BECAUSE HE LIVES

AN EASTER CANTATA

Full Score

Written by Linda Chapman
and Bonnie Heidenreich

CONTENTS

HOSANNA……. 1

GETHSEMANE……..….. 4

I'LL FOLLOW…… 7

CRUCIFY HIM! …… 12

CRUCIFY HIM! (REPRISE) …… 14

CALVARY (REPRISE) …… 16

HE WAS NOT THERE …… 20

BECAUSE HE LIVES ……. 23

BECAUSE HE LIVES, NARRATIONS……..…… 28

CALVARY (REPRISE) flute obbligato…… 35

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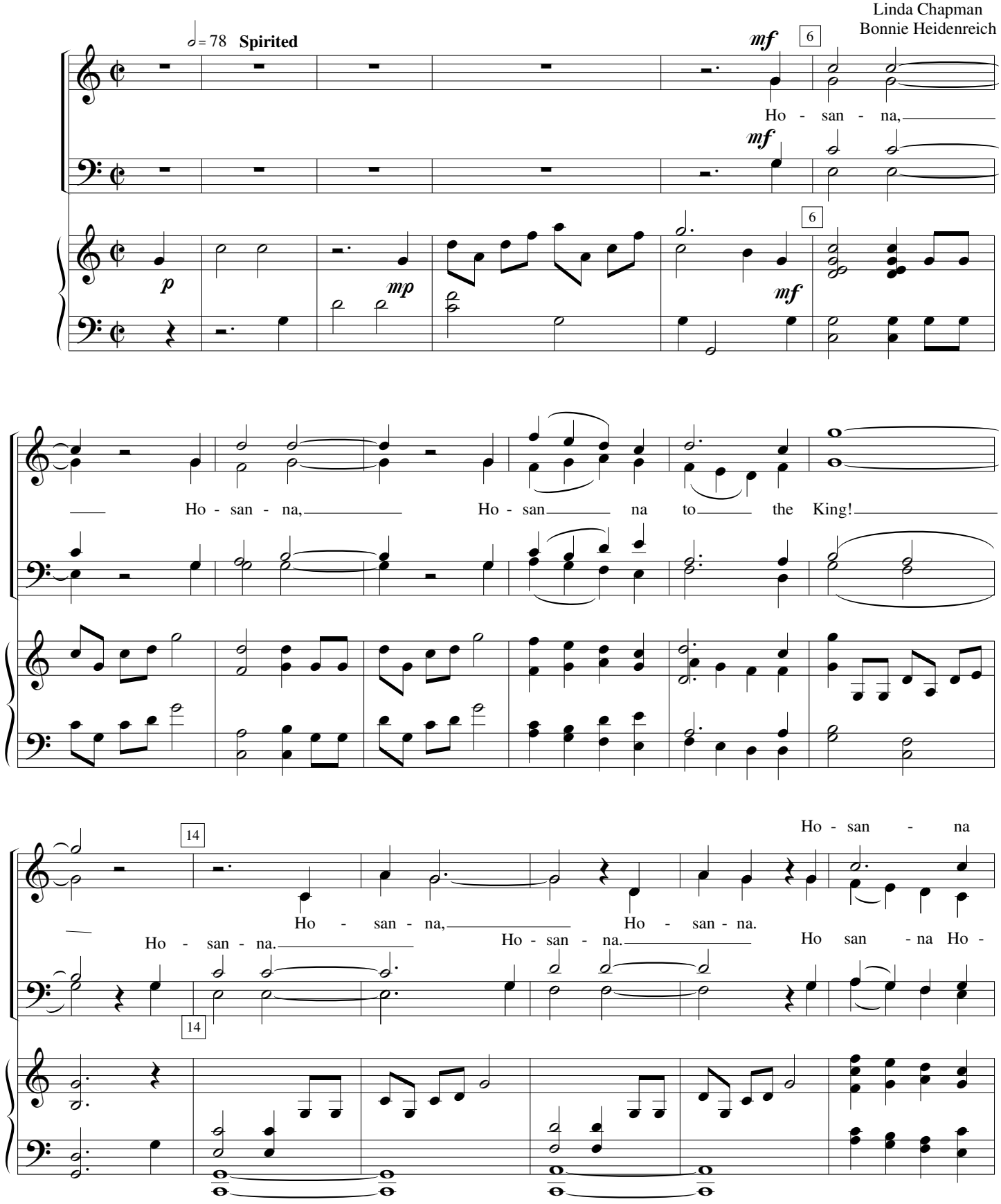
HOSANNA!

"...as King of the Jews--riding on my colt."

SATB

written by
Linda Chapman
Bonnie Heidenreich



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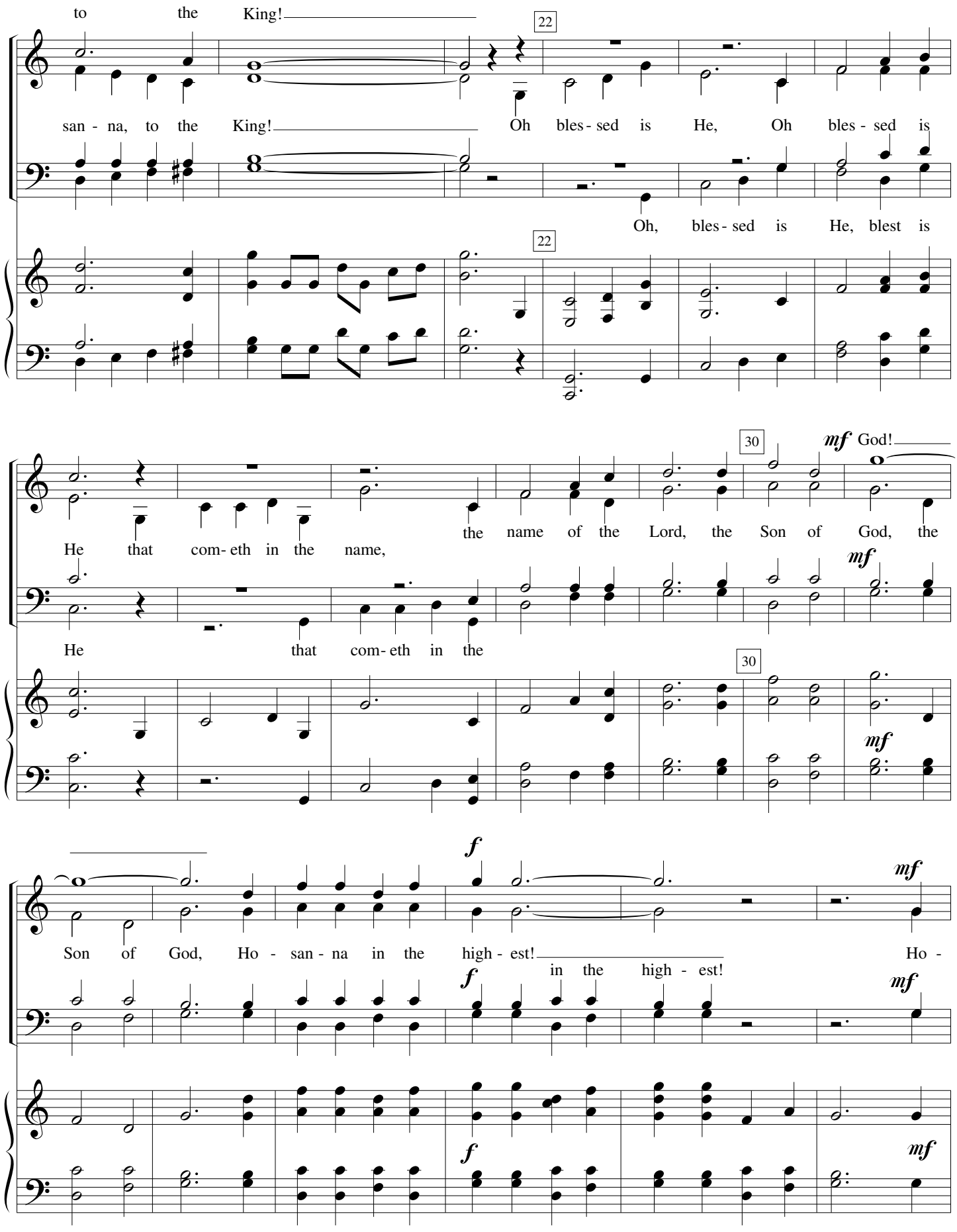
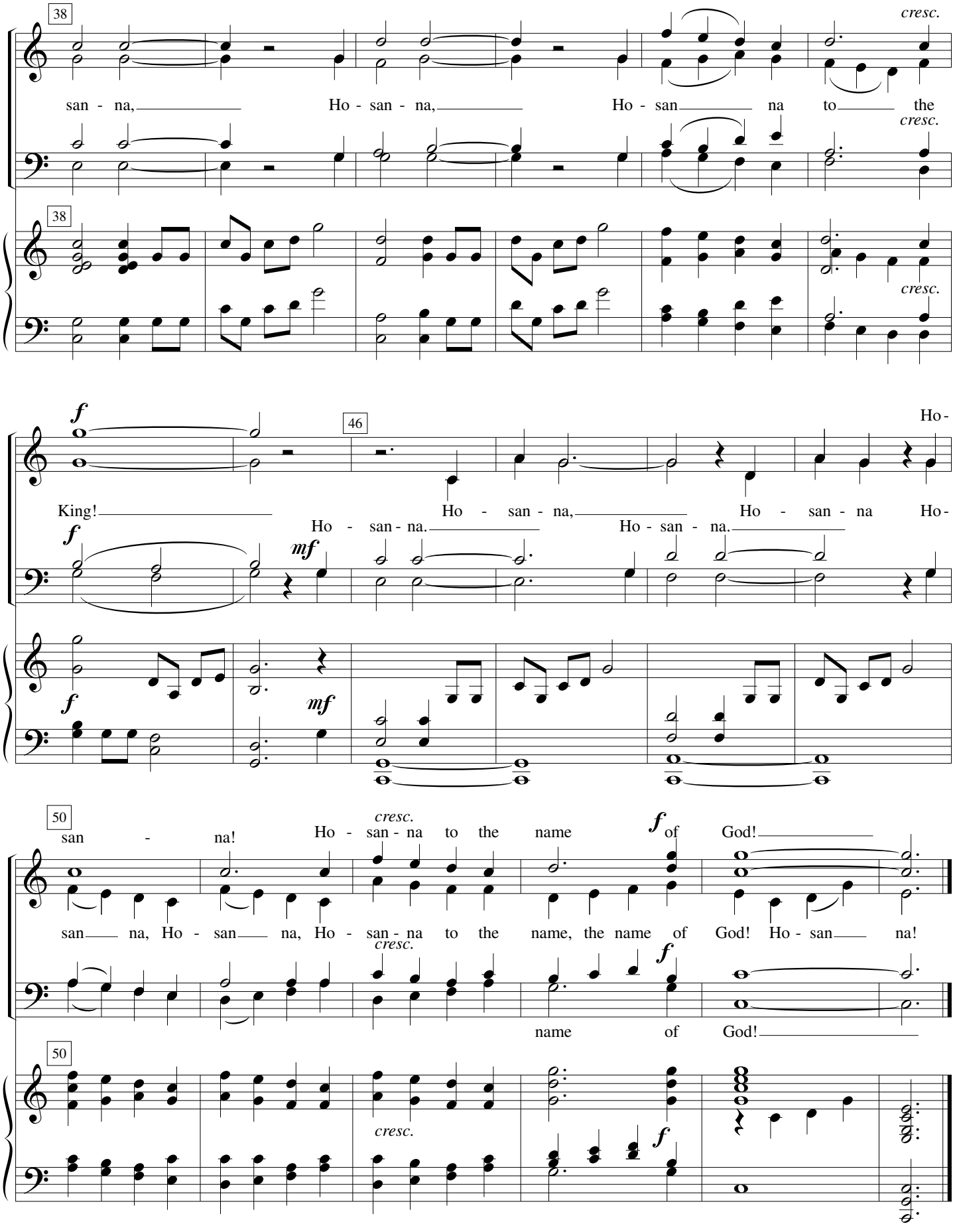

to the King!
22
san - na, to the King!
Oh bles - sed is He, Oh bles - sed is
Oh, bles - sed is He, blest is
22
30
mf God!
He that com - eth in the name,
the name of the Lord, the Son of God, the
mf
He that com - eth in the
30
mf
f
mf
Son of God, Ho - san - na in the high - est!
in the high - est!
Ho -
f
mf
f
mf

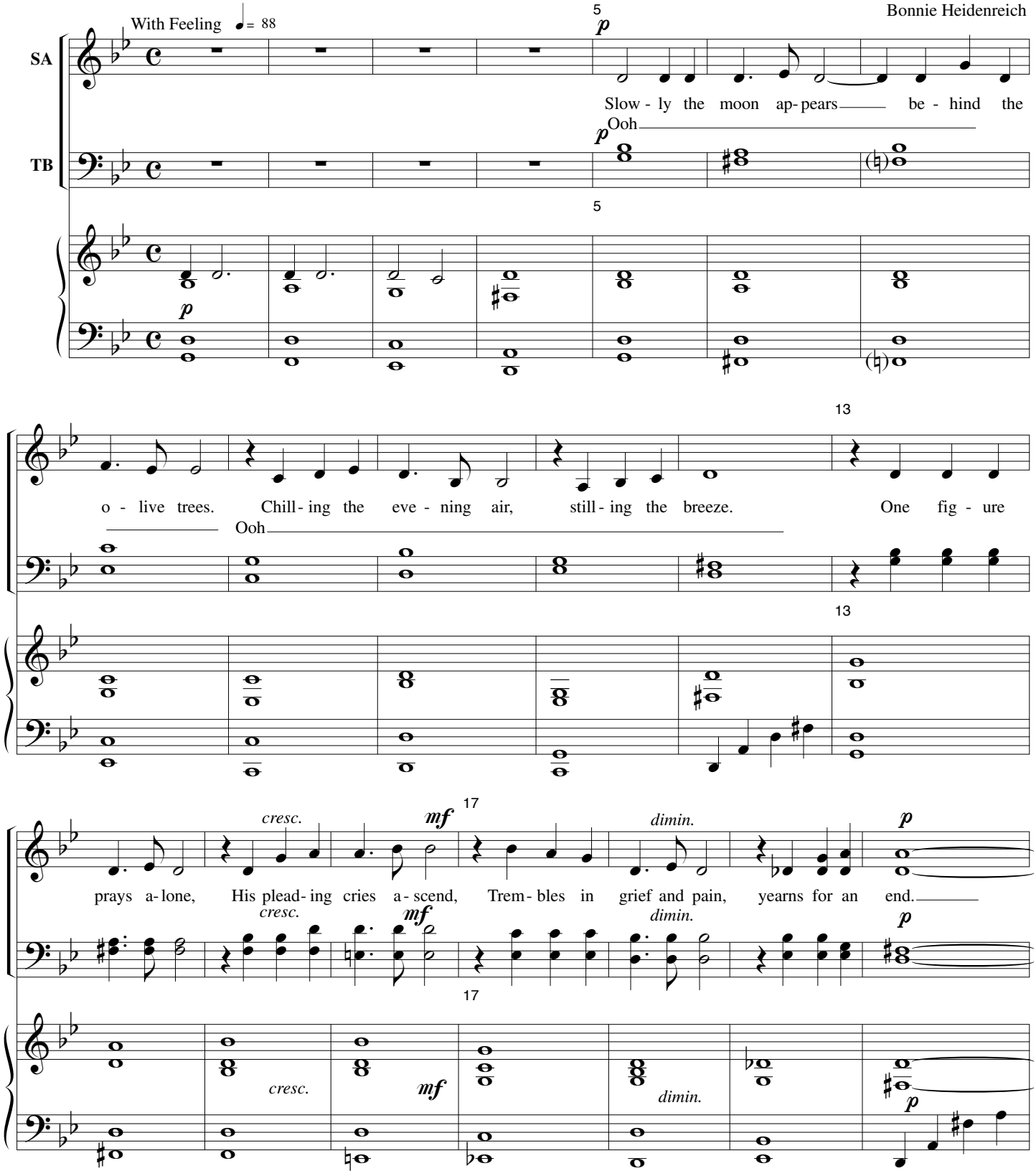

38
san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san na to the
cresc.
38
cresc.
f
46
Ho -
King! Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na Ho -
f
Ho - san - na. Ho - san - na.
mf
f
mf
50
cresc.
san - na! Ho - san - na to the name f of God!
san na, Ho - san na, Ho - san - na to the name, the name of God! Ho - san na!
cresc.
f
name of God!
50
cresc.
f

GETHSEMANE

SATB

"...if I rested my eyes for just a moment. (music starts) Little did I know that as I slept, my Savior would offer the greatest sacrifice the world has ever known...out of love."

