



FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 2022

Le Chemin de la croix

Marcel Dupré (1886–1971)

Organists

Brian Carson & Catherine Rodland

Poetry by Paul Claudel

Recited by Margaret Miner



Luther Memorial Church

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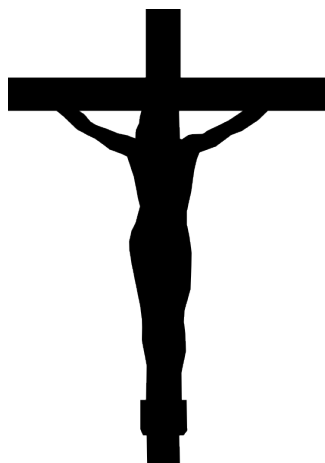
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PROGRAM

Jésus est condamné à mort	Jesus Is Condemned to Death
Jésus est chargé de la Croix	Jesus Is Made to Bear the Cross
Jésus tombe une première fois	Jesus Falls: The First Time
Jésus rencontre sa Très Sainte Mère	Jesus Meets His Most Holy Mother
Simon aide Jésus	Simon Helps Jesus to Bear the Cross
Véronique essuie la visage de Jésus	Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus
Jésus tombe une deuxième fois	Jesus Falls: The Second Time
Jésus consoles les filles d'Israël	Jesus Consoles the Women of Israel
Jésus tombe une troisième fois	Jesus Falls: The Third Time
Jésus est dépouillé de ses vêtements	Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments
Jésus est cloué sur la Croix	Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross
Jésus meurt sur la Croix	Jesus Dies on the Cross
Jésus est descendu de la Croix	Jesus Is Taken Down from the Cross
Jésus est mis au tombeau	Jesus Is Laid in the Tomb



A NOTE ABOUT THE MUSIC

Le Chemin de la Croix, Opus 29, by the great French organist and improvisateur Marcel Dupré, has its origin in a series of improvisation created by Dupré in Brussels on February 13, 1931. The concert consisted of a reading of fourteen poems of Paul Claudel's *Le Chemin de la Croix* by Madame Madeleine Renaud, professor of diction at the Royal Conservatory. Dupré improvised a musical meditation following each poem.

Following the performance, Dupré decided to write down and publish the work, a task which took him a year.

Dupré used various associative themes. He stated:

The themes are not only symbolic, but also traditional, if one can say that. Certain intervals, certain melodic origins form part of the musical inheritance. I have investigated how the masters have been able to agree upon certain formulæ, like the double skip of the fourth for the Cross. It is found in Bach, Handel, and Schütz. The theme of Redemption, formed of four conjunct [stepwise] sounds, is found in the *Messiah* of Handel, the *Passion according to St. John* of Bach, the *Beatitudes* of Franck, and in *Parsifal* of Wagner.

The theme of the Virgin, forming a perfect triad, is the idea of Genetrix. The theme of Suffering, composed of a chromatic descent, is found in Bach. The theme of the Crucifixion is the inversion of the Cross motive. All these constitute the traditional themes of symbolism.

Translated by Alexander Boggs Ryan from Abbé Delestre, *L'Oeuvre de Marcel Dupré* (Paris: Éditions Musique Sacré, 1952), p. 97.

The following pages contain an English translation of Claudel's poems by Carol Symes, which reproduces the rhythm and rhyme scheme of the original poetry. Following each poem, in italics, Dupré's short description of each Station from his own recording of the work made in 1958.

Le Chemin de la croix

Paul Claudel (1868-1955)
English translation by Carol Symes

PREMIÈRE STATION: JÉSUS EST CONDAMNÉ À MORT

C'est fini. Nous avons jugé Dieu et nous l'avons condamné à mort.
Nous ne voulons plus de Jésus-Christ avec nous, car il nous gêne.
Nous n'avons plus d'autre roi que César! d'autre loi que le sang et l'or!
Crucifiez-le, si vous le voulez, mais débarrasser-nous de lui!

Qu'on l'emmène!
Tolle! Tolle! Tant pis! Puisqu'il le faut, qu'on l'immole
et qu'on nous donne Barabbas!

Pilate siège au lieu qui est appelé Gabbatha.

« N'as-tu rien à dire? » dit Pilate.

Et Jésus ne répond pas.

« Je ne trouve aucun mal en cet homme, » dit Pilate, « mais bah!

