Music for Meditation Reflections on the Cross

Fírst Presbyterían Church Kíngsport March 30, 2022

Alice Brooks Sanders, organ and piano



Acronyms for "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews" written in three languages (as in John 19:20) on the cross, Ellwangen Abbey, Germany. Photo: Andreas Praefcke

Jesus, Grant Me This, I Pray

Jesu, grant me this, I pray, ever in thy heart to stay; let me evermore abide hidden in thy wounded side.

Tune: SONG 13 Orlando Gibbons (1623) arr. Raymond H. Haan

Text: Translated from a Latin text by Sir Henry W. Baker (1821-1877)

Art: A Dominican kneeling at the foot of the cross, early 16th century, Fra Paolino (Italian)

Go to Dark Gethsemane

Calvary's mournful mountain climb, there, adoring at His feet, Mark the miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete: "It is finished!" Hear the cry; learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- Tune: REDHEAD No. 76 Richard Redhead (1853) arr. David Cherwien
- Text: James Montgomery (1825)
- Art: Crucifixion with the Virgin Mary and St. John the Evangelist, c. 1600, El Greco (Greek)

There Is a Fountain

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God be saved to sin no more.

- Tune: Early American melody arr. Raymond H. Haan
- Text: William Cowper (1772)
- Art: Christ of St. John on the Cross, 1951, Salvador Dali (Spanish)

Seq.* 2. Ta-bat Ma-ter do	lo-ró-sa Juxta cru-cem lacrimó-sa,
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Dum pendé-bat Fí-li- us.	Cu-jus á-nimam geméntem, Contri-
stá-tam et do-léntem, Pert	ransí-vit glá-di- us. O quam tri-stis

Were You There

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Ah, sometimes it causes me to tremble.

Tune: African-American Spiritual arr. Anne BrittText: TraditionalArt: Pieta, 1876, Gustave Moreau (French)

Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

Jesus, keep me near the cross, there a precious fountain; Free to all, a healing stream, flows from Calvary's mountain. In the cross, in the cross be my glory ever, Till my ransomed soul shall find rest beyond the river.

Near the cross! O lamb of God, bring its scenes before me; Help me walk from day to day with its shadow o'er me.

Tune: NEAR THE CROSS William H. Doane (1869) arr. Dennis Alexander

Text: Fanny J. Crosby (1869)

Art: The Crucifixion, 1632, Diego Velasquez (Spanish)

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame; And I love that old cross where the dearest and best for a world of lost sinners was slain. So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange it some day for a crown.

Tune and Text:George Bernard (1913)
arr. Dennis AlexanderArt:Free use, pixabay.com

At Calvary

Years I spent in vanity and pride, caring not my Lord was crucified, Knowing not it was for me He died on Calvary. Mercy there was great and grace was free, pardon there was multiplied to me, There my burdened soul found liberty–at Calvary.

O the love that drew salvation's plan! O the grace that brought it down to man! O the mighty gulf that God did span at Calvary.

Tune: CALVARY, Daniel B. Towner (1850-1919) arr. Michael Cox Text: William R. Newell (1985)

Art: Mystic Crucifixion, 1497, Sandro Botticelli (Italian)

There Is a Green Hill Far Away

There is a green hill far away, without a city wall, where the dear Lord was crucified, who died to save us all. We may not know, we cannot tell, what pains he had to bear; but we believe it was for us he hung and suffered there.

