



*seven  
responses*

THE CROSSING  
INTERNATIONAL CONTEMPORARY ENSEMBLE  
QUICKSILVER

SEVEN RESPONSES

June 24 and 25, 2016 | 8pm  
Philadelphia Episcopal Cathedral

Part I  
Friday, June 24

***Membra Jesu nostri***, BuxWV 75  
I. *Ad pedes* (to the feet)

Dieterich Buxtehude

response  
dress in magic amulets, dark, from My feet

David T. Little

II. *Ad genua* (to the knees)

response  
Ad Genua/To the knees

Anna Thorvaldsdottir

**intermission**

III. *Ad manus* (to the hands)

response  
To the Hands

Caroline Shaw

IV. *Ad latus* (to the sides)

response  
I come near you

Hans Thomalla

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*dress in magic amulets, dark, from My feet* was co-commissioned by Eric Owens for The Crossing.

*To the Hands* was co-commissioned by Debra Reinhard and Pamela Prior.

*I come near you* was co-commissioned by The Ann Stookey Fund for New Music and Joe Waz.

*Please join us for a reception, and greet our Seven Responses composers, following the concert.*

**Part II**  
**Saturday, June 25**

***Membra Jesu nostri***, BuxWV 75  
V. *Ad pectus* (to the breast)

Dieterich Buxtehude

response  
Common Ground

Lewis Spratlan

**pause**

VI. *Ad cor* (to the heart)

response  
Ad cor

Pelle Gudmundsen-Holmgreen

**pause**

VII. *Ad faciem* (to the face)

response  
My soul will sink into you

Santa Ratniece

The Crossing is grateful for the generosity of an anonymous donor, who has contributed significantly to *Seven Responses*.

*My soul will sink into you* was co-commissioned by Eric Owens for The Crossing.

*These concerts will be broadcast by our partner WRTI, 90.1 FM: Philadelphia's Classical and Jazz Public Radio.*

*Seven Responses is being recorded for release on Innova Records this fall.*

*Please join us for a reception, and greet our Seven Responses composers, following the concert.*

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David Byrd-Marrow, horn  
Elizabeth Derham, violin 1  
Jacob Greenberg, piano  
Chris Gross, cello  
Rebekah Heller, bassoon  
Ross Karre, perc  
Bridget Kibbey, harp  
Salley Koo, violin 2  
Daniel Lippel, guitars  
Campbell MacDonald, clarinet  
Nick Masterson, oboe  
Ryan Muncy, sax  
Wendy Richman, viola  
Alice Teyssier, flute  
Randy Zigler, bass

## QUICKSILVER

Robert Mealy, violin and director  
Julie Andrijeski, violin and director  
Lisa Terry, viola da gamba  
Rosamund Morley, viola da gamba and violone  
David Morris, viola da gamba and violoncello  
Avi Stein, organ  
Charles Weaver, theorbo

# NOTES AND TEXTS

Dieterich Buxtehude's (1637/39-1707) *Membra Jesu nostri* is utterly unique among his compositions insofar as it is a closed cycle of seven separate cantatas, with Latin texts, clearly intended to be performed together as a set. But each separate cantata resembles other works that he composed with German texts, consisting of separate movements in two distinct genres: the sacred concerto and the aria. The opening vocal movement of each of the *Membra* cantatas is a sacred concerto, set to a Biblical text, employing all the musical forces available, typically two sopranos, alto, tenor, and bass, with two violins, violone, and basso continuo. Since the text is prose, it imposes no metrical structure on the music, and the composer is free to proceed phrase by phrase, with voices and instruments echoing one another, emphasizing particular words or emotions with musical devices derived from rhetoric, and repeating these phrases as often as seems necessary. This results in a through-composed movement of great affective power. In each of the *Membra* cantatas, an aria of three strophes follows the opening concerto. The typical seventeenth-century aria usually employs smaller musical forces and is set to strophic poetry, which suggests both metrical and formal restraints on the music. Poetic meter and regular line lengths easily translate to similar rhythmical patterns and regular musical phrases, and strophic poetic form often results in strophic musical form, in which each stanza of verse is set to the same music, as we frequently find in hymns and folk songs. When this is the case, it becomes difficult to emphasize particular words or emotions, because what works for the first strophe may not be appropriate for the second or third. Less emphasis on individual words, however, usually leads to more lyrical melodies in the arias.

