The Boise Civic Chorus
ACCOMPANIED BY A SPECIALLY ORGANIZED ORCHESTRA
Carroll Meyer, Accompanist
C. GRIFFITH BRATT, Conductor
PRESENTS

The Passion
According to St. Matthew
BY
Johann Sebastian Bach

GOOD FRIDAY APRIL 15, 1949
8:15 P.M.
BOISE JUNIOR COLLEGE AUDITORIUM
BOISE, IDAHO.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
St. Matthew, the Evangelist .......................................................... Ian Morton, tenor
Jesus ......................................................................................... Charles Ross, baritone
Soprano Soloist ............................................................................ Arminta Mathews
Alto Soloist ................................................................................. Lois Chaffee
Judas ......................................................................................... Gordon Eichmann, bass
Peter .......................................................................................... Alvin Hultgren, bass
Tenor Soloist .................................................................................. Arthur Larson
Caiaphas the High Priest ................................................................. Cornelius Meagher, bass
Pilate ............................................................................................. James Compton, baritone
Alto Soloist .................................................................................... Betty Jane Cooper
Soprano Soloist ............................................................................... Katherine Lewis

OBLIGATO SOLOISTS
Oboe ......................................................................................... Konstantin Epp
Violin ............................................................................................ Katherine Mitchell
Cello ............................................................................................... John Best
Flutes ............................................................................................ Russell Tippett, Joan Wahle

It is requested that there be no applause.
Come, ye Daughters, share my anguish,
See Him! Whom? The Bridegroom see;
See Him? How? So like a Lamb;
See it! What? His love untold!
Look! Look where? On our offence!
Look on Him, betrayed and sold,
On the cruel cross to languish.

When Jesus had finished all these sayings, He said to His disciples: Ye know that after two days is the Passover, and the Son of Man shall then be delivered up to be crucified.

O Lamb of God most holy,
Who on the cross did languish;
O Saviour, meek and lowly,
Who suffered bitter anguish,
The sins of man Thou bearest,
Our ev'ry grief Thou shar'st,
Have mercy on us, O Jesu.

When Jesus had finished all these sayings, He said to His disciples: Ye know that after two days is the Passover, and the Son of Man shall then be delivered up to be crucified.

O blessed Jesu, how hast thou offended,
That now on Thee such judgment has descended?
Of what misdeed hast Thou to make confession? Of what transgression?

Then assembled the chief priests and the scribes together, and the elders of the people, within the palace of the High Priest, who was called Caiphas, and they consulted how by craft to lay hands on Jesus, and kill Him. But thus they said:

Not upon the feast, for fear there may be an uproar among the people.

Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came to Him a woman, who had a cruse of exceeding precious ointment, and poured it on His head, as He reclined at meat. But when His disciples saw it, they had indignation, and said:

Wherefore wilt thou be so wasteful? For this ointment could be sold for much, and to the poor be given.

When Jesus perceived it, He said to them: Wherefore trouble ye the woman? It is a good work that she hath wrought: for ye have always the poor with you, but Me ye have not always.

For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, it hath been done to prepare me for my burial. Verily I say to you, Wherever in time to come this gospel is preached in all the world, shall also be told, in her remembrance what she hath done.

Thou dear Redeemer, mine, if thy disciples murmur loudly Against this woman here, who fain with ointment dear For burial maketh ready. These humble tears, O Lord, allow, With which my eyes are overflowing an unction on Thy head to pour.

Then went one among the Twelve, whose name was Judas Iscariot, to the chief priests, and he said: How much will ye give me, if I to you deliver Him? And they weighed to him thirty silver pieces. And from that time sought he opportunity, that he might betray Him. Now on the first day of unleavened bread came the disciples to Jesus, and said unto Him:

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

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 thy 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 to meat with the twelve. And he said, as they were eating, Verily I say to you, One of you shall betray me. And they grew exceeding sad; and they began, each one of the disciples, to say unto Him,

Lord, is it I?
The sorrows Thou are 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.

