HANDEL

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION

J. STAINER.

THE

CRUCIFIXION
PRODUCED AT THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1891.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS

PARAPHRASED BY

JOHN DRYDEN

SET TO MUSIC FOR

CHORUS, SOLO QUARTET (AD LIB.), AND ORCHESTRA

BY

A. C. MACKENZIE

(Or. 46).


THE TIMES.

The setting of the words is admirably designed; the thematic material is developed with great skill, and the whole work is invested with true devotional feeling. It is carried on continuously from the opening prelude, through several beautiful episodes in which the employment of the solo parts is recommended though not insisted on by the composer, to a final fugato of sustained interest and effect. This it should be rather better fitted for choral performance than for the concert room is not necessarily a drawback; so moved and scholarly a piece of work cannot fail to make a deep impression, if only by its healthy avoidance of all trite sentimentality. The orchestration, though very skilful, is not a feature of such paramount importance that the valorisation of an organ accompaniment need be dreaded on the score of effect.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

We know as well as a composer of the romantic school, we now see him in the cap and gown of the learned pedant; but not he the learned pedant. Counterpoint is a rare virtue, in the hands of a master, to an end above and beyond itself, that is the true use of counterpoint, which for it is only so much "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." The finale of the work, a prolonged fugue, with a most important episode for solo voices, is a climax of which any composer might be proud. Indeed, there are few creative musicians of the day who could take a theme and develop it as Dr. Mackenzie with great persistence and greater skill has worked out one of these dashing subjects of which Handel was so fond. This splendid effort crown's a work which should meet with instant acceptance throughout the country whenever noble and dignified sacred music has admirers.

STANDARD.

Dr. Mackenzie's latest choral work is homogeneous in structure, and, as the programme announces, "homage to the solid, dignified contrapuntal school, which best accords with English ideas of what religious music should be." This view received confirmation from the manner in which the chorus fulfilled their duties this evening, the attack being splendid, and the general precision unifying throughout.

DAILY NEWS.

The Cantata is for the most part in the contrapuntal style, and throughout it is brilliant in manner and sentiment; but the composer has obviously endeavoured throughout to establish a close alliance between the music and the text, and it is a work which, although it may not contain anything particularly novel in design or melody to critics, is nevertheless an admirable example of sacred art. Among its happiest features are the writing of the second stanza, "O source of sanctified light," alternately for a trio of solos and chorus, and with highly effective orchestration; a massive four-part chorus at the words "Proceeding Spirit our defence," and the finale "Immensum honorem, immaculatae fames," which is by far the most important section of the Cantata. If only for the sake of this fugue, a magnificent example of absolute musicanship, Dr. Mackenzie's recent composition deserves to be taken into favour by choral societies in every part of the country. Its success this evening was deserved, and at the close of a capital performance the composer, who himself conducted, was twice received and heartily cheered by both choir and audience.

MORNING POST.

The treatment of the subject, as might be expected from a musician of the attainments of the composer, is both thoughtful and dignified. The parts are vocal and instrumental, and the effect gained is novel and satisfying without any resort to strained means.

DAILY CHRONICLE.

It affords another instance of the skill with which Dr. Mackenzie attains the loftiest heights, and holds the attention of the listener by means that must be approved by all who are staunch advocates of the dignity of their art. I am inclined to think that in the choral way the composer of "The Root of Jesse" has done nothing better since the series of choruses associated with the procession of the Ark than the concluding portion of this hymn, commenced with the line "Immensum honorem, immaculatae fames." The writing here is transfixing, full of force, and in the same grandiose spirit is consummated the remaining subjects. It would be difficult indeed to name any modern composer of his kind that can be followed with greater assurance of comprehension of the composer's views.

DAILY GRAPHIC.

We can truly believe the proposed scholarship, the noble expression, the dignity and strength which are in Dr. Mackenzie's new Cantata, if we think of the choral passages which are in the different sections of the work, and we have the best reason for the end. The concluding section of the last chorus, after the grandiose feeling of the fugue, is really fine music indeed at the close of the work.
THE CRUCIFIXION

A MEDITATION

ON THE

SACRED PASSION OF THE HOLY REDEEMER

FOR TWO SOLO VOICES (TENOR AND BASS) AND CHORUS, AND
INTERSPERSED WITH HYMNS TO BE SUNG BY THE CONGREGATION

THE WORDS SELECTED AND WRITTEN BY THE

REV. J. SPARROW-SIMPSON, M.A.