Linda Chapman
Bonnie Heidenreich



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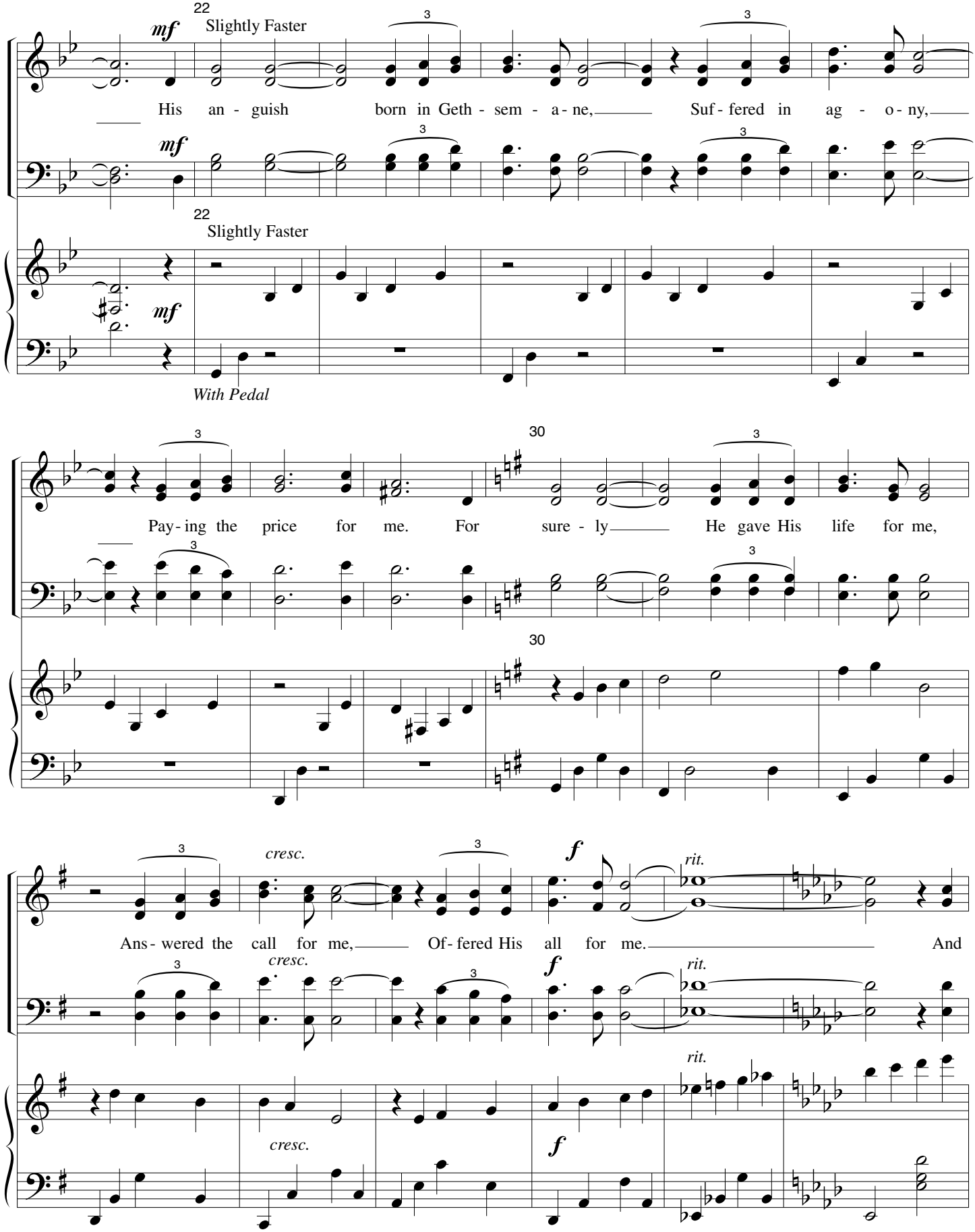
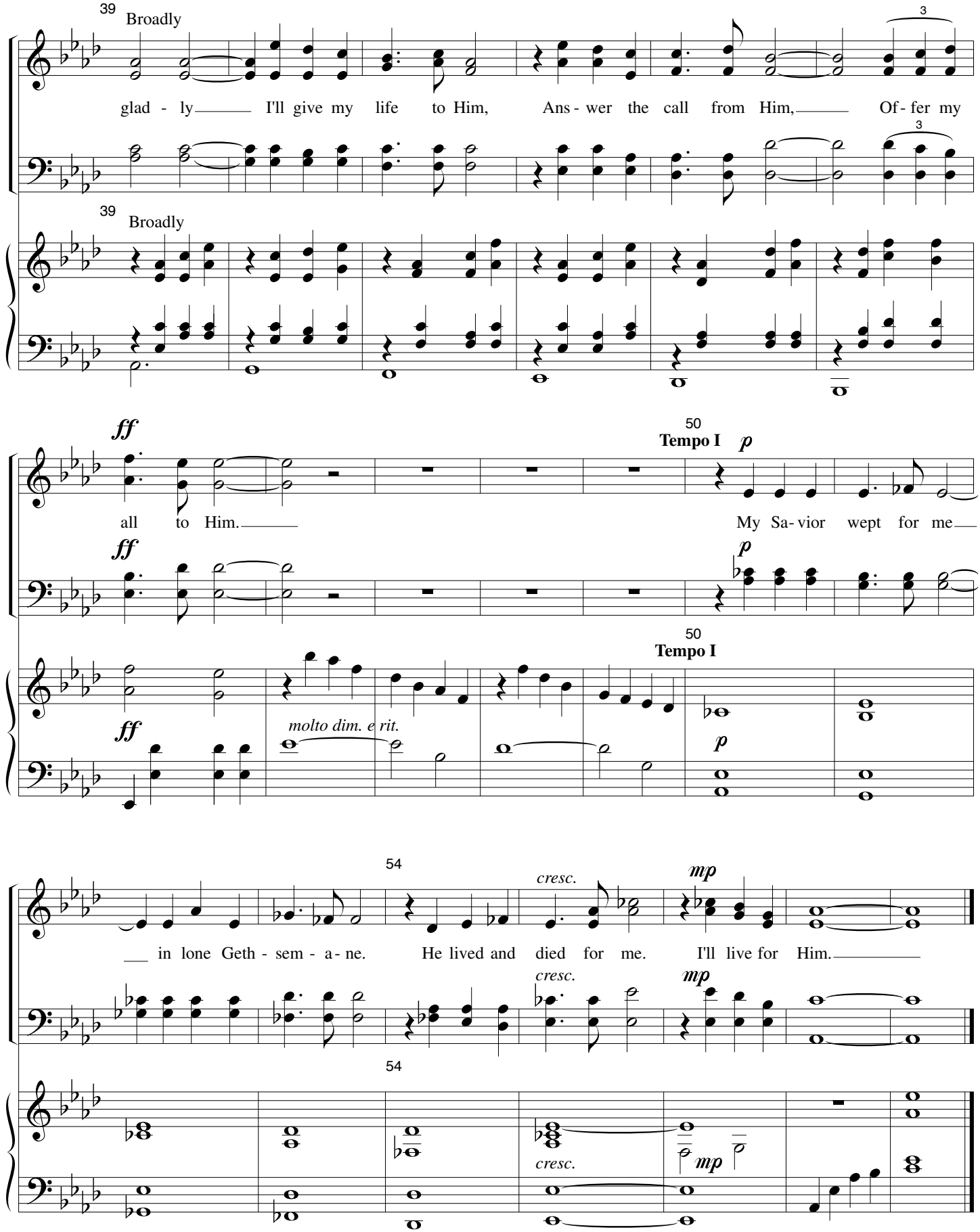

22
Slightly Faster
mf
His an - guish born in Geth - sem - a - ne, Suf - fered in ag - o - ny,
With Pedal
30
Pay - ing the price for me. For sure - ly He gave His life for me,
cresc.
f
rit.
Ans - wered the call for me, Of - fered His all for me. And

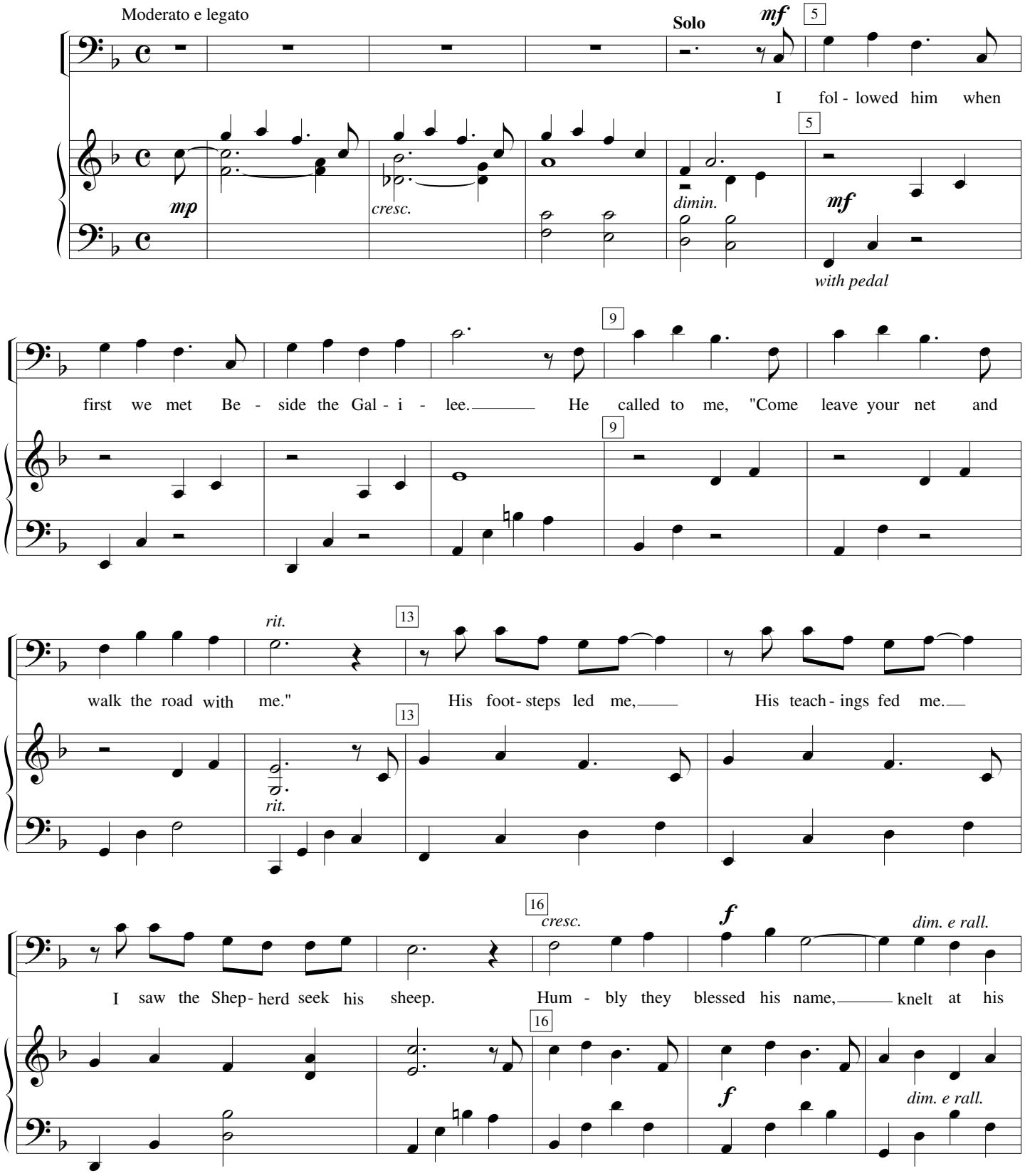

39
Broadly
glad - ly I'll give my life to Him, Ans - wer the call from Him, Of - fer my
3
39
Broadly
ff
all to Him.
50
Tempo I
p
My Sa - vior wept for me
ff
p
50
Tempo I
ff
molto dim. e rit.
p
54
cresc.
mp
in lone Geth - sem - a - ne. He lived and died for me. I'll live for Him.
cresc.
mp
54
cresc.
mp

I'LL FOLLOW

SATB with Tenor or Baritone Solo

"...since the day I first heard His voice along the shores
of the Sea of Galilee. I would follow Him now."