Buxtehude must have begun the process of composing his *Membra Jesu nostri* by selecting for his arias three strophes from each of the seven parts of a much longer medieval poem, known in the seventeenth century as *Rhythmica Oratio* (rhythmical prayer), and at that time ascribed to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, although it is now known to have been written mainly by Arnulf of Louvain. Each part of the poem is addressed to a particular member of the body of Jesus on the cross, from his feet to his face; the familiar passion hymn "O Sacred Head now Wounded" is derived from the last part of this poem. As the sinner contemplates Jesus's wounds, he prays to him, and Buxtehude set these aria verses as prayers, in simple aria style, articulating each verse with an instrumental ritornello, and sometimes breaking the strict strophic form with strophic variation, in which the bass remains the same but the melody is different. For the concertos that precede and usually follow the arias, Buxtehude chose biblical texts that mention the body part addressed in the aria, but often with less emphasis on suffering and more on love. All the cantatas begin with an instrumental sonata, and for cantatas 2-6 he used the same overall structure: sonata – concerto – aria - repetition of the concerto. For the outer cantatas, however, he varied this structure, as if to emphasize their role as the beginning and end of the cycle. He ended the first with a tutti setting of the first aria verse, and in

the last he substituted a lengthy Amen section for the repetition of the concerto. His key scheme, too, shows *Membra* to be a closed cycle, with its cantatas ascending sharpwise from the feet up to the heart, from C-minor to E-flat major, G-minor, D- minor, A-minor, and E-minor, only to descend abruptly back to C-minor for the final cantata. This gives tonal closure to the cycle and perhaps echoes the account of Jesus's death in the gospel of John: "he bowed his head and gave up his spirit."

- Kerala J. Snyder, Seven Responses pre-concert lecturer

## I. *Ad pedes*

## To the feet

### 1. Sonata

#### 2. Concerto

*Ecce super montes  
pedes evangelizantis  
et annunciantis pacem*

Behold, upon the mountains  
the feet of one bringing good news  
and proclaiming peace (Nahum 1:15)

#### 3. Aria: soprano

*Salve mundi salutare,  
salve Jesu care!  
Cruci tuae me aptare  
vellem vere, tu scis quare,  
da mihi tui copiam*

Hail, salvation of the world,  
Hail, hail, dear Jesus!  
On Your cross would I hang  
Truly, You know why  
Give me Your strength

#### 4. Aria: soprano

*Clavos pedum, plagas duras,  
et tam graves impressuras  
circumplector cum affectu,  
tuo pavens in aspectu,  
tuorum memor vulnerum*

The nails in Your feet, the hard blows  
and so grievous marks  
I embrace with love,  
Fearful at the sight of You  
Mindful of Your wounds

#### 5. Aria: bass

*Dulcis Jesu, pie Deus,  
Ad te clamo licet reus,  
praebe mihi te benignum,  
ne repellas me indignum  
de tuis sanctis pedibus*

Sweet Jesus, merciful God  
I cry to You, in my guilt  
Show me Your grace,  
Turn me not unworthy away  
From Your sacred feet

### 6. Concerto (da capo: *Ecce super montes*)

#### 7. Concerto

*Salve mundi salutare,  
salve Jesu care!  
Cruci tuae me aptare  
vellem vere, tu scis quare,  
da mihi tui copiam*

Hail, salvation of the world,  
Hail, hail, dear Jesus!  
On Your cross would I hang  
Truly, You know why  
Give me Your strength

## dress in magic amulets, dark, from My feet

words and music: David T. Little

Written in response to the first cantata of Dieterich Buxtehude's *Membra Jesu nostri*—entitled *Ad pedes* (To the feet) — *dress in magic amulets, dark, from My feet* explores the troubling historic use of crucifixion nails as magic or medicinal amulets. Inspired by both Catholic rituals and the equally ritualistic nature of certain sub-genres of extreme metal, the work seeks to create a meditative, almost unearthly space, where a Christ figure comments on the practice of crucifixion, the ghastly repurposing of crucifixion nails, and the complexities of His own death in the context of the salvation narrative.

Take this,  
All of you,  
Take these...

Dress in magic,  
Dress in magic amulets,  
Take these...

Dress in magic,  
Dress in magic amulets,  
Dark, from My feet.

...My feet.

You rejoice in wounds.  
My demise.  
Our demise.  
Magic pain.



## II. *Ad genua*

## To the knees

### 1. Sonata

### 2. Concerto

*Ad ubera portabimini,  
et super genua blandientur vobis*

You will be brought to nurse  
and dandled on the knees  
[of Jerusalem, portrayed as a mother]  
(Isaiah 66:12)

### 3. Aria: tenor

*Salve Jesu, rex sanctorum,  
spes votiva peccatorum,  
crucis ligno tanquam reus,  
pendens homo verus Deus,  
caducis nutans genibus*

Hail Jesus, King of Saints  
Hope of sinners' prayers,  
like an offender on the wood of the cross,  
a man hanging, true God,  
Bending on failing knees!

