Simon of Cyrene:

The streetsof Jerusalem were busy as I entered them. It had been a long journey for me, Simon of Cyrene, and I was glad to finally arrive. At first, I did not notice the rowdy procession coming down the main street... just another criminal doomed for Golgotha. But there was something that caught my attention, and I moved closer to look.

"Who is this man?" I muttered more to myself than anyone else. I had hardly noticed the woman next to me--a commoner in deep mourning. But her voice answered my question, broken with emotion.

"He is Jesus of Galilee, the promised Messiah."

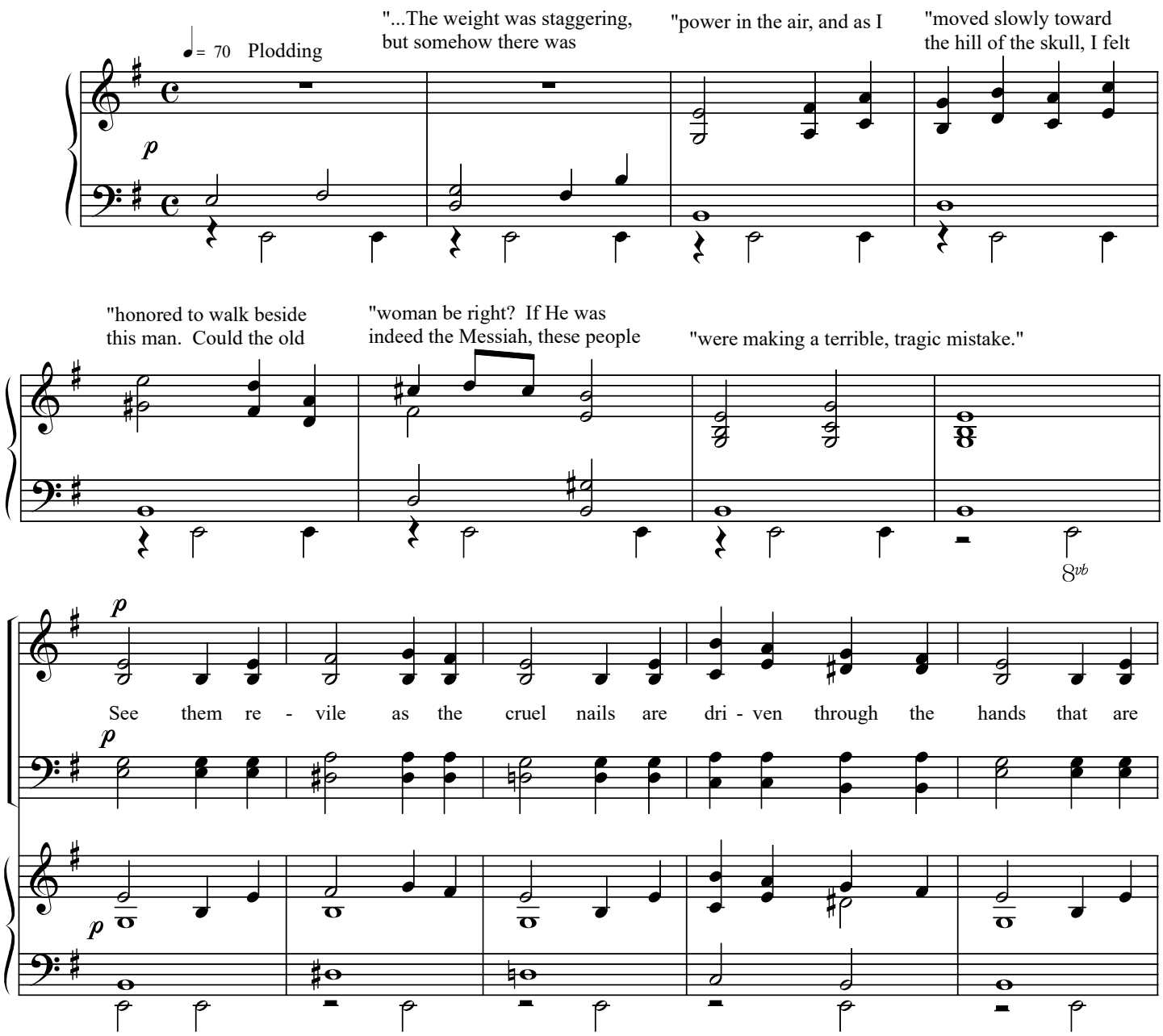
No. How could that be? Surely, the King of the Jews would not be dragged down a street wearing a crown of thorns upon a broken and beaten body. And yet...his eyes...