Linda Chapman
Bonnie Heidenreich



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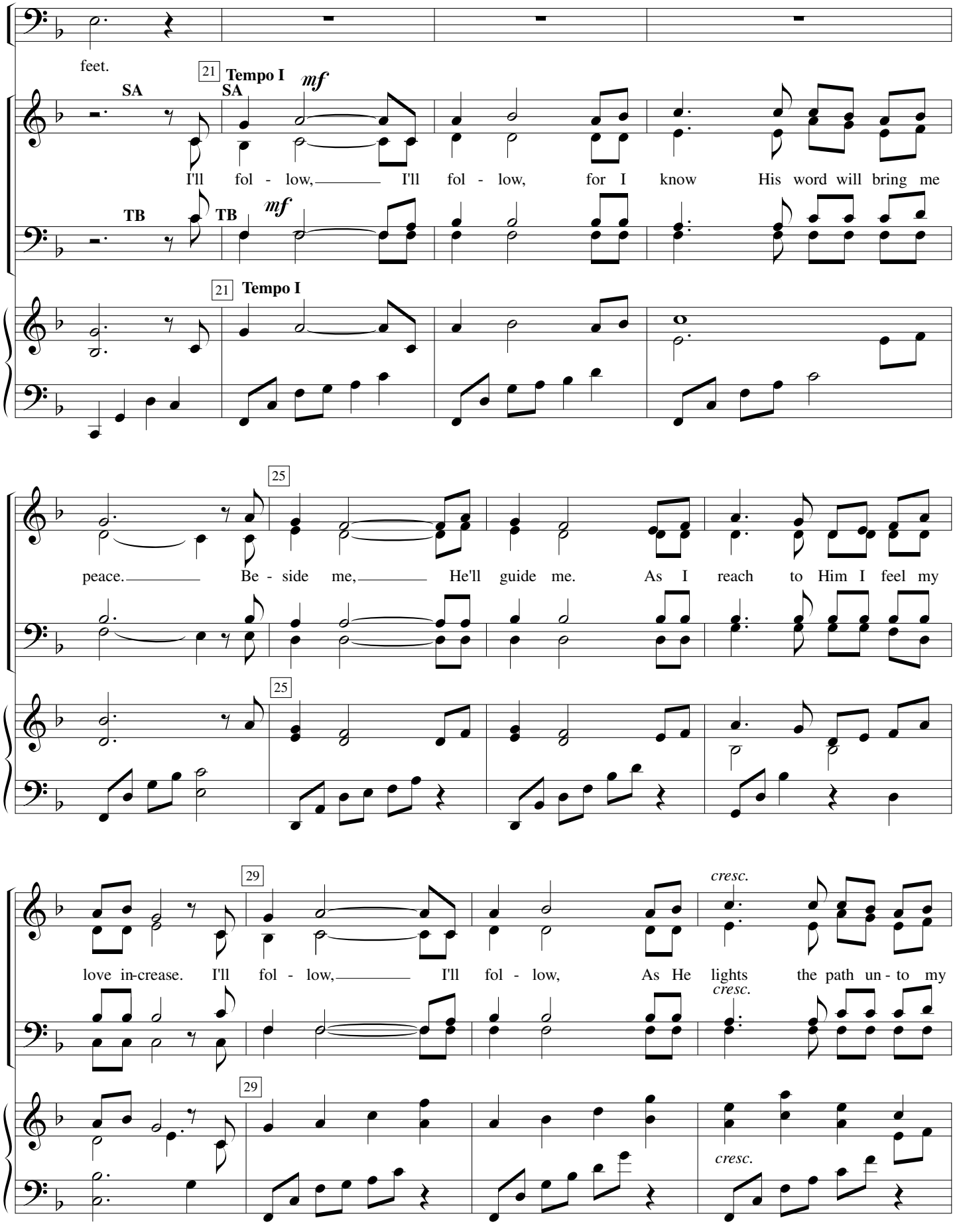
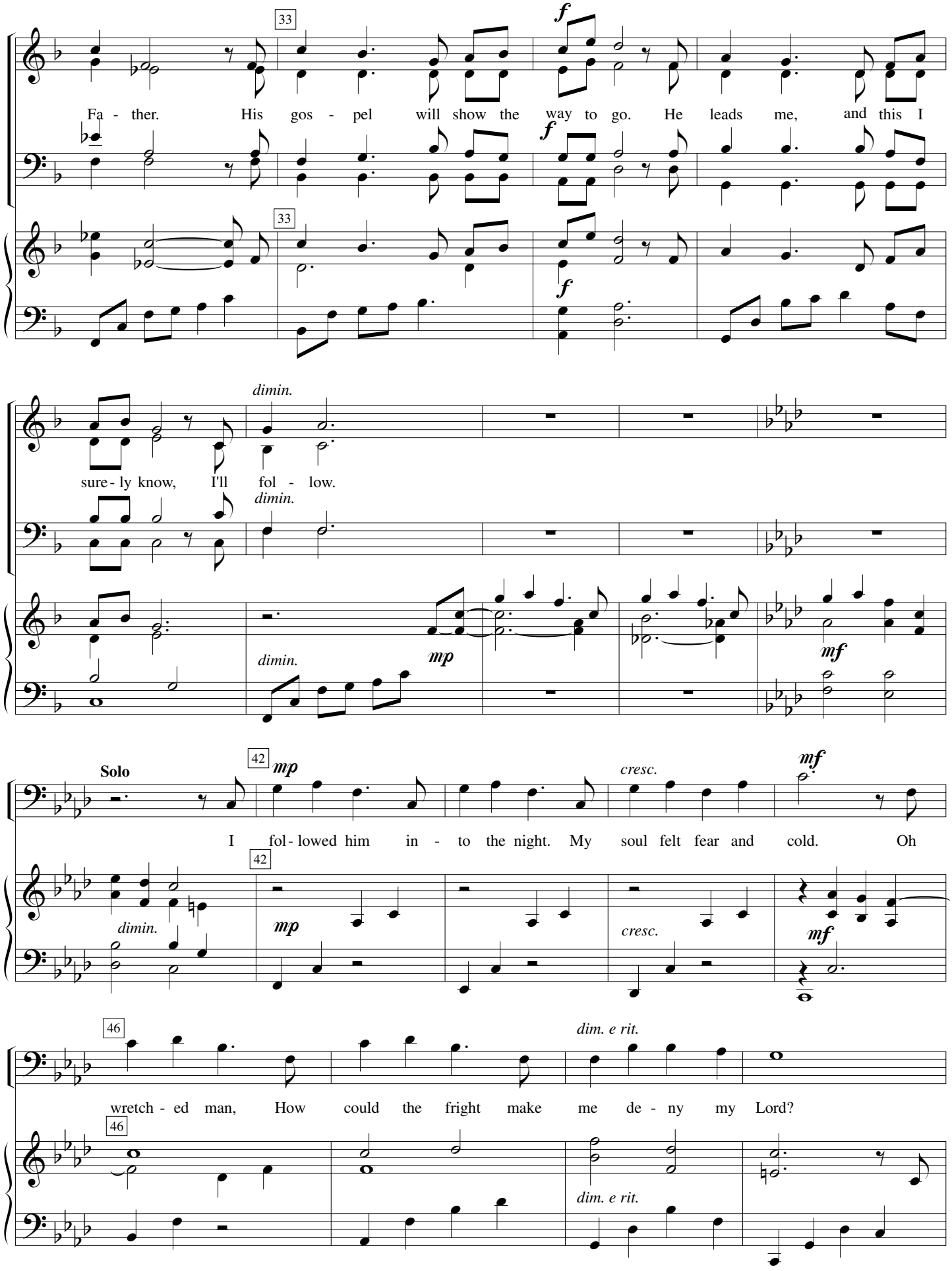
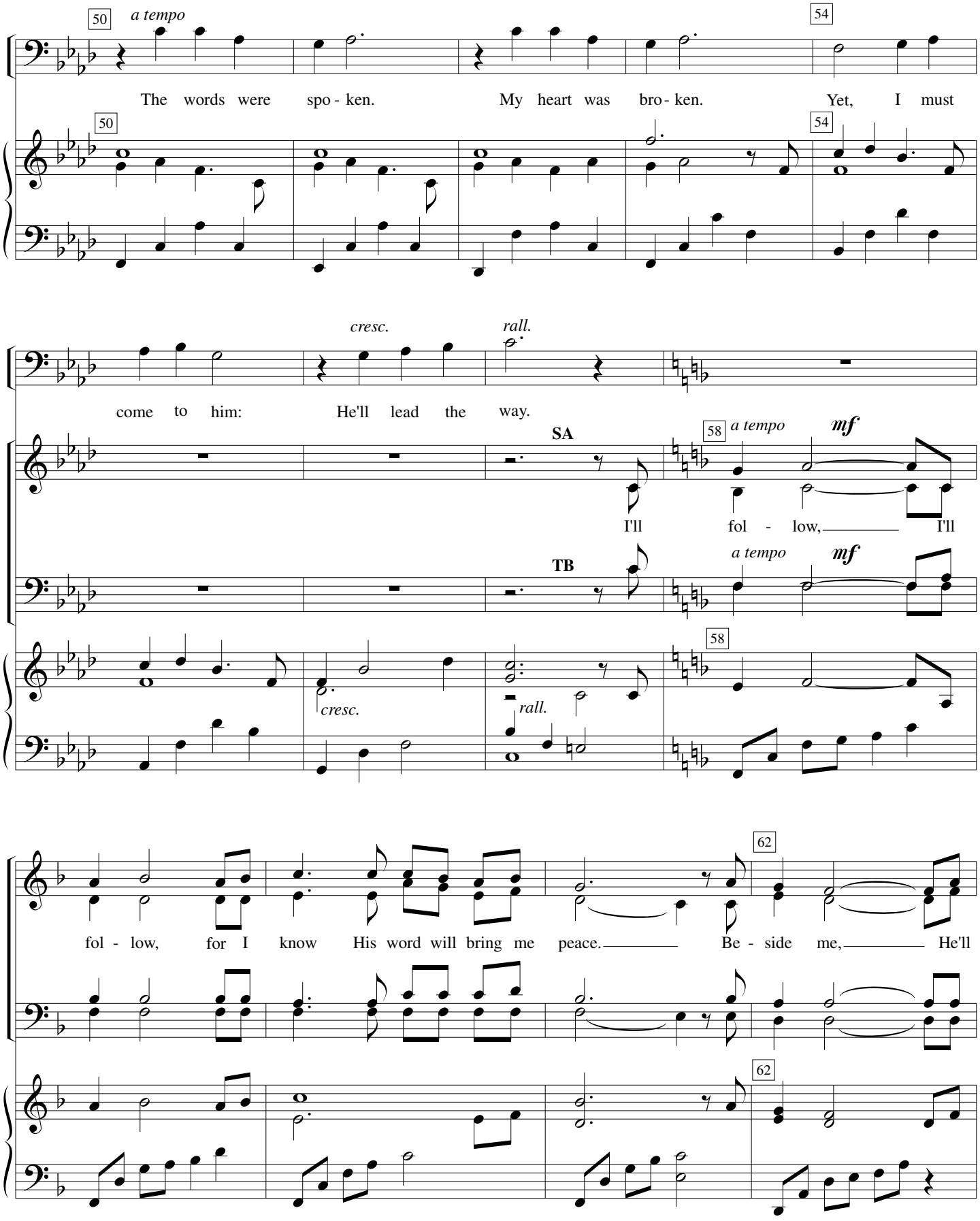
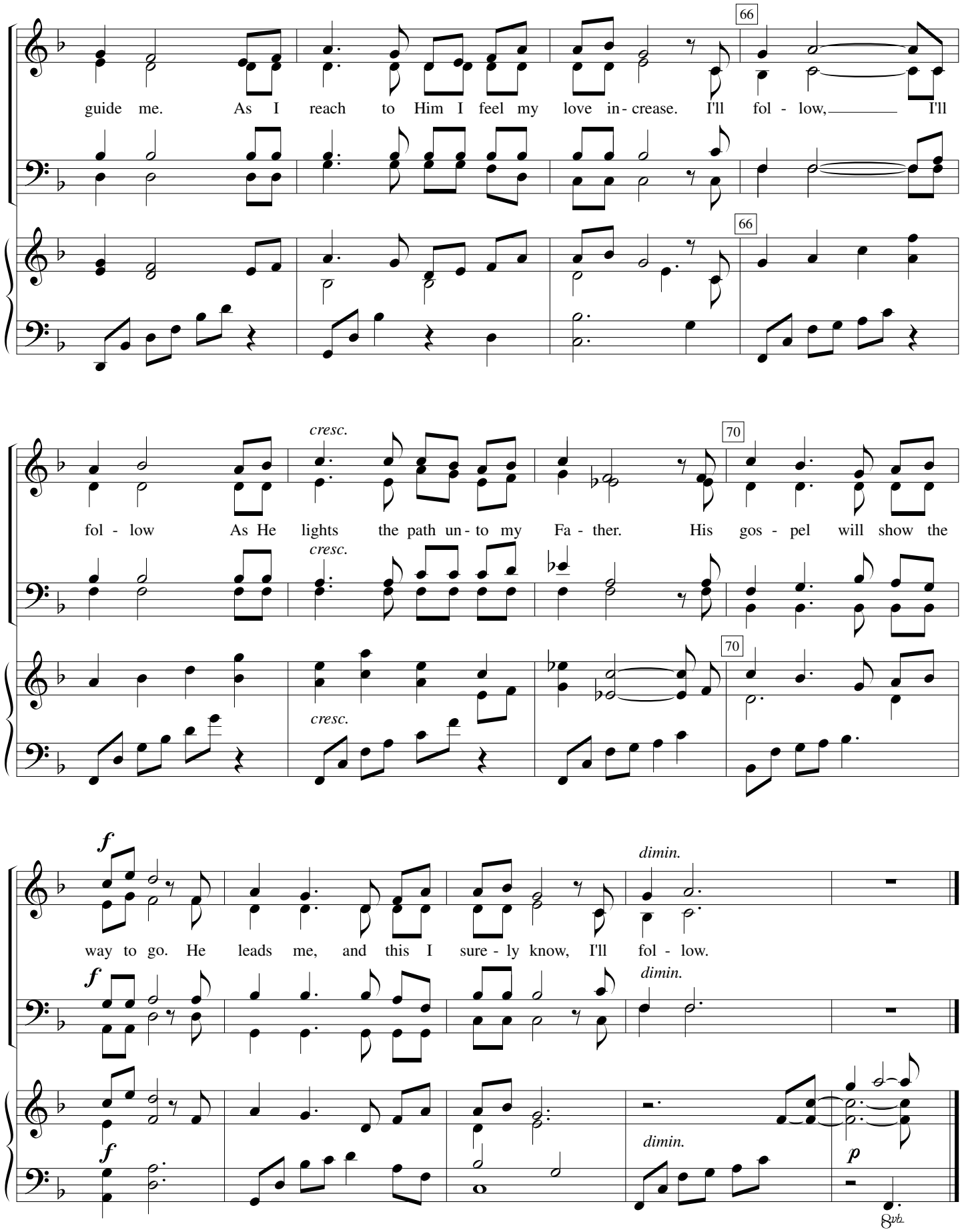

feet.
21
Tempo I
mf
SA
SA
I'll fol - low, I'll fol - low, for I know His word will bring me
TB
TB
mf
21
Tempo I
25
peace. Be - side me, He'll guide me. As I reach to Him I feel my
25
29
cresc.
love in-crease. I'll fol - low, I'll fol - low, As He lights the path un - to my
cresc.
29
cresc.


33
f
Fa - ther. His gos - pel will show the way to go. He leads me, and this I
33
f
dimin.
sure - ly know, I'll fol - low.
dimin.
dimin.
mp
mf
Solo
42
mp
cresc.
mf
I fol - lowed him in - to the night. My soul felt fear and cold. Oh
42
dimin.
mp
cresc.
mf
46
dim. e rit.
wretch - ed man, How could the fright make me de - ny my Lord?
46
dim. e rit.


50
a tempo
54
The words were spo - ken. My heart was bro - ken. Yet, I must
50
54
cresc.
rall.
come to him: He'll lead the way.
SA
58
a tempo
mf
I'll fol - low, I'll
TB
a tempo
mf
58
cresc.
rall.
62
fol - low, for I know His word will bring me peace. Be - side me, He'll
62


66
guide me. As I reach to Him I feel my love in - crease. I'll fol - low, I'll
66
cresc.
70
fol - low As He lights the path un - to my Fa - ther. His gos - pel will show the
cresc.
70
cresc.
f
dimin.
way to go. He leads me, and this I sure - ly know, I'll fol - low.
f
dimin.
f
dimin.
p
8vb.

