



St James Cathedral

CHICAGO

Restore. Reimagine. Rebuild.



"Golgotha" by Edvard Munch

Choral Meditations on
The Seven Last Words
April 18, 2025 at 6:30 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 that his life is finished. Together, these sayings portray 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 Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* 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 as you prepare for Easter. We hope it will help you to encounter Christ in his final hours anew.

Stephen Buzard, *Director of Music*

GUEST MUSICIANS

Emi Tanabe, violin

Paul Vanderwerf, violin

Elizabeth Hagen, viola

Anna Steinhoff, cello

PARKING

Reduced-rate parking is available at R.O.W. Parking Garage (50 E. Ohio) for \$17 on weekdays and Saturdays for up to 18 hours, and \$2 on Sundays for up to six hours from the time of entering the garage. Discounts are also available for all-day parking at Ohio Ontario Self Park (33 W. Ontario) for \$11. To receive a reduced-rate parking voucher, please go to the Welcome Center desk in the narthex.

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.



THIS WEEK'S ENEWS

The people gather in silence.

Please stand as the clergy and choristers enter.

OPENING DEVOTIONS

Officiant In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

All Amen.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

HYMN

Hymnal 172

1 Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you
2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Were you
*3 Were you there when they pierced him in the side? Were you
4 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you

there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Oh! _____
there when they nailed him to the tree? Oh! _____
there when they pierced him in the side? Oh! _____
there when they laid him in the tomb? Oh! _____

Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,
 Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,
 Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,
 Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,

trem-ble. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 trem-ble. Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
 trem-ble. Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
 trem-ble. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Words: African-American spiritual

Music: *Were you There*, Afro-American spiritual; harm. Charles Winfred Douglas (1867-1944)

COLLECT OF THE DAY

Officiant The Lord be with you.

All **And also with you.**

Officiant Let us pray.

Lord Jesus Christ, you stretched out your arms of love on the hard wood of the cross that everyone might come within the reach of your saving embrace: So clothe us in your Spirit that we, reaching forth our hands in love, may bring those who do not know you to the knowledge and love of you; for the honor of your Name. **Amen.**

Please be seated.

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

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)

*Stabat Mater dolorosa
iuxta crucem lacrimosa,
dum pendebat Filius.*

Stood the Mother of Sorrows
in tears at the Cross
on which the Son hung.

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

Pergolesi

*Cuius animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransiuit gladius.*

Through her weeping soul,
compassionate and grieving,
a sword passed.

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

Pergolesi

*Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?*

Who is it that would not weep,
seeing Christ's Mother
in such agony?

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

*Eja Mater, fons amoris
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.*

Pergolesi

O Mother, fountain of love,
make me feel the power of sorrow,
that I may grieve with you.

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 Rosetti (1830–1894)

ANTHEM

*Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
passionis fac consortem,
et plagas recolare.*

Pergolesi

Make me to bear Christ's death,
sharing in His passion,
and commemorate his wounds.

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

Pergolesi

*Inflammatum et accensum
per te, Virgo, sum defensum
in die iudicii.*

Inflame and set on fire,
may I be defended by you, Virgin,
on the day of judgment.

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

Pergolesi

*Quando corpus morietur,
fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.*

When my body dies,
grant that to my soul is given
the glory of paradise. Amen.

Please kneel.

PRAYERS

Please stand.

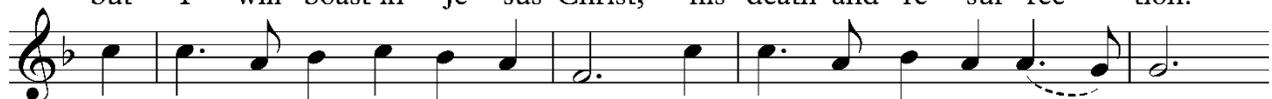
HYMN



1. How deep the Fa-ther's love for us, how vast be-yond all mea - sure,
2. Be - hold, the man up - on a cross, my sin up - on his shoul - ders;
3. I will not boast in an - y - thing, no gifts, no pow'r, no wis - dom;



that he should give his on - ly Son to make a wretch his trea - sure.
a - shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice call out a - mong the scoff - ers.
but I will boast in Je - sus Christ, his death and re - sur - rec - tion.



