



St James's
PICCADILLY

Good Friday The Three Hours

Friday 3rd April 2026
12noon-3pm

With a congregation in the church
and live on YouTube





Christian people down the ages have gathered on Good Friday to consider the meaning of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Of all the liturgical events of the year this is the most private and inward. We hope that the sequence of music, Gospel readings, addresses and silence will help you in this. You are very welcome here. Please feel free during the Three Hours to move about the church, sit wherever you wish, and to come and go as you wish.

The painting opposite is by the British artist Tracey Emin. This image of the crucifixion is currently in Emin's exhibition, A Second Life, at Tate Modern. Emin paints a crucifixion every year at Easter. Speaking about faith and her work, Emin said, 'I realised a lot of the paintings I was doing are quite spiritual, which is about time because I need it. Some people need to come out about lots of things, and I need to express how much I believe in all of these other worlds. I need it in my work to give me some kind of solace and understanding of who I am as I get older ... I know what it is to forgive and be forgiven.'

The readings for this service are reflected in St James's east window. Jesus' crucifixion in the central panel above the altar surrounds the Son of God's body, pinned to the cross, with deep blues and greens. Storm clouds gather. An angel with golden wings gathers Jesus' blood in a small chalice.

Mary Magdalene kneels on the left. To the right of the cross, Jesus' mother Mary and John, known as 'the one whom Jesus loved', hold each other's hands as their beloved, the Son of God, speaks his last few words to them. On the right in the panel above, Jesus and Pilate's stark conversation is framed by the violent hands of a crowd demanding an innocent man's death. Below, three figures surround Jesus' body with love and tenderness.

In the background, a long ladder is propped up against the thick wood of the cross. Jesus' limp and wounded left hand gestures downwards. Between these two images, two angels hold a banner in Latin: CRUCIFIXUS EST PRO NOBIS, which means 'He was crucified for us.'

Soprano: Angelina Lee

Piano and organ: Michael Haslam

12.00 THE FIRST HOUR

MUSIC - Piano

*Prelude in F minor from Book 2 of the Well-tempered Clavier
by J.S. Bach*

INTRODUCTION

The Revd Dr Ayla Lepine

HYMN

[Tune: Rockingham; Words: Isaac Watts]

**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 am I 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.**

THE FIRST READING

Matthew 27.11-24: Jesus before Pilate

Now Jesus stood before the governor; and the governor asked him, "Are you the King of the Jews?" Jesus said, "You say so." But when he was accused by the chief priests and elders, he did not answer. Then Pilate said to him, "Do you not hear how many accusations they make against you?" But he gave him no answer, not even to a single charge, so that the governor was greatly amazed. Now at the festival the governor was accustomed to release a prisoner for the crowd, anyone whom they wanted. At that time they had a notorious prisoner, called Jesus Barabbas. So after they had gathered, Pilate said to them, "Whom do you want me to release for you, Jesus Barabbas or Jesus who is called the Messiah?" For he realized that it was out of jealousy that they had handed him over. While he was sitting on the judgment seat, his wife sent word to him, "Have nothing to do with that innocent man, for today I have suffered a great deal because of a dream about him." Now the chief priests and the elders persuaded the crowds to ask for Barabbas and to have Jesus killed. The governor again said to them, "Which of the two do you want me to release for you?" And they said, "Barabbas." Pilate said to them, "Then what should I do with Jesus who is

called the Messiah?" All of them said, "Let him be crucified!" Then he asked, "Why, what evil has he done?" But they shouted all the more, "Let him be crucified!" So when Pilate saw that he could do nothing, but rather that a riot was beginning, he took some water and washed his hands before the crowd, saying, "I am innocent of this man's blood; see to it yourselves."

ADDRESS

The Revd Dr Ivan Khovacs

Silence.

MUSIC - Soprano

Kyrie Eleison - Hildegard of Bingen

12.30pm THE SECOND READING

Psalm 27

The Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom then shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
of whom then shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even my enemies and my foes,
came upon me to eat up my flesh,
they stumbled and fell.