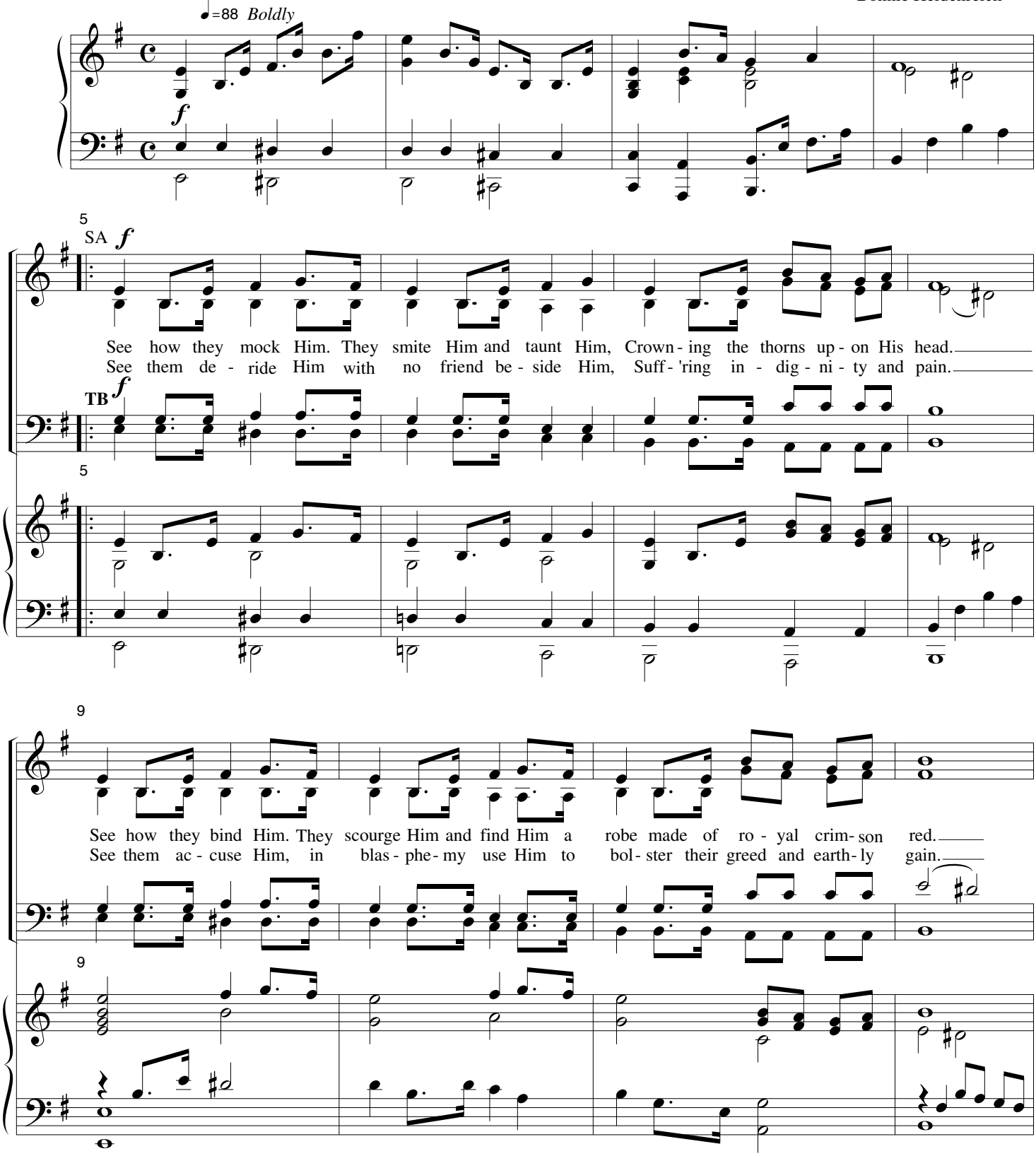
CRUCIFY HIM!

From "Because He Lives"

SATB

"...The guilt...lies wrapped around the souls of those standing in the palace courtyard."

Linda Chapman
Bonnie Heidenreich



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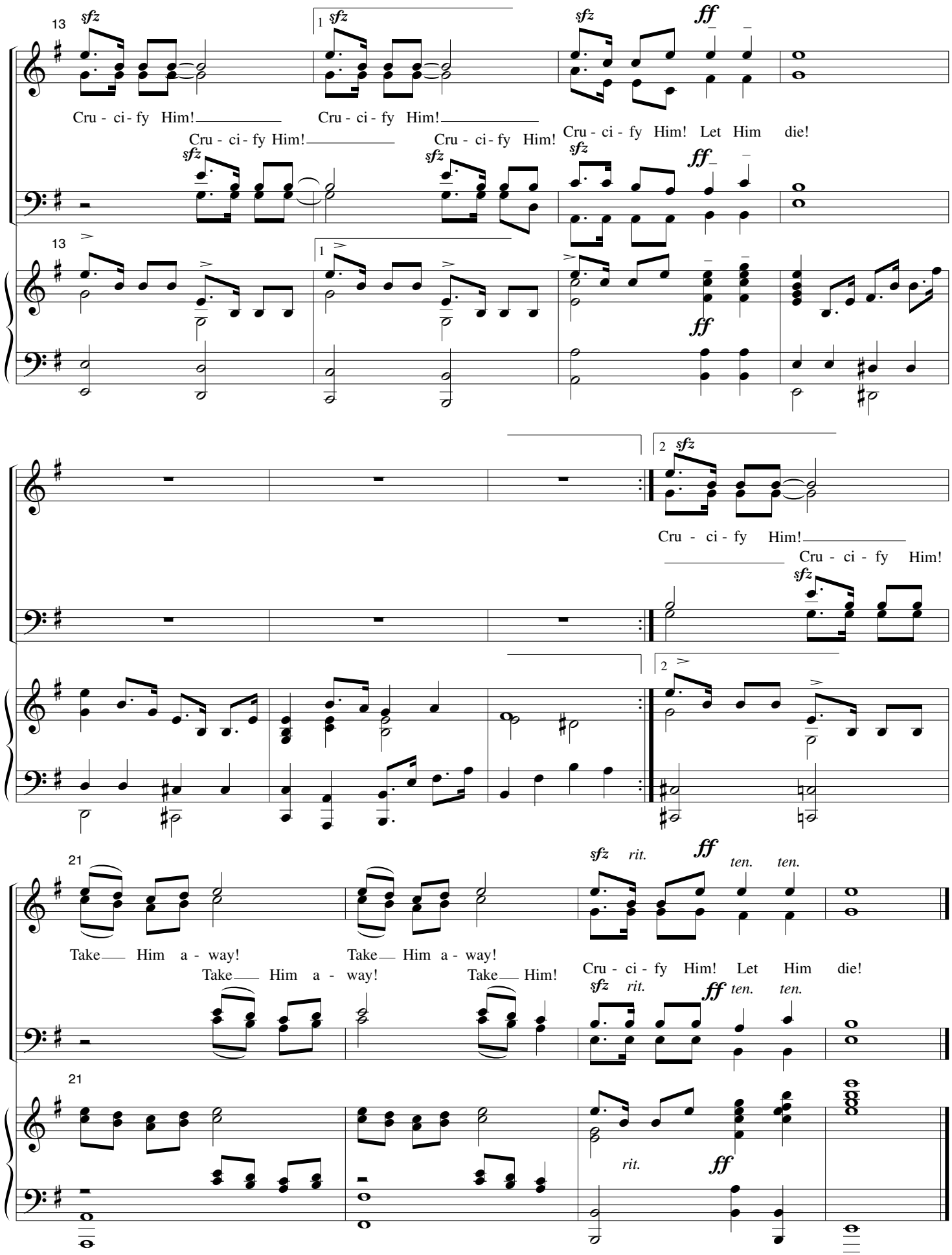
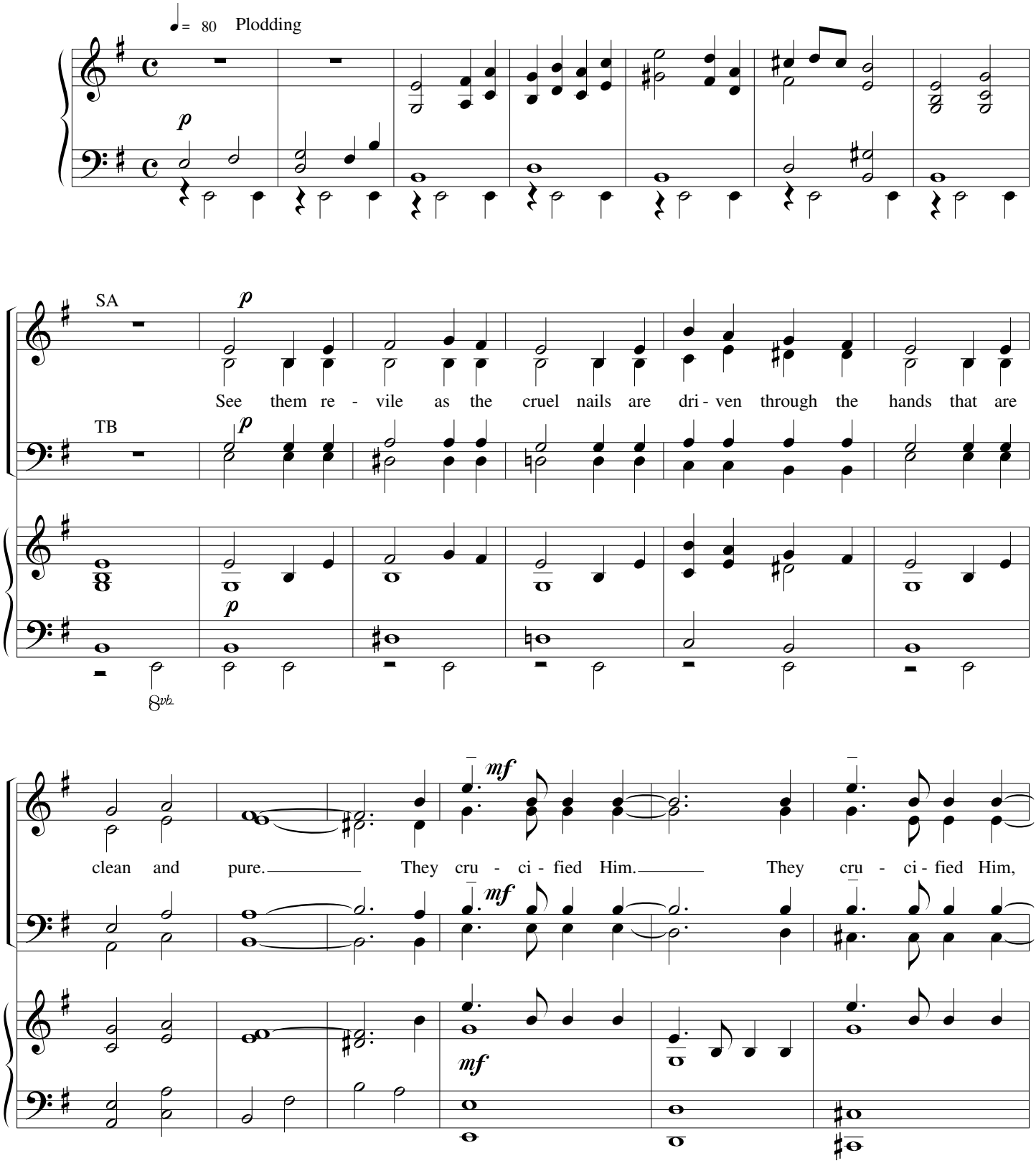

13
sfz
1
sfz
sfz
ff
Cru - ci - fy Him!
Cru - ci - fy Him!
Cru - ci - fy Him!
Cru - ci - fy Him!
Cru - ci - fy Him! Let Him die!
13
1
ff
2
sfz
Cru - ci - fy Him!
Cru - ci - fy Him!
2
21
sfz rit.
ff
ten. ten.
Take Him a - way!
Take Him a - way!
Take Him a - way!
Take Him!
Cru - ci - fy Him! Let Him die!
21
rit.
ff

Crucify Him
(Reprise)

"...Could the old woman be right? If He was indeed the Messiah, these people were making a terrible, tragic mistake."

Linda Chapman
and Bonnie Heidenreich



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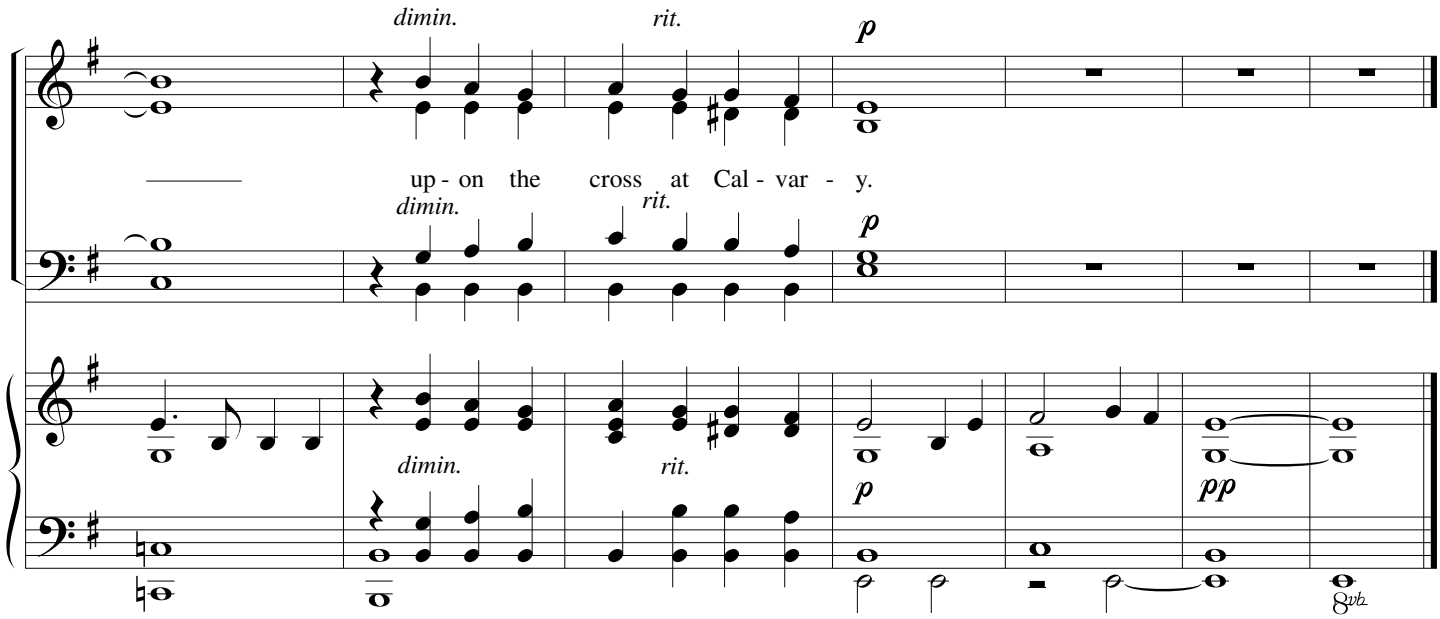
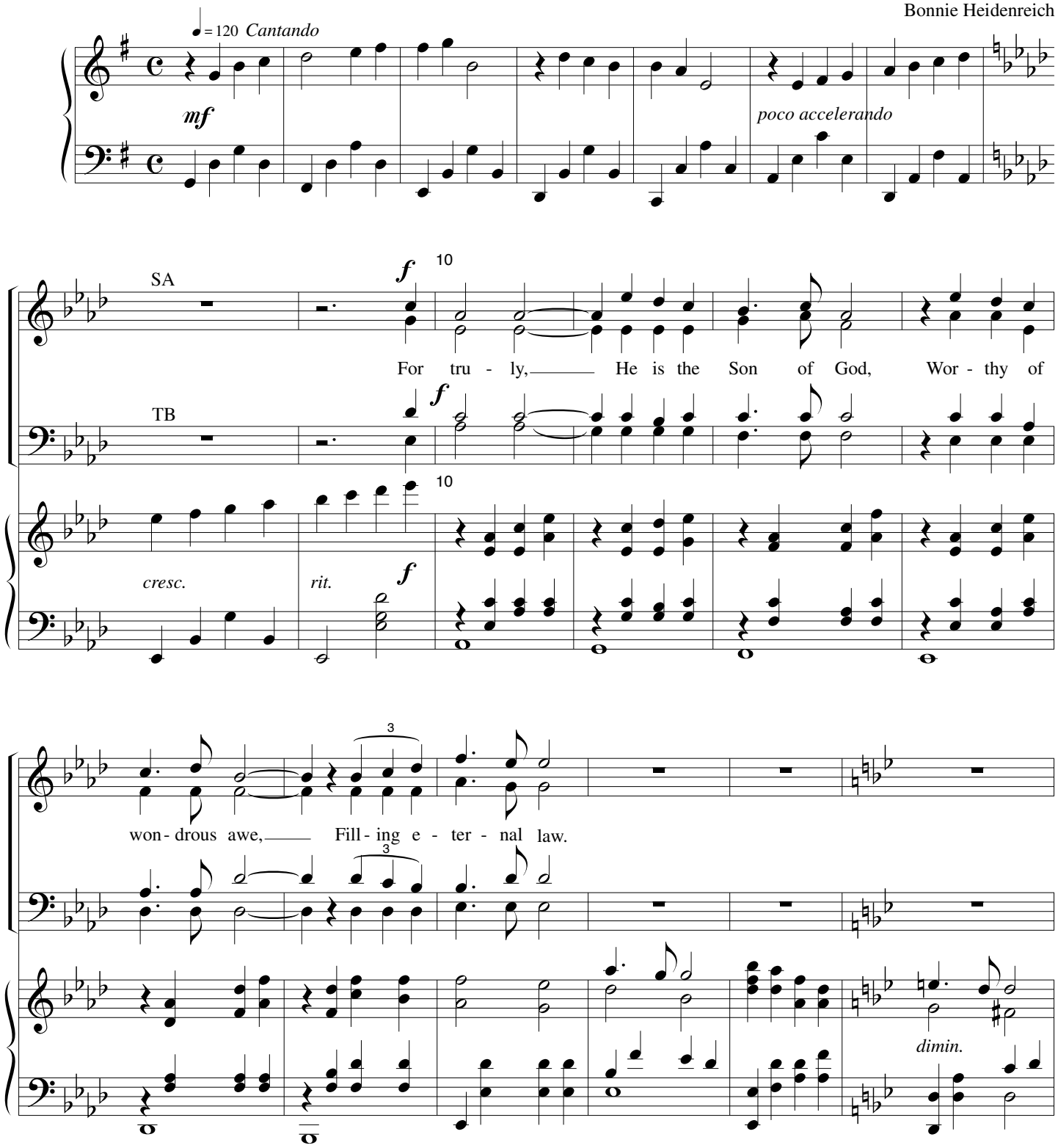

