



Frank Martin

Golgotha

New Amsterdam Singers

Sunday, March 13, 2016 at 3 PM

**Trinity Church, Wall Street
74 Trinity Place**

Clara Longstreth, Music Director
David Recca, Assistant Conductor
Pen Ying Fang, Accompanist

Golgotha

**An oratorio according to the Evangelists and
texts of St. Augustine, for chorus and orchestra,
by Frank Martin (1890 - 1974)**

Meredith Lustig, soprano
Avery Amereau, mezzo-soprano
Dann Coakwell, tenor (Pilate)
****Tyler Duncan, baritone (Jesus)**
Kevin Deas, bass-baritone (High Priest)

Part One

1. Prologue: Père, Père (Father, Father) chorus
2. Les Rameaux (The Palms) quartet, Jesus, chorus
3. Le Discours au Temple (The Speech at the Temple) Jesus, soprano
4. La Sainte Cène (The Last Supper) Jesus, tenor, bass
5. Gethsémané Jesus, tenor, bass, chorus

Part Two

6. Méditation alto, chorus
7. Jésus devant le Sanhédrin (Jesus before the Sanhedrin)
Jesus, soli, chorus
8. Jésus devant Pilate (Jesus before Pilate) Jesus, soli, chorus
9. Le Calvaire (Golgotha) Jesus, tenor, chorus
10. Epilogue: La Résurrection (The Resurrection) quartet, chorus

****Tyler Duncan appears by kind permission of the Metropolitan Opera.**

Please turn off all phones and other devices during the performance.

PROGRAM NOTES

Martin was born in Geneva in 1890, the tenth child of a Calvinist minister of French and Dutch ancestry. He was the most musical child in the family, and sought refuge from the trials of the youngest in music. At age ten or eleven he attended a performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, which had an overwhelming effect on him. He called this "the event of my life. I followed the *Passion* from end to end, not knowing where I was; I was in any case no longer in the hall, I no longer recognized anyone, I was as transported to heaven." Much later, Martin said that when he wrote his oratorio, *Golgotha*, on the passion story, he had first to overcome an immense sense of unworthiness,

His musical gifts were evident at the early age of eight or nine, and he was a performer and composer all his life, yet two-thirds of his works were written after he was fifty. After living in Zurich, Rome, and Paris in his early twenties, Martin returned to Geneva and spent the years between 1926 and 1946 composing, performing (piano, clavecin, chamber music), teaching, and directing a music school. The work that first brought him international renown was *Petite Symphonie Concertante*, written in 1945 when he was fifty-five. In 1946 he moved to Holland, the homeland of his wife, Maria, and remained there the rest of his life. He composed steadily until a few weeks before his death in 1974 at the age of eighty-four. Martin has long been honored and much performed in Europe. His music is much less known in this country, though those who know it truly love it.

New Amsterdam Singers has a long history of affection for Martin's choral works, both his *Mass for double chorus*, which we have sung many times, and his *Songs of Ariel*, excerpted from his opera, *The Tempest*. In 1990 we presented an entire concert of Martin's music as a Centennial Celebration of his birth.

Today's performance of *Golgotha* is the first to be given in New York City since its 1952 North American première, although it is heard quite often in Europe. Since Martin has written his own description of how he came to write the work, and has summarized the movements, we will allow him to speak to us in his own words. Notice that he speaks of seven scenes, not to be confused with the ten movements. This is because the first, sixth, and final movements include no narrative at all, but are meditations. After Martin's article, the notes will mention some musical moments for which the audience should be alert.

FRANK MARTIN ON THE SUBJECT OF GOLGATHA

In Spring of 1945 an exhibition at the Geneva Musée des Beaux Arts offered the opportunity of admiring a wonderful collection of copperplate engravings by Rembrandt. From among so many

masterpieces, I felt particularly impressed by three presentations of the Golgotha crucifixion scene, quite different from each other, known under the title "The Three Crosses." These crosses towered above the dark mass of a crowd of people paralyzed in consternation. Down from the sky a bright shaft of light poured forth onto the cross in the middle, where Jesus was struggling against death. Since seeing this image I was haunted by the desire to create my own image of the Passion of Christ to the best of my ability. On the one hand, though, the grandeur of the theme made me doubt my ability, and on the other hand I did not know the actual form in which I should put this plan into action. My preference would have been to capture this both terrible and magnificent tragedy in quite a short work, just as Rembrandt managed to capture it on a modest little square of paper. It became clear to me very soon however that a work of music has requirements quite different from those of a copperplate engraving or even a poem, since a short work of music on the subject of the Passion must be performed out of its proper context, as part of either a concert of Lieder or a symphony concert. I was therefore forced to fall back on the idea of an oratorio which would, by virtue of its own dimensions, be capable of establishing the framework and the atmosphere essential for the musical representation of such a theme. Furthermore, I quickly became convinced that I would not succeed by using just the text of the Gospels as the basis to ensure the necessary coherence of the musical form. What was missing were texts in the form of lyrical commentary, a sort of meditation on the various episodes of the religious drama and on the meaning that they convey to us. Consequently, this realization brought me, of necessity, even closer to the classical treatment of the Passion, as celebrated in the immortal masterpieces of J. S. Bach -- one more reason to hesitate!

Nonetheless I am of the opinion that every age has the right to at least attempt to give expression to exalted subjects which fill our spirits, and that a new vision of the suffering of Jesus Christ and his triumph over death could offer it new and intense relevance to the present age, at least for some people. It was clear to me then that the risk of my resorting to too slavish an imitation of the model of the classical Passions need not be too great.

What these Passions impart to us is actually an account of the death of Christ in the form of a narrative which is addressed to a assembly of the faithful who respond with choruses, arias, and instrumental music. My goal, on the other hand, was to recreate the religious drama before us and, above all, to visualize the divine nature of Christ, to show it in action: the way in which he condemns Pharisees with the same zeal as he evicts the merchants from the temple, showing him later at the Last Supper, how

he prepares the young men for his leaving while also showing his fear of death in the Garden of Gethsemane. Finally, I wanted, in the second part too, to show him during the course of the interrogation when, after overcoming his fear, he answers the questions of the high priest and of Pilate with godlike calm and authority. The commentaries, the lyrical sections, should simply provide a background for the different attitudes of Christ. By good luck, I then came upon the works of Saint Augustine, extended meditations on the mystery of the Passion, and I took a few phrases from this which could serve as accompaniment to the Gospel narrative.