Though a host encamp against me,
my heart shall not be afraid,
and though there rise up war against me,
yet will I put my trust in him.

One thing have I asked of the Lord
and that alone I seek:
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord
all the days of my life,

To behold the fair beauty of the Lord
and to seek his will in his temple.

For in the day of trouble
he shall hide me in his shelter;
in the secret place of his dwelling shall he hide me
and set me high upon a rock.

And now shall he lift up my head
above my enemies round about me;

Therefore will I offer in his dwelling an oblation
with great gladness;
I will sing and make music to the Lord.

Hear my voice, O Lord, when I call;
have mercy upon me and answer me.

My heart tells of your word, 'Seek my face.'
Your face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not your face from me,
nor cast your servant away in displeasure.

You have been my helper;
leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

Though my father and my mother forsake me,
the Lord will take me up.

Teach me your way, O Lord;
lead me on a level path,
because of those who lie in wait for me.

Deliver me not into the will of my adversaries,
for false witnesses have risen up against me,
and those who breathe out violence.

I believe that I shall see the goodness of the Lord
in the land of the living.

Wait for the Lord;
be strong and he shall comfort your heart;
wait patiently for the Lord.

MUSIC - Organ

O Mensch, beweine' dein Sünde Groß by J.S. Bach

Silence.

1.00pm THE SECOND HOUR

MUSIC - Soprano and Organ

Er hat uns allen wohlgetan–Aus Liebe from ***the St Matthew Passion*** by J.S. Bach

Recitative

Er hat uns allen wohlgetan,
Den Blinden gab er das Gesicht,
Die Lahmen macht er gehend,
Er sagt uns seines Vaters Wort,
Er trieb die Teufel fort,
Betrübte hat er aufgerichtet',
Er nahm die Sünder auf und an.
Sonst hat mein Jesus nichts getan.

*He has done good to us all.
He gave sight to the blind,
The lame he made to walk;
He told us his Father's word,
He drove the devils forth;*

*The wretched he has raised up;
He received and sheltered sinners;
Nothing else has my Jesus done.*

Aria

Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben,
Von einer Sünde weiß er nichts.
Daß das ewige Verderben
Und die Strafe des Gerichts
Nicht auf meiner Seele bliebe.

*Out of love my Saviour is willing to die,
Though he knows nothing of any sin,
So that eternal ruin
And the punishment of judgment
May not rest upon my soul.*

THE THIRD READING

John 19.23-27: here is your son

When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top. So they said to one another, "Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it." This was to fulfill what the scripture says, "They divided my clothes among themselves, and for my clothing they cast lots." And that is what the soldiers did. Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, "Woman, here is your son." Then he said to the disciple, "Here is your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.

ADDRESS

The Revd Lucy Winkett

HYMN

[Tune: Gonfalon Royal; Words: Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (530-609), tr.J.M. Neale (1818-1866)]

The royal banners forward go,
the cross shines forth in mystic glow;
where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
life's torrent rushing from His side,
to wash us in that precious flood,
where mingled water flowed, and blood.

O tree of beauty, tree of light!
O tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
those holy limbs should find their rest.

Blest tree, whose chosen branches bore
the wealth that did the world restore,
the price of humankind to pay,
and spoil the spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, eternal Three in One,
let homage meet by all be done:
as by the cross Thou dost restore,
so rule and guide us evermore.

Silence.

1.30pm THE FOURTH READING

Psalm 22

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me,
and are so far from my salvation,
from the words of my distress?

O my God, I cry in the daytime,
but you do not answer;
and by night also, but I find no rest.

Yet you are the Holy One,
enthroned upon the praises of Israel.

Our forebears trusted in you;
they trusted, and you delivered them.

They cried out to you and were delivered;
they put their trust in you and were not confounded.

But as for me, I am a worm and no man,
scorned by all and despised by the people.

All who see me laugh me to scorn;
they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,

'He trusted in the Lord; let him deliver him;
let him deliver him, if he delights in him.'
But it is you that took me out of the womb
and laid me safe upon my mother's breast.

