The Crucifixion

A meditation on the sacred Passion of the Holy Redeemer.

Words selected and written by The Revd J. Sparrow Simpson. MA. Music by Sir John Stainer.

1. And they came to a place named Gethsemane.

Recitative

Adagio

The Crucifixion

A meditation on the sacred Passion of the Holy Redeemer.

Organ

Tenor Solo

And they came to a place named Gethsemane, And Jesus

And he saith to his disciples: Sit ye here, while I shall pray.

T Sol

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2. The Agony

Andante

Could ye not watch with me one brief hour? Could ye not pi - ty my sor - est need?
Ah! if ye sleep while the tempests lower, surely, My friends, I am lone indeed.

Je - su, Lord Je - su, bowed in bit - ter an - guish, and bear - ing all the
evil we have done, Oh, teach us, teach us how to love thee for
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.

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.
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, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the man sitting on the right hand of man? I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven.
And they bound Jesus and his clothes, and saith:

What need we any further witness? Ye have heard the blasphemy.
carried him away, and delivered him to Pi-late. And Pi-late willing to con-tent the peo-ple, re-leas-ed Bar-ra-bas unto

And Pi-late will-ing to con-tent the peo-ple, re-leas-ed Bar-ra-bas unto

them, and de-li-vered Je-sus, when he had scourg-ed him, to be cru-ci-fied. And the sol-diers led him a-way.

3. Proces-sional to Calv-ary.

Moderato maestoso $\frac{3}{4}$ 100

con Ped.
Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates!
Tempo I mo. pomposo
fling wide the gates! for the Sa-viour waits to tread in his ro-yal way; He has come from a-bove, in his power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day. Fling wide the gates! the Sa-viour

Tempo I mo. pomposo
fling wide the gates! for the Sa-viour waits to tread in his ro-yal way; He has come from a-bove, in his power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day. Fling wide the gates! He waits, the Sa-viour

Tempo I mo. pomposo
fling wide the gates! for the Sa-viour waits to tread in his ro-yal way; He has come from a-bove, in his power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day. Fling wide the gates! He waits, the Sa-viour

Org
Tempo I mo. pomposo
fling wide the gates! for the Sa-viour waits to tread in his ro-yal way; He has come from a-bove, in his power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day. Fling wide the gates! Fling wide the gates! He waits the Sa-viour

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waits! Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates! the Saviour waits to
waits! Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates! the Saviour waits!
8 waits! Fling wide the gates! Fling wide the gates! He waits, the Saviour waits! To
waits! Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates! He waits, the Saviour waits!
Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates! He waits, the Saviour waits!

tread in his royal way, Fling wide the gates! He waits, the Saviour
Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates! He waits, the Saviour
Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates! He waits, the Saviour
Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates! He waits, the Saviour
S

Fling wide the gates! for the Sa-viour waits to tread in his roy-al way; dim He has come from a-bove in his power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day.

A

Fling wide the gates! for the Sa-viour waits to tread in his roy-al way; He has come from a-bove in his power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day.

T

Fling wide the gates! for the Sa-viour waits to tread in his roy-al way; dim He has come from a-bove in his power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day.

B

Fling wide the gates! for the Sa-viour waits to tread in his roy-al way; dim He has come from a-bove in his power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day.

Org

Fling wide the gates! for the Sa-viour waits to tread in his roy-al way; dim He has come from a-bove in his power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day.

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Crown is the thorn-wreath of woe.

He bears his load on the sorrowful road.

And bends 'neath the burden.

Fling wide the gates!

He

Fling wide the gates!

He

Fling wide the gates!

He

Fling wide the gates!

He

Fling wide the gates!

He

Cres.

Pedal.  Pedal. Octaves
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.

Tempo 1 mo. pomposo. dim.
T Sol

8 rit. come to spare. a tempo. The burden of wrong that

Org

colla voce. a tempo. cres.

Tenor Solo

8 earth bears along, Past evil, and evil to be, PP slower.

Org

cres. rall. PP slower.

Sop/Alt

Then on to the end, my

Chorus

Tempo 1 mo. Then on to the end, my

Ten/Bass

Tempo 1 mo. Great

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God and my Friend, With thy banner lifted high!
Then on to the end, my God and my Friend, With thy
Thou art come from above, in thy power and love, To en-
Fling wide the gates! the Saviour waits!
Fling wide the gates! He waits, the Saviour waits!
Fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates! He waits, the Saviour waits!

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fling wide the gates! fling wide the gates! the Saviour waits! 

Then he waits, the Saviour waits! Slow.

on to the end, my God and my Friend, To suffer, endure and die, to suffer endure and

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Recitative 4. And when they were come to a place called Calvary.

With expression

Bass Solo

And when they had come to the place called Calvary, there they cru-ci-fied him, they cru-ci-fied him, and the

Organ

mal-e-fac-tors, one on the right, and the o-ther on the left.

