

## 6. Pieta



Charlene Amweg, Soprano Soloist

In the shadow of a manger, by a candle's dancing flame,  
tender Mary holds her baby, and she breathes His holy name.

"Jesus, rest your weary head, close your weeping eyes."

As evening falls, she starts to sing a lullaby. "Lullay, lullay, peace be yours tonight."

In the shadow of the temple, in a place so far from home,

Mary sees her child of wonder, and she marvels how He's grown.

"Jesus rest your weary head, and think on gentle things."

With loving arms she holds her Savior and she sings. "Lullay, lullay, peace be yours tonight."

In the shadow of Golgotha, underneath a darkened sky.

Mary gently cradled Jesus.

Through her tears she says good-bye.

"Jesus, rest your weary head. For your work on earth is done."

And as the darkness falls, she whispers to her son, "Lullay, lullay, peace be yours tonight,  
peace be yours tonight."

*Please leave in silence*

### Cantata Participants

#### Pastor

Rev. Dr. Anita Herbert

#### Director of Music

William J. Bennett

#### Pianist

Jim Moore

#### Narrators

Kelli Kemmerer

Colin Martin

#### Violin #1

William Edwards

#### Violin #2

Anne Bond

#### Viola

Matthew Peebles

#### Cello

Ian Errandonea

#### Ushers

Lionel Lawson

Merrilyn Long

#### Choir

Charlene Amweg

Kimber Amweg

Makayla Años

Cecelia Bond

Nancy Channell

Barbara Grube

Mike Homola

Sheryl Homola

Sharon Klein

Pam Lanford

Barbara Norris

Barbara Thornton

Tom Thornton

Doug Warren

Cynthia Wilson

Guy Via

# THE LENTEN SKETCHES

*By Joseph M. Martin  
Orchestration by Brant Adams*

## Prelude

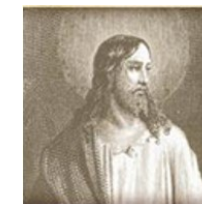
### Welcome and Announcements

Rev. Dr. Anita K. Herbert

### Opening Prayer

Rev. Dr. Anita K. Herbert

## 1. Portrait of Grace



Come weary pilgrim, kneel and remember, rest in the silence of this sacred place.

Search through the shadows; Jesus is waiting.

See in His passion a portrait of grace.

O come see His portrait of grace.

Come to the garden, kneel and remember.

See neath of olives the Son of God prays.

Look through the shadows, Jesus is weeping.

See in His passion a portrait of Grace.

O come see His portrait of grace.

Come, come, kneel and remember.

Gaze on the wonder and glory of grace.

Come, come, kneel and remember.

Weep for the Savior who dies in our place.

Miserere, miserere, miserere nobis.

Kyrie, Kyrie, Kyrie elesion.

Come weary pilgrim, kneel and remember, rest in the comfort of Jesus' embrace.

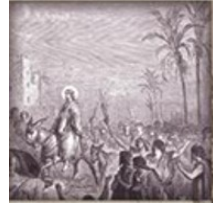
Here in the shadows, Jesus is waiting.

See in his mercy a portrait of grace.

Come see His portrait of grace.

Come and remember. Come and remember. Come see His portrait of grace.

## 2. Behold, The King of Zion Comes



Behold, the King of Zion comes, the promise is fulfilled.  
The visions seen prophet eyes, to all is now in truth, revealed, to all is now revealed.

From age to age the people prayed and searched the Eastern sky.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! The time has come.  
Redemption draweth nigh. Redemption draweth nigh.  
Hosanna, hosanna! Hosanna to the King!  
O blessed is He! O blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.  
O blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.

Lift up your heads, ye ancient doors. Fling open wide, the gates.  
Open ye gates neath chapels made of palms, and praise.  
Your King rides humbly on to reign.  
Your King rides on to reign.

Behold, the King of Zion comes. The promise is fulfilled.  
The promise is fulfilled. The promise is fulfilled.

## 3. From an Upper Room



On the night He was betrayed, Jesus took the bread and wine.  
Gathered with the twelve, He prayed, giving to all a sacred sign.

Take and eat this bread. This is my body.  
Come and drink this wine. It is my blood, shed for you.  
In a shadowed upper room, in that humble sacred space  
Jesus opened up His heart, pouring out God's gift of grace.  
Take and eat this bread. This is my body.  
Come and drink this wine. It is my blood, shed for you.

King of Kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth He stood.  
Lord of Lords in human vesture, in the body and the blood,  
He will give to all the faithful, his own blood for heav'nly food.

Take and eat this bread. This is my body.  
Come and drink this wine. This is my blood.  
This is my love. This is my life given for you.

## 4. Scenes From Gethsemane



Someone's crying in the garden, weeping 'neath the olive trees.  
Someone's crying in the garden. Hear the Savior as He grieves.  
Father, Father, let this cup pass by me.  
Father, Father, let this cup pass by me.

Someone's praying in the garden, kneeling in Gethsemane.  
Someone's praying in the garden. All alone He bends the knee.  
Father, Father, let this cup pass by me.  
Father, Father, let this cup pass by me.

Who is the one that weeps alone?  
Can no one hear His plea? He calls out in pain again and again.  
He calls Father, Father, Father, let this cup pass by me.  
Let this cup pass by me.

Someone's standing in the garden, wiping tear drops from His eyes.  
Someone's standing in the garden. Hear His voice ringing through the night.  
Father, Father, Thy will be done.  
Father, Father, Thy will be done!  
Thy will be done!

## 5. Tableau of Sorrow



High upon Golgotha's tree, Jesus moans in agony.  
Darkness falls across His face.  
Shadows crush His heart of grace.  
Who can tell what love unknown holds Him silent and alone?  
On a cross of shame and fear,  
Jesus weeps the falling tear. Held by nails of pain and scorn,  
For our sin He bears the thorn. See redemption drawth nigh.  
See the Lamb now lifted high.  
Hear the shout that shakes the sky. Hear the Savior's anguished cry.  
Christ the Father's only Son. Christ, God's own anointed one.  
You are asking, can it be? "Why have you forsaken me?"  
Ah, Holy Jesus, how have You offended, that mortal  
judgment has on You descended? By foes  
derided, by Your own rejected, Lamb most afflicted?