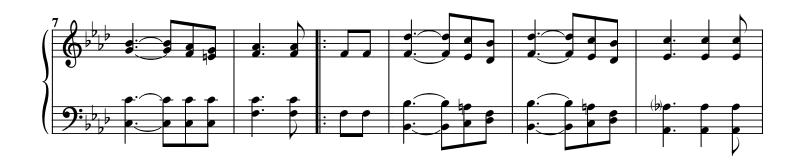
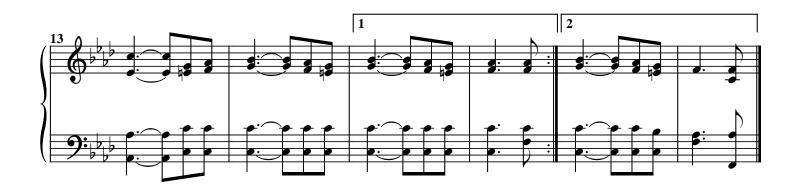
In a Mock Purple Arrayed

Russian Composer







In a mock purple arrayed, with thorns piercing Thy brow, With hands bound, taken out of the city.
Thy face showing the suff'ring which Thou didst allow Also for Your tormentors - what pity!

But Thy suff'ring transcends the mere physical, Lord, Although Thou art in dire situation; Greater far is the spiritual suff'ring endured Knowing they would reject Thy salvation.

Thy compassion, O Lord, reaches out to Thy foes -Thy heart for them with love is o'erfilling, They do not understand, to Thee their hearts are closed! But Thy prophecy they are fulfilling! "Bring the sceptre to Him! On your knees every one! Live for ever, O King!" moods are wors'ning. And now into Thy hand, O Thou God's only Son, They the reed of bulrushes are forcing.

With the reeds they beat down on the sharp thorny crown, And slaps on Thy gaunt cheeks follow after, And the blood from Thy forehead is now trickling down.. All the more they are engulfed with laughter.

Trans. by Rev. Peter Kowalchuk