#### 4. Aria: alto

*Quid sum tibi responsurus,  
actu vilis corde durus?  
Quid rependam amatori,  
qui elegit pro me mori,  
ne dupla morte morerer*

What answer shall I give You,  
Vile as I am in deed, hard in my heart?  
How shall I repay Your love,  
Who chose to die for me,  
Unless I die a second death?

#### 5. Aria: two sopranos and bass

*Dulcis Jesu, pie Deus,  
Ad te clamo licet reus,  
praebe mihi te benignum,  
ne repellas me indignum  
de tuis sanctis pedibus*

Sweet Jesus, merciful God  
I cry to You, in my guilt  
Show me Your grace,  
Turn me not unworthy away  
From Your sacred feet

#### 6. Concerto (da capo: *Ad ubera portabimini*)

##### 7. Concerto

*Salve mundi salutare,  
salve Jesu care!  
Cruci tuae me aptare  
vellem vere, tu scis quare,  
da mihi tui copiam*

Hail, salvation of the world,  
Hail, hail, dear Jesus!  
On Your cross would I hang  
Truly, You know why  
Give me Your strength

#### Ad Genua/To the knees

music: Anna Thorvaldsdottir

words: Gudrun Eva Minervudottir

Guðrún Eva's beautiful text inspired the lyricism of the solo voice that planted the seeds for the music. The music is also inspired by the notions of humility and of turning a blind eye – and a sense of longing for beauty in the face of pain and difficulty. The music envelopes the solo voice in a dreamlike state, both terrifying and calm at the same time. She is surrounded by elements that occupy the same space, but she is alone, unheard – passionately longing for “reality” to resonate with her. But it is easy not to see the pain that does not belong to you.

–Anna Thorvaldsdottir (b. 1977)

I fall to my knees  
I fall  
I fall  
I fall  
to my knees and ask  
forgiveness for  
lazy thoughts,  
unseemly hunger  
and  
the beautiful, wild stampede of my fear



I fall to my knees  
I fall  
I fall  
I fall  
to my knees and into  
the dark haze  
of the purple, innocent sky  
I fall deep into the sky and beg  
for clarity,  
true satisfaction  
and union of the soul

I give myself up  
I give  
I give up  
I fall to my knees  
I fall  
I fall  
I fall  
to my knees and worship  
the eternal music



### III. *Ad manus*

### To the hands

#### 1. Sonata

#### 2. Concerto

*Quid sunt plagae istae  
in medio manuum tuarum?*

What are those wounds  
in the midst of Your hands?  
(Zechariah 13:6)

#### 3. Aria: soprano

*Salve Jesu, pastor bone,  
fatigatus in agone,  
qui per lignum es distractus  
et ad lignum es compactus  
expansis sanctis manibus*

Hail, Jesus, good shepherd,  
wearied in agony,  
tormented on the cross  
nailed to the cross  
Your sacred hands stretched out

#### 4. Aria: soprano

*Manus sanctae, vos amplector,  
et gemendo condelector,  
grates ago plagis tantis,  
clavis duris guttis sanctis  
dans lacrymas cum osculis*

Holy hands, I embrace you,  
and, lamenting, I delight in you,  
I give thanks for the terrible wounds,  
the hard nails, the holy drops,  
shedding tears with kisses

## 5. Aria: alto, tenor, and bass

*In cruore tuo lotum  
me commendo tibi totum,  
tuae sanctae manus istae  
me defendant, Jesu Christe,  
extremis in periculis*

Washed in Your blood  
I wholly entrust myself to You;  
may these holy hands of Yours  
defend me, Jesus Christ,  
in the final dangers

## 6. Concerto (da capo: *Quid sunt plagae istae*)

### To the Hands

words and music: Caroline Shaw

How does one respond to an image of another person's pain? And how does one respond to the music of another artist who is trying to ask that same question? These are the two queries that anchored my approach to The Crossing's incredible *Seven Responses* project. *To the Hands* begins and ends with strains of Buxtehude's own *Ad manus*, with small harmonic and melodic references woven occasionally throughout. The division of the piece into six parts reflects the partitioning of *Membra Jesu Nostri*, and I continued the tradition of blending old text with new.

The first movement acts as a prelude and turns the opening tune of *Ad manus* into a wordless plainchant melody. The second movement fragments Buxtehude's setting of the central question, "*quid sunt plagae istae in medio manuum tuarum*," or "what are these wounds in the midst of your hands?" It settles finally on an inversion of the question, so that we reflect, "What are these wounds in the midst of our hands?" We notice what may have been done to us, but we also question what we have done and what our role has been in these wounds we see before us.