True to my initial idea, which came to me while looking at Rembrandt's copperplate engraving, I attempted to concentrate all the light on the figure of Christ, and to leave all other characters in the dark. As a result of this I saw that I would be induced to forego the false witness of Peter. Only two forms stand against him: the high priest and Pilate. This did not fit in with my intention of keeping to the Passion narrative of one of the Gospels step by step. I wanted to give much more of an overview of the religious drama. To this end, from all four Gospels I selected the points which seemed to me most essential and which best served my purposes.

This produced seven scenes. The first depicts the entry of Christ into Jerusalem and his enthusiastic welcome from the people. The second is exclusively concerned with Jesus' disputation with the Pharisees in the temple. The third scene shows the Last Supper, and the fourth takes us to Gethsemane. There Jesus will be arrested, concluding the first part of the oratorio. The second part presents the trial of Christ first before the High Council (scene 5), then before Pilate (scene 6), and the Crucifixion on the hill Golgotha (scene 7).

The first scene is preceded by an important chorus, intended to comment on the Passion. This scene is followed by a meditation sung by the choir, "How far, oh Saviour and Lord, only Son of the Father, how far wilt Thou come down in Thy measureless humility?" The disputation in the temple is followed by a soprano solo aria of a mystical character: "One day will I too have the good fortune to behold the blessed day, to behold thy fair beauty, when thou wilt enter into my being, thou, my only heavenly consolation?" The Garden of Gethsemane scene follows the Last Supper scene without a break. The first part closes following the arrest of Christ with a meditation sung by the soloists and taken up by the choir, "Oh see the Lamb of God, taken away by sinners."

The second section begins with a long lament carried by the solo alto, expressing the loneliness and the despairing distress of the abandoned soul, "What shall I say? What shall I do? Where, oh where

shall I find the beloved?" As if from a great distance the choir responds in the words of the psalm writer: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." This is no triumphant affirmation, as the soul remains alone and abandoned. Jesus is in the hands of the henchmen. Next follows the violent scene, full of contrast, in which Jesus is brought before the High Council. It begins with words and degenerates into insults, blows, and spitting. An aria about our own lack of dignity is suddenly introduced by women in the choir. Christ is then brought before Pontius Pilate, and once again a scene begins gently without agitation, but in a different key this time, only to end with the enraged shout of the crowds: "Crucify him!" and Pilate's washing his hands. Next follows the crucifixion scene on Golgotha, sung by the low sections of the choir (alto, tenor, bass), interrupted by the few words of the crucified Christ as they are given in the Gospel of John. But when Jesus has offered up his spirit, the choir bursts out with "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh hell, where is thy victory?" And the whole of the final chorus is illuminated by the radiant mystery of the resurrection.

Martin speaks of his reverence for Bach, and in the first measure there is a memorable *homage* to Bach's *St. John Passion*, which begins with three pillars for the chorus, "Herr, Herr, Herr." *Golgotha* opens with three similar chords for the cry, "Père!, Père!, Père!" and returns three times to those cries with new harmony after contrapuntal sections.

Bach made special use of obbligato instruments in the arias of the Passions, for example, solo flute for the soprano solo, "Aus Liebe," and viola da gamba for the bass solo, "Komm, Süßes Kreuz." Martin finds an especially appropriate color in the bassoon for its poignant passages in the alto aria (no. 6). He uses the flute to wind, in melting sixteenth note runs, around the soprano soloist in no. 3.

There are many moments of drama to be found in *Golgotha*. One comes in no. 7 when the taunts of the crowd (tenors and basses) shouting "Christ!" as an insult are followed without pause by a six-part women's choir of angelic voices intoning "Christ," with a totally different meaning. The moment is the more magical as the men end in the key of A[#] major, and the women begin in B^b major, an enharmonic change that is the same, and yet not the same. Another moment of high drama occurs when the crowd shouts, "We have no God but Caesar," in three octaves, ending on a chilling minor chord.

Martin composed *Golgotha* without a commission, from internal spiritual necessity. His first inspiration was the light used by Rembrandt. The final movement is about what Martin calls the "radiant mystery" of a

luminous darkness. Streams of major chords invoke the heavens, the resurrection, and the light.

Clara Longstreth ©2016

Sources for program notes:

1. Dissertation by Magda de Meester:

Le Golgotha de Frank Martin (quelques aspects de la mise en musique)

2. Etude by Andrée Koelliker

Frank Martin (for the Conservatoire de Lausanne)

3. Roman Hinke

Notes for Harmonia Mundi recording, 2010

4. Maria Martin gave permission to reprint Frank Martin's article in the liner notes for Hänssler recording of 1998.

Frank Martin
Golgotha
Full text

Part I

1. Prologue

Père ! Père ! Père !

Jusqu'à quel point nous as-Tu donc aimés !

Père ! Père ! Père !

Tu n'as pas épargné ton Fils,

Tu l'as livré pour nos péchés.

Jusqu'à quel point nous as-Tu donc aimés !

Celui qui n'a pas craint de Te ravir Ta gloire,

en se disant l'égal de Toi,

T'a obéi jusqu'à la mort,

et jusqu'à la mort sur la croix.

Père ! Père ! Père !

Jusqu'à quel point nous as-Tu donc aimés !

Né de la Vierge Marie,

Christ s'est fait homme parmi nous.

Il a souffert la Passion,

il a été enseveli.

Seul libre entre les morts,

il reçut le pouvoir de remettre son âme

et le pouvoir de la reprendre.

Il s'est offert a Toi,

mon Dieu, comme la victime des hommes.

Il a pour eux remporté la victoire.

Il a triomphé de la mort.

Il s'est assis à Ta droite, mon Dieu.

C'est en Lui que j'ai mis l'espérance

que Tu guériras mes langueurs,

en Christ, le Fils de Ton amour,

en Christ qui T'implore pour nous.

Père ! Père ! Père !

Jusqu'à quel point nous as-Tu donc aimés !

Nous étions accablés sous

le poids de nos misères,

épouvantés de nos péchés.

Mais Christ est mort pour nous;

en Christ, nous possédons la vie.

(after St. Augustine, Confessions, Book X, Chapter XLIII)

2. Les Rameaux

BASS SOLO

Comme Jésus cheminait approchant de Jerusalem,

des gens en grand nombre étendaient leurs

vêtements sur son passage; d'autres coupaient

des rameaux et en jonchaient le chemin; d'autres
avaient des palmes à la main. Tous criaient:

SOLOISTS AND CHORUS

Hosanna ! Hosanna ! Hosanna !

Béni soit celui qui vient au nom du Seigneur !

Béni soit le roi qui vient au nom du Seigneur !