Hymn. 5. The mystery of the Divine Humiliation.

To be sung by the Choir and Congregation.

SA

1. Cross of Je - sus, Cross of Sor-row, Where the Blood of Christ was shed, 
2. Here the King of all the ag - es, Throned in light ere worlds could be 
3. O mys - ter - ious con - des - cend - ing! O a - band - don - ment su - blime! 
4. Ev - er - more for hu - man fail - ure By his Pas - sion we can plead; 
5. This all hu - man thought sur - pass - ing This is earth's most aw - ful hour, 
6. Once the Lord of brill iant ser - aphs, Winged with Love to do his will, 
7. Up in heaven, sub - lim - est glo - ry Cir - cled round him from the first; 
8. Who shall fa - thom that des - cend - ing, From the rain - bow cir - cled throne 
9. From the "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, We a - dore thee O most High 
10. Cross of Je - sus, Cross of Sor-row, Where the blood of Christ was shed 

T/B
1. Perfect man on thee was tormented, Perfect God on thee has bled.
2. Robed in mortal flesh is dying, Crucified by sin for me.
3. Very God Himself is bearing All the sufferings of time!
4. God has borne all mortal anguish, Surely he will know our need.
5. God has taken mortal weakness! God has laid aside his power.
6. Now the scorn of all his creatures, And the aim of every ill.
7. But the earth finds none to serve him, Non to quench his raging thirst.
8. Down to earth's most base profanation, Dying deliberately alone.
9. Down to earth's blaspheming voices And the shout of "crucify."
10. Perfect man on thee was tormented, Perfect God on thee has bled.

Recitative 6. He made himself of no reputation.

Bass Solo

Andante 106

P He made himself of no reputation, cres and took upon him the form of a servant, and was

Organ

senza Pedal.

made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself, He humbled himself,

self, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.

Moderato

Tenor Solo

King ever glorious, King ever glorious! The dews of death are gas'th'ring round thee; Up on the

Organ

cross thy foes have bound thee; Thy strength is gone, Thy strength is gone. Not in thy

Organ

ma - jes - ty, Robed in Heaven's suprem - est splen-dour, But in largamente. weakness and cresc. molto. sur -

Organ

render, Thou hang - est there. mf Who can be like

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Pi-late high in Zi-on dwell-ing, Rome with arms the world com-pell-ing, Proud though they

Thou art sub-lime, Thou art sub-lime: More than aw-ful in thy weakness, More than

Thou Son of God, Thou Son of God. Glo-ry and

Let the world di-vide and take them; Crown its mon-archs and un-

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Here in a base-ment; Crown-less, poor, dis-robed, and bleed-ing:

There, in glo-ry in-ter-ced-ing, Thou art the King, Thou art the King!

There, in glo-ry in-ter-ced-ing, Thou art the King, Thou art the King,

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Recitative 8. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness

Bass Solo

And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Organ

Son of Man be lifted up; that whoever believeth in him, should not be lifted up; that whoever believeth in him, should not
9. God so loved the world.
(Unaccompanied)

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that who so believeth, believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

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world through him might be saved. God so loved the world, God so loved the world, God so loved the world.

so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that who so believeth, should not perish, should not perish, but have everlasting life.

last ing life, everlasting life, everlasting, everlasting life.

God so loved the world, God so loved the world, God so loved the world.
Hymn. 10. Litany of the Passion.
To be sung by the Choir and Congregation.

1. Holy Jesus, by thy passion, By the woes which none can share,
2. By the treachery and trial, By the blows and sore distress,
3. By thy look so sweet and lowly, While they smote thee on the face,
4. By the hour of condemnation, By the blood which trickled down
5. By the path of sorrows dreary, By the cross, Thy dreadful load,
6. By the Spirit which could rend, Love for hate and good for ill,

Follows each verse.

Unison. P Crucified, I turn to thee, pp Son of Mary, ral. for me

Recitative 11. Jesus said, "Father forgive them."

Tenor Solo Chorus only.

Ten/Bass

P "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Organ

Great. Soft Diapason

senza Pedal.
Duet. 12. So thou liftest thy divine petition.

Tenor Solo

Bass Solo

Organ

T Sol

B sol

Org

600

Andante. \( \frac{\textbf{j} 70}{\text{4}} \)

605

So thou grievest o'er our lost condition, vine petition, Pierc'd cruel anguish through and through;

610

A little slower.

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Oh! twas love, in love's di- vi- nest fea-ture, Pass-ing o'er that dark and murd-rous blot,

Though they slay thee: one re-deem-ing spot.

A little slower, with devotion. cres. dim.

Yes! and still, thy pa-tient heart is yearn- ing
With a love that mortal scarce can bear;

Thou in pity, deep, divine, and burning, Liftest even for me, even for me thy might, mighty prayer. So thou pleadest, even for my transgression,

So thou murmur'st thine intercession, Bidding me look up and trust and live;

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Hymn. 13. The mystery of intercession.