Qu'il meure, puisque vous y tenez! Je vous le donne.

Ecce homo.»

Le voici, la couronne en tête et la pourpre sur le dos.
Une dernière fois vers nous ces yeux pleins de larmes et de sang!
Qu'y pouvons-nous?

Pas moyen de le garder avec nous plus longtemps.

Comme il était un scandale pour les Juifs, il est parmi nous un
non-sens.

La sentence d'ailleurs est rendue, rien n'y manque, en langages
hébraïque, grec et latin.

Et l'on voit la foule qui crie et le juge qui se lave les mains.

DEUXIÈME STATION: JÉSUS EST CHARGÉ DE LA CROIX

On lui rend ses vêtements et la croix lui est apportée.

« Salut, » dit Jésus, « ô Croix que j'ai longtemps désirée! »

Et toi, regarde, chrétien, et frémis!

Ah, quel instant solennel

Que celui où le Christ pour la première fois accepte la Croix éternelle!

O consommation en ce jour de l'arbre dans le Paradis

Regarde, pêcheur, et vois à quoi ton péché a servi.

Plus de crime sans un Dieu dessus et plus de croix sans le Christ!

Certes le malheur de l'homme est grand, mais nous n'avons rien
à dire,

Car Dieu est maintenant dessus, qui est venu non pas expliquer,
mais remplir.

Jésus reçoit la Croix, comme nous recevons la Sainte Eucharistie:

« Nous lui donnons du bois pour son pain, »

comme il est dit par le prophète Jérémie.

Ah! Que la Croix est longue, et qu'elle est énorme et difficile!

Qu'elle est dure! qu'elle est rigide! que c'est lourd,

le poids du pêcheur inutile!

Que c'est long à porter pas à pas jusqu'à ce qu'on meure dessus!

I. JESUS IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH

It's done. We have judged God, and to death he has been sold.
We don't want Jesus Christ around us anymore. He bothers us.
We don't want any king but Cæsar, no law but blood and gold!
Crucify him, if you want—but just get rid of him!

Take him from us!

Tolle! Tolle! Too bad! Since someone must be sacrificed,
instead release Barrabas.

Pilate, seated at the place called Gábbatha:

"Nothing to say?" says Pilate.

Jesus: no response at all.

"I find no wrong against this man," says Pilate. "But fine!

Just let him die, since you insist. I give him up, he's yours.

Ecce homo."

Look at him there: the crown upon his head, the purple robe.
One final time he turns his eyes to us. They're full of tears and
gore.

What can we do?

No way to keep him with us anymore.

A scandal he has been for all us Jews—what was it for?

Besides it's done: it's written down in Hebrew, Latin, Greek,
just as the law demands.

Look at the crowds who roar and at the judge, washing his hands.

After the sentence of Pilate, "Take ye him and crucify Him," the crowd is heard shouting "Barrabas" and "Death" until the clamor dies away in the distance.

II. JESUS IS MADE TO BEAR THE CROSS

They put his clothes back on. The cross is brought.

"Hail," Jesus says, "O Cross I long have sought!"

And you, O Christian, look: it has begun.

This is the fateful moment, the first time

When Christ takes up the Cross for humankind.

Today the tree of Paradise has come into fruition!

Look, sinner, look—see what your sin has done:

The more the Godless crime, the more Christ's crucified.

The evil that we do is great, yet we say nothing,
we sit still,

And God has now come down, not to explain
but to fulfill.

Jesus received the Cross as we receive our Eucharistic bread.

"We give him wood instead of food,"

as Jeremiah said.

Oh, but the Cross is long and huge, so large and burdensome!

How hard! how freighted with a load

of useless sin has it become!

And what a ways to bear it, step by step. All just to die thereon.

Est-ce vous qui allez porter cela tout seul Seigneur Jésus?
Rendez-moi patient à mon tour du bois
que vous voulez que je supporte.
Car il vous faut porter la Croix avant que la Croix nous porte.