Béni soit le règne qui vient,
le règne de David notre Père !
Paix dans le ciel !
Gloire dans les lieux très-hauts !
Hosanna ! Hosanna au fils de David !
Hosanna au roi d'Israël !
Hosanna dans les lieux très-hauts !
(Matt. 21:2-9, John 12:12-13)

TENOR SOLO

Jésus dit alors:

JESUS

Maintenant mon âme est troublée. Et que dirai-je?
Père, délivre-moi de cette heure ! Mais c'est pour
cette heure même que je suis venu. Père, glorifie
ton nom !

CHORUS

Alors il vint du ciel une voix qui disait :

Je l'ai glorifié et je le glorifierai encore.

TENOR SOLO

Jésus reprit:

JESUS

Cette voix s'est fait entendre non pour moi, mais
pour vous. Maintenant le monde va être jugé.
Maintenant le prince de ce monde va être jeté
dehors. Et pour moi, quand j'aurai été élevé de la
terre, j'attirerai tous les hommes à moi.
(John 12:27-32)

CHORUS

Jusqu'où, adorable Sauveur,
Fils unique de Dieu,
Jusqu'où ton humilité te fait-elle descendre ?
À quoi te porte ta bonté pour les hommes ?
Quel excès de miséricorde,

de compassion et de pitié !
Quel prodige inouï !
Quel mystère insondable !
Le juste souffre la mort
que le pécheur a méritée.
Le coupable est absous, l'innocent condamné
Et c'est un Dieu qui, par sa Passion,
vient effacer tous les péchés de l'homme.
Quel prodige inouï !
Quel mystère insondable !
Je suis tout chargé de crimes,
et Tu veux, ô Saint des Saints,
souffrir la mort pour les expier.
(St. Augustine: Meditation VII)

3. Le Discours au Temple

CHORUS

Jésus enseignait dans le temple. S'adressant au peuple et à ses disciples, il leur dit :

JESUS

C'est dans la chaire de Moïse que sont assis les scribes et les Pharisiens: observez donc et faites tout ce qu'ils vous diront. Mais ne les imitez pas ! Car ils disent et ne font pas ! Ils lient des fardeaux pesants pour en charger les épaules des autres, mais ils ne voudraient pas les remuer même du doigt. Malheur à vous, scribes et Pharisiens hypocrites, car vous fermez aux hommes le royaume du ciel. Malheur à vous, scribes et Pharisiens hypocrites ! Vous ressemblez à des sépulchres blanchis qui au dehors paraissent beaux mais qui sont pleins d'ossements de mort et de pourriture. Malheur à vous, scribes et Pharisiens hypocrites!

Vous élevez des tombeaux aux prophètes, vous ornez les sépulchres des justes et vous dites : "Si nous avons été là, du temps de nos pères, nous n'aurions pas été leurs complices dans le meurtre des hommes de Dieu !"

Hypocrites ! Ainsi vous témoignez contre vous-mêmes que vous êtes bien les fils de ceux qui ont tué les prophètes ! Comblez donc, vous, comblez la mesure de vos pères, serpents, race de vipère ! Comment échapperez-vous au supplice de la géhenne ? Voici, je vous enverrai des prophètes et des justes. Vous ferez mourir et crucifier les uns, vous ferez fouetter les autres dans vos synagogues

et vous les persécuterez de ville en ville, afin que retombe sur vous tout le sang innocent répandu sur la terre, depuis le sang d'Abel le juste jusqu'à celui de Zacharie que vous avez massacré entre le sanctuaire et l'autel. En vérité, je vous le dis, tout cela retombera sur la présente génération.

Jérusalem ! Jérusalem ! Toi qui tues les prophètes et qui lapides les messagers de Dieu, combien de fois ai-je voulu rassembler les enfants, comme une poule rassemble ses poussins sous ses ailes. Et vous ne l'avez pas voulu. Sachez que le lieu de votre demeure va devenir désert, car je vous le dis, vous ne me verrez plus, désormais, jusqu'à ce jour où vous direz : "Béni soit celui qui vient au nom du Seigneur !"

(Matt. 23:1-4, 13, 27-39)

SOPRANO SOLO

Quand serai-je assez heureuse pour voir
ce jour béni, pour voir tes beautés adorables ?

Quand viendras-tu en moi, mon unique
consolation, toi que j'attends sans cesse,
avec tant d'impatience ?

Quand te verrai-je, unique objet
de mes désirs et de ma joie ?

Puis-je être heureuse parfaitement que je ne
sois en état de contempler ta gloire à jamais ?
C'est après quoi je soupire avec tant d'ardeur,
dans la faim que j'ai de toi.

Quel sera mon bonheur de pouvoir, un jour,
m'enivrer sagement, dans ta demeure toute
céleste, de ces torrents de délices, dont je
ressens nuit et jour une soif si ardente !

Que je puisse, ô mon Dieu, me nourrir d'un
pain de larmes, en attendant ce jour béni que
j'entendrai dire à mon âme :

"Voici ton époux bien-aimé !"

(St. Augustine: Meditation XLI)

4. La Sainte Cène

TENOR SOLO

Le jour des pains sans levain, Jésus prit place à
table et les douze apôtres avec lui.

JESUS

J'ai désiré avec ardeur manger cette Pâque avec
vous, avant que je souffre. Car je vous le déclare,
je n'en mangerai plus jusqu'à ce qu'elle soit

accomplie au royaume de Dieu.
(Luke 22:14-16)

TENOR SOLO

Alors, sachant que son heure était venue de passer de ce monde à son Père, comme il avait aimé les siens dans le monde, il les aima d'un suprême amour.

BASS SOLO

Au moment du souper (le diable ayant déjà mis dans le cœur de Judas Iscariot le dessein de le trahir) Jésus fut troublé dans son esprit et dit à ses disciples :

JESUS

En vérité, en vérité, je vous déclare que l'un de vous me trahira.

BASS SOLO

Le disciple que Jésus aimait se pencha sur son sein et lui dit :

TENOR SOLO

Maître, qui est-ce ?

BASS SOLO

Jésus lui répondit :

JESUS

C'est celui à qui je donnerai le morceau que je vais tremper.

BASS SOLO

Et Jésus trempant un morceau le donna à Judas Iscariot. Quand Judas eut pris le morceau, Satan entra en lui. Jésus lui dit :

JESUS

Fais au plus tôt ce que tu as à faire !

BASS SOLO

Et Judas sortit brusquement. Il était nuit.
(John 13:1-2, 21-30)

TENOR SOLO

Alors Jésus prit du pain et ayant rendu grâce le rompit et le leur donna en disant :

JESUS

Ceci est mon corps qui est donné pour vous.
Faites ceci en mémoire de moi.

TENOR SOLO

Il leur donna de même la coupe, en disant :

JESUS

Cette coupe est la nouvelle alliance en mon sang
qui est versé pour vous.