The text that follows in the third movement is a riff on Emma Lazarus' sonnet *The New Colossus*, famous for its engraving at the base of the Statue of Liberty. The poem's lines "Give me your tired, your poor,/ Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free" and its reference to the statue's "beacon-hand" present a very different image of a hand — one that is open, beckoning, and strong. No wounds are to be found there — only comfort for those caught in a dangerous and complex environment. While the third movement operates in broad strokes from a distance, the fourth zooms in on the map so far that we see the intimate scene of an old woman in her home, maybe setting the table for dinner alone. Who is she, where has she been, whose lives has she left? This simple image melts into a meditation on the words *in caverna* from the *Song of Solomon*, found in Buxtehude's fourth section, *Ad latus*.

In the fifth movement the harmony is passed around from one string instrument to another, overlapping only briefly, while numerical figures are spoken by the choir. These are global figures of internally displaced persons, by country, sourced from the Internal Displacement Monitoring Centre (IDMC) data reported in May 2015 (accessed on 20/03/2016 at [www.internal-displacement.org](http://www.internal-displacement.org)). Sometimes data is the cruelest and most honest poetry.

The sixth and final movement unfolds the words *in caverna* into the tumbling and comforting promise of “ever ever” – “ever ever will I hold you, ever ever will I enfold you.” They could be the words of Christ, or of a parent or friend or lover, or even of a nation.

–Caroline Shaw (b. 1982)

I.

Prelude: wordless

II.

*in medio. in medio.*

*in medio manuum tuarum*

*quid sunt plagae istae in medio manuum tuarum*

*quid sunt plagae istae in medio manuum nostrarum*

in the midst. in the midst.

in the midst of your hands

what are those wounds in the midst of your hands

what are those wounds in the midst of our hands

- *from Buxtehude's Ad manus (Zechariah 13:6, adapted by the composer, with the addition of “in medio manuum nostrum” (“in the midst of our hands”))*

III.

Her beacon-hand beckons:

give

give to me

those yearning to breathe free

tempest-tossed they cannot see

what lies beyond the olive tree

whose branch was lost amid the pleas

for mercy, mercy

give

give to me

your tired fighters fleeing flying

from the

from the

from

let them

i will be your refuge

i will be your refuge

i will be

i will be

we will be

we will

- *the composer, responding to the 1883 sonnet “The New Colossus” by Emma Lazarus, which was mounted on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty in 1903*

IV.

ever ever ever  
 in the window sills or  
 the beveled edges  
 of the aging wooden frames that hold  
 old photographs  
 hands folded  
 folded  
 gently in her lap

ever ever  
 in the crevices  
 the never-ending efforts of  
 the grandmother's tendons tending  
 to her bread and empty chairs  
 left for elijahs  
 where are they now  
*in caverna*  
*in caverna*

- the composer; the final line, "in caverna," is drawn from Buxtehude's Ad latus, from the Song of Songs; "in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow of the cliff"

V.

The choir speaks global figures of internally displaced persons, by country. Source: Internal Displacement Monitoring Centre (IDMC) data as of May 2015. (Accessed on 01/03/2016 at <http://www.internal-displacement.org/global-figures>.)

VI.

i will hold you  
 i will hold you  
 ever ever will i hold you  
 ever ever will i enfold you  
*in medio in medio*

- the composer, with the final line a reprise from the original Zechariah text



**IV. Ad latus**

**To the sides**

**1. Sonata**

**2. Concerto**

*Surge, amica mea,  
 speciosa mea, et veni,  
 columba mea in foraminibus petrae,  
 in caverna maceriae*

Arise, my love,  
 my beautiful one, and come,  
 my dove in the clefts of the rock,  
 in the hollow of the cliff  
 (Song of Songs 2:13–14)

### 3. Aria: soprano

*Salve latus salvatoris,  
in quo latet mel dulcoris,  
in quo patet vis amoris,  
ex quo scatet fons cruoris,  
qui corda lavat sordida*

Hail, side of the Saviour,  
in which the honey of sweetness is hidden,  
in which the power of love is exposed,  
from which gushes the spring of blood  
that cleans the dirty hearts

### 4. Aria: alto, tenor, and bass

*Ecce tibi appropinquo,  
parce, Jesu, si delinquo,  
verecunda quidem fronte,  
ad te tamen veni sponte  
scrutari tua vulnera*

Lo I approach You,  
Pardon, Jesus, if I sin,  
With reverent countenance  
freely I come to You  
to behold Your wounds

### 5. Aria: soprano

*Hora mortis meus flatus  
intret Jesu, tuum latus,  
hinc expirans in te vadat,  
ne hunc leo trux invadat,  
sed apud te permaneat*

In the hour of death, may my soul  
Enter, Jesus, Your side  
Hence dying may it go into You,  
Lest the cruel lion seize it,  
But let it dwell with You

### 6. Concerto (da capo: *Surge amica mea*)

#### I come near you

music: Hans Thomalla

words arranged by: Hans Thomalla after Arnulf of Leuven and Song of Solomon

The piece is simple in its text and its music: it speaks of the attempt to come near someone or something suffering for us. For the sources of the texts, from which I assembled my brief libretto, and for the work of Dieterich Buxtehude, to which my musical material refers, that someone is Jesus. But for me today the Other suffering for us can be seen much wider: anyone or anything enduring pain for me, us, our lifestyle.