dimin.
rit.
p
up - on the cross at Cal - var - y.
dimin.
rit.
p
dimin.
rit.
p
pp
8vb

CALVARY (Reprise)

SATB with Violin or Flute

"...the death of this man. A mortal man? (music begins)
No. A new thought swelled in my heart, bringing tears to my eyes and joy to my soul. I looked again into the face of cross. Truly, this is the Son of God!"

written by
Linda Chapman
Bonnie Heidenreich



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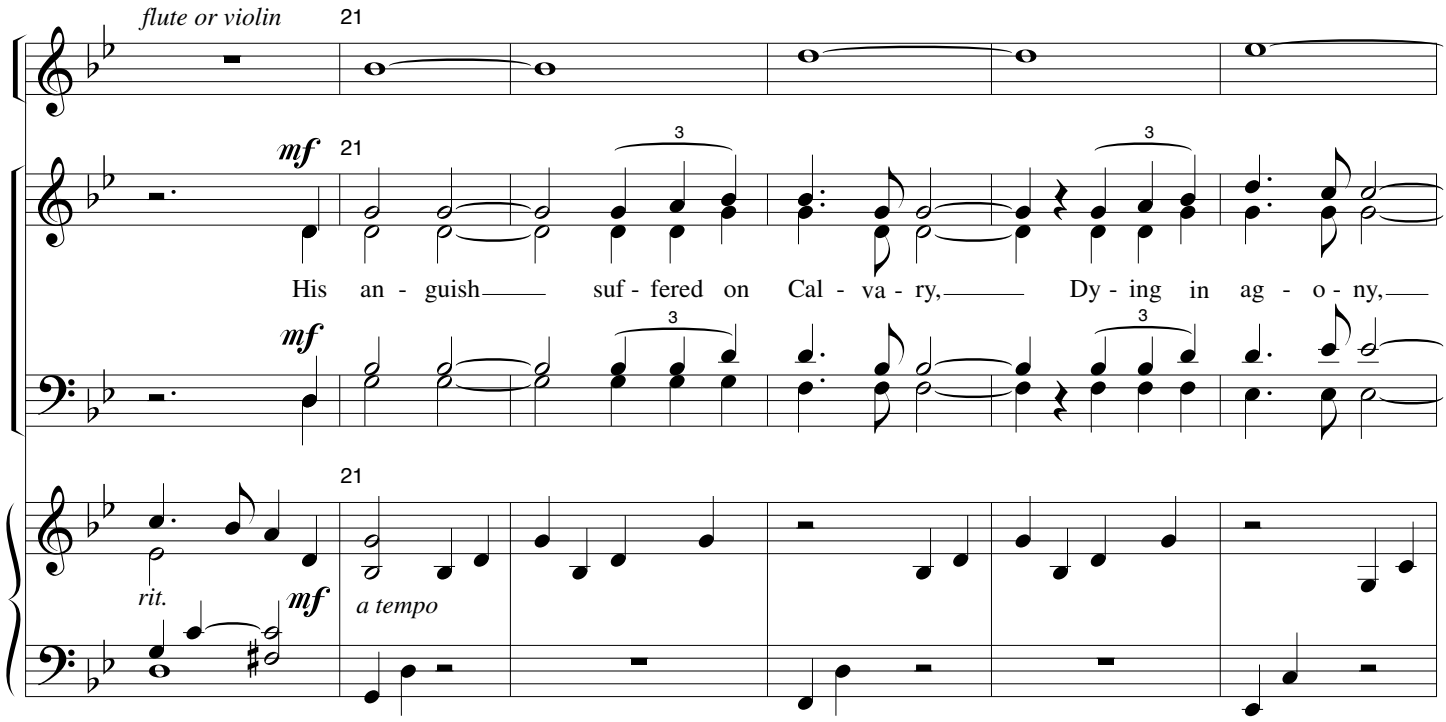
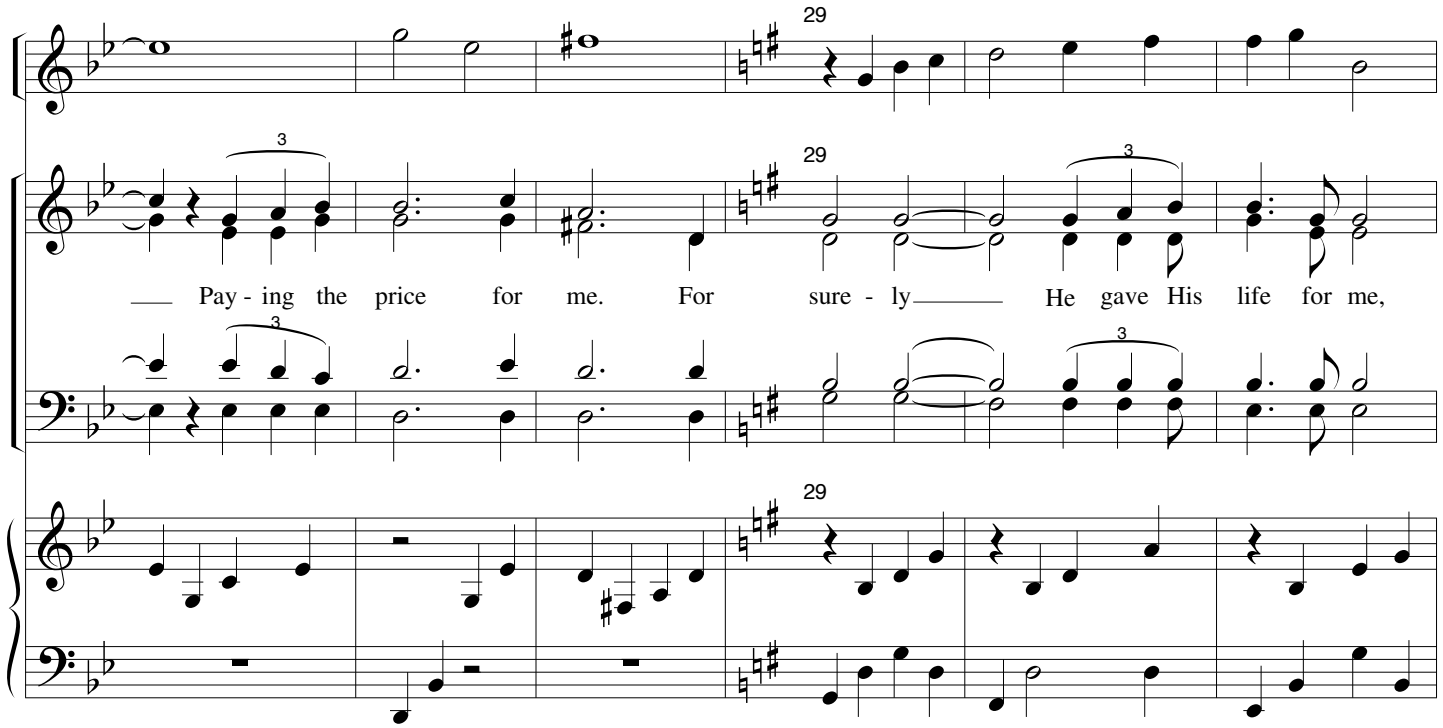
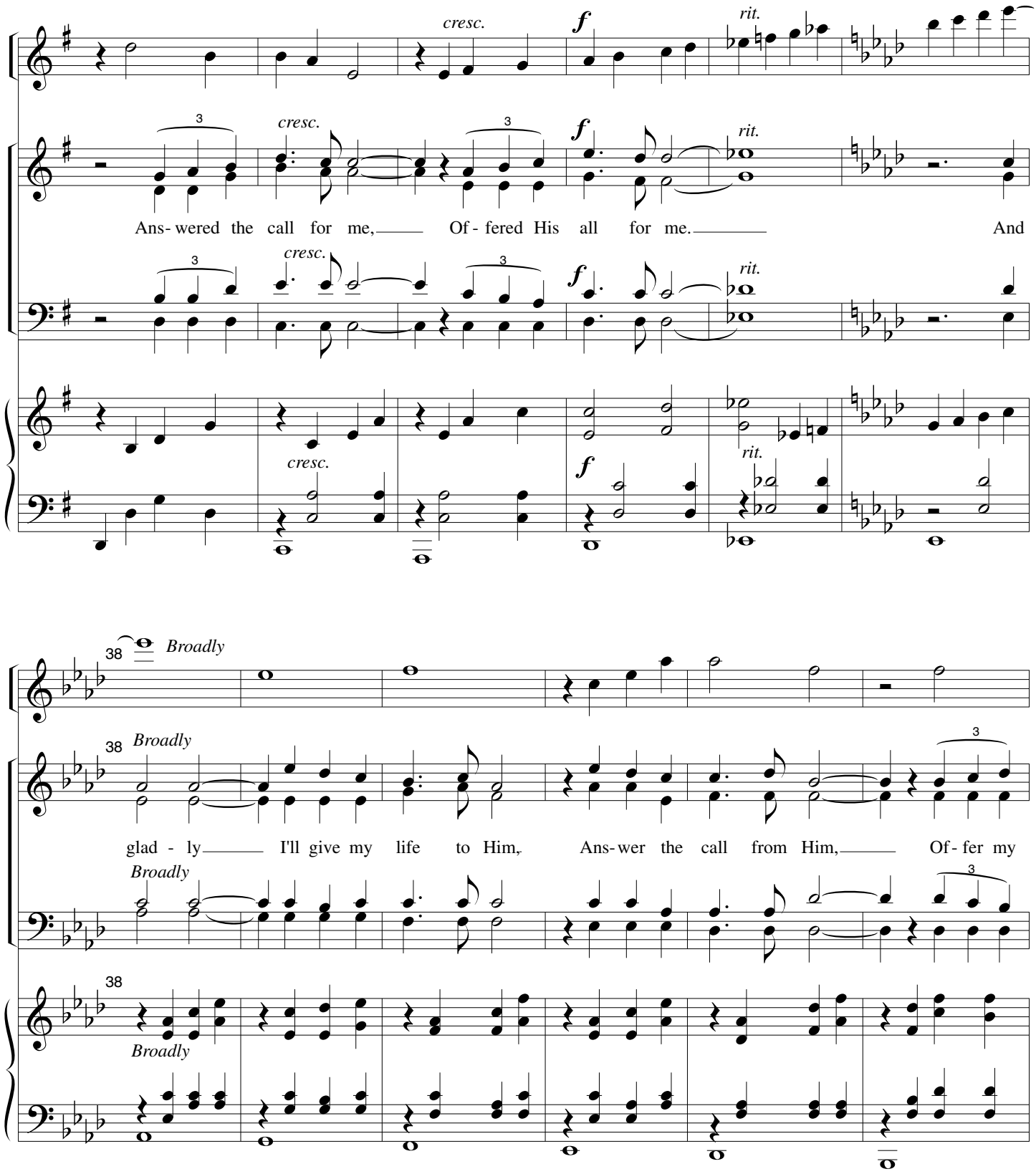
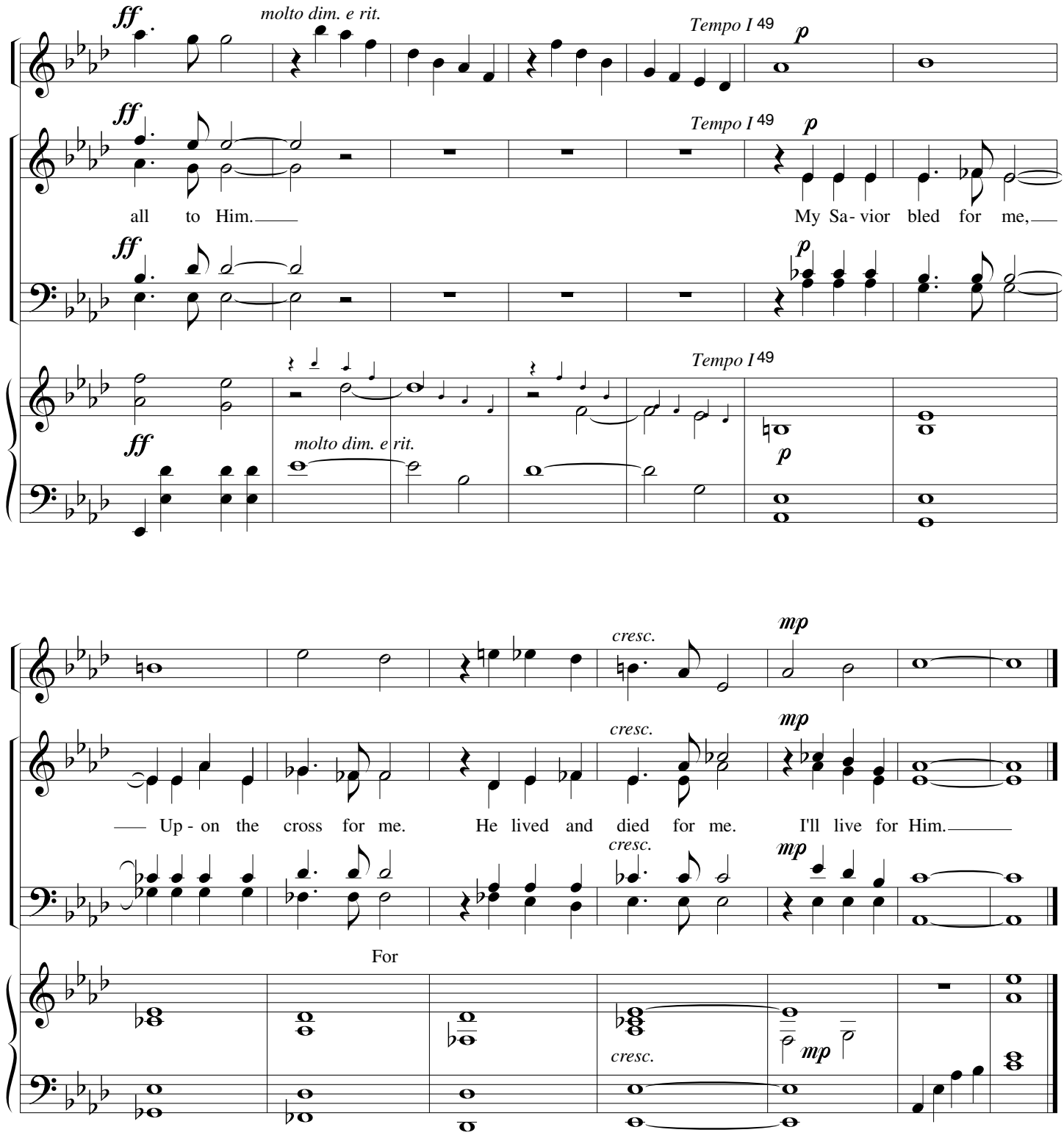

