

St. Matthew Passion

Palm Sunday, April 17, 2011 • 3:00 PM
First Free Methodist Church



Orchestra Seattle
Seattle Chamber Singers
Hans-Jürgen Schnoor, conductor

Wesley Rogers, Evangelist • **Erik Anstine**, Jesus
Jessica Robins Milanese, soprano • **Melissa Plagemann**, alto
Stephen Wall, tenor • **Charles Robert Stephens**, baritone
Columbia Children's Choir—**Steve Stevens**, director

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685–1750)
St. Matthew Passion, BWV 244

Chorus I & II (& Chorale): *Kommt, ihr Töchter*
Evangelist, Jesus: *Da Jesus diese Rede vollendet hatte*
Chorale: *Herzliebster Jesu, was hast du verbrochen*
Evangelist, High Priests, Disciples, Jesus: *Da versammelten*
Recitative (alto): *Du lieber Heiland du*
Aria (alto): *Buß und Reu*
Evangelist, Judas: *Da ging hin der Zwölfen einer*
Aria (soprano): *Blute nur, du liebes Herz!*
Evangelist, Disciples, Jesus: *Aber am ersten Tage*
Chorale: *Ich bin's, ich sollte büßen*
Evangelist, Jesus: *Er antwortete und sprach*
Recitative (soprano): *Wiewohl mein Herz*
Aria (soprano): *Ich will dir mein Herze schenken*
Evangelist, Jesus: *Und da sie den Lobgesang*
Chorale: *Erkenne mich, mein Hüter*

Evangelist, Peter, Jesus: *Petrus aber antwortete*
Chorale: *Ich will hier bei dir stehen*
Evangelist, Jesus: *Da kam Jesus*
Recitative (tenor, Chorus II): *O Schmerz!*
Aria (tenor, Chorus II): *Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen*
Evangelist: *Und ging hin ein wenig*
Recitative (bass): *Der Heiland fällt vor seinem Vater nieder*
Aria (bass): *Gerne will ich mich bequemen*
Evangelist, Jesus: *Und er kam zu seinen Jüngern*
Chorale: *Was mein Gott will, das g'scheh allzeit*
Evangelist, Jesus, Judas: *Und er kam und fand sie*
Aria (soprano, Chorus II): *So ist mein Jesus nun gefangen*
Chorus I & II: *Sind Blitze, sind Donner*
Evangelist, Jesus: *Und siehe, einer aus denen*
Chorale: *O Mensch, beweine deine Sünde groß*

—Intermission—

Aria (alto, Chorus I & II): *Ach, nun ist mein Jesus hin!*
Evangelist: *Die aber Jesum gegriffen hatten*
Chorale: *Mir hat die Welt trüglich gericht'*
Evangelist, Witnesses, Chief Priest: *Und wiewohl*
Recitative (tenor): *Mein Jesus schweigt*
Aria (tenor): *Geduld!*
Evangelist, Chief Priests, Jesus, the Council: *Und der...*
Chorale: *Wer hat dich so geschlagen*
Evangelist, Maids, Peter, Bystanders: *Petrus aber saß draußen*
Aria (alto): *Erbarme dich*
Chorale: *Bin ich gleich von dir gewichen*
Evangelist, Judas, Chief Priests & Elders: *Des Morgens aber*
Aria (bass): *Gebt mir meinen Jesum wieder!*
Evangelist, Pilate, Jesus: *Sie hielten aber einen Rat*
Chorale: *Befiehl du deine Wege*
Evangelist, Pilate, Pilate's wife, Crowd: *Auf das Fest*
Chorale: *Wie wunderbarlich ist doch diese Strafe!*
Evangelist, Pilate: *Der Landpfleger sagte*
Recitative (soprano): *Er hat uns allen wohlgetan*
Aria (soprano): *Aus Liebe*

Evangelist, Crowd, Pilate: *Sie schriehen aber noch mehr*
Recitative (alto): *Erbarm es, Gott!*
Aria (alto): *Können Tränen meiner Wangen*
Evangelist, Soldiers: *Da nahmen die Kriegsknechte*
Chorale: *O Haupt, voll Blut und Wunden*
Evangelist: *Und da sie ihm verspottet hatten*
Recitative (bass): *Ja, freilich will in uns das Fleisch und Blut*
Aria (bass): *Komm, süßes Kreuz, so will ich sagen*
Evangelist, Passersby, Chief Priests & Elders: *Und da sie*
Recitative (alto): *Ach Golgatha, unselges Golgatha!*
Aria (alto, Chorus II): *Sehet, Jesus hat die Hand*
Evangelist, Jesus, Bystanders: *Und von der sechsten Stunde*
Chorale: *Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden*
Evangelist, Soldiers: *Und siehe da, der Vorhang im Tempel*
Recitative (bass): *Am Abend, da es kühle war*
Aria (bass): *Mache dich*
Evangelist, Chief Priests & Pharisees, Pilate: *Und Joseph nahm*
Recitative (bass, tenor, alto, soprano, Chorus II): *Nun ist der Herr*
Chorus I & II: *Wir setzen uns mit Tränen nieder*

Please disable cell phones and other electronics. The use of cameras and recording devices is not permitted during the performance.

Text & Translation

Part One

Kommt, ihr Töchter, helft mir klagen,
Sehet—Wen?—den Bräutigam,
Seht ihn—Wie?—als wie ein Lamm!
O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig
Am Stamm des Kreuzes geschlachtet,
Sehet,—Was?—seht die Geduld,
Allzeit erfunden geduldig,
Wiewohl du warest verachtet.
Seht—Wohin?—auf unsre Schuld;
All Sünd hast du getragen,
Sonst müßten wir verzagen.
Sehet ihn aus Lieb und Huld
Holz zum Kreuze selber tragen!
Erbarm dich unser, o Jesus!

Da Jesus diese Rede vollendet hatte, sprach er zu seinen Jüngern:

Ihr wisset, daß nach zweien Tagen Ostern wird,
und des Menschen Sohn wird überantwortet
werden, daß er gekreuziget werde.

Herzliebster Jesu, was hast du verbrochen,
Daß man ein solch scharf Urteil hat gesprochen?
Was ist die Schuld, in was für Missetaten
Bist du geraten?

Da versammelten sich die Hohenpriester und Schriftgelehrten und die Ältesten im Volk in dem Palast des Hohenpriesters, der da hieß Kaiphas, und hielten Rat, wie sie Jesum mit Listen griffen und töteten. Sie sprachen aber:

Ja nicht auf das Fest, auf daß nicht ein Aufruhr
werde im Volk.

Da nun Jesus war zu Bethanien, im Hause Simonis des Aussätzigen, trat zu ihm ein Weib, die hatte ein Glas mit köstlichem Wasser und goß es auf sein Haupt, da er zu Tische saß. Da das seine Jünger sahen, wurden sie unwillig und sprachen:
Wozu dienet dieser Unrat? Dieses Wasser hätte
mögen teuer verkauft und den Armen gegeben
werden.

Da das Jesus merkte, sprach er zu ihnen:
Was bekümmert ihr das Weib? Sie hat ein gut
Werk an mir getan. Ihr habet allezeit Arme bei
euch, mich aber habt ihr nicht allezeit. Daß
sie dies Wasser hat auf meinen Leib gegossen,
hat sie getan, daß man mich begraben wird.
Wahrlich, ich sage euch: Wo dies Evangelium
geprediget wird in der ganzen Welt, da wird
man auch sagen zu ihrem Gedächtnis, was sie
getan hat.

Du lieber Heiland du,
Wenn deine Jünger töricht streiten,
Daß dieses fromme Weib
Mit Salben deinen Leib
Zum Grabe will bereiten,
So lasse mir inzwischen zu,
Von meiner Augen Tränenflüssen
Ein Wasser auf dein Haupt zu gießen!

Buß und Reu
Knirscht das Sündenherz entzwei,
Daß die Tropfen meiner Zähnen
Angenehme Spezerei,
Treuer Jesu, dir gebären.

Come, ye daughters, share my mourning,
See ye—whom?—the bridegroom there,
See him—how?—just like a lamb!
O Lamb of God, unspotted
Upon the cross's branch slaughtered,
See ye,—what?—see him forbear,
Always displayed in thy patience,
How greatly wast thou despiséd.
Look—where, then?—upon our guilt;
All sin hast thou borne for us,
Else we had lost all courage.
See how he with love and grace
Wood as cross himself now beareth!
Have mercy on us, O Jesus!

When Jesus, then, had finished all these sayings, he said to his disciples:

Ye know well that in two days will be Passover,
and the Son of man is then to be handed over,
that he be crucifiéd.

O dearest Jesus, how hast thou offended,
That such a cruel sentence hath been spoken?
What is thy guilt, what were the evil doings
Thou hast committed?

There assembled themselves the high priests and the scribes together, and the elders of the people within the palace of the chief priest, whose name was Caiphas; and there took counsel, how with stealth they might capture Jesus and put him to death. They said however:

Not upon the feast, lest there be an uproar in
the people.

When now Jesus visited Bethany and was in the house of the leper called Simon, unto him came a woman who carried a jar of precious ointment and poured it on his head as he sat at the table. But when his disciples saw it, they became indignant and said:
What end serveth all this nonsense? For this
ointment might indeed have been sold for
much, and the sum to the poor been given.

But when Jesus noticed this, said he unto them:
Why trouble ye so this woman? For she hath
done a good deed for me! Ye always have the
poor with you, me though will ye not have
always. That she hath poured this ointment
over my body hath she done because I am to be
buried. Truly I say to you: wherever this gospel
shall be preached throughout the whole world,
there will be told also in memory of her what
she hath done.

Belove'd Savior thou,
Midst thy disciples' foolish quarrel,
Because this loyal dame
Thy body with her oils
To bury would make ready,
O in the meanwhile grant me this,
From these mine eyes' own streams of weeping
To pour upon thy head an ointment!

Guilt and pain
Break the sinful heart in twain,
So the teardrops of my weeping
A most soothing precious balm,
Faithful Jesus, thee doth offer.

Da ging hin der Zwölfen einer, mit Namen Judas Ischarioth, zu den Hohenpriestern und sprach:

Was wollt ihr mir geben? Ich will ihn euch
verraten.

Und sie boten ihm dreißig Silberlinge. Und von dem an suchte er Gelegenheit, daß er ihn verriete.

Blute nur, du liebes Herz!
Ach! ein Kind, das du erzogen,
Das an deiner Brust gesogen,
Droht den Pfleger zu ermorden,
Denn es ist zur Schlange worden.

Aber am ersten Tage der süßen Brot traten die Jünger zu Jesu und sprachen zu ihm:

Wo willst du, daß wir dir bereiten, das Oster-
lamm zu essen?