Since I write music, that Other appears concretely in the piece as suffering nature, or to be more specific: as quiet multiphonics in the beginning. These multiphonics – inharmonic saxophone, bassoon, or clarinet noises that seem like quiet screams – are the sound of nature under pressure. They are wild and untamed chords coming from an instrument being played slightly “off”, with atypical fingerings or “wrong” mouth-position. The result is something clearly distorted but at the same time beautiful in its resistance against an abstract harmonic system.

The voices of the choir with their initially rather traditional if not reified figures of harmony and expression are drawn towards these quiet screams. They are increasingly affected by the nature-sounds of the wind instruments, and for a moment true harmony seems possible: an attempt to “come near”, to understand, to influence the Other and to be influenced. This moment of true and open contact is brief, though, as it eventually drowns

in increasingly loud and assertive gestures of harmonic control.

–Hans Thomalla (b. 1975)

I come near you  
To your side  
From which the fountain of blood flows

With quiet countenance  
I stand before you  
To contemplate your wounds

I come near you  
When the hour of my death draws close,  
Let me stand by your side

Arise, arise my love  
My beautiful  
And come  
My beautiful  
My love

I come near you  
To your side

I stand before you  
To contemplate your wounds

I come near you  
Let me stand by your side

My love  
My beautiful  
My love



## V. *Ad pectus*

## To the breast

### 1. Sonata

### 2. Concerto a 3: alto, tenor, and bass

*Sicut modo geniti infantes rationabiles,  
et sine dolo concupiscite,  
ut in eo crescatis in salutem.*

*Si tamen gustatis, quoniam dulcis est  
Dominus.*

Like newborn infants,  
long for the guileless milk of reason,  
that by it you may grow into salvation,  
if indeed you have tasted that the Lord is  
good. (1 Peter 2:2–3)

### 3. Aria: alto

*Salve, salus mea, Deus,  
Jesu dulcis, amor meus,  
salve, pectus reverendum,  
cum tremore contingendum,  
amoris domicilium*

Hail God, my salvation,  
sweet Jesus, my beloved,  
hail, breast to be revered,  
to be touched with trembling,  
dwelling of love

### 4. Aria: tenor

*Pectus mihi confer mundum,  
ardens, pium, gemebundum,  
voluntatem abnegatam,  
tibi semper conformatam,  
juncta virtutum copia*

Give me a clean breast,  
ardent, pious, moaning,  
an abnegated will,  
always conforming to You,  
with an abundance of virtue

### 5. Aria: bass

*Ave, verum templum Dei,  
precor miserere mei,  
tu totius arca boni,  
fac electis me apponi,  
vas dives Deus omnium*

Hail, true temple of God,  
I pray, have mercy on me,  
You, the ark of all that is good,  
make me be placed with the chosen,  
rich vessel, God of all

## 6. Concerto a 3 voci (da capo: *Sicut modo geniti*)

### Common Ground

music: Lewis Spratlan

words: Paul Kane

Paul Kane and I independently decided that we wanted to compose a piece that addressed our concern with the degradation of the environment. We sought a meaningful way to connect this sentiment with Buxtehude's text.

When we noticed in the opening section that Buxtehude had dropped the reference to breast milk ("*lac*") and concentrated, instead, on the breast as chest ("*pectus*"), it reinforced our sense that "breast" could be better thought of in its meaning as "the seat of the affections," the place where emotion is felt. Buxtehude himself refers to it as the "true temple of God," as something to be "revered." This provided the environmental link, as we could then think of the natural world as the breast of the Earth, to be revered and, in our own times, protected and treated ethically.

With that in mind, we conceived of a four-part libretto leading towards a deeper understanding of our responsibility to the environment: first, a celebration of Earth's bounty and beauty; second, grief at Earth's despoilment at our hands; third, personal remorse for having contributed to this ruin; and finally, redemptive hope for repair and a true change of heart. Along the way, there are echoes of Buxtehude in some of the phrasing and in the Latin quotations, suggesting that what was sacred for him has resonance for us in a different register.

