

Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers
present the

Brockes Passion

for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra



by George Frideric Handel

featuring

Terri Richter Kia Sams
Hanne Ladefoged Jerry Sams
Stephen Wall Simon Cram
and Brian Box *as* Jesus

Orchestra Seattle
Seattle Chamber Singers
George Shangrow, conductor

Good Friday, April 10, 1998 ❖ 7:30 PM
University Christian Church

❖ Soloists

Jesus
Brian Box

Daughter of Zion
Terri Richter

Evangelist
Jerry Sams

Peter
Stephen Wall

Judas
Hanne Ladefoged

Caiaphas, Pilate
Simon Cram

Faithful Soul, Mary
Kia Sams

❖ Orchestra Seattle

Violin
Dajana Akrapovic-
Hobson
Sue Herring
Maria Hunt
Deborah Kirkland
Principal second
Fritz Klein
Concertmaster
Leif-Ivar Pedersen

Viola
Beatrice Dolf
Saundrah Humphrey
Principal
Jim Lurie

Cello
Julie Reed
Principal
Matthew Wyant

Bass
Allan Goldman

Harpichord
Robert Kechley

Oboe
Shannon Hill
Principal
Tim Garrett

Bassoon
Jeff Eldridge
Principal
Judith Lawrence

❖ Seattle Chamber Singers

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Barbara Anderson
Debra Browning
Sue Cobb
Crissa Cugini
Kyla DeRemer
Susan Dier
Dana Durasoff
Cinda Freece
Kiki Hood
Lorelette Knowles
Nancy Lewis
Alexandra Miletta

Paula Rimmer
Kelly Sanderbeck
Liesel Van Cleeff

Alto
Laila Adams
Sharon Agnew
Cheryl Blackburn
Nicole Blackmer
Jane Blackwell
Wendy Borton
Shireen Deboo
Penny Deputy
Laura Dooley

Christine Hackenberger
Susan Maloff
Adrienne McCoy
Verlayn McManus
Suzi Means
Laurie Medill
Nedra Slauson
Liza Wells

Tenor
Alex Chun
Ralph Cobb
Jon Lange
Timothy Lunde

Thomas Nesbitt
Dave Spurling
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Brian Box

Baritone Brian Box is a native of Washington and received his Master of Music degree in vocal performance from Western Washington University. Mr. Box has appeared frequently with OS/SCS as a soloist in cantatas and oratorios. Among his credits are performances of Brahms' Four Last Songs with the Western Washington University Orchestra and the leading role in Dominic Argento's opera *Postcard from Morocco* at the University of British Columbia. He is a regular performer with Northwest Opera in Schools, Etc. (NOISE), and Seattle Opera's education program and made his Seattle Opera solo debut as the Corporal in *The Daughter of the Regiment*; this past summer he appeared in their production of *Der Rosenkavalier*. Mr. Box's recent appearances with Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers include Haydn's *The Seasons* and Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, *Messiah* and *Hercules*.

Simon Cram

Bass-Baritone Simon Cram received his vocal training from Marianne Weltmann. He has appeared in many Northwest productions, most recently as Blue Chips in Mozart's *Impresario* at the Seattle Fringe Festival. Last summer he performed the title role in a concert version of *The Marriage of Figaro* under the direction of Beth Kirchhoff. Mr. Cram has also been seen in the role of Don Giovanni and as Olin Blitch in Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah*. As the bass soloist for University Unitarian Church, Mr. Cram has performed extensive oratorio and cantata work; under the baton of Karen Thomas, he has sung works by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Faurè and Britten. In addition to his solo work, Mr. Cram is a regular member of the Seattle Opera Chorus; he is also a two time award winner in the Civic Opera Guild Vocal Competition.

Hanne Ladefoged

Born in Denmark, mezzo-soprano Hanne Ladefoged is now a resident of Seattle, where she is an active soloist, lecturer and teacher. In 1993, she was invited to join the Seattle Opera Young Artist Outreach Program, in which she sang and lectured extensively. Her professional opera debut (as Prince Orlovsky in *Die Fledermaus*) was with the Whatcom Symphony. She has also performed leading roles with Seattle Experimental Opera and with OperaWorks in Los Angeles. Orchestral and oratorio works include *Messiah* with Seattle Choral Company, Bach's *Magnificat* with Northwest Chamber Orchestra, and Beethoven's 9th, Elgar's *Sea Pictures*, Bach's *b minor mass* and *Messiah* with OS/SCS. Ms. Ladefoged also appears as a recitalist, and as a frequent soloist with the Pacific Northwest Ballet. This season she can be heard with the Estoria Company and in Charpentier's *Les Arts Florissants*; this season she has appeared in *Hercules* with OS/SCS.

Terri Richter

Since arriving in the Pacific Northwest in 1995, soprano Terri Richter has quickly established herself as a leading opera and concert artist. A finalist in the 1995-96 Metropolitan Opera Regional Auditions, she was awarded the very first Mary Levine Memorial Scholarship in 1997. Recently Ms. Richter has appeared with the Spokane Symphony, Bellevue Philharmonic, and Seattle Symphony, and was chosen as the first member of Seattle Opera's new Young Artist Program, where she will sing Despina in *Cosi fan tutte*. She made her Seattle Opera debut in November, as Barbarina in *The Marriage of Figaro*.

