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S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

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6

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(August, 1895)
OLIVET TO CALVARY

A SACRED CANTATA

RECALLING SOME OF THE INCIDENTS IN THE LAST DAYS
OF THE SAVIOUR'S LIFE ON EARTH

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

THE WORDS WRITTEN AND ARRANGED BY

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY

THE MUSIC BY

J. H. MAUNDER.

(PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.)

Paper Boards, Three Shillings and Sixpence.

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MADE IN ENGLAND.
"Olivet to Calvary" recalls simply and reverently the scenes which mark the last few days of the Saviour's life on earth, and some of the reflections suggested thereby. The rejoicing of the multitude with hosannas and palms, the view of Jerusalem from the steep of Olivet, the lament over the beautiful city, the scene in the Temple, and the lonely walk back over the Mount at night, form the chief features of the first part.

Part II. opens with the Supper of the Passover, at which Jesus washes His disciples' feet, and gives to His friends the new commandment of love for one another as the sign of true discipleship. From this the scene passes to the infinite pathos of the Garden of Gethsemane, the sudden appearance of the hostile crowd, Jesus forsaken by His disciples, His utter loneliness among ruthless foes, the tumult before Pilate in the Judgment Hall, the Passage of the Cross, the tragedy and triumph of Calvary.
OLIVET TO CALVARY

PART I.

No. 1.—ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM.

CHORUS.
(Matthew xxv. 13.)

When o'er the steep of Olivet,
The Lord to Salem came,
The crowds their glad hosannas raised,
To His beloved name.
They made the path across the Mount,
With leafy branches gay:
And spread their robes with eager hands,
To deck Messiah's way.
His power has poured the light of heaven,
Upon the sightless eyes!
His voice has thrilled the silent dead,
And bade the sleepers rise!
Hosanna to the Prince who comes,
To free a race oppressed!
To drive the Gentile from our land,
And make His people blest!
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Blessed is the King of Israel!
Hosanna to the Son of David!
Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

No. 2.—BEFORE JERUSALEM.

TENOR. Recitative.

Like a fair vision in the morning light,
Lay the proud city of Jerusalem;
in all the beauty of its soaring towers,
And flashing domes, and marble palaces.
A diadem on Zion's holy hill,
The glorious Temple in its splendour shone
With sheen of gold, and pinacles of snow.

BARITONE. Recitative.

And Jesus paused, and gazed with tearful eyes,
While the hushed multitude stood wondering near.

(Luke xix. 42.)

O Jerusalem!
Hadst thou but known in this thy day,
Even thou, the things which belong unto peace;
But now they are hid from thine eyes!
For the days shall come upon thee,
When thine enemies shall compass thee around!

No. 3.—IN THE TEMPLE.

TENOR. Recitative.
(Matthew xxv. 12.)

And Jesus entered into the Temple of God, and cast out them that bought and sold therein. And He said unto them,

BARITONE. Recitative.

It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of robbers.

CHORUS.

Another temple waits Thee, Lord divine,
The temple of my heart, O make it Thine!
Drive far away the sin that would ensnare;
O cleanse Thy courts, and bless Thine altar there.

No voice but Thine can make it free,
From all that is unworthy Thee;
Temptation's wiles Thy sacred courts assail;
O hear my cry! then shall my soul prevail!

(Psalms lxxxvi. 1.)

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, for I am poor and in misery.

(Psalms xxv. 17.)

Look upon mine adversity and misery, and forgive me all my sin.

(Psalms lxxx. 14., and lixv. 4.)

Turn Thee again, O Lord, and let Thine anger cease from us.
Another temple waits Thee, Lord divine,
The temple of my heart, O make it Thine!

No. 4.—THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

TENOR SOLO.

Not of this world the Kingdom of our Lord;
He sought not victor's wreath, nor monarch's crown,
With peace, and tidings of great joy He came,
Of radiant heaven, the Way, the Truth, the Life:
A holy Guide through paths of night and time,
He came to die that erring souls may live
In sinless joy, where God's blest mansions shine!
CHORUS.

