

THE HOLY WEEK

Text by Dr. Herbert H. Gowen

Music by Carl Paige Wood

The University Choir, the University Chorus and the
University Temple Choir

Charles W. Lawrence, Conductor

Walter A. Eichinger, Organist

University Temple, 3:30 p.m., Sunday, March 10, 1940

I. The Entry into Jerusalem

Who is this that comes from Edom,
With the day's declining flood
Shining on His purple vesture,
As on garments dyed in blood?
Hark, the pilgrim throng acclaim Him:
Son of David, Promised King!
See the multitudes around Him;
Hear the loud Hosannas ring!

Citizens of Salem, open—
Open wide your age-long gates!
Lift up high your ancient portals;
See, the King of Glory waits!
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Lord, with waving palms we greet Thee—
Strew our garments in Thy way.
As our hearts go out to meet Thee,
Enter, meet with us today!

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Let us all uplift our voices;
Loud Hosannas let us raise.
All Jerusalem rejoices:
David's Son, accept our praise!
Blessed He this day who cometh
In the Name of Israel's Lord!
King and Prophet, Priest and Victim,
Be Thou evermore adored!

II. In the Upper Room

It is evening: O Lord, at Thy table
We are gathered, the feast to partake.
Thou knowest how weak and unstable
Our witness for Thy dear sake.
Dost Thou mark in my soul the treason
That drew from Thy heart that sigh?
Oh, tell me Thy doubt and its reason:
Is it I, Lord, O say, Is it I?

If, surrounded and backward driven
From Thy side by the press of Thy foes,
My heart and my flesh be riven
By the fear that all courage o'erthrows—
Then, Master, in danger be near me;
New courage and confidence give:
From the depths of the dungeon O hear me!
O hear and my treason forgive!

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If I blench in temptation and fail Thee:
If I, like a coward, deny—
Let Thy faith in Thy chosen avail me,
Though the triumph of Satan seem nigh.
Repent not Thy kindness in calling me;
Though I falter, my courage restore;
Hold me fast for time and eternity,
That, once Thine, I be Thine evermore.

III. At the Cross

1. Pilate:

Rulers of men, reflect you and take heed!
Lo, at the seat of Judgement stands your Judge.
Wash not your hands in water, here to plead
False innocence, nor let your weakness budge
Resolve from just decision. Had I recognized
My King, I were not now all agonized
With fruitless grief for condemnation past
Of Him Who shall be my Judge at the last.

2. The Multitude:

O strange is the folly of men in the mass,
But discord their unity.
Our Christ hath come to his own, but, alas
Our welcome was—Crucify!
And now on our children and us there fall
The blood-drops for which we cried.
O Christ may that blood prove cleansing for all,
Since even for us Thou has died!

3. The Priests:

O blindness of men in high places!
O dullness of heart and of mind!
Of old God gave us the mission
To the souls of men to explain
The pattern of things in high heaven
To prepare for the ageless reign
Of the Christ who should come
As the Savior to ransom all mankind.
But the Lord of the Temple we slew—
God grant that the victim slain
Be the Sacrifice meet at the last
To restore us our priesthood again!

4. *The Dying Robber:*

Men of blood, who serve
The realm of force,
Hearken to the lesson
Taught me on my Cross.

Once, to make men free,
The sword I drew;
Now I hang beside Him
Whom Love slew.

Paradise is mine—
Such was His word—
Love has set me free
Where failed the sword.

5. *The Women:*

The song of the sorrow of womanhood is a long and weary song.
Eve, our first mother, foredoomed us to pain and labor age-long;
But now, as we follow the Master, sorrow's first fruit we have found through our
tears;
We, the ministering women, have followed Him three long years.
We have followed o'er hill and through valley, on His charity feeding.
Now, weeping, we stand 'neath the Cross whereon He hangs bleeding.
God grant that the love of all womanhood follow Him still,
That, serving His body on earth we our love may fulfill
In that life everlasting, to which, after death, Christ shall bring
All who faithfully serve Him below as their Master and King.

6. *The Disciples:*

Jesus, Master, Crucified, What have we to offer Thee, Standing silent at Thy side, In our lonely misery? Thou didst call us by the Lake, Bidding us to follow Thee, Leaving all for Thy dear sake, Ever at Thy side to be.	Fickle, false, and blind and weak, Thee we often have denied. Thy forgiveness here we seek, Jesus, Master, Crucified! Help us from the Cross, Thy Throne, True disciples to become; Grant us here Thy Name to own, Till we reach our heavenly home.
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7. *Nature:*

Sun, be thou quenched, and earthquake, shake the hills!
The Lord of Nature dies!
The Temple veil is rent in twain, the dead return to earth again,
Night veils the skies.

Of old He walked the good green earth, and praised
The flowers that blossomed there;
Nay, more, He ruled the stormy sea, and stilled the winds that lustily
Filled men with fear.

Nature, restrain thy grief, for soon shall dawn
The Easter morn divine!
The sun shall dry the tears of earth, and new flowers come to happy birth,
New joy be thine!

IV. The Easter Victory

Now the stubborn strife is o'er;
Now the bitter battle done;
Out of pain and anguish sore
Life's glad victory is won.
Sing we then a world set free from fear:
Let earth and heaven the joyful tidings hear:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ hath bruised the serpent's head;
Christ is risen from the dead!

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Now the stone is rolled away
Which on the heart so heavy lay;
And, open to the light of day,
The grave hath given up its prey.
Sing we then a world from death set free;
Hail we the hope of immortality!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Over all the world to reign,
Christ, the Lord, is risen again!

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Beyond that open grave we see
Risen in Christ, with unveiled eyes,
Th' immortal fruit of Calvary,
Re-opened gates of Paradise.
Sing we then a world redeemed from sin;
Eden is ours once more to enter in.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Victor in the great affray,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Jesus Christ is risen today.