TROISIÈME STATION: JÉSUS TOMBE UNE PREMIÈRE FOIS

En marche! victime et bourreaux à la fois, tout s'ébranle vers le Calvaire.
Dieu qu'on tire par le cou tout à coup chancelle et tombe à terre.
Qu'en dites-vous, Seigneur, de cette première chute?
Et puisque maintenant vous savez, qu'en pensez-vous? cette minute
Où l'on tombe et où le faix mal chargé vous précipite!
Comment la trouvez-vous, cette terre que vous fîtes?
Ah! ce n'est pas la route du bien seulement qui est raboteuse.
Celle du mal, elle aussi, est perfide et vertigineuse!
Il n'est pas que d'y aller tout droit, il faut s'instruire pierre à pierre,
Et le pied y manque souvent, alors que le cœur persévère.
Ah, Seigneur, par ces genoux sacrés, ces deux genoux qui vous
ont fait faute à la fois,
Par le haut-le-cœur soudain et la chute à l'entrée de l'horrible Voie,
Par l'embûche qui a réussi, par la terre
que vous avez apprise,
Sauvez-nous du premier péché que l'on commet par surprise!

QUATRIÈME STATION: JÉSUS RECONTRE SA TRÈS SAINTE MÈRE

O mères qui avez vu mourir le premier et l'unique enfant,
Rappelez-vous cette nuit, la dernière, auprès du petit être gémissant,
L'eau qu'on essaye de faire boire, la glace, le thermomètre,
Et la mort qui vient peu à peu et qu'on ne peut plus reconnaître.
Mettez-lui ses pauvres souliers, changer-le de linge et de brassière.
Quelqu'un vient qui va me le prendre et le mettre dans la terre.
Adieu, mon petit enfant! adieu, ô chair de ma chair!
La quatrième Station est Marie qui a tout accepté.
Voici au coin de la rue qui attend le Trésor de toute Pauvreté.
Ses yeux non point de pleurs, sa bouche n'a point de salive.
Elle ne dit pas un mot et regarde Jésus qui arrive.
Elle accepte. Elle accepte encore une fois.
Le cri
Est sévèrement réprimé dans le cœur fort et strict.
Elle ne dit pas un mot et regarde Jésus-Christ.
La Mère regarde son Fils, l'Église son Rédempteur,
Son âme violemment va vers lui comme le cri du soldat qui meurt!
Elle se tient debout devant Dieu et lui offre son âme à lire.
Il n'y a rien dans son cœur qui refuse ou qui retire,
Pas un fibre de son cœur transpercé qui n'accepte et ne consente.
Et comme Dieu lui-même qui est là, elle est présente.
Elle accepte et regarde ce Fils qu'elle a conçu dans son sein.
Elle ne dit pas un mot et regarde le Saint des Saints.

And are you going to carry it, Lord Jesus? All alone?
Give me the patience, then,
to bear the cross you want me to.
You had to bear the Cross before the Cross could bear us, too.

The theme of the Cross emerges from the underlying tumult, accompanied by the rhythm of the march to Calvary.

III. JESUS FALLS: THE FIRST TIME

Walk on! Victim and executioner at once, he moves toward Calvary.
Then God, cinched at the neck, stumbles suddenly to his knees.
What do you say, my Lord, about this other Fall of Man?
And then, for you know all, what do you think during this span
Of time in which you fall, when this malice on you weighed?
What do you think of it, this dusty earth which you have made?
For if the way to goodness may seem steep, precipitous,
The way to evil, also, is deceptive, treacherous.
There's nothing for it but choose your footing, here and there.
The foot will often miss a step, though heart may persevere.
Ah, Lord: by your holy knees that buckled
at the goad—
When a sudden gagging torment pitched you forward in the road—
By the snare that tripped you cruelly, by the ground that struck you there—
Oh, save us from the primal sins that catch us unaware.

The growing painfulness of the march is expressed by breaks in the rhythm, while the theme of suffering tells of the exhaustion of Jesus until he falls. But the quiet serene theme of Redemption ends the Station, filling the hearts of His disciples with hope.

IV. JESUS MEETS HIS MOST HOLY MOTHER

Mothers, who have watched your first and only child die:
Recall that night, the last of all—your young one's feeble cry,
The water they refused, the ice, the rising temperature,
Death coming closer, gradually, until you know for sure.
Put on the little baby shoes, the underclothes and shirt.
Someone will come, take you from me, and lay you in the dirt.
Goodbye my little dearest child! goodbye, heart of my heart!
This station is for Mary, who has known this is the plan.
Look, by the roadside: see who waits to meet the Son of Man.
Her burning eyes can shed no tears, her mouth and lips are dry.
She does not say a word. No, she just watches him pass by.
She once agreed to all of this. She now agrees once more.
The cry
Is locked inside her heart; even her grief is sacrificed.
She doesn't say a word. She only watches Jesus Christ.
Mother beholds the Son, the Church beholding her Redeemer.
And yet her soul goes out to him, like the death-cry of a warrior!
She stands there in the sight of God, her soul is his to read.
There's nothing in her heart that now refuses to concede,
No fiber of her broken heart that does not give consent.
Like God himself, who's standing there, she too is fully present.
She accepts all. She looks at him, the child of her womb.
She doesn't say a word. She just beholds her Holy Son.