Jerry Sams

Tenor Jerry Sams has sung in the Seattle Chamber Singers since the early days of the ensemble, both as a chorus member and soloist. With the group, he has performed tenor solos in almost all of the Handel oratorios as well as the major choral works of Bach, Mozart, and others. Mr. Sams has also appeared with several Seattle area ensembles, including the Northwest Chamber Orchestra and City Cantabile Choir. When not singing, he is a manager in Information Technology for a large tree growing company in Federal Way.

Kia Sams

Kia Sams is a well-known Seattle composer and soprano who has been featured by many orchestras and groups, including Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers, University of Washington Contemporary Group, Cornish Performing Group, Washington Composers Forum, City Cantabile Choir, and others. Her compositions have been performed throughout the United States and Europe. Her latest opera, about the Pied Piper of Hamelin, was commissioned by Tacoma Opera and has been performed by them on two different occasions since its premiere in November of 1993.

Stephen Wall

A resident singer of the Pacific Northwest, tenor Stephen Wall has appeared often with OS/SCS since 1985, including performances of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, *St. John Passion*, and the *b Minor Mass*. Mr. Wall has sung with Seattle Opera in Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and *Die Meistersinger* and soloed with the Seattle Symphony led by Gerard Schwarz in Mendelssohn's *Lobegesang*. His association with Mr. Schwarz includes appearances with the Vancouver Symphony in performances of music by Bach and Wagner. Mr. Wall has also sung with the Bellevue Philharmonic, Seattle Bach Festival, Seattle Choral Company, Northwest Chamber Orchestra and the Everett Symphony, and with the orchestras of Spokane and Yakima. This season he has sung *Israel in Egypt* and *Messiah* with OS/SCS.

❖ Program Notes

by Lorelette Knowles

Barthold Heinrich Brockes, Licentiate of Rights and Town Councilor of Hamburg, was something of an enigma and a contradiction. He was a fat little fellow, a vain and vulgar person who was nevertheless regarded throughout the Germany of his age as a gifted poet and translator. He attended Halle University, exiting in the year that George Frideric Handel entered. With typical self-praise and snobbery, he wrote the following account of what caused him to write an elaborate poetic account in German of Christ's Passion:

When, however, I became aware that poetry, in so far as it is not directed to a particular and that is a useful end, be but an empty play of words, not deserving of any great esteem, I endeavoured to choose such objects for my poetical art by which the people, apart from a permissible amusement, might derive edification. Thus I wrote firstly the *Passion-Oratorium*, afterwards translated into several languages. I had it performed very solemnly at my house, which, as something uncommon, brought to me not only the whole foreign nobility, all the Ministers and Residents with their ladies, but also the greater part of the most eminent Hamburg people, so that over 500 people were present, which gave me no small pleasure, the more so, as everything, praise be to God! went off in the best order without all confusion, and to the enjoyment of the whole audience.

Brockes' dramatic poem, *Der für die Sünden der Welt gemarterte und sterbende Jesus* ("Jesus martyred and dying for the sins of the world"), which he published in 1712, consisted of an alternation of Biblical paraphrase, emotional reflective aria and arioso verses, and "crowd scenes" and hymn texts, with inset recitative and air sequences called "soliloquia." The poem had an immense impact on Hamburg society and became enormously popular. This was probably because Brockes appealed to his contemporaries' fears, sufferings, and spiritual struggles through his highly graphic and dramatic imagery, and to their religious pietism as well. The poem passed through several printed editions and was circulated very widely. Brockes seems to have written it with a musical treatment in mind, and it was indeed set to music by the most celebrated composers of the time. The first of these settings was composed in about 1712 by Handel's former employer, friend, and rival, Reinhard Keiser, and the next was written in 1716 by Handel's early acquaintance, Georg Philipp Telemann. Handel wrote his setting at about this same time, and in 1718, Johann Mattheson also composed music for Brockes' poem. Numerous other settings, by Fasch (1723), Stölzel (1729), Schuback (1750), Bachofen (175?), Steinger, and

Freislich followed. Johann Sebastian Bach himself set parts of the text and wrote out half of a copy of Handel's setting (Paul Henry Lang says that this copy was completed by Bach's second wife, Anna Magdalena).

Brockes' Passion text belongs to the 'compromise species' of the "Passion-Oratorio," which was cultivated extensively in the city of Hamburg, beginning in 1640. The text of this musical genre was based rather freely on the Gospel narratives of the final sufferings and death of Jesus, while the music was composed in the style of the sacred oratorio. Its text was characterized by the inclusion in the narrative of non-Biblical, contemplative passages, and by extensive use of hymns, but the Gospel words still predominated. Soon, however, the actual Biblical texts were largely replaced by free paraphrases, and poetic embellishment of the texts through the use of metaphor became common. Allegorical figures were also introduced to reflect the dramatic effect of the recitatives in suitable arias. These works became nearly indistinguishable from the operas of the same period: both classes of compositions contained extensive introductory overtures, recitatives, arioso, arias with preludes, ensembles, and choruses.