flute or violin
21
mf
His an - guish suf - fered on Cal - va - ry, Dy - ing in ag - o - ny,
rit.
a tempo


29
Pay - ing the price for me. For sure - ly He gave His life for me,

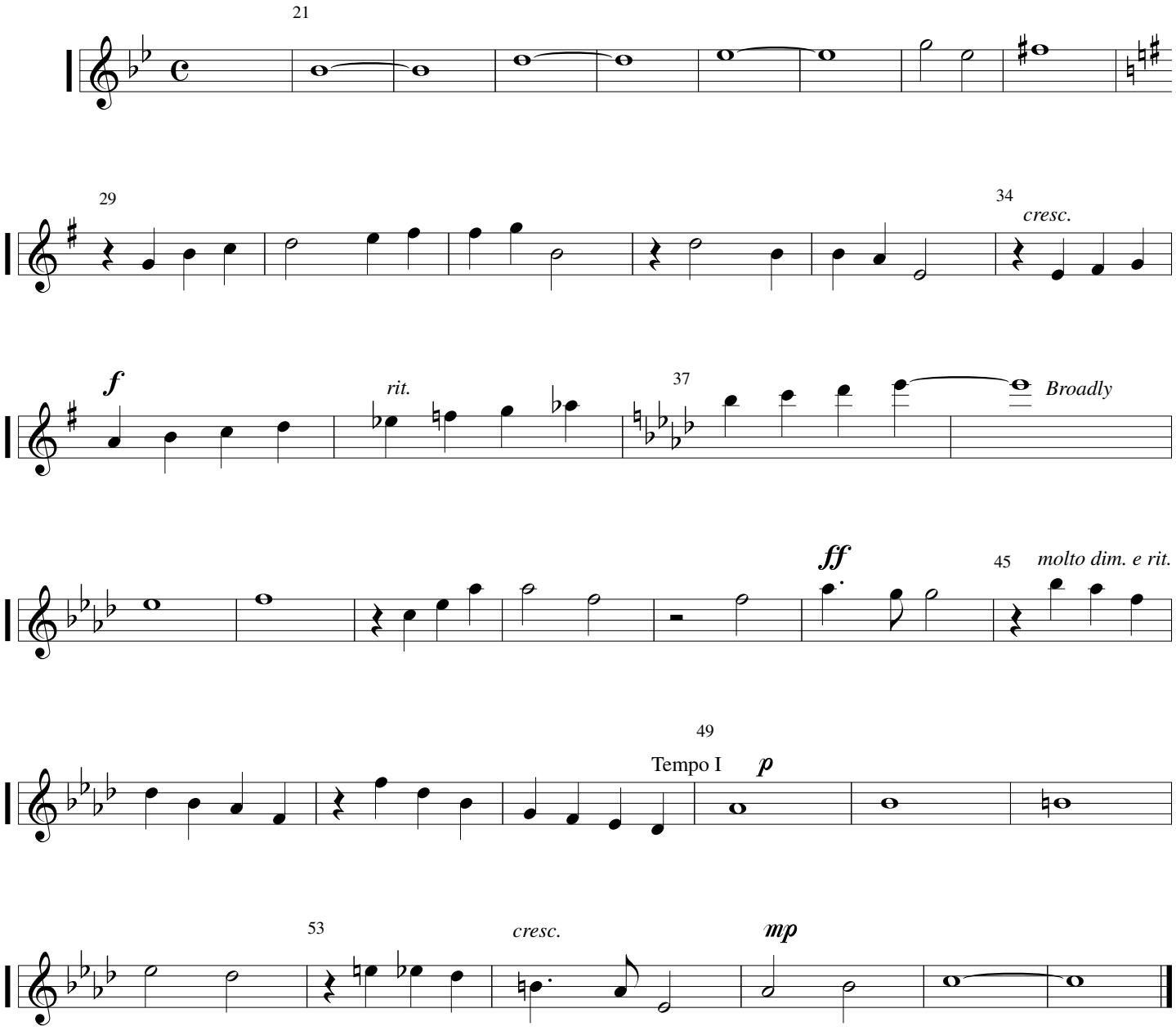

cresc.
f
rit.
Ans- wered the call for me, Of- fered His all for me. And
Broadly
glad - ly I'll give my life to Him, Ans- wer the call from Him, Of- fer my


ff
molto dim. e rit.
Tempo I 49
p
all to Him.
My Sa- vior bled for me,
cresc.
mp
Up - on the cross for me.
He lived and died for me.
I'll live for Him.
For

CALVARY (Reprise)

Flute or Violin

by Linda Chapman and
Bonnie Heidenreich



From "Because He Lives" Easter Cantata

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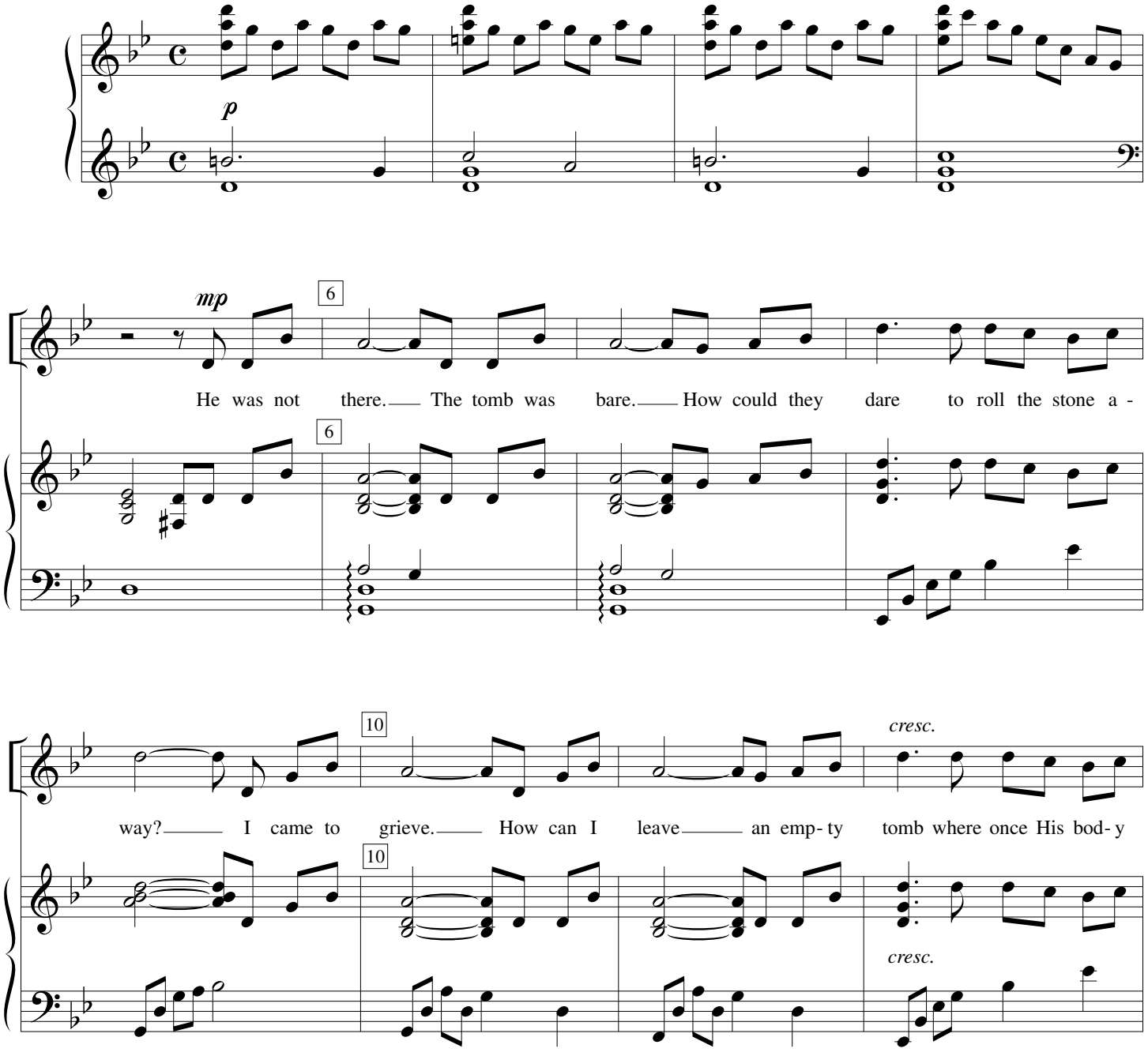
He Was Not There

Soprano Solo

"...when the other Mary and I left for the sepulchre. (music begins) Traces of darkness still lingered, but there was promise in the air and we were anxious for the task ahead. Arriving at the tomb, we were startled and frightened by what we saw."

Written by
Linda Chapman
Bonnie Heidenreich



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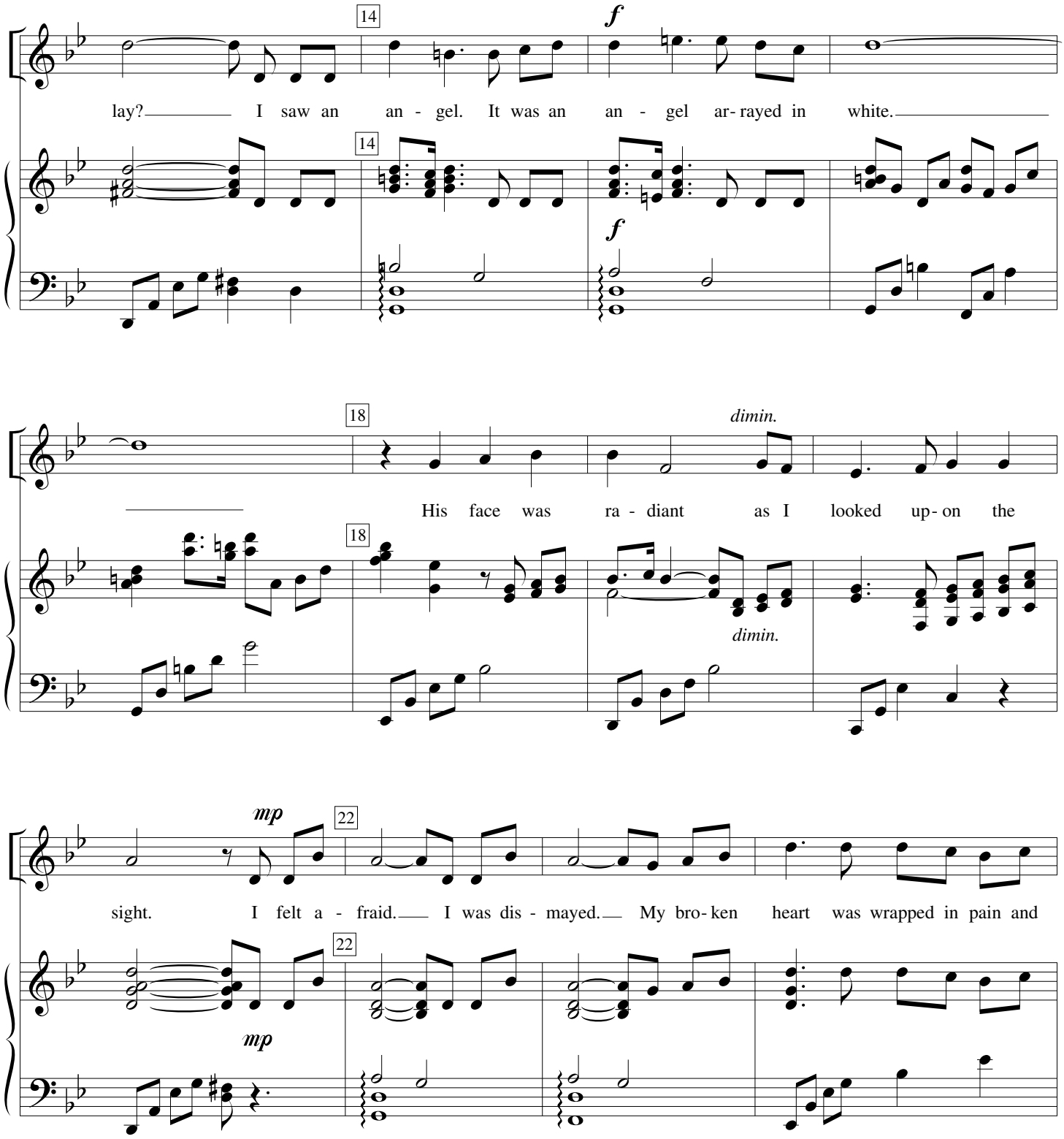
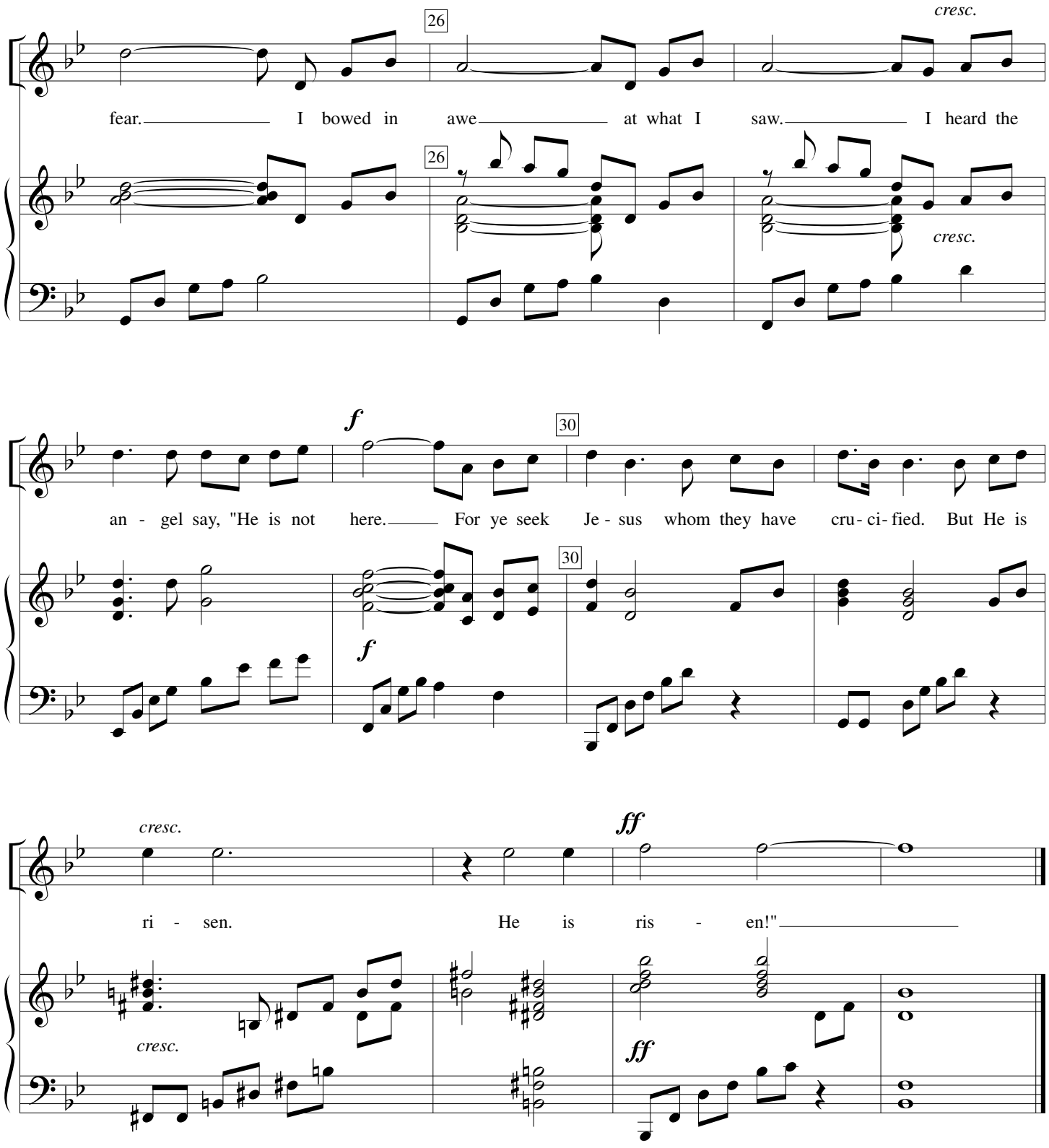

