

# **The 7 Last Words**

Die Sieben Worte Jesu Christi am Kreuz  
Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)

**Marquand Chapel Choir**  
**Christopher Hossfeld, director**

**9 April 2004**  
**11.15 pm**



## ***Introitus***

Da Jesus an dem Kreuze stund  
und ihm sein Leichnam war verwund't  
so gar mit bitterm Schmerzen,  
die sieben Wort, die Jesus sprach,  
betracht in deinem Herzen.

*Because Jesus stood on the cross, his corpse wounded so fully with bitter pains,  
contemplate the seven words, that Jesus spoke, in your heart.*

## **Reading**

With a match in her hand she lights one candle after another. All the seven candles begin to quiver. The flames blaze into mother's face. As though an enchantment were falling upon her, she lowers her eyes. Slowly, three times in succession, she encircles the candles with both her arms; she seems to be taking them into her heard. And with the candles her weekday worries melt away.

She blesses the candles. She whispers quiet benedictions through her fingers and they add heat to the flames. Mother's hands over the candles shine like the tablets of the Decalogue over the holy ark.

I push closer to her. I want to get behind her blessing hands myself. I seek her face. I want to look into her eyes. They are concealed behind her spread-out fingers.

I light my little candle by mother's candle. Like her, I raise my hands and through them, as through a gate, I murmur into my little candle flame the words of benediction that I catch from my mother.

"May the Highest One give them blessing!" concludes mother, dropping her hands at last.... "Good Shabbes!" mother calls out loudly. Her face, all opened, looks purified. I think it has absorbed the illumination of the Sabbath candles.

— Bella Chagall

***Symphonia***

# 1

*Luke 23: 33-34*

Reader:

When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. Then Jesus said,

**All:**

**Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing.**

Reader:

And they cast lots to divide his clothing.

*Evangelist*

Und es war um die dritte Stunde,  
da sie Jesum kreuzigten, er aber sprach:

*Jesus*

Vater, vergib ihnen,  
denn sie wissen nicht, was sie tun.

***Silence***

Reader:

Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother,

**All:**  
**Woman, here is your son.**

Reader:

Then he said to his disciple,

**All:**  
**Here is your mother.**

Reader:

And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.

*Evangelist*

Es stund aber bei dem Kreuze Jesu seine Mutter  
 und seiner Mutter Schwester, Maria, Cleophas Weib,  
 und Maria Magdalena.

Da nun Jesus seine Mutter sahe  
 und den Jünger dabei stehen, den er lieb hatte,  
 sprach er zu seiner Mutter:

*Jesus*

Weib, siehe, das ist dein Sohn.

*Evangelist*

Danach spricht er zu dem Jünger:

*Jesus*

Johannes, siehe, das ist deine Mutter.

*Evangelist*

Und von Stund an nahm sie der Jünger zu sich.

***Silence***

# 3

*Luke 23: 39-43*

Reader:

One of those criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, "Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!" But the other rebuked him, saying, "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong." Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom." He replied,

**All:**

**Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.**

*Evangelist*

Aber der Übeltäter einer, die da gehenkt waren, lästert ihn und sprach:

*Schächer zur Linken*

Bist du Christus, so hilft dir selbst und uns.

*Evangelist*

Da antwortete der ander, strafte ihn und sprach:

*Schächer zur Rechten*

Und du, fürchtest dich auch nicht vor Gott,

der du doch in gleicher Verdammnis bist,

und zwar wir sind billig darinnen,

denn wir empfangen, was unsre Taten wert find.

Dieser aber hat nichts Ungeschicktes gahandelt.

*Evangelist*

Und sprach zu Jesu:

*Schächer zur Rechten*

Herr, gedenke an mich, wenn du in dein Reich kommst.

*Evangelist*

Und Jesus sprach:

*Jesus*

Wahrlich, ich sage dir,

heute wirst du mit mir im Paradies sein.

**Silence**

Reader:

When it was noon, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. At three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice,

**All:**

**Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?**

Reader:

Which means,

**All:**

**My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?**

*Evangelist*

Und um die neunte Stunde schrei Jesus laut und sprach:

*Jesus*

Eli lama asabthani.

*Evangelist*

Das ist verdolmetschet:

*Jesus*

Mein Gott, warum hast du mich verlassen.

***Silence***

# 5

*John 19: 28*

Reader:

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill the scripture),

**All:**

**I am thirsty.**

*Evangelist*

Danach, als Jesus wußte, daß schon alles vollbracht war,  
daß die Schrift erfüllet würde, sprach er:

*Jesus*

Mich dürstet.

