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# The Cantata Singers

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
West Church Street at Davis  
Elmira, New York  
April 17, 1987

THE CANTATA SINGERS

William O. Payne III, Music Director

Deborah Montgomery, Soprano  
Randolph Messing, Baritone

SOPRANO

Ruth Bruning  
Deborah A. Courtney  
Judy McFarland  
Linda Harrison  
Nancy L. Husisian  
Marcia Katzmar  
Jane Kerber  
Laura McGrath  
Judith Edson Sheasley

ALTO

Eunice E. Bowers  
Joan Cunnings  
Mary Dittbrenner  
Judith Feitner  
Claudia Hamlin  
Patricia Hauser  
Barbara L. Horn  
Wendy Roe Hovey  
Joanne Lutomski  
Lou Sand  
Florence Suffern  
Carol Wright

TENOR

Claude C. Cornwall  
Paul D. Holland  
Kurt Katzmar  
Richard E. Wack  
Will Wickham

BASS

Richard F. Bauer  
Marvin E. Bunch  
Mark J. Hagan  
Marc B. Lovell  
Michael K. Wald

Judith Feitner, rehearsal accompanist

The Cantata Singers take great pleasure in presenting their concerts without admission charge. The continuation of this practice depends largely upon your contribution at each concert.

If you would like to be added to our mailing list for future events, please leave your name and address in the collection plate.

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DER TOD JESU (THE DEATH OF JESUS)

Carl Heinrich Graun

1. Chorale

You, whose eyes flowed  
as soon as they saw Zion  
determined for outrage  
nearing the trap set for it;  
Where is the valley, the cave that is hiding you, Jesus?  
Pursuers of his soul, have you already slaughtered him?

2. Chorus

His breathing is weak,  
His days are numbered,  
His soul is full of wretchedness;  
His life is close to hell.

3. Recitative

Gethsemane, Gethsemane, whom do your walls  
hear grieving, so frightened, so abandoned?  
Who is the one whose death is so painfully slow?  
Best of all the children of humanity,  
you are faint of heart, and tremble  
just like a sinner who has heard his death sentence.  
Oh, see! He is sinking, burdened with the  
sins of the whole world.  
His working heart flies from its cavity,  
His sweat rolls crimson down his temples.  
He calls, "Sorrowful is my soul,  
sorrowful my soul unto death!"

Aria

You hero, upon whom the quiver of death was emptied,  
You hear him, who, weaker at the grave, desires comfort.  
You want to, you can, be his protecting god.  
When I see abysses at the edge of this life,  
where my spirit tries in vain to retreat;  
When I hear the judge coming, coming with scales and thunder,  
And the sphere quivers under his footstep;  
Who will be my protecting God?  
Who there will be my protecting God?

4. Chorale:

Whom do I have but you alone  
Who knows how to give me comfort  
and counsel in my last agony?  
Who accepts unto himself my soul  
When my life can go no further  
and I must wrestle with death,  
When all my senses are lacking strength,  
Is that not you, my Savior?



5. Recitative

Alas, my Emmanuel; there he lies bowed down in the dust.  
He glances toward Heaven, wails aloud: "Father,  
let this Hour pass, let it pass, take away,  
take away this bitter cup, away from my mouth!  
You won't take it? Well, then, your will be done!"  
Brightened, he rises from the astonished earth,  
strengthened by the angel's hand; and see!  
The disciples have been overcome with slumber  
Here they lie resting and looking sad.  
The Friend of Man leans reflectively over them,  
and speaks from his kind face:  
"The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak,"  
and bends over and gently strokes Peter's hand.  
"Even you aren't awake any longer, even you?  
Wake up and pray, my brothers!"

Aria:

A prayer for new strength, for the completion of noble works  
parts the clouds and rushes to the Lord,  
And the Lord grants it gladly.

When I aspire to the temple of virtue,  
faintly moving up the steep path,  
I give spurs to my run, after the example of the Wanderer,  
Through the hope in those beautiful, lofty scenes,  
And lighten my step with prayer and song.

7. Chorus

Our Soul is bowed down to the ground.  
O woe! That we have sinned so grievously.

8. Chorale

I want to turn from my misdeeds to the Lord;  
You will surely give me help and counsel, O God,  
And through the strength of your good Spirit  
Which creates in us new hearts,  
Grant me this, through your mercy.

