

## **On the Mark**

### Hosanna Hosanna - Chorus

Hail Messiah.  
Son of David.  
Hail Messiah.

You and the praises belong to each other.  
We're in a trance when we're worshipping you.  
Feeling you close as we're marching together.  
Are we just dreaming or can this be true?

Hosanna! Hosanna!  
Hosanna! Hosanna!  
Hosanna! Hosanna!  
David's greatest son.

We really hang on each word that you say.  
We rate so highly each moment we spend.  
We want these moments to go on for ever.  
Can't bear the thought that some day they might end.

Hosanna! Hosanna!  
Hosanna! Hosanna!  
Hosanna! Hosanna!  
David's greatest son.

Hail Messiah.  
Son of David.  
Hail Messiah.

We can't imagine the future without you.  
There'd be a space that we just couldn't fill.  
We want the music to play on for ever.  
As time goes by we'll be praising still.

Hosanna! Hosanna!  
Hosanna! Hosanna!  
Hosanna! Hosanna!

David's greatest son.

**Narration:** Then Judas Iscariot, one of the twelve disciples, went off to the Chief Priests in order to betray Jesus to them.

### Weasel Words - Judas

All the promises he made me vanished through an open door.  
All the compliments he paid me, like confetti on the floor.  
Every promise he ever made; all emotion he ever displayed,  
they just melted into nothing.  
All that's left of what he gave is

Weasel words and poor excuses,  
shattered dreams and cruel lies.  
I believed but he deceived me.  
I was lost in compromise.

Every dream I ever had is shattered in a million parts.  
Why should he concern himself with just another broken heart.  
Everything that we ever had,  
all the times when he made me glad,  
they don't count for anything now,  
I was just a one time fad.

Weasel words and poor excuses,  
shattered dreams and cruel lies.  
I believed but he deceived me.  
I was lost in compromise.

Well I joined in his circus and he showed me the way.  
He said he knew how to treat me and he knew what to say.  
And he made me feel so good when he first came on the scene.  
It was all so artificial but it seemed just like a dream.  
But that was yesterday and now everything is changing.  
My life was of so good but now it all needs rearranging.  
He faked all his sincerity. He cheated and he lied.  
He wanted a good time, so he took me for a ride.

Weasel words and poor excuses,  
shattered dreams and cruel lies.  
I believed but he deceived me.  
I was lost in compromise.

**Narration:** Judas arrived with a crowd armed with swords and clubs. He went up to Jesus and kissed him. So they arrested Jesus and brought him to the High Priest's house. Many witnesses told lies about Jesus. The High Priest asked, "Have you no answer to the accusations they bring against you? Are you the Messiah, the son of the blessed God?" "I am", said Jesus. The High Priest said, "We don't need any more witnesses. You have heard his blasphemy".

### Wild Messiah - Caiaphas

Cold passion, scheming ways.  
You who practice to deceive.  
This is how you spend your days,  
laying out the tangled web you weave.  
Cool seduction on the line,  
like a hunter stalks his prey;  
like a spider traps a fly,  
you can take the breath away.

Wild Messiah of endless night;  
written on your head like a neon light.  
Your obsession leads you to  
a fixation to control the things denied you  
but you have decided  
to make them your own.

You were only playing games,  
you didn't mean a thing you said.  
You just used us as a toy,  
kept us dancing on a thread.  
In your small demented mind,  
every plot and plan you hatch.  
All your cheating and your lies,

just to brag about your catch.

Wild Messiah of endless night;  
written on your head like a neon light.  
Your obsession leads you to  
a fixation to control the things denied you  
but you have decided  
to make them your own.

**Narration:** Peter was still in the courtyard when one of the High Priest's servants came by. She said, "You too were with Jesus in Nazareth". But he denied it. Just then a cock crowed. Twice later the bystanders accused Peter again. Peter said, "I do not know the man you are talking about". Just then a cock crowed a second time, and Peter remembered how Jesus had said to him, "Before the cock crows twice, you will say three times that you do not know me". And he broke down.

### Tears - Peter

Tears are all I have to give.  
There's no more I can say.  
The chance has come and gone.  
Then I tried so hard to win,  
but with no games left to play  
the memory lingers on.  
Hope evaporates away; the magic disappears,  
the lonely night extend its shadows.  
In the dawning of a new day,  
far beyond the wasted years,  
my loneliness ends.

Through the line of every mis-spent moment,  
past the pain of a broken heart,  
in the silence of the empty spaces,  
images of a life, falling apart.

Follow where the waters flow,

the chance is there to take,  
and fortune's with the brave.  
Where the fresh green grasses grow,  
and hearts are hard to break,  
I feel the love he gave.  
Where the past can't hurt me now,  
and all I have to do,  
is let the wave wash my emotion.  
Left to get along somehow,  
or maybe muddle through  
this passing goodbye.

