

Cheltenham Coffee Concerts 2018

GOTTFRIED HEINRICH STÖLZEL  
(1690-1749)

Die Leidende und  
am Creutz Sterbende  
Liebe Jesu

*The Love of Jesus, Suffering and Dying on the Cross*

**31st March 2018**

*First UK Performance*

Corelli Vocal Consort  
Corelli Orchestra  
*directed by Warwick Cole*

## Who was Stölzel?

Gottfried Heinrich Stölzel was one of the foremost musicians of his generation. And yet today his name appears only in the footnotes of musical history. Most of his music was lost during the eighteenth century, and since he worked in just one of the many courts in central Germany he is often regarded as a second-rank composer and thus largely ignored. It is hardly any surprise that few have ever heard of him.

So who was he? Almost all of what we know of Stölzel's life comes directly from the man himself. Towards the end of his life he was asked, in common with many of the leading German musicians of the time, to contribute details of his biography to a compendium-like survey of the state of German music. The collator was the prolific writer on music, Johann Mattheson - whose principal claim to fame now is that he once duelled with Handel over who took precedence at the harpsichord in the Hamburg opera. His *Grundlage einer Ehren-Pforte* ('Foundation for a Roll of Honour') appeared in 1740 and contained biographies of the leading musicians of the day, one notable absence though being that of Johann Sebastian Bach who apparently never replied to Mattheson's request for information.

Here is Stölzel's full autobiography, written when his arrival at the court of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg where he would live and work for the rest of his life.

I was born, by the grace of God, on the 13th January 1690 in Grünstädel in the Ore Mountains [historic border between Saxony in Germany and Bohemia]. My late father, in the hope of earning a modest fortune for his parents and success for their mines, was happy to stay in that place as organist, and was a scholar under the former organist at the court in Saxony, Moritz Edelmann. Because he loved me so much, as he practised his music he kept me very busy even in my tender youth with singing as well as clavier. He also devoted me to a theological programme for my instruction in Christianity and Classics.

When I was about thirteen, my parents sent me to school in Schneeberg, and there I studied aspects of music and singing under the Cantor Christian Umblaufft, a scholar under Kuhnau [Bach's predecessor in Leipzig]. This faithful, diligent and honest man gave me a good grounding in figured bass as well as the composition of the music. But luckily for me, I was only instructed so far in the latter as to leave me space through black clouds of notes to be able to gaze unhindered at the sun of melody.

After several years I was sent to the public Gymnasium in Gera. There, thanks to the sense of the royal court, I was aware of a much better taste than I had been used to. For I found in the phrases of the then chapel director Emanuel Kegel something that drove me to set my thoughts on the right track, and which blossomed in me, so that after some years I got the opportunity several times to perform publicly, as a student of that

school, in the presence of the royal court. This was already enough, in regard to my age and circumstances, to encourage me to a greater diligence, if I had not been driven almost forcefully by those who were supposed to show me what is good - perhaps in the questionable opinion that "good" music had been around long ago, and if it had not been torn to pieces with Orpheus, then it had been burned with Pythagoras. (Orpheus was ripped apart by Ciconian women, and Pythagoras was killed by fire.) As if hearing, sound, rhythm, and the moving of the soul had been ripped up or burned and were nowhere to be found in nature! However I did not omit to practice these as much as I could and in addition had to learn poetry and oratory myself.

In 1707 I went to the University of Leipzig. There I found enough opportunities to read the works of the famous German musicians and, at a very good performance, to hear them too. This was the time when the Opera Theatre was reopened after having been closed for a while, so I missed no opportunity to visit it. Here I learned, because I was often deeply moved, how to easily move myself, however and

whenever I wanted to. In particular many pieces by the late Melchior Hofmann, which he gave to me to compose under his own name, inspired me to more industry with music. He also was always ready to lend me a hand until I could perform not only in the Collegium Musicum but also in other instances without support, albeit shortly before my departure.

From here I turned my path to Silesia and had the good fortune to spend over two years in Breslau, teaching singing and clavier in the houses of the foremost noble and baronial families. In the meantime, I directed various performances of music, particularly a serenade in honour of the coronation of Charles VI amongst other instrumental works, as well as a dramatic work, *Narcissus*, for which I wrote the poetry. This happened in the Collegium Musicum in Breslau.

After this I went back again to Halle, where the famous Kapellmeister Theile was staying. He assigned to me the composition of an opera called *Valeria*,

*Modern view of Grünstädel*



which was to be performed at the next fair in Naumburg. When this happened, I finished in just that same year, that is, 1712, at the gracious commission of the duke, a pastoral at Gera entitled *Roses and Thorns of Love*. In addition, the next year two operas of my music and poetry were performed in Naumburg, and at the end of the year I made a journey to Italy. There I principally stayed in Venice, Florence and Rome, all in all for a year and several months.

In this musical country, there is a natural inclination to music and a very high regard of its producers, which comes with perpetual encouragement and rich pay. This produces many amateurs and professionals, so that for every thousand everyday ideas, only the one which is new and good is rewarded with everything pleasant and worthwhile to do. I have done nothing more

pleasant and worthwhile than a public *al fresco* performance in Florence, in the presence of many persons of standing and almost all the musical artists of the city, performed by two singers and a chorus of instruments. But otherwise, my concerns were to be known by the most famous maestros, and to miss no opportunity when there was something to hear. I had in Venice the pleasure of the company of the recently departed Kapellmeister Heinichen, which was very useful for me. I similarly had the good fortune to get to know there Polaroli the elder, Vivaldi and others; in Florence particularly Francesco Gasparini, who was present there at an opera he had composed, Martinello Bitti, the two Palafutis; in Rome Antonio Bononcini and Alessandro Scarlatti the younger.

On my return journey I had the honour to humbly perform in Innsbruck at the noble court at that time for the name-day celebrations of his Majesty, now the Elector of the Palatinate, an Italian duet of my work to accompany the

feast, sung by Signora Eleonora de Scio and Signora Elenora Borosini.

So then I travelled to Prague via Linz and stayed there nearly three years. Among the music lovers there Herr Anton von Adlersfeld must sit foremost, as from all that crowd I had the honour to stay with him for the whole time with total freedom. Next I had a slice of luck to spend time with the recently deceased Count Logi every week - hours, yes, whole days passed by in loud music, and often the gentleman Herr Hartig could be heard on the clavier. Otherwise in Prague I finished and performed such various dramatic things as *Venus and Adonis*, *Acis and Galatea*, *The Happiness Conquered by Love* and so on with my own poetry, as well as many German, Latin and Italian church oratorios like *Die Büssende Sünderinn Maria Magdalena*, *Jesum patientem* and *Caino, overo il primo figlio malvaggio* of my composition, and also several masses along with very many instrumental pieces. The second centenary of Luther called me back

from Prague and I celebrated it at the royal court in Bayreuth, where during that time I organised the church music, and shortly after performed a serenata for a royal birthday.

In 1718 I was called by His Royal Grace to Gera to be Kapellmeister, and in that same year I performed an opera called *Diomedes*, of my own work, in Bayreuth. The next year I came as Kapellmeister into the service of the royal Saxe-Gothas, where I have since lived happily under the blessed rule of His Majesty Friedrich II. I consider it unnecessary to document what I completed or performed in the time since, only I cannot leave unmentioned that I twice had the honour to present at the name-day celebrations of Their Royal Highnesses my Duke and Lord not only vocal but also instrumental music from local noble princes and several knights.

My pay in Gotha amounts to generally 700 Kanzer Guilders and I have the rank of a royal secretary.

*Friedenstein Castle (former residence of the dukes of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg - and for thirty years home to Gottfried Heinrich Stölzel)*





*Schlossmuseum Sondershausen*

Stölzel finishes his autobiography here. He makes a brief explanation on his life and career in a supplementary letter in 1739, which he wrote seemingly to commend himself to history and his successors. He describes his marriage and his academic endeavours in a section dense with praise and titles of his employers, but doesn't explain much about his later life. To fill in the gaps, we turn to an obituary published by Lorenz Christoph Mizler in 1754, a polymath who belonged to the same musical society as Stölzel and knew him personally. This final section of the obituary, which follows here, provides details of the second half of Stölzel's life.

All in all the late Kapellmeister Herr Stölzel was glad to serve two Dukes of Saxe-Gotha, Frederick II and Frederick III, for thirty years. It is easy to comprehend that in this time he completed an abundance of poetical and harmonious works, namely eight double year cycles, about fourteen passions and Christmas oratorios, fourteen operas, sixteen seranatas, over eighty pieces of Tafelmusik, and nearly as many miscellaneous cantatas for royal birthdays, festivals etc. for which he on the whole composed the poetry himself - not considering the volume of masses, overtures, symphonies, concertos and such like that he performed. The late Herr Stölzel also drafted a theoretical treatise on music, which he however did not finish. He devoted the hours left over from his work to reading musical and other related works, and he had a large and precise knowledge especially of the works of Mizler and Mattheson.

Concerning his personal life, he was married on 25th May 1719 in Gera to Christiana Dorothea Knauer, oldest daughter of the late Herr M. Johann Knauer, senior deacon in Schleitz, by whom God granted him nine sons one after the other and finally one daughter. Three of his sons died in infancy, but six of them and his daughter are still alive. The oldest, Albert Friedrich, is an archivist in Gotha; the second, August Heinrich, is a clerk and tax collector in Altenburg and is married to Christiana Henrietta, the only daughter of the lawyer Christian Lang who works in the Royal Polish court and for the Prince-Electors of Saxony. The third son, Wilhelm Friedrich, is a trainee minister in Gotha; the fourth Heinrich Gottfried has the role of a councillor in Friedrichstein; the fifth Christian Friedrich has a place to study Law in Leipzig. The sixth son, Johann Ludwig, and the daughter Sophia Johanna Elizabetha are still at home.

The pay of the late Herr Stölzel amounted to generally 700 Kanzer Guilders and he had the rank of a royal secretary. Concerning his position in the society of musical scientists, he became a member in 1739 and gave his words and works as members of such societies in Germany do. He also himself diligently worked as a member of the society on a treatise on recitatives [Abhandlung vom Recitativ], which the musical society finished and made known as soon as it was handed over to them in his will. In that year he also wrote a beautiful cantata for the society. Two years before

his death he was constantly ill and particularly feeble-minded, and he died after a six-day spell in the sickbed on 27th November 1749, before he reached the age of 60. Germany lost much with the passing of this talented and truly great Kapellmeister, and it is wished that there were more Stölzels around. His name has since then always been considered honourable not only by the Society, but by all true musical artists.