TENOR SOLO

Puis étant sorti, il alla selon sa coutume à la
montagne des Oliviers et ses disciples le suivirent.
(Luke 22:19, 20, 39)

5. Gethsémané

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

Là, dans un jardin nommé Gethsémané, il dit à ses
disciples :

JESUS

Asseyez-vous ici jusqu'à ce que j'aie prié.

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

Et ayant pris avec lui Pierre, Jacques et Jean, il
commença à être saisi d'angoisse et de frayeur.
Il leur dit alors :

JESUS

Mon âme est triste jusqu'à la mort. Demeurez ici
et veillez.

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

Et s'en allant un peu plus loin, il se prosterna
contre terre, priant que, s'il était possible, cette
heure s'éloignât de lui. Et il disait :

JESUS

Abba, Père ! Toutes choses te sont possibles :
éloigne de moi ce calice ! Toutefois, que Ta
volonté soit faite et non la mienne !

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

Il vint alors vers ses disciples et les trouvant
endormis, il dit à Pierre :

JESUS

Simon, tu dors ! N'as-tu donc pu veiller une heure avec moi ? Levez-vous ! Veillez et priez, afin que vous ne tombiez pas dans la tentation.

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

Il s'éloigna une seconde fois et pria :

JESUS

Père ! Père ! Père !

S'il n'est pas possible que cette coupe passe loin de moi, que Ta volonté soit faite !

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

Il retourna vers ses disciples et les trouva qui dormaient encore, car leurs yeux étaient appesantis et ils ne savaient que lui répondre. Il s'éloigna encore et fit pour la troisième fois la même prière.

JESUS

Père ! Si Tu voulais éloigner cette coupe de moi... Toutefois, non pas ma volonté, mais la Tienne.

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

Alors il revint trouver ses disciples.

JESUS

Dormez maintenant et reposez-vous ! C'est assez ! L'heure est venue où le Fils de l'homme va être livré aux pécheurs.

BASS SOLO

Comme il disait ces mots, Judas arriva suivi d'un grand nombre de gens armés d'épées et de bâtons. Il s'approcha de Jésus et lui dit : "Maître, Maître !" Et il le baisa. Aussitôt ils mirent la main sur Jésus et se saisirent de lui. Jésus leur dit :

JESUS

Vous êtes venus me prendre avec des épées et des bâtons, comme si j'étais un voleur. Pourtant j'étais tous les jours au milieu de vous, enseignant dans le temple, et vous ne m'avez pas arrêté. Mais c'est ici votre heure et la puissance des ténèbres.

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

Alors les disciples l'abandonnèrent et s'enfuirent.

(Mark 14:32-43, 45, 46, 48-50; Luke 22:53)

CHORUS

Voici l'Agneau divin que
les pécheurs emmènent.
Voici l'Agneau sans tache qui,
même sans se plaindre,
souffre qu'on le dépouille
de sa toison si pure.
Voici l'Agneau de Dieu qui
sans ouvrir la bouche se voit
couvrir d'opprobres jusqu'à
souffrir qu'on le frappe au visage
et que l'on ose même lui cracher à la face.
C'est là celui qui seul est sans péché.
C'est là le Christ chargé de nos douleurs.
C'est là celui qui, par sa Passion
vient nous guérir de toutes nos langueurs.
(St. Augustine: Meditation V)

Part II

6. Méditation

ALTO SOLO

Que dirai-je ? Que ferai-je ?
Où pourrai-je trouver mon bien-aimé ?
Qui m'en apprendra des nouvelles ?
Qui lui dira que je languis d'amour pour lui?

CHORUS

Je lève les yeux vers les montagnes.
D'où me viendra le secours ?

ALTO SOLO

Mon âme et tous mes sens défaillent.
Où irai-je pour trouver mon bien-aimé ?

CHORUS

Le secours vient de l'Éternel,
qui a fait les cieux et la terre.

ALTO SOLO

Dans mon cœur toute joie est morte.
Ô, seul Dieu de mon cœur, que seraient
donc sans Toi le ciel et cette terre ?

Je ne veux plus que Toi,
je n'espère qu'en Toi,
je ne cherche que Toi, et tout mon cœur

n'aspire qu'à la beauté de ton visage.

CHORUS

Il ne sommeille ni ne dort
celui qui garde ses enfants.
L'Éternel est ton ombre à ta droite.
Pendant le jour le soleil ne te frappera pas
ni la lune pendant la nuit.
Il te gardera de tout mal,
il gardera ton âme.

ALTO SOLO

Que dirai-je ? Que ferai-je ?
Où irai-je pour trouver mon bien-aimé ?
Qui m'en apprendra des nouvelles ?
Qui lui dira que je languis d'amour pour lui ?
Que dirai-je ?
Où irai-je pour trouver mon bien-aimé ?
(Solo: St. Augustine, Meditation XLI; Chorus: Psalm 121)

7. Jésus devant le Sanhédrin

CHORUS

Ils menèrent Jésus devant
le souverain sacrificateur.
Là s'assemblèrent les chefs des prêtres,
les sénateurs et les scribes ;
Et tout le Sanhédrin cherchait des
témoins contre Jésus pour le faire mourir.
Quelques-uns parurent alors, qui témoignèrent
faussement contre lui, en disant :

TENOR SOLO AND BASS SOLO

Cet homme a dit:
"Je détruirai ce temple, bâti par les hommes,
et dans trois jours j'en bâtirai un autre."

CHORUS

Mais ce témoignage même n'était pas suffisant.
Alors le souverain sacrificateur se levant au milieu
du conseil, interrogea Jésus :

HIGH PRIEST

Ne réponds-tu rien à ce que
ces gens déposent contre toi ?

CHORUS

Mais Jésus gardait le silence.
Une seconde fois,

le grand prêtre interrogea Jésus :

HIGH PRIEST

Au nom du Dieu vivant, je t'adjure :
Dis-nous si tu es le Christ,
le fils du Dieu béni ?

CHORUS

Jésus lui répondit :

JESUS

Tu l'as dit. Je le suis.
Et, je vous le déclare, désormais vous verrez le
Fils de l'homme assis à la droite du Tout-Puissant.
Vous le verrez venir sur les nuées du ciel.

TENOR SOLO

À ces mots, le grand prêtre déchira ses vêtements.

HIGH PRIEST

Il a blasphémé !
Qu'avons-nous encore besoin de témoignages ?
Vous avez entendu le blasphème. Que vous en
semble ?

CHORUS

Nous l'avons entendu de sa bouche. Il mérite la
mort.