Er sprach:

Gehet hin in die Stadt zu einem und sprecht
zu ihm: Der Meister läßt dir sagen: Meine Zeit
ist hier, ich will bei dir die Ostern halten mit
meinen Jüngern.

Und die Jünger täten, wie ihnen Jesus befohlen hatte, und bereiteten das Osterlamm. Und am Abend setzte er sich zu Tische mit den Zwölfen. Und da sie aßen, sprach er:

Wahrlich, ich sage euch: Einer unter euch wird
mich verraten.

Und sie wurden sehr betrübt und huben an, ein jeglicher unter ihnen, und sagten zu ihm:

Herr, bin ich's?

Ich bin's, ich sollte büßen,
An Händen und an Füßen
Gebunden in der Höll.
Die Geißeln und die Banden
Und was du ausgestanden,
Das hat verdienet meine Seel.

Er antwortete und sprach:

Der mit der Hand mit mir in die Schüssel tau-
chet, der wird mich verraten. Des Menschen
Sohn gehet zwar dahin, wie von ihm geschrieb-
en stehet; doch wehe dem Menschen, durch
welchen des Menschen Sohn verraten wird! Es
wäre ihm besser, daß derselbige Mensch noch
nie geboren wäre.

Da antwortete Judas, der ihn verriet, und sprach:

Bin ich's, Rabbi?

Er sprach zu ihm:

Du sagest's.

Da sie aber aßen, nahm Jesus das Brot, dankete und brach's und gab's den Jüngern und sprach:

Nehmet, esset, das ist mein Leib.

Und er nahm den Kelch und dankte, gab ihnen den und sprach:

Trinket alle daraus; das ist mein Blut des neuen
Testaments, welches vergossen wird für viele
zur Vergebung der Sünden. Ich sage euch: Ich
werde von nun an nicht mehr von diesem
Gewächs des Weinstocks trinken bis an den
Tag, da ich's neu trinken werde mit euch in
meines Vaters Reich.

Wiewohl mein Herz in Tränen schwimmt,
Daß Jesus von mir Abschied nimmt,
So macht mich doch sein Testament erfreut:
Sein Fleisch und Blut, o Kostbarkeit,
Vermacht er mir in meine Hände.

Then there went one of the twelve, whose name was Judas Iscariot, forth unto the chief priests and said: What would ye then give me? I would to you betray him.

And they offered him thirty silver pieces. And from thence forth he sought an opportunity when he might betray him.

Bleed away, O thou my heart!
Ah, a child which thou hast nurtured,
Which at thine own breast hath suckled,
Bodes his keeper now to murder,
For it hath become a serpent.

But on the first day of Unleavened Bread came the disciples to Jesus and said unto him:

What place wouldst thou have us prepare thee, the paschal lamb to eat now?

He said:

Go ye forth to the town, to one there and say to him: The Master sends thee this message: Now my time is here, I would in thy house keep the Passover with my disciples.

The disciples did this, as Jesus had commanded them, and made ready there the paschal lamb. And at evening he sat down at the table with the twelve. And while they ate there, he said:

Truly, I say to you: there is one of you who will betray me.

And they were then very sad and they began, each one of them in turn, to say unto him:

Lord, is it I?

'Tis I, I must be sorry,
With hands and feet together
Bound fast, must lie in hell.
The scourges and the fetters
And all that thou hast suffered,
All this deserveth now my soul.

He answeréd thus and said:

He who his hand with me in the dish now dip-peth, this one will betray me. The Son of man indeed goeth hence, as it hath been written of him; but woe to that man through whom the Son of man hath been betrayed! It were bet-ter for him if this very man had never been born.

Then answeréd Judas, who betrayed him, and said:
Is it I, Rabbi?

He said to him:

Thou sayest.

But when they had eaten, did Jesus take bread, gave thanks and brake it, and gave it to his disciples, saying:
Take, eat, this is my Body.

And he took the cup and, giving thanks, he gave it to them, saying:

Drink, all of you, from this; this is my Blood of the New Testament, which hath been poured out here for many in remission of their sins. I say to you: I shall from this moment forth no more drink from this the fruit of the grapevine until the day when I shall drink it anew with you within my Father's kingdom.

In truth my heart in tears doth swim,
That Jesus doth from me depart,
But I am by his Testament consoled:
His Flesh and Blood, O precious gift,
Bequetheth he to mine own hands now.

Wie er es auf der Welt mit denen Seinen
Nicht böse können meinen,
So liebt er sie bis an das Ende.

Ich will dir mein Herze schenken,
Senke dich, mein Heil, hinein!

Ich will mich in dir versenken;
Ist dir gleich die Welt zu klein,
Ei, so sollst du mir allein
Mehr als Welt und Himmel sein.

Und da sie den Lobgesang gesprochen hatten, gingen sie hinaus an den Ölberg. Da sprach Jesus zu ihnen:

In dieser Nacht werdet ihr euch alle ärgern an mir. Denn es stehet geschrieben: Ich werde den Hirten schlagen, und die Schafe der Herde werden sich zerstreuen. Wenn ich aber auferstehe, will ich vor euch hingehen in Galiläam.

Erkenne mich, mein Hüter,
Mein Hirte, nimm mich an!
Von dir, Quell aller Güter,
Ist mir viel Guts getan.
Dein Mund hat mich gelabet
Mit Milch und süßer Kost,
Dein Geist hat mich begabet
Mit mancher Himmelslust.

Petrus aber antwortete und sprach zu ihm:

Wenn sie auch alle sich an dir ärgerten, so will ich doch mich nimmermehr ärgern.

Jesus sprach zu ihm:

Wahrlich, ich sage dir: In dieser Nacht, ehe der Hahn krähet, wirst du mich dreimal verleugnen.

Petrus sprach zu ihm:

Und wenn ich mit dir sterben müßte, so will ich dich nicht verleugnen.

Desgleichen sagten auch alle Jünger.

Ich will hier bei dir stehen;
Verachte mich doch nicht!
Von dir will ich nicht gehen,
Wenn dir dein Herze bricht.
Wenn dein Herz wird erblassen
Im letzten Todesstoß,
Alsdenn will ich dich fassen
In meinen Arm und Schoß.

Da kam Jesus mit ihnen zu einem Hofe, der hieß Gethsemane, und sprach zu seinen Jüngern:

Setzet euch hie, bis daß ich dort hingehge und bete.

Und nahm zu sich Petrum und die zween Söhne Zebedäi und fing an zu trauern und zu zagen. Da sprach Jesus zu ihnen:

Meine Seele ist betrübt bis an den Tod, bleibet hie und wachet mit mir.

O Schmerz!

Hier zittert das gequälte Herz;
Wie sinkt es hin, wie bleicht sein Angesicht!

Was ist die Ursach aller solcher Plagen?

Der Richter führt ihn vor Gericht.

Da ist kein Trost, kein Helfer nicht.

Ach! meine Sünden haben dich geschlagen;

Er leidet alle Höllenqualen,

Er soll vor fremden Raub bezahlen.

Just as he in the world unto his people
Could never offer malice,
He loveth them until the finish.

I will thee my heart now offer,
Merse thyself, my health, in it!

I would merse myself within thee;
If to thee the world's too small,
Ah, then shalt thou me alone
More than world and heaven be.

But after the song of praise had been recited, they went out to the Mount of Olives. And there Jesus said to them:

In this same night ye will all become annoyed for my sake. For it standeth in the scripture: I shall strike down then the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock will by themselves be scattered. When, however, I am risen, I will go before you into Galilee.

Acknowledge me, my keeper,
My shepherd, make me thine!
From thee, source of all blessings,
Have I been richly blest.
Thy mouth hath oft refreshed me
With milk and sweetest food,
Thy Spirit hath endowed me
With many heav'nly joys.

Peter, however, then answeréd and said to him:

Although the others all be annoyed because of thee, yet will I myself not ever feel annoyance.

Jesus said to him:

Truly, I say to thee: in this same night, before the cock croweth, wilt thou three times have denied me.

Peter said to him:

And even if I must die with thee, I will not ever deny thee.

And so declared all the other disciples.

I will here by thee stand now;
O put me not to scorn!
From thee will I go never,
While thee thy heart doth break.
When thy heart doth grow pallid
Within death's final stroke,
E'en then will I enfold thee
Within my arms and lap.

Then came Jesus with them to a garden, known as Gethsemane, and said to his disciples:

Sit ye down here, while I go over there and pray.

And taking Peter with him and the two sons of Zebedee, he began to mourn and to be troubled. Then said Jesus unto them:

Now my soul is sore distressed, even to death; tarry here and keep watch with me.

O pain!

Here trembleth the tormented heart;
How it doth sink, how pale his countenance!

What is the reason for all these great torments?

The judge conveys him to the court.

Here is no hope, and helper none.

Alas, my sins, they have thee sorely stricken;

He suffers all of hell's own torture,

He must for others' theft make payment.

Please turn page quietly. . .

Ich, ach Herr Jesu, habe dies verschuldet
Was du erduldet.

Ach, könnte meine Liebe dir,
Mein Heil, dein Zittern und dein Zagen
Vermindern oder helfen tragen,
Wie gerne blieb ich hier!

Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen,
So schlafen unsre Sünden ein.
Meinen Tod
Büßet seine Seelennot;
Sein Trauren machet mich voll Freuden.
Drum muß uns sein verdienstlich Leiden
Recht bitter und doch süße sein.

Und ging hin ein wenig, fiel nieder auf sein Angesicht und betete und sprach:

Mein Vater, ist's möglich, so gehe dieser Kelch
von mir; doch nicht wie ich will, sondern wie
du willst.

Der Heiland fällt vor seinem Vater nieder;
Dadurch erhebt er mich und alle
Von unserm Falle
Hinauf zu Gottes Gnade wieder.
Er ist bereit,
Den Kelch, des Todes Bitterkeit
Zu trinken,
In welchen Sünden dieser Welt
Gegossen sind und häßlich stinken,
Weil es dem lieben Gott gefällt.

Gerne will ich mich bequemen,
Kreuz und Becher anzunehmen,
Trink ich doch dem Heiland nach.
Denn sein Mund,
Der mit Milch und Honig fließet,
Hat den Grund
Und des Leidens herbe Schmach
Durch den ersten Trunk versüßet.

Und er kam zu seinen Jüngern und fand sie schlafend und sprach zu ihnen:

Könnet ihr denn nicht eine Stunde mit mir
wachen? Wachtet und betet, daß ihr nicht in
Anfechtung fallet! Der Geist ist willig, aber das
Fleisch ist schwach.

Zum andernmal ging er hin, betete und sprach:
Mein Vater, ist's nicht möglich, daß dieser Kelch
von mir gehe, ich trinke ihn denn, so geschehe
dein Wille.

