



The Memorial Church of Harvard University
Tuesday, April 4, 2023
Holy Week Musical Meditation

Harvard University Choir; Edward Elwyn Jones, conductor
Harvard Baroque Chamber Orchestra; Phoebe Carrai and Sarah Darling, directors

Nimm von uns, Herr, BuxWV 78

Dieterich Buxtehude (ca. 1637–1707)

1. Nimm von uns, Herr, du treuer Gott,
die schwere Straf und große Rut',
die wir mit Sünden ohne Zahl
verdienen haben allzumal.
Behüt für Krieg und teurer Zeit
für Seuchen, Feur und großem Leid.

1. Take from us, you faithful God,
the heavy punishment and great distress,
which for our countless sins we
deserve to have all too often.
Protect us from war and costly times,
from plague, fire and great misfortune.

2. Erbarm dich deiner bösen Knecht,
wir bitten Gnad und nicht das Recht;
denn so du, Herr, den rechten Lohn
uns geben wollst nach unserm Tun,
so müßt die ganze Welt vergehn
und könnt kein Mensch vor dir bestehn.

2. Have mercy on your evil servants.
We ask for mercy and not for justice;
for if you, Lord, wanted to give
the just reward to us for our deeds,
then the whole world would have to perish
and no human being could stand before you.

3. Ach Herr, durch die Treue dein
mit Trost und Rettung uns erschein,
beweis an uns dein große Gnad,
und straf uns nicht auf frischer Tat.
Wohn uns mit deiner Güte bei,
dein Zorn und Grimm fern von uns sei.

3. Ah, Lord God, through your faithfulness
appear to us with consolation and deliverance,
show to us your great mercy,
and do not punish us for our recent actions,
with your kindness dwell with us,
may your fury and wrath be far from us.

4. Leit uns mit deiner rechten Hand
und segne unser Stadt und Land.
Gib uns allzeit dein heiligs Wort,
behüt für's Teufels List und Mord,
bescher ein seligs Stündelein,
auf daß wir ewig bei dir sein.
Amen.

4. Lead us with your right hand,
and bless our city and country;
give us at all times your holy word,
protect us from the devil's deceit and murder,
grant us a blessed final hour,
so that we may be with you for ever.
Amen

Martin Moller (1547–1606)
English translation by Francis Browne

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Concerto grosso in G minor, Op. 6, No. 6, HWV 324 George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)
Larghetto affetuoso — A tempo giusto — Musette — Allegro — Allegro

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Stabat Mater

Agostino Steffani (1654–1728)

1. **Stabat mater dolorosa**
iuxta Crucem lacrimosa
dum pendeat Filius.

At the Cross, her station keeping,
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last.

2. **Cuius animam gementem,**
contristatam ac dolentem
pertransivit gladius.

Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
all His bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword has passed.

O quam tristis et afflicta,
fuit illa benedicta,
mater Unigeniti!

O how sad and sore distressed
was that Mother, highly blest,
of the sole-begotten One.

Quae moerebat et dolebat,
Et tremebat cum videbat
nati poenas incliti.

3. Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Christi Matrem si videret
in tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari
Piam Matrem contemplari
dolentem cum Filio?

4. Pro peccatis suae gentis
vidit Iesum in tormentis,
et flagellis subditum.

5. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
moriendo desolatum,
dum emisit spiritum.

6. Eia, Mater, fons amoris
me sentire vim doloris
fac, ut tecum lugeam.

7. Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
in amando Christum Deum
ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
tam dignati pro me pati,
poenas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
crucifixo condolere,
donec ego vixero.

Iuxta Crucem tecum stare,
te libenter sociare
in planctu desidero.

8. Virgo virginum praeclara,
mihi iam non sis amara,
fac me tecum plangere.

9. Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
passionis eius sortem,
et plagas recolere.

10. Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem Filii.

11. Inflammatus et accensus,
per te, Virgo, sim defensus
in die iudicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri
morte Christi praemunire
confoveri gratia

12. Quando corpus morietur,
fac, ut animae donetur
paradisi gloria. Amen.

Christ above in torment hangs,
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,
whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain
from partaking in her pain,
in that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
she beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent:

For the sins of His own nation,
saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord:

Make me feel as thou hast felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ my Lord.

Holy Mother! pierce me through,
in my heart each wound renew
of my Savior crucified:

Let me share with thee His pain,
who for all my sins was slain,
who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
mourning Him who mourned for me,
all the days that I may live:

By the Cross with thee to stay,
there with thee to weep and pray,
is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgin of all virgins blest!,
Listen to my fond request:
let me share thy grief divine;

Let me, to my latest breath,
in my body bear the death
of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with His every wound,
steep my soul till it hath swooned,
in His very Blood away;

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
lest in flames I burn and die,
in His awful Judgment Day.

May the cross be my true guard,
shielded by Christ's body marred,
held in grace I there shall be.

While my body here decays,
may my soul Thy goodness praise,
safe in paradise with Thee. Amen.

Latin hymn, ca. 13th century; attributed to Jacopo da Todi (1230–1306)
English translation by Edward Caswall (1814–1878), alt.