3-27-1929

Concert: St. Matthew Passion

Ithaca Conservatory Choir
Bert Rogers Lyon
Maurice Whitney
Margaret Daum-Nichols
Florence Allen-Wilcox

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The Passion
According to St. Matthew

By

Johann Sebastian Bach

Bert Rogers Lyon, Director
Maurice Whitney, Organist

Soloists
Margaret Daum-Nichols
Florence Allen-Wilcox
Hester Foster
Lillian Legro

George W. Hathaway
Erwin Stencke
Don Dewhirst
Dorothy Hewitt

Wednesday evening, March 27, 1929

First Methodist Episcopal Church, Ithaca, N.Y.

Alfred P. Coman, Minister
The Passion According to St. Matthew

PART I

The Treason of Judas

RECITATIVE. (Tenor and Bass)

Then one of the twelve disciples, whose name was Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests, and said: What will ye give me, if I to you deliver Him? And they offer'd him thirty silver pieces. And from that time sought he opportunity, that he might betray Him.

ARIA. (Soprano)

Only bleed, Thou dearest heart!
Ah! A child of Thine upbringing,
To Thy breast for nurture clinging
Coiling there, the snake accursed
Stings where it was fondly nursed.

The Preparation of the Passion

RECITATIVE. (Tenor)

Now on the first day, of the feast of unleaven'd bread came the disciples to Jesus, and said unto Him:—

CHORUS

Where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the Passover?

RECITATIVE. (Tenor and Bass)

He said: Go ye into the city to such a man, and say to him: The Master saith to thee: My time is at hand; I will keep at my house the Passover, with my disciples. The disciples did as Jesus had appointed, and made ready the Passover. And when evening came, He sat down with the twelve and as they did eat, He said: Verily, I say to you: One of you shall betray Me. And they grew exceedingly sad, and they began, ev'ry one of them to say unto Him:—

CHORUS

Lord, is it I?

CHORALE

The sorrows Thou art bearing,
With none their burdens sharing,
On me they ought to fall.
The torture Thou art feeling,
Thy patient love revealing,
'Tis I that should endure it all.

The Treason of Judas

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The Passion According to St. Matthew

The Institution of the Eucharist

RECITATIVE. (Tenor and Bass)
He answered them, and said: He who his hand with Me in the dish hath dipped, even he shall betray Me. The Son of Man goeth now away, as of Him it hath been written; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man hath been betrayed! It had been better, yea better for him if he had not been born. Then answered Judas, he that betrayed Him, and said: Lord, is it I? He said unto him: Thou sayest. And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, blessed it, and broke it, and gave it to His disciples, and said. Take, eat, this is My Body. And He took the cup and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying: Drink ye all of it: this is My Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins. I say to you, I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine, until the day when I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom.

RECITATIVE. (Soprano)
Although my eyes with tears o'erflow, Since Jesus now must from us go, His gracious promise doth the soul uplift, His Flesh and Blood (O precious gift) Doth He bequeath into my hand. As He while in the world did love His own, So now with love unchanging, He loves them still unto the end.

CHORALE
Here will I stay beside Thee, Lord, do not me disdain! Whatever woe betide Thee, Here steadfast I remain. When bitter pain shall hold Thee In agony opprest, Then, then will I enfold Thee Within my loving breast!

The Agony in the Garden

RECITATIVE. (Tenor and Bass)
Then came Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and said to the disciples: Sit ye here, while I go yonder and pray. And He took with Him Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then said Jesus to them: My soul is very sad, e'en unto death; tarry here, and watch with Me.

SOLO (Tenor) WITH CHORUS
O grief! Here throbs the racked and bleeding heart. It sinks away; how pale His countenance! Before the judge He must appear; No comfort, ah! no helper near! Yea, all the pains of Hell assail Him, Nor will His innocence avail Him! Ah! could my love for Thee avail, Thy pain to mitigate, or share it, Or could I only help Thee bear it, How gladly so dear a task I'd hail! Why must Thou suffer all these pangs of sorrow? Ah! From my sins they all their sting do borrow! Mine, ah! Lord Jesus, mine the guilt, I own it: Must Thou atone it?

SOLO (Tenor) WITH CHORUS
I would beside my Lord be watching. Then laid to rest our sins will be! For my sake He to die will undertake, His sorrows are my joy, my glory. The griefs that He for us endureth How bitter yet how sweet are they.