The grief of the Virgin is expressed by no outburst. A feeling of stupor and of quiet horror runs throughout, with just a gentle moaning issuing from her heart.

CINQUIÈME STATION: SIMON AIDE JÉSUS

L'instant vient où ça va plus et l'on ne peut plus avancer.
C'est là que nous trouvons jointure et où vous permettez
Qu'on nous emploie aussi, même de force, à votre Croix.
Tel Simon le Cyrénéen qu'on attelle à ce morceau de bois.
Il l'empoigne solidement et marche derrière Jésus,
Afin que rien de la Croix ne traîne et ne soit perdu.

SIXIÈME STATION: VÉRONIQUE ESSUI LE VISAGE DE JÉSUS

Tous les disciples ont fui, Pierre lui-même renie avec transport!
Une femme au plus épais de l'insulte et
au centre de la mort
Se jette et trouve Jésus et lui prend le visage entre les mains.
Enseignez-nous, Véronique, à braver le respect humain.
Car celui à qui Jésus-Christ n'est pas seulement une image, mais vrai,
Aux autres hommes aussitôt devient désagréable et suspect.
Son plan de vie est à l'envers, ses motifs ne sont plus les leurs.
Il y a quelque chose en lui toujours qui échappe et qui est ailleurs.
Un homme fait qui dit son chapelet et qui va impudemment
à confesse,
Qui fait maigre le vendredi et qu'on voit parmi les femmes à la messe,
Cela fait rire et ça choque, c'est drôle et c'est irritant aussi.
Qu'il prenne garde à ce qu'il fait, car on a les yeux sur lui.
Qu'il prenne garde à chacun de ses pas, car il est un signe.
Car tout Chrétien de son Christ est l'image vraie quoique
indigne.
Et le visage qu'il montre est le reflet trivial
De cette Face de Dieu en son coeur, abominable et triomphale!
Laissez-nous la regarder encore un fois, Véronique,
Sur le linge où vous l'avez recueillie, la face du Saint Viatique.
Ce voile de lin pieux où Véronique a caché
La face du Vendangeur au jour de son ébriété,
Afin qu'éternellement son image s'y attachât,
Qui est faite de son sang, de ses larmes et de nos crachats!

SEPTIÈME STATION: JÉSUS TOMBE UNE DEUXIÈME FOIS

Ce n'est pas la pierre sous le pied, ni le licou
Tiré trop fort, c'est l'âme qui fait défaut tout à coup.
O milieu de notre vie! ô chute que l'on fait spontanément!
Quand l'aimant n'a plus de pôle et la foi plus de firmament,
Parce que la route est longue et parce que le terme est loin,
Parce que l'on est tout seul et que la consolation n'est point!
Longueur du temps! dégoût en secret qui s'accroît
De l'injonction inflexible et de ce compagnon de bois!

V. SIMON HELPS JESUS TO BEAR THE CROSS

The moment comes when it's enough. You can't move now.
That's when we find our nerve, and you allow
Us to be your instruments, to take the Cross—against our will—
Like Simon of Cyrene, called to bear it up the hill.
He shouldered it with sturdy strength and walked behind Jesus.
That way, the Cross would not be dragged, no splinter lost to us.

The music stresses the tremendous effort which Simon has to make to help carry the burden of the Cross until he succeeds in adjusting his steps to those of Jesus.