Tune: HORSLEY, William Horsley (1844) arr. Raymond H. Haan

Text: Cecil F. Alexander (1848)

Art: A View of Mount Calvary with the Crucifixion, 1652, Philips Wouwerman (Dutch)



Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow

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

Tune: John Stainer (1887) arr. Alice Sanders

- Text: W. J. Sparrow-Simpson (1897)
- Art: The Crucifixion, 1888, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, (English) St. Philip's Cathedral, Birmingham, UK

O Sacred Head

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down, now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown! O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine! Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest Friend, for this, thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end? Oh, make me thine forever, and should I fainting be, Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

- Tune: PASSION CHORALE Hans Leo Hassler (1601) arr. Timothy Flynn
- Text: Attr. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153) and translated by James W. Alexander (1830)
- Art: Unknown, Polish Kashub Heritage Museum, Ontario, Canada

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Throned Upon the Awful Tree

Throned upon the awful tree, King of grief, I watch with thee. Darkness veils thine anguished face: none its lines of woe can trace: none can tell what pangs unknown hold thee silent and alone.

Silent through those three dread hours, wrestling with the evil powers, left alone with human sin, gloom around thee and within, 'til the appointed time is nigh, 'til the Lamb of God may die.

Hark, that cry that peals aloud upward thro' the whelming cloud! Thou, the Father's only Son, thou, his own Anointed One, thou dost ask him--can it be? "Why hast thou forsaken me?"

Lord, should fear and anguish roll darkly o'er my sinful soul, thou, who once wast thus bereft that thine own might ne'er be left, teach me by that bitter cry in the gloom to know thee nigh.

Tune: ARFON (from the Welsh folk tune Tros y Garreg) arr. Richard Peek

Text: John Ellerton (1875)

Art: Christ on Golgotha Hill, 1883, Gustave Dore (French)

O Darkest Woe

O darkest woe! Ye tears, forth flow! Has earth so sad a wonder, That the Father's only Son now is buried yonder!

O sorrow dread! Our God is dead, He paid our great redemption. Jesus' death upon the cross gained for us salvation.

Tune: O TRAURIGKEIT, *Himmlische Harmony*, Mainz, 1628

- Text: Johann von Rist, 1637, translated by Catherine Winkworth
- Art: Byzantine wall mosaic, Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem

My Song is Love Unknown

My song is love unknown, my Savior's love to me, Love to the loveless shown that they might lovely be. Oh, 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 such disdain! So few the longed-for Christ would know! But oh, my friend, my friend indeed, who at my need his life did spend!

Sometimes they crowd 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.

Tune: John Ireland (1918)

- Text: Samuel Crossman (1664)
- Art: Golgotha, 1900, Edvard Munch (Norwegian)

Now, My Tongue, the Mystery Telling

Now, my tongue, the mystery telling of the glorious body sing, and the blood, all price excelling, which the Gentiles' Lord and King, in a Virgin's womb once dwelling, shed for this world's ransoming.

- Tune: Plainchant PANGE LINGUA arr. Richard Jeffrey-Gray (b. 1966)
- Text: Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274) translated from the Latin by Edward Caswell
- Art: The Crucifixion, ca. 1300, Giotto (Italian)

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Grace Greater than Our Sin

Marvelous grace of our loving Lord, grace that exceeds our sin and our guilt! Yonder on Calvary's mount out-poured-there where the blood of the Lamb was spilt. Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that will pardon and cleanse within; Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that is greater than all our sin!

Tune: D. B. Towner (1910) arr. Melody Bober

Text: Julia H. Johnston (1910)

Art: Currier and Ives lithograph, 1849 (American)

And Can it Be

And can it be that I should gain an interest in the Savior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who Him to death pursued? Amazing love! how can it be that Thou, my God, should die for me?

Tune: SAGINA Thomas Campbell (1825) arr. Lloyd Larson Text: Charles Wesley (1738)

Art: Tomb of the Lord, 2011, Sergii Radkevych (Ukrainian)

The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird They began to crucify Thee, O Swan! Never shall lament cease because of that. It was like the parting of day from night. Ah, sore was the suffering borne By the body of Mary's Son, But sorer still to Him was the grief Which for His sake Came upon His Mother.

Translation by Howard Mumford Jones of a text by an anonymous Irish monk who lived sometime between the 8th and 13th centuries.

The next Music for Meditation program is TBA. Please check the church website and newsletter.