Christ's Prayer in the Garden

RECITATIVE. (Tenor and Bass)
And He went a little farther, and fell down upon His face, and prayed, and said: My Father, if possible, wilt Thou lay this cup pass from Me; yet not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

RECITATIVE. (Tenor and Bass)
And He came to His disciples and found them sleeping and said unto Peter: Could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. The Spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away a second time, prayed, and said: My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.

CHORALE
Now may the will of God be done! His will I would not alter. His help is near to every one, Let not our courage falter. In all our need, Our Friend indeed, How tenderly He chideth! To Him hold fast: He builds to last Who still in God confideth.

The Betrayal and Arrest

RECITATIVE. (Tenor and Bass)
And again He came and found them sleeping; indeed their eyes were full of sleep. And He left them, and He went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. Then came He to His disciples, and said to them: Ah! will ye now sleep and take your rest? Lo! the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is deliver'd up into the sinners' hands. So arise! let us be going; look ye, He is here who doth betray Me. And while He yet spake, came Judas, who was one of the twelve disciples, and with him came a great multitude, with swords and with staves from the chief priests and the elders of the people. Now he that betrayed Him
had given them a signal and had said: Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He; Him take ye. And straightway came he to Jesus and said: All hail to Thee, O Master! And kissed Him. Jesus said unto him: My friend, wherefore art thou come? Then instantly they came, and laid hands on Jesus, and took Him.

Christ is Bound and Led Into the City

DUET (Soprano and Alto) WITH CHORUS
Alas! my Jesus now taken.
Moon and stars
Have in sorrow night forsaken;
For my Jesus now is taken.
He's led away, ah! they have bound Him.
Away, away, all pity banished!
Then open, O fierce flaming pit, all thy terrors
Engulf them, devour them, destroy them,
In wrathfullest mood,
Oh! blast the betrayer, the murderous brood!

PART II

answered him never a word, not one, so that the governor did marvel greatly.

CHORALE
Commit thy ways, O pilgrim,
On time's dark, stormy seas,
To Him who all things orders,
Thro' sweet eternities.

Who measures out their courses,
To clouds and winds below,
He too will find a pathway,
Wherein thy feet may go.

RECITATIVE. (Soprano, Tenor and Bass)
Now upon that feast, the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would. And at that time there was among the prisoners a notable one called Barabbas. And when they were come together, Pilate said unto them: Now whether of the twain here will ye that I release to you? They answered:

DOUBLE CHORUS
Barabbas.

RECITATIVE. (Tenor and Bass)
And Pilate said to them: And what shall I do now with Jesus, to whom they give the name of Christ? They all said:

DOUBLE CHORUS
Let Him be crucified!

CHORALE
What wondrous punishment is this to render!
For erring sheep is slain the Shepherd tender;
The Lord, the just one, for the servant prayeth,
Who Him betrayeth.

RECITATIVE. (Tenor and Bass)
The governor answered: What evil hath He done?

RECITATIVE. (Soprano)
He hath done only good to all.
To blind folk sight He has restored;
The lame again are walking;
He told us of His Father's word,
He driveth devils forth;
The mourners hath He comforted;
In Him a friend the sinner found:
Beside, my Jesus nought hath done.
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The Scourging

RECITATIVE. (Tenor)
Then he released Barabbas unto them, and when he had scourged Jesus, forthwith he delivered Him, to be crucified.

RECITATIVE. (Alto)
O gracious God! Behold, and see the Saviour bound
Now scourge Him! and smite and wound! Tormentors, stay your hands!
Are not your hearts with pity moved
To see such anguish meekly borne?
Ah, no! Your hearts are hard, And must be like the rock itself,
Nay, more unyielding still.
Have pity, stay your hands!

The Crowning with Thorns

RECITATIVE. (Tenor)
Then straightway the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto Him the whole band of soldiers, and stripped Him, and put on Him a scarlet robe; and, plaiting a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand, and so they bow'd the knee before Him, and mocked Him, and said:—

DOUBLE CHORUS
We hail Thee, King of the Jews!

RECITATIVE (Tenor)
And then they spit on Him, and with the reed, they smote Him on the head.

