

**SOUTHWARK**  
◆ CATHEDRAL ◆

# **The Three Hours**

**Good Friday**

**7 April 2023**



**The Preaching of the Passion**

**12.00pm**

**The Liturgy of Good Friday**

**1.30pm**



# Welcome to Southwark Cathedral

a member of the



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**Choir • The Cathedral Choir**



# The Preaching of the Passion

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*The Preacher and Reader enter informally. Please stand for hymns but otherwise remain seated.*

## INTRODUCTION

## HYMN

### **NEH 90 (omit verse 3 in hymn book)**

O sacred head, sore wounded,  
Defiled and put to scorn;  
O kingly head, surrounded  
With mocking crown of thorn:  
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?  
Can death thy bloom deflower?  
O countenance whose splendour  
The hosts of heaven adore.

Thy beauty, long-desirèd,  
Hath vanished from our sight;  
Thy power is all expired,  
And quenched the light of light.  
Ah me! for whom thou diest,  
Hide not so far thy grace:  
Show me, O Love most highest,  
The brightness of thy face.

In thy most bitter passion  
My heart to share doth cry,  
With thee for my salvation  
Upon the Cross to die.  
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd  
To stand thy Cross beneath,  
To mourn thee, well-belovèd,  
Yet thank thee for thy death.

My days are few, O fail not,  
With thine immortal power,  
To hold me that I quail not  
In death's most fearful hour:  
That I may fight befriended,  
And see in my last strife  
To me thine arms extended  
Upon the Cross of life.

**Tune: Passion Chorale**

Traditional melody  
Harmony by J. S. Bach (1685-1760)

**Text:**

Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676)  
Tr. Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

**READING**

**Judges 9.8-15**

The trees once went out  
to anoint a king over themselves.

So they said to the olive tree,  
"Reign over us."

The olive tree answered them,  
"Shall I stop producing my rich oil  
by which gods and mortals are honoured,  
and go to sway over the trees?"

Then the trees said to the fig tree,  
"You come and reign over us."

But the fig tree answered them,  
"Shall I stop producing my sweetness  
and my delicious fruit,  
and go to sway over the trees?"

Then the trees said to the vine,  
"You come and reign over us."

But the vine said to them,  
"Shall I stop producing my wine  
that cheers gods and mortals,  
and go to sway over the trees?"

So all the trees said to the bramble,  
“You come and reign over us.”  
And the bramble said to the trees,  
“If in good faith you are anointing me king over you,  
then come and take refuge in my shade;  
but if not, let fire come out of the bramble  
and devour the cedars of Lebanon.”

### **ADDRESS • The thorns**

*Silence is kept.*

### **HYMN**

#### **NEH 378**

Immortal love for ever full,  
For ever flowing free,  
For ever shared, for ever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name,  
All other names above;  
Love only knoweth whence it came  
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For him no depths can drown;

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.

Alone, O Love ineffable,  
Thy saving name is given;  
To turn aside from thee is hell,  
To walk with thee is heaven.

**Tune: Bishopthorpe (St Paul's)**

Jeremiah Clarke  
(c. 1673-1707)

**Text:**

John Greenleaf Whittier  
(1807-1892)

**READING**

**Genesis 28.10-17**

Jacob left Beer-sheba and went towards Haran. He came to a certain place and stayed there for the night, because the sun had set. Taking one of the stones of the place, he put it under his head and lay down in that place. And he dreamed that there was a ladder set up on the earth, the top of it reaching to heaven; and the angels of God were ascending and descending on it. And the Lord stood beside him and said, 'I am the Lord, the God of Abraham your father and the God of Isaac; the land on which you lie I will give to you and to your offspring; and your offspring shall be like the dust of the earth, and you shall spread abroad to the west and to the east and to the north and to the south; and all the families of the earth shall be blessed in you and in your offspring. Know that I am with you and will keep you wherever you go, and will bring you back to this land; for I will not leave you until I have done what I have promised you.' Then Jacob woke from his sleep and said, 'Surely the Lord is in this place—and I did not know it!' And he was afraid, and said, 'How awesome is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.'

**ADDRESS • The ladder**

*Silence is kept.*



## HYMN

### CP 432

From heav'n you came, helpless babe,  
entered our world, your glory veiled;  
not to be served but to serve,  
and give your life that we might live.

**Refrain** This is our God, the Servant King,  
he calls us now to follow him,  
to bring our lives as a daily offering  
of worship to the Servant King.