Beginning in 1687, Hamburg boasted an opera ensemble that performed in a building existing specifically for this purpose, and the residents of this city-state developed a keen interest in dramatic musical presentations. During the penitential season of Lent, however, the opera house had to remain closed, and the soloists, chorus, and orchestra were therefore available for other musical engagements. It was appropriate to perform Passions during this season, however, so that the people would be provided with an edifying musical diversion, and composers began to write Passions with the abilities of these artists in mind. But just why and under what circumstances Handel composed his *Brockes Passion*, no one knows.

When King George I left England for Hanover in July of 1716, Handel, who had been living in London for some years, seems to have accompanied or followed him, and the composer remained in Germany about six months. It may have been during this period that he composed the Passion which we present this evening. The exact date of its composition remains indeterminate (probably late 1716), and even Handel's original manuscript has disappeared (his music survives in five early copies).

There are a number of theories regarding the genesis of the *Brockes Passion*. Perhaps Johann Mattheson had planned for some time to follow the ancient custom of reading all four Gospel accounts of the Passion during Holy Week by presenting four Passion compositions in Hamburg during Holy Week of 1719. He might have

encouraged Handel to set the Brockes text, and then composed his own Passion only after he had received Handel's and two other scores. Herbert Weinstock proposes that Handel took his setting of Brockes' text back with him to England in 1717, had a fair copy made of it there, and then sent this to Hamburg. Some have theorized that Handel wrote the work for performance in England before the German-speaking King George I and his court. Johann Mattheson himself wrote that Handel's Passion setting was "composed in England, and sent by post to Hamburg in an uncommonly close-written score." Mattheson's writings about Handel's career are so full of inaccuracies, however, that it is hard to trust the veracity of his account. It seems quite likely, however, that Handel's competitive instincts drove him to set to music a text with which he was distinctly uncomfortable. Handel was pursuing a career as a composer of Italian-style opera, and showed little interest in setting German Lutheran liturgical texts to music. He was primarily a humanist, fascinated by the analysis and musical depiction of human nature in all its facets, and he must have found the extreme pietism and sentimentality of Brockes' text unsavory and difficult to reflect convincingly in music. Why then would he have written such a work as this, if not to show the German people that he was a better composer than Keiser and Telemann? In any event, Handel's Passion seems to have received its first performance in Hamburg, Brockes' home city, without the composer present, either during Lent of 1717, or on March 23, the Monday of Holy Week, in 1719, at the Cathedral in Hamburg (the first documented performance). This presentation took place under the direction of Mattheson, and was followed by performances of the settings of Brockes' text by Keiser, Telemann, and Mattheson himself during the rest of Holy Week. Nothing is known of any performance in England, Handel's adopted country.



The *Brockes Passion* was the last complete work that Handel wrote using a text in his mother tongue. The score, made up of over fifty sections, is written for soloists, chorus, and an orchestra composed of strings, oboes, bassoons, and continuo. The Passion consists of an overture (a fast-paced fugue), leading via an operatic oboe solo in recitative style to the usual arias, choruses, and accompanied recitatives. The soloists have some deeply moving and some very virtuosic pieces, but the role of the chorus is relatively limited; the "crowd's" numbers are brief and the chorale settings are generally plain. The work is at its best when it is most operatic and dramatic. Some of the more remarkable portions include Christ's aria, "My Father," the pleading of the Daughter of Zion with Pilate, Mary's song, "O God! My Son is dragged away and torn from me," the entire scene from the prayer in Gethsemane to the denial of Peter, and the ensemble "Awake!" (which Handel later used in his oratorio, *Esther*). Though the music reflects Handel's relative lack of subjective religious feeling in

the passages that might have received the most sublime of treatments from Bach, who was a Lutheran of deep conviction, it is likely that Handel's work influenced Bach in at least his *St. John Passion* (1724) and his *St. Matthew Passion* (1729).

We have no record of the effect of Handel's music upon its first audiences, but it appears to have been popular in Germany for some years. The fact that Handel's and three other settings of Brockes' text were performed in Hamburg from 1719 onward in rapid succession invited comparisons even at that time. In a 1719 edition of the libretto, an unnamed writer, perhaps Brockes himself, stated that "even a connoisseur of fine music must confess that he does not know what grace, artistry, and natural expression of feelings he is to forget here, and to whom to award the palm, without venturing upon a dangerous judgment." Today's critics, however, do not view the work favorably; they find the text "preposterous" and the music uncomfortably uneven in quality. R. A. Streatfeild calls the Passion one of the least satisfactory of Handel's works, because "it gives throughout the impression of a man working with uncongenial material."