Was mein Gott will, das g'scheh allzeit,
Sein Will, der ist der beste,
Zu helfen den'n er ist bereit,
Die an ihn gläuben feste.
Er hilft aus Not, der fromme Gott,
Und züchtiget mit Maßen.
Wer Gott vertraut, fest auf ihn baut,
Den will er nicht verlassen.

Und er kam und fand sie aber schlafend, und ihre Augen waren voll Schlafs. Und er ließ sie und ging abermal hin und betete zum drittenmal und redete dieselbigen Worte. Da kam er zu seinen Jüngern und sprach zu ihnen:

Ach! wollt ihr nun schlafen und ruhen? Siehe,
die Stunde ist hie, daß des Menschen Sohn in
der Sünder Hände überantwortet wird. Stehet
auf, lasset uns gehen; siehe, er ist da, der mich
verrät.

I, ah Lord Jesus, have this debt encumbered
Which thou art bearing.

Ah, would that now my love for thee,
My health, thy trembling and thy terror
Could lighten or could help thee carry.
How gladly would I stay!

I will be with my Jesus watching,
That slumber may our sins enfold.
Mine own death
Is redeemed by his soul's woe;
His sorrow filleth me with gladness.
Thus for us his most worthy passion
Most bitter and yet sweet must be.

He went on a little, fell down upon his face and, having prayed, he said:

My Father, if possible, allow this cup to pass
from me; but not as I will, rather as thou
wilt.

The Savior falls before his Father prostrate;
Thereby he raiseth me and all men
From our corruption
Aloft again to God's dear mercy.
He is prepared
The cup, the bitterness of death,
To drink now,
In which the sins of this our world
Have been infused, now loathsome reeking,
Because God wills it so to be.

Gladly would I be most willing
Cross and chalice to accept now,
Drinking from my Savior's cup.
For his mouth,
Which with milk and honey floweth,
Hath the earth,
And all sorrow's bitter taste
With the very first draught sweetened.

And he came to his disciples and found them sleeping and said unto them:

Could ye then not watch with me even for one
hour? Watch ye and pray, that ye not fall into
temptation! The spirit is willing, but the flesh is
weak.

A second time he went off, prayed and said:
My Father, if it cannot be that this cup pass
from me, unless I have drunk it, then let thy
will be done.

What my God will, be done alway,
His will, it is the best will;
To help all those he is prepared
Whose faith in him is steadfast.
He frees from want, this righteous God,
And punisheth with measure:
Who trusts in God, on him relies,
Him will he not abandon.

And he came and found them once more sleeping, and now their eyes were heavy with sleep. And he left them and went off once again a third time and said again the very same words. Then came he to his disciples and said unto them:

Ah, would ye now sleep and rest? Lo, now the
hour is come when the Son of man is delivered
over to the hands of sinners. Rise ye up, let us
be going; see there, he is come, who doth betray
me.

Und als er noch redete, siehe, da kam Judas, der Zwölfen einer, und mit ihm eine große Schar mit Schwertern und mit Stangen von den Hohenpriestern und Ältesten des Volks. Und der Verräter hatte ihnen ein Zeichen gegeben und gesagt: „Welchen ich küssen werde, der ist's, den greifet!“ Und alsbald trat er zu Jesu und sprach:

Gegrüßet seist du, Rabbi!
Und küßete ihn. Jesus aber sprach zu ihm:
Mein Freund, warum bist du kommen?
Da traten sie hinzu und legten die Hände an Jesum und griffen ihn.

So ist mein Jesus nun gefangen.
Laßt ihn, haltet, bindet nicht!

Mond und Licht
Ist vor Schmerzen untergangen,
Weil mein Jesus ist gefangen.

Laßt ihn, haltet, bindet nicht!
Sie führen ihn, er ist gebunden.

Sind Blitze, sind Donner
in Wolken verschwunden?
Eröffne den feurigen Abgrund, o Hölle,
Zertrümmre, verderbe, verschlinge, zerschelle
Mit plötzlicher Wut
Den falschen Verräter, das mörderische Blut!

Und siehe, einer aus denen, die mit Jesu waren, reckete die Hand aus und schlug des Hohenpriesters Knecht und hieb ihm ein Ohr ab. Da sprach Jesus zu ihm:

Stecke dein Schwert an seinen Ort; denn wer
das Schwert nimmt, der soll durchs Schwert
umkommen. Oder meinst du, daß ich nicht
könnte meinen Vater bitten, daß er mir zu-
schickte mehr denn zwölf Legion Engel? Wie
würde aber die Schrift erfüllet? Es muß also
gehen.

Zu der Stund sprach Jesus zu den Scharen:
Ihr seid ausgegangen als zu einem Mörder, mit
Schwertern und mit Stangen, mich zu fahen;
bin ich doch täglich bei euch gesessen und
habe gelehret im Tempel, und ihr habt mich
nicht gegriffen. Aber das ist alles geschehen,
daß erfüllet würden die Schriften der Prophe-
ten.
Da verließen ihn alle Jünger und flohen.

O Mensch, beweine dein Sünde groß,
Darum Christus seins Vaters Schoß
äußert und kam auf Erden;
Von einer Jungfrau rein und zart
Für uns er hie geboren ward,
Er wollt der Mittler werden.
Den Toten er das Leben gab
Und legt darbei all Krankheit ab,
Bis sich die Zeit herdrange,
Daß er für uns geopfert würd,
Trüg unsrer Sünden schwere Bürd
Wohl an dem Kreuze lange.

Part Two

Ach! nun ist mein Jesus hin!
Wo ist denn dein Freund hingegangen,
O du Schönste unter den Weibern?
Ist es möglich, kann ich schauen?
Wo hat sich dein Freund hingewandt?
Ach! mein Lamm in Tigerklauen,
Ach! wo ist mein Jesus hin?
So wollen wir mit dir ihn suchen.

And while he was speaking still, behold, there came Judas, one of the twelve, and with him came a great crowd with swords and with clubs from the chief priests and elders of the people. And the betrayer had given them a signal already and had said: "He whom I shall kiss, is he, him take ye!" At that he went up to Jesus and said:

My greetings to thee, Rabbi!

And gave him a kiss. Jesus, though, said to him:

My friend, wherefore art thou come here?

Then came the others forth and, laying their hands upon Jesus, they captured him.

Thus hath my Jesus now been taken.

Free him, hold off, bind him not!

Moon and light

Are in sorrow set and hidden,

For my Jesus hath been taken.

Free him, hold off, bind him not!

They lead him off, he is in fetters.

Hath lightning, hath thunder
in clouds fully vanished?

Lay open thy fire's raging chasm, O hell, then,

Now ruin, demolish, devour, now shatter

With suddenmost wrath

The lying betrayer, that murderous blood!

And lo now, one of that number, who were there with Jesus, did stretch out his hand then and struck the slave of the chief priest and cut off his ear. Then said Jesus to him:

Put back thy sword into its place; for all who take the sword must by the sword perish. Or dost thou then think that I could not appeal unto my Father that to me he send forth more than twelve legions of angels? How would the scripture, though, be fulfilled? It must be this way.

At this hour said Jesus to the many:

Ye are now come forward as against a murderer, with swords and with clubs now to take me; but I have daily been sitting with you and have been there teaching in the temple, and ye did not ever seize me. But all this is now come to pass, to bring fulfillment to the scriptures of the prophets.

Then did all the disciples flee and forsake him.

O man, bewail thy sins so great,
For which Christ did his Father's lap
Reveal and came to earth here;
And of a virgin pure and mild
For us he here to birth did come
To be the Intercessor.

Unto the dead he granted life

And put off all infirmity

Until the time pressed forward

That he for us be sacrificed;

He bore our sins' most grievous weight

Upon the cross, long suff'ring.

Ah, now is my Jesus gone!

Where is then thy friend now departed,

O thou fairest of all the women?

Is it granted, can I see him?

Where hath he thy friend gone away?

Ah, my lamb in tiger's clutches,

Ah, where is my Jesus gone?

We will with thee now go and seek him.

Ach! was soll ich der Seele sagen,

Wenn sie mich wird ängstlich fragen?

Ach! wo ist mein Jesus hin?

Die aber Jesum gegriffen hatten, führten ihn zu dem Hohenpriester Kaiphas, dahin die Schriftgelehrten und Ältesten sich versammelt hatten. Petrus aber folgte ihm nach von ferne bis in den Palast des Hohenpriesters und ging hinein und setzte sich bei die Knechte, auf daß er sähe, wo es hinaus wollte. Die Hohenpriester aber und Ältesten und der ganze Rat suchten falsche Zeugnis wider Jesum, auf daß sie ihn töteten, und funden keines.

Mir hat die Welt trüglich gericht'

Mit Lügen und mit falschem G'dicht,

Viel Netz und heimlich Stricke.

Herr, nimm mein wahr in dieser G'fahr,

B'hüt mich für falschen Tücken!

Und wiewohl viel falsche Zeugen herzutraten, funden sie doch keins. Zuletzt traten herzu zweien falsche Zeugen und sprachen:

Er hat gesagt: Ich kann den Tempel Gottes abbrechen und in dreien Tagen denselben bauen.

Und der Hohepriester stund auf und sprach zu ihm:

Antwortest du nichts zu dem, das diese wider dich zeugen?

Aber Jesus schwieg stille.

Mein Jesus schweigt

Zu falschen Lügen stille,

Um uns damit zu zeigen,

Daß sein Erbarmens voller Wille

Vor uns zum Leiden sei geneigt,

Und daß wir in dergleichen Pein

Ihm sollen ähnlich sein

Und in Verfolgung stille schweigen.

Geduld!

Wenn mich falsche Zungen stechen.

Leid ich wider meine Schuld

Schimpf und Spott,

Ei, so mag der liebe Gott

Meines Herzens Unschuld rächen.

Und der Hohepriester antwortete und sprach zu ihm:

Ich beschwöre dich bei dem lebendigen Gott, daß du uns sagest, ob du seiest Christus, der Sohn Gottes?

Jesus sprach zu ihm:

Du sagest's. Doch sage ich euch: Von nun an wird's geschehen, daß ihr sehen werdet des Menschen Sohn sitzen zur Rechten der Kraft und kommen in den Wolken des Himmels.

Da zerriß der Hohepriester seine Kleider und sprach:

Er hat Gott gelästert; was dürfen wir weiter Zeugnis? Siehe, itzt habt ihr seine Gotteslästerung gehöret. Was dünket euch?

Sie antworteten und sprachen:

Er ist des Todes schuldig!

Da speieten sie aus in sein Angesicht und schlugen ihn mit Fäusten. Etliche aber schlugen ihn ins Angesicht und sprachen:

Weissage uns, Christe, wer ist's, der dich schlug?