There in the garden of tears,  
my heavy load he chose to bear;  
his heart with sorrow was torn.  
'Yet not my will but yours,' he said.

### Refrain

Come see his hands and his feet,  
the scars that speak of sacrifice,  
hands that flung stars into space,  
to cruel nails surrendered.

### Refrain

So let us learn how to serve,  
and in our lives enthrone him;  
each other's needs to prefer,  
for it is Christ we're serving.

### Refrain

**Music & Text:**  
Graham Kendrick  
(b. 1950)

## READING

### Sirach 38.24-34

The wisdom of the scribe depends on the opportunity of leisure;  
only the one who has little business can become wise.

How can one become wise who handles the plough,  
and who glories in the shaft of a goad,  
who drives oxen and is occupied with their work,  
and whose talk is about bulls?

He sets his heart on ploughing furrows,  
and he is careful about fodder for the heifers.

So it is with every artisan and master artisan  
who labours by night as well as by day;  
those who cut the signets of seals,  
each is diligent in making a great variety;  
they set their heart on painting a lifelike image,  
and they are careful to finish their work.

So it is with the smith, sitting by the anvil,  
intent on his ironwork;

the breath of the fire melts his flesh,  
and he struggles with the heat of the furnace;  
the sound of the hammer deafens his ears,  
and his eyes are on the pattern of the object.

He sets his heart on finishing his handiwork,  
and he is careful to complete its decoration.

So it is with is the potter sitting at his work  
and turning the wheel with his feet;  
he is always deeply concerned over his products,  
and he produces them in quantity.

He moulds the clay with his arm  
and makes it pliable with his feet;  
he sets his heart on finishing the glazing,  
and he takes care in firing the kiln.

All these rely on their hands,  
and all are skilful in their own work.  
Without them no city can be inhabited,  
and wherever they live, they will not go hungry.  
Yet they are not sought out for the council of the people,  
nor do they attain eminence in the public assembly.  
They do not sit in the judge's seat,  
nor do they understand the decisions of the courts;  
they cannot expound discipline or judgement,  
and they are not found among the rulers.  
But they maintain the fabric of the world,  
and their concern is for the exercise of their trade.

### **ADDRESS • The nails**

*Silence is kept.*

### **HYMN**

#### **CP 115**

O Cross of Christ, immortal tree  
On which our Saviour died,  
The world is sheltered by your arms  
That bore the Crucified.

From bitter death and barren wood  
the tree of life is made;  
Its branches bear unfailing fruit  
And leaves that never fade.

O faithful Cross, you stand unmoved  
While ages run their course;  
Foundation of the universe,  
Creation's minding force.

Give glory to the risen Christ  
And to his Cross give praise,  
The sign of God's unfailing love,  
The hope of all our days.

#### **Tune: Gerontius**

J. B. Dykes  
(1823-1876)

#### **Text:**

F. Pratt Green  
(1903-2000)

## READING

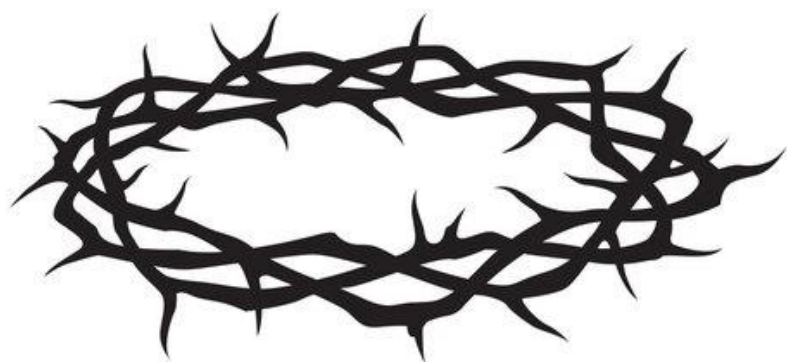
### **Genesis 22.1-12**

God tested Abraham. He said to him, 'Abraham!' And he said, 'Here I am.' He said, 'Take your son, your only son Isaac, whom you love, and go to the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt-offering on one of the mountains that I shall show you.' So Abraham rose early in the morning, saddled his donkey, and took two of his young men with him, and his son Isaac; he cut the wood for the burnt-offering, and set out and went to the place in the distance that God had shown him. On the third day Abraham looked up and saw the place far away. Then Abraham said to his young men, 'Stay here with the donkey; the boy and I will go over there; we will worship, and then we will come back to you.' Abraham took the wood of the burnt-offering and laid it on his son Isaac, and he himself carried the fire and the knife. So the two of them walked on together. Isaac said to his father Abraham, 'Father!' And he said, 'Here I am, my son.' He said, 'The fire and the wood are here, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?' Abraham said, 'God himself will provide the lamb for a burnt-offering, my son.' So the two of them walked on together.