At this point Mizler prints the words to a musical piece he has written in Stölzel's honour, with praises being sung to him by music makers, the Musical Society, the city of Gotha, and his true fans. One final thing we do know about Stölzel from modern research that was overlooked in the obituary was that he was head-hunted to write music for the court in Sondershausen from 1720 to 1730 while working under the dukes of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg. It was in the library of Sondershausen that most of the music that has come down to us from Stölzel was preserved, including the passion we are performing today. Although these pieces are only a fragment of his total output, they give us a glimpse of the skill of this prolific composer.

## Stölzel *and* Bach

Although the documentary evidence is sketchy, it is clear that Stölzel and Bach knew each other, at least by reputation.

Whether or not they ever met is unrecorded, but the fact that two pieces of Stölzel's were copied into the Bach family music albums suggests that his music was well known and valued in the Bach circle. The music in question is the song 'Bist du bei mir' from the opera *Diomedes* - long thought to have been by Bach himself and listed in the Bach catalogue as BWV 508 - and a harpsichord partita which was given to Bach's eldest son Wilhelm Friedemann to learn.

There are other connections too. In mid 1734 Bach varied his weekly performance of church cantatas substituting a cycle by Stölzel in place of his own works, and on Good Friday of that year, he performed the Passion setting that we hear today. The manuscript parts for these performances have since been lost, but from early twentieth-century catalogues of the Thomaner collection - the archive library which inherited a substantial portion of Bach's liturgical music - it appears that the performance material may have survived until 1945. It is impossible therefore to know the extent to which Bach may have altered the music. In performing the music of other composers, Bach rarely resisted the temptation to adjust or improve the models. (The classic example is his reworking of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* in which the text is changed to

a German setting of Psalm 51 as *Tilge, Höchster, meine Sünden* and extensive embellishments to the scoring are made.) In the case of the present Passion, we know that Bach returned to it about a decade later borrowing the material of the tenor aria 'Dein Kreutz, o Bräutigam meiner Seelen' (13b) and expanding it into a much longer piece for alto. Quite why he did this remains a mystery, and indeed the context for the resulting aria is also unknown. It appears to have been intended as part of a multi-movement work, which has since disappeared.

Stölzel's influence can be felt elsewhere in Bach's music. Later in 1734, Bach

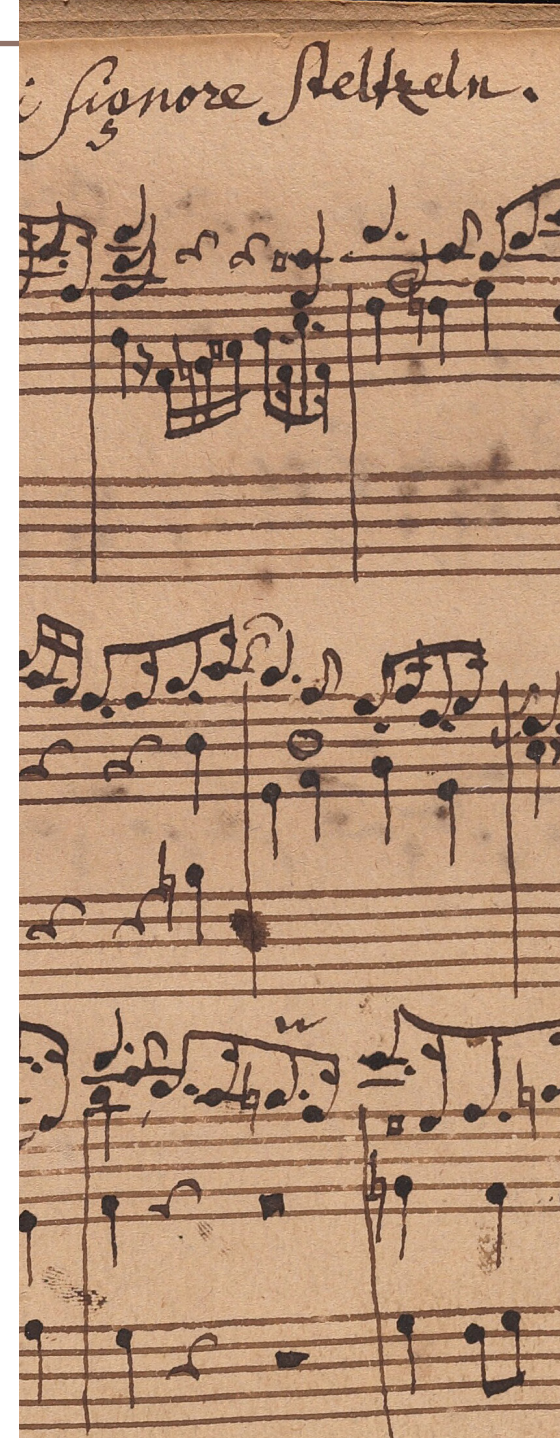


*The Chapel at Friedenstein Castle, Gotha*

composed his *Christmas Oratorio* (BWV 248). Apart from the fact that, strictly speaking, Stölzel's Passion is an oratorio, elements of the recitative writing in the *Christmas Oratorio* show a clear debt to Stölzel's Passion: the narrative passages are set as *secco* recitative with bass only, while the meditative sections employ strings using harmonies to highlight the text. The multi-voiced recitative passages at the opening of the Passion and the use of a chorale tune as a backdrop to the final recitative have clear echoes in Bach's work.

Other connections between Stölzel and Bach are documented: both belonged to the Corresponding Society of Musical Sciences, which required members to circulate examples of their work for appreciation and comment from their peers. (Bach was elected a member subsequently to Stölzel; both Telemann and Handel were also members.) Bach's contribution was the *Canonic Variations* on 'Vom Himmel hoch' for organ, while Stölzel circulated a treatise on how to compose recitative. The *Abhandlung vom Recitativ* is an important document of the theory and practice.

There is one final connection between the two composers, though it is somewhat oblique. In 1717, Stölzel's predecessor as Kapellmeister at Gotha fell ill and in his place another local musician was called in to substitute for him. Johann Sebastian Bach in fact performed an unknown Passion setting in the same chapel that Stölzel's was first heard. It is an intriguing thought that memories of Bach's music might have been in the minds of the listeners when they heard this music for the first time.



*The opening of Stölzel's Harpsichord Partita in Bach's hand*

## Stölzel *and the* Passion

When he came to write the Passion, Stölzel was newly appointed as Kapellmeister at Gotha. We may reasonably assume that this, his first essay in the genre, was intended to be distinctive and memorable. Unlike Bach's Passion settings, and indeed those by several other composers notably Telemann, Stölzel's sets a verse paraphrase of the narrative rather than directly quoting the bible. This in itself was not unusual. A verse text by the Hamburg cleric Barthold Brockes had been set by numerous composers in the early eighteenth century, among them Handel, Telemann, Fasch and indeed Stölzel in 1725. But here, Stölzel goes a step further in that he deliberately eschews named characters and avoids any large-scale re-enactment of the drama. Instead, his version is much more reflective, even contemplative. This aspect is emphasised by the use of the present tense in the Evangelist sections, rather the past-tense reportage of the biblical text.

The work was evidently a success. Documented performances indicate that it was disseminated over a relatively wide area geographically, and that it remained current repertoire longer than most works of its type. As well as two performances under Stölzel in Gotha, there are libretti from Nuremberg, Rudoldstadt, Leipzig and Göttingen. In addition, a set of parts has survived from a performance in Sondershausen, and this has provided the source for the music.

The Passion is set as twenty-two 'reflections' (*Betrachtungen*). Rather like Part I of Bach's *St Matthew Passion* in which the sequence of movements is highly regulated, Stölzel's 'reflections' replicate a similar pattern almost without alteration. An opening passage of narrative in *secco* recitative is followed by an accompanied section leading to an aria in which the allegorical figure of 'the believing soul' interprets the action from a Christian standpoint. This is very much in the Lutheran tradition in that the emphasis is strongly on the individual response to the unfolding story. The 'reflection' then concludes with a verse from a German hymn (chorale), as it were a corporate response to the events of the drama.

Stölzel often wrote the poetry for his own music, and his authorship of the text of this Passion is confirmed by the title page of the 1741 performance in Göttingen - incidentally, Cheltenham's twin town. As for the music, it is in many ways more accessible than Bach's. Stölzel's style is recognisably that of the German baroque, and the inventiveness of his ideas makes them immediately attractive and characterful. Where he differs from Bach is the length and thoroughness of the working out of those ideas. That Bach reworked the aria from Part 3 (13b) into a much longer piece is perhaps indicative that he felt the inherent potential of the musical material had not been pursued to its full extent.

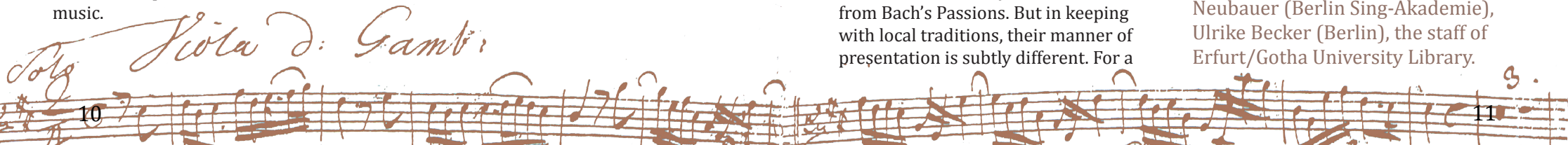
Another noticeable difference from Bach's Passions is the relative balance between recitative and aria. Clearly, the shorter length of the arias shifts the focus towards the former and it is in those sections that the text is often more theologically interpretative. In a musical sense, arguably the focus on the recitative heightens the impact of the arias, which is set into relief by the variety of the instrumental scoring. But like Bach, Stölzel constantly varies the metre and key of the arias and is keen to underline the theological implications of the narrative. Thus, he reserves the sharp keys of B minor and D major for the crucifixion scenes, and by implication they are indicative of Jesus's redeeming power. (The German 'Kreuz' means both the 'cross' and a 'sharp' in the musical sense.) By extension, the flat keys are used for the opposite: sin, death, and those earthly aspects which are contrary to God's will. Stölzel's melodic gifts produce some telling effects. Perhaps the most moving is the oboe solo in the opening aria, where the sense of the falling tears is vividly portrayed. And despite the solemnity of the subject, he manages to build in what sound like very cheerful movements. In 'Dein Creutz, o Bräutigam', Stölzel taps into the particularly Lutheran idea of spiritual joy - as represented in bright major keys and perky rhythms - coming as a result of Christ's suffering.