Thus, Handel's *Brockes Passion* is seldom performed today. It does, however, deserve a hearing, for that very reason, and because it represents a significant step in the composer's musical development. In addition, Handel used certain pieces from it in later works (the oratorios *Esther* and *Deborah*, and the opera *Giulio Cesare*), and a knowledge of these numbers in their original context aids in the understanding of Handel's later compositions. This Passion remains, however, a contradictory and "conflicted work," one that contains some passages of considerable emotional power and beauty, and others that seem strained, awkward, and rather uninspired, perhaps because the genius of the writer of the music was in conflict with the overblown and rather hypocritical religiosity of the writer of the text, whom Newman Flower calls a "wretched little man, whose eyes were on the money-bags and his glib tongue on his God."

The Passion probably impressed its first audiences as a work arising from deeply-held religious convictions, though it appears that neither the composer nor the librettist were expressing a genuine faith through their artistic creativity as Bach did. In fact, one might wonder why Bach was one of the only composers of the day who did not write a "Brockes Passion," particularly since, as a sincerely religious German and a dedicated, life-long composer of Lutheran church music, he should have been most likely to do so. The *Brockes Passion*, then, leaves us with many questions – about its inspiration, its origins, its purpose, its nature, the date and circumstances of its premiere, and its performance history. It remains an intriguingly mysterious puzzle.

Sinfonia

Soli and Chorus

To free me from the rope of my sins,
they bind my Lord,
to heal me of the suppurating sores of vice,
He allows them to wound Him.

He must cover the stains of my sins
be dyed with this own blood
indeed, life itself wants to die
to give me everlasting life.

Recitative – Evangelist

When Jesus sat down at the table and with His
disciples was eating the Easter lamb, the symbol of His
death, He took bread, and gave thanks to the Highest
and broke it, gave it to them and said:

Accompagnato – Jesus

This is my body, take, eat; so you will not forget me.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

God, for whom the infinite heavens,
ad all space as space is too small
is present here, in an unfathomable way,
with and as bread and wine.

He would be the spiritual food of sinners,
oh love, oh grace, oh wonder.

Recitative – Evangelist

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

Accompagnato – Jesus

This is my blood of the New Testament, which will be
shed for you and for many. It will serve those who
savor it to wipe out their sins. To make sure that
you truly recognize this I wish that all should drink this
blood so that they will remember me always.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

God Himself is the fountain of all good,
aboundless sea of grace,
He begins to bleed for sinners,
until He is drained of blood,
from these floods of grace
He offers His blood to us to drink.

Chorus

Oh how my soul hungers,
Friend of Man, for your goodness!
Oh how often do I yearn in tears
for this nourishment!
Oh how I thirst
for the drink of the Prince of Life,
I always wish that my bones
may be united with God through God.

Recitative

Evangelist

Then they gave thanks to the Most High and after the
spoken hymns of praise, Jesus crossed the brook of
Cadron to the Mount of Olives, and said to be his
disciples;

Jesus

You will all be offended because of me this night, and
you shall even forsake me.

Chorus

We should all sooner,
yet will not deny thee with such faithlessness.

Recitative – Jesus

It is certain, for thus it is written:

Air – Jesus

Because I will smite the shepherd,
the whole flock shall be scattered.

Recitative

Peter

To the end I will in spite of all mishaps, yea, even if
through the powers of hell the whole world should
crumble, I will always stand beside you.

Jesus

I say to you: before the cock crows twice you will
have denied me thrice.

Peter

I will sooner be throttled and buried with you, yea, I
will sooner die ten times before I will deny you or
abandon you.

Jesus

Withdraw now, I shall go to my Father, but do not
sleep because the time to pray has come.

Aria – Jesus

Father, Father,
see how I suffer,
have mercy on me in my need,
my heart breaks and my soul
sorrows unto death.

Recitative – Jesus

The heavy weight of sins oppresses me, I fear the
horrors of the deep, a muddy swamp that is
bottomless wants to cover me: the fierce embers of
hell press marrow and blood out of my bones an
veins. And because on top of all torments I must
bear your wrath, O Father, compared to which all
torments are easy. There is no pain that compares
to mine.

Aria – Jesus

If it be possible for thy wrath to be assuaged,
then let this cup pass,
but Father let not my will,
but your will alone be.

Arioso – Daughter of Zion

Sinners, look with fear and hesitation
on the dreadfulfulness of your sins,
since their punishment and torments
can hardly be borne by the Son of God.

Recitative – Evangelist

Pain increased by cruel shaking, so that he could
barely produce the death-rattle because of it; His
weak arms were seen to tremble, His dried lips
scarcely breathed. His anguished heart began to
beat so hard that bloody sweat in countless drops
issued from his veins, until at last, tortured to
death, filled with fear, tormented, His soul half
gone, He even wrestled with death.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

Break, my heart, dissolve in tears,
the body of Jesus dissolves in blood.
Hear His pitiful groans,
see how His tongue and lips thirst,
hear His moans an sighing,
see how much He is afraid.

Recitative – Evangelist

But an angles has come form the starry scenes to
serve Him in His woes and strengthens Him. And
He returned to where His weary disciples were, and
found them all gently resting therefore He called to
them anxiously:

Arioso

Jesus

Awake!

Peter

Who calls?