Far beyond the point of no returning,  
in a time that I can't comprehend.  
There beyond the reach of all tomorrow,  
far beyond pain or fear, all my love ends.

**Narration:** They put Jesus in chains, led him away and handed him over to Pilate. Pilate questioned him: "Are you the King of the Jews? Aren't you going to answer their accusations?" Jesus refused to say a word.

### Ice Jesus - Pilate

Ice Jesus, cool man.  
Stand on dignity, so neat, so fine.  
Staying aloof, retaining a distinction;  
head up high, throwing a line.

Ice Jesus, cool man.  
How can I understand the scene?  
What does it take to break the ice?  
Are you listening? Do you know what I mean?

Your in a world of your own,  
you're on a separate plane,  
you're in a new dimension.  
What is this barrier between us?

How can I cross the great divide?

Your in a world of your own,  
you're on a separate plane,  
you're in a new dimension.  
What is this barrier between us?  
How can I cross the great divide?

Well, I'm not getting through to you,  
although I try so hard.  
I'm trying every avenue,  
but every one is barred.  
And everything I try just never seems to find its place.  
Cos you just stand there silently, and staring into space.

**Narration:** The soldiers took Jesus to the courtyard. They put a purple robe on him, made a crown out of thorny branches and put it on his head. Then they began to salute him saying, "Long live the King of the Jews". They beat him, spat at him, and mocked him. Then they took him out to crucify him.

### Charade - Soldiers

Traces of darkness. Shadows and night.  
Close interleaving with sweetness and light.  
And the shadows make pretence that in the light they dim and fade.  
but it seems as if they're growing and increasing in the shade.  
It's all a charade.

Part optimistic. Part in despair.  
Light in a tunnel. Offer a prayer.  
On the line of honest action there's a curious blockade.  
And advancement is dependent on the darkness front's delay.  
It's all a charade.

Well the darkness is gathering and the thunder clouds form.  
But the light is receding and we're in for a storm.  
And apathy's growing and there's trouble in store.  
Is it true it's always darkest just before the dawn?

All I see is confusion, I could be riddled with fear.  
Whose side am I on? And who's with me here?  
And whose a good Samaritan, and whose a philistine?  
Which of you's my enemy? And which of you's a friend of mine?

Positive action riding the waves.  
Skimming the surface of negative graves.  
It's a sign that all that's good is marching forward on parade.  
But it's entangled with the sorrow making up the masquerade.  
It's all a charade.  
Oh it's all a charade.  
Yes, it's all a charade.  
Come on and see the charade.  
Oh can't you see the charade.  
Oh it's all a charade.  
Everybody see the charade.  
Everything's a charade.  
Oh it's all a charade.  
It's no good, yes it's all a charade.  
There's nothing to it.

**Narration:** It was 9 o'clock in the morning when they crucified him.  
They also crucified two others. People passing by hurled insults at  
Jesus. He saved others, but he cannot save himself.

### Have you got what it takes? - Chorus

Have you got what it takes  
to set the whole world swinging?  
Have you got what it takes  
to let the good times role?  
Do you know what it means  
to do the things you've promised?  
Have you got what it takes  
to take on full control?

I'm simply waiting, watching every move you make.  
Are you into freedom, or are you just a fake?

Can you call on angels? That would be quite neat.  
Can you change the moment? Can you turn on the heat?

Have you got what it takes  
to set the whole world swinging?  
Have you got what it takes  
to let the good times role?  
Do you know what it means  
to do the things you've promised?  
Have you got what it takes  
to take on full control?

I hear the driving rhythm pounding on and on.  
I still hear the music even when the band has gone.  
I sense the vibrations, I can see the light.  
Sensing the oppression of everlasting night.

Have you got what it takes  
to set the whole world swinging?  
Have you got what it takes  
to let the good times role?  
Do you know what it means  
to do the things you've promised?  
Have you got what it takes  
to take on full control?

**Narration:** At Midnight the whole country was covered in darkness.  
At three o'clock Jesus cried out, "My God. My God. Why did you  
abandon me?" With a loud cry Jesus died. Some women were there  
looking from a distance. Among them was Mary Magdalene.

### Time after time - Mary

There'll be a time when the pain is all behind us.  
Time after time, when there'll be no tears to blind us.  
Deep in the mist of hope, forgotten as a dream.  
Bathed in the morning light we see a different scene.  
Long after tears and crying,



when innocent love is dying,  
we can see through it all,  
time after time.