One final point to make about this Passion setting concerns the chorales, the German hymn tunes that conclude each reflection. Many will be familiar from Bach's Passions. But in keeping with local traditions, their manner of presentation is subtly different. For a

start, these traditional melodies were varied through local custom. So, for instance, what we know as the 'Passion Chorale' - in English 'O sacred head sore wounded' - appears at the conclusion of the first 'reflection'. But it is slightly altered from the version we are familiar with. Stölzel's harmonies are much plainer than Bach's, to the extent of being almost austere. In a way, this comes back to the initial point about the work being more contemplative. In avoiding the more emotive treatment of the harmony in the manner of Bach, Stölzel seems to be presenting the Passion in a much more matter-of-fact manner. In effect, then, his message seems to be: this is what happened, and this is what it means.

As far as we have been able to establish, this is the first performance of this music outside Germany. A concert by the Sing-Akademie in Berlin in 2016 appears to have been the first time the music was heard since the eighteenth century, but no other performances have been traced.

We are very grateful to a number of people who have facilitated this project. In no particular order, we acknowledge the help of Dr Derek McCulloch (Windsor), Christa Hirschler (Sondershausen), Christoph Huntgeburth (Berlin), Tina Neubauer (Berlin Sing-Akademie), Ulrike Becker (Berlin), the staff of Erfurt/Gotha University Library.



# The Text

*As printed in the libretto accompanying the first performance in 1720*

## Act 1.

### *Die Christliche Kirche*

Ein Lämmlein geht und trägt die Schuld  
Der Welt und ihrer Kinder;  
Es geht und büsset mit Geduld  
Die Sünden aller Sünder:  
Es geht dahin, wird matt und kranck,  
Begiebt sich auf die Würge-Banck,  
Verzieht sich aller Freuden:  
Es nimmet an Schmach, Hohn und Spott,  
Angst, Wunden, Striemen Creutz und  
Tod,  
Und spricht: Ich wills gern leiden.

### *Chor der gläubigen Seelen*

Wohin ist doch mein Freund gegangen?  
Ach! wo ist der, den meine Seele liebt?  
Wo find ich mein Verlangen?  
So mich abwesend nur betrübt.

### *Evangelist*

Da wo der stille Kidron fließt,  
Da lässet er sich finden;  
Wo er vor seines Volckes Sünden,  
Den Blutgefärbten Schweiß vergießt.

### *Gläubige Seele*

O Anblick voller Schmerz und Weh,  
Mein Heyland ich vergeh  
In Seufftzen und in Weinen!  
Da Du, an dem sich meine Augen weiden,  
Gepreßt von so viel Angst und Leiden,  
Mir jetzo willst erscheinen!

### *Evangelist*

Seht wie er so bethrünt vor seinem Vater  
liegt,  
Wie er vor seinem Wort wie als ein  
Schäffgen schmiegt.  
Ihm fällt die Noth der Jünger ein,  
Die doch im Schloff vergraben seyn;

### *The Christian Church*

There goes a little lamb, carrying the sin  
of the world and its children;  
there he goes, patiently atoning for  
the sins of all sinners;  
he goes further, becoming tarnished and  
sick,  
putting himself in the place of suffering,  
turning away from all joys:  
he is disgraced, derided and mocked,  
hated, wounded with injuries of the  
cross and death,  
and says, "I bear it gladly."

### *Choir of Believing Souls*

Where, then, has my friend gone?  
Where is he whom my soul loves?  
Where can I find my heart's desire?  
When he is gone, I am utterly dejected.

### *Evangelist*

There, where the calm Kidron flows,  
there can he be found,  
where for the sins of his people  
blood-tinged sweat pours down.

### *Believing Soul*

Oh, a sight full of pain and anguish,  
my Saviour, I die  
in sighing and crying!  
since you, at whose sight my eyes widen,  
oppressed by so much anguish and  
sorrow  
will appear before me now!

### *Evangelist*

See how he so tearfully lies before his  
father,  
how he, at his word, nuzzles him like a  
little lamb.

1

Er bethet auch vor sie in seiner größten  
Quaal,  
Er rufft, Er schreyt zu GOtt, nun schon  
zum dritten mahl.

### *Aria*

Ach wo nehm ich Thränen her,  
Meine Sünden zu beweinen?  
Denn ach! denn es will fast scheinen,  
Als fiel ihre Straff und Pein,  
Meinem JESu selbst zu schwer.

### *Christliche Kirche*

Nun was du, HERR, erduldet,  
Ist alles meine Last,  
Ich hab es selbst verschuldet,  
Was du getragen hast.  
Schau her, hie steh ich Armer,  
Der Zorn verdienet hat,  
Gieb mir, O mein Erbarmer,  
Den Anblick deiner Gnad.

2

### *Evangelist*

Jetzt kömmt das Satans-Kind, Ischarioth,  
So seiner Höllen-Rott  
Mit einem Kuß den theuren Heyland  
weist,  
Und seinen Meister selbst in Band und  
Ketten schmeist.

### *Gläubige Seele*

Ach JESu! soll dich der, den du so  
lieblich hast gespeist,  
Anjetzt mit Füßen treten?  
Dein Jünger Ach! vor welchen Du so  
herzlich wollen bethen,  
Nun Dein Verräther seyn?  
Wie sollt ich also mich betrüben,  
Wenn auch die Welt will solche  
Falschheit an mir üben?

### *Aria*

Darff ich der falschen Welt nicht trauen,  
Ob mich ihr Mund gleich freundlich  
küßt;

He remembers the plight of the disciples,  
though they are buried in deep sleep,  
he prays for them too even in his great  
distress,  
he calls, he cries to God, even now for the  
third time.

### *Aria*

Oh why do I summon tears  
to weep for my sins?  
For it will soon appear  
as if their punishing pain  
is too much even for my Jesus.

### *The Christian Church*

All you now suffer, Lord,  
is my burden,  
I myself am guilty  
of what you have endured.  
Look, here I stand, I am lowly  
and deserve wrath.  
Give me, oh my redeemer,  
a glimpse of your grace.

### *Evangelist*

Now the child of Satan, Judas Iscariot,  
approaches  
with his hellish mob,  
and with a kiss identifies the dear  
Saviour to them,  
personally throwing his master into  
fetters and chains.

### *Believing Soul*

Oh Jesus! shall he whom you so lovingly  
nourished  
now tread you underfoot?  
Your disciple, for whom you would  
sincerely pray,  
is he now your traitor?  
How I shall also be saddened  
when the world practises such falsehood  
on me!

### *Aria*

May I never trust this false world

Will ich auf meinen JESUM schauen,  
Dem es auch also gangen ist.

*Christliche Kirche*

Wenn die Welt mit ihren Netzen,  
Mich zu Boden fällen will,  
Und die andern sich ergötzen,  
An derselben Affen-Spiel,  
Will ich meinen JESUM fassen,  
In den Arm, und ihn nicht lassen,  
Bis daß ich mit ihm zugleich,  
Herrschen werd im Himmelreich.

*Evangelist*

Ein einzig Wort: 'Ich bins',  
so auf der Rotte ihr befragen,  
Der HERR zur Antwort hören läßt,  
Kan sie als wie ein Blitz zur Erden  
niederschlagen;  
Doch bleiben sie auf dem verfluchten  
Vorsatz fest,  
Sie greiffen ihn, daß Petrus ganz von  
Zorn entbrennet,  
Und mit dem Schwerdt dem Hohen-  
Priester-Knecht  
Das Ohr von seinem Orte trennet.  
Hie aber läßt der Heyland klar,  
Die Größe seiner Sanfftmuth sehen,  
Verweist dem Petro, was geschehen,  
Und heilt den, der verwundet war.

*Gläubige Seele*

Ach! teuer Seelen-Artz,  
So lässest Du, auch die Dich wollen  
binden,  
Bey Dir Trost, Hülff und Heilung finden?  
Ja, ja drum Komm ich auch zu Dir,  
Ach! heile doch die Wunden meiner  
Sünden,  
Ach! heile meinen schwachen Glauben!  
Ach! heile mich, wenn Satan mir dein  
Wort,  
Will aus dem Herten rauben,  
HErr, der Du meine Hülffe heiß,  
Ach! heile meinen krancken Geist.

even if its mouth just as kindly kisses me,  
I will look towards my Jesus,  
for he experienced the same thing.

*The Christian Church*

When the world with its snares  
wants to fell me to the ground,  
and boast in the others  
who play this apish game,  
I will cling to my Jesus's  
arm and not let go  
until I, together with him,  
reign in the heavenly kingdom.

*Evangelist*

One single word - "I am he" -  
in answer the mob's questioning  
could the Lord say  
and strike them in a flash down to the  
ground.  
But they stay firm in their damned  
intention,  
they grab him - at which Peter flares up  
in anger  
and with a sword cuts off  
the high-priest's servant's ear from its  
place.  
But here the Saviour let  
his great gentleness be seen:  
he rebukes Peter for what happened  
and heals him who was wounded.

*Believing Soul*

Oh! Dear healer of souls,  
do you also let those who would chain  
you  
find in you comfort, help and healing?  
Yes, yes, therefore I will also come to  
you.  
Oh! but heal the wounds of my sins!  
Oh! heal my weak faith!  
Oh! heal me, when Satan wants to steal  
your word from my heart.  
Lord, you who are my only help  
Oh! heal my sick spirit.

*Aria*

HErr und Meister in dem Helffen,  
Rühre meine Seele an,  
Laß aus deiner Wunden Ritzen  
Lebens-Balsam auf sie spritzen,  
Daß sie recht genesen kan.

*Christliche Kirche*

Ein Artz ist uns gegeben,  
Der selber ist das Leben,  
Christus für uns gestorben,  
Hat uns das Heyl erworben.  
Sein Wort, sine Tauff, sein Nachtmahl,  
Dient wieder allen Unfall,  
Der Heilige Geist im Glauben  
Lehrt uns drauf vertrauen.

3

4

*Evangelist*

Der Heyland fragt hiebey:  
Warum ihn doch die Schaar so feindlich  
überfallen,  
Da er im Tempel öffentlich und frey,  
So freundlich sie allzeit gelehrt?  
Alleine, weil die Schrift erfüllt muß  
seyn,  
Geht er getrost in ihre Fessel ein.  
Die Jünger hören diß; Ach seht, von  
diesen allen  
Bleibt keiner seinem Meister treu,  
Ach! seht, sie lassen ihn,  
Und fliehn.