CHORALE
O Thou with hate surrounded, Enduring shame and scorn, Whose sacred head is wounded, And crown'd with cruel thorn, Though praise and adoration Be now denied to Thee, And Thine but execration, Accept them, Lord, from me.

O calm majestic features, From which will shrink in fear The world of sinful creatures, Defiled ye now appear, How pale and wan Thy seeming, Thine eyes that once were bright, With pow'r transcendent beaming Ah, what hath dulled their light?

The Way of the Cross

RECITATIVE. (Tenor)
And after they had mocked Him, they took the robe off from Him, and put His own garments on Him, and led Him away to be crucified.

RECITATIVE. (Alto)
Ah, Golgotha! unhappy Golgotha!
The Lord of Glory here 'mid shame and scorn must perish; The blessed Saviour of the world Upon th' accursed tree now hangs; The Lord, who heaven and earth created, Of life and light is now bereft; The sinless here for sin must perish: Ah, how this grief doth pierce my soul!

The Death of Christ

RECITATIVE. (Tenor and Bass)
And from the sixth hour there was a darkness over all the land, until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried aloud, and said: Eli, Eli, lama saba-chthani! That is: My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me! Some of them that stood there heard Jesus cry aloud, and they said:—

CHORUS
He calleth for Elias.

RECITATIVE. (Tenor)
And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. The others said, however:—

CHORUS
Wait, let us see if indeed Elias come to save Him.

RECITATIVE. (Tenor)
And again Jesus cried aloud, and departed.

CHORALE
When I too am departing,
Then part Thou not from me.
On death's lone journey starting,
My soul will feel for Thee!
When near my end I languish,
All other comfort vain,
Then draw me out of anguish,
By Thine own woe and pain.

After the Crucifixion

RECITATIVE. (Tenor)
And then, behold! the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top unto the bottom. And the earth did quake, and the rocks rent. And the tombs gave up their dead, and there arose many bodies of the saints, that were sleeping, and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many. Now the centurion and they that were with him, and were watching Jesus, when they saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, and said:—
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CHORUS
Truly this was the Son of God.

RECITATIVE, (Tenor)
And at eventide there came a rich man of Arimathea, called Joseph, who himself was a disciple of Jesus. He went to Pilate, and begged of him the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered.

RECITATIVE (Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass) WITH CHORUS
And now the Lord to rest is laid,
His task is o'er, for all our sins He hath atoned.
O weary broken body!
See! with repentent tears we would be-dew it,

Benediction

Which our offence to such a death has brought.
My soul shall bless Thee all my days with thousand thanks,
That Thou hast deemed it worth the sacrifice.
My Jesus, rest in peace.

DOUBLE CHORUS
In deepest grief here sit we weeping,
Hearts turned to Thee, O Saviour blest:
Rest Thee softly, softly rest.
Long, ye weary limbs, lie sleeping.
This cold stone above Thy head,
Shall to many a careworn conscience
Be a sweet refreshing pillow;
Here the soul find peaceful bed.
Closed in bliss divine
Slumber now the weary eyes.

* * * * *

The Chair

SOPRANOS
Maragaret Daum-Nichols
Mary Linton
Mrs. Robert Wegner
Florence Reed
Hester Foster
Evelyn Johnson
Theresa Rickard
Mary Jane MacPhail
Mrs. Alfred P. Coman
Mrs. Louis M. Sullivan
Martha Shannon
Marguerite Biglow
Leona Arthur
Helen Hammett
Charlotte Andrews
Marguerite Turner
Marian Chamberlain
Mary Dinning
Grace Stillwells
Winona Lombard
Marjorie Fisher
Elizabeth Shannon

ALTOS
Florence Allen-Wilcox
Mrs. E. D. Button
Evelyn Ratzell
Lillian Legro
Jannette Dutcher
Euleta Bunnell
Florence Howland
Dorothy Hewitt
Mrs. Annie Payne
Margaret Jacobs
Mrs. W. R. Kelly
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Ernest D. Button
Richard W. Hill, Jr.
Maurice Gelder
Frederick Vaughan
Reginald Sweet
Jacob Broich
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Clarence Magee
Alfred Patten

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Sam Levering
Charles H. Davis
Jesse Merrill
Herman Toplansky
John Boyer
George Daland
Jannette Dutcher
Euleta Bunnell
Florence Howland
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