John

Yes, my Lord!

James

Yes, my Lord!

Jesus

Awake, could you not, in this horrible night, when I
sank into the throat of death, watch one hour with
me? Arise!

John, James, Peter

Yes! Yes!

Jesus

Oh, do get up, he who betrays me is here!

Recitative – Evangelist

And before he finished speaking Judas entered and
with him a great multitude with swords and staves.

Chorus

Catch him, strike him dead,
but no,
you must catch him alive.

Recitative

Evangelist

And he who betrayed Him had given them a token:
Judas

So that you will know for sure which one is Jesus, I
shall kiss him, and then rush him in a great multitude.

Chorus

He shall not escape us.

Recitative

Judas

Receive Rabbi this kiss from me.

Jesus

Friend, tell me why you have come here?

Aria – Peter

Prison and red hot fire, light and flood,
smother, burn, smite asunder, sink
the false betrayer
this murderous intrigue!

Jesus is pitifully fettered
and do not the elements move?
Up then, my tireless courage,
shed the sacrilegious blood
as poison and red hot fire,
light and flood do nothing.

Recitative – Jesus

Put up again your sword into his place, for all they
seize the sword will be turned cold by the sword. Or
don't you believe that I could immediately from my
Father on High obtain the help of angles? But the
scriptures will that it must happen thus. You have
come, with swords and staves to take me as a
murderer, and yet as I taught you, you listened to me
daily in the temple and none of you felt the desire to lay
hands on me. But all this had to happen now, what the
prophets had long ago predicted.

Chorus

O grief, they bind Him up
with ropes and chains!
Up, up, let us flee!
And save our lives!

Recitative – Peter

Where are you fleeing? Do not despair, stay! Too late,
they have gone! What shall I do? Shall I follow the
others, since alone I cannot help Him in any case?

No, no, my heart, no, no I shall not leave Him alone,
and even if I must lose my life straight away, I must see
where they take Jesus.

Aria – Peter

Take me with you, despairing lot,
here stands Peter, without a sword.
Do to me
that which they do to Jesus.

Recitative

Evangelist

And Jesus was to the place of Caiaphas, where the
council of high priests assembled, dragged rather than
led, and Peter, moved now by rage and now by fear,
followed Him at a distance. But the council sought in
vain through false witness to lay a trap for Jesus; and
therefore Caiaphas said to Jesus:

Caiaphas

Here we should like of all you have done and of your
doctrine, to have news.

Jesus

What I taught happened publicly, there is no need to tell you only here; you can ask those who heard me.

An armed servant

Heretic! How dare you speak to the high priest in this manner! Wait, let this blow revenge your sacrilege.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

What bear paws and lion claws
dare not do despite their fury,
do you, cruel human hand, lead into temptation!

It is a wonder that in great haste
the lightning and bolts of wild weathers
should not have burnt you yet, servant of the devil.

Recitative

Evangelist

Peter saw all this, who out side, near the fire had stealthily sat down. Then a maid came who as soon as she saw him said:

First servant maid

I swear by all that I hold high and dear that this man also was of Jesus' troupe.

Peter

Who? Me? No, truly not, you are mistaken.

Evangelist

Soon after another said:

Second servant maid

As far as I can remember you have often with the man held here walked in his company. I am surprised that you dare come here.

Peter

What chatter! I do not know what you are saying, I truly do not know him.

Evangelist

Soon after another told him to his face:

Third servant maid

You are really one of his men, and in vain do you try to wash yourself clean, you were in the Garden with him, and your speech betrays you.

Arioso – Peter

May I sink,
may heaven's lightning and thunder strike me
if I have even once
seen this man elsewhere.

Recitative

Evangelist

And immediately the cock crew. And as the hoarse sound reached Peter's ears, his heart of rock burst and soon flowed, as Moses' rock had yielded water, a brook of tears down his cheeks and he cried out inconsolably:

Evangelist

What boundless grief attacks my mind! Cold shivers alarm my soul; the wild flames of agony's dark cave set my seething blood afire; my innards sizzle on glowing embers. Who will put out this fire, where shall I look to for salvation?

Aria – Peter

Howl, you curse!
Howl you curse of men!
Tremble, wild servant of sin,
tremble, for God who is just,
he destroys obdurate sinners.

Recitative – Peter

But wait! Shall I perish in despair? No, my oppressed heart, my timid soul must address the wondrous goodness of my Jesus, and seek mercy.

Aria – Peter

Look I fall in strict repentance,
forgiver of sins at Your feet,
let Your mercy, appear to me
so that the prince of the dark night,
who laughed as I did wrong,
may weep now, seeing my tears.

Chorus

O God and Lord, how great and heavy
are the sins I have committed.

There is no one who can help me
I find no one in this world.

I call to you, do not reject me
as I well deserve.

O God, do not be angry, do not sit in judgment
for Your Son has atoned for me.

I N T E R M I S S I O N

Recitative

Evangelist

When Jesus, however hard He was accused, said nothing to all that, Caiaphas attacked Him with these words:

Caiaphas

Since one cannot get anything out of you and you answer the testimony of witnesses with stubborn silence, I adjure you by God to confess to us whether you are Christ, the Son of God.

