

**NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO  
EDITION. THE ATONEMENT: A  
SACRED CANTATA FOR SOLI,  
CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**

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Novello's Original Octavo Edition. The Atonement: A Sacred Cantata for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra by Alice Parsons & S. Coleridge -Taylor

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**ALICE PARSONS & S. COLERIDGE -TAYLOR**

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EDITION. THE ATONEMENT: A  
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CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**



NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

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# THE ATONEMENT

A SACRED CANTATA

FOR SOLI, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

ALICE PARSONS

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

(Op. 53.)

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# THE ATONEMENT.

## I.—PRELUDE.

## II.—“GETHSEMANE.”

### CHORUS.

In the soft moonlight glow  
Of the Judsian night,  
Along the road their feet so oft have trod,  
Jesus of Nazareth  
And His disciples pass  
Into the Garden of Gethsemane.  
There, in the sombre shade  
Kneeling apart, the Lord  
In bitter anguish prays :

### BARITONE SOLO (*Christ*).

“ Father ! the last dread hour  
Of shame and death is near ;  
The shadow of the Cross  
Upon My Spirit falls ;  
Thy people hear My voice, yet heed Me not !  
The snares of sin and death encompass Me !  
The heavy sorrow of a weary world  
Rests on My soul to-night.  
Thy will, not Mine, be done !  
But let Me feel Thee near—  
Forsake Me not in My last agony ! ”

### CHORUS.

Lo ! through the gathering gloom  
Of sad Gethsemane,  
Upon swift wings a radiant angel comes !  
Unto the Son of Man,  
From the High Heaven sent down,  
With confidence and hope to strengthen Him.  
Then, passing hence, toward Heaven behold  
him soar,  
Leaving the shadowy garden darker than  
before.  
Then Jesus, rising, comes  
Where the disciples lie,  
Weary with tribulation,  
Sleeping for very sorrow.

### BARITONE SOLO (*Christ*).

“ Could ye not watch one hour, oh My beloved ?  
Could ye not watch one hour ?  
Brave is the spirit, but the flesh, how weak !  
Lest in temptation's path ye go astray,  
Watch, ever watch and pray ! ”

### CHORUS.

Listen ! a murmur of voices,  
A sound of numerous footsteps—  
Behold ! a glimmer of torches,  
Brighter and brighter glowing !  
Now from out of the shadows  
An ominous crowd approaches,  
And the torchlight fitfully flickers  
On the helmets of Roman soldiers,  
On faces distorted by malice.

### BARITONE SOLO (*Christ*).

“ Whom seek ye ? Whom seek ye ? ”

### CHORUS.

“ Jesus of Nazareth ! Jesus of Nazareth !  
The Galilean !  
He that conspireth 'gainst mighty Cæsar !  
The Blasphemer !  
Jesus of Nazareth ! ”

### BARITONE SOLO (*Christ*).

“ Lo ! I am He.  
Why come ye thus, all armed with swords and  
staves,  
To capture me ?  
Daily in yonder Temple have I taught,  
Daily I paced your city's crowded ways,  
And yet ye took me not.  
But now, as if against a thief ye come !  
Behold ! this is your hour,  
Therefore I go with you.”

### CHORUS.

“ Away with Him !  
Bring Him to Caiaphas !  
Lead Him to Pilate !  
To Judgment !  
Away with Him ! ”

### BARITONE SOLO (*Christ*).

“ Oh, little flock, whom I have loved so well,  
Why do ye tremble so ?  
Do those dim eyes not see  
The Angel of the Lord that walks with Me ? ”

### CHORUS.

But the disciples, they who walked with Him  
In Galilee,  
Stricken with terror, now desert their Lord  
With one accord.  
While Jesus, calm amid the raging storm,  
Passes serenely on  
Toward the city that rejecteth Him.

### III.—PRAYER OF THE HOLY WOMEN AND APOSTLES.

#### CHORALE.

Father Omnipotent, to Thee  
Out of the gathering gloom we cry;  
Our faith is weak, our light is low,  
The night of dark despair is nigh:  
Deeper and deeper the shadows fall,  
Help us and guide us, Lord of All.

We in the darkness falter, Thou  
In Heaven's clear light beholdest all;  
The sounds of strife and sorrow here  
Discordant on our senses fall;  
But well we know they blend for Thee  
In calm and perfect harmony.

Lighten our darkness, King of kings,  
Strengthen our faith and calm our fears;  
Keep Thou the stumbling feet that tread  
The pathway of the Vale of Tears;  
Till at the last our souls are blest  
Father, in Thine Eternal Rest.

### IV.—"PONTIUS PILATE."

#### CHORUS.

The night is past;  
Bright glows the Eastern sky;  
And as the sun  
Rises above the dark Judean hills,  
The multitude  
Lead Jesus forth to the Prætorium,  
To Pontius Pilate.

TENOR SOLO (*Pilate*).