When they came to the place that God had shown him, Abraham built an altar there and laid the wood in order. He bound his son Isaac, and laid him on the altar, on top of the wood. Then Abraham reached out his hand and took the knife to kill his son. But the angel of the Lord called to him from heaven, and said, 'Abraham, Abraham!' And he said, 'Here I am.' He said, 'Do not lay your hand on the boy or do anything to him; for now I know that you fear God, since you have not withheld your son, your only son, from me.'

### **ADDRESS • The wood**

*Silence is kept until the beginning of the Liturgy of Good Friday.*



ישוע בן־צדוק מלך היהודים  
ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΝΑΖΟΪΟΥΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΙΟΥΔΑΙΩΝ  
IESVS NAZARĒNVS REX IVDÆORVM

# The Liturgy of Good Friday

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*Please stand as the procession enters in silence. Then please sit or kneel as the sacred ministers prostrate before the altar.*

## THE COLLECT

Almighty Father,  
look with mercy on this your family  
for which our Lord Jesus Christ was content to be betrayed  
and given up into the hands of sinners  
and to suffer death upon the cross;  
who is alive and glorified with you and the Holy Spirit,  
one God, now and for ever.

**All**     **Amen.**

## The Liturgy of the Word

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### FIRST READING

*Please sit.*

#### **Isaiah 52.13-53.12**

A reading from the book of the prophet Isaiah.

See, my servant shall prosper;  
he shall be exalted and lifted up,  
and shall be very high.  
Just as there were many who were astonished at him  
—so marred was his appearance, beyond human semblance,  
and his form beyond that of mortals—  
so he shall startle many nations;  
kings shall shut their mouths because of him;  
for that which had not been told them they shall see,  
and that which they had not heard they shall contemplate.

Who has believed what we have heard?  
And to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?  
For he grew up before him like a young plant,  
and like a root out of dry ground;  
he had no form or majesty that we should look at him,  
nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.  
He was despised and rejected by others;  
a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity;  
and as one from whom others hide their faces  
he was despised, and we held him of no account.

Surely he has borne our infirmities  
and carried our diseases;  
yet we accounted him stricken,  
struck down by God, and afflicted.  
But he was wounded for our transgressions,  
crushed for our iniquities;  
upon him was the punishment that made us whole,  
and by his bruises we are healed.  
All we like sheep have gone astray;  
we have all turned to our own way,  
and the Lord has laid on him  
the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,  
yet he did not open his mouth;  
like a lamb that is led to the slaughter,  
and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent,  
so he did not open his mouth.  
By a perversion of justice he was taken away.  
Who could have imagined his future?  
For he was cut off from the land of the living,  
stricken for the transgression of my people.  
They made his grave with the wicked  
and his tomb with the rich,  
although he had done no violence,  
and there was no deceit in his mouth.



Yet it was the will of the Lord to crush him with pain.  
When you make his life an offering for sin,  
    he shall see his offspring, and shall prolong his days;  
through him the will of the Lord shall prosper.  
    Out of his anguish he shall see light;  
he shall find satisfaction through his knowledge.  
    The righteous one, my servant, shall make many righteous,  
    and he shall bear their iniquities.  
Therefore I will allot him a portion with the great,  
    and he shall divide the spoil with the strong;  
because he poured out himself to death,  
    and was numbered with the transgressors;  
yet he bore the sin of many,  
    and made intercession for the transgressors.

This is the word of the Lord.

**All      Thanks be to God.**

## **PSALM**

*Sung by the Choir.*

### **Psalm 22.1-11**

My God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me:  
and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint?

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not:  
and in the night-season also I take no rest.

And thou continuest holy:  
O thou worship of Israel.

Our fathers hoped in thee:  
they trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them.

They called upon thee, and were holpen:  
they put their trust in thee, and were not confounded.

But as for me, I am a worm, and no man:  
a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn:  
they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

He trusted in God, that he would deliver him:  
let him deliver him, if he will have him.

But thou art he that took me out of my mother's womb:  
thou wast my hope, when I hanged yet upon my mother's breasts.

I have been left unto thee ever since I was born:  
thou art my God, even from my mother's womb.