Jesus

I am! Hereafter you shall see me coming on the right hand of power and on the throne of the clouds of heaven.

Caiaphas

Blasphemy! What further need have we of witnesses? Now you yourselves have heard what he dared say. What do you think?

Evangelist

Thereupon the whole council immediately said:

Chorus

He deserves death!

Aria – Tenor

Ponder well, ponder well,
ponder well, enraged serpents' brood,
what you do in your rage,
driven by rancor!
A worm will ruin the Creator,
a man condemns God!
You deny life, to life,
the death of death will die through you!

Recitative

Evangelist

The night had hardly passed, the weary world was still sunk in sleep when Jesus once again restrained by chains, accompanied by a hideous howling, was dragged before Pilate.

Daughter of Zion

Did my Savior have to suffer this? For whom, o God, for whom? For whose sins does He let himself be bound? For what faults and sins must He endure the sacrilege of the bailiffs? Who has done for what Jesus atones? I alone am guilty of this.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

My vices are His ropes
and His chains are my perfidies,
my sins have bound him.

He wears them to save me,
to free me
from the chains of Hell.

Recitative – Judas

Oh what have I done, accursed that I am! No stroke of lightning touches me, will not thunder cut me down? Open, depths, open, open for the dark path that leads to hell! But oh, even hell is astonished by my deeds. Even the devils are ashamed! I am a dog, who betrayed my God.

Aria – Judas

Leave not this deed unavenged,

tear up my flesh,
crush my bones,
you monsters of that cave of torments!
Push my sacrilege with fire,
tar and brimstone,
that my damned soul
may suffer forever.

Recitative – Judas

Inexpressible is my suffering, countless my torments. The air bewails that it has nourished me, the earth, which having carried me is worthy of damnation for this alone; the stars turn to comets to destroy me, nature's monster; the earth denies me a grave, and heaven denies my soul an abode. What will you do now, you in despair, damned murderer? Before I would suffer more unbearably still, I shall go hang myself.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

You who miss God's mercy,
and pile sin upon sin,
remember that the punishment already sprouts
in the ripening fruit of sins.

Recitative

Evangelist

And when Pilate asked Jesus whether He was the King of the Jews, Jesus spoke:

Jesus

You said it.

Chorus

Punish this malefactor,
the enemy of the emperor, the traitor!

Recitative

Pilate

Can you not hear? Do you not take in how harshly they accuse you and will you not say anything to save you?

Evangelist

But He said no more.

Duet

Daughter of Zion

And will you to these charges
and ironic questions,
eternal Word, say not a word?

Jesus

No, I shall now show you
how I retrieve by my silence
that which you have lost by gabbling.

Recitative – Evangelist

Pilate marveled greatly, and as at that feast he was wont of prisoners to release one, he tried his best so that of Jesus and Barabbas, who was imprisoned because of a murder, they should choose Jesus. But the multitude called with dreadful noise:

Chorus

No, not this one,
release Barabbas!

Recitative – Pilate

What will I then do with your so-called king?

Chorus

Away, away, away!
Let him be crucified!

Recitative – Pilate

What has he done?

Chorus

Away, away, away!
Let him be crucified!

Recitative – Evangelist

When he saw that he could not calm the multitude, he finally said yes and delivered Jesus to their will.

Arioso – Daughter of Zion

Think, Pilate, be solent, restraint!
Avoid hell's brimstone fire!

Will you condemn the Son of God?
Accursed man, will you curse God?
Will you with impudent cruelty deliver
the life of dead world
the joy of angels
and the Lord of glory to infamous bailiffs?
Your heart is like a bear's and hard as rock
to pass such sentence.
Shall God die?
I marvel, you dragon's brood,
that in your damned throat
your tongue has not gone black or rigid.

Recitative – Evangelist

Then the soldiers dragged Jesus in and gathered to stir
up their rage still more all the multitude. They tied
Jesus to a stone and scourged His tender back with
ropes full of nails.

Arioso – Faithful Soul

I see the Cornerstone
tied to the stone
who appears to be the flint
of eternal Love;
from his gaping wounds
because carried the fire within His breast,
I see each time He is beaten,
each time the bailiffs
smite down upon Him
with ropes of steel, sparks of love
leap from each drop of blood.

Recitative – Faithful Soul

Therefore, Soul, look with timid joy, bitter pleasure and
abashed heart at your heaven in His pain! How on the
thorns which wound Him heaven's primroses blossom.
You can pick the fruit of joy from the tree of His
bitterness. Look, how His murderers plow His back,
how deep, how cruelly deep, they cut their furrows
which He waters with His blood. From which sprouts
for the dead world the harvest of life. Yes, yes from
Jesus' weals springs forth balm who wondrous power
possesses so rare a quality that it heals not its own
wounds, but those of others, to us it gives life, joy and
solace, to Him, death.

