



# St James Cathedral

CHICAGO

Restore. Reimagine. Rebuild.



*"Crucifixion" by Craigie Aitchison*

Choral Meditation on  
The Seven Last Words  
April 10, 2022 at 4 p.m.



# Welcome to St. James Cathedral!

The Seven Last Words from the Cross are drawn from the four canonical gospels. In Matthew and Mark, Jesus cries out to the Father in despair. In Luke, Jesus forgives those who have crucified him, comforts the penitent thief, and gives up his spirit. And in John, Jesus speaks to his mother and Peter, thirsts, and declares the his life is finished. Together, these sayings weave a tapestry of Christ as a man undergoing extreme suffering and a savior who is infinitely forgiving.

Just as the Seven Last Words are woven together from the four gospels, we have woven together a tapestry of poetry and music from various sources to provide a space for contemplation, mysticism, and beauty. Art has a sublime power to connect us to the divine. If you wish, please take this leaflet home with you and continue to reflect upon these words and this music throughout Holy Week. We hope it will help you to encounter Christ in his final hours anew. We also hope that you will join us throughout the week to finish the story!

Stephen Buzard, *Director of Music*

## HEALTH AND SAFETY PROTOCOLS

We are glad to welcome you to St. James Cathedral. We are following the current Center for Disease Control and City of Chicago guidelines for the COVID-19 pandemic, and so:

- For cathedral services, the wearing of protective masks is now optional.
- For your information, all cathedral staff and the Cathedral Choir are fully vaccinated and continue to test weekly.
- For the time being, communion will continue to be served in one kind (bread only) at standing stations.

## LIVE-STREAM NOTICE

A reminder this public service will be live-streamed and your image or the image of any children or vulnerable adults in your care may appear in the video. By your entry and presence in this service, you agree on behalf of yourself and any children or vulnerable adults attending with you to be photographed, filmed, and/or otherwise recorded, and also agree to our use of such images in any and all media.

## PRELUDE

## Psalm-Prelude Set II no. 1

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

*"Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice" –Psalm 130:1**Please stand.*

## HYMN

Hymnal 474

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross where the young  
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the  
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet sor - row and  
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an

Prince of Glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I  
 cross of Christ, my God: all the vain things that  
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and  
 of - fering far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: *Rockingham*, from Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature, ca. 1970; harm. Edward Miller (1731-1807)

THE FIRST WORD *“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do”*

In evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopped my wild career:  
I saw One hanging on a Tree  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed His languid eyes on me.  
As near His Cross I stood.  
Sure never till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look:  
It seemed to charge me with His death,  
Though not a word He spoke:  
My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair:  
I saw my sins His Blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail Him there.  
Alas! I knew not what I did!  
But now my tears are vain:  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain!  
A second look He gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
I die that thou may'st live."  
Thus, while His death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals my pardon too.  
With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,  
My spirit now is filled,  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by Him I killed!

*For I the Lord have slain*  
John Newton (1725–1807)

## ANTHEM

Raffaella Aleotti (1575–1620)

*Miserere mei Deus, quoniam in te confidit  
anima mea: et in umbra alarum tuarum  
donec transeat iniquitas.*

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me,  
for my soul trusteth in thee: and under the shadow of  
thy wings shall be my refuge, until this tyranny be  
over-past.

–Psalm 57, v. 1

## THE SECOND WORD “Truly, I say to you, today you will be with me in paradise”

Now I saw in my dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, “He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.” Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his checks. Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold three Shining Ones came to him and saluted him with “Peace be to thee.” So the first said to him, “Thy sins be forgiven thee:” the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him “with change of raiment;” the third also set a mark in his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate. So they went their way.

From *The Pilgrim’s Progress*  
John Bunyan (1628–1688)

## ANTHEM

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

*Vinea mea electa, ego te plantavi: quomodo  
conversa es in amaritudinem, ut me crucifigeres et  
Barrabam dimitteres?*

My chosen vineyard, I planted you : how have  
you turned into bitterness, so as to crucify me  
and free Barabbas?

## THE THIRD WORD “*Woman, behold your son... behold your mother*”

The threefold terror of love; a fallen flare  
Through the hollow of an ear;  
Wings beating about the room;  
The terror of all terrors that I bore  
The Heavens in my womb.