On you was I cast ever since I was born;
you are my God even from my mother's womb.

Be not far from me, for trouble is near at hand
and there is none to help.

Mighty oxen come around me;
fat bulls of Bashan close me in on every side.

They gape upon me with their mouths,
as it were a ramping and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water;
all my bones are out of joint;
my heart has become like wax
melting in the depths of my body.

My mouth is dried up like a potsherd;
my tongue cleaves to my gums;
you have laid me in the dust of death.

For the hounds are all about me,
the pack of evildoers close in on me;
they pierce my hands and my feet.

I can count all my bones;
they stand staring and looking upon me.

They divide my garments among them;
they cast lots for my clothing.

Be not far from me, O Lord;
you are my strength; hasten to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword,
my poor life from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth,
from the horns of wild oxen.
You have answered me!

I will tell of your name to my people;
in the midst of the congregation will I praise you.

Praise the Lord, you that fear him;
O seed of Jacob, glorify him;
stand in awe of him, O seed of Israel.

For he has not despised nor abhorred the suffering of
the poor;
neither has he hidden his face from them;
but when they cried to him he heard them.

From you comes my praise in the great congregation;
I will perform my vows
in the presence of those that fear you.

The poor shall eat and be satisfied;
those who seek the Lord shall praise him;
their hearts shall live for ever.

All the ends of the earth
shall remember and turn to the Lord,
and all the families of the nations shall bow before him.

For the kingdom is the Lord's
and he rules over the nations.

How can those who sleep in the earth
bow down in worship,
or those who go down to the dust kneel before him?

He has saved my life for himself;
my descendants shall serve him;
this shall be told of the Lord for generations to come.

They shall come and make known his salvation,
to a people yet unborn,
declaring that he, the Lord, has done it.

HYMN

[Tune: Passion Chorale, J.S Bach; Words: Paul Gerhardt (1607-76)]

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.

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-beloved,
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.

MUSIC - Piano

Variation 25 from The Goldberg Variations by J.S. Bach

Silence.

2.00pm THE THIRD HOUR

HYMN

[Tune: Love Unknown; Words: Samuel Crossman (c.1624-1684) alt.]

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?

He came from his blest throne,
salvation to bestow;
but folk 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!

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.

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 suff'ring goes,
that he his foes from thence might free.

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.

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.

THE FIFTH READING

John 19.28-42: the death and burial of Jesus

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill the scripture), "I am thirsty." A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the wine, he said, "It is finished." Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Since it was the day of Preparation, the Jews did not want the bodies left on the cross during the sabbath, especially because that sabbath was a day of great solemnity. So they asked Pilate to have the legs of the crucified men broken and the bodies removed. Then the soldiers came and broke the legs of the first and of the other who had been crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus and saw that he was already dead, they did not break his legs. Instead, one of the soldiers pierced his side with a spear, and at once blood and water came out. (He who saw this has testified so that you also may

believe. His testimony is true, and he knows that he tells the truth.) These things occurred so that the scripture might be fulfilled, "None of his bones shall be broken." And again another passage of scripture says, "They will look on the one whom they have pierced."

After these things, Joseph of Arimathea, who was a disciple of Jesus, though a secret one because of his fear of the Jews, asked Pilate to let him take away the body of Jesus. Pilate gave him permission; so he came and removed his body. Nicodemus, who had at first come to Jesus by night, also came, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, weighing about a hundred pounds. They took the body of Jesus and wrapped it with the spices in linen cloths, according to the burial custom of the Jews. Now there was a garden in the place where he was crucified, and in the garden there was a new tomb in which no one had ever been laid. And so, because it was the Jewish day of Preparation, and the tomb was nearby, they laid Jesus there.

ADDRESS

The Revd Dr Ayla Lepine

HYMN

[Tune: Were You There, African American Spiritual]

Solo:

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nail'd him to the tree?

Were you there when they nail'd him to the tree?