Twas night o'er lovely Olivet,
The trees their darksome shadows cast;
And slowly up the mountain side,
With weary step the Saviour passed.
No joyous multitude was there,
No garments at His feet were thrown;
The path that led to Bethany,
He trod in sorrow and alone.
The loud Hosannas all were hushed,
The lowly triumph of the day,
And fading in the moonlight pale,
The branches strewed at morning lay.
Thus o'er the brow of Olivet,
The Saviour passed with weary tread;
The beasts have lairs, the birds have nests,
He had not where to lay His head!

TENOR SOLO.

He was despised and rejected of men;
A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.
Not of this world the Kingdom of our Lord;
He sought not viceroy's wreath, nor monarch's crown;
He came to die that erring souls may live
In sinless joy, where God's blest mansions shine.

BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

(Matthew xi. 28.)

Come unto Him, all ye that labour, and He
will give you rest.
Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him,
and ye shall find rest unto your souls.
Come unto Him, ye that are weary.

HYMN.

(For the Congregation and Choir.)

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, just as I am,
Just as I am, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, &c.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yes! all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, &c.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, &c.

Just as I am (Thy love unknown)
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, &c.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, &c. Amen.

PART II.

No. 5.

A NEW COMMANDMENT.

BARITONE. Recitative.

(John xiii.)

And Jesus knowing that His hour was come, that He should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world He loved them unto the end.

And when the supper of the Passover was ended He poured water into a basin, and began to wash His disciples' feet. And He said,

Arietta.

A new commandment give I unto you that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, so love ye one another. By this shall all men know that ye are mine, if ye have love one to another.

QUARTET (OR SEMI-CHORUS).

O Thou Whose sweet compassion,
Does through the ages shine;
Can our poor hearts enkindle,
Affection such as Thine?
Of self unmindful ever,
Thy steadfast love shone clear;
A star 'mid deepening shadows,
E'en though the Cross was near.

Thou ever blest Redeemer,
Enthroned in heaven above,
O help Thy earthly pilgrims,
To love as Thou didst love!
Though dark and wild the pathway,
Our feet shall never tire,
If to our souls Thou givest,
That spark of sacred fire!
No. 6.—GETHSEMANE.

BARITONE. Recitative.

(Matthew xxvi.)

And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives. And they passed over the brook Kidron unto the garden of Gethsemane. Then said He unto them, tarry ye here and watch with me. And He prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

HYMN.

(For the Congregation and Choir.)

"Thy will be done," the Saviour said,
And bowed to earth His sacred head,—
The sands of life had nearly run—
My Father, let Thy will be done,
Thy will, not Mine, be done.

No watch His spent disciples kept,
Amid the shadows deep they slept;
But silent Angels waiting there,
Beheld His agony of prayer.
Thy will, not Mine, be done.

His soul foresees the cruel scorns
The brutal scourge, the crown of thorns,
And darker than Gethsemane,
The shadow of the accursed tree.
Thy will, not Mine, be done.

What though He felt in that dread hour,
The storm of human passion lower!
Nor pain, nor death His soul would shun,—
My Father, let Thy will be done,
Thy will, not Mine, be done.

No. 7.

BETRAYED AND FORSAKEN.

CHORUS.

(Matthew xxvi. 47.)

And while He yet spake, there came a
great multitude with swords and staves and torches.

(Matthew xviii. 12.)

And they took Jesus, and bound Him, and led Him away.

(Matthew xxvi. 56.)

Then all His disciples forsook Him and fled.

TENOR. Recitative.

O was there ever loneliness like His;
From the dear garden of His agony,
The sinless One was led.
His followers all forsook their Lord and fled;
No gentle sona, no kindly glance was there,
But mocking faces, and harsh words of hate.
The cruel soldiers, the emptying crowd.
Despised, rejected and forsaken!
O was there ever loneliness like His!

AIR.

Ye who sin, and ye who sorrow,
Ye who in temptation fail;
See, O see your best Redeemer,
Standing in the judgment hall.
See Him beaten and derided,
See His flesh by scourges torn;
Turn to Him, remembering ever,
'Twas for you the stripes were borne.

Standing 'mid the mocking soldiers,
In the purple robe of scorn;
See His gaze of gentle pity,
From beneath the piercing thorn.
Turn to Him ye heavy-laden,
Ye who soil, and ye who mourn,
Lo! He looks in love upon you,
'Twas for you the pain was borne.

No. 8.—BEFORE PILATE.

CHORUS.