Ah, what shall I say to my spirit

When it doth in anguish ask me:

Ah, where is my Jesus gone?

But those, however, who had seized Jesus led him away to the chief priest, who was Caiphaz, there where the learned scribes and the elders already had assembled. Peter, though, had followed him from a distance up to the palace of the chief priest and went inside and sat himself near the servants, that he might see what the outcome would be. The chief priests, though, and also the elders and the whole assembly sought untrue witness against Jesus in order to kill him, and they did find none.

The world hath judged me with deceit,

With lying and with false conceit,

With nets and snares in secret.

Lord, me regard, in this distress,

Guard me from false deceptions.

And although there came there many false witnesses, they still did find none. At last entered therein two false informants and said:

He hath declared: "God's temple can I fully demolish and within three days' time I can rebuild it."

And the chief priest then stood up and said to him:

Replies thou nought to that which they have witnessed against thee?

But Jesus kept silent.

My Jesus keeps

Amidst false lies his silence,

To show us by example

That his dear mercy's full intention

For us to suffer now inclines,

In order that within such pain

We should resemble him,

In persecution keep our silence.

Forbear,

Though deceiving tongues may sting me!

Though I suffer, innocent,

Mocking scorn,

Ah, then may the Lord above

Give my guiltless heart its vengeance.

And the chief priest then, answering, spake thus to him:

I adjure thee in the name of the living God, that thou shouldst tell us, if thou art the Christ, the Son of God.

Jesus said to him:

Thou sayest. But I say to you: from henceforth it will happen that ye shall behold the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven.

Thereupon the chief priest rent his clothes asunder and said:

God hath he blasphemed; what need we of further witness? See here, now have ye heard his blasphemy against God. What is your judgment?

They answeréd and said:

He is of death deserving!

Then did they spit upon his countenance and struck him with their fists. Some, though, there were who struck him upon his face and said:

Foretell it us, Christ Lord, tell us who struck thee!

Please turn page quietly. . .

Wer hat dich so geschlagen,
Mein Heil, und dich mit Plagen
So übel zugericht?
Du bist ja nicht ein Sünder
Wie wir und unsre Kinder;
Von Missetaten weißt du nicht.

Petrus aber saß draußen im Palast; und es trat zu ihm eine Magd und sprach:
Und du warest auch mit dem Jesu aus Galiläa.
Er leugnete aber vor ihnen allen und sprach:
Ich weiß nicht, was du sagest.
Als er aber zur Tür hinausging, sahe ihn eine andere und sprach zu denen, die da waren:
Dieser war auch mit dem Jesu von Nazareth.
Und er leugnete abermal und schwur dazu:
Ich kenne des Menschen nicht.
Und über eine kleine Weile traten hinzu, die da stunden, und sprachen zu Petro:
Wahrlich, du bist auch einer von denen; denn deine Sprache verrät dich.
Da hub er an, sich zu verfluchen und zu schwören:

Ich kenne des Menschen nicht.
Und alsbald krähete der Hahn. Da dachte Petrus an die Worte Jesu, da er zu ihm sagte: Ehe der Hahn krähen wird, wirst du mich dreimal verleugnen. Und ging heraus und weinete bitterlich.

Erbarme dich,
Mein Gott, um meiner Zähren willen!
 Schau hier,
 Herz und Auge weint vor dir
 Bitterlich.

Bin ich gleich von dir gewichen,
Stell ich mich doch wieder ein;
Hat uns doch dein Sohn verglichen
Durch sein' Angst und Todespein.
Ich verleugne nicht die Schuld;
Aber deine Gnad und Huld
Ist viel größer als die Sünde,
Die ich stets in mir befinde.

Des Morgens aber hielten alle Hohepriester und die Ältesten des Volks einen Rat über Jesum, daß sie ihn töteten. Und bunden ihn, fuhreten ihn hin und überantworteten ihn dem Landpfleger Pontio Pilato. Da das sahe Judas, der ihn verraten hatte, daß er verdammt war zum Tode, gereuete es ihn und brachte hervieder die dreißig Silberlinge den Hohenpriestern und Ältesten und sprach:

Ich habe übel getan, daß ich unschuldig Blut verraten habe.
Sie sprachen:
Was gehet uns das an? Da siehe du zu!
Und er warf die Silberlinge in den Tempel, hub sich davon, ging hin und erhängete sich selbst. Aber die Hohenpriester nahmen die Silberlinge und sprachen:
Es taugt nicht, daß wir sie in den Gotteskasten legen, denn es ist Blutgeld.

Gebt mir meinen Jesum wieder!
 Seht, das Geld, den Mörderlohn,
 Wirft euch der verlorne Sohn
 Zu den Füßen nieder!

Sie hielten aber einen Rat und kauften einen Töpfersacker darum zum Begräbnis der Pilger. Daher ist derselbige Acker genennet der Blutacker bis auf den

Who hath thee thus so smitten,
My health, and thee tormented,
So evilly abused?
Thou art indeed no sinner
Like us and our descendants;
Of evil deeds thou knowest not.

Peter, meanwhile, sat outside in the court; and there came to him a maid and said:
And thou wast also with Jesus of Galilee.
But he then denied this before them all and said:
I know not what thou sayest.
But when he went out to the porch, he was seen by another maid, who said to those who were there:
This man was also with Jesus of Nazareth.
And once more did he deny it and with an oath:
I know nothing of the man.
And when a little time had passed, there came to him those who were present and said to Peter:
Truly, thou art one of those men also; for thine own speech doth betray thee.
Then he began to invoke a curse upon himself and to swear:
I know nothing of the man.
And at this moment the cock crew. Then Peter thought back to the words of Jesus, when he said unto him: "Before the cock shall have crowed, wilt three times thou have denied me." And he went out and wept with great bitterness.

Have mercy Lord,
My God, because of this my weeping!
 Look thou here,
 Heart and eyes now weep for thee
 Bitterly.

Though I now have thee forsaken,
I will once again return;
For thy Son hath reconciled us
Through his agony and death.
I deny no whit my guilt;
But thy mercy and thy grace
Are much greater than the failings
Which I ever find within me.

When morning came, however, all the chief priests and the elders of the people took council concerning Jesus, that they might put him to death. And binding him, they led him away and handed him over unto the governor Pontius Pilatus. And when Judas saw this, the one who had betrayed him, that he had been condemned to death, it gave him great remorse, and, bringing back again the thirty silver pieces unto the chief priests and elders, he said:
I have committed a sin, for I have innocent blood here betrayed.
They said:
How doth that us concern? See to it thyself!
And he cast the silver pieces in the temple, rose up from there, went forth and then hanged himself at once. But the chief priests took the silver pieces and said: We cannot lawfully put them in the temple treasury, for this is blood money.

Give back this my Jesus to me!
 See the price, this murder's wage,
 Thrown by this the fallen son
 At your feet before you!

So they took counsel once again and bought with them a potter's field set aside for the burial of strangers. Therefore is this selfsame field also known

heutigen Tag. Da ist erfüllet, das gesagt ist durch den Propheten Jeremias, da er spricht: „Sie haben genommen dreißig Silberlinge, damit bezahlet ward der Verkaufte, welchen sie kauften von den Kindern Israel, und haben sie gegeben um einen Töpfersacker, als mir der Herr befohlen hat.“ Jesus aber stund vor dem Landpfleger; und der Landpfleger fragte ihn und sprach:

Bist du der Jüden König?
Jesus aber sprach zu ihm:
Du sagest's.
Und da er verklagt war von den Hohenpriestern und Ältesten, antwortete er nichts. Da sprach Pilatus zu ihm:
Hörest du nicht, wie hart sie dich verklagen?
Und er antwortete ihm nicht auf ein Wort, also, daß sich auch der Landpfleger sehr verwunderte.

Befiehl du deine Wege
Und was dein Herze kränkt
Der allertreusten Pflege
Des, der den Himmel lenkt.
Der Wolken, Luft und Winden
Gibt Wege, Lauf und Bahn,
Der wird auch Wege finden,
Da dein Fuß gehen kann.

Auf das Fest aber hatte der Landpfleger Gewohnheit, dem Volk einen Gefangenen loszugeben, welchen sie wollten. Er hatte aber zu der Zeit einen Gefangenen, einen sonderlichen vor andern, der hieß Barrabas. Und da sie versammelt waren, sprach Pilatus zu ihnen:
Welchen wollet ihr, daß ich euch losgebe? Barabam oder Jesum, von dem gesaget wird, er sei Christus?
Denn er wußte wohl, daß sie ihn aus Neid überantwortet hatten. Und da er auf dem Richtstuhl saß, schickete sein Weib zu ihm und ließ ihm sagen:
Habe du nichts zu schaffen mit diesem Gerechten; ich habe heute viel erlitten im Traum von seinetwegen!
Aber die Hohenpriester und die Ältesten überredeten das Volk, daß sie um Barrabam bitten sollten und Jesum umbrächten. Da antwortete nun der Landpfleger und sprach zu ihnen:
Welchen wollt ihr unter diesen zweien, den ich euch soll losgeben?
Sie sprachen: Barrabam!
Pilatus sprach zu ihnen:
Was soll ich denn machen mit Jesu, von dem gesaget wird, er sei Christus?
Sie sprachen alle: Laß ihn kreuzigen!

Wie wunderbarlich ist doch diese Strafe!
Der gute Hirte leidet für die Schafe,
Die Schuld bezahlt der Herre, der Gerechte,
Für seine Knechte.

Der Landpfleger sagte:
Was hat er denn Übels getan?

Er hat uns allen wohlgetan,
Den Blinden gab er das Gesicht,
Die Lahmen macht er gehend,
Er sagt uns seines Vaters Wort,
Er trieb die Teufel fort,
Betäubte hat er aufgerichtet',
Er nahm die Sünder auf und an.
Sonst hat mein Jesus nichts getan.

as the Field of Blood from then to this very day. Thus is fulfilled what was told before by the prophet Jeremiah, when he saith: "And they have accepted thirty silver pieces, with which to pay the price of one purchased, whom they had purchased from the children of Israel, and they have given it to buy a potter's field, as the Lord hath commanded me." Jesus meanwhile stood before the governor; and the governor questioned him and said:

Art thou the King of the Jews?

Jesus then replied to him:

Thou sayest it.

And when he was charged by the chief priests and the elders, he made no reply. Then said Pilate unto him:

Hearst thou not how harshly they accuse thee?

And he answered him to never a word, such that the governor was also much amazed at him.

Commend thou all thy pathways

And all that grieves thy heart

To the most faithful keeping

Of him who ruleth heav'n.

To clouds and air and breezes

He gives their course to run,

He will find pathways also

Whereon thy foot may walk.