Since we wanted the piece to work at both a general and personal level, we decided

to embody this dynamic in two characters, Tomás and Angelica, with the Chorus commenting as in Greek tragedy. In fact, tragedy was part of the structure, as the woman, Angelica, is suffering from a fatal environmental disease. Her lover, Tomás, is distraught and cannot understand how Angelica continues to love the world for itself. His love is entirely focused on Angelica, while she, with a selflessness that points to an even greater love, values life itself, whether expressed in the person of Tomás or in the natural world around her. Tomás, through Angelica and by way of a confrontation with destruction and the necessity for remorse, finally comes to comprehend a new level of love which carries an imperative to act on behalf of life. This redemptive moment, though fragile and surrounded by darkness, nonetheless becomes an occasion for joy, as it points to the life-affirming possibility of real change.

–Lewis Spratlan (b. 1940)

## PROLOGUE

Choir            See how the light falls upon the land!  
                      Glorious day!

Echo             Gloria Dei!

Choir            Feel the gentle breeze that scents the air,  
                      Beautiful day!

Echo             Beata Dei!

Choir            Hear the hum of Nature and the song of birds,  
                      Miraculous day!

Echo             Miraculum Dei!

Choir            Savor the air with its taste of Spring,  
                      Celestial day!

Echo             Caelum Dei!

Choir            But look, here come Angelica and Tomás,  
                      with love in their eyes.

Echo             Love in their eyes!

## SCENE 1

Angelica        This world of beauty makes me sad.  
                      Yet its loveliness fills my heart with joy -  
                      joy mixed with sorrow  
                      sorrow mixed with these happy tears.

Tomás          Angelica, do not cry, or if you must  
                      do it here on my consoling breast.



Angelica            Oh it's not for me only that I cry—what's my life  
but part of the life around me, and within?  
Love, as open as the Earth, bares  
its breast and sings, "There is no time."

Tomás              No time to waste—seize the moment  
as it flickers by! Let us be One!

Angelica            We are already, don't you see?  
Light makes the dappled shade,  
breezes rise out of stillness,  
silence encompasses sound.

Tomás [aside]    I cannot bear this bittersweet love.  
The toxic world has made her ill  
and yet she sings its praise and turns  
from me, who desires only her.

Angelica            But listen, underneath there is a melancholy strain:  
we have done much harm. There is a murmur of pain.

## SCENE 2

Women             This world of beauty makes us sad.  
So much is passing, never to come again.

Men                 So much has passed, that ages labored to make,  
unmade by man, who labors for gain.

Women             We murmur in pain against the stars,  
why should fate have brought us this end?

Men                 The stars are silent, distant and cold—  
it is we ourselves we have condemned.

All                  The seas are rising, the ground on fire,  
wells are poisoned, the air full of grief.  
Blindly at the crossroads we have slain  
our mother: we howl among ashes of disbelief

Women             Darker the world—that was made from light—  
weeping wounds have stained its breast.

Men                 Death, that was natural, has turned unreal—  
man-made, uncreated, unblessed.

All                  Light is failing, there are cries in the night,  
we become like children frantic with fright.

### SCENE 3

- Tomás [aside] We are running out of time, each week  
a new phase waning like the moon.  
How can I live when her life is all but over?  
Full to half, from half to crescent moon.
- Angelica Look in the sky, the moon in broad daylight,  
ghostly, diminished, but ever-present even so.  
I'll be the Moon and you the Sun  
and our child will be the Earth,  
half in darkness, half in light.
- Choir Remorse is the darkness, remorse is the light,  
out of night comes day, if we turn to face forward—  
starlight, moonlight will lead the way.
- Tomás Angelica, you are the Sun and I the Moon  
reflecting the glory I see for what it is:  
joyous and shining in the midst of sorrows,  
life is what you love, the life we all share.
- Angelica Tomás, we are the life that lives within us,  
that lives without us—there is no other.  
Tomás, we are the Earth, there is no Other,  
our lives are one with lives around us.
- Choir Remorse is the darkness, remorse the light,  
we turn to life rising in the breast of the world.  
Rise up! Rise up!  
Light falls upon the land!  
Gloria, glorious Day!  
Rise up! Rise up!  
Let us heal Earth's wounds!  
Gloria Dei! Glorious Day!  
Out of darkness comes day! Glorious Day!
- All We are the Earth, there is no Other,  
rejoice to know the worst,  
a single star can pierce the night.  
We are the Earth, there is no Other,  
rejoice to know the best,  
life is the heart that beats within our breast.  
Take hands, take heart!  
What comes to pass will pass  
like a shadow moving across the world.  
Take hands, take heart!  
Only light can cast shadows,  
only light, only light!

Rise up! Rise up!  
Life beats within the breast,  
Glorious Darkness, Glorious Day!