14
f
lay? I saw an an - gel. It was an an - gel ar- rayed in white.
14
f
18
dimin.
His face was ra - diant as I looked up- on the
18
dimin.
mp
22
sight. I felt a - fraid. I was dis - mayed. My bro- ken heart was wrapped in pain and
22
mp

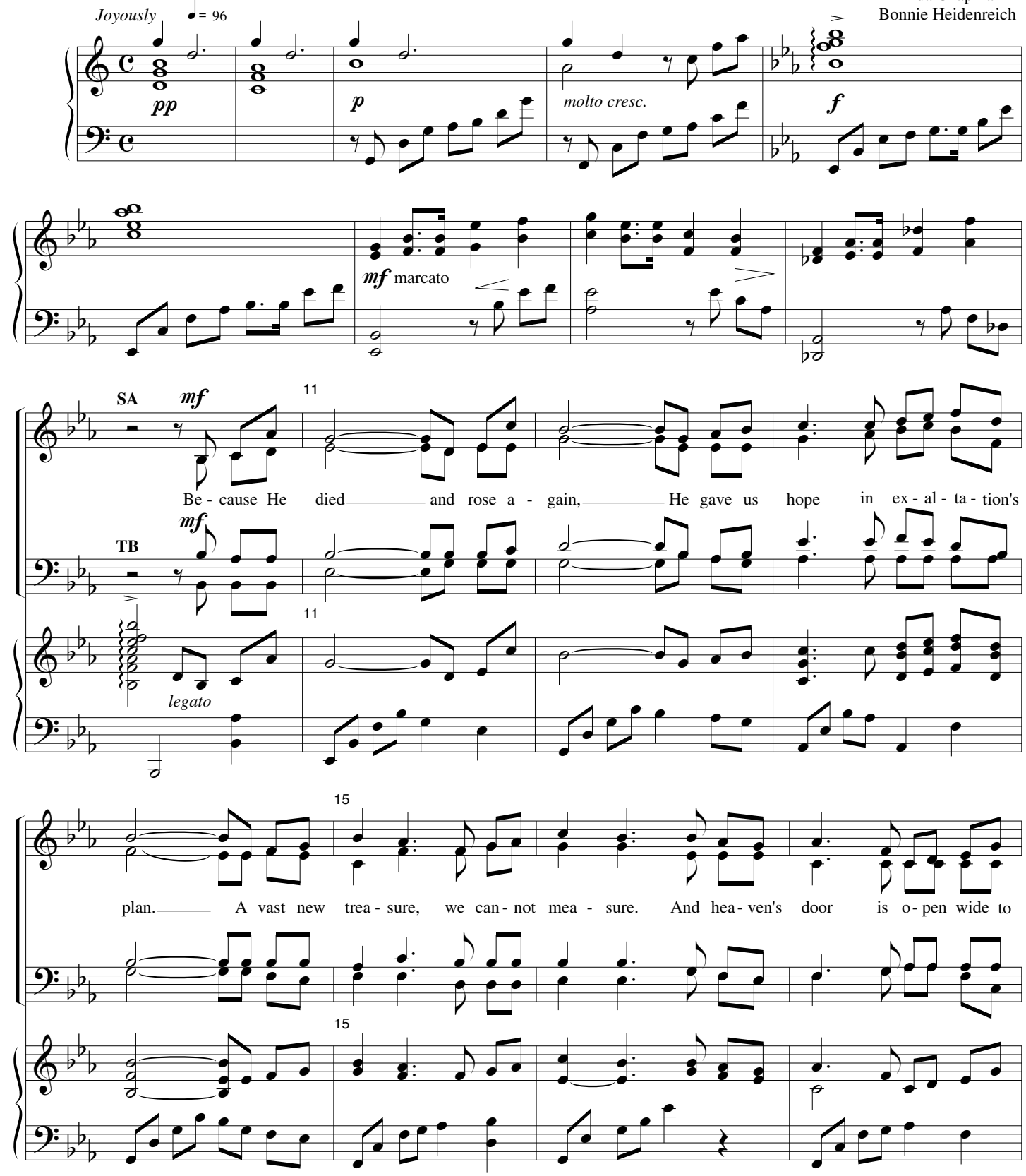

26
cresc.
fear. I bowed in awe at what I saw. I heard the
26
cresc.
f
30
an - gel say, "He is not here. For ye seek Je - sus whom they have cru - ci - fied. But He is
30
f
cresc.
ff
ri - sen. He is ris - en!"
cresc.
ff

Because He Lives

SATB

"...He spoke only one word to me. "Mary." (music begins) ...No, more than that, the most glorious morning the world has ever known."