THE MUSIC BY

J. STAINER.

REVISED EDITION.

PRICE ONE Shilling and Sixpence.
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* In this Revised Edition the only alterations made are the substitution of the word "pied" for "pray" in the Hymns on pp. 34 and 35, and the insertion of a new line (the third from the end of the last verse) in the Hymn on p. 39. Metrical indications of the tunes have also been placed at the head of each number.

G. SCHIRMER, JR.
(Established Music Co.)
20 BEETHOVEN PL.

SC.
THE CRUCIFIXION.

No. 1. Recit. — "AND THEY CAME TO A PLACE NAMED GETHSEMANE."

And they came to a place named Gethsemane:

with to His disciples: Sit ye here, while I shall pray.
THE AGONY.

BASS.

Could ye not watch with Me one brief hour? Could ye not

p

pi - ty Me: nor - est need! Ah! if ye sleep while the
dim.

tem - ples sleep, sure ly, My friends, I am lone in - deed.

CHOIR.

Je - su, Lord Je - su, bowed in bit - ter an - guish, and bear - ing all the

AUX.

Je - su, Lord Je - su, bowed in bit - ter an - guish, and bear - ing all the

Tenor.

Je - su, Lord Je - su, bowed in bit - ter an - guish, and bear - ing all the

Bass.

Je - su, Lord Je - su, bowed in bit - ter an - guish, and bear - ing all the

No. 3902.
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

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

Thy love; Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.

Thy love; Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.

Thy love; Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.

Thy love, Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.

Sotto.

Could ye not watch with Me one brief hour? Did ye not say up-on

No. 8002.
Kedron's hope, Ye would not fall into the Tempter's power! Did ye not swear never great words of hope?

Cresc.

Jesus, Lord Jesus, bowed in bitter anguish, and bearing 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 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

No. 5002.
Thy love, Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.

Thy love, Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.

Thy love, Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.

Thy love, Help us to pray, and watch, and mourn with Thee.

Sotto (ad lib.)

Could ye not watch with Me? even so: Willing in

a tempo.

heart, but the flesh is sinful. Back to Mine angry

a tempo.

I must go, Lonely to pray in bitterest pain.

No. 8002.
Allegro.

And they hid their hands on Him, and took Him, and led Him a-way to the high priest. And the high priest asked Him and said un-to Him, Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the

Bless-ed! Je-sus said, I am: and ye shall

No. 9002.
see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and

coming in the clouds of heaven. Then the high priest

saw him. His clothes, and saith: What need

we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy. And they all con

demned 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 Barabbas unto
them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged Him, to be

cruciﬁed. And the soldiers led Him away.
gates! the Sa-viour waits. To tread in His roy-al way, Fling wide the gates!

He waits! the Sa-viour waits! 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.

His Cross is the sign of a

power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day.

His Cross is the sign of a

power and love, To die on this Pas-sion day.

His Cross is the sign of a

His crown is the thorn-wreath of woe.

He bears His load on the love divine.

His crown is the thorn-wreath of woe.

His crown is the thorn-wreath of woe.

His crown is the thorn-wreath of woe.

Fling wide the gates! Fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! Fling wide the gates!

Fling wide the gates! Fling wide the gates!

And bends beneath the bur-den low.

And bends beneath the bur-den low.

And bends beneath the bur-den low.

Ped. No. 8002.

poco acced.

poco acced.

poco acced.
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 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 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.
Solo

How sweet is the grace of His

Sacred Face, And lovely be-

pond com-pure,
Though worn and worn, with the merciless scorn Of a world He has come to spare. Song a tempo. The burden of wrong, that earth bears along. Past ever, and ever to be, All

Slower. PP

PP Slower.
This page contains a musical score, likely from a hymn or religious song. The text includes musical notation with lyrics in English, which appear to be a part of a religious hymn. The lyrics speak of faith and devotion, referencing God and His protection and guidance through life's challenges.
on to the end, my God and my Friend, to suffer, endure, and die...
No. 4.

Rcct.—"And when they were come.”

With expression. Bass. $\frac{4}{4} = 60$. (no. ii.)

And when they were come to the place called

Calvary, there they crucified Him, They crucified Him, and the

malefactor, one on the right, and the other on the

left.

No. 8002.
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.

Here the King of all the ages,
Throned in right ere worlds could be
Robed in mortal flesh is dying.
Crucified by sin for me.