TENOR SOLO

Et ils se mirent à cracher contre lui.
Et lui ayant bandé les yeux, ils lui donnaient des
coups de poing et des soufflets, en disant :

CHORUS

Christ ! Christ !
Devine lequel t'a frappé !
(Mark 14:53, 55-65)

SOLOISTS AND CHORUS

Christ ! Christ !
Divin Sauveur ! Comment t'a-t-on pu juger digne

d'un traitement si rigoureux, d'une mort à la fois
si honteuse et si cruelle ? Quelle était donc la
cause de ta condamnation ? Christ, c'est mon
péché qui cause tes souffrances.

Ce sont mes fautes qui te font mourir.
Je suis l'instrument de tes peines, de tes supplices
les plus cruels.
Christ, aie pitié de nous.
(St. Augustine, Meditation VII)

8. Jésus devant Pilate

BASS SOLO

Ils menèrent alors Jésus devant Pilate. C'était le
matin. Ils n'entrèrent pas dans le prétoire de peur
de se souiller et de ne pouvoir manger la Pâque.
Pilate sortit au-devant d'eux et leur dit :

PILATE

De quel crime accusez-vous cet homme ?

CHORUS

S'il n'était pas un malfaiteur, nous ne te l'aurions
pas livré.

PILATE

Prenez-le donc vous-même et jugez-le selon votre
loi.

CHORUS

Nous n'avons pas le droit de faire mourir
personne.

BASS SOLO

Pilate, étant rentré dans le prétoire, y fit venir
Jésus.

PILATE

Es-tu le roi des juifs?

JESUS

Dis-tu cela de toi-même, ou d'autres te l'ont-ils dit
de moi ?

PILATE

Suis-je Juif ? Ceux de ta nation t'ont mis entre mes
mains. Qu'as-tu donc fait ?

JESUS

Mon royaume n'est pas de ce monde. Si mon
royaume était de ce monde, mes gens auraient
combattu pour moi. Mais mon règne n'est pas d'ici
bas.

PILATE

Tu es donc roi?

JESUS

Tu l'as dit, je suis roi. Je suis né pour cela et je suis venu dans le monde pour rendre témoignage à la vérité. Quiconque est pour la vérité écoute ma voix.

PILATE

Qu'est-ce que la vérité ?

BASS SOLO

Ayant dit cela, Pilate sortit vers les Juifs et leur dit :

PILATE

Pour moi, je ne trouve en cet homme aucun crime. Mais comme il est d'usage qu'à la fête de Pâque je vous relâche un prisonnier, voulez-vous que je vous relâche le Roi des Juifs ?

BASS SOLO

Tous crièrent :

CHORUS

Non ! Non ! pas lui ! pas lui ! Barrabas !

BASS SOLO

Or Barrabas était un brigand. Alors Pilate fit prendre Jésus et le fit fouetter. Et les soldats, ayant fait une couronne d'épines, la lui mirent sur la tête, et le revêtirent d'un manteau de pourpre, et ils disaient :

CHORUS

Je te salue, Roi des Juifs !

BASS SOLO

Et ils lui donnaient des soufflets.
Pilate sortit une fois encore et dit aux Juifs :

PILATE

Le voici, je vous l'amène, afin que vous sachiez que je ne trouve en lui aucun crime.

BASS SOLO

Jésus sortit donc, portant la couronne d'épines et

le manteau de pourpre. Et Pilate leur dit :

PILATE

Voici l'homme.

BASS SOLO

Dès qu'ils le virent, ils se mirent à crier :

CHORUS

À mort ! À mort !

PILATE

Quel mal a-t-il donc fait ?

CHORUS

À mort ! À mort ! Crucifie !

Nous avons une loi, et d'après notre loi, il doit mourir, parce qu'il s'est fait Fils de Dieu.

PILATE

Crucifierai-je votre roi ?

CHORUS

Nous n'avons d'autre roi que César !

BASS SOLO

Alors il le leur livra pour être crucifié. C'était la veille du Sabbat de Pâque, environ la sixième heure.

(John 18:28-31, 33-40; 19:1-7, 15, 16)

9. Le Calvaire

CHORUS

Jésus, portant sa croix, vint au lieu appelé le Calvaire,

qui se nomme en hébreu Golgotha.

C'est là qu'ils le crucifièrent, lui et deux autres, un de chaque côté, et Jésus au milieu. Pilate fit faire un écriteau et le fit placer au haut de la croix. On y lisait ces mots : "Jésus de Nazareth, Roi des Juifs."

Après que les soldats eurent crucifié Jésus, ils prirent ses habits dont ils firent quatre parts, une pour chaque soldat. Ils prirent aussi sa tunique, et comme elle était sans couture, ils la tirèrent au sort.

Cependant la mère de Jésus, la sœur de sa mère, Marie, femme de Cléopas, et Marie-Madeleine se

tenaient au pied de la croix. Jésus, ayant vu sa mère et auprès d'elle le disciple qu'il aimait, dit à sa mère :

JESUS

Femme, voilà ton fils.

CHORUS

Puis il dit au disciple :

JESUS

Voilà ta mère !

CHORUS

Et dès lors ce disciple la prit chez lui.

Après cela, sachant que tout était consommé, afin que l'Écriture fût accomplie, Jésus dit :

JESUS

J'ai soif.

CHORUS

Et comme il y avait là un vase plein de vinaigre, les soldats en emplirent une éponge, et la mettant au bout d'une branche d'hysope, ils la lui présentèrent à la bouche.

Quand Jésus eut pris le vinaigre, il dit :

JESUS

Tout est accompli.

CHORUS

Et baissant la tête, il rendit l'esprit.

(John 19:17-19, 23-30)

TENOR SOLO

Ô mon Seigneur et mon Dieu,
considère celui par qui seul
Tu veux bien nous faire miséricorde.
Considère ton Fils étendu sur la croix ;

sa tête couronnée d'épines,
toute penchée sur son sein adorable,
toute prête d'expirer.
Créateur si puissant et si plein de douceur,
considère la Sainte humanité de ton Fils,
l'unique objet de ton amour.
Prends pitié de nous, mon Dieu,

c'est pour nos fautes qu'il veut mourir.
Considère ton Fils expirant sur la croix,
son sein tout découvert,
son côté percé d'une lance,
ses entrailles tout épuisées,
ses yeux éteints,
ses lèvres toutes pâles et toutes desséchées,
ses bras et ses pieds si cruellement étirés
et tout couverts de son sang adorable.
À la vue de ce Fils unique,
si tendrement aimé
et livré à la mort sur la croix
Ô Père Tout-Puissant,
souviens-Toi de notre misère.
(St. Augustine, Meditation VI)

10. Épilogue: La Résurrection
SOLOISTS AND CHORUS
Ô Mort ! où est ton aiguillon ?
Ô Sépulcre, où est ta victoire ?
(I Corinthians 15:55)
Tressaille de joie dans le ciel.
Tressaille de joie, multitude des anges !
Pour la victoire d'un tel Roi,
sonne, trompette du salut !
Qu'illuminé ta splendeur, Éternel Roi,
le monde voie que ses ténèbres se déchirent.
Tressaille de joie dans le ciel !
Et que la grande voix
des peuples fasse retentir l'univers !
Tressaille de joie dans le ciel !