How great the pain of sear - ing loss; the Fa - ther turns his face a - way,
It was my sin that held him there, un - til it was ac - com - plished;
Why should I gain from his re - ward? I can - not give an an - swer;



as wounds which mar the cho - sen one bring ma - ny souls to glo - ry.
his dy - ing breath has brought me life. I know that it is fin - ished.
but this I know with all my heart, his wounds have paid my ran - som.

Words & Music: Stuart Townend (b. 1963); arr. Stephen Buzard (b. 1989)

Remain standing as the clergy and choir depart in silence.



The Good Friday Offering

Lent 2025

Dear People of God in The Episcopal Church:

For 103 years, the Good Friday Offering has supported the ministry of The Episcopal Church in Jerusalem and the Middle East. This Lent, the need is almost unfathomable, and I ask you to join me in making a generous gift at iam.ec/goodfridayoffering.

We do not know what the political future of the Holy Land will be; but whatever that future, our siblings in Christ in The Episcopal Church in Jerusalem and the Middle East will continue to serve God's people through their congregations, hospitals, schools, orphanages, and humanitarian aid programs. These vital ministries serve people of all faiths without distinction, bearing witness to the power of hope and healing across divides.

Your gift to the Good Friday Offering will support ministry at al-Ahli Hospital in Gaza, which has continued to provide essential health care services despite the violence of war; St. George's in Baghdad, Iraq, and its medical center; an eye clinic at Christ Church in Yemen; and the powerful Christian presence of All Saints' Episcopal Church in Damascus, Syria, and All Saints' Episcopal Church in Beirut, Lebanon.

It is easy to feel powerless in the face of the human suffering we have witnessed in the Holy Land, but with a gift to the Good Friday Offering at iam.ec/goodfridayoffering, we can help The Episcopal Church in Jerusalem and the Middle East turn despair into hope for thousands of God's people across their region.

Thank you for your generous support this Lent.

Presiding Bishop Sean Rowe
The Episcopal Church



To make your gift today:

- Scan the QR code at right
- Visit iam.ec/goodfridayoffering
- Send a check with "Good Friday Offering" in the memo line to:
The Episcopal Church (DFMS)
PO Box 958983
St. Louis, MO 63195-8983



Information, including bulletin covers, inserts, and more, is available at iam.ec/goodfridayoffering. Questions may be directed to Archdeacon Paul Feheley, Middle East partnership officer, at pfebeley@episcopalchurch.org or 212-716-6222.



MUSIC AT ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

Sign up for our music newsletter at 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., at major feast days, and other special services. Choral Evensong, a particularly moving service of song, stillness, and scripture happens on the first Sunday of the month (October through June).



Founded in 2017, the St. James Cathedral Choir School provides a *free, world-class music education* for children in 3rd through 8th grade. In addition to weekly rehearsals, each chorister receives a one-on-one weekly voice lesson, and lead music for one of the Sunday morning services and for Wednesday Evensong each week.

UPCOMING:

HOLY WEEK

Easter Vigil, Saturday, April 19 @ 8 p.m.

Easter Sunday, April 20 @ 8, 9, 11 a.m.



THE CHOIR SCHOOL AT ST JAMES CATHEDRAL

"There are times I am brought to tears - seeing their growth and the lifelong gift they have been given."

- Laurel (parent)

Registration for fall 2025 now open at www.cathedralchoirschool.com



LITURGICAL MINISTERS

OFFICIANT: The Rev. Canon Steven Balke

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–June</i>)	Cathedral
WEEKDAYS	9 a.m.	Morning Prayer (<i>see enews, or website</i>)	Zoom
	12:10 p.m.	Holy Eucharist	Cathedral
	5:45 p.m.	Choral Evensong (<i>Wednesdays, Sept–June</i>)	Cathedral

CLERGY & STAFF

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CATHEDRAL CHAPTER

Susan Fickling, *Senior Warden*, Allen Moye, *Junior Warden*, Erin Maus, *Chancellor*, Paul Thompson, *Treasurer*, Elizabeth Wakefield-Connell, *Secretary*, Lisa Ahmad, The Rev. Maurice Charles, Phil Debush, John Fischer, Greg Gerber, Ryan Middlebrook, Michelle Mitchell, Maria Price, Ann Ryba, Keith Schmidt, The Rev. Eileen Shanley-Roberts, and Eric Weddle



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