

## STAINER'S "CRUCIFIXION."

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 of Thy tortured Brow!  
Yet in his pity, so boundless and free,  
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

Though thou has 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.

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.

RECIT.—"AND ONE OF THE MALEFACTORS."

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying: "If thou be the Christ save thyself and us." But, the other answering, rebuked him, saying: "Dost not thou fear God seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." And he said unto Jesus: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." And Jesus said unto him: "Verily, I say to thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

THE ADORATION OF THE CRUCIFIED.

*To be sung by the Choir and Congregation, all standing.*

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.

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.

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.

RECIT.—"WHEN JESUS THEREFORE SAW HIS MOTHER."

When Jesus therefore saw His Mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved; He saith unto His Mother: "Woman! behold thy son." Then saith He to the disciple: "Behold thy mother!"

There was darkness over all the earth. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me."

RECIT.—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, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger.

THE APPEAL OF THE CRUCIFIED.

From the Throne of His Cross, the King of grief  
Cries out to a world of unbelief:  
Oh! men and women, afar and nigh,  
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 pains of men,  
I healed them and helped them and loved them, but  
then, but then,  
They shouted against me, "Crucify! Crucify."  
Is it nothing to you?  
Behold Me and see: pierced thro' and thro' with  
countless sorrows, and all is for you;  
For you I suffer, for you I die.  
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?  
Oh men and women, your deeds of shame,  
Your sins without reason and number and name,  
I bear them all on the Cross on high!  
Is it nothing to you that I bow my head?  
And nothing to you that My Blood is shed?  
Oh! perishing souls, to you I cry,  
Is it nothing to you?  
O come unto Me, by the woes I have borne,  
By the dreadful scourge, and the crown of thorns  
By these I implore you to hear My cry,  
Is it nothing to you?  
O come unto Me, this awful price,  
Redemption's tremendous sacrifice,  
Is paid for you.  
Oh! why will ye die?  
O come unto Me, for why will ye die?

RECIT. AND CHORUS.—"AFTER THIS, JESUS KNOWING THAT ALL THINGS WERE NOW ACCOMPLISHED."

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, saith: "I thirst." When Jesus had received the vinegar, He saith: "It is finished! Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost.

FOR THE LOVE OF JESUS.

*To be sung by the Choir and Congregation, all standing.*

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.—AMEN.