O mysterious condescending!
O abandonment sublime!
Very God Himself is bearing
All the sufferings of time!

Evermore for human failure
By His Passion we can plead;
God has borne all mortal anguish,
Surely He will know our need.

This—all human thought surpassing—
This is earth's most awful hour,
God has taken mortal weakness!
God has laid aside His Power!

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.

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.

Who shall fathom that descending,
From the rainbow-circled throne,
Down to earth's most base profaning,
Dying desolate alone.

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 was tortured,
Perfect God on thee has bled!

No. 802.
No. 6. RECIT.-"HE MADE HIMSELF OF NO REPUTATION."

He made Himself of no repute, and took upon 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, even the death of the Cross.
No. 7. THE MAJESTY OF THE DIVINE HUMILIATION

Moderato. Tenor Solo.

King ev - er glo - rious! King ev - er glo - rious!
The dews of
deo. death are gath - ring round Thee, Up - on the Cross Thy foes have bound Thee, Thy
dim. strength is gone, Thy strength is gone. Not in Thy
dim. a tempo.

Ma - jes - ty, Robed in Heaven's sup - reme splen - dour; But in

No. 8062.
- render, Thou hast est here.

Pi-late high is Zi-on

dwell ing! Rome with arms the world con-pell ing! Proud tho' they be!

Far more

aw ful in Thy weak ness, More than king ly in Thy weak ness, Thou

No. 8002.
Son of God, Thou Son of God, Glory, and

honour; Let the world divide and take them; Crown its monarch and

takes them, But Thou, Thou wilt reign.

Here in a babe, crownless,

poor, robbed, and bleeding; There, in

No. 3002.
glo-ry in-ter-cod-ing, Thou art the King! Thou art the King!

There in glo-ry in-ter-cod-ing, Thou art the

King! Thou art the King! Thou art the King!
No. 8. 

RECIT. — "AND AS MOSES LIFTED UP THE SERPENT."

And as Mo-ses lifted up the serpent in the wilder-ness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up:

And that who-ev-er be-lieveth in Him, that who-

ev-er be-lieveth in Him should not per-ish,

should not per-ish, but have ev-ver-last-ing life.
No. 9. Quartet on Chorus (unaccompanied).—"GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD."

God so loved the world, . . . that He

God so loved the world, . . . that He

God so loved the world, . . . that He

God so loved the world, . . . that He

Gave His only begotten Son, that who so believeth, he

Gave His only begotten Son, that who so believeth, be

Gave His only begotten Son, that who so believeth, be

Gave His only begotten Son, that who so believeth, be

(For choral words.)

faith in Him should not perish, should not perish, but

faith in Him should not perish, should not perish, but

faith in Him should not perish, should not perish, but

faith in Him should not perish, should not perish, but

Na und.
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.
God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that who so believeth, believeth in Him should not perish, should not perish, but
HOLY Jesus, by Thy Passion,
By the woe which none can share,
Born in more than kingly fashion,
By Thy love beyond compare:
Crucified, I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

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.

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.

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.

By the path of snares and 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.

By the Spirit which could rend
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. 11. 

**EXT.**—"JESUS SAID, 'FATHER, FORGIVE THEM.'"

_George. Tenos and Bari.

"Fa-ther, for-give them, for they know not what . . . they do."
Oh! 'twas love,
in love's divinest feature, Passing o'er that

Thou they say Thee,
dark and marvelous, Finding e'en for each low creature,

Thou they say Thee, one redeeming spot.
So Thou susurr'est, Those intercession, Hiding me look up and trust and live:

So Thou plead'est, Yes, he knew not, yea, he knew not; for

So Thou plead'est, Yes, he knew not, yea, he knew not; for

My sake forgive, for My sake forgive, for - giv, for - giv.

My sake forgive, for My sake forgive, for - giv, for - giv.
No. 13. THE MYSTERY OF INTERCESSION.

To be sung by the Choir and Congregation.

Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me,
While He is nailed to the shameful tree,
Seem'd 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!

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.

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!

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.

Allegro. A Voice in the Choir.

Hang'd nailed on Him saying: "If thou be the Christ.

Bass Solo. Slow.

Save thyself and us." But the answering, rebuked him.

Another Voice.