Upon what accusation,  
Oh men of Judæa,  
Bring ye this Man to me?

#### CHORUS.

He is a traitor,  
A traitor to Cæsar!  
He maketh sedition  
Throughout all Jewry  
Perverting the nation!

TENOR SOLO (*Pilate*).

Behold, I, a Roman,  
And faithful to Cæsar,  
Find no such fault in Him!

#### CHORUS.

He is a blasphemer!  
He scorneth our priesthood,  
And defileth our Temple.  
Away with Him!  
Let Him be crucified!

TENOR SOLO (*Pilate*).

I meddle not  
With your faith or your worship.  
Let your own High Priest  
Condemn or acquit Him.

#### CHORUS.

Let Him be crucified!  
Barabbas! Barabbas!  
Release unto us Barabbas!

TENOR SOLO (*Pilate*).

Barabbas! he whose hands are stained with  
blood!  
While this poor visionary harmeth none?

#### CHORUS.

Barabbas! Barabbas!  
Give us Barabbas!  
Away with this fellow!  
Let Him be crucified!

SOPRANO SOLO (*Pilate's Wife*).

Oh Pilate, hear my words!  
Have nought to do, I pray thee, with this  
Man;

For in my dreams  
Much have I been perplexed concerning Him.

I dreamt that He Who meekly stands  
Before us now, was crucified!  
But from His Cross a glory shone  
That lighted all the years to be,  
And they that looked toward that light  
Found rest.

I dreamt that He Whose weary head  
On earth no resting-place could find,  
Reigned in a city far away,  
Where sin and anguish never came,  
And tears of sorrow all were dried  
For aye.

I dreamt that He Whom now they scorn  
Had come again in majesty;  
The dead awakened at His Voice;  
Before His face the nations bowed;  
For He had come to reign on earth  
Always.

TENOR SOLO (*Pilate*).

Shall I crucify your King,  
The King of the Jews?

#### CHORUS.

We have no king but Cæsar!

SOPRANO SOLO (*Pilate's Wife*).

Pilate, hear my words!  
Have nought to do, I pray thee, with this Man

TENOR SOLO (*Pilate*).

Breath of my life, in this strange land  
What other voice could plead so well  
As thine, that ever since we met,  
Like music on my spirit fell?  
Yet not for thy sweet sake alone  
Would I these frenzied men defy:  
An unseen presence pleads for Him  
Whom now they seek to crucify.



The fury and the hate of men  
 Rage round me like an angry sea ;  
 But calm amid the tumult stands  
 This sad, strange Man of Galilee !  
 Breath of my life, dear heart of mine,  
 Pray to thy household gods, that they  
 Perchance may deign to lend me aid,  
 In my perplexity to-day.

DUST—

SOPRANO AND TENOR (*Pilate and Pilate's Wife*).

Ye mighty gods of ancient Rome !  
 If in your dwelling-place serene  
 The prayers of mortal men are heard,  
 Their motives read, their actions seen,  
 { Know that I fain would mercy show ;  
 { Know that he fain would judge aright ;  
 Condemn {him} not if {he} should fail  
 me } I }  
 In this sad hour, through want of light.

TENOR SOLO (*Pilate*).

Shall I crucify your King,  
 Crucify this King of the Jews ?

CHORUS.

We have no king but CÆSAR,  
 Let Him be crucified !

TENOR SOLO (*Pilate*).

Hypocrites ! Wolves !  
 Upon your own heads  
 Be the blood of the guiltless !  
 May the gods of my city,  
 And the gods of my fathers,  
 Judge and acquit me  
 Of His condemnation.

CHORUS.

His blood be upon us,  
 On us and our children !

TENOR SOLO (*Pilate*).

Behold your King !  
 Take Him and go your way !

CHORUS.

Now lead they Jesus forth,  
 And in a purple robe  
 Clothe Him, in mockery ;  
 And for His brow they weave a crown of thorns ;  
 Then, smiting Him, with mocking laughter cry :

“ King of the Jews, all hail !  
 We lowly bend to Thee.  
 Sceptre and robe and crown Thou hast,  
 And upon Calvary  
 Thy throne shall rise for all the world to see !  
 Come, Jews and Gentiles, come !  
 Put on your best array !  
 The King Whom we with pomp have crowned  
 Ascends His throne to-day.  
 Come, all ye people and obeisance pay !

King of the Jews, stand forth,  
 That one and all may see  
 The mighty Monarch Who hath come  
 From out of Galilee !  
 Forward, in order ! march to Calvary ! ”

V.—CALVARY.

CHORUS.

Through the gateway of the city,  
 All along the Way of Sorrow  
 To Golgotha, Jesus passes.  
 Now He falters, now He stumbles,  
 For the shameful Cross is heavy,  
 And the sun is high in heaven.  
 Close around Him throng the people,  
 Mocking, cursing, and reviling ;  
 And the women follow after,  
 Weeping for Him, and lamenting.  
 Way of Sorrow, Way of Sorrow,  
 Stained with blood and tears for ever !

