

Announcements and Offering
Adagio

The Rev. Dr. J. Peter Holmes
Denis Bédard

Prayer of Dedication

The Rev. Deborah Ban

Hymn 141 In the Cross of Christ I glory

Cross of Jesus

Closing Prayer and Benediction

The Rev. Dr. J. Peter Holmes

Choral Amen

Catherine M. Palmer in E

Choir Recessional:

Nunc Dimittis with Antiphon

Mode III.4; chant C. M. Palmer

Save us, O Lord, while waking, and guard us while sleeping; that awake we may watch with Thee, and asleep we may rest in peace. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of thy people Israel. Gloria.

The Choir of Yorkminster Park Baptist Church

Soprano

Marilyn Brady, Jean Dixon, Barbara Ferguson, Joan Ferguson, Susan Flanagan, Kate Irish, Miriam Irwin, Audrey Johnson, Dawn King✱, Renée Salewski ◇, Jessica Willingham ✱, Kathleen Wilson

Alto

Demaris Brackstone, Rachel Hart, Rhoda Hill, Tulip Hunte, Carolyn King, Nancy King, Suzanne King, Marlene MacLuckie, Margaret Terry✱, Christel Wiens ◇, Sheryl Wilson

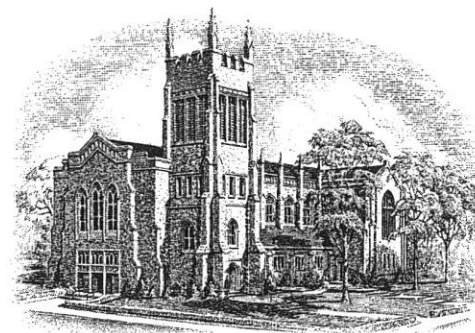
Tenor

Doug Bull, John Daniels, Chris Edwards, Martin Houtman✱, Anthony Varahidis ◇

Bass

Ian Boone, Euan Ferguson, David Ford, Phil Irwin, David King, Stephen King✱, Allan MacLuckie, Philip Penney◇, Rob Taylor, Charles Udell, Jim Youngson

✱ Soloist; ◇ Section Lead
Christel Wiens, Associate Musician



A PASSIONTIDE DEVOTION

The Choir of Yorkminster Park Baptist Church
William Maddox
Organist and Director of Music

Yorkminster Park Baptist Church

1585 Yonge Street, Toronto
Palm Sunday, April 13, 2014
4:30 pm

Preludes:

O mensch, bewein die Sünde gross Johann Sebastian Bach
Interlude on O Sacred Head W. S. Lloyd Webber

From the West Door:**Call to Worship**

The Rev. Dr. J. Peter Holmes
Minister of the Congregation

Glory and honour and laud Charles Wood
Glory and honour, and laud be to Thee, King Christ the Redeemer! Children before whose steps rais'd their Hosannas of praise. Israel's Monarch art Thou, and the glorious offspring of David. Thou that approachest a King blest in the name of the Lord. "Glory to thee in the highest" the heav'nly armies are singing: "Glory to Thee upon earth" man and creation reply. Met there with Palms in their hands that day the folk of the Hebrews: We with our prayers and our hymns now to thy presence approach. They to thee proffer'd their praise for to herald thy dolorous Passion, We to the King on his throne utter the jubilant hymn. There were then pleasing to thee, unto thee our devotion be pleasing. Merciful King, kind King, Who in all goodness art pleased. Glory and honour, and laud be to Thee, King Christ the Redeemer! Children before whose steps rais'd their Hosannas of praise. Text: Theodulph of Orleans (9th century)

Choir Processional:

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle Pange lingua gloriosi
Sarum Plainsong, Mode III, with organum
Text at Hymn #146

Hymn 147 The royal banners forward go

Gonfalon Royal

Please rise and join the Choir

Invocation and The Lord's Prayer (sung Amen)

The Rev. Dale Rose

First Reading: Matthew 25, vv. 20-29

The Rev. Dale Rose

Ave verum corpus Imant Raminsh
Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine. Vere passum, immolatum in cruce pro homine. Cujus latus perforatum, vero fluxit sanguine. Esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine, O clemens, O pie, O dulcis Fili Marie. Amen
Text: 14th century eucharistic hymn, attributed to Pope Innocent VI

Translation:

Hail, true Body, truly born of the Virgin Mary mild, truly offered, wracked and torn on the Cross for all defiled. From Whose love-pierced, sacred side flowed

Thy true blood's saving tide: be a foretaste sweet to me in death's great agony. O my loving, Gentle One, Sweetest Jesus, Mary's Son. Amen.

Second Reading: Matthew 26, vv. 36-41

The Rev. Deborah Ban

From the end of the earth Alan Hovahnness, Op. 187
Hear my cry, O God; from the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy. I will trust in the covert of Thy wings. Alleluia. Text: Psalm 61, from vv. 1-4

Hymn 137 Ah, holy Jesus

Herzliebster Jesu

Third Reading: John 19, vv. 14-25

The Rev. Dr. J. Peter Holmes

Song of the Passion George Oldroyd
When I think on Jesu's blood, that he shed upon the rood I let tears smart. Who of men can be unkind if Christis blood he hath in mind, entirely in his heart? Sweet Jesu Christ, what is thy guilt, that thou for me art spilt, Flower of unlothfulness? I a thief am, but Thou diest; I am guilty, but thou a-buyest all my wickedness. Why gavest thou so much for thine? What winnest thou for thy hard pine rich in bliss above? Love thy heart so deep has sought that pain of death doth let thee nought of man to win the love. Sweet Jesu Christ.

Text: Henry Parker, d. 1470, a Carmelite friar of the Convent at Doncaster

Pastoral Prayer

The Rev. Dale Rose

Choral Response Hear my prayer, O Lord my God

S. Alec Gordon

Hear my prayer, O Lord my God, hearken to my supplication;
be merciful to me, a sinner. Amen.

Three Sacred Songs

Felix Mendelssohn

Margaret Terry, mezzo soprano

1. Help me, Lord, in my affliction; O be gracious to my cry, for if thou wilt mark transgression, nevermore shall I be free. Shall my pain be everlasting? Shall my foes show scorn for me? Weak and helpless in my grieving, shall I be cast off from thee? O Lord, O Lord!
2. Father, hear thy child's petition; look on my in thy great love. Grant me thine illumination; save me from the fearful grave. For without thee Satan mocks me, triumphs I his pride and spite; merciless, he overtakes me, and heaps scorn on all thy might.
3. Lord, we trust in thy great goodness, which redeems us wondrously, singing all our songs of gladness, we in joy give thanks to thee.

THE royal banners forward go;
The cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 There, whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the nations' King should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

5 Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung:
The price of humankind to pay
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

*Venantius Fortunatus c. 530-609,
tr. J. M. Neale, 1818-66, altd.*

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AH, holy Jesus, how hast Thou offended,
That man to judge Thee hath in hate
pretended?
By foes derided, by Thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

2 Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon
Thee?

Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone Thee;
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied Thee:
I crucified Thee.

3 Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffered;
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

4 For me, kind Jesus, was Thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and Thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and Thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

5 Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay Thee,
I do adore Thee, and will ever pray Thee,
Think on Thy pity and Thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.