Linda Chapman
Bonnie Heidenreich



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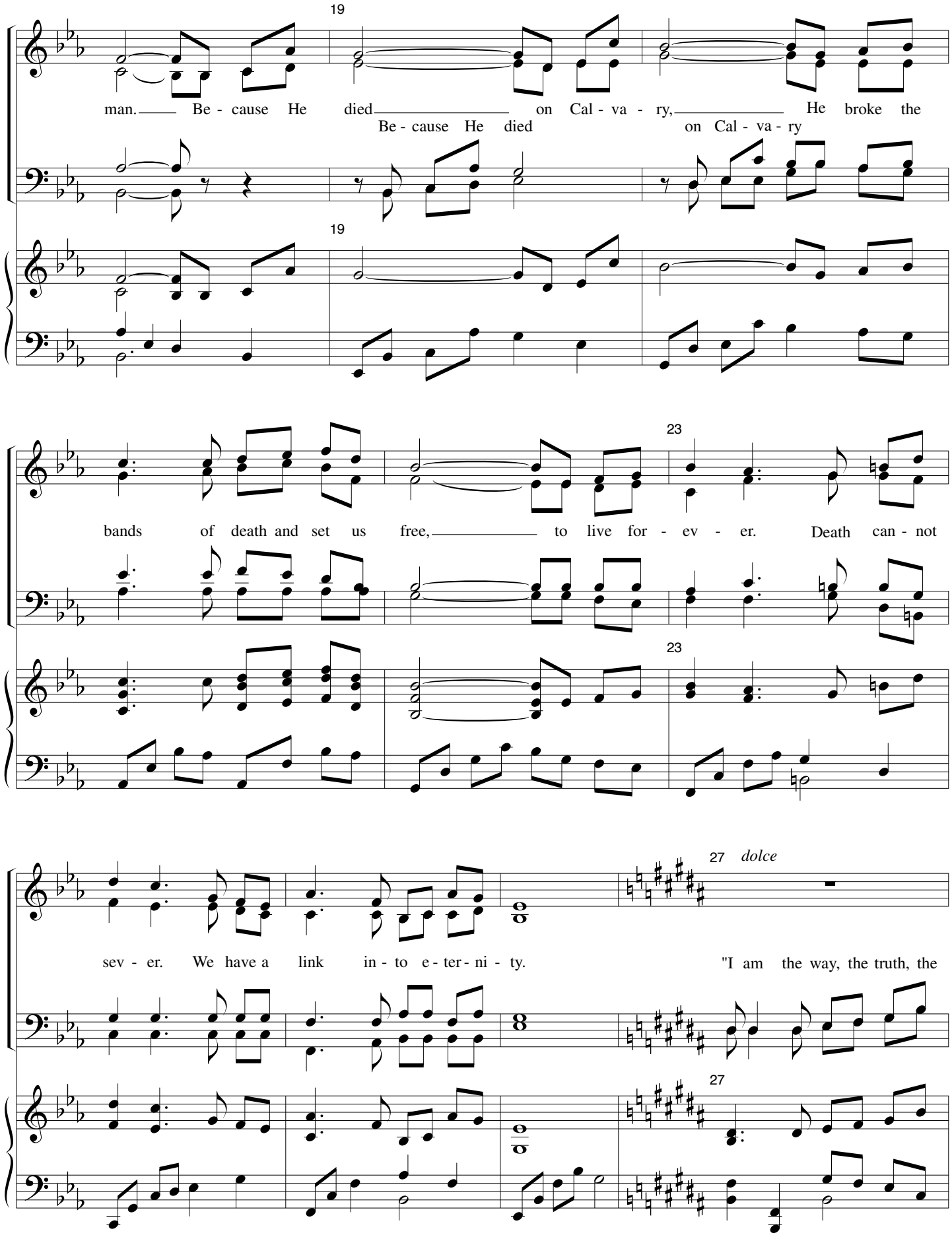
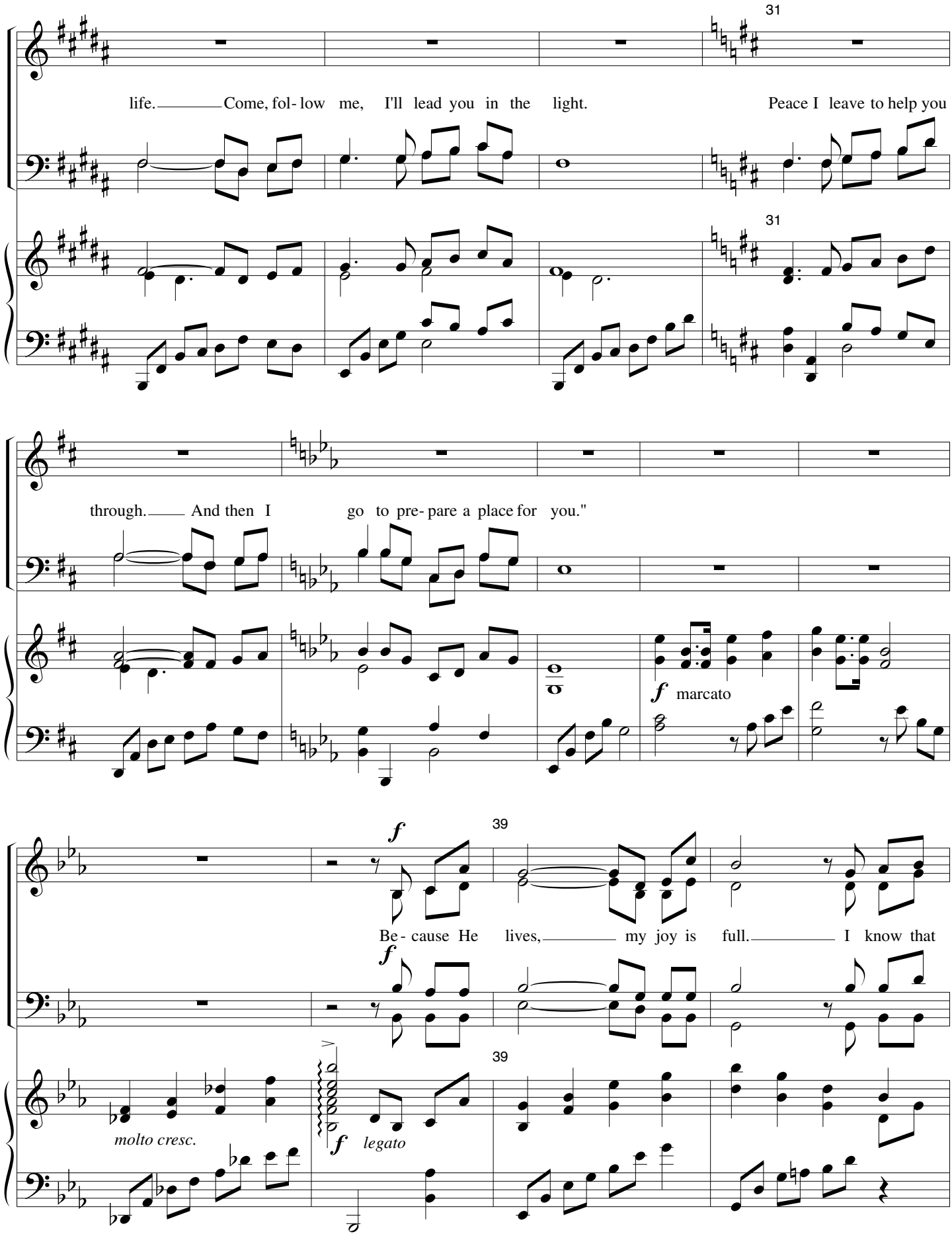
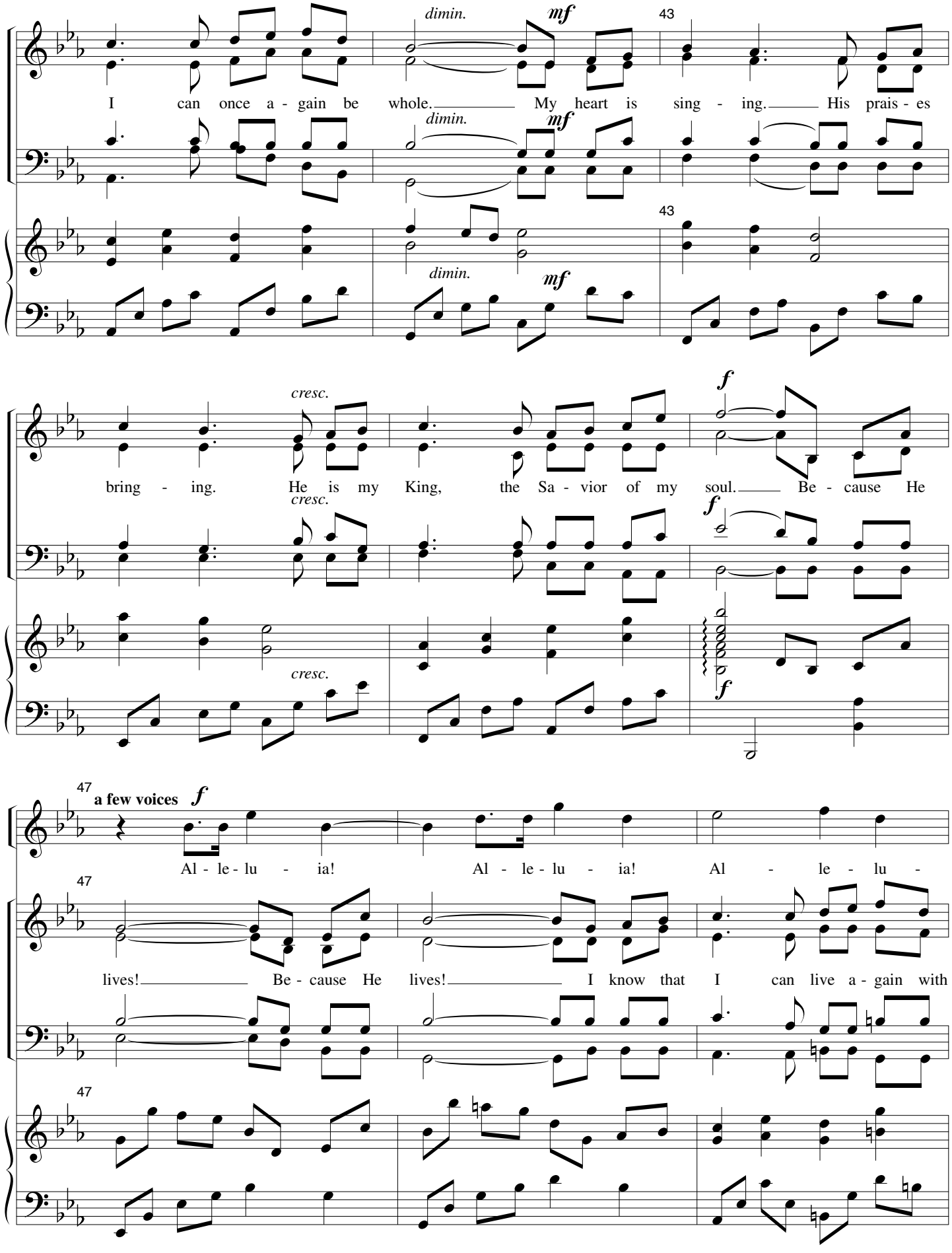
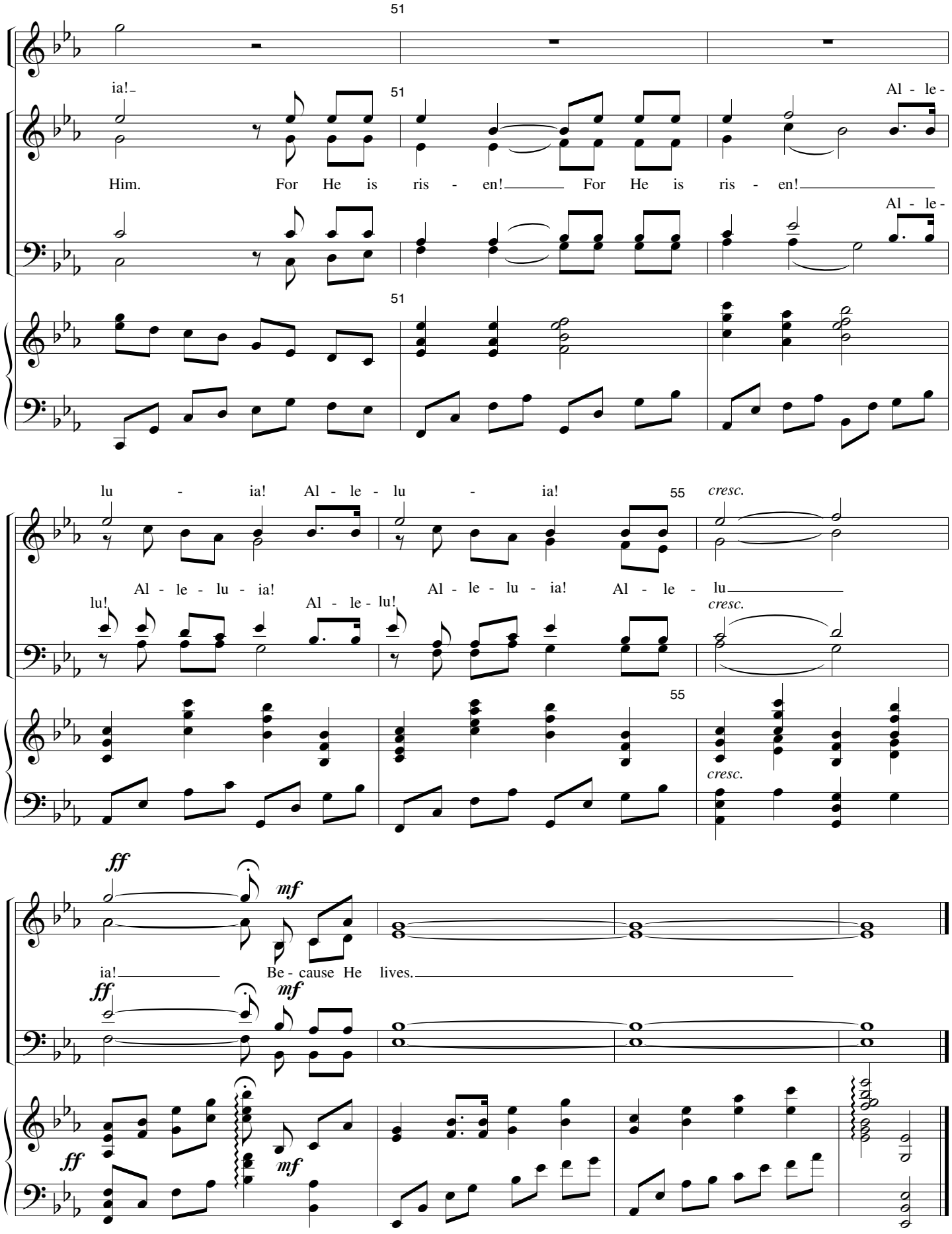

19
man. Be - cause He died on Cal - va - ry, He broke the
Be - cause He died on Cal - va - ry
19
23
bands of death and set us free, to live for - ev - er. Death can - not
23
27 dolce
sev - er. We have a link in - to e - ter - ni - ty. "I am the way, the truth, the
27


31
life. Come, fol- low me, I'll lead you in the light. Peace I leave to help you
31
through. And then I go to pre- pare a place for you."
f marcato
39
f
Be- cause He lives, my joy is full. I know that
f
39
molto cresc.
f legato


dimin.
mf
43
I can once a - gain be whole. My heart is sing - ing. His prais - es
cresc.
f
bring - ing. He is my King, the Sa - vior of my soul. Be - cause He
47
a few voices
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu -
lives! Be - cause He lives! I know that I can live a - gain with


51
ia!
Him. For He is ris - en! For He is ris - en!
Al - le -
Al - le -
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
55
cresc.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu
lu! Al - le - lu!
ff
mf
ia! Be - cause He lives.

Because He Lives

Narrations

Villager from Bethany

As a villager from Bethany, I had celebrated many Passovers with my family. But there was something different about this year. The Nazarene was coming...He who was called Jesus. It had been noised about that He was a great teacher; that He healed the sick and even raised the dead. But more than this, His followers whispered that He was the Holy One we have been waiting for. Cout it be so?

As I stood outside my house with friends, questioning these very things, two men approached. Instead of greeting us, they proceeded to unleash my newest colt which stood next to its mother--and then to lead it away! I was amazed! Quickly, I hurried to them calling out, "Stop! Why are you doing this?"

One turned toward me and said simply, "My Lord has need of him."

I stood frozen in my steps and then heard myself saying, "Yes, of course. Go in peace."

I sat for many long moments staring down the empty path, wondering. (pause, **music starts**)

I heard it softly at first--the voices of people coming over the hill drawing closer. They were excited, yes. But it was more than that. They were jubilant, cheering joyously and casting palm branches, foliage and even their own clothing like a carpet on the ground!

I shall never forget the majesty of that moment as the man called Jesus rounded the corner, surrounded by great multitudes of people honoring him as King of the Jews--riding on my colt.

"Hosanna!"

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John the Beloved

They were praising Him in the streets, shouting hosannas as He entered the city. How could I have known that by the end of the week, all would change.

On the night of Passover, He took our little group to an upper room. While we were there, He spoke to us of love, calling it a **new** commandment. He lifted love to the highest level, and then stooped as a lowly servant to wash the dust from our feet. He taught that love comes wrapped in obedience, and that a man could have no greater love than to lay down his life for a friend. I did not realize...at that moment He was preparing to lay down His own life, not just for one friend, but for all of humanity. Truly, His love for us ran deeper than I could imagine. Was it possible for me to learn to love others with that same intensity? The thought was staggering.

After supper, we went to a garden on the Mount of Olives, a favorite spot of the Master's. He asked if I would wait for Him with Peter and James, while He prayed. Of course I would wait for Him. How I loved Him! And how honored to be called by Him John the Beloved.

As I watched Him walk slowly down the path to His private place of prayer, my heart did indeed fill with love, and I felt in small measure that peace of which He had spoken. (pause)

The hour was late and the food of the evening lay heavy upon me. I would wait for Him, yes, but perhaps it would not matter if I rested my eyes for just a moment. **(music starts)** Little did I know that as I slept, my Savior would offer the greatest sacrifice the world has ever known...out of love.

"Gethsemane"

Peter

Betrayed with a kiss. What perverted thinking had chosen this symbol of love for such a vile purpose? Earlier, the Lord insisted that I, Peter, would also deny Him. Impossible! I would defend him with my life.

And yet, this all happened so quickly that it was over before I knew what to do. I watched, crouching behind the tree as the Temple Guard led the Lord away in chains. How could this be? There was never a man born who was more kind, honest and wise. Indeed, I worshipped at His feet. And yet, His life was in danger in the hands of "holy" men whose job it was to protect us from evil.

Yes, my Master needed me, and I knew I must find Him and help Him. Would He not do the same for me if I were in trouble?

Quickly, I hurried down the path within the sound, but not the sight, of that small army of infidels. If I had stopped to think of the danger that lurked ahead within the Palace of the High Priest, I might not have gone on. Surely, any disciple of Jesus would be unsafe in the den of His enemies.

But I did not stop to think. All I knew was that the Master was in danger. How could I leave Him alone? I had followed Him since the day I first heard His voice along the shores of the Sea of Galilee. I would follow Him now.

"I'll Follow"

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!"

Simon of Cyrene

The streets of 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***) The weight was staggering, but somehow, there was power in the air, and as I moved slowly toward the hill of the skull, I felt honored to walk beside this man.

Could the old woman be right? If He was indeed the Messiah, these people were making a terrible, tragic mistake.

"Crucify Him" (Reprise)

Centurion

Darkness...It was the darkness that made me notice; a deep, oppressive darkness that settled over the entire land. Something was different here. As a centurion, I tended to many crucifixions, and I had grown calloused to pain and suffering. But it wasn't the anguish of this victim that gripped me, though that was indeed present, it was the peace, the control, and above all, the love. It made this seeming tragedy an event of "worship". As the darkness descended, He looked down upon my men, trained in brutality, the source of His agony, and then asked His father to forgive them. Stunned, I looked about for His father, doubtless someone of great power with a capacity to forgive such barbaric action, but I saw no one.

I did see His mother, as did He, weeping at His feet. In total tenderness, He asked a friend to care for her and take her as his own. Then He comforted the poor thieves who were hanging next to Him and promised to meet them in paradise. There was no self-serving pity here, only concern for others.

Who was this man? The sign above His head proclaimed, "King of the Jews". It was strange. If He was their king, why were they killing Him?

From the depths of this scene mixed so oddly with hope and despair, there came a loud cry, an awful cry, "My God, my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" Some of my men thought He called for Elias the prophet, and offered Him vinegar to drink, but not I. I came closer to look at this man who knew God so well.

As I drew near, He uttered his final words. "It is finished. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." There it was again. Father. Could it be...dare I think it?

But my thoughts were interrupted by a storm's dark rumble which suddenly grew louder and more violent. I was scarcely able to stand, for the ground heaved and groaned beneath me. The earth itself seemed to be in terrible mourning over the death of this man. A mortal man? (***music begins***) No. A new thought swelled in my heart, bringing tears to my eyes and joy to my soul.

I looked again into the face of the one on the cross. "Truly, this was the Son of God!"

"Calvary" (Reprise)

Mary Magdalene

I felt so helpless, watching Him die. There was nothing I could do for my Lord, only fill the air with my wails of sorrow. But now I waited impatiently for the Sabbath to end and the morning to come when I could perform one final act of loving service--that of anointing His body for burial.

It was very early when the other Mary and I left for the sepulchre. (***music begins***) Traces of darkness still lingered, but there was promise in the air and we were anxious for the task ahead. Arriving at the tomb, we were startled and frightened by what we saw.

"He Was Not There"

The angel told me to tell the disciples that He was not there. I ran faster than I knew was possible, and my thoughts seemed to move as quickly as my feet. Why was He gone? And what did the angel mean when he said, "He is risen?"

I doubted the other disciples would believe what I was about to tell them. Most did not, except for Peter and John. Those two did not stop to think, but hurried back to the tomb to see for themselves. I followed them, not knowing what else to do.

As I stood outside the sepulcher, tears welled up in my eyes. I thought of my great friend and teacher. Why would anyone have taken His body away? As I wept, a man came near and asked why I was crying. I assumed Him to be the gardener, and plead with Him to help me find the body of my Lord.

He spoke only one word to me. "Mary." (***music begins***) It was my beloved Master! How had I not recognized that voice before? The joy which suddenly filled my soul was as exquisite as had been the pain. He had indeed risen again, just as the angel said. Surely, this was the most glorious morning of my life; no, more than that, the most glorious morning the world has ever known.

"Because He Lives"