Saying: "Didst not thou fear God seeing thou art in the same condem-

nation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due re-

No. 8002.
ward of our deeds: but this man hath done no thing amiss." And he

VOCAL IN CHORUS.
Slow.

said unto Jesus: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest

Soprano.

unto Thy Kingdom." And Jesus said unto him:

Bass Solo.

"Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Tenor.

"Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Bass.

No. 8002.
I adore Thee, I adore Thee!
Glorious art the world began;
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,
Though divine, yet still divinest
In Thy dying love for man.

I adore Thee, I adore Thee!
Thankful at Thy feet to be;
I have heard Thy accents 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 Jesus, I implore Thee,
Make me ever only Thine.

No. 5002.
No. 16. RECIT. "WHEN JESUS THEREFORE SAW HIS MOTHER."

Moderato. TENOR.

When Je-sus there-fore saw His

Mother and the dis-ciple stand-ing by, whom He lov-ed; He

Chorus. Tenors. TENOR SOLO.

with un-to His Mo-ther: "Wo-man! be-hold thy son." Then

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

Chorus. TBA.

with Him to the dis-ciple: "Be-hold thy mo-ther!"

"Be-hold thy mo-ther!"

No. 8002.
Adagio.

Bass Solo, ad lib.

There was darkness over all the earth.

And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying,

Adagio.

"My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?"
No. 17. REVERE.—*IS IT NOTHING TO YOU.*

*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, where-with the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger.

No. 8002.
No. 18.

THE APPEAL OF THE CRUCIFIED.

Mezzo.

SOPRAN.

From the Throne of His Cross, the

Tenor.

From the Throne of His Cross, the

Bass.

From the Throne of His Cross, the

King of grief cries out to a world of unbelief: Oh! men and women, far and nigh, Is it nothing to you, all men.

K. 6502.
I went for the sorrows and pains of men, I healed them and alms.

They shout ed a gainst Me, "Crucify!" They shout ed a gainst Me, "Crucify!"

They shout ed a gainst Me, "Crucify!" They shout ed a gainst Me, "Crucify!"

They shout ed a gainst Me, "Crucify!" They shout ed a gainst Me, "Crucify!"
you I suf-fer, for you I die.

Is it no-thing to

cres.

you, all ye that pass by?

Oh!

cres.

you, all ye that pass by?

Oh!

cres.

you, all ye that pass by?

Oh!

cres.

You and wo-men, your deeds of shame, Your sins with-out

dim.

re-a-son and

dim.

re-a-son and

dim.

re-a-son and

You and wo-men, your deeds of shame, Your sins with-out

dim.

re-a-son and
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? Oh!
bow My Head? And no-thing to you that My Blood is shed? Oh!
bow My Head? And no-thing to you that My Blood is shed? Oh!
bow My Head? And no-thing to you that My Blood is shed? Oh!

No. 5002.
crown of thorns, By these I implore you to hear My cry, Is it

nothing to you? O come un-to Me, O come un-to Me, O

come un-to Me! This awful price, Re-demp-tion's tre-men-dous
sacri-fice, Is paid for you, is paid for you. Oh!
sacri-fice, Is paid for you, is paid for you. Oh!
sacri-fice, Is paid for you, is paid for you. Oh!
sacri-fice, Is paid for you, is paid for you. Oh!

why will ye die? O come un-to Me, O come un-to Me, O
why will ye die? O come un-to Me, O come un-to Me, O
why will ye die? O come un-to Me, O come un-to Me, O
why will ye die? O come un-to Me, O come un-to Me, O

come un-to Me! For why will ye die, for why will ye die? O
come un-to Me! For why will ye die, for why will ye die? O
come un-to Me! For why will ye die, for why will ye die? O
come un-to Me! For why will ye die, for why will ye die? O

No. 5002.
come! O come! O come unto Me! Why

why will ye die? Come unto Me! come unto Me! come

No. 90021
No. 19. **Recit. and Chorus.**—"**After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished.**"

Moderato. Tensor Sing. p

Moderato. $q = 88.$

Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, saith:

When

Cromer. Tensor. mf

"I thirst."

Fares. mf

"I thirst."

No. 8092.
Jesus had received the vinegar, He said:

Chorus. Tenors. Very slow.

"It is finished! Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

Tenor Solo.

And He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.
FOR THE LOVE OF JESUS.

To be sung by the Choir and Congregation.

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.

All for Jesus—at Thine altar
Thou wilt give us sweet content;
There, dear Lord, we shall receive Thee
In the solemn Sacrament.

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.