(John xix.; Matthew xxvii.; Luke xxiii.)

Then came Jesus forth from the judgment hall wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe.

And Pilate said, Behold your King!
And they cried out, saying, Crucify Him! crucify Him! He stirreth up the people!

Pilate.

Shall I crucify your King?

CHORUS.

We have no king but Caesar! Away with this Man, and release unto us Barabbas!

Crucify Him!

Pilate.

Take ye Him and crucify Him! for I find no fault in Him at all.
No. 9.
THE MARCH TO CALVARY.

CHORUS.
The Saviour King goes forth to die!
Goes forth in all His glory bright!
And angels from the realms on high,
Look down to see the wondrous sight.
On, on to Calvary's fateful hill,
Revere'd by those He came to bless;
But in His suffering bearing still,
The majesty of Righteousness!
The Saviour King goes forth to die!
With weariness and anguish sore,
On, on to death the Saviour goes!
The Roman helmets flash before,
Behind Him shout exultant foes.
The Sun of God goes forth to die!
To yield in pain His mortal breath!
To rob the grave of Victory,
And take, for aye, the sting from death!
The Saviour King goes forth to die!

No. 10.—CALVARY.

BARTONE. (Recitative.)
(Luke xxiii.)
And when they came to the place which
is called Calvary, there they Crucified Him.
And it was now about the sixth hour, and
a darkness came over the whole land, until
the ninth hour, the sun's light failing: and
the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.
And when Jesus had cried with a loud
voice, He said, Father, into Thy hands I
commit My Spirit. And He bowed His
head and gave up the ghost.

CHORUS.
Droop, Sacred Head,
Upon that breast divine,
The strife is o'er,
The victory is Thine.

Hush, sounds of earth,
Sink, sink thou mournful sun;
On Calvary's cross,
Lo! mercy's work is done.

Gaze, mortal, gaze,
The Saviour hangs for thee,
Silent in death.
Upon the accursed tree.

Love, holiest love,
Shall earth and heaven alone,
In fadeless day,
From Christ's eternal throne.

CONCLUDING HYMN.
(For the Congregation and Choir.)

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy red Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not alone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Forsaken, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown:
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee—Amen.
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OLIVET TO CALVARY.

PART I.

No. 1.—ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM.

S. H. MANDER.

Chorus. Soprano.

When over the steep of

Olivet, The Lord to Salem came, The crowds their glad hosannas raised, To

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His beloved Name. They made the path across the mount, With
leafy branches gay: And spread their robes with eager hands, To
deck Messiah’s way, And spread their robes with eager hands, To
His voice has thrilled the silent dead, And bade the sleeper rise! His voice has thrilled the silent dead, And bade the sleeper rise! His voice has thrilled the silent dead, And bade the sleeper rise! His voice has thrilled the silent dead, And bade the sleeper rise!

San na! To the Prince who comes, To free a race oppressed! To drive the Gentile from our land, And make His people blest! To drive the Gentile from our land, And make His people blest! To drive the Gentile from our land, And make His people blest! To drive the Gentile from our land, And make His people blest!

2 H. Mannher—Olivet to Calvary. Novello
David! Blessed is He, blessed is He, blessed is He that
san-na to the Son of David! Blessed is He, blessed is He that
con-eth in the Name of the Lord! Hos-anna in the
high-est! Hos-anna in the high-est! Hos-anna.

No. 2.—BEFORE JERUSALEM.

Like a fair vision in the morning light, Lay the proud ci-ty of Jer-

- ru- sa- lem; In all the beauty of its soar-ing towers, And flash-ing dames, and

har-mo-nous pal-a-ces... A di-a-dem on Zi-er's ho-ly hill, The glo-

Tem-ple in its splen-dour shine, With sheen of gold, and

pin-na-cl-es of snow.

Baritone. Recit.

And Jesus paused, and gazed with tearful eyes, While the hushed multitude stood

won'dring near.

Andante. Oboe Solo.

Lamento.

O Jerusalem! O Jerusalem! Hads; thou but known

in this day, Even thou, even thou the things which belong unto

15 Mausbach—Choral to Salisby. 2nd ed.
peace.

Oboe Solo.

But now they are hid from time eyes!

Oboe

rep' a tempo.

sempre lamentoso.