Aria – Faithful Soul

His back is painted in colors like the sky,
which as a sigh of mercy,
is adorned with countless rainbows,
dries up the flood of our sins,
and the sunbeam of gracious love
shines even through the clouds of His blood.

Recitative – Evangelist

And when His blood flowed like rivers, they put on Him
a scarlet robe, and to mock Him still more, they
crowned Him with a crown of thorns.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

Elsewhere the prickly thorns
are crowned with roses,
how can it be that here
the Rose of Sharon is crowned with thorns?
Otherwise roses
water with the pearls of Aurora, not tears,
here from the rose itself
sweats rubies of blood,
yes, pitiful rubies,
which spring from the blood
congealed on Jesus' brow.
I know, you shall serve me
as one adornments of my soul,
and yet I cannot
look upon you without alarm.

Recitative – Daughter of Zion

Rash thorn, barbarian points! Unweeded
murderous corpse, enough! Should the invoy of
this head be completely cut by your rough thorns?
Turn rather into steel and blades, that ye may
penetrate the hearts of these murderers, who are
tigers and not men. But the damned bush is deaf,
listen how with scraping noises its leaves like
dragon's teeth, pierce the tendons, veins and flesh!

Aria – Daughter of Zion

Let this bitter pain shameful sinner,
may pass through your heart,
marrow and soul!
Nature itself feels grief an horror, indeed she feels
each stab throbs,
since the thorns' hard points
pierce so woefully
the brow of their Creator.

Recitative – Daughter of Zion

The tender temples are to the brain holed and
pierced. Look, soul, look, how from the divinely
beautiful brow runs like purple dew that flows from
the starry sky a clear brook of bloody purple flows.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

Jesus! Jesus, to wed our souls,
Your compassionate heart melts with love;
yes, you pour into the coals
instead of oil, for ardent instincts,
your blood bubbling with love.

Recitative – Evangelist

Then they mockingly bowed the knee before Him,
and began to laugh and shout:

Chorus

Let every one be subject to him!
Hail, King of the Jews!

Recitative – Evangelist

And indeed, they did not shrink from spitting in His
face.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

You foam, foam of the world,
does your basilisk's throat spit
phlegm and slobber
you blood of dragons,
in the face of Him who keeps all on this earth
and hell does not swallow you.

Recitative – Evangelist

And then they took the reed that He had in His
hand and smote His blood-stained head.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

Sinner, in consternation, take note
of the pains of the Savior!
Come, consider
how the strength of the blows
thunder on the crown of his head
and see how they smash his holy brow,
how His dove's eyes are swollen!
Look at His tangled hair
which once was anointed with dew, and curly
and how it is wet with pus,
and sticky with thick blood!
All this He suffers only for your good.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

Savior of the world,
Your painful suffering
frightens the soul
and brings it joy;
you are pitifully beautiful to it;
through the torments which press on you
she will be eternally revived,
and she dreads to look at you.

Recitative – Evangelist

After they had mocked, abused and tormented Him
sufficiently, they tore off the purples which He wore,
and put His own clothes on Him, and finally led Him to
crucify to the Place of the Skull.

Solo and Chorus

Daughter of Zion

Hasten, you corrupted souls,
leave the murderous caves of Achsaph.

Come.

Chorus

Where to?

Daughter of Zion

Come.

Chorus

Where to?

Daughter of Zion

To Golgotha.

Hasten, on the wings of faith fly.

Chorus

Where to?

Daughter of Zion

Fly.

Chorus

Where to?

Daughter of Zion

To the Hill of the Skull,

your welfare blooms there!

Come.

Chorus

Where to?

Daughter of Zion

To Golgotha.

Come.

Recitative – Mary

Ah, my God, my God! They drag my son away, they
tear Him from me! Where to you take Him, infamous
murderers? To death, as I notice. Must I experience
His death, afflicted mother that I am? How great is my
woe! A sword pierces my heart, my Child, my Lord, my
God is perishing! Is the cross the sole reward for so
many miracles? My God, my God, my Son!

Duet

Mary

Must my Son, my Life die,
and will my Son shed his blood?

Jesus

Yes, I die for you,
to win you Heaven.

Recitative

Evangelist

And He bore His cross himself.

Daughter of Zion

Ah, bitter plagues, ah, tortures that cannot be told!
Must you, my savior, carry the wood yourself which will
soon carry you? Yes, you carry it and nobody hears
you complain!

Aria – Tenor

It seems, as the lacerated back
is pressed down by the weight of the cross
and the unbridled vigor of the bailiffs,
that on bended knees
and He thanks the great Father
for granting Him the long-desired cross.

Recitative – Evangelist

And when they came to the place called Golgotha, they
gave Him gall and wine to drink and finally they hanged
Him on the cross.

Aria – Faithful Soul

My heart and blood are numbed,
my soul and mind amazed!
Great heavens, what will you do?
Do you know what you are doing murderers?
How dare you, hounds and devils,
nail the Son of God to the cross?