*Gläubige Seele*

Auch ich, mein JESU! fliehe oft von dir,  
Wenn mich des Creutztes-Last ein wenig  
nur will beugen,  
Und Satan, Fleisch und Blut mir ihre  
Wege zeigen;  
Allein mein Hirte, nimm mich wieder an.  
Ich komm als ein verlorrhnes Schaaf,  
Es reuet mich was ich gethan:  
Komm fasse mich in deine Liebes-Hände,  
Damit kein Feind mich weiter dir  
entwende.

*Aria*

Lord and master in succour,  
touch my soul,  
and from your scarred wounds  
pour the balm of life over me  
which I may enjoy to the full.

*The Christian Church*

A healer has been given to us,  
he himself is the life.  
Christ, in dying for us,  
has won us our cure.  
His word, his baptism, his communion  
serve us in every crisis,  
when we believe, the holy ghost  
teaches us to ground our trust on these.

*Evangelist*

The Saviour then asks  
why the mob so aggressively ambush  
him  
since he had always openly and freely  
gently taught them in the temple.  
Only since the scripture must be fulfilled  
does he confidently accept the chains.  
The disciples hear this, but see - of them  
all,  
not one stays true to his master.  
Look - they leave him  
and flee.

*Believing Soul*

I too, my Jesus, often run away from you,  
when the burden of the cross gives way  
a little  
and Satan, flesh and blood show me their  
ways.  
Only you, my shepherd, take me back  
again!  
I come as a lost sheep  
regretting what I have done,  
come and hold me in your loving hands  
so no enemy may steal me from you  
again.



*Aria*  
Hirte der aus Liebe Stribt,  
Daß sein Schäfflein nicht verdirbt,  
Laß mich ewig an dir bleiben!  
Lasse weder Lust noch Freuden,  
Weder Angst, noch bitteres Leiden,  
Mich von deiner Seite treiben.

*Christliche Kirche*  
Ich will hie bey Dir stehen,  
Verachte mich doch nicht,  
Von Dir will ich nicht gehen,  
Wenn mir das Hertze bricht?  
Wenn dein Hertz wird erblassen  
Im letzten Todes-Stoß,  
Alsdenn wil ich dich fassen  
In meinen Arm und Schooß.

*Evangelist*  
Nummehr wird der HErr gefesselt und  
gebunden  
In allergrößter Schmach,  
Zu Hannas hingeführt.  
Ihm folget Petrus nach  
Bis in des Hohen-Priesters Haus,  
Allwo er den, den er vor aller Welt  
bekennen sollte,  
Nicht kennen wollte,  
Bis ihm des Hahns Geschrey,  
Und ein almmächt'ger Blick  
Von JEsu selbst das Hertze rührt,  
Drum geht sein Sinn zurück.  
Er dencket nach, wen er so bösllich hat  
veneinet,  
Und geht hinaus und weinet.

*Gläubige Seele*  
Ach! daß ihr Augen Quellen wäret,  
Ach! daß ich könnte bitterlich  
Mit dem betrübten Petro weinen,  
Dieweil mein JEsus sich  
Auch zu mir kehret,  
Sein Auge sieht mich an,  
Drum reget sich in mir, was ich jemahls  
gethan.

*Aria*  
Oh shepherd who dies out of love  
that his tiny lambs are not stained,  
let me ever stay with you!  
Never let desires nor joys,  
neither fear nor bitter suffering  
part me from your side.

*The Christian Church*  
I will stay here by you,  
but do not turn me away.  
I will never leave you,  
even if it breaks my heart.  
When your heart bursts  
with your dying breath,  
then will I clasp you  
and fold you in my arms.

*Evangelist*  
Now the Lord, bound and chained  
in the utter disgrace,  
is led to Annas.  
Peter follows him  
to the high priest's house.  
There, he does not want to be associated  
with the man  
he should profess to the whole world,  
until the cock's crow  
and an almighty vision  
of Jesus himself strikes his heart -  
then his sense comes back.  
He considers the man he has so  
vehemently rejected,  
leaves the house and weeps.

*Believing Soul*  
Oh! that you eyes were springs,  
Oh! that I could bitterly  
weep with the dejected Peter,  
because my Jesus  
also comes to me  
his eyes examine me  
and all I have done agitates me inside.

*Aria*  
Mein nagendes Gewissen  
Fällt mit den schärfsten Bissen  
Die matte Seele an.  
Doch JESUS der mich liebet,  
Ob ich ihn gleich betrübet,  
Giebt daß ich weinen kan.

*Christliche Kirche*  
Ach! was soll ich Sünder machen?  
Ach! was soll ich fangen an?  
Mein Gewissen klagt mich an,  
Es beginnet aufzumachen,  
Diß ist meine Zuversicht:  
Meinen JEsu laß ich nicht.

*Evangelist*  
Die Eltesten, die Hohen-Priester,  
Bewerben sich um falsche Zeugen  
Des HERren Recht dadurch zu beugen,  
Allein ihr Zeugniß stimmt nicht überein,  
Worzu der HERR kein Wort nicht sagt:  
Doch da der Hohe-Priester fragt:  
Ob er ein Sohn des großen GOTTes sey?  
So saget er die Wahrheit frey,  
Und spricht: Du sagst, ich bin des  
Höchsten Sohn,  
Du wirst es einsten sehn,  
Wie ich auf einem Wolcken-Thron  
An jenem Tag der Erde  
Den rechten Lohn,  
Als Richter, geben werde.  
Hie fährt der Hohe-Priester auf,  
Und reisst sein Kleid entzwey.  
Hört, spricht er, hört ihr nun die Gottes-  
Lästerung?  
Sein eigen Wort ist uns genung:  
Ihm stimmt der gantze Hauff  
In der verdammten Meynung bey,  
Daß er des Todes schuldig sey.

*Gläubige Seele*  
Ach! unbeflecktes GOTTes-Lamm!  
So sucht man Dich mit Lügen zu  
beflecken?

*Aria*  
My nibbling conscience  
falls with the sharpest bite  
upon the tarnished soul.  
But Jesus who loves me,  
whether or not I return his love,  
lets me weep.

*The Christian Church*  
What can I, a sinner, do?  
Where can I begin?  
My conscience incriminates me,  
it begins to reveal that  
I let it be my confidence  
instead of Jesus.

*Evangelist*  
The elders and the high priests,  
try with false witnesses  
to warp the justice in the Lord's case,  
only their evidence does not agree.  
To all this the Lord says not a word.  
But the high priest asks,  
"Are you the son of the great God?"  
So he freely tells the truth,  
and says, "You say I am the son of the  
most high,  
you will one day see  
how I, on the heavenly throne  
shall one day give the world  
its proper wages  
as its judge."  
Here the high priest stands up  
and rips his robe in two.  
"Listen, all of you," he says, "don't you  
hear blasphemy?  
His own words are enough!"  
The whole crowd agrees with him  
in his cursed belief  
that he is guilty of death.

*Believing Soul*  
Oh untarnished Lamb of God,  
do people try to stain you with lies?  
And should the dark night of wrong

Und soll des Unrechts schwartze Nacht,  
Dich Sonne der Gerechtigkeit bedecken,  
Ach! süsser Seelen-Bräutigam!  
Wie hast Du mich so gut bedacht?

*Aria*  
Ich will schweigen  
Wenn die Welt,  
Mir mit List und Lügen stellt.  
Und ihr zeigen,  
Daß es dir also gefällt.

*Christliche Kirche*  
Die Welt bekümmert sich,  
Im Fall sie wird verachtet,  
Als wenn man ihr mit List  
Nach ihrer Ehre trachtet.  
Ich trage Christi Schmach,  
So lang es ihm gefällt,  
Wenn mich mein Heyland ehrt,  
Was frag ich nach der Welt.

*Evangelist*  
Kaum wird der Morgen wieder neu,  
So halten sie auch neuen Rath,  
Wie ohne einge Missethat  
Der Heyland doch zu tödten sey?  
Sie führen ihn zu dem Pilato hin,  
Allda ihn peinlich anzuklagen.  
Der Judas hört was sich mit JESu zu  
getragen,  
Ihn trifft Furcht, Schrecken, Angst und  
Reu,  
Drum leget er das Blut-Geld in dem  
Tempel bey,  
Läßt der verzweiffelung in seiner Seele  
Raum,  
Geht und erhencket sich an einen Baum.

*Gläubige Seele*  
O JESu! steh mir an der Seite,  
Wenn meines Glaubens Schiff  
An Felsen der Verzweiffung stößt,

cover your sun of righteousness?  
Sweet bridegroom of my soul,  
why do you think of me so well?

*Aria*  
I will be silent  
when the world  
pelts me with deceit and lies,  
and show them  
that this pleases you.

*The Christian Church*  
The world is distressed  
when it is despised,  
when someone deceitfully  
strives for its glory.  
I bear Christ's pain  
as long as he wishes it.  
When the Saviour honours me,  
what need have I of the world?

## Pars II

*Evangelist*  
The next dawn has barely broken  
when they reach a new decision  
as to how, without doing wrong  
themselves,  
they might still kill the Saviour.  
They lead him to Pilate  
and begin to question him thoroughly.  
Judas, hearing what Jesus must endure,  
is struck by fear, horror, anguish and  
remorse.  
So he leaves his blood-money in the  
temple,  
gives way to despair in his soul,  
goes from there and hangs himself on a  
tree.

*Believing Soul*  
Jesus, stand by my side  
when the boat of my belief  
crashes against rocks of doubt,

Damit ich nicht am Glauben Schiffbruch  
leide.  
Sprich, wenn mich meine Sünden  
Mit ungeheuren Fesseln binden,  
Ich habe dich erlöst.  
In meinen letzten-Todes-Stunden,  
Wenn Satan heftig an mich setzt,  
So schliesse mich in deine Wunden,  
Erhalt mich also unverletzt.

*Aria*  
Bey der Grösse meiner Sünden  
Laß mich diesen Trost stets finden,  
Daß auf Busse, Leid und Reu,  
Dein Erbarmen grösser sey.  
Ja daß deine Gnad und Treu,  
Alle Morgen wieder neu,  
Diesen Trost laß mich stets finden,  
Bey der Grösse meiner Sünden.

*Christliche Kirche*  
Erbarm dich mein in solcher Last,  
Nimm sie aus meinem Herzen,  
Dieweil Du sie gebüsst hast,  
Am Holtz mit Todes-Schmerzen,  
Damit ich nicht für grossen Weh,  
In meinen sünden untergeh',  
Noch ewiglich verzage.

