

The Crown of Thorns tells the Easter Story in verse. Written by **John Broadhurst**, except for the Temple verse written by **Bob Adkinson**. It was first performed by children from Callington Primary School, Easter 1974 to music composed by **Peter Crispin**.

PALM SUNDAY

Hosanna triumph glory on this happy day,
Jesus our king passes on his glorious way,
Branches clothes throne onto the ground,
Joyous faces singing praises all around.

Chorus Sing hosanna, sing hallelujah, praise and Glory to the King of Kings.
 Jesus rides now in triumph, to the plotting and the sad intrigues.

Chosen donkey carrying its precious load,
Picks its path on the Jerusalem road,
Disciples bewildered, proud, wondering why
People shout their praises as he passes by.

Nearer and nearer to Jerusalem they come.
Crowds gather round, but sadly there are some
Who question this leader and maybe find it odd
That all these people proclaim him Son of God.

TEMPLE

As Jesus walked around the town
His face contorted in a frown.
The church was like a great pet shop,
He said 'Sacrificing animals has got to stop.'
So He walked right in
And above the din
Let out a cry
And began to make the tables fly.
He tipped them up and threw them about.
He let all the animals go,
It looked just like a circus show.
The people looked aghast,
None moved, they stood quite fast,
Amazed at His strange power.
In the corners they did cower.
'You should not have to pay,
Should you merely want to pray.
God is all around to hear,
Kneel to him, you need not fear.
This place is a mockery,
Away priests with your quackery,
And I will rebuild it in three days,
And Give you a real figure for your praise.'
With this He walked out,
Then the priests began to shout.
'Caiaphas must know
What has happened so.'

'The blasphemer must die.'
Was the universal cry.
So they sent out a spokesman
To Caiaphas, the head priest man.

LAST SUPPER

So to eat the Passover meal,
The followers of Jesus meet.
Into a secret upper room
Where Jesus first did wash their feet.

Chorus Bread and wine, bread and wine,
 Shared together by the loyal band.
 Bread and wine, bread and wine,
 Each received it from their Lord's hand.

Each one wanting the seat of honour,
Hoping to sit nearest their Lord.
Then spoke Jesus in a quiet voice,
Leaving them humble without a word.

Jesus tells how one will forsake him
One of them will betray God's son.
They all ask, 'Will it be me?'
Will it be me? Am I the one?'

Someone who shares this meal with me
Will the awful deed perform.
Up gets Judas, out into the night,
Straight to the priests on Jesus to inform.

JUDAS

What am I doing? Why am I ashamed?
Knowing what I know. it must be acclaimed.
I must do something, I must make them see
That our Lord and Master is our King to be.
He will lead our army, He will set us free.
If I just betray Him, it will force His hand,
Armies will quiver from every foreign land.

They must take Him captive,
I can show them how.
When they try to seize Him
He will make them bow.

Straight at once to Caiaphas, noble High Priest,
He will pay me money. Thirty. Oh at least.
That will be a bargain, they will see,
All the world will long remember me
As the one who made Jesus our leader and King,
Palm Sunday praises everyone will sing,
In every corner of the world bell will ring.

They must take Him captive,
I can show them how.
When they try to seize Him
He will make them bow.

IN THE GARDEN

Lonely, tormented, knowing that God's will
Means He must suffer, but He wonders still.
Can this cup be taken away?
Need I suffer in this awful way?
Please, my father, it's more than I can take,
Anything else I'd endure for your sake.
But spare me this, let not the soldiers come,
For I am, after all, your own dear son.

Jesus, Jesus, hear my mighty word,
My new kingdom is not won by the sword.
Only one way can men's hearts be won
If I alone will sacrifice my son.

I know I must your purpose carry out.
Give me courage, take away my doubt.
I have the strength now.
I, in prayer, before you bow.
I can see it through, I can see it through.
I will lean on you, I will lean on you.
So the whole world may hear and see and do.
Loving you alone WILL make us true.

OUTSIDE THE GARDEN - THE BETRAYAL

Now through the darkness
Shines some flickering light,
Soldiers with torches
Advancing to the sight
Where Jesus is standing,
Resolved to do God's will,
Unarmed and helpless
Against their earthly skill.
Disciples desert Him
When He needs them most.
God in His wisdom
Sends not an angel host,
Just Judas steps forward
To kiss his friend and King,
Hoping this planned gesture
Some action it may bring.
But Jesus is taken,
Betrayed by one He knew,
Alone to be tortured,
And suffer just for you,

TRIAL BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST

Caiaphas, High Priest, sat in judgement,
This man is a threat to our way of life.
He must die, produce the bribed man
With false evidence as soon as you can.

Chorus How do you find this King of the Jews?
 How shall we deal with the Son of God?
 Guilty, guilty, guilty came the sad recall.
 See if God will come to save us all.

