

# 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 .....	Armintha 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 Tippetts, Joan Wahle

It is requested that there be no applause.

# The Passion According to St. Matthew

## PART ONE

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.

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

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 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. 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.

Acknowledge me, my keeper, my shepherd, make me Thine,  
Thy fount of love is deeper, than deepest need of mine.  
Thy love full oft hath fed me with milk and angel's food;  
Thy spirit still hath led me the way of heavenly good.

Then answered Peter, and said to Him: Tho' 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.

Here will I stay beside Thee, Lord, do not me disdain!  
Whatever woe betide Thee, here steadfast I remain.  
When bitter pain shall hold Thee in agony oppress,  
Then, then will I enfold Thee within my loving breast!

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.

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

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 to His disciples, 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!

To Him hold fast: He builds to last who still in God confideth.

And he came again, and found them sleeping, because their eyes were heavy with sleep. 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 hour is 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,  
Moon and stars have for grief the night forsaken,  
Since my Saviour now is taken.  
He's led away, ah! they have bound Him.  
Away, away, all pity banished!  
Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanished?  
Then open, O fierce flaming pit, all thy terrors  
Engulf them, devour them, destroy them, o'erwhelm  
them,

In wrathfullest mood.  
O! blast the betrayer, the murderous brood!

I N T E R M I S S I O N

## 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.

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.

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 Lord, who dares to smite Thee, and falsely to indict Thee?  
Deride and mock Thee so? Thou canst not need confession,  
Who knowest not transgression, as we and all our children know.

Now when the morning came, all the chief priests and the elders of the people took counsel against Jesus, to put Him to death. And they bound Him and led Him away, and delivered Him to Pontius Pilate, the governor. And straightway Judas, he that did betray Him, when he saw that He was condemned, repented himself and brought again the thirty silver pieces to the chief priests and elders, and said: I have sinned, because I have betrayed innocent blood. And he cast down the silver pieces in the Temple, and he departed, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces, and said: It is not lawful that we should put them in the treasury, for 'tis the price of blood.

Jesus, therefore, stood before the governor; and the governor asked Him, and said: Art Thou the King of the Jews? Jesus said unto him: Thou sayest. And when He was accused of the chief priests and the elders, He answered nothing. Then saith Pilate unto Him: Hearest Thou not, how gravely they accuse Thee? And he answered him never a word, not one, inasmuch that the governor did marvel greatly.

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. And when they were come together, Pilate said unto them: Now whither of the twain here will ye that I release to you? They answered:

Barabbas!

Then Pilate saith to them: What then shall I do unto Jesus, to Whom they give the name of Christ? They all say:

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

The governor answered: What evil hath He done?

To all men Jesus good hath done: to blind folk sight He hath restored;  
The lame have healing known; He gave us men His Father's word;  
The devils forth have gone; the mourners hath He comforted;  
By Him the sinner hath been led; besides, my Jesus naught hath done.

Then released he Barabbas to them, but 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 stripped 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 execration,  
Accept them, Lord, from me.

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

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!  
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!  
See! with repentant 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 Gibson  
Louise Gilligan  
Patricia Hawkins  
Alice Hudson  
Olga Hultgren  
Mary Catherine Lewis  
Frances Long  
Vivian Lyman  
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

## TENORS

C. P. Crane  
Carl Hoobing  
Lewis S. Hyde  
Kay C. Jordan  
Arthur A. Larson  
Walter Moeller  
W. H. Strawn  
J. Lester Vail

## BASSES

L. W. Backman  
John R. Blaine  
Frazer F. Brown  
James Compton  
Gordon Eichmann  
Gerald Goecke  
Alvin Hultgren  
Cornelius Meagher  
Warren S. Parker  
L. Standley Teigs  
John R. Young

# ORCHESTRA

## VIOLINS

Katherine Mitchell  
Franklin Holsinger  
Jack Bauer  
Vine Bushby  
De Nice Elder  
Betty Qualey  
Carole Crouch  
Jeanette Tanner  
Mary Jane Houston  
Leona Friedly

## CELLOS

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

## OBOES

Konstantin Epp  
June Stille

## FLUTES

Russell Tippetts  
Joan Wahle

## VIOLAS

Mrs. Ralph Boal  
Robert Atwood  
Lola Snyder

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