## VI. Ad cor

## To the heart

### 1. Sonata

### 2. Concerto a 3: two sopranos and bass

*Vulnerasti cor meum,  
soror mea, sponsa,  
vulnerasti cor meum.*

You have wounded my heart,  
my sister, my bride,  
You have wounded my heart  
(Song of Songs 4:9)

### 3. Aria: soprano

*Summi regis cor, aveto,  
te saluto corde laeto,  
te complecti me delectat  
et hoc meum cor affectat,  
ut ad te loquar, animes*

Heart of the highest king, I greet You,  
I salute You with a joyous heart,  
it delights me to embrace You  
and my heart aspires to this:  
that You move me to speak to You

### 4. Aria: soprano

*Per medullam cordis mei,  
peccatoris atque rei,  
tuus amor transferatur,  
quo cor tuum rapiatur  
languens amoris vulnere*

Through the marrow of my heart,  
of a sinner and culprit,  
may Your love be conveyed  
by whom Your heart was seized,  
languishing through the wound of love

### 5. Aria: bass

*Viva cordis voce clamo,  
dulce cor, te namque amo,  
ad cor meum inclinare,  
ut se possit applicare  
devoto tibi pectore*

I call with the living voice of the heart,  
sweet heart, for I love You,  
to incline to my heart,  
so that it may commit itself to you  
in the breast devoted to You.

### 6. Concerto a 3 voci (da capo: *Vulnerasti cor meum*)

## Ad cor

music: Pelle Gudmundsen-Holmgreen

words: Ursula Andkjær Olsen (translated by Katrine Øgaard Jensen) and sung text from the Old Testament

Buxtehude is a very fresh and inspiring composer, so I was happy to be able to come closer to him with this gorgeous initiative from The Crossing. "My" *Membra* was fortunately THE HEART. Lovely music and a text quoted from The Bible. The Song of Songs. What could a heart wish for more? I decided at once to give my music a flavour

of Buxtehude's *Ad Cor*, which means a near-quotation of Buxtehude's e-minor chords. They became an important part of the musical language I have chosen for this work. My work has four movements, each one pointing at different perspectives in the whole thing.

I...the heart is full of pain, loss and sorrow.

II...the heart is full of hope and expectation and love

III...A voice of today is trying to find a place to see things clearly from, but is doubting, discussing in a bitter aggressive way

IV...the former three movements are played on top of each other in an attempt to let them speak together. Sometimes successfully, some times not.

- Pelle Gudmudsen Holmgreen (b. 1932)

### **Choir 1.**

Wound!

you have wounded my heart,

my bride.

In this wounded heart may your love gain entry,

my love.

### **Choir 2.**

Joy!

Hail to thee,

my love.

I greet you with a joyful heart.

Embracing you is a joy.

With a lively heart I call to you,

truly, dearest heart, I love you.

Joy!

Hail to thee,

my love.

### **Spoken text (by the percussionist).**

I laugh at you mockingly, intimacy-lovers

I laugh at you mockingly, solicitude-lovers

I laugh at you, love-lovers

I don't want your authenticity

I don't want your tastefulness

I don't want your true feelings

I want to BATHE in true sentimentality

I want to be CLEANSED in true sentimentality

My body SCREAMS for sentimentality

a hard, smooth material  
I'd be molded into

now is the time

I SHALL LIFT UP MY COUNTENANCE UPON THEE AND GIVE THEE SHIT

THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY FEELINGS

I am completely without empathy  
it happens to me frequently  
I am not evil  
I just can't feel anything/anyone



## VII. *Ad faciem*

## To the face

### 1. Sonata

### 2. Concerto

*Illustra faciem tuam super servum tuum,  
salvum me fac in misericordia tua*

Let Your face shine upon Your servant,  
save me in Your mercy (Psalm 31:16)

### 3. Aria: alto, tenor, and bass

*Salve, caput cruentatum,  
totum spinis coronatum,  
conquassatum, vulneratum,  
arundine verberatum  
facie sputis illita*

Hail, bloodied head,  
all crowned with thorns,  
beaten, wounded,  
struck with a cane,  
the face soiled with spit

### 4. Aria: alto

*Dum me mori est necesse,  
noli mihi tunc deesse,  
in tremenda mortis hora  
veni, Jesu, absque mora,  
tuere me et libera*

When I must die,  
do not then be away from me,  
in the anxious hour of death  
come, Jesus, without delay,  
protect me and set me free!