9. Recitative

Jerusalem, laden with murderous urge,  
calls in wild tones: "May his blood  
be upon us and our sons and daughters!"  
You conquer, Jerusalem,  
and Jesus is now bleeding.  
In purple he already draws  
the scornful laughter of the people,  
so that he is uncomforted in his torment,  
so that his heart is broken in humiliation.  
Full of love he stands there  
free of anger and bad temper,  
and wears his diadem of thorns;  
and an insolent, vile murderer's hand  
seizes a staff and strikes his head.  
A stream gushes down his forehead and cheek.  
See what a man, what a human!  
The voice of pity speaks from  
the judgment chair of the tyrant.  
And Judah hears it not  
and lays upon the bleeding one,  
with shocking rage, the wooden  
beam on which he is to die.  
He carries it without complaint,  
but sinks down, fainting.  
No noble heart can now hold back its sadness.  
The tears, so long dammed up, are flowing.  
But he looks consolingly around him  
and speaks: "Do not weep, daughters  
of Jerusalem, do not weep."

Aria

As one of God's mountains stands,  
its foot amid storms, its head in sunbeams,  
so stands the hero from Canaan.  
Death may hasten with the lightning,  
It may howl with the floods out of high places,  
It may split apart the edges of the earth,  
the wise one looks at it serenely.

10. Chorus

Christ left us an example  
So that we might follow in his footsteps.

Intermission

11. Chorale

To glorify you I would dare to do anything:  
to heed no cross nor insult nor misery,  
to take to heart no oppression,  
nor any pains of death.

13. Recitative

Who is the holy one, lent to us as an example  
and executed up among these sinners?  
You know him by his virtue.  
Insult, torture, fear of death forgotten;  
He considers, Mary, your lonely old age,  
and shares with bosom friend his last wish:  
"Young man, that is your mother!"  
This man, a pupil of Jesus, runs to honor his bequest.  
Jesus sees it and becomes more enraptured,  
He feels none of his wounds,  
for he can now give a ray of comfort  
to the last dreary hours of a penitent sinner.  
He turns his face to the criminal  
crucified at his side, in order to prophesy:  
"I say to you, you will be with me today in Paradise."

Aria

Sing to the godly prophet who  
brings comfort from Heaven:  
Sing him thanks, sons of earth,  
so that his spirit will upwards soar.  
You who flee the dust  
and see the rolling constellations beneath your feet,  
Now enjoy your virtue,  
climb creation's ladder to the seraph!  
Climb higher, soul, higher! May  
God, God, God! be your song!

14. Chorus

Rejoice, all you believers,  
For the word of the Lord is full of truth,  
And that which he promises,  
That will he surely keep.

15. Chorale

How splended is the new world  
Which God is reserving for believers.  
Not one of us can earn it  
O Jesus, Lord of Majesty.  
You have prepared a place for me, also  
help me to inherit it.  
Give this weakling  
a small glimpse of the joyful setting,  
so that I will find departure easy.

16. Recitative

All at once the pain comes raging back:  
His heart rises in the tight breast.  
In every vein a dagger twists,  
His whole body rises up on the cross;  
He feels the seven-fold horrors of death.  
Hell is now fully upon him.  
He cannot take it in any longer,  
the pain which presses so heavily.  
He calls: "My God, My God, how have  
you abandoned me!" and see  
how the dark hour moves by.  
"I am thirsty". His people refresh him  
with wine which they have mixed with gall.  
Now his sufferings do not increase;  
Now he triumphs aloud and speaks;  
"It is accomplished! Father, receive my soul!"  
And inclining his head upon his breast, he dies.  
Seraphim from all the stars, climb down  
and complain aloud: He is no more!  
The depths of the earth resound: He is no more!  
Tremble, Golgatha! He died on your heights!  
Flee, oh sun, and do not light this day!  
Break into pieces, land, where the murderers stand!  
Open up, you graves! You fathers, climb to the light!  
The kingdom of earth which covers you is stained with blood!  
He is no more! Thus will one day tell the next:  
He is no more! May eternities echo the complaint:  
He is no more!

17. Chorale and final chorus

Weep, oh eyes! The friend of humanity  
is leaving his precious life.  
Henceforth will his mouth  
not utter the word of God.  
Do not weep--the Lion has conquered!  
The Lion from the House of Judah!  
Weep, oh eyes! The friend of humanity  
is sinking under a thousand miseries.  
Could his gentle breast bear so much pain?  
Do not weep--the Lion has conquered!  
The Lion from the House of Judah!  
Weep, oh eyes! The friend of humanity,  
The noble one, the just one, is despised and scorned,  
is dying the death of servants.  
Do not weep--the Lion has conquered!  
The Lion from the House of Judah!

(Final chorus)

Here we lie, we sinners, moved and bowed down low,  
to moisten with tears this dust  
which drank your life's streams.  
O Jesus, accept our sacrifice, accept it!  
Here we lie, we sinners, moved and bowed down low.

Friend of God and of human beings  
Who has pressed the seal of death  
upon his eternal laws:  
May adoration be your thanks; may everyone offer it.