

St. Peter's Episcopal Church

Lindell Boulevard and Spring Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri

THE REVEREND EDWARD S. TRAVERS, D. D., RECTOR
CHARLES GALLOWAY, ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER

Good Friday, April 18th, 1930
8:00 P. M.

Order of Service

Silent Processional

Opening Hymn 363.....Maker

Creed and Prayers

Offertory

"The Crucifixion".....Sir John Stainer

Closing Prayer and Benediction

Silent Recessional

THE CHOIR

Sopranos

Miss Margaret McCoubrie,
Solo
Miss Anne Ballmann
Miss Jean Bronenkamp
Miss Besse Kyle
Mrs. Frank Peterson

Tenors

Mr. Alfred Friedli, Solo
Mr. C. C. Culbertson
Mr. Howard Jackson
Mr. R. T. Monagan
Mr. Frank Peterson

Altos

Mrs. E. C. Marting, Solo
Miss Blanche Hennessy
Miss Antonia Kotthoff
Miss Edith Varney

Basses

Mr. Arthur Brigham, Solo
Mr. Paul Biven
Mr. L. O. Caldwell
Mr. Charles Miller Galloway

The Crucifixion

RECITATIVE—Tenor

And they came to a place named Gethsemane; and Jesus saith to His disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray.

THE AGONY—Solo—Bass

Could ye not watch with Me one brief hour?

Could ye not pity My sorest need?

Ah! If ye sleep while the tempests lower,

Surely, My friends, I am lone indeed.

CHORUS

Jesus, Lord Jesus, bowed in bitter anguish,

And bearing all the evil we have done,

Oh, teach us how to love Thee for Thy love;

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

SOLO

Could ye not watch with Me, one brief hour?

Did ye not say on Kedron's slope?

Ye would not fall in the Tempter's power?

Did ye not murmur great words of hope?

Could ye not watch with Me? even so—

Willing in heart, but the flesh is vain.

Back to Mine agony I must go,

Lonely to pray in bitterest pain.

RECITATIVE—Tenor and Bass

And they laid their hands on Him, and took Him.

And led Him away to the High Priest.

And the High Priest asked Him, and said unto Him, Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. Then the High Priest rent his clothes, and saith, What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy. And they all condemned 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.

PROCESSIONAL TO CALVARY—Chorus

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.
His Cross is a sign of a love divine,
His Crown is the thorn-wreath of woe,
He bears His load on the sorrowful road,
And bends 'neath the burden low.

SOLO—Soprano

How sweet is the grace of His sacred face
And lovely beyond compare;
Tho' weary and worn with the merciless scorn
Of a world He has come to spare.
The burden of wrong that earth bears along,
Past evil, and evil to be,—
All sins of man since the world began,
They are laid, dear Lord, on Thee.

CHORUS

Then on to the end, my God and my Friend,
With Thy banner lifted high
Thou art come from above in Thy power and love
To endure and suffer and die.

RECITATIVE—Bass

And when they were come to the place, called Calvary,
there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the
right hand, and the other on the left.

HYMN

(Choir and Congregation)

THE MYSTERY OF THE DIVINE HUMILIATION

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 light 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!

RECITATIVE—Bass

He made himself of no reputation, 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.

THE MAJESTY OF THE DIVINE HUMILIATION

SOLO—Tenor

King ever glorious,
The dews of death are gathering round Thee:
Upon the Cross Thy foes have bound Thee—
Thy strength is gone.

Not in Thy Majesty,
Robed in heaven's supremest splendour,
But in weakness and surrender,
Thou hangest here.

Who can be like Thee?
Pilate high in Zion dwelling.
Rome with arms the world compelling,
Proud tho' they be?

Thou art sublime,
Far more awful in Thy weakness,
More than kingly in Thy meekness,
Thou Son of God.

Glory and honour;
Let the world divide and take them;
Crown its monarchs and unmake them;
But Thou wilt reign.

Here in abasement;
Crownless, poor, disrobed, and bleeding;
There, in glory interceding,
Thou are the King!

RECITATIVE—Bass

And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

CHORUS

God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoso believeth in Him should not perish, but 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.

RECITATIVE—Tenor and Chorus

Then said Jesus: Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.

DUET—Soprano and Alto

So Thou liftest Thy divine petition,
Pierced with cruel anguish thro' and thro';
So Thou grieveest o'er our lost condition,
Pleading, "Ah! they know not what they do."
Oh! 'twas love, in love's divinest feature,
Passing o'er that dark and murderous blot;
Finding, e'en for each low-fallen creature,
Tho' they slay Thee—one redeeming spot.
Yes! and still Thy patient Heart is yearning
With a love that mortals scarce can bear;
Thou in Pity, deep, divine, and burning,
Lifest e'en for me Thy mighty prayer.
So Thou pleadest, e'en for my transgressions,
Bidding me look up and trust and live;
So Thou murmurest Thine intercession,
Yea, he knew not—for My sake forgive.

HYMN

(Choir and Congregation)

THE MYSTERY OF INTERCESSION

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!

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!

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!

RECITATIVE—Tenor, Bass and Chorus

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying, If Thou be 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 amis. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say to thee, today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.

HYMN

(Choir and Congregation)

THE ADORATION OF THE CRUCIFIED

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 Jesus, I implore Thee,
Make me ever only Thine.

RECITATIVE—Tenor, Bass and Chorus

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 land.

And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?

RECITATIVE—Bass

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 CHORUS

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
They shouted against Me—Crucify!
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

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, all ye that pass by?

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, all ye that pass by?

Oh come unto Me—by the woes I have borne,
By the dreadful scourge, and the crown of thorn,
By these I implore you to hear My cry,
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

Oh come unto Me—this awful price,
Redemption's tremendous sacrifice—
Is paid for you, Oh, why will we die?
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

RECITATIVE—Tenor and Chorus

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, saith, I thirst.

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished.

Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.
And He bowed His Head, and gave up the ghost.