VI. VERONICA WIPES THE FACE OF JESUS

All disciples fled. Peter denies him readily.
Yet a woman, pushing through the crowd's bloodthirsty scum,
breaks free
And throws herself toward Jesus, taking his face between her hands.
Teach us, Veronica, the true humanity of man.
To those like her, Jesus Christ is not an image: he is real.
To other men, such people will seem suspect, imbecile.
Their way of life is backward and their motives are opaque.
There's always something strange about the choices that they make.
A man, for instance, who says prayers, confesses
to his sin,
Who fasts on Fridays, going off to church among the women.
That man's a laughing-stock. And he's annoying.
He should be careful what he does: they are always watching.
He should be careful what he does: he is a sign.
Every Christian, though not worthy Christ, has a spark of the
divine.
The face he shows the world is a reflection, pale and small,
Of God's own face, within his heart, debased yet triumphal!
Let us see, Veronica, your cloth of martyrdom,
The cloth that is imprinted with the Lord's Viaticum—
That holy veil, Veronica, on which you have distilled
Those ruddy drops of holy wine, the day when they were spilled,
So that we'd have, eternally, this memory of it:
Made of his blood, and of his tears, and of our shameful spit.

The Station is wrapped in an archaic atmosphere, with the themes of Compassion and Redemption.

VII. JESUS FALLS: THE SECOND TIME

This time, it's not a stone under your foot; it's not the tugging leash
That trips you up—it's the faltering soul abandoning the flesh.
Oh, those middle years of life! the falls we take
When passions have no object, when we've lost our basic faith,
Because the road is very long, because the way is far,
Because we feel that we're alone, no matter where we are.
The lengthening of time! The self-disgust and fear that nag!
The relentless sagging weight of our own cross that we must drag!

C'est pourquoi on étend les deux bras à la fois comme quelqu'un qui nage!
 Le corps tombe, il est vrai, et l'âme en même temps a consenti.
 Sauvez-nous de la Seconde chute que l'on fait volontairement par ennui.
 Ce n'est plus sur les genoux qu'on tombe, c'est sur le visage.

HUITIÈME STATION: JÉSUS CONSOLES LES FILLES D'ISRAËL

Avant qu'il ne monte une dernière fois sur la montagne,
 Jésus lève le doigt et se tourne vers le peuple qui l'accompagne,
 Quelques pauvres femmes en pleurs avec leurs enfants dans les bras.
 Et nous, ne regardons pas seulement, écoutons Jésus car il est là.
 Ce n'est pas un homme qui lève le doigt au milieu de cette pauvre
 enluminure,
 C'est Dieu qui pour notre salut n'a pas souffert seulement en peinture.
 Ainsi cet homme était le Dieu Tout-Puissant, il est donc vrai!
 Il est un jour où Dieu a souffert cela pour nous, en effet!
 Quel est-il donc, le danger dont nous avons été rachetés
 à un tel prix?
 Le salut de l'homme est-il si simple affaire que le Fils
 Pour l'accomplir est obligé de s'arracher du sein du Père.
 S'il va ainsi du Paradis, qu'est-ce donc que l'Enfer?
 Que fera-t-on du bois mort, si l'on fait ainsi du bois vert?

NEUVIÈME STATION: JÉSUS TOMBE UNE TROISIÈME FOIS

« Je suis tombé encore, et cette fois, c'est la fin.
 Je voudrais me relever qu'il n'y a pas moyen.
 Car on m'a pressé comme un fruit et l'homme que j'ai sur le dos
 est trop lourd.
 J'ai fait le mal, et l'homme mort avec moi est trop lourd!
 Mourons donc, car il est plus doux d'être à plat ventre que debout,
 Moins dur de vivre que de mourir, et sur la croix, que dessous.»
 Sauvez-nous du Troisième péché qui est le désespoir!
 Rien n'est encore perdu tant qu'il reste la mort à boire!
 Et j'en ai fini de ce bois, mais il me reste le fer!
 Jésus tombe une troisième fois, mais c'est au sommet du Calvaire.

DIXIÈME STATION: JÉSUS EST DEPOUILLÉ DE SES VÊTEMENTS

Voici l'aire où le grain de froment céleste est égrugé.
 Le Père est nu, le voile du Tabernacle est arraché.
 La main est portée sur Dieu, la Chair de la Chair tressaille,
 L'univers, en sa source atteint, frémit jusqu'au fond de ses entrailles!
 Nous, puisqu'ils ont pris la tunique et la robe sans couture,
 Levons les yeux et osons regarder Jésus tout pur.
 Ils ne vous ont rien laissé, Seigneur, ils ont tout pris,
 La vêtue qui tient à la chair, comme aujourd'hui

That's why both arms spread wide now, like a drowning
 man's embrace:
 It's not the knees that break the fall this time, it is the face.
 Though body is the thing that's weak, the soul must give
 consent.
 Oh, save us from that second fall of bored discouragement.