*Evangelist*  
Pilatus ist mit dem noch nicht vergnügt,  
Was ihm der Rath vorlügt,  
Und Volck und Priester sagen,  
Drum will er JESum selber fragen,  
Ob er der Jüden König sey?  
Der HERR gesteht ihm solches frey;  
Allein sein Reich, sey nicht ein Reich der  
Welt,  
So mit der Zeit zerfällt,  
Sonst wäre ihm dergleichen Elend nicht  
bestellt.  
Sein Amt, Beruff und Hierseyn wollte  
Daß er die Wahrheit zeugen sollte.  
Pilatus fraget ihn, was Wahrheit sey?

so that I and my faith do not capsizel  
When my sins  
bind me with unholy chains,  
say, "I have redeemed you."  
In my final hour of death,  
when Satan fiercely comes for me  
hold me in your wounds,  
and keep me unscathed.

*Aria*  
In the immensity of my sin,  
let me always remember this comfort -  
that with repentance, sorrow and  
remorse,  
your mercy will be greater.  
Yes, since your grace and faithfulness  
are new every day  
let this comfort always find me  
in the immensity of my sin.

*The Christian Church*  
Have mercy on me, bearing this burden,  
and take it from my heart,  
because you have atoned for it  
on the tree, with the agony of death,  
so that I, ailing, do not  
drown in my sins  
nor give up hope for good.

*Evangelist*  
Pilate is not yet satisfied  
with the lies which the council,  
the people and the priests are telling  
him,  
so he wants to ask Jesus himself  
if he is the King of the Jews.  
The Lord freely concedes it,  
but says his kingdom is not the kingdom  
of this world  
which is decaying over time,  
if it were, he would not have to endure  
this misery.  
His task, his calling and his presence are  
intended  
for him to testify to the truth.

7

8

Und als Er das gesagt, spricht er ihn  
wieder frey.

*Gläubige Seele*

Verdammtes Jüde hör, was hier ein  
Heyde spricht,  
Dem das so reine Unschuld's-Licht  
Des liebsten JESU in das Hertze bricht,  
Willst du Ihn nicht zum König haben,  
So wird er einst dein strenger Richter  
seyn,  
Soll dich sein ewiges Reich nicht laben,  
So geh nur in die Höll hinein.

*Aria*

Mein JESUS, soll mein König seyn,  
Ihm huldge ich in Lieb und Glauben.  
Ich will mein Hertz zu allen Zeiten  
Zu einen Thron ihm zu bereiten,  
So zieht der Himmel bey mir ein:  
Den mir kein Teufel nicht soll rauben.

*Christliche Kirche*

Ach grosser König groß zu allen Zeiten,  
Wie kann ich gnugsam deine Treu  
ausbreiten,  
Keins Menschen Hertz vermag diß  
auszudencken,  
Was dir zu schenken.

*Evangelist*

Ach! hört das Mord-Geschrey  
Der Feinde JESU an!  
Ein jeder ruffet weil er kann,  
Daß er des Todtes schuldig sey.  
Indem in Galiläer Land, durch sine Lehre,  
Das Volck zum Aufruhr sich gewand.  
Pilatus fragt, ob er ein Galiläer wäre?  
Und da Er es vernimmt,  
Schickt er Ihn Herodes hin,  
Allwo ein weises Kleid  
Nebst Hohn und Spott und Hertzeleid.  
Dem Heyland ist bestimmt.  
Pilatus aber kriegt des Königes  
Freundschaft zum Gewinn.

Pilate asks him, "What is truth?"  
and having said this, he spoke publicly  
once again.

*Believing Soul*

Condemned Jew, hear what things this  
heathen says,  
into whose heart breaks the purest light  
of Jesus's innocence.  
Will you not take him as your king,  
for he will one day be your strict judge -  
should his everlasting kingdom not  
revive you,  
you will simply go to hell.

*Aria*

My Jesus shall be my king,  
I honour him in love and faith.  
I will make ready at all times  
a throne for him in my heart.  
So heaven comes to me,  
which no devil can steal away.

*The Christian Church*

Oh great King, great for all time,  
how can I sufficiently make your  
faithfulness known?  
No man's heart can think of anything  
to give you.

*Evangelist*

Oh hear the enemy clamour  
for Jesus's death!  
One man calls, because he can,  
that he is guilty of death,  
since in the land of Galilee, by his  
teaching,  
the people have turned to rioting.  
Pilate asks, "Are you a Galilean?"  
and learning the answer,  
he sends him to Herod  
where a white robe  
on top of scorn, mockery and heartbreak  
is arranged for the Lord.

*Gläubige Seele*

Kanst Du, O! Mittler zwischen GOtt und  
mir  
In Deines Leides Bitterkeiten,  
Herodis und Pilati Hertz,  
Zu süßer Freundschaft leiden?  
Wie sollt ich nicht von Dir,  
Den süßen Trost genießen,  
Daß durch Dein Blutvergießen,  
Mich GOTT will als ein Freund und Vater  
küssen?

*Aria*

Aller höchster GOTTes-Sohn,  
Du, Du bist der Gnaden-Thron,  
Der mir GOTTes Huld gewähret,  
Was mein Hertze nur begehret,  
Ja, daß ich kann selig seyn,  
Habe ich von Dir allein.

*Christliche Kirche*

O JESU Christ Sohn eingebohrn,  
Deines himmlischen Vaters,  
Versöhner der'r, die warn verloren,  
Du Stillter unsers Haders,  
Lamm GOTTes heiliger HErr und GOtt,  
Nimm an die Bitt von unser Noth,  
Erbarm dich unser aller.

*Evangelist*

Pilatus spricht: Ich finde keine Schuld  
An diesen Menschen nicht,  
Darum will ich nach der Gewohnheit  
leben,  
Und ihn aufs Fest loß geben.  
Allein der rasend-tolle Hauff.  
Antwortet: Creuzge ihn, hierauf,  
Und will, daß Barrabas, der einen Mord  
begangen,  
Die Freyheit soll erlangen,  
Hingegen JESUS wird gebunden  
Und eine Geissel schlägt ihm Striemen,  
Beul und Wunden.

But Pilate gets the King's friendship as  
his prize.

*Believing Soul*

Can you, mediator between God and me,  
in the bitterness of your sorrow,  
suffer to turn the hearts of Herod and  
Pilate  
to friendship?  
How can I not enjoy  
your sweet comfort,  
that through the shedding of your blood  
God will kiss me as friend and father?

*Aria*

Most high Son of God,  
you, you are the throne of mercy  
who grants me God's grace.  
All that my heart desires,  
yes, that I may be holy,  
I have in you alone.

*The Christian Church*

Oh Jesus Christ, born the Son  
of your heavenly Father,  
reconciler of those who were lost,  
silencer of our quarrels,  
the Lamb of God, holy Lord and God,  
answer our prayers from our distress,  
have mercy on us all.

*Evangelist*

Pilate says, "I find no guilt  
at all in this man,  
So I will act according to tradition,  
and, at the festival, let him go."  
Only the furious crowd  
answer this with "Crucify him!"  
and want Barabbas, who had committed  
murder,  
to attain freedom  
instead of Jesus; who is bound,  
and dealt bruises, welts and wounds  
with a whip.

*Gläubige Seele*

O! unerhörte Wuth!  
O! blutiges Verlangen!  
So soll mein höchstes Gut,  
Am Stamm des Creuzes hangen?  
O Grausamkeit! o mehr als höllsche  
Tyranny!  
Reist diesen heiligen Leib die Geissel nun  
entzwey?

*Aria*

Haltet ein ihr Mörder-Klauen,  
Schonet meines JESU doch!  
Soll ich denn der Engel Lust,  
Und das Labsal meiner Brust,  
Voller Blut und Wunden schauen?

*Christliche Kirche*

Wie wunderbarlich ist doch diese Straffe,  
Der gute Hirte leidet vor die Schaafte,  
Die Schuld bezahlt der HERre der  
Gerechte  
Vor seine Knechte!

*Evangelist*

Die Geissel ist noch nicht genug,  
Womit der Heyland wird  
geschlagen,  
Sein Haupt muß eine Dornen-Krone  
tragen,  
Ihm wird ein Purpur angelegt,  
Mit dem er Schmach und Hohn erträgt.  
Sie geben ihm ein Rohr in seine Hand,  
Sie speyn und schlage ihn ins Angesicht.  
Pilatus siehet seinen Kummer-Stand,  
Er sieht zugleich des Volckes Haß,  
Führt ihn heraus und spricht:  
Seht welch ein Mensch ist das!

*Gläubige Seele*

Die Rose in dem Thal,  
Mein JESUS ist mit Dornen jetzt  
gekrönet,  
Der König Himmels und der Welt,  
Wird in dem Purpur jetzt gehöhnet,

*Believing Soul*

Oh! Shocking anger,  
Oh! bloody appetite!  
Will my dearest possession  
thus hang on the tree?  
Oh atrocity! worse than hellish tyranny!  
Will this whip rip this holy body in two?

*Aria*

Hold back your murderous claws  
and go easy on my Jesus!  
See, the angels' delight  
and the refreshment of my heart  
is full of blood and wounds.

*The Christian Church*

But how wondrous is this punishment,  
the Good Shepherd suffers for the sheep,  
the Lord of Righteousness atones for the  
guilt  
of his servants in their place.

*Evangelist*

The whip is not enough  
to torture the Saviour.  
His head must bear a crown of thorns,  
a purple robe is draped over him,  
he bears the disgrace and derision that  
comes with it.  
They place a staff in his hand,  
they spit on him and strike his face.  
Pilate sees the state of his affliction,  
and at the same the people's hate,  
leads him from there and says,  
"See what a man this is!"

*Believing Soul*

The rose in the valley,  
my Jesus, is now crowned with thorns.  
The King of heaven and of the world,  
dressed in purple, is now mocked,  
the angels' joy is now sighs of utmost

Der Engel Freude seuffzt in höchster  
Quaal.  
Der Schönste unter denen Menschen-  
Kindern,  
Wird angespeyt von frechen Sündern,  
Sein reines Angesicht ist jetzt von Blut  
und Speichel naß.  
Ach! welch ein Mensch ist das?

*Aria*

Ach! welch ein Mensch bin ich?  
Daß GOTT mich also liebet,  
Und seinen Sohn vor mich,  
In solche Marter giebet,  
Ach! welch ein Mensch bin ich?

*Christliche Kirche*

Ich kans mit meinen Sinnen nich  
erreichen,  
Womit doch dein Erbarmen zu  
vergleichen,  
Wie soll ich Dir denn deine Liebes-  
Thaten,  
Im Werck erstatten?

