



## *The Crucifixion ~ Sir John Stainer*

<b>Narrator</b>	And they came to a place named Gethsemane, And Jesus saith to His disciples: "Sit ye here, while I shall pray."
<b>Jesus</b>	Could ye not watch with Me, one brief hour? Could ye not pity My sorest need? Ah! if ye sleep while the tempests lower, Surely, My friends, I am 'Tone indeed.
<b>People</b>	Jesu, Lord Jesu, bowed in bitter anguish, and bearing all the evil we have done, Oh, teach us, teach us how to love Thee for Thy love; Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.
<b>Jesus</b>	Could ye not watch with Me one brief hour? Did ye not say upon Kedron's slope, Ye would not fall into the Tempter's power? Did ye not murmur great words of hope?
<b>People</b>	Jesu, Lord Jesu, bowed in bitter anguish, and bearing all the evil we have done, Oh, teach us, teach us how to love Thee for Thy love. Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.
<b>Jesus</b>	Could ye not watch with Me...? even so: Willing in heart, but the flesh is vain, Back to Mine agony I must go, Lonely to pray in bitterest pain.
<b>Narrator</b>	And they laid their hands on Him, and took Him, and led Him away to the high priest. And the high priest asked Him and said unto Him,
<b>High Priest</b>	Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?
<b>Narrator</b>	Jesus said,
<b>Jesus</b>	I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.
<b>Narrator</b>	Then the high priest rent his clothes, and saith:
<b>High Priest</b>	What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy.
<b>Narrator</b>	And they all condemned Him to be guilty of death, And they bound Jesus and carried Him away, and delivered Him to Pilate. And Pilate willing to content the people, released Barrabas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged Him, to be crucified. And the soldiers led Him away.

## **Processional to Calvary**

<b>People</b>	Fling wide the gates! for the Saviour waits To tread in His royal way; He has come from above, in His power and love, To die on this Passion day. Fling wide the gates! the Saviour waits! Fling wide the gates! the Saviour waits To tread in His royal way, His Cross is the sign of a love divine, His crown is the thorn-wreath of woe, He bears His load on the sorrowful road, And bends 'neath the burden low. Fling wide the gates! He waits! The Saviour waits! Fling wide the gates, for the Saviour waits To tread in His royal way, He has come from above in His power and love, To die on this Passion day, to die on this Passion day
<b>Narrator</b>	How sweet is the grace of His sacred Face And lovely beyond compare; Though weary and worn with the merciless scorn Of a world He has come to spare. The burden of wrong that earth bears along, Past evil, and evil to be. All sins of man since the world began, They are laid, dear Lord, on Thee.
<b>People</b>	Then on to the end, my God and my Friend, With Thy banner lifted high! Thou art come from above, in thy power and love, To endure and suffer and die. Fling wide the gates! He waits! The Saviour waits! Then on to the end, my God and my Friend, To suffer, endure, and die. To suffer, endure, and die.

**Narrator** And when they had come to the place called Calvary,  
there they crucified Him, they crucified Him,  
and the malefactors, one on the right, and the other on the left.

## HYMN (stand) **Cross of Jesus**

1. **Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow,**  
Where the Blood of Christ was shed,  
Perfect man on thee was tortured,  
Perfect God on thee has bled.
2. Here the King of all the ages,  
Throned in light ere worlds could be  
Robed in mortal flesh is dying,  
Crucified by sin for me.
3. From the "Holy, Holy, Holy,  
We adore Thee, O most High,"  
Down to earth's blaspheming voices  
And the shout of "Crucify."
4. **Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow,**  
Where the Blood of Christ was shed,  
Perfect man on thee was tortured,  
Perfect God on thee has bled.

**Narrator** He made Himself of no reputation, and took up on Him the form of  
a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And being found  
in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient  
unto death ev'n the death of the Cross.

**Narrator -** King ever glorious,  
The dews of death are gath'ring round Thee;  
**Tenor** Upon the Cross Thy foes have bound Thee,  
Thy strength is gone!

Not in Thy Majesty,  
Robed in Heaven's supremest splendour,  
But in weakness and surrender,  
Thou hangest here.

Who can be like Thee?  
Pilate high in Zion dwelling,  
Rome with arms the world compelling,  
Proud though they be?

Thou art sublime!

Far more awful in Thy weakness,  
More than kingly in Thy meekness,  
Thou, Son of God!