But upon this feast the governor had the custom of setting free a prisoner to the people, whom they had chosen. He had, however, on this occasion a prisoner, who stood out above the others, whose name was Barabbas. And when they had come together, Pilate said unto them:

Which one would ye have that I release unto you? Barabbas or Jesus, of whom it is said that he is the Christ?

For he knew full well that it was for envy that they had delivered him. And as he sat upon the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him and gave this message: Have thou nothing to do with this righteous man; for I today have suffered much in a dream because of him!

Nevertheless the chief priests and the elders had now persuaded the crowd, that they should ask for Barabbas and destroy Jesus. And in answer now, the governor said unto them:

Which one would ye have of these two men here, that I set free to you?

And they said: Barabbas!

And Pilate said unto them:

What shall I then do with Jesus, of whom it is said that he is Christ?

And they all said: Have him crucified!

How awe-inspiring is indeed this sentence!

The worthy shepherd for his flock now suffers; The debt he pays, the master, he the righteous, For all his servants.

The governor said then:

Why, what evil hath this man done?

He hath us all so richly blessed,
The blind he hath returned their sight,
The lame he leaveth walking,
He tells us of his Father's word,
He drives the devil forth,
The troubled hath he lifted up,
He took the sinners to himself.
Else hath my Jesus nothing done.

Aus Liebe,
Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben,
Von einer Sünde weiß er nichts.

Daß das ewige Verderben
Und die Strafe des Gerichts
Nicht auf meiner Seele bliebe.

Sie schriehen aber noch mehr und sprachen:

Laß ihn kreuzigen!

Da aber Pilatus sahe, daß er nichts schaffete, sondern daß ein viel großer Getümmel ward, nahm er Wasser und wusch die Hände vor dem Volk und sprach:

Ich bin unschuldig an dem Blut dieses Gerechten, sehet ihr zu.

Da antwortete das ganze Volk und sprach:

Sein Blut komme über uns und unsre Kinder.

Da gab er ihnen Barrabam los; aber Jesum ließ er geißeln und überantwortete ihn, daß er gekreuziget würde.

Erbarm es Gott!

Hier steht der Heiland angebunden.

O Geißelung, o Schläg, o Wunden!

Ihr Henker, haltet ein!

Erweicht euch

Der Seelen Schmerz,

Der Anblick solches Jammers nicht?

Ach ja! ihr habt ein Herz,

Das muß der Martersäule gleich

Und noch viel härter sein.

Erbarmt euch, haltet ein!

Können Tränen meiner Wangen

Nichts erlangen,

O, so nehmt mein Herz hinein!

Aber laßt es bei den Fluten,

Wenn die Wunden milde bluten,

Auch die Opferschale sein!

Da nahmen die Kriegsknechte des Landpflegers Jesum zu sich in das Richthaus und sammelten über ihn die ganze Schar und zogen ihn aus und legeten ihm einen Purpurmantel an und flochten eine dornene Krone und setzten sie auf sein Haupt und ein Rohr in seine rechte Hand und beugeten die Knie vor ihm und spotteten ihn und sprachen:

Gegrüßet seist du, Jüdenkönig!

Und speieten ihn an und nahmen das Rohr und schlugen damit sein Haupt.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,

Voll Schmerz und voller Hohn,

O Haupt, zu Spott gebunden

Mit einer Dornenkron,

O Haupt, sonst schön gezieret

Mit höchster Ehr und Zier,

Jetzt aber hoch schimpfietet,

Gegrüßet seist du mir!

Du edles Angesichte,

Dafür sonst schrickt und scheut

Das große Weltgerichte,

Wie bist du so bespeit;

Wie bist du so erleichtet!

Wer hat dein Augenlicht,

Dem sonst kein Licht nicht gleichet,

So schändlich zugericht'?

For love now,

For love now would my Savior perish,

Of any sin he knoweth nought.

That eternal condemnation

And the sentence of the court

Not upon my soul continue.

They cried again even more and said:

Have him crucified!

But when Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, rather that a much greater disturbance grew, he took water and washed his hands before the crowd and said:

I am not guilty for the blood of this just person, see ye to it.

Thereupon answered all the people and said:

His blood come upon us then and on our children.

To them he then set Barabbas free; but he had Jesus scourged and then delivered him up, that he might be crucified.

Have mercy, God!

Here stands the Savior, bound and fettered.

Such scourging this, such blows, such wounding!

Ye hangmen, stop your work!

Do ye not feel

Your spirit's grief,

The vision of such pain and woe?

Ah yes! Ye have a heart

Which must be like the whipping post

And e'en much harder still.

Have mercy, stop your work!

If the tears upon my cheeks can

Nought accomplish,

Oh, then take my heart as well!

But then let amidst the streaming

Of the wounds' abundant bleeding

Be the sacrificial cup!

And then did the governor's soldiers take Jesus into the praetorium and gathered before him there all the troops, and they did strip him and put upon him a purple robe and plaited a crown of thorns and set it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand and then they bent their knees before him, both mocking him and saying:

All hail now to thee, King of the Jews!

And spat upon his face and, taking the reed, they struck him upon his head.

O head of blood and wounding,

Of pain and scorn so full,

O Head, for spite now fettered

Beneath a crown of thorns,

O head, once fair and lovely,

With highest praise adorned,

But highly now insulted,

All hail to thee, I say!

Thou countenance so noble,

At which should shrink and quail

The mighty world's great burden,

How spat upon thou art;

How pale thou art become now!

Who hath thine eyes' bright light,

Alike no other light once,

So shamefully abused?

Und da sie ihm verspottet hatten, zogen sie ihm den Mantel aus und zogen ihm seine Kleider an und führten ihn hin, daß sie ihn kreuzigten. Und indem sie hinausgingen, funden sie einen Menschen von Kyrene mit Namen Simon; den zwungen sie, daß er ihm sein Kreuz trug.

Ja freilich will in uns das Fleisch und Blut
Zum Kreuz gezwungen sein;
Je mehr es unsrer Seele gut,
Je herber geht es ein.

Komm, süßes Kreuz, so will ich sagen,
Mein Jesu, gib es immer her!
Wird mir mein Leiden einst zu schwer,
So hilfst du mir es selber tragen.

Und da sie an die Stätte kamen mit Namen Golgatha, das ist verdeutschet Schädelstätt, gaben sie ihm Essig zu trinken mit Gallen vermischet; und da er's schmeckte, wollte er's nicht trinken. Da sie ihn aber gekreuziget hatten, teilten sie seine Kleider und warfen das Los darum, auf daß erfüllet würde, das gesagt ist durch den Propheten: „Sie haben meine Kleider unter sich geteilet, und über mein Gewand haben sie das Los geworfen.“ Und sie saßen allda und hüteten sein. Und oben zu seinen Häupten hefteten sie die Ursach seines Todes beschrieben, nämlich: „Dies ist Jesus, der Jüden König.“ Und da wurden zween Mörder mit ihm gekreuziget, einer zur Rechten und einer zur Linken. Die aber vorübergingen, lästerten ihn und schüttelten ihre Köpfe und sprachen:

Der du den Tempel Gottes zerbrichst und bauest ihn in dreien Tagen, hilf dir selber! Bist du Gottes Sohn, so steig herab vom Kreuz!

Desgleichen auch die Hohenpriester spotteten sein samt den Schriftgelehrten und Ältesten und sprachen:

Andern hat er geholfen und kann sich selber nicht helfen. Ist er der König Israel, so steige er nun vom Kreuz, so wollen wir ihm glauben. Er hat Gott vertrauet, der erlöse ihn nun, lüset's ihn; denn er hat gesagt: Ich bin Gottes Sohn. Desgleichen schmäheten ihn auch die Mörder, die mit ihm gekreuziget waren.

Ach Golgatha, unselges Golgatha!
Der Herr der Herrlichkeit muß
schimpflich hier verderben.
Der Segen und das Heil der Welt
Wird als ein Fluch ans Kreuz gestellt.
Der Schöpfer Himmels und der Erden
Soll Erd und Luft entzogen werden.
Die Unschuld muß hier schuldig sterben,
Das gehet meiner Seele nah;
Ach Golgatha, unselges Golgatha!

Sehet, Jesus hat die Hand,
Uns zu fassen, ausgespannt,
Kommt!—Wohin?—in Jesu Armen
Sucht Erlösung, nehmt Erbarmen,
Suchet!—Wo?—in Jesu Armen.
Lebet, sterbet, ruhet hier,
Ihr verlaßnen Küchlein ihr,
Bleibet—Wo?—in Jesu Armen.

Und von der sechsten Stunde an war eine Finsternis über das ganze Land bis zu der neunten Stunde. Und um die neunte Stunde schrie Jesus laut und sprach:

And after they had mocked and scorned him, they removed the robe from him and put his own raiment upon him and led him away, that they might crucify him. And after they went out, they found a man who came from Cyrene, whose name was Simon; and they compelled him to bear his cross.

Yea truly, would in us our flesh and blood
Be forced upon the cross;
The more it doth our spirit good,
The grimmer it becomes.

Come, O sweet cross, thus I'll confess it:
My Jesus, give it evermore!
Whene'er my burden be too grave,
Then thou thyself dost help me bear it.

And when they came unto a place with the name of Golgotha, which is to say, the place of a skull, they did give him vinegar to drink which had been mixed with gall; and when he tasted it, he refused to drink it. But after they had crucified him, they divided his garments by casting lots for them, that it might be accomplished what had once been said by the prophet: "They have divided all my garments among them and over mine own vesture did they cast lots." And they sat all around and guarded him there. And over his head they fastened the reason for his death in writing, namely: "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." And with him were two murderers also crucified, one on the right hand, another on the left. And those who there passed by derided him both wagging their heads before him and saying:

Thou who dost God's own temple destroy and buildest it within three days' time, save thyself now! If thou art God's Son, then climb down from the cross!

In like wise did also the chief priests ridicule him and together with the scribes and elders say:

Others brought he salvation and can himself yet not save now. Is he the King of Israel? Let him climb down from the cross and we will then believe him. In God hath he trusted, let him save him then now, if he will, for he hath declared: "I am Son of God."

In like wise did the murderers also mock him, who with him had been crucified.

Ah Golgotha, unhappy Golgotha!
The Lord of majesty must
scornfully here perish,
The saving blessing of the world
Is placed as scorn upon the cross.
Creator of both earth and heaven
From earth and air must now be taken.
The guiltless must here die guilty,
Which pierceth deep into my soul;
Ah Golgotha, unhappy Golgotha!

See ye, Jesus hath his hand,
Us to capture, now outstretched,
Come!—Where to?—In Jesus' bosom
Seek redemption, take his mercy,
Seek it—Where?—in Jesus' bosom!
Living, dying, rest ye here,
Ye forsaken little chicks,
Bide ye—where?—in Jesus' bosom.