*Again the howling of the crowd is heard, and the halting march
 grows more and more painful.*

VIII. JESUS CONSOLES THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL

Before he once more starts to climb the hill,
 Jesus lifts a hand up to the people with him still.
 A few poor women follow, weeping, carrying their children.
 And we, like them, seeing that gesture, stop so we can listen.
 This is not any man, hand raised, a figure
 in a play,
 This is God who, for our sake, suffered in every way.
 This man is also God, Almighty: that's what these scenes reveal.
 There was a day in history when God did this for real.
 What was the danger from which we have been ransomed
 for this sum?
 The health of humankind. The simple task for which the Son
 Was wrested from the Father's side, but freely, not compelled.
 If this way goes to Paradise, what pathway goes to Hell?
 What will you do with dead wood, if the green like this is felled?

*Two themes are heard here, that of the sorrow of the Holy Women,
 like a lamentation, and the theme of Consolation with which Jesus
 replies, until both themes blend, leaving an impression of peace.*

IX. JESUS FALLS: THE THIRD TIME

"I have fallen again, and this time it's the end . . .
 No modicum of strength left to expend.
 I am pressed out like the vintage—and what's left, it weighs
 too much.
 I've sinned, and that dead man (who is me) just weighs too much.
 Let's die, then. Better lie here on my belly than to crawl.
 Less hard than dying on the Cross; better to stay and sprawl."
 Save us from this third most sinful fall, that of despair!
 Until we drink the cup of death, there still remains a prayer.
 I've finished with the wood, there's just the iron left for me!
 And Jesus falls a third time, at the top of Calvary.

*The shouts and cries of the furious crowd fill the Station and stop
 only with the sudden fall of the Savior.*

X. JESUS IS STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS

Here is the threshing-floor, where sacral grain is bruised and flayed.
 The Father stripped, the Tabernacle's veil is torn away.
 Man's hand is raised to God; shared Flesh recoils at the blow.
 The universe is shaken to its entrails down below.
 They've taken off his tunic and the robe he used to wear
 And so, raising our eyes, we look on Jesus wholly bare.
 They've left you nothing, Lord. They took it all away.
 They've stolen everything from you—just as they take, today,

On arrache sa coule au moine et son voile à la vierge consacrée.
 On a tout pris, il ne lui reste plus rien pour se cacher.
 Il n'a plus aucune défense, il est nu comme un ver,
 Il est livré à tous les hommes et découvert.
 Quoi, c'est là votre Jésus! Il fait rire. Il est plein de coups
 et d'immondices.
 Il relève des aliénistes et de la police.
 Tauri pingues obsederunt me. Libera me, Domine, de ore canis.
 Il n'est pas le Christ. Il n'est pas le Fils de l'Homme. Il n'est pas Dieu.
 Son évangile est menteur et son Père n'est pas aux cieus.
 C'est un fou! C'est un imposteur! Qu'il parle! Qu'il se taise!
 Le valet d'Anne le soufflette et Renan le baise.
 Ils ont tout pris. Mais il reste le sang écarlate.
 Ils ont tout pris. Mais il reste la plaie qui éclate!
 Dieu est caché. Mais il reste l'homme de douleur.
 Dieu est caché. Il reste mon frère qui pleure!
 Par votre humiliation, Seigneur, par votre honte.
 Ayez pitié des vaincus, du faible que le fort surmonte!
 Par l'horreur de ce dernier vêtement qu'on vous retire,
 Ayez pitié de tous ceux qu'on déchire!
 De l'enfant opéré trois fois que les médecins encouragent,
 Et du pauvre blessé dont on renouvelle les bandages,
 De l'époux humilié, du fils près de sa mère
 qui meurt,
 Et de ce terrible amour qu'il faut nous arracher du cœur!