"You! There!" Before I could answer, the Roman soldiers grabbed me and led me to the side of the prisoner, taking the burden of the cross from His shoulders and placing it upon mine. (**music begins**)

CRUCIFY HIM

(Reprise SATB)

Linda Chapman
Bonnie Heidenreich



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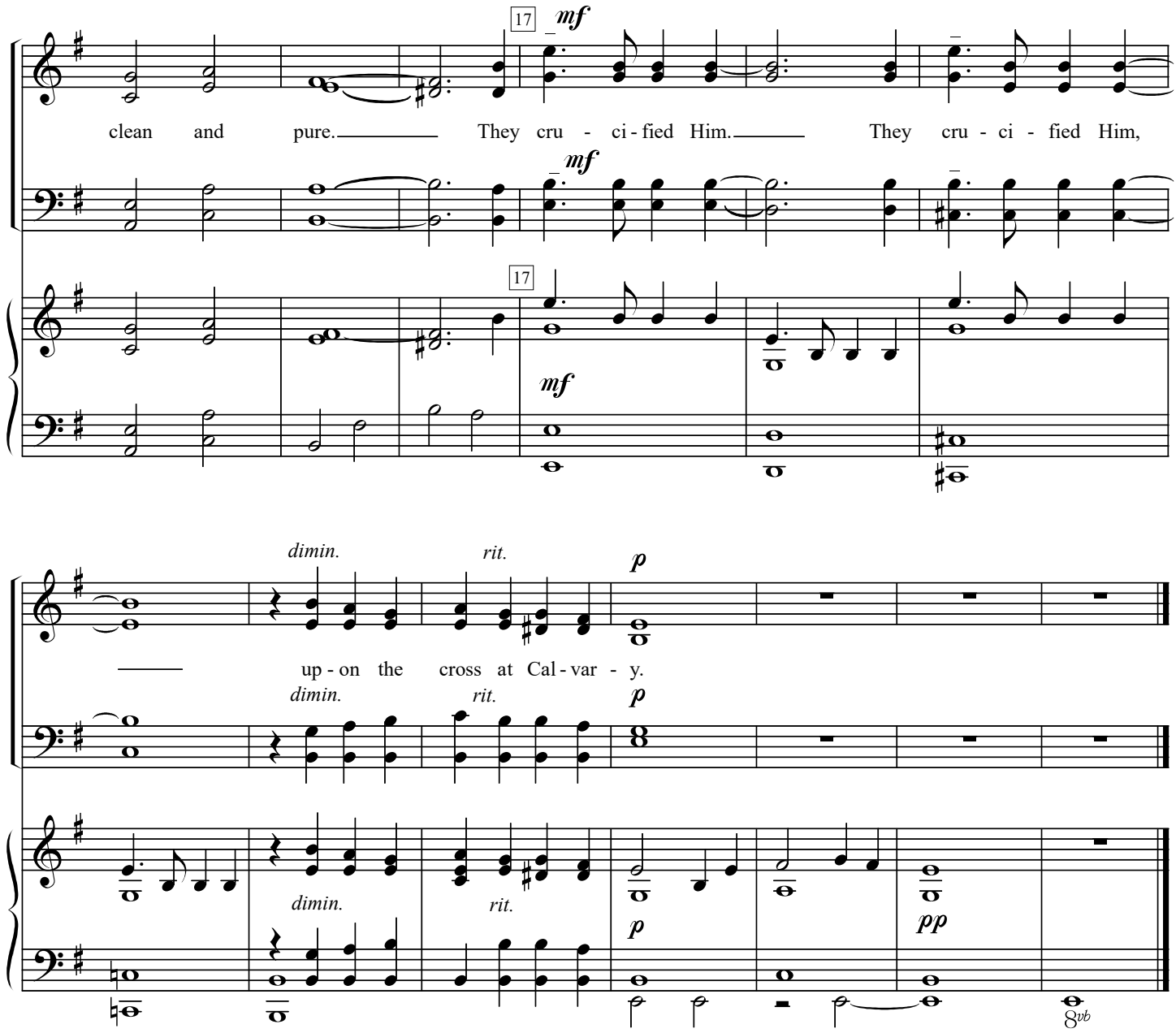
17
mf
clean and pure. They cru - ci - fied Him. They cru - ci - fied Him,
mf
17
mf

dimin.
rit.
p
up - on the cross at Cal - var - y.
dimin.
rit.
p
dimin.
rit.
p
pp
8vb