Recitative – Faithful Soul

Oh this sight, this terrible vision! How dreadfully the bridegroom of my soul is treated by the executioners! No, they tear apart the innocent Lamb like savage tigers. Ah look! Now they start, with ugly gestures, pitifully stretching His hands and feet, His arms and tendons. They jerk Him with ropes, nail Him with nails, so that almost every bone can be counted! O God, I almost die of terror, my soul almost leaves me just owing to what I merely see.

Chorus

O man, for your sins alone did all this come to pass, since for your sins you were already destroyed.

Recitative – Evangelist

Having crucified Him, the soldiers cast lots over His robe, and over His head there was written: the King of the Jews; and they that passed by reviled and mocked Him, likewise those who were hanging next to Him.

Chorus

Fie, fie, fie!
Fie, look at the new king!
If you are such a miracle-worker descend from the cross; help yourself and us, and we shall know for sure!

Recitative – Evangelist

And from the sixth hour pitch darkness covered the whole land.

Aria – Faithful Soul

Is it surprising that the splendor of the sun, the moon and the stars no longer sparkle when the pale night of death seeks to overshadow the brightness of the sun.

Recitative – Evangelist

It happened at the ninth hour! And soon after Jesus cried out saying: *Eli, Eli, lamma sabachtani?* Which is, being interpreted in our tongue: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? After this, knowing that everything was over, He called with parched clamor: I thirst!

Arioso – Faithful Soul

My Savior, Lord and Prince!
When whips and rods cut your flesh, when thorns and nails pierce you, you said not a word.
Now one hears you asking for a drink, as the hind cries for water.
For what can the Prince of Heaven, the spring of Life, thirst?
For the salvation of souls.

Rough translation of text by **Maria Steiner**

Recitative – Evangelist

And a soldier ran to Him, who filled a sponge with full of vinegar, and put it on a reed, and held it for Him to drink. Then Jesus cried aloud, with all his strength: It is done!

Trio – Soprano, Alto, Baritone

Oh thundering voice! Oh dreadful cry!
Oh voice, which death and hell fear, which puts shame to their power!
Oh cry, which rent the stones and rocks, which makes the devil tremble and scream, from which the dark depths thunder!
It is done! It is done!

Oh holy word! Oh healing cry!
Sinner, thou needst fear no longer the power of the devil and hell.

Oh cry which heals our loss, grants us salvation, which God had long intended for us!
It is done! It is done!

Recitative**Faithful Soul**

Oh blessed are they who believe this, and who when their need is greatest take comfort in these words.

Evangelist

And He bowed His head.

Aria**Daughter of Zion**

Hast Thou dressed the deep wounds of my soul with your words?

Can I now through your suffering and death gain Paradise?

Is the redemption of the world close at hand?

Faithful Soul

These are the questions of the daughter of Zion.

Since Jesus cannot now speak

in His great pain,

He bends His head and beckons: yes.

Recitative**Daughter of Zion**

Oh greatness of spirit! Oh spirit of forgiveness!

Evangelist

And He passed away.

Aria – Faithful Soul

Break, howling depth, collapse, be rent in twain!

Fall to pieces, split apart, universe!

Quiver you stars and heavenly circles,

shake and hinder the eternal journey!

Bright sun be extinguished cool down,

your Light is extinguished

and your Supporting Pillar fails.

Recitative**Faithful Soul**

Yes, yes there is a howling in underground vaults; and the depths of the earth quake; the black throat of the dark depths fills the air with the stench of brimstone.
Centurion

Help, heavens, what is this? You gods, give me courage! Black darkness envelops the world, covering it with vapors and mist. Oh grief, the depths crack, and spew steam and evals, the clouds send forth lightning, the air bears flames, the rock splits in twain, hills and stones crack! Can the death of Jesus be the cause of all this? Yes, I can read the miracles: the dying man was truly the Son of God!

Aria – Faithful Soul

How can it be that when the sky weeps when the abyss reveals the throat of blind depths, when the hills crack and the cliffs split in twain, my hard heart will not soften? Yes, yes, it thumps and breaks: His death tears my soul out of destruction.

Accompagnato – Faithful Soul

Jesus' death and suffering makes heaven and the whole world suffer; the moon, dressed in mourning, bears witness that its creator falls, it seems that the blood of Jesus had extinguished the glow of the fire and the sun. His breast split. The cold rocks burst as a sign that they too saw the Creator go cold. My heart, what will you do? Be stifles, to the glory of God in a flood of bitter tears!

Chorus

My sins shall greatly distress me, thy conscience will gnaw at me, because you are many as sands of the seashore, and yet I do not despair, I shall think of death; Lord Jesus, of your wounds so red, they will sustain me.

Aria – Daughter of Zion

Wipe away the caustic lye of the tears, stay, happy soul, rest at last!

His locked arms and closed eyes open the gates of heaven to you and close hell.

Chorus

I am a member of your body, that consoles me with all my heart; I shall remain undivided from you even in my fear of death and pain.

Though I may die now, I shall die for you, You have obtained everlasting life for me through your death.

❖ Upcoming Performances

Seattle Young Artists Festival

May 3, 3:00 PM, Nathan Eckstein Middle School

Handel: *Theodora*

June 7, 7:00 PM, University Christian Church

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