### 5. Aria: two sopranos, alto, tenor, and bass

*Cum me jubes emigrare,  
Jesu care, tunc appare,  
o amator amplexende,  
temet ipsum tunc ostende  
in cruce salutifera.*

When You command me to depart,  
dear Jesus, then appear,  
O lover to be embraced,  
then show Yourself  
on the cross that brings salvation

### 6. Concerto

*Amen*

## **My soul will sink into you**

music: Santa Ratniece

words: letters of St. Clare of Assisi to Blessed Agnes of Prague, 1253

For my response to the seventh, concluding cantata – To the Face – of Buxtehude, I was inspired by the texts of St. Clare of Assisi. She was an Italian saint and nun who founded the Order of Poor Ladies of San Damiano. St. Clare was a close friend to St. Francis of Assisi; she used to call herself “the little plant of the most blessed Francis.” They were a glorious inspiration for each other. We are traveling back in the time to faraway Middle Ages, to feel the joy and suffering of St. Clare. She had a very gentle heart, but her life was very ascetic and she suffered from anorexia.

St. Clare wrote four letters to Agnes of Prague; I composed on the essential parts of this extraordinary prose poetry. All the lyrics in some way reflect The Face in many dimensions.

We can see our faces only in the mirror. St. Clare is diving deeply into the mirror of Eternity. The music is embraced by this profoundly mystical text.

- Santa Ratniece (b. 1977)

Look into this mirror every day,  
O queen, spouse of Jesus Christ,  
And continually examine your face in it,  
So that in this way you may adorn yourself completely, inwardly and outwardly,  
Clothed and covered in multicolored apparel,  
Adorned in the same manner  
With flowers and garments  
Made of all the virtues as is proper,  
Dearest daughter and spouse of the most high King.  
Moreover, in this mirror shine blessed poverty,  
Holy humility, and charity beyond words,  
As you will be able, with God's grace,  
To contemplate throughout the entire mirror.

*-The fourth letter of St. Clare of Assisi to Blessed Agnes of Prague, 1253*

Valete in Domino et oretis pro me.  
(Farewell in the Lord. And pray for me)

*-The first letter of St. Clare of Assisi to Blessed Agnes of Prague, 1234*

Vale, carissima filia, cum filiabus tuis usque ad thronum gloriae magni Dei et optate pro nobis.

(Farewell, dearest daughter, together with your own daughters, until we meet at the throne of glory of the great God, and pray for us)

*-The fourth letter of St. Clare of Assisi to Blessed Agnes of Prague, 1253*

What you hold, may you continue to hold,  
What you do, may you keep doing and not stop,  
But with swift pace, nimble step, and feet  
That do not stumble so  
That even your walking does not raise any dust.

*-The second letter of St.Clarę of Assisi to Blessed Agnes of Prague, 1235-38*

I will remember this over and over  
and my soul will sink within me.

*-The fourth letter of St.Clarę of Assisi to Blessed Agnes of Prague, 1253*

Place your mind in the mirror of eternity;  
Place your soul in the splendor of glory;  
Place your heart in the figure of the divine substance;  
And, through contemplation,  
Transform your entire being  
Into the image of the Divine One himself,  
So that you, yourself,  
May also experience  
What his friends experience  
When they taste the hidden sweetness  
That God alone has kept from the beginning  
For those who love him.

Vale semper in Domino, sicut me valere peropto, et tam me quam meas sorores tuis  
sacris orationibus recommenda.

(Stay well, always in the Lord, just as I very much desire to stay well, and be sure to  
remember both me and my sisters in your holy prayers)

*-The third letter of St.Clarę of Assisi to Blessed Agnes of Prague, 1238*

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Friday July 8, 2016, 8 pm @ The Presbyterian Church of Chestnut Hill

Dedicated to the memory of Jeff Dinsmore.

Jeff Quartets is a concert-length set of fifteen new works for four voices, presented as a journey over an evening. Unlike many of the works we sing, with divisi ranging from 8 to 24 voices, the quartets will be for 4 parts only; a simple tribute to a musical form Jeff loved. Our composers: Louis Andriessen, Benjamin C.S. Boyle, William Brooks, Robert Convery, Eriks Esenvalds, Paul Fowler, Ted Hearne, Bo Holten, Gabriel Jackson, David Lang, Lansing McLoskey, Santa Ratniece, David Shapiro, Kile Smith, and Lewis Spratlan.

*The commissioning of Jeff Quartets was made possible by the support of the Ann Stookey Fund for New Music ([annstookeyfund.org](http://annstookeyfund.org)).*

### **10TH ANNIVERSARY Y'ALL COME END OF SEASON PARTY**

Saturday July 9, 4-6pm

Everyone is invited to the BIG party celebrating *Jeff Quartets* and our entire season in Chestnut Hill at the home Mike Mann (8711 Seminole St., Philadelphia 19118) **Come. Party. Now.**

### **THE CROSSING @ MOSTLY MOZART**

Sunday, August 21; Part 1 at 3pm and Part 2 at 7pm.

*Seven Responses* will be reprised at Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival on one day at Merkin Concert Hall at Kaufman Music Center.



THE  
CROSSING

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DONALD NALLY - CONDUCTOR