For the days shall come upon thee, When thine

enemies shall compass thee around! They shall dash thee to the ground, Thee,

and thy children within thee! Hadst thou but known,

Jo.

Jerusalem, hadst thou but known, hadst thou but known.

No. 3.—IN THE TEMPLE.

Text. Recit.
Allegro.

And Jesus entered into the Temple of God, and cast out them that

Baritone. Recit.
bought and sold there-in, And He said un-to them, It is writ-ten,

My house shall be call-ed a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of

Allegretto agitato.
Sopranos (or Solo)
rob-bers...

Allegretto agitato.
An-

-o-ther tem-ple waits Thee, Lord di-vine, The tem-ple of my heart, 0 make it

Thine! Drive far away the sin that would ensnare; O cleanse Thy courts, and
bless Thine altar there. No voice but Thine can make it free, From all that is unworthy Thee! Temptations' wiles Thy sacred courts sail! Temptations' wiles Thy sacred courts sail! O hear my cry! O hear my cry!

O hear my cry! then shall my soul prevail! Another temple waits Thee, Lord divine.

The temple of my heart, O make it Thine! O make it Thine! O hear my cry! The temple of my heart, O make it

J. H. Maunder—Olivet to Calvary. Novello
Larghetto.

thine.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass. mp

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord,

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord,

bow down Thine ear, O Lord, for I am poor, am

bow down Thine ear, O Lord, for I am poor, am

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord,

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord,

poor and in misery, Bow down Thine ear, O Lord,

poor and in misery, Bow down Thine ear, O Lord,

J. H. Manusker—Olivet to Calvary. Novella
bow down Thine ear, O Lord, for I am poor, am poor and in

mis - er - y. Look up - on mine ad - versi - ty

mis - er - y. Look up - on mine ad - versi - ty

ver - sity and mis - er - y, and mis - er - y, and for - give me all my

and mis - er - y, and mis - er - y, and for - give me all my

and mis - er - y, and mis - er - y, and for - give me all my

and mis - er - y, and mis - er - y, and for - give me all my

J. H. Mander—Olive to Calvary Novella.
Poco accel.

Turn Thee again, O Lord, and let Thine anger cease from us,
Lord, and let Thine anger cease from us, and let Thine anger cease.

us, turn Thee a-gain, O Lord, turn Thee a-gain, O Lord. An

Tempest line.

o-ther tem-ple waits Thee, Lord di-vine, The tem-ple of my heart, O make it

J. P. Manner—Olivet to Calvary. Novello
cry! The temple of my heart, O

cry! The temple of my heart, O

cry! The temple of my heart, O

cry! The temple of my heart, O

dim.

make it Thine!

dim.

make it Thine!

dim.

make it Thine!

dim.

make it Thine!

J H Maunder—Olivet to Calvary Novello
No. 4. — THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Tenor.

Not of this world the Kingdom of our Lord; He

sought not victor’s wreath, nor monarch’s crown, With peace, and tidings of great joy He came... Of radiant Heaven, of radiant Heaven, the

J. H. Manuser—*Glor to Calvary* Novello.
Way, the Truth, the Life; A holy guide through paths of night and time, He came to die that erring souls may live. In sinless joy, where God's blest mansions shine! He came to die that erring souls may live. In sinless joy, where God's blest mansions shine! where God's blest mansions shine!

J H Maurder—Olivet to Calvary. Novello
Chorus.

Soprano.

Twas night o'er lonely Oli-

Alto.

Twas night o'er lonely Oli-

Tenor.

Twas night o'er lonely Oli-

Bass.

Twas night o'er lonely Oli-

yet, The trees their darksome shadow

yet, The trees their darksome shadow

yet, The trees their darksome shadow

yet, The trees their darksome shadow

J. H. Maunder - Olivet to Calvary. Novella
cast; And slowly up the

mountain side, With weary, weary step the Saviour passed.

at His feet were thrown; The path that led to Bethany. He trod in

J. H. Mann—Oliver to Calvary Novello.
sor - row and a - lone.

The loud Ho.

The low - ly tri -umph

And fa - ding in the
dim.

of the day; dim.

san - nas all were hushed.

The low - ly tri -umph

san - nas all were hushed.