O go not from me, for trouble is hard at hand:  
and there is none to help me.

## **SECOND READING**

### **Hebrews 10.16-25**

A reading from the book of the letter to the Hebrews.

'This is the covenant that I will make with them  
after those days, says the Lord:

I will put my laws in their hearts,  
and I will write them on their minds',

he also adds,

'I will remember their sins and their lawless deeds no more.'

Where there is forgiveness of these, there is no longer any offering  
for sin.

Therefore, my friends, since we have confidence to enter the  
sanctuary by the blood of Jesus, by the new and living way that he  
opened for us through the curtain (that is, through his flesh), and since  
we have a great priest over the house of God, let us approach with a  
true heart in full assurance of faith, with our hearts sprinkled clean  
from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water. Let  
us hold fast to the confession of our hope without wavering, for he  
who has promised is faithful. And let us consider how to provoke one  
another to love and good deeds, not neglecting to meet together, as  
is the habit of some, but encouraging one another, and all the more as  
you see the Day approaching.

This is the word of the Lord.

**All Thanks be to God.**

## THE PASSION GOSPEL

### **Passio secundum Ioannem • Tomás Luis de Victoria (c. 1548-1611)**

The Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ according to John.

Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him.

And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe, and said: Hail, King of the Jews!

And they smote him with their hands.

Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them: Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him.

Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe.

And Pilate saith unto them: Behold the man.

When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying: Crucify him, crucify him.

Pilate saith unto them: Take ye him, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him.

The Jews answered him: We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God.

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid. And went again into the judgment hall, and saith unto Jesus: Whence art thou?

But Jesus gave him no answer. Then saith Pilate unto him: Speakest thou not unto me? Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?

Jesus answered: Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above. Therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin.

And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release him.

But the Jews cried out, saying: If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Caesar.

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgement seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha.

And it was the preparation of the Passover, and about the sixth hour, and he saith unto the Jews: Behold your King!

But they cried out: Away with him, away with him, crucify him.

Pilate saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered: We have no king but Caesar.

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away.

And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha: where they crucified him, and two other with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was: Jesus of Nazareth The King of the Jews. This title then read many of the Jews, for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city, and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin.

Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate: Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said, I am King of the Jews. Pilate answered: What I have written, I have written.

Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat.

Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves: Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be. That the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith: They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots. These things therefore the soldiers did.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother: Woman, behold thy son. Then saith he to the disciple: Behold thy mother. And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.

*Please stand.*

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith: I thirst. Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar. And they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it to his mouth. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

*All genuflect or bow their heads.*

The Jews therefore, because it was the Preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the sabbath day, (for that sabbath day was an high day,) besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away.

Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs, but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true. And he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done, that the Scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another Scripture saith: They shall look on him whom they pierced.

*Silence is kept.*

*Please remain standing.*

## **THE VENERATION OF THE CROSS**

*The deacon and the President go in silence to the West End of the Cathedral. The Cross is carried through the Nave. All turn to face the Cross. The Cross is lifted three times and the deacon leads the following responsory:*

Behold the wood of the Cross,  
on which was hung the Saviour of the world.

**All      Come, let us worship.**

*When the Cross is in position under the tower, the clergy venerate the Cross. You are invited to venerate the Cross in a way in which you feel comfortable. Please follow the direction of the stewards.*

*During the veneration, the Choir sings:*

## **ANTHEMS**

### **The Reproaches • John Sanders (1933-2003)**

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you?  
Answer me!

I led you out of Egypt, from slavery to freedom, but you led your  
Saviour to the cross.

**Refrain** Holy is God!

Holy and strong!

Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.

For forty years I led you safely through the desert. I fed you with  
manna from heaven, and brought you to a land of plenty: but you  
led your Saviour to the cross.

**Refrain**

What more could I have done for you? I planted you as my fairest  
vine, but you yielded only bitterness: When I was thirsty you gave me  
vinegar to drink, and you pierced your Saviour's side with a lance.

**Refrain**

I opened the sea before you, but you opened my side with a spear. I  
led you on your way in a pillar of cloud, but you led me to Pilate's  
court.

**Refrain**

I bore you up with manna in the desert, but you struck me down and  
scourged me. I gave you saving water from the rock, but you gave me  
gall and vinegar to drink.

**Refrain**

I gave you a royal sceptre, but you gave me a crown of thorns. I  
raised you to the height of majesty, but you have raised me high on a  
cross.

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you?  
Answer me!