Had I not found content among the shows  
Every common woman knows,  
Chimney corner, garden walk,  
Or rocky cistern where we tread the clothes  
And gather all the talk?

What is this flesh I purchased with my pains,  
This fallen star my milk sustains,  
This love that makes my heart's blood stop  
Or strikes a sudden chill into my bones  
And bids my hair stand up?”

*The Mother of God*  
William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

## ANTHEM

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

At the cry of the first bird they began to crucify Thee, O Swan! Never shall lament cease because of that. It was like the parting of day from night. Ah, sore was the suffering borne by the body of Mary's Son, but sorer still to Him was the grief which for His sake came upon His Mother.

*Carolyn DalMonte, soprano*

## THE FOURTH WORD “*My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?*”

Oh King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,  
    To thee of all kings only due)  
Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,  
    Who in all grief preventest me?  
Shall I weep blood? why, thou hast wept such store  
    That all thy body was one door.  
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?  
    but to tell the tale is told.  
*My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?*  
    Was such a grief as cannot be.  
Shall I then sing, skipping thy doleful story,

And side with thy triumphant glory?  
 Shall thy stokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?  
 Thy rod, my posy? cross, my bower?  
 But how then shall I imitate thee, and  
 Copy thy fair, though bloody hand?  
 Surely I will revenge me on thy love,  
 And try who shall victorious prove.  
 If thou dost give me wealth, I will restore  
 All back unto thee by the poor.  
 If thou dost give me honour, men shall see,  
 The honour doth belong to thee.  
 I will not marry; or, if she be mine,  
 She and her children shall be thine.  
 My bosom friend, if he blaspheme thy Name,  
 I will tear thence his love and fame.  
 One half of me being gone, the rest I give  
 Unto some Chappel, die or live.  
 As for thy passion~But of that anon,  
 When with the other I have done.  
 For thy predestination I'll contrive,  
 That three years hence, if I survive,  
 I'll build a spittle, or mend common ways,  
 And mend mine own without delays.  
 Then I will use the works of thy creation,  
 As if I used them but for fashion.  
 The world and I will quarrel; and the year  
 Shall not perceive, that I am here.  
 My music shall find thee, and every string  
 Shall have his attribute to sing;  
 That all together may accord in thee,  
 And prove one God, one harmony.  
 If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear,  
 If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.  
 Nay, I will read thy book, and never move  
 Till I have found therein thy love,  
 Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee:  
 O my dear Saviour, Victory!  
 Then for thy passion – I will do for that  
 Alas, my God, I know not what.

*The Thanksgiving*  
 George Herbert (1593–1633)



## ANTHEM

Thomas Tallis (1505–1585)

*Salvator mundi, salva nos, qui per crucem et  
sanguinem redemisti nos. Auxiliare nobis, te  
deprecamur, Deus noster.*

Saviour of the world, save us, thou who by thy  
cross and blood hast redeemed us. Come to  
our rescue, we beseech thee, our God.

–the Sarum Manual

## THE FIFTH WORD “I thirst”

I have no wit, no words, no tears;  
My heart within me like a stone  
Is numb'd too much for hopes or fears;  
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;  
I lift mine eyes, but dimm'd with grief  
No everlasting hills I see;  
My life is in the falling leaf:  
O Jesus, quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,  
My harvest dwindled to a husk:  
Truly my life is void and brief  
And tedious in the barren dusk;  
My life is like a frozen thing,  
No bud nor greenness can I see:  
Yet rise it shall—the sap of Spring;  
O Jesus, rise in me.

My life is like a broken bowl,  
A broken bowl that cannot hold  
One drop of water for my soul  
Or cordial in the searching cold;  
Cast in the fire the perish'd thing;  
Melt and remould it, till it be  
A royal cup for Him, my King:  
O Jesus, drink of me.

*A Better Resurrection*  
Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

## ANTHEM

Pablo Casals (1876–1973)

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

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

## THE SIXTH WORD *“It is finished”*

The wounded surgeon plies the steel  
That questions the distempered part;  
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel  
The sharp compassion of the healer's art  
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.

Our only health is the disease  
If we obey the dying nurse  
Whose constant care is not to please  
But to remind of our, and Adam's curse,  
And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow worse.

The whole earth is our hospital  
Endowed by the ruined millionaire,  
Wherein, if we do well, we shall  
Die of the absolute paternal care  
That will not leave us, but prevents us everywhere.