To be sung by the Choir and Congregation.

1. Jesus, the crucified, plead for me, cre
2. Lord, I have left thee, I have denied, Follwed the world in my
3. Though thou hast left me and wandered away, Chosen the darkness in-
4. Jesus is dying, in agony sore, Jesus is suffer-
1. Shameful tree, scorned and forsaken, despised and curst,
2. Selfish pride; Lord, I have joined in the hateful cry,
3. Stead of the day; Though thou art covered with many a stain,
4. More and more, Jesus is bowed with the weight of his woe,

567

1. Dim. See how his enemies do their worst! Yet in the midst of the
2. Slay him, away with him, crucify! Lord I have done it, oh!
3. Though thou hast wounded me oft and again: Though thou hast followed thy
4. Jesus is faint with each bitter throe. Jesus is bearing it

569

1. Torture and shame, Jesus, the crucified, breathes my name!
2. Ask me not how; Woven the thorns for thy tor - tured brow:
3. Wayward will; Yet in my pity, I love thee still.
4. All in my stead, Pity Incarnate for me has bled;

585

1. Wonder of wonders, oh! how can it be? How can it be?
2. Yet in his pity so boundless and free, Jesus, the crucified, leads for me!
3. Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
4. Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
Recitative 14. And one of the malefactors.

(Bass Solo; 2 Soli from Tenor and Bass choir and full tenor and Bass choir).

And one of the malefactors which were hung railed on him,

If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us.

Dost not fear, seeing thou art in the same condition? And we indeed
And he said unto him, justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done nothing amiss.
Recitative 15. The adoration of the crucified.

To be sung by the Choir and Congregation.

Recitative

Sop/Alt

1. I a-dore thee, I a-dore thee! Glor-i-ous ere the world be-gan; Yet more won-der-

2. I a-dore thee, I a-dore thee! Thank-ful at thy feet to be; I have heard thy

3. I a-dore thee, I a-dore thee! Born of wo-man yet di-vine; Stained with sin I

Ten/Bass

Recitative 16 When Jesus therefore saw his mother.

(Tenor and Bass Soli and full tenor and Bass choir).

Recitative

Tenor Solo

When Je-sus there-fore saw his mo-ther, and the dis-ci-ple stand-ing by, whom he_
8 lov-ed, He saith un-to his mo-ther,
Then saith he to the di-

"Wo-man, be-hold thy son!"

Bass Solo.

"Be-hold thy mo-ther!

Pedal 16 foot. and soft 8 foot.

There was dark-ness over the whole land.
And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying,

"My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Recitative 17. Is it nothing to you, all you that pass by?

Is it no-thing to you, all ye that pass by? Be-

hold, and see if there be any sor-row like unto my sor-row, which is done unto

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me, with the Lord hath afflicted me in the full day of his fierce anger.

From the throne of his cross, the King of grief Cries out to a world of unbelief:

Oh! men and women, afar and nigh,

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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
Then they shouted against me; crucify! crucify! crucify!

Is it no thing to
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wom-en, your deeds of shame, Your sins with-out rea-son and num-ber and name; I bear them

all on the cross on high; Is it no-thing to you? Is it no-thing to

you that I bow my head? And no-thing to you that my blood is shed? O pe-ri-shing
Oh, why will ye die? Oh, come unto me, O come unto me, O come unto me. O come unto me, O come unto me. O come unto me...

Price, Redemption tremendous sacrifice; Is paid for you, is paid for you;
For why will ye die, for why will ye die?
O come, O come,
Why, why will ye die?
Come un-to me, Come un-to me,
Recitative and Chorus. 19. After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished.

(Tenor Solo and full tenor and Bass choir).

Tenor Solo

P After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, saith, When Jesus had received the

Tenor

Choir Chorus

Bass

Organ

senza Pedal

Recitative

and Chorus.

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And he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

"It is finished. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."
20. For the love of Jesus.

To be sung by the Choir and Congregation.

Sop/Alt

1. All for Je - sus; all for Je - sus, This our song shall nev - er be;
2. All for Je - sus; thou wilt give us Strength to serve thee, hour by hour;
3. All for Je - sus; at thine al - tar Thou wilt give us sweet con - tent;
4. All for Je - sus; Thou hast loved us; All for Je - sus; thou hast died;
5. All for Je - sus; all for Je - sus; This the Chur - ch's song must be;

Ten/Bass

1. For we have no hope, nor Sa - viour, If we have not hope in thee.
2. Non can move us from thy pres - ence, While we trust thy love and power.
3. There, dear Lord, we shall re - ceive thee In the so - lemn sa - cra - ment.
4. All for Je - sus; thou art with us; All for Je - sus crus - ci - fied.
5. Till at last, her sons are ga - th - ered One in love and one in thee. A - men.