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

PRAYERS

MUSIC - Organ

Wir setzen uns mit Tränen nieder from *the St Matthew Passion*
by J.S. Bach

Silence.

2.35pm THE SIXTH READING

Psalm 31.1-16

In you, O Lord, have I taken refuge;
let me never be put to shame;
deliver me in your righteousness.

Incline your ear to me;
make haste to deliver me.

Be my strong rock, a fortress to save me,
for you are my rock and my stronghold;
guide me, and lead me for your name's sake.

Take me out of the net
that they have laid secretly for me,
for you are my strength.

Into your hands I commend my spirit,
for you have redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

I hate those who cling to worthless idols;
I put my trust in the Lord.

I will be glad and rejoice in your mercy,
for you have seen my affliction
and known my soul in adversity.

You have not shut me up in the hand of the enemy;
you have set my feet in an open place.

Have mercy on me, Lord, for I am in trouble;
my eye is consumed with sorrow,
my soul and my body also.

For my life is wasted with grief,
and my years with sighing;
my strength fails me because of my affliction,
and my bones are consumed.

I have become a reproach to all my enemies
and even to my neighbours,
an object of dread to my acquaintances;
when they see me in the street they flee from me.

I am forgotten like one that is dead, out of mind;
I have become like a broken vessel.

For I have heard the whispering of the crowd;
fear is on every side;

they scheme together against me,
and plot to take my life.

But my trust is in you, O Lord.
I have said, 'You are my God.

'My times are in your hand;
deliver me from the hand of my enemies,
and from those who persecute me.

'Make your face to shine upon your servant,
and save me for your mercy's sake.'

THE REPROACHES

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

**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.

**Holy is God! Holy and strong! Holy immortal One,
have mercy on us.**

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.

**Holy is God! Holy and strong! Holy immortal One,
have mercy on us.**

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.

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

**Holy is God! Holy and strong! Holy immortal One,
have mercy on us.**

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

**Holy is God! Holy and strong! Holy immortal One,
have mercy on us.**

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.

Silence.

**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.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power, and the glory
for ever and ever.
Amen.**

THE COLLECT FOR GOOD FRIDAY

Almighty God,
look with mercy on this your family
for which Christ Jesus
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.
Amen.

Silence.

After the clock strikes 3.00pm, all depart in silence.



DONATE ONLINE

If you would like to support the ministry of St James's, please scan this QR code with your smartphone to make a one-off or regular donation.

Alternatively, please visit sjp.org.uk/donate, or use one of the tap donation points in the church. Donations will appear on your bank statement as 'Supported Business'.

Holy Saturday and Easter Day community meals and overnight Vigil

As we move through Holy Saturday towards the Resurrection, there will be a community meal between Vespers 7.30pm and Compline 10pm, before we gather for an overnight Vigil, keeping watch until dawn.

The overnight Vigil is a very special time as we take turns to remain awake by candlelight, reading scripture and accompanying one another through the night. Please bring a sleeping bag, as we sleep in the church – something that many find a moving experience.

Following the dawn service in the garden, there will be an Easter breakfast downstairs in the Church Hall.

If you would like to join the overnight Vigil, please email David in the Parish Office at administrator@sjp.org.uk

Easter Dawn Eucharist

Sunday 5th April 6.15am

A special service that begins in the early morning light. The church gates open at 6am for the Dawn Eucharist at 6.15am.

We will gather outside around the Easter fire and light the paschal candle before processing into the church. Once there, the most ancient song of the church, the Exultet, is sung, and all of us renew our baptism vows around the font.



We then return outside for the Eucharist using the bread that will have risen overnight. Breakfast together at 7.30am.

Parish Eucharist for Easter

Sunday 5th April at 11am in church and on YouTube

We celebrate the joy of Easter with flowers, trumpets, St James's Music Scholars, Lay Singers, and the Alleluia Chorus from Handel's Messiah!



Celebrant:
The Revd Lucy Winkett
Preacher:
The Revd Dr Ayla Lepine