And fa - ding in the
do - at the day; dim.

lairs, the birds have nests, the beasts have
lairs, the birds have nests, the beasts have
lairs, the birds have nests, the beasts have
lairs, the birds have nests, the beasts have

lairs, the birds have nests, He had not
lairs, the birds have nests, He had not
lairs, the birds have nests, He had not
lairs, the birds have nests, He had not

where to lay His head? He had not
where to lay His head? He had not
where to lay His head? He had not
where to lay His head? He had not

where... to lay... His head! He had not where... to
where... to lay... His head! He had not where... to
where... to lay... His head! He had not where... to
where... to lay... His head! He had not where... to

lay His head!...
lay His head!...
lay His head!...
lay His head!...

Adagio.
A little faster.

He was despised, He was rejected. Not of

A little faster. $q = 66$.
this would be the Kingdom of our Lord; He sought not victor's wreath, nor monarch's crown: He came to
die that erring souls may live In sinless joy, that erring souls may live where God's blest mansions

come un-to Him, all ye that la-bour, and
will give you, will give you rest.
He will give you, will give you rest.

J. H. Manner—Olivet or Calvary. Ne'er ecce
Come unto Him, all ye that labour, and He will give you rest.

Take His yoke upon you, and He will give you rest.
learn of Him... and

Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him...

Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him...

Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him...

Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him...

ye shall find rest unto your soul. Come unto Him, ye that are weary.

Come... come... come!
"JUST AS I AM."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT  HYMN FOR CONGREGATION AND CHOIR

1. p. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me.
   
   cres. And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
   
   After each verse.

2. Just as I am, though toss'd about,
   With many a conflict, many a doubt,
   Fightings and fears within, without,
   O Lamb of God, I come.

3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
   Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
   Yea all I need, in Thee to find,

4. Just as I am, (uf) Thou wilt receive.
   Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
   cr. Because Thine promise I believe,
   O Lamb of God, I come.

5. p. Just as I am, (uf) (Thy love unknown
   Has broken every barrier down).
   cr. Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
   O Lamb of God, I come.

6. p. Just as I am, (uf) of that free love
   The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
   cr. Here for a season, then above,
   O Lamb of God, I come.

END OF PART I.
PART II.

No. 5.—A NEW COMMANDMENT.

Andante.

And Jesus knowing that His hour was come, that He should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world... He loved them... unto the end. And when the supper of the Passover was ended, He poured water...
into a basson, and began to wash His disciples' feet.

And He said, A new commandment give I unto you. That ye

love one another; even as I have loved you, so love ye one an-

other. By this shall all men know...

...that ye are Mine, by this shall all men know... that ye are Mine...
if ye have love one to ano-ther, by this shall all men know ye are Mine, by

a tempo

this shall all men know. A new commandment give I un-to you, That ye

rail. p a tempo.

love one an-o-ther, that ye love one an-o-ther: e'en as I have

poco accel.

Tempo lento.

lov-ed you, e'en as I have lov-ed you, so love ye, so love ye,

Tempo lento.

so love ye one an-o-ther.

J. H. Maunder—Olivet to Calvary. Novella. 8343
QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS (Unaccompanied).

Soprano.  
Moderato.  

O Thou Whose sweet compassion, Doest through the ages shine; Can

Alto.  

O Thou Whose sweet compassion, Doest through the ages shine; Can

Tenor.  

O Thou Whose sweet compassion, Doest through the ages shine; Can

Bass.  

Moderato.  

(For practice only.)

our poor hearts en-kindle, Affection such as Thine? Of self unmindful

our poor hearts en-kindle, Affection such as Thine? Of self unmindful

our poor hearts en-kindle, Affection such as Thine? Of self unmindful

our poor hearts en-kindle, Affection such as Thine? Of self unmindful

ever, Thy steadfast love shine clear; A star 'mid deep'ning shadow, Een

ever, Thy steadfast love shine clear; A star 'mid deep'ning shadow, Een

ever, Thy steadfast love shine clear; A star 'mid deep'ning shadow, Een

ever, Thy steadfast love shine clear; A star 'mid deep'ning shadow, Een
though the Cross was near, A star 'mid deep'ning shad'ows, Even though the Cross was near, e'en though the Cross was near, even though the Cross was near, Thou ev'er blest Re-deem'er, En-
throned in Heav'n a bove, O help Thy earth-ly pil-grims, To love as Thou dost love! Though throned in Heav'n a bove, O help Thy earth-ly pil-grims, To love as Thou dost love! Though throned in Heav'n a bove, O help Thy earth-ly pil-grims, To love as Thou dost love! Though throned in Heav'n a bove, O help Thy earth-ly pil-grims, To love as Thou dost love! Though
dark and wild the path-way, Our feet shall never tire, If to our souls Thou givest That

