

Oldham Choral Society

"The Crucifixion"

By

Sir John Stainer

Words: J.Sparrow-Simpson

Based on the Authorised Version

At

Oldham Parish Church

on

Sunday March 20th at

7.30 p.m.

Tenor: Simon Buttle

Baritone: Nigel Wilkinson

Conductor:

John Bethell M.B.E.

Organist: Chris Idle

*Suggested minimum
donation £5.00*

All profits to

Dr. Kershaw's Hospice.

Opening Hymn

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight
and to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive, and should prevail;

and that the highest gift of grace
should flesh and blood refine:
God's presence and his very self,
an essence all-divine.

O generous love! that he who smote
in man for man the foe,
the double agony in Man
for man should undergo.

And in the garden secretly,
and on the cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and inspire
to suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways!

[Cardinal Newman]

THE CRUCIFIXION

No.1 And they came to a place named Gethsemane [*Tenor*]

No.2 Could ye not watch with Me one brief hour? [*Baritone and choir*]

No. 2a And they laid their hands on him and took him [*Tenor & Baritone*]

No.3 Procession to Calvary (Fling wide the gates) [*Choir with tenor solo*]

No.4 And when they were come to the place called Calvary [*Tenor*]

No.5 HYMN

Verse 1 Choir only

Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow,
Where the blood of Christ was shed,
Perfect Man on thee did suffer,
Perfect God on thee has bled!

ALL – [Led by the men of the choir]

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.

ALL

From the “Holy, Holy, Holy,
We adore Thee, O most High,”
Down to earth’s blaspheming voices
And the shout of “Crucify.”

Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow,
Where the blood of Christ was shed,
Perfect Man on thee did suffer,
Perfect God on thee has bled!

No.6 He made himself of no reputation

No.7 King ever glorious [*Tenor Aria*]

No.8 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness [*Baritone*]

No.9 God so loved the world [*Choir*]

No.10 HYMN

ALL –

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.

Ladies only

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.

ALL - Crucified I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

Men only

By the hour of condemnation,
By the blood which trickled down,
When for us and our salvation,
Thou didst wear the robe and crown.

ALL - Crucified I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

ALL –

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.

No.11 “Father, forgive them”
[Baritone with Male choir]

No.12 So Thou liftest thy divine
petition **[Duet]**

No.13 HYMN
ALL –

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.

Men of the choir –

Lord I have left Thee, I have denied,
Followed the world in my selfish pride.
Lord I have joined in my hateful cry,
Slay Him, away with Him, - Crucify!

Ladies of the choir -

Lord I have done it, oh ask me not
how;
Woven the thorns for Thy tortured
brow

Choir only

Yet in His pity so boundless and free
Jesus the crucified pleads for me.

ALL -

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.14 And one of the malefactors
[Baritone & Male Choir]

No.15 HYMN

I adore Thee, I adore Thee
Glorious ere the world began.
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,
Thou divine yet still divinest
In Thy dying love for man.

I adore Thee, I adore Thee
Thankful at Thy fee to be.
I have heard Thy accent thrilling,
Lo, I come for Thou art willing
Me to pardon – even me.

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.

No.16 When Jesus therefore saw his
mother **[Baritone & Male Choir]**

No.17 Is it nothing to you? **[Baritone]**

No.18 “*The appeal of the crucified*”
From the Throne of His Cross **[Choir]**

No.19 After this, Jesus knowing that
all things were now accomplished
[Tenor & Male Choir]

We all stand for the final hymn –

“All for Jesus” [Printed overleaf]

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.

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.

CHOIR - All for Jesus at Thine altar
Thou wilt give us sweet content;
There dear Lord we shall receive Thee
In the solemn sacrament

ALL - All for Jesus, Thou hast loved us,
All for Jesus Thou hast died
All for Jesus, Thou art with us
All for Jesus crucified.

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.

After a brief pause for reflection you are invited to express your appreciation for the choir, organist, soloists and conductor, all of whom have generously given their services.

Concluding Hymn

My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovingly 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 men made strange, and none
Thee 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.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight,
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these
Themselves displease, and 'gainst Him rise.

They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they saved,
The Prince of life they slay,
Yet cheerful He to suffering goes,
That He His foes from thence might free.

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.
[Samuel Crossman]