He answered them and said: He that his hand with me in the dish hath dipped, even he shall betray me. The Son of Man is about to go, as of him it hath 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 saith to him: Thou sayest. And as they were eating, then Jesus took bread, blessed it, and brake, and gave to the disciples, and said: Take ye, eat ye, this is my body. And He took the cup, and giving thanks, He gave it to them, and said: 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 henceforth not drink of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

Although both heart and eyes o'erflow,
Since Jesus now must from us go,
Yet doth His Testament the soul uplift,
His Flesh and Blood, O precious gift,
Bequeathed by Him, our Heavenly Friend.

As He while in the world did love His own,
By him of old foreknown,
He loves them still unto the end.

Lord, to Thee my heart I proffer,
Enter Thou, and dwell in me.
All I am or have I offer,
Myself would I lose in Thee.
Know I not, Thy face to see,
More than all the world would be?
And when they had sung a hymn of praise together, they went out unto the Mount of Olives. Then saith Jesus unto them: This very night ye shall be offended because of me. For it hath been written: I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. But when I am raised again, then I will go before you into Galilee.

Then answered Peter, and said to Him: Thou' all men be offended because of Thee, yet I will never be offended. Jesus said to him: Verily I say to thee, that in this night, ere yet the cock croweth, ev'n thou shalt thrice deny me. Peter said to Him: Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee. And likewise said also all the disciples.

Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and said to His 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 saith Jesus to them: My soul is sorrowful, ev'n unto death; tarry here, and watch me.

0 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,
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?
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.

And He went a little farther, and falling upon His face, He prayed, and said: My Father, if possible, then let this cup pass away from me; yet not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

Gladly would I be enduring grief and pain, if so securing
That I follow Christ, my Lord. Lo, His love,
All our sorrows freely sharing, doth remove
Half its weight from shame abhorred, now that He the Cross is bearing.

And He came again, and found them sleeping, and said to Peter: Could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch ye, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. A second time he went away, prayed and said: My Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, let Thy will be done!

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!

And He came again, and found them sleeping, and said to Peter: Ah! from my sins they all their sting do borrow!
Mine, ah! Lord Jesus, mine the guilt, I own it;
Must Thou atone it?

 Behold, my Saviour now is taken.
Moon and stars have for grief the night forsaken,
Since my Saviour now is taken.

And He left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, and said again the self-same words. Then He came to His disciples, and said to them: Ah, will ye now sleep, and take your rest? Lo! The hours at hand, and the Son of Man is delivered up into the hands of sinners. Then arise, let us be going; Look ye, he is come, that doth betray me. And while He yet spake, came Judas, who was one of the twelve disciples and with him was a great multitude, with swords and with staves, from the chief priest and the elders of the people. Now he that betrayed Him had given them a sign, 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? And thereupon they came, and laid hands on Jesus, and took Him.

Behold, my Saviour now is taken.

And when they had sung an hymn of praise together, they went out unto the Mount of Olives. Then saith Jesus unto them: This very night ye shall be offended because of me.
PART TWO

And behold, one of them that were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and smote the high priest’s servant, and struck off his ear. Then saith Jesus unto him: Put up thy sword into its place; for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Or thinkest thou that I cannot now beseech my Father, and He shall send me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then should the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? In that hour said Jesus to the multitudes: Are ye come out as against a robber, with swords and with staves for to take me? I have been sitting beside you daily, and have been teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold upon me. But all this is come to pass, that the scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled. Then all the disciples left Him, and fled.

And they that laid hold on Jesus led Him away to the high priest Caiaphas, to the house where the scribes and the elders were gathered all together. And the high priest answered, and said unto Him: I adjure Thee by the living God, that Thou tell us whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him: Thou sayest. Yet I say unto you: Hereafter, ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven. Then the high priest rent his garments, and said: He hath spoken blasphemy, what further need of witness? Behold, now ye have heard the blasphemy yourselves. What think ye? They answered him, and said:

He is guilty of death!

And then did they spit in His face, and then did buffet Him. Others smote Him with the palms of their hands.

O man, bewail thy sin so great; For which, from His supernal state, Christ came on earth to suffer. Of Virgin Mother, pure and mild, Was born for us the holy child; Our ransom would He offer. To life did He restore the dead!

He healed the sick, the hungry fed, Until the day of anguish. When He for us was offered up, To drink for all the bitter cup, Upon the cross to languish.

Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people one prisoner, whom they would. And at that time there was among the prisoners a notable one, called Barabbas. Then released he Barabbas to them, hut Jesus did he scourge, and then he delivered Him, that they might crucify Him.

Are my weeping and my wailing, unavailing, Take my heart, and all of me. And then did the soldiers of the governor take Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto Him the whole band; and stript Him, and put on Him a scarlet robe: and plaited a crown of thorns, and put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand; and kneeling down before Him, they mocked Him. And then they spat on Him, and took the reed, and smote Him on the head.
THE PASSION CHORALE

THE AUDIENCE IS ASKED TO RISE AND SING WITH THE CHORUS.

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 execution,
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?

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

And when they were come to a place called Golgotha, that is, the place of a skull, they gave Him wine to drink that was mingled with gall: and when He tasted it, He would not drink. And when they had crucified Him, they parted His garments, dividing them by lot. And sitting down, they watched Him there. And over His head they set up His accusation written, namely, “THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS.” And with Him two robbers were crucified, one on the right hand, and one on the left.

Now from the sixth hour, there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried aloud, and said: Eli, Eli, lama, lama sabachthani. That is: My God, My God why has Thou forsaken me? Some of them that stood there heard Jesus cry aloud, and they said:

He calleth for Elias.

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. And again Jesus cried aloud, and departed.

When I too am departing, then part Thou not from me.
On death's lone journey starting, my soul will feel for Thee;
Thy eyes that once were bright, with pow'r transcendent beaming,
Ah, what hath dulled their light?

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.

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 were rent, and the tombs gave up their dead, and many of the saints were raised, that were sleeping; and coming out of the tombs after His resurrection, they 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:

Truly this was the Son of God.
At evening, hour of calm and rest, was Adam's fall made manifest;
At evening too, the Lord's redeeming love. At evening, homeward turned the dove;
An olive leaf the while she bore. O beauteous time, O evening hour!
Our peace with God is evermore assured, for Jesus hath His Cross endured.
His body thou dost crave, Thou, His disciple, for the grave.
O let us all regard with thankful wonder His precious death, and on its meaning ponder.

And Joseph took the body, and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock; and having roll'd a great stone to the door of the tomb, he went away.

And now the Lord to rest is laid.
His task is o'er, for all our sins He hath atoned.
O weary broken body!
Seek with repentent tears we would bedew it,
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 Jesu, rest in peace.

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.
ROSTER OF THE BOISE CIVIC CHORUS

SOPRANOS
Nellie Baily
Agda Beeman
Katie Lee Cathers
Jean Cruikshank
Helena DeNardis
LaVerne Gilson
Louise Gilligan
Patricia Hawkins
Alice Hudson
Olga Hultgren
Mary Catherine Lewis
Frances Long
Vivian Lynan
Winona MacLeod
Violet Root
Dorothy Smith
Mrs. Carl Smithson
Neva J. Theile
Marie Uberuaga
Viola Vail
Jean Orr Wallace
Hazel Weston

ALTOS
Vivian J. Baker
Ruth S. Blair
Mary Bratt
Betty Jane Cooper
Kathleen Cutler
Martha Doherty
Shirley Glimp
Estellene Henderson
Ada Krigbaum
Myel K. Larson
Lucile T. McQueen
Darlein Mealey
Hilda Nulton
Mrs. H. R. Wallis
Henrietta Walters

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Carl Hoobing
Lewis S. Hyde
Kay C. Jordan
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Walter Moeller
W. H. Strawn
J. Lester Vail

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Gordon Eichmann
Gerald Goecke
Alvin Hultgren
Cornelius Meagher
Warren S. Parker
L. Standley Teigs
John R. Young

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Franklin Holsinger
Jack Bauer
Vine Bushby
De Nice Elder
Betty Qualey
Carole Crouch
Jeanette Tanner
Mary Jane Houston
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Lucille Braithwaite
Margaret Lucke
Eunice Watson
O. V. Abrahamson
W. E. Billings

CELLOSA
John Best
Lucille Braithwaite
Margaret Lucke
Eunice Watson
O. V. Abrahamson
W. E. Billings

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