And from the sixth hour on there was a darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried aloud and said:

Eli, Eli, lama asabthani?

Das ist: Mein Gott, mein Gott, warum hast du mich verlassen? Etliche aber, die da stunden, da sie das hörten, sprachen sie:

Der ruft dem Elias!

Und bald lief einer unter ihnen, nahm einen Schwamm und füllte ihn mit Essig und steckte ihn auf ein Rohr und tränkete ihn. Die andern aber sprachen:

Halt! Laß sehen, ob Elias komme und ihm helfe?

Aber Jesus schrie abermal laut und verschied.

Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden,
So scheid nicht von mir,
Wenn ich den Tod soll leiden,
So tritt du denn herfür!
Wenn mir am allerbängsten
Wird um das Herze sein,
So reiß mich aus den Ängsten
Kraft deiner Angst und Pein!

Und siehe da, der Vorhang im Tempel zerriß in zwei Stück von oben an bis unten aus. Und die Erde erbebete, und die Felsen zerrissen, und die Gräber täten sich auf, und stunden auf viel Leiber der Heiligen, die da schliefen, und gingen aus den Gräbern nach seiner Auferstehung und kamen in die heilige Stadt und erschienen vielen. Aber der Hauptmann und die bei ihm waren und bewahren Jesum, da sie sahen das Erdbeben und was da geschah, erschranken sie sehr und sprachen:

Wahrlich, dieser ist Gottes Sohn gewesen.

Und es waren viel Weiber da, die von ferne zusahen, die da waren nachgefolget aus Galiläa und hatten ihm gedienet, unter welchen war Maria Magdalena und Maria, die Mutter Jacobi und Joses, und die Mutter der Kinder Zebedäi. Am Abend aber kam ein reicher Mann von Arimathia, der hieß Joseph, welcher auch ein Jünger Jesu war, der ging zu Pilato und bat ihn um den Leichnam Jesu. Da befahl Pilatus, man sollte ihm ihn geben.

Am Abend, da es kühle war,
Ward Adams Fallen offenbar;
Am Abend drücket ihn der Heiland nieder.
Am Abend kam die Taube wieder
Und trug ein Ölblatt in dem Munde.
O schöne Zeit! O Abendstunde!
Der Friedensschluß ist nun mit Gott gemacht,
Denn Jesus hat sein Kreuz vollbracht.
Sein Leichnam kömmt zur Ruh,
Ach! liebe Seele, bitte du,
Geh, lasse dir den toten Jesum schenken,
O heilsames, o köstlichs Angedenken!

Eli, Eli, lama asabthani?

That is: "My God, my God, wherefore hast thou me forsaken?" But there were some who stood about there who, when they heard that, spake thus:

He calleth to Elias!

And straightway one of them ran forth, who took a sponge and, filling it with vinegar, and placing it upon a reed, gave him to drink. The others said, however:

Stop! Let us see if Elias will come forth and save him.

But Jesus cried again aloud and was dead.

When I one day must leave here,

Yet do thou not leave me;

When I my death must suffer,

Come forth thou then to me!

And when most anxious trembling

Hath once my heart possessed,

Then free me from my anguish

Through thine own fear and pain!

And lo, behold: the curtain of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. And the earth was filled with quaking, and the cliffs split asunder, and the graves themselves opened up, and there rose up the bodies of many saints who were sleeping, and they came out of the graves after his resurrection and came into the holy city and appeared to many. But the centurion and those who were with him and were watching over Jesus, when they witnessed the earthquake and all that there occurred, were sore afraid and said:

Truly, this man was God's own Son most truly.

And there were many women there, who looked on from a distance, having followed after him from Galilee and ministered unto him, in whose number was Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James and Joseph, and the mother of the children of Zebedee. At evening, though, there came a wealthy man of Arimathea, whose name was Joseph, who was also a disciple of Jesus, who went to Pilate and asked him for the body of Jesus. Then Pilate ordered that it be given to him.

At eventide, when it was cool,

Was Adam's fall made manifest;

At eventide the Savior overwhelmed him.

At eventide the dove returneth,

Its mouth an olive branch now bearing.

O time so fair! O evening hour!

The pact of peace is now with God complete,

For Jesus hath his cross fulfilled.

His body comes to rest,

Ah, thou my spirit, hearken thou,

Go, let them give thee Jesus' lifeless body,

How healing this, how precious this memorial!

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein,

Ich will Jesum selbst begraben.

Denn er soll nunmehr in mir

Für und für

Seine süße Ruhe haben.

Welt, geh aus, laß Jesum ein!

Und Joseph nahm den Leib und wickelte ihn in ein rein Leinwand und legte ihn in sein eigen neu Grab, welches er hatte lassen in einen Fels hauen, und wälzete einen großen Stein vor die Tür des Grabes und ging davon. Es war aber allda Maria Magdalene und die andere Maria, die satzten sich gegen das Grab. Des andern Tages, der da folget nach dem Rüsttage, kamen die Hohenpriester und Pharisäer sämtlich zu Pilato und sprachen:

Herr, wir haben gedacht, daß dieser Verführer sprach, da er noch lebete: Ich will nach dreien Tagen wieder auferstehen. Darum befiehl, daß man das Grab verwahre bis an den dritten Tag, auf daß nicht seine Jünger kommen und stehlen ihn und sagen zu dem Volk: Er ist auferstanden von den Toten, und werde der letzte Betrug ärger denn der erste!

Pilatus sprach zu ihnen:

Da habt ihr die Hüter; gehet hin und verwahret's, wie ihr's wisset!

Sie gingen hin und verwahreten das Grab mit Hütern und versiegelten den Stein.

Nun ist der Herr zur Ruh gebracht.

Mein Jesu, gute Nacht!

Die Müh ist aus, die unsre Sünden ihm gemacht.

Mein Jesu, gute Nacht!

O selige Gebeine,

Seht, wie ich euch mit Buß und Reu beweine,

Daß euch mein Fall in solche Not gebracht!

Mein Jesu, gute Nacht!

Habt lebenslang

Vor euer Leiden tausend Dank,

Daß ihr mein Seelenheil so wert geacht'.

Mein Jesu, gute Nacht!

Wir setzen uns mit Tränen nieder

Und rufen dir im Grabe zu:

Ruhe sanfte, sanfte ruh!

Ruht, ihr ausgesognen Glieder!

Euer Grab und Leichenstein

Soll dem ängstlichen Gewissen

Ein bequemes Ruhekissen

Und der Seelen Ruhstatt sein.

Höchst vergnügt schlummern da die Augen ein.

Make thyself, my heart, now pure,

I myself would Jesus bury.

For he shall henceforth in me

More and more

Find in sweet repose his dwelling.

World, depart, let Jesus in!

And Joseph took the body and wrapped it in a pure shroud of linen and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had had hewn within a rock, and rolled up a heavy stone in front of the door of this tomb and went away. In this place was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, who sat themselves next to the tomb. On the day after, the one after the Preparation, came the chief priests and the Pharisees together unto Pilate and said:

Sire, we have taken thought how once this deceiver said when he was still alive: "I will in three days' time again stand here arisen." Therefore, command that now the tomb be guarded until the three days pass, so none of his disciples come forth and steal him hence and to the people say: "He is risen from the dead," for thus will the final deceit be worse than the first one!

And Pilate said unto them:

Ye have your watchmen; go ye forth and secure it as best ye can!

So they went forth and made safe the tomb with watchmen and did seal in the stone.

Now is the Lord brought to his rest.

My Jesus, now good night!

The toil is o'er which all our sins have laid on him.

My Jesus, now good night!

O thou, most blessed body,

See how I weep with grief and sorrow for thee,

That thee my fall to such distress hath brought!

My Jesus, now good night!

Have all my life

For thy great passion countless thanks,

That thou my spirit's health such worth did pay.

My Jesus, now good night!

We lay ourselves with weeping prostrate

And cry to thee within the tomb:

Rest thou gently, gently rest!

Rest, O ye exhausted members!

This your tomb and this tombstone

Shall for ev'ry anguished conscience

Be a pillow of soft comfort

And the spirit's place of rest.

Most content, slumber here the eyes in rest.

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Program Notes

Johann Sebastian Bach

St. Matthew Passion, BWV 244

Bach was born in Eisenach, Germany, on March 21, 1685, and died in Leipzig on July 28, 1750. He composed this work in Leipzig during the late 1720s, scoring it for double chorus, children's chorus, six vocal soloists and two orchestras, each consisting of 2 flutes, 2 oboes (doubling oboe d'amore and English horn), bassoon, strings (including a viola da gamba) and continuo.

The tradition of presenting on Good Friday one of the four Gospel narratives which describe Jesus' suffering ("passion") and death dates back some 1,000 years and continues today in most liturgical churches. According to church tradition, texts from the Gospels can be chanted or read only by members of the clergy. Lay people, however, have traditionally been allowed to participate in the presentation of the Passion narratives, and it was this that allowed more elaborate musical settings of Passion texts to develop. From medieval times, these texts were chanted, a medium voice singing the words of the narrator ("Evangelist"), a lower voice singing those of Jesus and higher voices singing the words spoken by the Jews. By the late 1400s, Passion settings appeared in which the simple plainchants began to be embellished by the addition of more vocal lines to create harmonies. In the 17th century, Passions began to receive more operatic treatments: orchestral accompaniments were included, and the biblical passages began to be paraphrased or expanded by insertions of free poetic texts.

J.S. Bach composed five settings of the Passion story, only two of which survive: the *St. John Passion* of 1723, and the *St. Matthew Passion*, in which the zenith of "oratorio-style" Passion composition was reached. The work is a dramatic musical setting of Martin Luther's German translation of the 26th and 27th chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, with 28 additional texts for the arias and a few choruses written especially for the Passion by Picander, one of Bach's frequent collaborators. The composition of the work seems to have extended over a number of years, and appears not to have been completed even by the time of the Passion's performance on Good Friday 1729, thought by many to be the work's first presentation (it might have been performed for the first time on Good Friday, April 11, 1727; it was certainly presented on April 15, 1729, and on March 30, 1736, and it might have been performed in 1740 as well). In any event, the monumental masterpiece, as it has come down to us in an excellent autograph full score and a complete set of parts corresponding to the 1736 version, achieved its final form through a series of revisions and rearrangements. While highly popular today, the *St. Matthew Passion* descended into oblivion after 1740 and remained thus entombed for nearly a century until Felix Mendelssohn resurrected it in 1829.