*Evangelist*

Das Volck läst sich nichts desto minder  
Auf keine Art erweichen,  
Es will, daß JESUS soll am Creutz  
erbleichen,  
Und schreyt, O höchst entsetzlichen Wort?  
Sein Blut komm über uns und über unsre  
Kinder.  
Pilatus wäschet seine Hand,  
Und macht damit des HERren Recht  
bekannt,  
Der Mörder Barrabas wird loß  
gesprochen,  
Und über JESUM wird der Todes-Stab  
gebrochen.

*Gläubige Seele*

So gehet dann  
Der mörderische Wolff aus denen  
Banden;

anguish.  
The most perfect Son of Man  
is now spat upon brazenly by sinners,  
and his pure face is wet from the blood  
and the spit.  
Oh! What a man is this?

*Aria*

Oh! What a man am I,  
that God so loves me,  
and gives his son  
as a martyr for me?  
Oh! What a man am I?

*The Christian Church*

I cannot fathom with my reckoning  
how I may compare your mercy,  
or how I may repay your acts of love  
with my deeds.

*Evangelist*

The people do not yield an inch  
nor soften in any respect.  
They want Jesus to perish on the cross  
and cry the most appalling words,  
"Let his blood be on us and on our  
children!"  
Pilate washes his hands  
and so makes known the righteousness  
of the Lord.  
The murderer Barabbas is set free  
and the verdict of death is cast over  
Jesus.

*Believing Soul*

The murderous wolf  
thus leaves the pack -  
only the helpless lamb is attacked.

11 12

Allein das Lämmlein greiff't man an?  
Er lebt und lacht bey den begangenen  
Schanden;  
Diß aber stirbt, und hat doch nichts  
gethan.  
Ach sollte nicht mein Hertze brechen;  
Ich selber helff diß ungerechte Urtheil  
sprechen.

*Aria*  
Meine Sünden heissen dich,  
Seelen-Freund! mein ander ich!  
Hin zu deinem Sterben gehen.  
Alles was du ausgestanden,  
Geißel, Dornen, Schmach und Schanden,  
Seelen-Freund! mein ander ich!  
Alles ist durch mich geschehen.

*Christliche Kirche*  
Nun ich dancke dir von Herzen,  
JESU, für gesamte Noth,  
Vor die Wunden, vor die Schmerzen,  
Vor den herben bitteren Todt,  
Vor dein Zittern, vor dein Zagen,  
Vor dein tausendfaches Klagen,  
Vor die Angst und tieffe Pein,  
Will ich ewig danckbar seyn.

One lives and laughs at the crimes he  
commits,  
but the other dies, though he has done  
nothing.  
Should my heart not break?  
I myself help to condemn him unjustly.

*Aria*  
My sins are called by your name,  
my best friend! My other self!  
Go to your death.  
Everything you endure,  
whip, thorns, dishonour, injustice,  
my best friend! My other self!  
Everything has happened because of me.

*The Christian Church*  
Now I thank you from my heart,  
Jesus, for all distress.  
For the wounds, for the pain,  
for the harsh and bitter death,  
for your shivering and your trembling,  
for your thousand cries,  
for the fear and deep agony,  
will I ever be thankful.

- Interval -

*Pass. III.*

*Evangelist*  
Nun führen sie den HERRn nach Golgatha,  
Wohin er sich das Creutz selbst tragen  
muß.  
Sein matter Fuß hat keine Kräfte mehr,  
Die Last wird dem zerquälten Leib zu  
schwer,  
Als sincken seine Glieder,  
Er fällt zur Erde nieder.  
Der Simon so vorüber geht,  
Muß sich aus Zwang bequemen,  
Des HERRen Creutz auf sich zu nehmen.

*Evangelist*  
Now they lead the Lord to Golgotha,  
he must carry his own cross there.  
His tired feet have no strength left,  
the burden is too heavy for his aching  
body,  
as his limbs droop  
he falls to the ground.  
Simon comes up to him,  
and is compelled  
to carry the cross in the Lord's place.

*Gläubige Seele*  
Mein Heyland sieh, ich stell mich willig  
ein,  
Ach! leg dein Creutz auf mich,  
Denn also nur kann ich  
Dein rechter Jünger seyn.  
O! schöner Schmuck der einen Christen  
zieret!  
O! selge Last,  
Die uns zu der beliebten Rast  
Ins Reich der Freuden führet.

*Aria*  
Dein Creutz, o! Bräutigam meiner Seelen,  
Steht einem Christen mehr als schön;  
Ja wer sich mit Dir will vermählen,  
Der muß in diesem Braut-Schmuck gehn.

*Christliche Kirche*  
Drum will ich, weil ich lebe noch,  
Das Creutz dir frölich tragen nach,  
Mein GOTT! mach mich dazu bereit,  
Es dient zum Besten allezeit.

14

*Evangelist*  
Ein Hauffe Vocks folgt JESu nach,  
Darunter viele fromme Frauen  
Des HERRen Ungemach  
Mit bitteren Thränen schauen.  
Der Heyland kehrt zum ihnen sein  
Gesicht,  
Und spricht! Ihr Töchter Salems weinet  
nicht,  
Daß ich so unverschuldet leide,  
Weint vielmehr über euch und über eure  
Noth,  
Womit die künftige Zeit euch droht;  
Denn so man diß am grünen Holz  
begangen  
Was wird man sich am durren  
unterfangen?

13

*Gläubige Seele*  
Ach! HERR, der Du um meine Sünden,  
Jetzt auf dem Todes-Weg begriffen bist,

*Believing Soul*  
My Saviour, look! I volunteer willingly,  
lay your cross on me,  
only then can I  
be your true disciple.  
What a beautiful jewel a Christian  
wears -  
this holy burden,  
which leads us to the beloved rest  
in the kingdom of joy.

*Aria*  
Your cross, the bridegroom of my soul,  
is more than beautiful to me.  
Truly, whoever wants to wed you  
must wear this wedding dress.

*The Christian Church*  
Therefore will I, while I'm still alive  
carry my cross joyfully behind you,  
my God! Make me ready for this task,  
which always serves me for the best.

*Evangelist*  
A mass of people follow after Jesus,  
among them many pious women  
who watch Jesus's trials  
through bitter tears.  
Jesus turns his face to them  
and says, "Daughters of Jerusalem, do  
not cry  
because I suffer through no fault of my  
own,  
but rather cry for yourselves and your  
need  
with which the coming times will  
oppress you.  
For if a man does such things when the  
tree is green,  
what will he do when pinned down by  
drought?"

*Believing Soul*  
Oh Lord, since for the sake of my sins

Ach! laß mich stets auf solchen Wegen  
finden,  
Wo man Dein Leiden nicht vergißt.  
Damit ich nicht durch freche  
Misserthaten,  
Dich auf das neu verrathen  
Verschmähen, geisseln, creutzgen mag,  
Und ich an jenem Tag,  
Wenn Du als Richter wirst erscheinen,  
Nicht ewig über mich darff weinen.

*Aria*

Wenn der Wollust Laster-Kertzen  
Mich entzünden mit Begier,  
Ach! so stell Dich meinem Herzen  
Voller Blut und Wunden für,  
Wenn mein Auge sich will weyden  
An der Erde eiteln Schein,  
Ach! so laß dein bittres Leiden  
Mir stets vor den Augen seyn.

Wenn die aufgeblaßnen Sinnen  
Nach der eiteln Ehre gehn.  
Ach! so gieb Du mir von innen,  
Deine Demuth zu verstehn,  
Alles, alles, was ich dencke,  
Was ich rede oder thu,  
Führe Du, o HERR! und lencke  
Stets nach deinem Creutze zu.

*Evangelist*

Kaum als der HERR auf seiner Todes-  
Bahn  
Am Golgatha kömmt an,  
So reichte ihm die böse Scharr  
Vermyrzten Wein  
Nebst Gall und Eßig dar;  
Doch will Er nicht von solchen trincken.  
Heirauß wird Er, und ihm, zur Rechten  
und zur Lincken  
Zwey Übelthäter, an das Creutz  
geschlagen,  
Damit erfüllet sey, was des Propheten  
Mund will sagen.  
Noch ruffet Er, in solcher Noth:

you are now bound on the road to death,  
may I always be found on such roads  
so that I may not, through shameless  
wrongdoing,  
with each new betrayal  
spurn, torture and crucify you,  
and so that on that day  
when you appear as judge  
I may not always mourn my fate.

*Aria*

When the flame of lust and vice  
sparks me with desire,  
may I picture you in my heart  
full of blood and wounds.  
When my eyes want to feast  
on the vain manifestations of the earth,  
let your bitter suffering  
always be before my eyes.

When the mind full of hot air  
goes after vain glory,  
let me inwardly  
understand your humility.  
Guide every single thing I think,  
everything I say or do,  
Lord, and steer me  
always towards your cross.

*Evangelist*

Hardly has the Lord on his road to death  
reached Golgotha,  
when the evil horde offer him  
wine infused with myrrh,  
along with gall and vinegar –  
but he will not drink such things.  
At this he and two criminals  
to his right and left are nailed to the  
cross,  
to fulfil the sayings of the prophets.  
Still he cries, in such distress,  
“O Father, most loving God,

Ach Vater, liebster Gott  
Vergieb und straffe nicht  
Was diese Volck an mir, unwissend jetzt  
verbricht.

*Gläubige Seele*

So treibt denn dein Erbarmen,  
Mein JESU! dich ans Holtz des Creutzes  
hin?  
Und suchest du mit ausgespannten  
Armen,  
Mich aus der Noth zu ziehn?  
Ja, ja, du Segen-Bild der ehrnen  
Schlangen,  
Du willst am Creutze hangen,  
Damit der höllschen Schlangen Biß  
Mir Armen nicht mehr schaden kann.  
Mein fester Glaube sieht dich an,  
Und machet mich gewiß,  
Daß ich allhier das Löse-Geld vor meine  
Sünder,  
Allein an deinem Creutze finde.

*Aria*

Hier an diesem Creutzes-Stamm  
Hängt das unbefleckte Lamm,  
Und stirbt vor die Schuld der Erden.  
Wer auf diesen Grund nicht baut,  
Und auf eigenes Gnugthun schaut.  
Kan unmöglich selig werden.

*Chrisliche Kirche*

O Lamm GÖttes unschuldig,  
Am Stamm des Crueutzes geschlachtet,  
Allzeit erfunden gedultig,  
Wiewohl du warest verachtet,  
All Sünd hast du getragen,  
Sonst müßten wir verzagen,  
Erbarm dich unser, O JESU!

16

*Evangelist*

Pilatus will die Ursach dieses Tods  
bekräftfen,  
Und lasset eine Schrifft zum Haupte JESU  
hefften,

forgive and do not punish  
what these people unknowingly do to  
me!”