spark of sacred fire! If to our souls Thou givest That spark of sacred fire! that

spark of sacred fire! If to our souls Thou givest That spark of sacred fire! that

spark of sacred fire! If to our souls Thou givest That spark of sacred fire! that

spark of sacred fire! If to our souls Thou givest That spark of sacred fire! that

spark of sacred fire! If to our souls Thou givest That spark of sacred fire! that

spark of sacred fire! If to our souls Thou givest That spark of sacred fire! that

spark of sacred fire! If to our souls Thou givest That spark of sacred fire! that

J. H. Mander—Olivet to Calvary. Novello D

3240
No. 6.—GETHSEMANE.


And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the

mount of Olives, And they passed over the brook Kidron unto the garden of Geth.

expressive.

—Gethsemane. Then said He unto them, tarry ye here, and watch with Me.

modo espressivo.

And He prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible,

let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

HYMN FOR CONGREGATION AND CHOIR

Thy will be done, the Saviour said, And bowed to earth His sacred head,

The sands of life had nearly run, My Father, let Thy will be done, Thy will, not Mine, be done.

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2.
No watch His spent disciples kept,
Amid the shadows deep they slept;
But silent Angels waiting there,
Behold His agony of prayer—
Thy will, not Mine, be done

3.
His soul foresaw the cruel scorns,
The brutal scourge, the crown of thorns,
And, darker than Gethsemane,
The shadows of the accursed tree,—
Thy will, not Mine, be done.

4.
What though He felt in that dread hour,
The storms of human passions lower;
Nor pain, nor death, His soul would shun,
My Father, let Thy will be done.
Thy will, not Mine, be done.
No. 7.—BETRAYED AND FORSAKEN.

Allegro agitato.
Chorus: Soprano.

And while He yet spake, there came a great multitude with

Alto.

And while He yet spake, there came a great multitude with

Tenor.

And while He yet spake, there came a great multitude with

Bass.

And while He yet spake, there came a great multitude with

Allegro agitato. $\frac{1}{4}=100.$

Gt. f

Adeste.
TENOR SOLO.

O was there ever love-li-ness like His...

Adeste. $\frac{3}{4} = 76.$

Solo.

From the drear gar-den of His ag-o-ny The

sin-less One was led. His followers all for-sok their Lord and fled;

No gen-tle tone, no kind-ly glance was there,
But mocking faces, and harsh words of hate, The cruel soldiers,

the un pitying crowd. Des pised of men, re ject ed and for sa kion!

O was ther eig er lone ness like His!

Ye who sin, and ye who sor row.

Ye who in tempt a tion fall; See, O see your blest Re deem er,
Standing in the judgment hall. See Him beaten and derided.

See His fleshly scourges torn; Turn to Him, remembering ever, 'Twas for you, 'twas for you the stripes were borne.

Standing mid the mock'ring soldiers, In the purple robe of scorn; See His gaze of gentle pity.

J. H. Macdor—Olive to Calvary. Novello
From beneath the piercing thorn. Turn to Him ye heavy laden,

Ye who toil, and ye who mourn; Lo! He looks in love up on you, 'Twas for you, 'twas for you the pain... was borne, 'twas for you, 'twas for you... 'twas for you... the pain... was borne.

No. 8.—BEFORE PILATE

SOPRANO

Then came Je-sus forth from the judgment hall

ALT.

Then came Je-sus forth from the judgment hall

TEN.

Then came Je-sus forth from the judgment hall

BAS.

Then came Je-sus forth from the judgment hall

Maestoso. \( \text{d}=140. \)

Tempo giusto

* Solo

And Pil-late

wear-ing the crown of thorns . . . and the pur-pler robe . . .

wear-ing the crown of thorns . . . and the pur-pler robe . . .

wear-ing the crown of thorns . . . and the pur-pler robe . . .

wear-ing the crown of thorns . . . and the pur-pler robe . . .