The chill ascends from feet to knees,  
The fever sings in mental wires.  
If to be warmed, then I must freeze  
And quake in frigid purgatorial fires  
Of which the flame is roses, and the smoke is briars.  
The dripping blood our only drink,  
The bloody flesh our only food:  
In spite of which we like to think  
That we are sound, substantial flesh and blood—  
Again, in spite of that, we call this Friday good.

East Coker IV, from *Four Quartets*  
T.S. Eliot (1888–1965)

## ANTHEM

J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

*Es ist vollbracht!  
O Trost für die gekränkten Seelen!  
Die Trauernacht  
Läßt nun die letzte Stunde zählen.  
Der Held aus Juda siegt mit Macht  
Und schließt den Kampf.  
Es ist vollbracht!*

It is finished!  
Oh, consolation for all hurt souls;  
that night of mourning  
approaches its final hour.  
The Hero from Judah hath triumphed in strength,  
and ends the struggle.  
It is finished!

*Kimberly Hann Warner, alto*

## THE SEVENTH WORD *“Father, into your hands I commend my spirit”*

It is a thing most wonderful,  
almost too wonderful to be,  
that God's own Son should come from heav'n,  
and die to save a child like me.  
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.  
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.  
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.  
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.  
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.  
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

Howells

Take him, earth, for cherishing, to thy tender breast receive him. Body of a man I bring thee, noble even in its ruin.

Once was this a spirit's dwelling, by the breath of God created. High the heart that here was beating, Christ the prince of all its living.

Guard him well, the dead I give thee, not unmindful of his creature shall he ask it: he who made it symbol of his mystery.

Comes the hour God hath appointed to fulfil the hope of men, then must thou, in very fashion, what I give, return again.

Not though ancient time decaying wear away these bones to sand, ashes that a man might measure in the hollow of his hand:

Not though wandering winds and idle, drifting through the empty sky, scatter dust was nerve and sinew, is it given to man to die.

Once again the shining road leads to ample Paradise; open are the woods again, that the serpent lost for men.

Take, O take him, mighty leader, take again thy servant's soul. Grave his name, and pour the fragrant balm upon the icy stone.

–Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (384–413)

Trans. Helen Jane Waddell (1889–1965)

*Please kneel.*

## PRAYERS

Please stand.

## HYMN

Hymnal 167

1 There is a green hill far a - way, out - side a ci - ty wall,  
2 We may not know, we can - not tell, what pains he had to bear,  
\*3 He died that we might be for - given, he died to make us good,  
\*4 There was no o - ther good e - nough to pay the price of sin,  
5 O dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved! And we must love him too,

1 where our dear Lord was cru - ci - fied who died to save us all.  
2 but we be - lieve it was for us he hung and suf - fered there.  
3 that we might go at last to heaven, saved by his pre - cious blood.  
4 he on - ly could un - lock the gate of heaven and let us in.  
5 and trust in his re - deem - ing blood, and try his works to do.

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1895), alt.

Music: Horsley, William Horsley (1774–1858)

## VOLUNTARY

*Aus tiefer Not, schrei ich zu dir, BWV 686*

Bach



# MUSIC AT ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

Sign up for our music newsletter at [SaintJamesCathedral.org/music](http://SaintJamesCathedral.org/music)

St. James has long been recognized for excellence and leadership in sacred music. The Cathedral Choir sings Sundays at 11 a.m. and at major feast days, other special services, and a particularly moving service of choral evensong, a service of song, stillness, and scripture on the first Sunday of the month (October through June).

---

## UPCOMING:

---

### HOLY WEEK

Tenebrae April 13 @ 6:30 p.m.

Maundy Thursday April 14 @ 6:30 p.m.

Good Friday April 15 @ 1:30 p.m.

Easter Vigil April 16 @ 8 p.m.

Easter Sunday April 17 @ 11 a.m.

---

### DUPRÉ'S STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Friday April 15 @ 6:30 p.m.

---



*Presiding Bishop Michael Curry has asked each Episcopal church to make an offering for the Province of Jerusalem and the Middle East to support a more vibrant and effective Christian presence in the Holy Land.*

*In lieu of a collection at this service, we encourage all to continue your spiritual practice of supporting the Good Friday Offering, which provides critical support to the dioceses of Jerusalem and the Middle East, by using your smartphone to text 'GFO' to 91999 (messaging and data rates apply) or visiting [www.episcopalchurch.org/goodfridayoffering](http://www.episcopalchurch.org/goodfridayoffering).*



# Holy Week

## SCHEDULE

### **PALM SUNDAY** April 10

Eucharist at 8, 9, and 11 a.m.

