. [...] You were dead through the trespasses and sins in which you once lived, following the course of this world, following the ruler of the power of the air, the spirit that is now at work among those who are disobedient. All of us once lived among them in the passions of our flesh, following the desires of flesh and senses, and we were by nature children of wrath, like everyone else. But God, who is rich in mercy, out of the great love with which he loved us even when we were dead through our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ — by grace you have been saved — and raised us up with him and seated us with him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus, so that in the ages to come he might show the immeasurable riches of his grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus. For by grace you have been saved through faith, and this is not your own doing; it is the gift of God — not the result of works, so that no one may boast. For we are what he has made us, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand to be our way of life.

ANTHEM  Solus ad victimam
words: Peter Abelard (1079-1142);
tr. Helen Waddell (1889-1965)
music: Kenneth Leighton (1929-1988)

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, 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.

**READING**

**The Coming**

R S Thomas (1913-2000)

And God held in his hand
A small globe. Look he said.
The son looked. Far off,
As through water, he saw
A scorched land of fierce
Colour. The light burned
There; crusted buildings
Cast their shadows: a bright
Serpent, a river
Uncoiled itself, radiant
With slime.

On a bare
Hill a bare tree saddened
The sky. Many People
Held out their thin arms
To it, as though waiting
For a vanished April
To return to its crossed
Boughs. The son watched
Them. Let me go there, he said.
ANTHEM

God so loved the world
words: John 3: 16
music: Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

READING

Love (III)
George Herbert (1593-1633)

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
   Guiltie of dust and sinne,
But quick-ey’d Love, observing me grow slack
   From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
   If I lack’d any thing.

A guest, I answer’d, worthy to be here:
   Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
   I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
   Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr’d them: let my shame
   Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
   My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:
   So I did sit and eat.

Please sit or kneel for the prayers
PRAYERS

Let us pray to the Father, who loved the world so much that he sent his only Son to give us life. Simon from Cyrene was forced to carry the cross for your Son. Give us grace to lift heavy loads from those we meet and to stand with those condemned to die. Lord, hear us. **Lord, graciously hear us.**

Your Son watched the soldiers gamble to share his clothes. Transform the hearts of those who make a profit from their victims, and those whose hearts are hardened by their work. Lord, hear us. **Lord, graciously hear us.**

The thief, who was crucified with Jesus, was promised a place in your kingdom. Give pardon and hope, healing and peace to all who look death in the face. Lord, hear us. **Lord, graciously hear us.**

From the cross Jesus entrusted Mary his mother and John his disciple to each other’s care. Help us also to care for one another and fill our homes with the spirit of your love. Lord, hear us. **Lord, graciously hear us.**

In Mary and John your Son created a new family at the cross. Fill our relationships, and those of new families today, with mutual care and responsibility, and give us a secure hope for the future. Lord, hear us. **Lord, graciously hear us.**
The centurion was astonished to see your glory in the crucified Messiah. Open the eyes of those who do not know you to see in your Son the meaning of life and death.

Lord, hear us.

**Lord, graciously hear us.**

Joseph of Arimathaea came to take your Son’s body away. Give hope and faith to the dying and bereaved, and gentleness to those who minister to them.

Lord, hear us.

**Lord, graciously hear us.**

Simon and Joseph, Mary and John became part of your Church in Jerusalem. Bring into your Church today a varied company of people, to walk with Christ in the way of his passion and to find their salvation in the victory of his cross.

Lord of the Church, hear our prayer, and make us one in heart and mind to serve you in Christ our Lord.

**Amen.**

**Holy God,**

**holy and strong,**

**holy and immortal,**

**have mercy upon us.**

O God, we pray for your help to lead a holy Lent, through Self-Examination, Repentance, and Confession, leading to our Redemption through the death and resurrection of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

May these forty days of prayer, fasting, and self-denial help us to grow in faith and devotion to you, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

**Amen.**

*Please stand.*
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 men 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.

4 Why, what hath 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 In life no house, no home
my Lord on earth might have;
in death no friendly tomb
but what a stranger gave.
What may I say? Heav'n was his home
but mine the tomb
wherein he lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing:
no story so divine;
ever was love, dear King,
ever was grief like Thine!
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise
I all my days
could gladly spend.
THE COLLECT FOR ASH WEDNESDAY
Almighty and everlasting God, you hate nothing that you have made, and forgive the sins of all those who are penitent. Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that, lamenting our sins and acknowledging our wickedness, we may receive from you, the God of all mercy, perfect forgiveness and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.
Amen.

THE COLLECT FOR PALM SUNDAY
Almighty and everlasting God, who in your tender love towards the human race sent your Son our Saviour Jesus Christ to take upon him our flesh and to suffer death upon the cross: grant that we may follow the example of his patience and humility, and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

THE BLESSING
May God the Father, who does not despise the broken spirit, give to you a contrite heart.
Amen.

May Christ, who bore our sins in his body on the tree, heal you by his wounds.
Amen.

May the Holy Spirit, who leads us into all truth, speak to you words of pardon and peace.
Amen.

And the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be among you, and remain with you always.
Amen.

VOLUNTARY  Herzliebster Jesu – Gabriel Jackson (b. 1962)

Please remain standing while the choir and clergy depart.
Those who leave before the end of the voluntary are asked to do so quietly.

You are welcome to keep this service sheet as an aid to reflection.