The *St. Matthew Passion*, which has been called "the most noble and inspired treatment of its subject in the whole range of music," displays Bach's mastery of vocal and instrumental technique in a wide variety of musical forms, but remains consistent throughout in spiritual feeling. Bach makes frequent use of musical illustration ("tone painting") to enhance the meaning of the text and also employs abundant tonal, numerical and harmonic symbolism without doing the least violence to the aesthetic beauty of the music. The more musically and theologically sophisticated listeners of Bach's day would have understood and appreciated such subtleties, but they remain hidden from most of us today because we no longer speak this "musical language." The music of the *Passion* is indeed sublime and the text is immensely powerful emotionally, but it is the way in which Bach combines the music

with the text that distinguishes the *St. Matthew Passion* as the greatest sacred work ever composed. If you follow your translations, you will be better able to understand the story, and you will also gain deeper insight into the genius of Johann Sebastian Bach.

The *St. Matthew Passion* consists of approximately 24 "scenes" organized into two large parts, each framed by a pair of powerful choruses. Throughout the massive work, Bach employs double chorus and orchestra to produce highly dramatic choral dialogue and strongly compelling crowd scenes. As the story of Jesus' last days, his suffering, and his death unfolds, the solo tenor "Evangelist" serves as the narrator; the soloists sometimes portray the various individual characters in the drama, while at other times, in their arias, they represent the soul of the faithful Christian believer who meditates on the spiritual meanings of the events described; and the two choirs play the parts of the people of Jesus' day in the freely composed choruses and—when they sing Bach's incomparable chorale (hymn tune) settings—they represent the congregation of Bach's time as they ponder the implications of Christ's Passion for themselves as a church community. The formal structure of "story section followed by recitative and aria that comment upon the narrative" dominates the entire work. Following the musical and dramatic elements of the narrative with this in mind will help both to clarify the progressions in the work, and to explain the length of some of the pieces.

The opening and closing choruses of Part One each contain a chorale melody sung by a choir of treble voices. In the first chorus, a tremendous chorale-fantasia whose painfully throbbing bass line brings to mind a funeral procession, all of humankind is called to participate in the Passion story. Over its dialogue text (and some incredibly complex musical counterpoint), Bach presents the chorale tune "O Lamb of God Unspoiled" as an emotional counterpoint to the tragedy that follows.

A dramatic recitative begins the "Last Supper" portion of the Passion. Note that Jesus' words are always accompanied by a "halo" of strings (this is not the case in the *St. John Passion*, but the practice is descended directly from earlier sacred works, such as the *Seven Last Words on the Cross* by Heinrich Schütz).

As this section continues, Bach contrasts the chorale that asks what crime Jesus has committed with the scene that describes the elders, scribes and priests suggesting that Jesus not be killed during the feast of the Passover. Then follow descriptions of the woman anointing Jesus with expensive ointment, the disciples' chiding her for her wasteful action, and Jesus' rebuke of the disciples for their criticism. The ensuing alto recitative and aria complete the section with deeply personal comments on the preceding actions.

In a gentle chorus, the disciples ask Jesus where the Passover feast will be celebrated. The mood of His answer is again in direct contrast with that of the chorus. He says that one of them will betray Him; this, of course, Judas has already done. The disciples now ask, "Lord, is it I?" and in the chorus Bach sets the word "Lord" exactly 11 times, leaving the question from the twelfth disciple, Judas the betrayer, for the next recitative. Judas frames the question differently, asking, "Is it I, Rabbi?" Bach builds upon this distinction in setting up the actual betrayal scene that occurs later in the work, in which Judas will once again greet Jesus as "Rabbi."

The Passover supper scene contains the only real aria sung by Jesus in the entire work. Accompanied by the halo of strings, it is one of the most beautiful moments in the *Passion*. After the soprano recitative and aria, which comment on Jesus' words, comes one of the more descriptive of Jesus' recitatives. Notice the upward-moving scale, which starts in the cello and ends in the Evangelist's lines as Jesus and his disciples ascend the Mount of Olives. Bach

scatters the sheep with a very sprightly string accompaniment that takes a sober turn at the end of the section.

Next comes an illustration of Bach's use of tonality to make a philosophical point. The joyful chorale extolling the virtues of the Savior/Shepherd is in E major. Immediately come Peter's declaration that he will be absolutely faithful to Jesus whatever happens and Jesus' prediction that Peter will deny Him three times. The following chorale, "I will stand here beside Thee," is set one half-step lower, signifying the personal loss humankind must suffer through the example of the denial.

The next accompanied recitative and aria feature a solo tenor paired with a chorale melody sung by Choir II. The repeated-note pattern in low strings symbolizes the trembling, tormented heart. The combination in canon of recorder and English horn (in Bach's score, an oboe da caccia or "hunting oboe" that was curved like a hunting horn and pitched lower than today's "normal" oboe) is the first of the unique orchestrations Bach uses in the work. The wonder of these two movements is the great contrast between the uneasiness of the aria and the consoling comfort of the chorale.

In the bass recitative "The Savior falls low before His Father," the strings constantly move downward in an arpeggio figure, except when the text speaks of God's uplifting mercy. In the aria, the setting of the words fits the voice so perfectly that the opening ascending sixth on "gladly" emerges effortlessly. The wonderful chromatic setting of the words "Kreuz und Becher" ("Cross and cup") contrasts with the music of the second section of the aria, "His lips with milk and honey flowing" and demonstrates Bach's constant desire to heighten the emotional meaning of the text using all the devices at hand—he even changes the tonality from minor to major.

Leading to the end of Part One are the Evangelist's description of Jesus praying in the garden while none of His disciples are able to maintain the vigil with Him. Then soldiers and priests come to arrest Jesus and—in one of the most dramatic moments in the Evangelist's part—Judas says, "The one I kiss is he." In an almost tender exchange between Jesus and Judas, Jesus is recognized and taken.

The grief-filled duet that follows contains many canons and is reminiscent of the chorale melody. In Part One's opening chorus, questions from Choir II interrupt the music sung by Choir I; here, the crowd of disciples interrupts the duet, crying, "Loose Him, halt ye, bind Him not!" This leads into the explosive double chorus "Have lightning and thunder vanished in the clouds? Let Hell engulf the false betrayer!" Bach's use of antiphonal choruses and rapidly shifting harmonies in this piece is truly amazing for its time!

After a highly charged dramatic recitative comes the final chorus of the first part: "O Man, bewail thy grievous sin," Bach's loveliest setting of this chorale tune. This chorale-fantasia was originally intended to be the opening chorus of his *St. John Passion* (in a key a half-step lower), but Bach instead placed this piece here as a hopeful closing chorus.

(Between the two parts of the *Passion*, you will be able to move about and enjoy refreshments; Bach's listeners were treated to a sermon that probably lasted well over an hour!)

Part Two opens with an unusual dialogue between the alto soloist and Choir II. Note that, with each entrance of the chorus, the harmonies grow stranger and, in a way, wander further afield. The movement ends on a singularly unresolved note, with the alto asking, "Ah, where has my Jesus gone?"

The drama continues with the introduction of the two false witnesses who perform a strange duet in which the second witness

sings very mechanically after the first, as if he were taking care to repeat exactly a prearranged tale. Jesus, however, remains silent. The tenor recitative is accompanied by oboes and an arpeggiated figure in the cello, which plays exactly 39 "strokes," symbolizing the scourging of Jesus. In the aria, Bach uses great contrasts in setting the text, which depict the emotional meanings of the words "patience," "shame," "scorn" and "false tongues."

Jesus' trial in the Judgment Hall is followed by outbursts from the crowd. Here, as in the later crowd scenes, it is the job of the Evangelist to maintain the drama's tautness. Bach moves the story forward by keeping the Evangelist's interjections brief and energetic. The chorale that ends this section is particularly bittersweet.

Next comes Peter's denial of Jesus: Peter is asked by two individuals, and then by a group of people, if he knows who this man (Jesus) is. All three times Peter's reply is "no," and after each denial the cock crows. In the original clefs in which the piece was written, Peter's last line, "I know this man not," and the following line, "And immediately the cock crew," were identically written notes. The Evangelist's words, "And Peter went out and wept bitterly," and the ensuing alto aria with violin obbligato are two of the most intimate moments in the work.

There follows a very worldly return to the story. Judas tries to give back the 30 silver pieces—his betrayal fee—to the High Priests, but his attempt is in vain; the priests tell him that in no way can he absolve himself of the evil that he has done. In despair and remorse, Judas hangs himself. In the duet that follows, the two priests state that they cannot even put the "blood money" into the treasury; the bass plays 30 notes up to the end of the musical flurry on the word "legen" as the 30 pieces of silver are counted out. A bass aria with violin obbligato follows, this one contrasting strongly with the alto aria mentioned above.

Jesus' trial proceeds. Pilate asks the crowd which prisoner should be set free—their unanimous outburst is "Barabbas!" This exclamation is immediately followed by the "Crucify Him!" chorus, a fughetta (short fugue) with a jagged subject that describes tonally the ugliness of the crowd and the act of crucifixion.

The following soprano recitative and aria hold the heart of the entire Passion: "For love of me my Savior is dying." This aria's only accompanying instruments are obbligato flute and two mournful and haunting English horns. As the movement ends and a tranquil mood is established, the Evangelist interrupts and the crowd repeats the "Crucify Him!" chorus, this time a whole step higher in pitch as the chaotic crowd's hysteria and the musical tension escalate.

Pilate's attempts at ridding himself of guilt are thwarted by the polyphonic crowd chorus, "His blood be upon all of us and on our children." There follows an alto recitative and aria that depict the weeping of the believer's heart. The soldiers now array Jesus in a purple robe and a crown of thorns and mock Him (listen for the flutes) saying, "We hail thee, O King of the Jews." Then they spit on Him and strike His head with a reed, leading to the famous Passion chorale, "O head, full of blood and wounds."

When Jesus is being led away to be crucified, a man named Simon is compelled to carry his cross. This is depicted in an incredible bass aria accompanied by viola da gamba, whose difficult chords and ornaments, string crossings and dotted rhythms illustrate the dragging of the cross. The text speaks of sharing the burden with Jesus, as He bears the burdens of the people. The aria's length corresponds to the duration of the agonizing ordeal.

Mocking crowd choruses now ask Jesus why, if He is God's son, He cannot take Himself down from the cross. Bach orches-

trates the ensuing alto recitative and aria in an unusual manner using two English horns. Choir II interrupts the soloist, asking where “they,” the “forsaken little chicks,” should come for mercy, and receive the answer: to Jesus’ arms.

The next section describes the death of Jesus. Here—for the only time—as He asks why his Father has forsaken Him, Jesus’ words are not accompanied by the glow of strings, but by continuo organ and cello alone. Constantly harassed by the crowd, Jesus cries out His last words and expires. The choirs then sing together the last and most moving of the five settings of the Passion chorale that—in varying keys and harmonizations—appear throughout the work, almost as a refrain.

