

Pilate:

The day began normally enough for a governor of Rome. But before I had a chance for breakfast, I was urgently summoned to the Judgment Hall. There in the courtyard, I was greeted by a most unusual gathering--the chief priests and elders of the Jewish hierarchy. They were in angry discussion, shouting accusations against one who claimed to be a king. And who was the object of their taunts and jeers?...a lone man who seemed meek and gentle.

When I asked this man if He indeed claimed kingship, He said simply, "Thou sayest." I could find no fault in Him, but those self-righteous Pharisees were insistent that He was guilty of sedition. Now, Rome does not countenance any king save Caesar, but this man was no threat to Caesar, and I did not want to give my blessing to their petty jealousies. Even so, I needed their support. And when they threatened to stir up trouble with Caesar, I knew I was trapped.

Though I interviewed this man again and again, each time I became more convinced of His innocence. Even my wife begged me to have nothing to do with Him.

I tried to take the matter to the people, but the crowds at the palace that morning were wild and stood firmly behind Caiaphas and his faithless collection of vipers. Vengeance was in their hearts and they would not be pacified. "Crucify Him!" they shouted. "Crucify Him! He claims to be the son of God!"

The Son of God? Of course, that could not be...But there was something about the way this man spoke to me that...

Well, it is none of my affair now. I washed my hands of the whole thing. There is no guilt on my part. And I believe there is no guilt in this man either. The guilt...lies wrapped around the souls of those standing in the palace courtyard.

CRUCIFY HIM!

SATB

Linda Chapman
Bonnie Heidenreich

♩=88 *Boldly*

f

5 SA *f*

See how they mock Him. They smite Him and taunt Him, Crown - ing the thorns up - on His head. See them de - ride Him with no friend be - side Him, Suff - ring in - dig - ni - ty and pain.

TB *f*

5

9

See how they bind Him. They scourge Him and find Him a robe made of ro - yal crim - son red. ———
 See them ac - cuse Him, in blas - phe - my use Him to bol - ster their greed and earth - ly gain. ———

13

sfz Cru - ci - fy Him! ——— *1 sfz* Cru - ci - fy Him! ——— *sfz ff* Cru - ci - fy Him! Let Him die!
sfz Cru - ci - fy Him! ——— *sfz* Cru - ci - fy Him! *sfz ff* Cru - ci - fy Him! Let Him die!

2 *sfz*
Cru - ci - fy Him! Cru - ci - fy Him!
sfz

2

21 *sfz rit. ff ten. ten.*
Take — Him a - way! Take — Him a - way! Cru - ci - fy Him! Let Him die!
Take — Him a - way! Take — Him! *sfz rit. ff ten. ten.*

21 *rit. ff*