***Silence***

Reader:

A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the wine, he said,

**All:**

**It is finished.**

Reader:

Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

*Evangelist*

Und einer aus den Kriegesknechten lief bald hin,  
nahm einen Schwamm  
und füllet ihn mit Essig und Ysopen  
und stekket ihn auf ein Kohr  
und hielt ihn dar zum Munde  
und tränket ihn.

Da Jesus den Essig genommen hatte, sprach er:

*Jesus*

Es ist vollbracht.

***Silence***

# 7

*Luke 23: 44-46*

Reader:

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, while the sun's light failed; and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said,

**All:**

**Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.**

Reader:

Having said this, he breathed his last.

*Evangelist*

Und abermal rief Jesus laut und sprach:

*Jesus*

Vater, ich befehle meinen Geist in deine hände.

*Evangelist*

Und als er das gesagt hatte, neiget er das haupt  
und gab seinen Geist auf.

***Silence***

## **Canticle of Darkness**

### **I.**

Remind you, that there was darkness in my heart  
And into the darkness in my heart  
Sang light, and the singing light  
Comprehended the darkness, but the darkness—  
How could the darkness comprehend  
The singing light ringing in my heart?  
Which was not peace but storm, the gull  
Flying, and the water pouring its wave  
Into the wind's teeth, and the gull  
Crying into the mouth of the harbour  
Which was not peace but the sea's jaw

### **II.**

Know you, that all knowing must sing again  
In the love which sang, the first light commanded,  
The waters divided, the earth parceled out  
For flowers, beasts and creeping things,  
The air given for birds,  
The sun made round and warm,  
The moon mild as milk—but how can I begin?  
For the singing light was wrath not peace—  
O Venus, your love was the sea's jaw

### **III.**

Best you, might we not lie sleeping in the dark  
Of darkness, in the nothing which is our womb?  
Lie sleeping, and never cough at the air?  
Lie sleeping soft, folded up quiet and warm?  
And never suckle the teats of despair?  
Does not the singing light, sing us into the storm,  
Light us to the tomb? O Mary, the door  
Of our home, O let the night cover  
The light which is our doom.

**IV.**

Stand gentle in my words. It was  
The Friday of roses. And there was a rose  
Singing the red song of your blossom.  
When I came to the rose, there was  
Gethsemane. When I came to Gethsemane  
There was the rose. Stand gentle in my words.  
It was the Friday of Golgotha, the place  
Of skull. O cross of petals—  
O crossed petals—  
Stand gentle in my words. For I thought  
It was the rose of crucifixion, till I knew  
It was the rose of resurrection. Stand  
Gentle in my words. Saying I saw

**V.**

The things of the world drop their skins.  
Saying I saw white wings swanning in  
Endless flocks of white. Saying I saw  
The earth like a white lamb walking  
Beside the mother ewe. Saying I heard  
The nations like a lost calf bawling  
For the mud flanks of the cow. Stand  
Gentle in my words. I saw the darkness  
Tremble. I heard the darkness singing.

**VI.**

Tell you, darkness was pierced by the rose  
Which vanished in a sun. Tell you, it was  
A sun of glory the singing rose was  
Saying. From the rose to the woman.  
From the woman to the man. From the man  
To the sun. From the sun to the earth,  
Beasts, and all creeping things. To the waters  
Divided. To the light created. And the singing  
Rose sang in the lap of Mary. Darkness  
Sang to the light and the kiss of love was peace.

— Wilfred Watson

## **Symphonia**

### **Conclusio**

Wer Gottes Marter in Ehren hat  
und oft gedenkt der sieben Wort,  
des will Gott gar eben pflegen,  
wohl hie auf Erd mit seiner Gnad,  
und dort in dem ewigen Leben.

*Whoever honors God's sacrifice and often bears in mind the seven words,  
God wants to cherish them fully,  
indeed with grace here on earth and there in eternal life.*

## **Silence**



***The Marquand Chapel Choir***

Christopher Hossfeld, director

Emily Scott\*, Barb Gillette, Kaji Spellman, *soprano*  
Daniel Roihl\*, Victoria Gardner, Katya Ouchakof, *alto*  
Terrence Fay\*, Andrew Tengwall, *tenor*  
Richard Lindsay\*, Jared Stahler, *bass*

\* *evangelists*

Holland Jancaitis *Jesus*

Rebecca Tinio *Violins*  
Dina Solomon

Woo-Sug Kang *Organ*

***Readers***

Siobhán Garrigan  
Erika Jones  
Melanie Ross  
Michael Smith

*Many thanks to Profs. Siobhán Garrigan, Marguerite Brooks and  
Martin Jean for their help in planning the service.*