Faced with many of their false accusations,
Jesus stood before them, calm and serene.
No defence He offered, none at all,
For He knew their wrath would on Him fall.

What shall we do with this guilty man?
The High Priest shouted, knowing full well
The Roman Governor, the Honourable Pilate,
Must first decide their prisoner's fate.

So to Pilate their took their chosen.
Bound, humiliated, yet falsely accused.
If things went badly they did intend
To put up Pilate, 'You are not Caesar's friend.

PILATE

Why am I the one they chide?
Why do I have to decide?
why do they call and look to me?
All I want to do is hide.

This man seems innocent to me.
I should really set Him free.
But still they shout, 'Crucify Him.'
What more do they want to see?

Pilate, Pilate, ringing in my ears,
Always me, I cannot hide my fears.
They want their vengeance,
All it brings to me is tears.

My wife with more advice,
Says 'You must avoid this vice.
Have nought to do with Him.
Let them have their sacrifice.'

I will wash my hands of Him,
On their heads be it and their kin.
Have Him flogged, that's what I'll do.
Let them bear this heavy sin.

Pilate, Pilate, ringing in my ears,
Always me, I cannot hide my fears.
They want their vengeance,
All it brings to me is tears.

PETER'S DENIAL

Early in the courtyard, waiting patiently
Several groups of people pondered anxiously.
Peter was among them as servants passed him by,
Surely you were with Him, you would never lie.

Chorus Peter do you love me more than anything.
 Of course I love you came the firm reply.
 Peter do you love me more and more each day.
 Master I would never ever you deny.

I do not know the man, we have never met.
But very shortly after another maid did let
The watching crowd know He was a Nazarene.
Cursing he denied it, and he did blaspheme.

But as he was speaking others soon began
To listen to his accent. He must have known the man.
You can't deny it, you speak as one of them.
You're a disciple of the man born in Bethlehem.

At this third denial the cock began to crow.
Peter remembered Jesus said it would be so.
Ashamed, downcast, weeping he left that horrid place
To find some way to make up for this disgrace.

BEFORE PILATE

First thing in the morning the Governor they woke.
Pontius Pilate, Royal representative of Rome.
Humbly Jesus stood there saying not a word,
But the vicious crowd made sure they would be heard.
'Are you the King they're waiting for?'
Asked Pilate quite amazed.
'The words are yours,' said Jesus,
Serenely as He gazed
At this poor man.
A tool in God's almighty plan.

Finding no fault in Him, he seeks to set Him free.
If you do that, Caesar's friend you'll never be.
Then seizing on a way to dodge this cruel choice,
Pilate offers to release a thief.
But being warned beforehand, they all with one voice
Shout out for Barabbas, a vicious murdering thief.
What shall I do his voice above them softly rings.

Crucify Him, crucify that King of Kings
On your heads be it and upon your sons.
You take the blame, you're the guilty ones.
With these words he sent Him to be flogged
To be spat upon, jostled, kicked and jogged.
Teased, tormented, tortured, almost dead.
Mocked with a Crown of Thorns upon His mighty head.

CRUCIFIXION

The city gates were opened, the soldiers in dismay,
As the sad procession to Golgotha made it's way.
Each man staggered beneath his heavy load.
Crowds of curious people stood beside the road.

Jesus stumbled, stopped and fell, starved of sleep and food.
Simon stepped forward to take the cross of wood.
At last they reached the hill top where three holes had been dug,
With Jesus in the middle and each side a savage thug.

The cruel nails were hammered home,
As was the custom in ancient Rome.
Each cross was hoisted high.
There in the sun each left to die.

The watchers mocked, 'If you're a King
See what help your God will bring.'
A soldier passed a wicked joke,
'I threw the dice, I win the cloak.'

'I thirst,' cried Jesus, as in pain He hung.
Someone put vinegar upon a sponge.
The watching crowd just stood in awe
A scene like this not seen before.

'My God, My God leave me not alone,'
Cried Jesus, from this terrifying throne.
'It is finished,' was His closing cry.
His mother watching, tears were in her eye.

The temple shook and darkness filled the land.
The centurion took his sword in hand
And thrust it into Jesus' side
To make quite sure that He had died.

'This man was different. This was an awful job,
To have to crucify the Son of God.'
The Son of God, who came to show us how to live
Had given all, His own true right to live.
And all who saw it wondered, and the knew
That what God had promised had indeed come true.

HE IS RISEN

Risen, risen,
He is risen, risen.
Al I the world rejoice again this day.

Joyous, joyous,
We are joyous, joyous
All the world will join with us and say

Triumph, triumph,
Jesus Christ, His the triumph,
Over all that man could throw His way.

Let us all remember here today
He is risen, risen, risen
Risen to proclaim our glad hurray.