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
Dieterich Buxtehude

I. *Ad pedes* (to the feet)

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 Stokey 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  
Dieterich Buxtehude

V. *Ad pectus* (to the breast)

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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Rebekah Heller, bassoon
Ross Karre, perc
Bridget Kibbey, harp
Salley Koo, violin 2
Daniel Lippel, guitars
Campbell MacDonald, clarinet
Nick Masterson, oboe
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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

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Adrian Peacock, Recording Producer
Paul Vazquez, Recording Engineer
Eric Brannon, WRTI, Broadcast Producer
John Grecia, Rehearsal Pianist
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
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 memori 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,*  
   *praebem mihi te benignum,*  
   *ne repellias 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

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

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.”
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

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)
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
to my knees and worship
the eternal music

III. Ad manus

1. Sonata

2. Concerto
Quid sunt plagae istae
in medio manuum tuarum?

3. Aria: soprano
Salve Jesu, pastor bone,
fatigatus in agone,
qui per lignum es distractus
et ad lignum es compactus
expansis sanctis manibus

4. Aria: soprano
Manus sanctae, vos amplector,
et gemendo condelector,
grates ago plagis tantis,
clavis duris guttis sanctis
dans lacrymas cum osculis

To the hands

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

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

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 crure 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). 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 permaneant

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)
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.
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

1. Sonata

2. Concerto a 3: two sopranos and bass
   \textit{Vulnerasti cor meum, soror mea, sponsa, vulnerasti cor meum.}
   \begin{itemize}
   \item You have wounded my heart,
   \item my sister, my bride,
   \item You have wounded my heart
   \end{itemize}
   (Song of Songs 4:9)

3. Aria: soprano
   \textit{Summi regis cor, aveto, te saluto corde laeto, te complecti me delectat et hoc meum cor affectat, ut ad te loquar, animes}
   \begin{itemize}
   \item Heart of the highest king, I greet You,
   \item I salute You with a joyous heart,
   \item it delights me to embrace You and my heart aspires to this:
   \item that You move me to speak to You
   \end{itemize}

4. Aria: soprano
   \textit{Per medullam cordis mei, peccatoris atque rei, tuus amor transferatur, quo cor tuum rapiatur languens amoris vulnere}
   \begin{itemize}
   \item Through the marrow of my heart, of a sinner and culprit, may Your love be conveyed
   \item by whom Your heart was seized, languishing through the wound of love
   \end{itemize}

5. Aria: bass
   \textit{Viva cordis voce clamo, dulce cor, te namque amo, ad cor meum inclinare, ut se possit applicare devoto tibi pectore}
   \begin{itemize}
   \item I call with the living voice of the heart, sweet heart, for I love You, to incline to my heart,
   \item so that it may commit itself to you in the breast devoted to You.
   \end{itemize}

6. Concerto a 3 voci (da capo: \textit{Vulnerasti cor meum})

Ad cor
music: Pelle Gudmundsen-Holmgreen
words: Ursula Andkjæer 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” \textit{Membra} was fortunately \textit{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

1. Sonata

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

3. Aria: alto, tenor, and bass
   *Salve, caput cruentatum,
   totum spinis coronatum,
   conquassatum, vulneratum,
   arundine verberatum
   facie sputis illita*

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

5. Aria: two sopranos, alto, tenor, and bass
   *Cum me jubes emigrare,
   Jesu care, tunc appare,
   o amator amplectende,
   temet ipsum tunc ostende
   in cruce salutifera.*

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.Clare 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.Clare 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.Clare of Assisi to Blessed Agnes of Prague, 1238
We are grateful for the generosity and creativity of our artists and the composers who create for them; our board and staff for supporting our vision; and our audience for being so curious that they have created The Crossing.

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