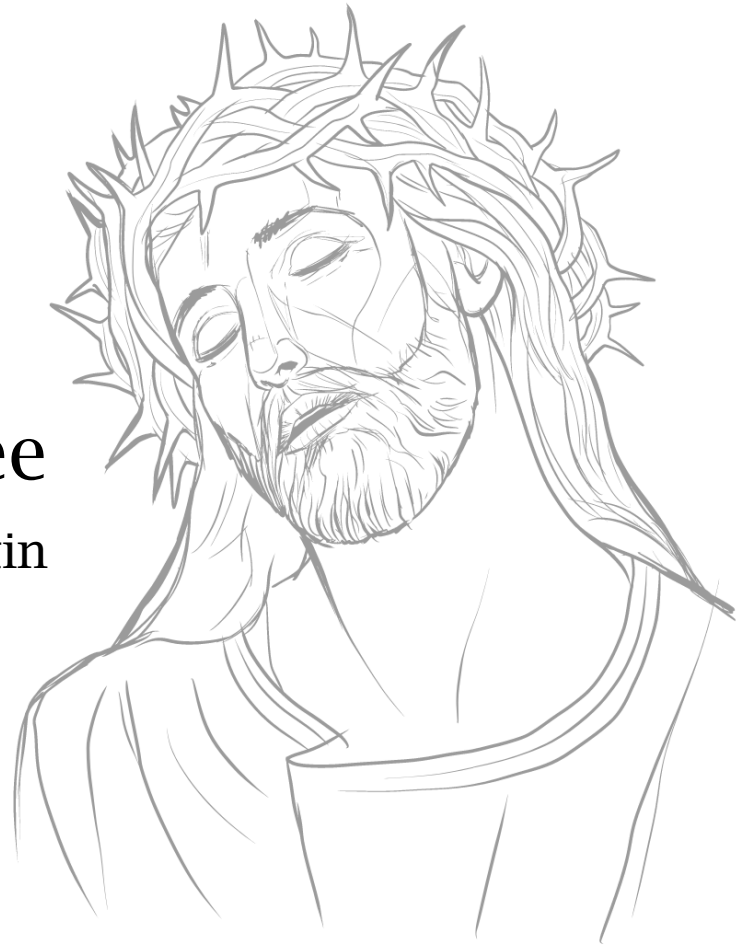




The Weeping Tree

A Cantata by Joseph M. Martin



A free-will offering will be collected to further the outreach efforts of the Ministerium.

The Weeping Tree

A Service from the Collegetown - Trappe Ministerium

Wednesday, April 6, 2022 7:30pm

Welcome and Announcements

The Rev. Dr. Mike Sowards, Chair of the Collegetown-Trappe Ministerium

Opening Prayer

Gracious Father, whose blessed Son Jesus Christ came down from heaven to be the true bread which gives life to the world: Evermore give us this bread, that he may live in us, and we in him; who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Procession of the Cross

“The Weeping Tree”

Soloist: Janice Tabbut

Upon the wind there comes a call, a whisper soft and low,
a lonesome cry that fills the night and echoes through the soul.
It stirs the seeker’s tender heart. It bids them come and see,
to kneel in shadow cast by grace, to touch the weeping tree.

Against the sky the tinders rise, a silhouette of grace,
a rugged throne for heaven’s own, the sinner’s hiding place.
Its burdened arms reach out to all; they draw the world to see
the price of love is paid in blood upon the weeping tree.

O come to the place where promise lives and rest where hope begins,
where crimson leaves adorn the ground, a gift from graceful winds.
O come and walk the winding path that leads to Calvary.
Come lay your burdens down and rest beneath the weeping tree.

“Of Tears and Sorrows”

Soloists: Valerie Coughlin and Ron Davis

Surely, He hath borne our griefs
and hath carried our sorrows.

He was wounded for our transgressions,
he was bruised for all our sin,
and the chastisement of our griefs was upon Him,
and with His stripes we are healed.

Kyrie Eleison (Lord have mercy).

“Lamentation of the Cross”

O Sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down.
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns Thine only crown.
How pale Thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn.
How does that visage languish which once was bright as morn!

Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow, where the blood of Christ was shed,
perfect Man on thee did suffer, Perfect God on thee has bled!
Faithful cross above all others, standing for eternity!
Rugged wood and cruel branches, perfect fruit is hung on thee.

How pale Thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn.
How does that visage languish which once was bright as morn!

“Wondrous Love, Wondrous Cross”

What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
to bear the heavy cross for my soul.

When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
See from His head, His hands, His feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down.
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
to bear the heavy cross for my soul.

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Kyrie eleison (Lord have mercy).
What wondrous love is his, O my soul!

“Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed?”

Alas, and did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head for sinners such as I?
Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown, and love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut his glories in,
when Christ the mighty Maker died for man, the creature's sin.
Thus might I hide my blushing face while Calvary's cross appears;

dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt my heart with tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away – 'tis all that I can do.
Kyrie eleison!

Alas and did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die.

“Without His Cross”

Soloist: Rev. Martha Kriebel

Without His tears, there is no comfort.
Without His death, there is no life.
Without His blood, there is no pardon.
Without His cross, there is no crown.

Without His shame, there is no glory.
Without His grief, there is no joy.
Without His stripes, there is no healing.
Without His cross, there is no crown.

Lamb of God, you bring salvation,
and with Your grace our hearts are sealed.
Lord, with Your tears of love You bathe our sorrows.
In Your eyes we stand revealed.

Without His tears, there is no comfort.
Without His death, there is no life.
Without His blood, there is no pardon.
Without His cross, there is no crown.

Closing Prayer

Almighty and eternal God, so draw our hearts to *you* so guide our minds, so fill our imaginations, so control our wills, that we may be wholly *yours* utterly dedicated unto *you*; and then use us, we pray, as you see fit, and always to *your* glory and the welfare of *your* people; through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

“The Weeping Tree (Epilogue)”

Collegetville Trappe Ministerium Choir
Directed by Laurie Mueller and Lauren Exley
Accompanist: Lauren Exley

Sopranos

Valerie Coughlin
Cindy Henson
Hannah Mathur
Sonya Sowards
Janice Tabbut
Jennifer Wentworth

Tenors

Mary Martin
Robert Reichner
Charles Rogers

Altos

Rev. Catherine Bowers
Judy Bubeck
Carole Exley
Nadine Folk
Rev. Martha Kriebel
Allison Mendelsohn

Basses

Ron Bretherick
Ron Davis
Bob Gannon
Jameshi Johnson

Narrators

Abby Gravel
Fr. Mike Sowards

Props

Jonathan Mueller

Video/Livestream

Jim Lien