SOLOISTS
Car c'est ici la nuit bénie,
où Jésus-Christ, brisant les chaînes de la mort,
sort victorieux du sépulcre.

CHORUS
Ô nuit, nuit bienheureuse,
nuit sainte qui nous donne le pardon et la paix
Ô nuit vraiment heureuse,
qui seule a mérité de voir
l'heure où le Christ a vaincu le tombeau !
Ô nuit plus claire que le jour !
Nuit où le ciel vient s'unir à la terre !
Nuit qui se fait lumineuse
Pour éclairer ma joie.

SOLOISTS

Ô merveilleux honneurs
dont Ta pitié nous comble !
Ô excès de Ta charité !
Pour racheter l'esclave,
Tu as livré Ton Fils !

SOLOISTS AND CHORUS

Ce Dieu qui s'est fait homme,
les anges ne cessent pas de le louer.
Les Dominations l'adorent.
Les Puissances du ciel ne peuvent
sans trembler soutenir sa présence.
Ô splendeur de Ta gloire,
Père Éternel et Tout-Puissant,
à qui les chérubins servent de trône !
Lumière véritable !
Unique source de lumière !
Lumière essentielle et souveraine !
(After Exsultet: Office of Holy Saturday and St. Augustine, Meditations XV and XVIII)

1. Prologue

Father! Father! Father!
How far have You, good Father, loved us all!
Father! Father! Father!
You have not spared Your only son,
You have delivered Him up for our sins.
How far have You, good Father, loved us all!
And He who was not afraid to seize Your glory
by claiming to be equal with You,
has obeyed You even unto death,
even unto death on the cross.
Father! Father! Father!
How far have You, good Father, loved us all!
Born of the Virgin Mary,
Christ was made man and dwelt with us.
He suffered the Passion,
He was buried.
There free among the dead,
only He had the power to lay down His life
and the power to take it up again.
He gave himself to You,
O God, even as the victim of men.

He brought them back the victory.
He triumphed over death.
He is seated at Your right hand, my God.
In Him have I placed my hope
that You will heal my ills,
in Christ, the son of Your great love,
in Christ who implores You for us.
Father! Father! Father!
How far have You, good Father, loved us all!
We were bowed down beneath
the weight of our misfortunes,
affrighted by our sins.
But Christ has died for us;
in Christ we do inherit life.
(after St. Augustine, Confessions, Book X, Chapter XLIII)

2. Palm Sunday

BASS SOLO

And when Jesus drew nigh unto Jerusalem, a very
great multitude spread their garments for His
passing, others cut down branches from the trees,
and strewed them for His passing, others had
palms in their hands. Then they cried:

SOLOISTS AND CHORUS

Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!
Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord!
Blessed the King who comes in the name of the Lord!
Blessed the Kingdom that comes,
the Kingdom of David our Father!
Peace in the heavens!
Glory in the high places!
Hosanna! Hosanna to the Son of David!
Hosanna to the King of Israel!
Hosanna in the highest!
(Matt. 21:2-9, John 12:12-13)

TENOR SOLO

Then Jesus said:

JESUS

And now, now is my soul troubled, and what shall I
say? Father, deliver me from this hour! But it is
for this very hour that I am come. Father, glorify Your
name.

CHORUS

And then there came a voice from heaven, which said:

I have glorified it and shall glorify it again.

TENOR SOLO

Jesus answered and said:

JESUS

This voice that you can hear, came not because of me, but for your sakes. Now is the Judgement of the world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out by man. And as for me, if I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me.

(John 12:27-32)

CHORUS

How far, beloved Redeemer,
only Son of God,
How far shall Your humility have You stoop?
To what shall Your goodwill for men bring You?
What abundance of mercy,
of compassion and pity!
What unheard-of wonder!
What unfathomable mystery!
The just man suffers death
which the sinner has deserved.
The guilty are pardoned, the innocent condemned.
He is a God who, through His suffering,
comes to wipe out the sins of all mankind.
What unheard-of wonder!
What unfathomable mystery!
I am overwhelmed with sins,
and You are willing, O Saint of Saints,
to suffer death, to atone for them.
(St. Augustine: Meditation VII)

3. The Teaching in the Temple

CHORUS

Jesus was teaching in the Temple. Addressing Himself to the people and His disciples, He said to them:

JESUS

Behold, the scribes and the Pharisees are sitting in the seat of Moses. Observe and do whatever they bid you. But do not imitate them! For they say and do not. For they bind heavy burdens and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves would not move them with one of their fingers. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against

men. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you are like unto whited sepulchres which indeed appear beautiful outwardly but within are full of rottenness and dead men's bones. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!

You build up the tombs of the Prophets, and decorate the sepulchres of the righteous, and say: "If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been complicit with them in the murder of these men of God!"

Hypocrites! Thus you witness against yourselves, that you are indeed the sons of them who killed the Prophets. Fill, then, fill the measure of your fathers, you serpents, generation of vipers! How shall you escape the damnation of Hell? Behold, I send unto you prophets and wise men. And you shall kill and crucify some of them, and others you shall scourge in your synagogues, and you shall hound them all from city to city, so that upon you may fall all the innocent blood shed upon the earth from the blood of righteous Abel to that of Zacharias, whom you slew between the Temple and the Altar. Truly, I say unto you, that all these things shall come upon this generation. Jerusalem! Jerusalem! You who kill your prophets and stone the messengers of God, how often have I wished to gather your children together, as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings – and you would have none of it. Know that your dwelling-place shall become desolate, for I say unto you, you shall not see me henceforth until that day when you shall say: "Blessed is he that comes in the name of the Lord!"

(Matt. 23:1-4, 13, 27-39)

SOPRANO SOLO

When shall I be so happy as to see
that blessed day, to see Your glorious beauty?
When will You come to me, my sole
strength in my distress, You whom I await ever,
with such impatience?
When shall I see You, only end
of my desires and my joy?
Can I be perfectly happy if I am not
in contemplation of Your glory forever?
It is for this that I sigh with such ardor,
in my hunger for You.

