

THE CRUCIFIXION

by John Stainer

A Devotional Meditation on
the Sacred Passion of the
Holy Redeemer

given by the Thames Vale Singers
at All Saints Church, Swallowfield
on Friday 29th March 1991.

Conductor	Tony Mercer
Organist	Peter Bernard
Tenor	Gary Maslen
Bass	Reg Blaggrave

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1. And they came to a place named Gethsemane
2. The Agony
3. Processional to Calvary
4. And when they were come
5. Congregational hymn (The mystery of the divine humiliation) Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow
6. He made himself of no reputation
7. The majesty of the divine humiliation
8. And as Moses lifted up the serpent
9. God so loved the world
10. Congregational hymn (Litany of the Passion) Holy Jesu, by Thy passion
11. Jesus said, "Father forgive them"
12. So thou liftest thy divine petition
13. Congregational hymn (The mystery of intercession) Jesus, the crucified, pleads for me
14. And one of the malefactors
15. Congregational hymn (The adoration of the crucified) I adore Thee, I adore Thee
16. When Jesus therefore saw His Mother
17. Is it nothing to you
18. The appeal of the crucified
19. After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished
20. Congregational hymn (For the love of Jesus) All for Jesus - all for Jesus

CONGREGATIONAL HYMNS

No. 5: The mystery of the divine humiliation

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.
- Choir 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.
- Choir 3. O mysterious condescending!
O abandonment sublime!
Very God Himself is bearing
All the sufferings of time!
4. Evermore for human failure
By His Passion we can plead;
God has borne all mortal anguish,
Surely He will know our need.
5. This--all human thought surpassing--
This is earth's most awful hour,
God has taken mortal weakness!
God has laid aside His power!
6. Once the Lord of brilliant seraphs,
Winged with love to do His will,
Now the scorn of all His creatures,
And the aim of every ill.
7. Up in heaven, sublimest glory
Circled round Him from the first;
But the earth finds none to serve Him,
None to quench His raging thirst.
- Choir 8. Who shall fathom that descending,
From the rainbow-circled throne,
Down to earth's most base profaning,
Dying desolate alone.
- Choir 9. From the "Holy, Holy, Holy!",
We adore thee, O most high",
Down to earth's blaspheming voices
And the shout of "Crucify".
10. 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.

No. 10: Litany of the Passion

1. Holy Jesu, by thy passion
By the woes which none can share,
Come in more than kingly fashion,
By thy love beyond compare:
Crucified, I turn to thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.
- Choir 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.
- Choir 3. By thy look so sweet and lowly,
While they smote thee on the face,
By thy patience, calm and holy,
In the midst of keen disgrace:
Crucified, I turn to thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.
4. By the hour of condemnation,
By the blood which trickled down,
When, for us and our salvation,
Thou didst wear the robe and crown:
Crucified, I turn to thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.
5. By the path of sorrows dreary,
By the Cross, thy dreadful load,
By the pain, when, faint and weary,
Thou didst sink upon the road:
Crucified, I turn to thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.
6. 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.

No. 13: The mystery of intercession

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. Lord, I have left thee, I have denied,
Followed the world in my selfish pride;
Lord, I have joined in the hateful cry,
Slay Him, away with Him, crucify!
Lord, I have done it, oh! ask me not how;
Woven the thorns for thy tortured brow;
Yet in His pity so boundless and free,
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

Choir

3. Though thou hast left me and wandered away,
Chosen the darkness instead of the day;
Though thou art covered with many a stain,
Though thou hast wounded me oft and again:
Though thou hast followed thy wayward will;
Yet, in my pity, I love thee still.
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!
4. 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!

No. 15: The adoration of the Crucified

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.

choir

No. 20: For the love of 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--at thine altar
Thou wilt give us sweet content;
There, dear Lord, we shall receive thee
In the solemm Sacrament.
4. All for Jesus--thou hast loved us;
All for Jesus--thou hast died;
All for Jesus--thou art with us;
All for Jesus Crucified.
5. 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.

choir

Amen.

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