Glory, and honour,  
Let the world divide and take them;  
Crown its monarchs and unmake them;  
But Thou -  
Thou wilt reign!

Here in abasement;  
Crownless,  
Poor,  
Disrobed,  
And bleeding:

There, in glory interceding,  
Thou art the King!

Thou art the King!

**Bass** And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so  
must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in  
Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.

**Mankind** God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoso believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son in to the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved  
God so loved world.

**HYMN (stand) Holy Jesu, by Thy Passion**

- 1 Holy Jesu, by Thy passion,  
By the woes which none can share,  
Borne in more than kingly fashion  
By Thy love beyond compare:  
Crucified I turn to Thee,  
Son of Mary, plead for me.
- 2 By the treachery and trial,  
By the blows and sore distress,  
By desertion and denial  
By thine awful loneliness:  
Crucified I turn to Thee,  
Son of Mary, plead for me.
- 3 By the Spirit which could render  
Love for hate and good for ill,  
By the mercy, sweet and tender,  
Poured upon Thy murderers still:  
Crucified I turn to Thee,  
Son of Mary, plead for me.

**Narrator** Jesus said,

**Jesus** "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

**Duet**

So Thou liftest Thy divine petition,  
Pierc'd with cruel anguish through and through,  
So Thou grieve'st o'er our lost condition,  
Pleading, "Ah, they know not what they do."

Oh 'twas love, in love's divinest feature,  
Passing o'er that dark and murd'rous blot,  
Finding e'en for each low fallen creature,  
Though they slay Thee, one redeeming spot.

Yes! And still Thy patient heart is yearning  
With a love that mortal scarce can bear  
Thou in Pity, deep, divine, and burning  
Liftest e'en for me Thy mighty prayer.

So Thou pleadest, e'en for my transgression,  
Bidding me look up, and trust, and live;  
So Thou murmure'st Thine intercession,  
Bidding me look up, and trust, and live;

So Thou pleadest,  
Yes, he knew not,  
For My sake forgive

**HYMN (stand) Jesus, the Crucified pleads for me**

1. Jesus, the Crucified pleads for me,  
While he is nailed to the shameful tree,  
Scorned and forsaken, derided and curst,  
See how His enemies do their worst!  
Yet, in the midst of the torture and shame,  
Jesus, the Crucified, breathes my name!  
Wonder of wonders, oh! How can it be?  
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!
2. Jesus is dying in agony sore,  
Jesus is suffering more and more,  
Jesus is bowed with the weight of His woe,  
Jesus is faint with each bitter throe,  
Jesus is bearing it all in my stead,  
Pity Incarnate for me has bled;  
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!  
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

<b>Narrator</b>	And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him saying:
<b>1st Malefactor</b>	"If thou be the Christ save Thyself and us."
<b>Narrator</b>	But the other answering rebuked him, saying:
<b>2nd Malefactor</b>	"Dost not thou fear God seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man has done nothing amiss."
<b>Narrator</b>	And he said unto Jesus:
<b>2nd Malefactor</b>	"Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom."
<b>Narrator</b>	And Jesus said unto him:
<b>Jesus</b>	"Verily I say to thee, today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

## HYMN (stand)      I Adore Thee

1. I Adore Thee, I adore Thee!  
Glorious ere the world began;  
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,  
Though divine, yet still divinest  
In Thy dying love for man.
2. I Adore Thee, I adore Thee!  
Thankful at Thy feet to be;  
I have heard Thy accent thrilling,  
Lo! I come, for Thou art willing  
Me to pardon, even me.
3. I Adore Thee, I adore Thee!  
Born of woman, yet Divine:  
Stained with sins I kneel before Thee,  
Sweetest Jesu, I implore Thee,  
Make me ever only Thine.

<b>Narrator</b>	When Jesus therefore saw His Mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved; He saith unto His Mother:
<b>Jesus</b>	"Woman! Behold thy son."
<b>Narrator</b>	Then saith He to the disciple:
<b>Jesus</b>	"Behold thy mother!"

