

The Covenanter Choral Society

of the

First Presbyterian Church
Jackson, Michigan

Presents the major choral works of
CARL HEINRICH GRAUN
(The Kapellmeister to Frederick the Great)
in a

GRAUN MUSIC FESTIVAL

THE TE DEUM

Saturday, April 28, 8 P.M.

THE PASSION

Sunday, April 29, 4 P.M.

Surely He Hath Borne Our Grievs (Motet)

Sunday, April 29, 11 A.M.



J. Alfred Fryer, Conductor

Marilyn Mason, Organist

Norma Heyde, Soprano

Blake Stern, Tenor

Jacqueline Walton, Mezzo-Soprano

Lawrence Winters, Baritone

Mary Ellen Henkel, Contralto



THE MINISTRY

J. William Wimberly, Pastor

J. Alfred Fryer, Assoc. Pastor

Cranston E. Goddard, Assoc. Pastor

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

C. H. GRAUN

Revised translation by
Dr. Frank A. Siegert

PART I

Garden of Gethsemane

CHORALE

O Thou whose eyes were flowing,
When Zion they beheld;
The seed of evil sowing
E'er she at last was felled.
Where is the place of refuge
Where Jesus hidden lay?
Pursuers of our Master
Have ye yet found your prey?

CHORUS

His breathing is weak. He is nearing
the end of life, and His soul is full of
weeping; for darkness is closing in
upon Him.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

Gethsemane! Oh, who is this within
thee, so fearful, so alone and heavy?
Whose are these pain of mortal agony?
Is this my Jesus? Thou alone
tremblest like a sinner, a sinner now
condemned to die. Behold! He faints
beneath the burden of the sins of all
the world. His heart with anguish labours
in His bosom. His sweat is dripping
down like drops of blood. He cries:
"My soul is full of sorrow, even to
death!"

CHORALE

Whom have I, Lord, but Thee alone,
To help me in my dying moan
With strength and love and consolation
Who shall receive my parting soul
When life at last has reached its goal,
And yield to death's just condemnation,
When all my strength avail me not,
Without Thy help, my Lord, my God?

The Agony

RECITATIVE (SOPRANO)

Oh! our Immanuel! He lies here,
deeply bent and weeping; with death He
wrestles, gazes upward, cries aloud!
"My Father, let this hour, O let it pass
away! O take away this bitter cup of
suffering from me. Shall it not be re-
moved from me? 'Tis well, Thy will

be done!" Encouraged, up he rose from
the astonished earth, supported by an
angel's hand. And lo! deep slumber the
disciples overcame. In deep repose
they lay and slept the sleep of sorrow.
The Saviour looked at them, and then
He spoke. His humble face displaying
pure and tender love, "The spirit is
willing but the flesh is weak." Then
bending down He touched the hand of
Peter, saying, "Could you not watch
with me one hour? O watch and pray
against temptation."

ARIA (SOPRANO)

Every prayer for faith's renewing,
Noble deeds that we bedoing,
Mounting upward, cleaves the skies,
And to God doth welcome rise.
Heavenward ever I am tending,
Climbing virtue's steep ascent.
Spur I onward my intent,
Like a wand'rer homeward wending,
Still the light of hope is showing
Scenes of bliss above me glowing
As I pass my way along
With a prayer and with a song.

The Arrest and Denial

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

Now arms are clashing. Swords are
gleaming in the blaze of torches
enemies appear. They threaten Jesus!
Oh! His life, it is in danger. But fear-
lessly He faces all the foes surround-
ing Him, and bravely He says: "Is it
me, whom you seek? Then suffer these
my friends to go their way in freedom!"
The terrified disciples leave their
Lord and flee, but He is bound and led
away. Alone of all, the faithful Peter
follows. He goes, though help is vain.
Afar, in sorrow, follows he his Lord
to Caiaphas. What are the words I hear
him saying? Oh is it Peter who replies:
"I do not know of whom you speak!"
How deeply Peter did you fall who
were so faithful? But Jesus turns
around and looks at Peter's face. He
felt the look and he went out, and wept
bitterly.

ARIA (TENOR)

O weak and faithless spirits, in time of trial your Lord denying. Ye shall not long escape the chiding voice of conscience, but tears will be your part. Ye stony-hearted sinners, tremble! One day remorse will rise within you, like a serpent will raise his head; and will with fateful deadly power, will strike you through the heart.

CHORUS

Sadly broken is our spirit in deep affliction. O sorrow! For our sins are many, their heavy burden is grievous.

CHORALE

We want to turn to Thee, O God,
When life's dread sins o'erwhelm us.
So grant us help and comfort, God,
And stay Thou close beside us.
Thy gracious spirit Thou impart,
Create within us a new heart,
Thy mercy be upon us.