Fashion the past, rearrange the childhood meaning.  
Shaping the line to the end of bitter feeling.  
Dawn of an age to come, the sunset of our fears.  
Hope of a future to reclaim the wasted years.  
Check out the passing memory.  
Free of despair and envy.  
We can see through it all,  
time after time.

There'll be a time when every breath of inspiration  
gathers itself outside his door.  
Gone as the breeze, but everlasting as the mountains,  
better than each time, each time before. Oh...

Painting in gold, all the clouds of recollection.  
Changing the mold from a world of imperfection.  
Free from the limit of the shackle and the chain.  
Only the best of all that's gone can now remain.  
Facing a new beginning.  
Losers out there are winning.  
We can see through it all,  
time after time.

**Narration:** The curtain hanging in the Temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. The Army officer who was standing there in front of the cross saw how Jesus had died, and said, "This was surely the Son of God".

#### Someone - Guard and Chorus

And all the world's a stage,  
and all of us are bit part actors.  
All the world's a stage,  
and all of us are bit part actors.

We just read the lines  
of someone else's play.  
We're in a real life drama  
but the author stays away.

There's a man who holds,  
who holds the whole world in his hands.  
And I'm told that everything there is  
accords with his commands.  
And I guess there must be someone  
cos it's hard to see how else we'd all be here.  
It's all so complex  
surely not the consequence of some great random steer.

And all the world's a stage,  
and all of us are bit part actors.  
All the world's a stage,  
and all of us are bit part actors.  
We just read the lines  
of someone else's play.  
We're in a real life drama  
but the author stays away.

But I wonder why the world goes of at  
tangents like it does.  
If it's not what he intended  
then why don't he make a fuss.  
Are we living in a thriller?  
Are we acting out a plot along the way?  
Does it all reach a conclusion,  
and resolve into some great and glorious day?

And all the world's a stage,  
and all of us are bit part actors.  
All the world's a stage,  
and all of us are bit part actors.  
We just read the lines  
of someone else's play.  
We're in a real life drama  
but the author stays away.

**Narration:** After the Sabbath was over, Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James and Salome brought spices to go and anoint the body of Jesus. Very early on Sunday morning they went to the tomb.

Thinking of you - Mary

Why d'ya have to leave me  
everything I knew is gone.  
With no hope for tomorrow  
I don't think that I can carry on.  
Without you beside me.  
Without your love to help and guide me.  
Gotta face a future all alone.  
And I wonder if I can make it on my own.

Well I guess I'm going to have to learn to get along without you here.  
And I guess I'll have to try to pick the pieces up and start again.  
I'm trying so hard to keep control but it's hard to do.  
Nothing I try can stop this lonely mind from thinking of you.

Have to pull myself together, this is such a waste.  
But emptiness surrounds me.  
Your memory leaves a bitter taste.  
A shot you couldn't call.  
No leaving note that says it all.  
Inner strength please don't desert me now.  
I've got to find a better way to cope with things somehow.

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**Narration:** They looked up and saw that the stone had been rolled back. They entered the tomb and saw a young man wearing a white robe. He said, "He is not here. He is risen". After Jesus rose from death he appeared to Mary and the twelve disciples. He said to them, "Go throughout the world and preach the good news".

### All over the world - Chorus

All over the world. All over the world,  
the music is clear; a new song is heard,  
a flickering flame has burst into light,  
a new day has dawned.  
All over the world. All over the world  
the people are marching out hand in hand.  
The candle that glowed is burning so bright.  
A new hope is born. All over the world.

In every nation there's a base for new beginnings.  
A sense of excitement is detected in the air.  
Cries of freedom ringing out through all the lands.  
And there's jubilation in every city square.

All over the world. All over the world,  
the music is clear; a new song is heard,  
a flickering flame has burst into light,  
a new day has dawned.  
All over the world. All over the world  
the people are marching out hand in hand.  
The candle that glowed is burning so bright.  
A new hope is born. All over the world.

The barriers are breaking and the curtain is lifting.

The people are dancing to the music of release.  
Winds are blowing all the old regimes away.  
And there's a new awareness, we're a world wide family.

All over the world. All over the world,  
the music is clear; a new song is heard,  
a flickering flame has burst into light,  
a new day has dawned.  
All over the world. All over the world  
the people are marching out hand in hand.  
The candle that glowed is burning so bright.  
A new hope is born. All over the world.

Power to the people. That's what we see.  
Everyone fulfilling their own destiny.

All over the world. All over the world,  
the music is clear; a new song is heard,  
a flickering flame has burst into light,  
a new day has dawned.  
All over the world. All over the world  
the people are marching out hand in hand.  
The candle that glowed is burning so bright.  
A new hope is born. All over the world.

All over the world. All over the world.