How happy I will be to be able, one day,
to make myself blessedly drunk, in Your
celestial dwelling, upon these floods of delight,
for which night and day I so ardently thirst!
Let me, o my God, feed myself with
a bread of tears, while awaiting that blessed
day when my soul shall hear:
"Behold your beloved spouse!"
(St. Augustine: Meditation XLI)

4. The Last Supper

TENOR SOLO

On the day of the Passover, Jesus took His place at
table, and the twelve apostles with Him.

JESUS

Eagerly have I wished to eat this Passover with
you, before I suffer. For I say unto you, I will not
eat again until it is fulfilled in the Kingdom of God.

(Luke 22:14-16)

TENOR SOLO

So, knowing that His hour had come to
pass from this world unto the Father, having loved
His own who were in the world, He loved them
unto the end.

BASS SOLO

And supper being ended (the devil having already
put into the heart of Judas Iscariot the design to
betray Him), Jesus was troubled in spirit and said
to His disciples:

JESUS

Truly, truly, I tell you that one of you will betray
me.

BASS SOLO

The disciple whom Jesus loved leaned upon His
breast and said:

TENOR SOLO

Master, who is it?

BASS SOLO

Jesus answered him:

JESUS

It is he to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it.

BASS SOLO

And Jesus, dipping the sop, gave it to Judas Iscariot. And when Judas had taken the sop, then Satan entered into him. Jesus said to him:

JESUS

Do quickly what you must do!

BASS SOLO

And Judas went immediately out. It was night.
(John 13:1-2, 21-30)

TENOR SOLO

Then Jesus took bread, and having given thanks, He broke it and gave it to them, saying:

JESUS

This is my body which is given for you.
Do this in remembrance of me.

TENOR SOLO

In the same way He gave them the cup, saying:

JESUS

This cup is the new testament in my blood which is spilled for you.

TENOR SOLO

Then, having come out, He went according to His habit up to the mount of Olives, and His disciples followed Him.

(Luke 22:19, 20, 39)

5. Gethsemane

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

There, in a garden called Gethsemane, He said to His disciples:

JESUS

Sit here until I have finished praying.

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

And having taken with him Peter, James and John, He began to be seized with anguish and fear. So He

said to them:

JESUS

My soul is sorrowful, even unto death: tarry here and keep watch.

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

And going a little further off, He threw Himself upon the ground, praying that, if it were possible, this hour might pass from Him. And He said:

JESUS

Abba, Father! All things are possible to You; take this cup from me! Nevertheless, not what I will but what You will!

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

He came then to his disciples and, finding them asleep, He said to Peter:

JESUS

Simon, do you sleep? Could you not watch one hour with me? Arise! Watch and pray, lest you fall into temptation.

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

He went off a second time and prayed:

JESUS

Father! Father! Father!
If it is not possible that this cup be taken away from me, let Your will be done!

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

He returned to His disciples and found them again asleep, for their eyes were very heavy and they knew not what to answer Him.
He went away again and said for the third time the same prayer.

JESUS

Father! If You wished to take this cup from me...
Nevertheless, not my will, but Yours.

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

And so He returned to find His disciples.

JESUS

Sleep now and take your rest! It is enough!

The hour is come when the Son of Man is betrayed
into the hands of sinners.

BASS SOLO

As He was saying these words, Judas arrived,
followed by a great multitude armed with swords
and staves. He approached Jesus and said to Him:
“Master, Master!” and kissed Him. And
straightaway they laid their hands on Jesus and
seized him. Jesus said to them:

JESUS

You are come out with swords and with staves to
take me, as it were against a thief. And yet I was
daily amongst you, teaching in the temple, and you
took me not. But now your hour is come and the
power of darkness.

ALTO SOLO AND TENOR SOLO

And then the disciples abandoned Him and fled.
(Mark 14:32-43, 45, 46, 48-50; Luke 22:53)

CHORUS

Behold the Holy Lamb,
whom sinners lead away.
Behold the spotless Lamb who,
all without complaining,
suffers them to despoil Him
of His raiment so pure.
Behold the Lamb of God who,
without opening His mouth, sees Himself
covered with curses, even so far
suffering them to smite His visage,
and yea, even to spit in His face.
There He is, who alone is without sin.
There, the Christ burdened with our grief.
There He who, by his Passion,
comes to succor us in all our distress.
(St. Augustine: Meditation V)

Part II

6. Meditation

ALTO SOLO

What shall I say? What shall I do?
Where can I find my beloved?
Who will bring tidings of Him to me,
who will tell Him that I pine with love for Him?

CHORUS

I lift up mine eyes unto the mountains.
Whence shall come my aid?

ALTO SOLO

My soul and all my senses fail me.
Where shall I go to discover my beloved?

CHORUS

My help shall come from the Everlasting,
who has made the heavens and the earth.

ALTO SOLO

In my heart all joy is dead.
O, only God of my heart,
what would the heavens and the earth be without You?
It is only You whom I need.
It is only You in whom I trust.
It is only You for whom I search, and my whole heart
is yearning for the beauty of Your countenance.

CHORUS

He neither slumbers nor sleeps,
He who protects His children.
The Everlasting is your shadow at your right hand.
The sun shall not smite you by day
nor the moon during the night.
He shall keep you from all evil,
He shall preserve your soul.

ALTO SOLO

What shall I say? What shall I do?
Where shall I go to discover my beloved?
Who will bring tidings of Him to me,
who will tell Him that I pine with love for Him?
What shall I say?
Where shall I go to discover my beloved?
(Solo: St. Augustine, Meditation XLI; Chorus: Psalm 121)

7. Jesus before the Sanhedrin

CHORUS

They brought Jesus before
the High Priest.
There were assembled the chief priests,
the elders and scribes;
and the whole Sanhedrin sought
witnesses against Jesus to put Him to death.
Some did come, who testified

falsely against Him, saying:

TENOR SOLO AND BASS SOLO

This man said:

"I will destroy this temple, that was built by men,
and in three days I will build another."

CHORUS

But this testimony alone was not sufficient.
So the High Priest, rising amidst
the council, questioned Jesus, saying:

HIGH PRIEST

Answer you nothing to that
which these witness against you?

CHORUS

But Jesus kept His silence.
A second time,
the High Priest questioned Jesus:

HIGH PRIEST

In the name of the living God, I adjure you,
tell us if you are the Christ,
the Son of blessed God.

CHORUS

Jesus answered him:

JESUS

You have said it. I am He.
And I say unto you, from henceforth you shall see
the Son of Man seated at the right hand of the
Almighty. You shall see him coming in the clouds
of Heaven.

TENOR SOLO

At these words the High Priest rent his clothes.

HIGH PRIEST

This man has blasphemed!
What need have we of any further witnesses? Now
behold, you have all heard his blasphemy. What
think you on it?

CHORUS

We have heard it from his own mouth. He
deserves death.