An earthquake rumbles in the accompaniment, and the graves of the righteous are opened. This terrifies the onlookers, prompting the captain of the guard and those with him to observe with awe, “Truly, this was the Son of God!” Bach sets this text in two measures of exquisite choral music—perhaps the most sublime

Solo Artists

Guest conductor **Hans-Jürgen Schnoor** has served as cantor and organist at the St. Jakobi Church in Lübeck, Germany, where he is a leading performer of early keyboard music and conductor of period-instrument performances of the works of Bach and other Baroque masters. Currently professor for harpsichord, basso continuo, early performance practice and music theory at the Lübeck Conservatory of Music, he directs the Neumünster Bach Choir, Concerto Lübeck and the Hamburg Consort (period instruments) and since 1980 has been music director at the Vicelinkirche in Neumünster. Mr. Schnoor has given numerous performances of all of the great works of Bach, as well as: Handel’s *Messiah*; Mozart’s *Requiem*, Mass in C Minor and *Idomeneo*; Beethoven’s Mass in C Major; Brahms’ *German Requiem*; and the Monteverdi *1610 Vespers*. He has made many solo recordings, including music of Weckmann and Bruhns, and much of the keyboard repertoire of J.S. Bach.

Tenor **Wesley Rogers** has been hailed by *San Francisco Classical Voice* as possessing the “kind of tenor that pours forth powerfully, effortlessly, seemingly for any length of time.” This season, Mr. Rogers sings Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni* with the National Theatre Opera Prague and makes an important debut as Belmonte in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* at the Semperoper Dresden, followed by performances of the Berlioz *Te Deum* at the University of California, Davis’ Mondavi Center. As a recent member of Seattle Opera’s Young Artist Program, he performed the role of Peter Quint in Britten’s *Turn of the Screw*. Performances on the Seattle Opera mainstage include roles in *Billy Budd*, *Fanciulla del West*, *Salome* and Daron Hagen’s *Amelia*. Recent concert engagements include Handel’s *Messiah* and Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion* with the American Bach Soloists, Britten’s *War Requiem* with OSSCS and Mozart’s *Coronation Mass* with EOS Orchestra. Other recent collaborations have included performances with Mark Morris Dance Company, Santa Fe Pro Musica, Seattle Baroque Orchestra, the Cabrillo Festival, Capella Romano, Tudor Choir, Opera Memphis, Sun Valley Center for the Arts and Pacific Northwest Ballet.

Bass **Erik Anstine** recently concluded his tenure as a Seattle Opera Young Artist, being featured in roles such as Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, Don Alfonso in *Così fan tutte* and Truffaldino in *Ariadne auf Naxos*. Previous concert engagements include performances with the Middle Tennessee Choral Society and Europäisches Musikfest Stuttgart, along with opera credits such as Peachum in Britten’s *Beggar’s Opera* and Falstaff in Nicolai’s *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*. Mr. Anstine was the 2009 Grand Prize winner (Student Division) of the Orpheus Vocal Competition and a 2008

passage in the entire work!

The Passion narrative is completed with a heartrendingly beautiful bass recitative and aria, but the musical work does not end here. The insolent crowd enters once more and—in a very rude chorus—intimates to Pilate that, if no guards are placed around Jesus’ tomb, His disciples will come in the night, steal His body and claim that He has been resurrected. Pilate permits a watch to be set; the guards are put in place as a stone is rolled across the mouth of the tomb, sealing it. Jesus is now bid goodnight in a sorrowful, yet adoring four-section recitative and chorus. The closing portion of the Passion, “Here at the grave we all sit weeping,” concludes the narrative of Jesus’ suffering on Good Friday. The Passion story remains unfinished at this point, however: there has as yet been no resurrection. We keep vigil, contemplating both the depth of our own wretchedness and the even greater depth of Jesus’ redemptive love.

—Lorelette Knowles

Central Region finalist in the Metropolitan Opera’s National Council Auditions. He makes his Seattle Opera debut next month in Mozart’s *Die Zauberflöte*.

Soprano **Jessica Robins Milanese** has been critically acclaimed for the depth and sparkle that she brings to her performances. *The Seattle Times* recently described her as “a praiseworthy, comely singer in vibrant voice and admirably graceful... even under fire.” Her stage performances include engagements with Tacoma Opera, Washington East Opera and Seattle Opera’s Young Artists Program. On the concert stage, Ms. Milanese has performed as a soloist with the Bremerton Symphony, Northwest Sinfonietta, Yakima Symphony, Federal Way Chorale and Kirkland Choral Society. With OSSCS she has sung the world premieres of two works by Huntley Beyer: *Songs of Illumination* and *The Turns of a Girl*.

Mezzo-soprano **Melissa Plagemann** has been praised by audiences and the press for her “clear, burnished voice” (*Tacoma News Tribune*) and “attractively expressive mezzo” (*Crosscut Seattle*). She performs frequently with the finest musical organizations throughout the Pacific Northwest, and is rapidly becoming known for the passion and musical intelligence she brings to performances on opera and concert stages alike. A first-prize winner in competitions of the Ladies’ Musical Club, the Seattle Musical Art Society and the Seattle Gilbert and Sullivan Society, she holds degrees from the University of Victoria and Indiana University. This season she performs *Nutcracker* with Pacific Northwest Ballet, *Messiah* with the Bellevue Philharmonic, Tacoma Symphony and OSSCS, and Puccini’s *Madame Butterfly* with Vashon Opera.

Tenor **Stephen Wall** has appeared frequently with OSSCS since 1985 and can be heard on the OSSCS recording of Handel’s *Messiah*. During that time he has also been featured in leading and supporting roles with Seattle Opera, in addition to roles with Portland Opera, Utah Festival Opera and Tacoma Opera, and appearances with the symphonies of Seattle, Vancouver, Spokane, Everett, Bellevue, Yakima, Pendleton, Great Falls and Sapporo (Japan). Mr. Wall has also served as the director for many musical theater productions and maintains an active voice studio in Seattle.

Baritone **Charles Robert Stephens** has performed leading roles with the New York City Opera and at Carnegie Hall with the Oratorio Society of New York, the Masterworks Chorus, Musica Sacra and with Opera Orchestra of New York. He regularly performs with distinguished ensembles such as New York’s Sacred Music in a Sacred Space, Seattle Pro Musica, Portland Chamber Orchestra and Portland Baroque. This season he debuts with the Oregon Symphony and Boston Early Music Festival and returns to the Seattle Symphony and Helena Symphony as well as OSSCS.

Viola da gambist **Ronnee Fullerton** is one of Seattle's most versatile early musicians. He performs on a variety of historical stringed instruments, including bass and treble violas da gamba, quinton, baroque and modern violin, lira da braccio, ud, vielle, psaltery and rebab. Mr. Fullerton has performed numerous recitals for the Early Music Guild of Seattle, is a music specialist for the Tacoma Public Schools, teaches for Pacific Northwest Viols and has taught at Baroque Northwest's Baroque Flute Boot Camp.

The **Columbia Choirs** of Metropolitan Seattle are an international award-winning, community-based, non-sectarian family of choirs training singers from age three through adult. Columbia Choirs founder-conductor and artistic director **Steve Stevens** started the choirs in February 1985. His choirs have performed throughout the world, appeared on network television in four countries and have sung for a President of the United States, the Pope, and for members of the British Royal Family.

Orchestra I

Violin

Jason Hershey
Manchung Ho
Pam Kummert
Jim Lurie
Stephen Provine**
Nicola Reilly
Kenna Smith-Shangrow
Janet Showalter*

Viola

Sid Hoaglund
Katherine McWilliams*
Robert Shangrow

Cello

Peter Ellis
Valerie Ross
Matthew Wyant*

Bass

Steven Messick

Flute

Shari Muller-Ho*
Jenna Calixto

Oboe

Glen Danielson
John Dimond*

Bassoon

Jeff Eldridge

Organ

Robert Kechley
Lisa Michele Lewis

Viola da Gamba

Ronnee Fullerton

Recorder

David Barnes
Kiki Hood

** *concertmaster*
* *principal*

Cello

Katie Sauter Messick*
Annie Roberts

Bass

Jo Hansen

Flute

Melissa Underhill*
Elana Sabovic Matt

Oboe

David Barnes*
Eric Brewster

Bassoon

Michel Jolivet

Orchestra II

Violin

Dean Drescher
Susan Herring
Maria Hunt
Fritz Klein**
Gregor Nitsche*
Leif-Ivar Pedersen
Theo Schaad
Beth Schmidt

Viola

Deborah Daoust*
Audrey Don
Lorraine Perrin
Karoline Vass

Chorus I

Soprano

Hilary Anderson
Crissa Cugini
Catherine Haight
Lila Woodruff May
Carol Sams
Nancy Shasteen
Melissa Thirloway
Liesel van Cleeff

Alto

Sharon Agnew
Julia Akoury Thiel
Suzanne Fry
Theodora Letz
Suzi Means
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Tenor

Ron Carson
Doug Machle
Victor Royer
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Bass

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Alto

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Jan Kinney
Lorelette Knowles
Laurie Medill
Annie Thompson

Tenor

Jon Lange
Timothy Lunde
Tom Nesbitt
Victor Royer

Chorus II

Soprano

Barb Anderson
Kyla DeRemer
Dana Durasoff
Cinda Freece
Kiki Hood
Achil Jackson
Jill Kraakmo
Peggy Kurtz
Pat Vetterlein

Chorale

Hailey Aid
Jodi Jett Babbitt
Emilie Babunovic
Alison Banchemo
Christina Bjarvin
Katie Brown
Katherine Buckley
Kaitlyn Condon

Julia Doherty
Miranda Elliott
Amanda Friemel
Leeda Ghassemi
Elise Glaser
Hayley Griffin
Karissa Hall
Abby Handley
Sarajane Holliday
Elizabeth Kepl

Rachel Kepl
Cassidy Kesinger
Tian Kisch
Gillian Lait
Sarah Lee
Kayla Luft
Thea Lund
Madison Martin
Martina Mayr
Andrew McGaw

Eric McGaw
Brieanna McGie
Peter Mulgrew
Susan Nichols
Emily Olthouse
Emily Pemberton
Emma Puryear
Kaitlin Puryear
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Darrell & Sue Newman

Stephen Provine & Jennifer Caine

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Margaret Ridgeway

Theo Schaad &

Barbara Schaad-Lamphere

Gary Sheridan

Geralyn Shreve

Jeff & Melissa Thirloway

Pieter & Tjitske van der Meulen

James van Zee

Harry & Jean Vye

Matthew Wyant & Bonnie Light

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Alfred & Joan Andenes

Hilary Anderson

Rebecca Anderson

Rosann Benedict

Isaiah & Debbie Bier

David & Inez Boyle

Stephen Brady & Judith Cohen

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