## Crucifixus • Antonio Lotti (1667-1740)

Crucifíxus étiam pro nóbis  
sub Póntio Piláto:  
pássus et sepúltus est.

He was crucified also for us  
under Pontius Pilate:  
he suffered and was buried.

## SOLEMN PRAYERS

*Please sit. The response to each of the biddings is:*

Lord, hear us.

**All**     **Lord, graciously hear us.**

## HYMN

*Please stand.*

### NEH 95

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.

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.

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?

His dying crimson like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;  
Then I am dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

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.

### Tune: Rockingham

Webbe's *Collection of Psalm-Tunes*  
1820, adapted by E. Miller (1731-1807)

### Text:

Isaac Watts  
(1674-1748)

## The Liturgy of the Sacrament

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*The deacon collects the sacrament from the tabernacle. Please stand when the sacrament is brought into the Nave.*

### THE LORD'S PRAYER

Standing at the foot of the cross,  
as our Saviour has taught us, so we pray.

**All     Our Father in heaven,  
         hallowed be your name,  
         your kingdom come,  
         your will be done,  
         on earth as in heaven.  
         Give us today our daily bread,  
         Forgive us our sins  
         as we forgive those who sin against us.  
         Lead us not into temptation  
         but deliver us from evil.  
         For the kingdom, the power,  
         and the glory are yours  
         now and for ever.  
         Amen.**

### INVITATION TO COMMUNION

Jesus is the Lamb of God  
who takes away the sin of the world.  
Blessed are those who are called to his supper.

**All     Lord, I am not worthy to receive you,  
         but only say the word, and I shall be healed.**

*By ancient tradition, the Eucharist is not celebrated on Good Friday, but people may make their Communion from the consecrated bread reserved earlier.*

*Please follow the directions of the stewards. Communion is given in silence. If you would like to receive a blessing please bow your head. The blessing will be given in silence. Please return to your seat by the side aisles.*



*During the distribution, the Choir sings:*

## **COMMUNION ANTHEM**

### **Crux fidelis • attr. João IV de Portugal (1604-1656)**

Crux fidelis, inter omnes  
arbor una nobilis:  
nulla silva talem profert,  
fronde, flore, germine.  
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos:  
dulce pondus sustinet.

Faithful cross, a noble tree  
amongst others:  
No woodland brings forth  
such leaves, flowers or buds.  
Sweet wood, sweet nails:  
it bears a sweet weight.

## **COMMUNION HYMN**

*Once Communion is concluded, please remain seated to sing.*

### **NEH 82**

Drop, drop, slow tears,  
And bathe those beautiful 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.

### **Tune: Song 46**

Orlando Gibbons  
(1583-1625)

### **Text:**

Phineas Fletcher  
(1582-1650)

## **FINAL PRAYER**

*Please stand.*

Let us pray.

Most merciful God,  
who by the death and resurrection of your Son Jesus Christ  
delivered and saved the world:  
grant that by faith in him who suffered on the cross  
we may triumph in the power of his victory;  
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,  
who is alive and reigns with you,  
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
one God, now and for ever.

**All      Amen.**

*The clergy and congregation depart in silence, informally and without ceremony, recalling the scattering of the disciples and crowd at the time of Christ's Passion and death. Please leave via the north-west doors and the Millennium Courtyard.*

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# SOUTHWARK

## ◆ CATHEDRAL ◆

Welcome to Southwark Cathedral. Set on the south bank of the River Thames in one of the most vibrant and diverse communities in London, this building has been a constant witness in a place of change.

The first church was built on this site around the year 606. First a convent, then a monastery, it became in 1106 the Augustinian Priory of St Mary Overie. With Westminster Abbey and St Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield it is one of the three remaining great monastic churches of London. At the Reformation the Priory became a parish church and it remains so for the people of Bankside. In 1905, as south London was rapidly expanding, the church was consecrated as the cathedral for the new Diocese of Southwark.

As well as a place of constant witness to our faith in Jesus Christ, this church has a momentous and proud history and has had links with many famous and influential characters including St Thomas Becket, Geoffrey Chaucer, William Shakespeare and Charles Dickens.

In the 20<sup>th</sup> century this cathedral was at the heart of the new movement in theology termed 'South Bank Religion'. This movement asked challenging questions of people about faith in the modern age which continue to be explored at Southwark Cathedral which describes itself as 'inclusive: faithful: radical'.

Whatever has brought you here today, you are most welcome. Become part of the life here if you can; it will change your life as you encounter with us our living God.

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