* The part of Pilate may be sung by either a Baritone or a Tenor voice.

5 9 Maenner—Olivet to Calvary. Neretto.

9245
said, Be hold your King!
And they cried out saying,
And they cried out saying,
And they cried out saying,

Allegro agitato.

And they cried out saying,

Allegro agitato. = 116.

Cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him!
Cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him!
Cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him!
Cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him!
Cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him!
Cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him!
Cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him!
Cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him! cru ci fy Him!

Shall I crucify your King?

Shall I crucify your King?

We have no king but Caesar!

We have no king but Caesar!

We have no king but Caesar, we have no king but Caesar!
Pilate.

Slower. rif.

Take ye Him, take ye Him, and crucify Him,

Slower. Bb.

for I find no fault in Him at all.

Lamento. \( \frac{d}{4} = 106 \)


\( \frac{d}{2} \): 818

\[ \text{4. H. Mauzner—Olivet to Calvary Novello.} \]
CHORUS

SOPRANO

Alto.
The Saviour

Tenor.
The Saviour

Basso.
The Saviour

King goes forth! Goes forth!
All His glory bright! And Angels from the realms on high, Look down to see the wondrous sight. On, on to

J. H. Mouzler—Olivet to Calvary: Novello.
Calvary's sanguine hill, Re-viled by those He came to bless; But in His suffering bearing still The majes...
-ty of Right-eous-ness! The Sa-viour

King goes forth to die!

Sus Crede. P

Ped. 16f.

No. 10.—CALVARY.

Recit. (Baritone) and Chorus.—“DROOP, SACRED HEAD.”

And when they came to the place which is called Calvary,

there they crucified Him. And it was now about the

sixth hour and a darkness came over the whole land until the ninth hour, the sun’s light

colla voce.

falling; and the veil of the temple was

Gt. f acc. ad.

remained in the midst.

And when

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Tempo I m. a.
Jesus had cried with a loud voice... He said, Father, into

Thy hands I commend my spirit... And He bowed His

head and gave up the ghost...

Larghetto sostenuto.

Larghetto sostenuto. ° 92.

Sopranos (or Solo). With great feeling.

Droop, sacred head, upon that breast di-
Hush, sounds of earth, Sink, sink thou mournful sun; On Calvary's cross.

Lo! Mercy's work is done, On Calvary's cross, Lo! Mercy's work is done.
Droop, sacred head, Up on that breast divine, The strife is

Droop, sacred head, Up on that breast divine, The strife is

Droop, sacred head, Up on that breast divine, The strife is

Droop, sacred head, Up on that breast divine, The strife is

o'er, The victory is Thine... Hush, sounds of earth, Sink,

o'er, The victory is Thine... Hush, sounds of earth, Sink,

o'er, The victory is Thine... Hush, sounds of earth, Sink,

o'er, The victory is Thine... Hush, sounds of earth, Sink,

sink thou mournful sun; On Calvary's cross, Lo! Mer-ry's work is done... On

sink thou mournful sun; On Calvary's cross, Lo! Mer-ry's work is done, On

sink thou mournful sun; On Calvary's cross, Lo! Mer-ry's work is done, On

sink thou mournful sun; On Calvary's cross, Lo! Mer-ry's work is done, On

J. H. Maunde: Obert to Calvary. Novello
"ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME."

HYMN FOR CONGREGATION AND CHOIR.

Rev. A. M. Toplady

1. Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
   Let the water and the Blood, From Thy river side which flowed,
   Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. Amen.

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ALTERNATIVE TUNE.

R. Redhead.

1. Rock of ages, cleft for me. Let me hide myself in Thee: Let the Water and the Blood,
   From Thy river side which flowed. Be of sin the double cure. Cleanse me from its guilt and power. Amen.

(By permission.)

2. Not the labours of my hands
   Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
   Could my zeal no respite know,
   Could my tears for ever flow,
   All for sin could not atone;
   Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
   Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
   Naked, come to Thee for dress;
   Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
   Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
   Wash me, Saviour, (p) or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
   When my eyelids close in death,
   When I have taken my last breath,
   See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne;
   Rock of ages, cleft for me,
   Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.