BARITONE SOLO (*Christ*).

Women, weep not for One  
 Who soon will be at rest.  
 Weep rather for the fate  
 Of fair Jerusalem ;  
 Weep for her sorrow in the days to be.  
 Weep not for Me ; Weep not for Me !

CHORUS.

Behold the Cross,  
 The Cross uplifted on the green hillside !  
 With straining limbs  
 They raise it on high,  
 With its burden of pain.  
 Behold the King !  
 The King of sorrow, crown'd with many thorns !  
 Mark how His feet  
 And His hands have been nailed  
 To that terrible throne.  
 Behold the Love,  
 The Love Divine of Him who suffers there,  
 Patiently bearing  
 Sorrow and shame  
 For the sins of the world.

Come down from the Cross

Thou Boaster !  
 Destroyer of Temples,  
 Miraculous Builder !  
 Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !  
 Come down from the Cross  
 Blasphemer !  
 Thou Son of God,  
 Thou Saviour of others,  
 Save now Thyself !  
 Come down from the Cross,  
 Pretender !  
 Thou Ruler of Israel,  
 Come down from the Cross  
 And we will believe Thee !  
 Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !  
 Where is the God, then,  
 In Whom Thou hast trusted ?

## CHORAL RECIT.

Two thieves with Him are crucified,  
And one, whose body vainly writhes  
In agony unspeakable,  
Reviles the Saviour, and blasphemes;  
The other, calmer in his pain,  
Wistfully with his glazing eyes  
Regarding Jesus, prays of Him  
Forgiveness in the passing world of woe,  
Remembrance in the world that lies beyond.

BARITONE SOLO (*Christ*).

Be not afraid! This mortal agony  
Is but the cleansing fire  
Through which thy spirit, purified, shall rise,  
And, passing hence, be evermore at rest  
In Paradise.  
Be not afraid! The mist will roll away,  
And thou shalt see  
The brightness of the better world beyond,  
The rapture of the blessed ones at rest  
In Paradise.  
Be not afraid! Before yon scorching sun  
His course hath run,  
Thy sins forgiven and thy suffering o'er,  
Thou shalt be with Me in the healing shade  
Of Paradise.

## CHORUS.

At the Cross their vigil keeping  
Through the long, long hours of sorrow,  
Kneel the faithful women, weeping,  
Suffering as women suffer  
When the ones they love are tortured,  
And they have no power to save them.

## TRIO.

*Mary the Mother of Christ.*

Son of mine, my tears are falling.  
As I watch Thee bleeding, dying  
For the sinners who reject Thee;  
And I cannot see Thy glory  
Through the mist of doubt and sorrow.

*Mary Magdalene.*

Friend of sinners, I am kneeling  
At Thy feet in bitter anguish;  
And my very soul is pierced  
By the cruel thorns that wound Thee,  
By the nails that tear and rend Thee.

*Mary, the wife of Cleophas.*

Master, Master, I am praying,  
Praying to the Lord, Thy Father,  
That He give Thee strength to suffer,  
In this hour of tribulation,  
In this hour of pain and darkness.

## ALL.

Son of Man and Friend of Sinners,  
Saviour of the meek and lowly,  
Helper of the weak and helpless,  
We are weeping, we are praying,  
At Thy Cross in sorrow kneeling.

## CHORUS.

Lo! at the sixth hour, over all the land  
The darkness falls;  
The noonday sun in heaven is blotted out;  
And in the fields  
The cattle, humble children of the Lord,  
Affrighted stand.  
Pale faces gather in the darkened streets,  
Wild eyes are raised towards the awful sky,  
And terror reigns,  
For three long hours, supreme in every heart.

BARITONE SOLO (*Christ*).

My God! My God!  
Hast Thou forsaken Me? Hast Thou forsaken  
Me?

## CHORUS.

He calleth Elias!  
Now we shall see  
Whether Elias  
Will come and deliver Him.

BARITONE SOLO (*Christ*).

Father, into Thy hands  
My spirit I commend!

\* \* \* \* \*

It is finished!

## FINAL CHORUS.

It is finished, He hath triumphed,  
Sin and Death to Him shall yield,  
For the work of our salvation  
With His blood for aye is sealed.

Lo! the solid earth is shaken,  
Lightnings flash along the skies,  
And the quiet dead, awakened,  
From their riven graves arise.

Hark! a song of triumph rises  
O'er earth's tumult, far away;  
'Tis the choir angelic singing  
In the land of perfect day!

Surely He Who meekly suffered  
Shame and grief and pain untold,  
Was in truth the Man of Sorrows  
Promised by the Seer of old.

Surely He Whom men rejected  
Was the Son of God most High!  
Conqueror of Sin and Satan,  
Lord of all Eternity!

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