*Believing Soul*

Does your mercy, my Jesus,  
drive you to the wood of the cross?  
And you seek with outstretched arms  
to draw me out of my misery?  
Yes, yes, you holy icon for brazen snakes  
you will hang on the cross  
so that the hellish snake bite  
can no longer poison me.  
My firm belief guides my gaze to you  
and makes me certain  
that I can find all the reparation for my  
sins  
only at your cross.

*Aria*

Here on this tree  
droops the spotless lamb  
and dies for the sins of the world.  
He who does not build on this  
foundation  
but considers his own good works  
can never be holy.

*The Christian Church*

Oh innocent lamb of God,  
slaughtered on the trunk of the cross,  
at all times found to be patient  
although you were despised.  
you carried all sin  
so we did not have to give up hope -  
have mercy on us, Jesus!

*Evangelist*

Pilate wants to make known the cause of  
this death,  
and causes a sign to be placed above  
Jesus’ head

Davon der Inhalt also sieht:  
JESUS von Nazareth,  
Der Jüden König: seht!  
So müssen Feinde oft auch wider ihren  
Willen  
Die Wahrheit doch erfüllen.  
Indessen greift das Krieger-Volk nach  
JESU Kleide,  
Und macht sich durch das Looß  
Des HERRn Gewand zur Beute.

*Gläubige Seele*

Auch mir mein JESU, bleibt durch deinen  
Tod  
Das weiße Kleid der Unschuld zum  
Gewinn,  
Darinnen ich von allem Sünden-Roth  
Gesäubert und gewaschen bin.  
Dein Sterbe ziehrt mich mit dem Rocke  
der Gerechtigkeit,  
In welchem ich beherzt vor deinem Vater  
stehe,  
In welchem ich zur ewgen Herrlichkeit  
ingehe.

*Aria*

Du hast in deinem Sterben  
Mein bestes wohl bedacht.  
Dir Sünde nimmst du mir,  
Und lässest mich dafür  
Den schönen Himmel erben.

*Christliche Kirche*

Du führest mich durch deinen Todt  
Ganz wunderlich aus aller Noth.  
JESu, mein HERR und GOTT allein,  
Wie süß ist mir der Nahme dein.

*Evangelist*

Mariam, der ein Schwerdt durch ihre  
Seele gehet,  
Indem sie unterm Creutze stehet,  
Befiehlt der HERR Johanni freundlich an,  
Der auch so gleich nach seines Meisters  
Wort gethan.

the contents of which read:  
Jesus of Nazareth,  
the King of the Jews: behold him!  
Thus enemies often even against their  
will  
actually fulfil the truth.  
At the same time the soldiers reach for  
Jesus' robe  
and they gamble  
with the clothing of the Lord as the prize.

*Believing Soul*

Also for me, Jesus, through your death,  
the white robe of sinlessness remains  
the prize,  
in which I am washed and  
cleansed of all sin's bloody stains.  
Your death adorns me with the clothing  
of righteousness  
in which I boldly stand before your  
Father,  
in which I go forth into eternal majesty.

*Aria*

In your death, you  
considered my dearest need.  
You take my sin upon yourself  
and in return  
let me inherit wondrous heaven.

*The Christian Church*

You lead me, through your death,  
so wondrously out of all distress.  
Jesus, alone my Lord and God,  
how sweet your name is to me.

*Evangelist*

A blade pierces Mary's soul  
as she stands beneath the cross.  
The Lord kindly entrusts her to John  
who in the same way obeys his master's  
words.

*Gläubige Seele*

Mein JESU! laß auch mich, in allem  
deinen Willen,  
In kindlichem Gehorsam stets erfüllen,  
Und wenn in meinem Leid  
Mich alle Welt verläßt,  
So mache, daß ich fest  
An deinem Worte bleibe  
Und diesen Trost in meine Seele  
schreibe:  
Daß GOTT die Seinen nicht vergißt,  
Daß GOTT noch mehr als Freund, noch  
mehr als Vater ist.

*Aria*

Kan mein JESUS in dem Tod  
Doch der Seinen nicht vergessen?  
Ach! so schreckt mich keine Noth.  
Wo ist wohl ein solcher GOTT?  
Wer will solche Treu ermessen?  
Ach mein Hertze, dencke doch,  
Dieser JESUS lebet noch.

*Christliche Kirche*

GOTT ist mein Trost, mein Zuversicht,  
Mein Hoffnung und mein Leben,  
Was mein GOTT will, daß mir geschicht,  
Will ich nicht widerstreben:  
Sein Wort ist wahr,  
Denn all mein Haar  
Er selber hat gezehlet:  
Er hüt't und wacht,  
Stets für uns tracht't,  
Auf das uns ja nichts fehlet.

18

*Evangelist*

Am Creutz wird JESus noch verspottet  
und verhöhnet,  
Sogar von dem, der ihm zur Lincken  
hängt,  
Und jetzt vor seine That den Tod zu Lohn  
empfängt.  
Allein der andre Schächer straffet ihn,  
Und wendet sich mit diesem Wort zu  
JESu hin:

17

*Believing Soul*

Oh Jesus! let me too always fulfil your  
whole will  
in childlike obedience.  
And when the whole world  
leaves me to my sorrow,  
let me firmly  
hold to your word  
and write this consolation on my soul:  
that God does not forget his own  
that God is even more than a friend, still  
more than a father.

*Aria*

Can my Jesus in death  
still look after his own?  
Therefore no crises can scare me!  
Where can a similar god be found?  
Who can measure such faithfulness?  
Oh my heart, just think,  
this Jesus is still alive!

*The Christian Church*

God is my comfort, my confidence,  
my hope and my life,  
what my God wills for me  
I won't go against.  
His word is true,  
for he has counted  
all my hairs himself:  
he tends and watches,  
always making sure  
that we lack nothing.

*Evangelist*

On the cross Jesus is further mocked and  
insulted,  
even by him who hangs on his left,  
for which deed he is repaid with death.  
But the other criminal rebukes him  
and turned to Jesus with these words,  
"Lord! think of me  
when you come into in your kingdom!"

Ach! HERR gedencke mein,  
Wenn du in deinem Reich wirst  
angekommen seyn!  
Worauf der Heyland ihm das Paradies  
Mit einem theuren Schwur verhiess.

*Gläubige Seele*  
Mitleidger JESU, Ach!  
Kan dich denn das Erbarmen nicht  
ermüden,  
Und trägst du Gnade, Heyl und Frieden,  
Denn immerfort betrübten Sündern  
nach?  
Verschenckest du dein Paradies,  
Wenn sich nur in der letzten Stunde  
Der Schächer zu dir funde,  
Und Reu und Glauben wieß?  
Wie sollte denn dein Tod und deine Pein,  
An mir nicht auch von gleicher  
Würckung seyn?

*Aria*  
Ich finde mich bey Zeit  
Mit Glauben, Reu und Leid  
Bey dir, mein Heyland, ein.  
Was du vor mich gethan,  
Das eigne ich mir an,  
So muß ich selig seyn.

*Christliche Kirche*  
In dein Seiten will ich fliehen  
An mein'm bitterm Todes-Gang,  
Durch dein Wunden will ich ziehen  
Ins himmlische Vaterland,  
In das schöne Paradeis,  
Drein der Schächer that sein Reiß,  
Wirst du mich, HERR Christ, einführen,  
Mit ewiger Klarheit zieren.

*Evangelist*  
Die Sonne hüllet ihre Strahlen  
In dunckle Schatten ein,  
Und will so Land als Luft

To which the Saviour promises him  
Paradise  
with a dear vow.

*Believing Soul*  
Compassionate Jesus, oh!  
does mercy not exhaust you,  
that you supplement grace, healing and  
peace,  
for the evermore sorry sinner?  
Do you give your paradise,  
if only in the last hour,  
to the criminal who finds you  
and knows remorse and belief?  
Then how can your death and your  
suffering  
not have the same effect on me?

*Aria*  
I come now  
with faith, remorse and sorrow,  
to you, my Saviour.  
What you have done for me  
I accept as mine,  
only thus can I be blessed.

*The Christian Church*  
I will flee to your side  
in my bitter death throes,  
through your wounds I will enter  
my heavenly homeland.  
In the beautiful paradise,  
you will introduce me to three of the  
criminals  
who killed you, Lord Jesus,  
and adorn with eternal purity.

*Evangelist*  
The sun diffuses its rays  
into dark shadows,  
and seeks to paint the earth and the air

Mit Finsterniß bemahlen,  
Als JESUS in der letzten Pein  
Das Eli, Eli, rufft.  
Die bösen Knechte hören dann  
Das fast erwürgte GOTTes-Lamm  
Nach einen Labsal schreyn,  
Und flössen ihm durch einen Schwamm,  
Den allerschärfsten Eßig ein.

*Gläubige Seele*  
Du helles Sonnen-Licht  
Verstecke deine Pracht.  
Komm, Komm o schwartze Nacht,  
Da JESU Trost und Labsal jetzt gebriecht.  
Hinweg, o Welt!  
Mit deinen Süßigkeiten,  
Hinweg, was meinem Fleisch gefällt,  
Kommt, Kommt und bringet,  
Bringt Gall und Eßig her,  
Ich will mit JESU leiden,  
Mit JESU, der jetzt mit dem Tode ringt.

*Aria*  
Ich will mit mir selber ringen,  
Denn ich bin mein gröster Feind,  
Wird mir dieser Kampf gelingen,  
So ist GOTT mein bester Freund.

*Christliche Kirche*  
Weils aber nich besteht in eignen  
Kräften,  
Fest die Begierden and das Creutz zu  
hefften,  
So Gieb mir deinen Geist, der mich  
regiere,  
Zum Guten führe.

*Evangelist*  
Der Heyland spricht so dann:  
Es ist vollbracht;  
Und mit der größten Macht  
Läst er vor seinem Ende  
Zum letzten mahl sich also hören:  
Mein Vater, ich befehle meinen Geist  
In deine Hände.

with darkness,  
as Jesus in the final throes  
cries "Eloi, Eloi!"  
The evil servants then, hearing  
the suffocating Lamb of God  
gasping for refreshment,  
offer him, soaked up in a sponge,  
the most acidic vinegar.

*Believing Soul*  
You bright sunlight,  
hide your glory.  
Come, come, black night,  
since Jesus lacks comfort and succour.  
Go away, world,  
with your sweetnesses,  
go away, everything which my flesh  
loves!  
Come, come and bring,  
bring gall and vinegar here,  
I want to suffer with Jesus  
as he wrestles with death.