Choral Meditation on the Seven Last Words at 4 p.m.

### **MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK** April 11

Eucharist at 12:10 and 5:30 p.m.

### **TUESDAY IN HOLY WEEK** April 12

Chrism Eucharist at 12:10 p.m.

Eucharist at 5:30 p.m.

### **WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK** April 13

Eucharist at 12:10 and 5:30 p.m.

Tenebrae at 6:30 p.m.

### **MAUNDY THURSDAY** April 14

Eucharist and Foot Washing at 6:30 p.m.

### **GOOD FRIDAY** April 15

Liturgy of the Passion at 1:30 p.m.

Dupré's Stations of the Cross at 6:30 p.m.

### **HOLY SATURDAY** April 16

Easter Vigil Eucharist at 8 p.m.

Festive reception following

### **EASTER DAY** April 17

Eucharist at 8, 9, and 11 a.m.

Easter Egg Hunt at 10 a.m.

[SaintJamesCathedral.org/HolyWeek](http://SaintJamesCathedral.org/HolyWeek)

---

## LITURGICAL MINISTERS

---

OFFICIANT: The Rev. Canon Lisa Hackney-James

---

---

### WORSHIP SCHEDULE

---

SUNDAYS	8 a.m.	Holy Eucharist ( <i>Spoken</i> )	Chapel
	9 a.m.	Holy Eucharist ( <i>Family</i> )	Cathedral
	11 a.m.	Holy Eucharist ( <i>Choral</i> )	Cathedral
		Live-Stream Service ( <i>see enews, website, or YouTube</i> )	
FIRST SUNDAYS	4 p.m.	Choral Evensong ( <i>Oct–Jun</i> )	Cathedral
WEEKDAYS	9 a.m.	Morning Prayer	Zoom
			( <i>see enews, or website</i> )
	12:10 p.m.	Holy Eucharist	Cathedral
	5:45 p.m.	Choral Evensong ( <i>Wednesdays</i> )	Cathedral

---

---

### CLERGY & STAFF

---

The Very Rev. Dominic Barrington, <i>Dean</i>	<i>On sabbatical until August</i>
The Rev. Canon Lisa Hackney-James, <i>Acting Dean</i>	lhj@saintjamescathedral.org
The Rev. Anna Broadbent, <i>Assoc. for Outreach Ministries</i>	abroadbent@saintjamescathedral.org
The Rev. Brenda Kilpatrick, <i>Deacon</i>	bkilpatrick@saintjamescathedral.org
Canon Robert Black, <i>Finance &amp; Administration</i>	rblack@saintjamescathedral.org
Stephen Buzard, <i>Director of Music</i>	sbuzard@saintjamescathedral.org
Alison Barrington, <i>Director of Children's Ministries</i>	abarrington@saintjamescathedral.org
Jocelyn Colao, <i>Associate for Administration</i>	jcolao@saintjamescathedral.org
The Rev. Shawn Evelyn, <i>Interim Assoc. for Youth Ministries</i>	sevelyn@saintjamescathedral.org
Christine Price, <i>Accountant</i>	cprice@saintjamescathedral.org
Meg Cutting, <i>Organ Scholar</i>	mcutting@saintjamescathedral.org
Canon Henry Leach, <i>Head Sexton</i>	hleach@saintjamescathedral.org

---

---

### CATHEDRAL CHAPTER

---

Nicole Spencer, *Senior Warden*, Susan Fickling, *Junior Warden*, Erin Maus, *Chancellor*, Paul Thompson, *Treasurer*, George Culver, Nicholas Chabreja, Anne Driscoll, Olivia Elliott, The Rev. Christopher Griffin, Cilla Esiri-Olowopopo, Greg Gerber, The Rev. Fran Holliday, Debrah Jefferson, Brian Leibfried, Allen Moye, and Elizabeth Wakefield-Connell.



St. James Cathedral is an Episcopal Church,  
A member of the Worldwide Anglican Communion.

Music usage licensing and agreements:  
Church Hymnal Corporation, New York, and OneLicense.net  
All images labeled for noncommercial reuse with modification