The Scourging

RECITATIVE (BASS)

Jerusalem cries wildly, and with murd'rous lust: "His blood, it be on us, and on our sons and daughters!" Rejoice, Jerusalem! for Jesus' blood pours forth. In purple He is clothed, and mocked by all the people. No one to comfort Him, to help Him in His trial, to keep His tortured heart from breaking. Yet meekly stands He there, from hate and anger free, and wears His thorny diadem. And lo! a bystander, fierce and cruel, seizes a rod and strikes face and head. Blood pours forth from His head and brow. "Behold the man!" A word of pity comes even from the judge's mouth. The people heed it not; they force upon the bleeding man with cruel anger, the heavy cross, on which He slowly waste to die. He takes the burden, then beneath it falls. And now what feeling heart can hide its bitter sorrow? The tears fought back so long are flowing. But He looks up and words of comfort speak: "Oh Zion's daughters, do not weep!"

ARIA (BASS)

Just like God's mountain, its foot where storms are raging, its head in shining sunlight; so stands the Lord from Canaan. Destruction may e'er take you like a flash of lightning, or threaten when the roaring floods are rising and e'en the earth itself may tremble: but firmly stands the Son of Man.

CHORUS

Christ unto us has left an example, that we His footsteps should follow.

PART II

The Crucifixion

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

There stands on Golgotha the gloomy fateful cross. O innocent and just one! O give up the soul, the soul so cruelly tempted and tried! O! what horror! No chains there, neither ropes, but sharp pointed nails I see! Jesus stretches forth His hands, those hands so sacred, which have toiled to bless mankind. And see at each repeated blow the sharp pointed nails divide the nerves and veins and bones. With patience He bears it all. Behold Him hanging there, enduring shame, and pain, and mortal anguish, on Golgotha. Ye men of Israel, O fill your cruel hearts with compassion! Be content with your revenge! In vain! The elders sneer at Him. Their scorn is bitter, cruel joy is on their faces; yet Jesus cries: "My Father, my Father, O, forgive them, because they know not what they do."

DUET (SOPRANO and TENOR)

Foes who seek to destroy me, see how much the Son of Man loves ye. For His friends He would take you. Ye who scorn me in my woes, hear my prayer that heavenward goes: that your God bestow His blessings on you! This a Christian's duty be.

The Promised Salvation

RECITATIVE (SOPRANO)

Who is the holy one, for our example set, and with these malefactors on a cross beside Him? Ye may discern Him by His love. Shame, torture, fear of death forgetting, He remembers His mother, in her age forsaken. He entrusts to His beloved disciple this His last commandment: "Beloved Disciple, take her for thy mother!" Then he goes, this true disciple to fulfill his Lord's commandment. When Jesus looks upon it, His heart is filled with joy. He feels His wounds no longer, now He can give a ray of comfort in His suffering to a repentant sinner in his hour of need. He turns His head aside, and looking at the one malefactor there beside Him, lovingly He says: "I say to you, today, you will be with me in Paradise!"

ARIA (SOPRANO)

Sing, O sing to God's own prophet,
Who from heaven glad tidings bringeth
News where at each soul upspringeth,
Every creature sing His praise.
Thou that the dust of the earth flee'st,
And the stars beneath thy very feet
see'st,
Now thy full reward receiving;
From a mortal to a Seraph upward
rising!
O my soul, to God thy song upraise.

CHORUS

Sing and be joyful, ye righteous, for
the word of God is unfailing, for ever-
more. And what He will promise He
will surely keep.

CHORALE

How glorious is Thy kingdom, Lord,
Which is the faithful man's reward,
No mortal can acquire it.
O Jesus, with Thy help alone,
The precious seed that thou hast
sown,
Thy kingdom I'll inherit.
Grant me one brief glimpse of those
celestial joys before my day's end.
O my Saviour and my best friend.

The Death of Jesus

RECITATIVE (BASS)

Now suddenly the anguish long held
back, assails the Saviour's soul with
might. His heart beats in His trem-
bling breast, in every vein a dart
seems to rage and His whole body
writhes on the cross. He feels all the
horror, all the dread of dying; by hell
He seems overwhelmed. He can endure
no longer the pain 'gainst which there
is no help. He cries: "My God, why
hast Thou forsaken me?" And lo, the
hours of darkness passed away, and
then He moaned: "I thirst!" And they
gave Him a little wine, which with gall
had mingled. No longer could His
sorrow rise. Then did He cry aloud,
and say: "It is fulfilled! O Father re-
ceive my spirit!" And He bowed His
head upon His breast, and died.

CHORALE (with BASS SOLO)

Lament and weep! the friend of man
Gives up His life so precious.
In the future He will not
God's true word reveal to us.
Weep ye not! Weep ye not!
For the Lion of the tribe of Judah hath
prevailed.
Lament and weep! the friend of man
In dire pain did languish.
Could His gentle tender breast
Bear such dreadful anguish?
Lament and weep! the friend of man,
The noble, just and brave.
He is scorned and mocked, condemned
Murdered like a slave.

CHORUS

Behold us here, repentant sinners, O
Jesus bended low. With tears the very
dust we moisten, the sacred dust that
drank thy blood; O Jesus, receive our
sacrifice. O Saviour, thou Son of God
and friend of mankind, who by thy pre-
cious death has sealed the truth of
God's eternal laws. We thank Thee
and adore, and offer Thee ourselves.