*Aria*  
So must I wrestle with myself.  
For I am my own worst enemy,  
but I will win this battle,  
for God is my best friend.

*The Christian Church*  
But because my own strength is not  
enough  
to hold on to both my desires and the  
cross,  
let your spirit rule over me  
and lead me to goodness.

*Evangelist*  
The redeemer then says,  
"It is finished,"  
and with immense effort,  
just before he dies,  
makes himself heard for the last time:  
"My Father, I commit my spirit  
to your hands."



Er neigt sein Haupt hierauf,  
 Und gebiet Geist und Leben auf.  
 Der Vorhang ind dem Tempel reisst,  
 Der Erden Last erzittert,  
 Die ungeheure Macht der Felsen  
 splittert,  
 Die Gräber öffnen ihre Thür,  
 Die Leiber vieler Heiligen gehn daraus  
 hefür,  
 Der Hauptmann und das Volck,  
 So JESU gegen über steht,  
 Erschrickt, erstaunt, bewundert und  
 erhöht  
 Des grossen GOTTes Macht,  
 Und glaubt nunmehr, was es vor kurzem  
 nicht gedacht,  
 Ja wahrlich, wahrlich ja, der hier  
 erblassen must,  
 Der ist des Höchsten Sohn.  
 So sagt ein jeglicher, schlägt sich an seine  
 Brust,  
 Und geht davon.

*Chor der gläubigen Seelen*  
 Mein JESUS stirbt,  
 Schmerz! Jammer! Ach und Weh!  
 Der Fürst des Lebens muß erblassen,  
 Des Höchsten Sohn sich tödten lassen,  
 Mein bester Freund verdirbt,  
 Schmerz! Jammer! Ach und Weh!  
 Mein JESUS stirbt.

*Evangelist*  
 Ein Kriegs-Knecht kömmt daher,  
 Und öffnet mit dem Speer  
 Des HERREN Seite,  
 Aus welcher Blut und Wasser fließt,  
 Womit, was Zacharias propheceythe,  
 Nunmehr erfüllet ist.

*Gläubige Seele*  
 So stirbt JESUS zwar;  
 Alleine uns zu gute,  
 Indem in seinem Blute  
 Ein Stroh vor unsre Seele rinnt,

At this he bows his head,  
 and gives up his spirit and his life.  
 The curtain in the temple rips,  
 the weight of the earth shakes,  
 the monstrous might of the rocks splits  
 apart,  
 the tombs open their doors  
 and the bodies of many holy people walk  
 out.  
 The centurion and the people  
 standing across from Jesus,  
 terrified, flabbergasted, and amazed,  
 exalt  
 the power of almighty God,  
 and now believe what they did not think  
 before.  
 "Yes, truly; truly, yes; he that perishes  
 here,  
 he is the son of the Most High."  
 says one, who beats his breast  
 and leaves that place.

*Choir of Believing Souls*  
 My Jesus dies.  
 Pain! Misery! Sorrow and woe!  
 The Prince of Life must die,  
 the Son of the Most High lets himself be  
 killed,  
 my best friend perishes.  
 Pain! Misery! Sorrow and woe!  
 My Jesus dies.

*Evangelist*  
 A soldier approaches,  
 and with a spear opens  
 the Lord's side,  
 from which blood and water flows.  
 With this, the prophecy of Zachariah  
 is now fulfilled.

*Believing Soul*  
 So indeed Jesus dies,  
 solely for our benefit,  
 so that in his blood  
 a river may wash over our souls,

Wodurch sie Lebens-Krafft gewinnt.  
 Des Tempels Vorhang is entzwey,  
 Das alte Schatten-Werck ist nun  
 verschwunden,  
 Wir sind von dem Gestze frey.  
 Die Erde bebt, die Felsen reißen,  
 Und wollen uns in JESU Wunden  
 Weit sichre Zuflucht weisen.  
 Die Gräber thun sich auf,  
 So könne wir aus solche gehn,  
 Und in der heiligen Stadt  
 Vor GOTTes Throne stehn.

*Chor.*  
 JESU, wahrer Mensch und GOTT,  
 Habe Danck für deinen Tod,  
 Welcher uns das Leben gebiet.  
 Laß uns deine Angst und Pein,  
 Und wie sehr du uns gliebet,  
 Immer im Gedächtnis seyn.

**22** *Evangelist*  
 Der fromme Joseph so dem HERRren  
 zugethan,  
 Geht zu Pilato hin,  
 Und spricht ihn um den Leichnam JESu  
 an,  
 Denselben zu begraben.  
 Pilatus williget hierein,  
 Drum nimmt er ihn vom Creutz,  
 Und wickelt ihn in reine Leinwand ein.  
 Auch Nicodemus steht ihm bey  
 Und bringt bey hundert Pfunden  
 Specerey,  
 Mit solcher salben sie des HERRen  
 Leichnam ein,  
 Und bringen ihn hinab  
 Ins nah gelegne neue Grab,  
 Gehn und verschließen es mit einem  
 Stein.

*Recitativo.*  
*Wozu der Soprano mit denen zweyen*  
*Versen:*  
 O Traurigkeit! O Herzeleid!

and give us the power of life.  
 The curtain in the temple is torn in two,  
 the old, shady ways are now gone,  
 we are free from the laws.  
 The earth trembles, the rocks split open:  
 they want to show us that in Jesus's  
 wounds  
 there is full and safe refuge.  
 The graves open up,  
 so can we leave our own graves  
 and in the holy city  
 stand before the throne of God.

*Choir of Believing Souls*  
 Jesus, true man and true God,  
 accept our thanks for your death  
 that has given us life.  
 May your pain and suffering  
 and how much you have loved us  
 always be in our thoughts.

*Evangelist*  
 The pious Joseph, so devoted to the Lord,  
 goes to Pilate  
 and asks for the body of Jesus,  
 that he may bury it.  
 Pilate allows it,  
 so he takes Jesus from the cross  
 and wraps him in pure linen.  
 Nicodemus too goes with him,  
 and brings a hundred pounds of spices  
 with which they anoint the body of the  
 Lord,  
 and they bring him down  
 into a new grave nearby,  
 go out, and seal it with a stone.

*Recitative which the soprano  
 accompanies with the two verses:*

Oh sorrow! Oh heartbreak!  
 Should we not mourn this?

Ist das nicht zu beklagen?  
Gott des Vaters einigs Kind  
Wird ins Grab getragen.  
und

O selig ist zu aller Frist  
Der dieses recht bedenket,  
Wie der Herr der Herrlichkeit  
Wird ins Grab versenket.  
*accompagniret:*

Kommt, Menschen, kommt!  
Kommt, gehet mit zur Leichen,  
Hier wollen Engel selbst in der  
Gesellschaft seyn.  
Der HERR wird beygesetzt  
Dem Fürsten, Könge, Kayser, weichen.  
Kommt salbet seinen Leib  
Mit Liebes-Thränen ein,  
Denn ja die Liebe nur allein  
Hat ihn ins Grab gebracht.  
Kommt, gebet ihm die letzte gute Nacht,  
Kommt, küsset seine blutgen Wunden,  
Und danckt ihm vor die Schmerzen,  
Kommt, danckt ihm vor den Tod,  
Den er statt euer hat empfunden.  
Hier ruhet euer GOTT,  
Wollt ihr nun  
In ihm ruhn?  
Ach! so vergrabet Ihn in eure Hertzen.

*Christliche Kirche*  
O JESU! du  
Mein Hülff und Ruh,  
Ich bitte dich mit Thränen,  
Hilff, daß ich mich biß ins Grab  
Nach dir möge sehen.

The only Son of God the Father  
is carried into his tomb.  
and

He is blessed at all times,  
he who considers in his heart  
how the Lord of Majesty  
is lowered into his grave.

Come, men, come!  
Come, come with me to the body,  
here angels themselves want to keep  
company.  
The Lord is buried,  
and yields to the princes, kings and  
emperors.  
Come and anoint his body  
with tears of love,  
for it was love alone  
that led him to this grave.  
Come, give him one last goodnight,  
come, kiss his bloody wounds  
and thank him for his suffering,  
come, thank him for his death,  
which he suffered in your place.  
Here rests your God,  
will you now  
find peace in him?  
So bury him in your hearts.

*The Christian Church*  
Oh Jesus, you who are  
my help and my peace,  
I pray to you with tears  
that you would help me, until I die,  
to always long for you.

*Fine.* *Voti Deo Gloria.*

## Corelli Vocal Consort

Hannah Grove, Heather Wardle *soprano*  
Catherine Perfect, Ben Sawyer *alto*  
Rob Waters, Edward Rimmer *tenor*  
Nicholas Perfect, Kenneth Roles *bass*

## Corelli Orchestra

Ben Sansom, Miranda Dodd *violin*  
Kate Fawcett *viola*  
Imogen Seth-Smith *cello/viola da gamba*  
Elizabeth Harré *bass*  
Matthew Dodd *bassoon*  
Jane Downer *oboe*  
Ashok Gupta *organ*  
Warwick Cole *harpsichord*

## Acknowledgements

The printing of this programme has been  
kindly sponsored by a regular Coffee  
Concerts goer who wishes to remain  
anonymous.

*Programme Design* Lois Cole  
*Cake Making* Ann and Sophie Cole  
*Refreshments Team* Sophie Cole, Michael  
Cole, Rachel Cole, Henry Cole, Ben  
Gilchrist

*All translations from the German*  
© Lois Cole 2018

### *Source Material:*

*Parts:* Schlossmuseum Sondershausen  
Mus.A15:2

*Libretto:* Universitäts- und Forschungs-  
bibliothek Erfurt/Gotha: Cant.spir 8°  
00884/02a

*Biography:* Johann Mattheson, *Grundlage*  
*einer Ehren-Pforte* (Hamburg 1740)  
Lorenz Mizler, *Musikalische Bibliothek 4.*  
*Band* (Leipzig 1754)

# Die Leidende

und am

# Creuz sterbende

# Liebe

# A G S S /

in der

# Hoch = Fürstl. Sächß.

Hof = Capelle zum Frie-  
denstein

*Musicalisch*  
aufgeführt.

G D T H A,

Gedruckt bey Johann Andreas Keyhern,  
F. S. Hof = Buchdr. 1720.

*Title page of the libretto*  
*accompanying the 1720 performance.*

This concert has been brought to you  
free of charge by Cheltenham Coffee  
Concerts. However, we do ask for a  
retiring donation to help cover some of  
the costs of the performance. We hope  
you have enjoyed hearing Stölzel's music  
- if so, please give generously.