<b>Narrator</b>	There was darkness over all the land, And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying;
<b>Jesus</b>	"My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"
<b>Narrator</b>	Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, Which is done unto Me, Wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger.
<b>People</b>	From the Throne of His Cross, the King of grief Cries out to a world of unbelief: Oh men and women, afar and nigh, Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?  I laid My eternal power aside, I came from the Home of the Glorified, A babe in the lowly cave to lie, Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?  I wept for the sorrows and pains of men, I healed them and helped them and loved them, But then, they shouted against Me, "Crucify!" Is it nothing to you?  Behold Me and see: pierced through and through with countless sorrows, and all is for you: For you I suffer, for you I die. Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?  Oh men and women your deeds of shame, Your sins without reason and number and name, I bear them all on the Cross on high, Is it nothing to you?  Is it nothing to you that I bow My Head? And nothing to you that My Blood is shed? Oh! Perishing souls to you I cry, Is it nothing to you?  O come unto Me, by the woes I have borne, By the dreadful scourge, and the crown of thorns, By these I implore you to hear My cry, Is it nothing to you?  O come unto Me, this awful price, Redemption's tremendous sacrifice, Is paid for you... Oh! Why will ye die?  O come unto Me! For why will ye die? Come to Me.

Narrator	After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished saith,
Jesus	'I thirst.'
Narrator	When Jesus had received the vinegar, He saith,
Jesus	'It is finished. Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.'
Narrator	And He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.

### HYMN (stand) **All for Jesus**

1. All for Jesus - All for Jesus,  
This our song shall ever be;  
For we have no hope, nor Saviour,  
If we have not hope in Thee.
2. All for Jesus Thou wilt give us  
Strength to serve Thee, hour by hour;  
None can move us from Thy presence,  
While we trust Thy love and power.
3. All for Jesus - Thou hast loved us;  
All for Jesus - Thou hast died;  
All for Jesus - Thou art with us;  
All for Jesus Crucified.
4. All for Jesus - All for Jesus -  
This the Church's song must be;  
Till, at last, her sons are gathered  
One in love and one in Thee.

Amen.

*A period of silent meditation*

In keeping with the solemnity of this occasion, we ask that you please depart quietly after the service. Thank you.

## Sir John Stainer and 'The Crucifixion'

John Stainer (1840-1901) was the son of a parish schoolmaster who taught him organ from an early age. He lost the sight of his left eye in an accident at the age of five. In 1848 he became a chorister at St Paul's Cathedral, and in 1854 an organist, first in London then in Tenbury. He entered Christ Church, Oxford, in 1859, where he obtained both music and arts degrees. In 1860 he was appointed organist of Magdalen College and in 1861 organist to the University. He returned to St Paul's as organist in 1872, but had to resign in 1888 because of failing eyesight. He was knighted in that year. In 1889 he returned to Oxford as professor of music, and held high office in many music societies and associations. He died suddenly while visiting Italy.

Whilst at St Paul's, his example and enthusiasm greatly raised the standard of English Church Music, and we owe much to his ability in writing music suited to the forces available within parish churches. His works include oratorios, cantatas (especially *Daughter of Jairus* 1878), about 170 hymns, text books and much valuable musicological work. Stainer also wrote eight services and other church works, music for organ, madrigals, partsongs and songs.

*The Crucifixion* (1887) was dedicated to Stainer's friend and pupil William Hodge, and the choir of Marylebone Parish Church in London, where Hodge was organist and choirmaster as well as being an assistant organist at St Paul's. Its first performance was as part of a series of Lenten services and this was the way Stainer intended it to be performed. While some of the writing is typically sentimental 'Victoriana', there are moments of true beauty and significant choral writing skill, 'God so loved the world' being a popular anthem in its own right. The five hymns spaced throughout the work (*Cross of Jesus* being one of his most beautiful) are intentionally for congregational participation.

His librettist, Rev W.J.Sparrow-Simpson (1859-1952) was the son of the librarian and successor of St Paul's Cathedral where the Sparrow-Simpsons and the Stainers were good friends and neighbours in Amen Court. He graduated from Cambridge with first-class honours in the Theological Tripos and after ordination became curate at Christ Church, Albany Street, (just down the road from Marylebone Parish Church). He delivered the libretto of *The Crucifixion* in 1886, when Stainer was at the height of his powers.

It remains a solid favourite in churches around the country. As a Passiontide meditation it surely lives on, in the role for which it was intended.

<i>Tenor:</i>	<b>Gareth Jones</b>
<i>Bass:</i>	<b>Andrew Ireland</b>
<i>Organ:</i>	<b>Maurice Turner</b>
<i>Conductor:</i>	<b>Andrew Smetham</b>
<i>Rector:</i>	<b>Rev. Bill Blakey</b>