TENOR SOLO

Then some of them began to spit on His face.
And having blindfolded His eyes, others of them
buffeted Him and smote Him, saying:

CHORUS

Christ! Christ!
Prophesy who it is that smote you!
(Mark 14:53, 55-65)

SOLOISTS AND CHORUS

Christ! Christ!
Divine Savior! How could they have judged You worthy
of such harsh treatment, of a death at once
so shameful and so cruel? What was then the
reason for Your condemnation? Christ, it is my
sin which causes all Your suffering,
my faults that have put You to death.
I am the instrument of Your anguish, of Your afflictions most cruel.
Christ, have pity on us.
(St. Augustine, Meditation VII)

8. Jesus before Pilate

BASS SOLO

Then they took Jesus and led Him before Pilate.
And it was early. And they themselves went not
into the Judgement Hall, lest they should be
defiled, and not be able to eat the Passover.
Therefore Pilate went out unto them and said:

PILATE

Of what crime do you accuse this man?

CHORUS

If he were not a malefactor, we would not have
delivered him up to you.

PILATE

Then take him yourselves and judge him according
to your law.

CHORUS

We do not have the right to put anyone to death.

BASS SOLO

Then Pilate returned into the Judgement Hall and called Jesus and said:

PILATE

Are you the King of the Jews?

JESUS

Do you say this thing of yourself, or did others tell it to you of me?

PILATE

Am I a Jew? They of your nation have put you into my hands. What have you done?

JESUS

My Kingdom is not of this world. If my Kingdom were of this world, my people would have fought for me. But my reign is not here below.

PILATE

So you are a king?

JESUS

So you say, I am a King. To this end I was born and for this I came unto this world, to bear witness to the Truth. And whosoever is for the Truth, hears my voice.

PILATE

What is truth?

BASS SOLO

Having said this, Pilate went out again to the Jews and said to them:

PILATE

As for me, I find no fault in this man. But as it is customary at the Passover feast that I release unto you a prisoner, do you wish me to release the King of the Jews?

BASS SOLO

They all cried:

CHORUS

No! No! Not he! Not he! Barrabas!

BASS SOLO

Now Barrabas was a robber. So Pilate therefore delivered up Jesus and He was scourged. And the soldiers, having fashioned a crown of thorns, put it on His head. And they put on Him a garment of purple, and they said:

CHORUS

I salute you, King of the Jews!

BASS SOLO

And they smote Him with their hands.
And Pilate went forth again, and said unto them:

PILATE

Behold, I bring him forth to you, that you all may know that I find no fault in him.

BASS SOLO

Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the robe of purple. And Pilate said unto them:

PILATE

Behold the man!

BASS SOLO

And when they saw Him, they began to cry out:

CHORUS

To death! To death!

PILATE

What evil has he done?

CHORUS

To death! To death! Crucify him!
We have one law, and according to our law, he must die, because he made himself Son of God.

PILATE

Shall I crucify your King?

CHORUS

We have no other King but Caesar!

BASS SOLO

And so he delivered Him to them to be crucified. It

was the eve of the Sabbath of Passover, about the sixth hour.

(John 18:28-31, 33-40; 19:1-7, 15, 16)

9. Calvary

CHORUS

Jesus, bearing His cross, came to the place called Calvary,

which in Hebrew is called Golgotha.

And there they crucified Him, Him and two others, one on either side, and Jesus in the middle. Pilate had an inscription made and had it placed atop the cross. There could be read these words: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

After the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they seized upon His garments and made of them four parts, one for each soldier. They took also His coat, and as it was without seam, they cast lots for it.

Now it happened that the mother of Jesus, His mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene were standing at the foot of the cross. Jesus, having seen His mother and next to her the disciple whom He loved, said to His mother:

JESUS

Woman, behold your son.

CHORUS

Then he said to His disciple:

JESUS

Behold your mother.

CHORUS

And from that hour the disciple took her to his own home.

After that, knowing that all was accomplished, in order that the Scripture might be fulfilled, Jesus said:

JESUS

I thirst.

CHORUS

And as there was there a vase filled with vinegar, the soldiers filled a sponge with it, and putting it

at the end of a branch of hyssop, they
held it up to His mouth.
And when Jesus had taken the vinegar He said:

JESUS
It is finished.

JESUS
And lowering His head, he gave up the ghost.
(John 19:17-19, 23-30)

TENOR SOLO
O my Lord and my God,
look now upon Him by whose grace
You will have mercy on us.
Look now on Your Son stretched there on the cross,
the cruel crown of thorns on His head,
already drooping on His breast,
at the moment of death.
Almighty and merciful Creator,
consider now the holy humanity of Your Son,
Your well beloved, Your only child.
Have pity on us, my God;
'tis for our sins He is willing to die.
Look now on Your Son, who is dying on the cross.
His breast is bare,
and His side is pierced with a spear,
His bowels parched with thirst,
His eyes are dim,
His lips are all pale and dry with suffering,
His arms and His feet so cruelly tortured
and besmeared with His own dear blood.
When You look on Your only Son,
so tenderly beloved
and delivered up unto death on the cross,
Almighty Father,
remember our distress!
(St. Augustine, Meditation VI)

10. Epilogue: The Resurrection

SOLOISTS AND CHORUS

O Death! Where is your sting?
O Grave, where is your victory?
(I Corinthians 15:55)

Tremble with joy in the heavens.
Tremble with joy, multitude of angels!
For the victory of so great a King,
sound, o trumpet of salute!

Illuminated by Your splendor, eternal King,
the world may see all its darkness torn asunder.
Tremble with joy in the heavens!
And may the great voice
of the peoples make the universe resound!
Tremble with joy in the heavens!

SOLOISTS

For here is the blessed night of gladness,
when Jesus Christ, casting off the chains of Death,
comes forth victorious from the tomb.

CHORUS

O night, blessed night,
holy night which grants us pardon and peace!
O truly blessed night,
which alone deserved to see
that hour when Christ vanquished the tomb!
O night brighter than the day!
Night when heaven is united with the earth!
Night which is made luminous
to shine forth on my joy.

SOLOISTS

O wondrous honors
which Your mercy has heaped on us!
O too much of charity, Lord!
To redeem the slave,
You have delivered Your Son!

SOLOISTS AND CHORUS

This God who was made man,
the angels never cease to praise Him.
The Dominions adore Him.
The Powers of Heaven cannot
sustain His presence without trembling.
O splendor of Your glory,
Father eternal and almighty,
for whom the Cherubim serve as a throne!
True and certain light!
Unique source of light!
Essential and sovereign light!

(After Exsultet: Office of Holy Saturday and St. Augustine, Meditations XV and XVIII)