ONZIÈME STATION: JÉSUS EST CLOUÉ SUR LA CROIX

Voici que Dieu n'est plus avec nous. Il est par terre.
 La meute en tas l'a pris à la gorge comme un cerf.
 Vous êtes donc venu! Vous êtes vraiment avec nous, Seigneur!
 On s'est assis sur vous, on vous tient le genou sur le cœur.
 Cette main que le bourreau tord, c'est la droite
 du Tout-Puissant.
 On a lié l'Agneau par les pieds, on attache l'Omniprésent.
 On marque à la craie sur la croix sa hauteur et son envergure.
 Et quand il va goûter de nos clous, nous allons voir sa figure.
 Fils Éternel, dont la borne est votre seule Infinité,
 La voici donc avec nous, cette place étroite que vous avez convoitée!
 Voici Élie sur la mort qui se couche de son long,
 Voici le trône de David et la gloire de Salomon,
 Voici le lit de notre amour avec Vous, puissant et dur!
 Il est difficile à un Dieu de se faire à notre mesure.
 On tire et le corps à demi disloqué craque et crie,
 Il est bandé comme un presseur, il est affreusement équerri.
 Afin que le Prophète soit justifié qui l'a prédit en ces mots:
 « Ils ont percé mes mains et mes pieds. Ils ont énuméré
 tous mes os. »
 Vous êtes pris, Seigneur, et ne pouvez plus échapper.
 Vous êtes cloué sur la croix par les mains et par les pieds.
 Je n'ai plus rien à chercher avec l'hérétique et fou.
 Ce Dieu est assez pour moi qui tient entre quatre clous.

The shelter from the homeless man, the starving child's meal—
 They took it all. And now there's nothing left for them to steal.
 He has no covering left. He is naked as a worm.
 He's handed over to the men and to their mocking scorn.
 What, Jesus? you? they laugh. He is a mass of sores
 and grease.
 He's fit for nothing but a mental ward. Call the police!
 Tauri pingues obsederunt me. Libera me, Domine, de ore canis.
 He is not Christ. He is not God. He is not the Son of Man.
 His Gospel is brazen lie, his Father's not in Heaven.
 He's crazy! He's a fraud! Hey you, speak up! Hey, shut your gob!
 The High Priest's servant strikes, the kiss of Judas, then the mob.
 They took it all. But still he keeps the scarlet blood.
 They took it all. But still he keeps the gaping wound.
 God is hidden. But the Man of Sorrows pays.
 God is hidden. But my weeping brother stays.
 By your humiliation, O my Savior, by your shame,
 Have pity on those beaten down, on those who take the blame!
 By the horror of that final bloody garment that you wore,
 Have pity on those stripped, the mocked, afflicted, all the poor.
 For the child with an illness whom the doctors cannot cure,
 For the man whose pain, from festering wounds, is awful to endure,
 For the broken vows of marriage, for the orphaned child
 who grieves,
 And for the love of evil we must uproot from our lives!

An agitated theme expresses the violence and hurry with which He is stripped of His garments, when suddenly a theme of Pity rises at the sight of the pitiful victim.

XI. JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS

Look. God doesn't stand among us anymore. He's run aground:
 Like a stag, the pack has got him by the throat and now he's downed.
 You've come to this. You're truly one of us, Lord, like the rest!
 Someone sits and holds you down, another's knee is on your chest.
 That hand that grabs and twists your wrist has touched the hand
 of God.
 They've bound Lamb, the Lord of Hosts is ground into the sod.
 They mark the wood with chalk: your arms outstretched, your height.
 And when the nails are in, the Cross will rise before our sight.
 Eternal Son, whose measure is Infinity divine,
 Behold the straightened lines of wood to which you are confined!
 Behold Elijah, stretched upon the widow's perished son!
 Behold the throne of David, and the pride of Solomon!
 Behold the marriage bed of our Beloved: stiff and plain!
 How hard it is for God to shrink himself down to our pain.
 They stretch his broken body, his joints dislocate and crack.
 He's pressed as by a heavy weight. He's hideously racked.
 Isaiah had foretold it, when this vision he was shown:
 "They have pierced my hands and feet. They can count
 all of my bones."
 You're taken, Lord. There can be no escape.
 Your hands and feet are nailed, the Cross conforming to your shape.
 I'm done with searching, done with all the evil that prevails.
 This God: he is enough for me, this God held up by nails.

This Station is dominated by the rhythm of the blows of the hammer driving the nails unto the hands and feet of Jesus while the theme of Suffering breaks through.

DOUZIÈME STATION: JÉSUS MEURT SUR LA CROIX

Il souffrait tout à l'heure, c'est vrai, mais maintenant il va mourir.
La Grande Croix dans la nuit faiblement remue avec le Dieu qui respire.
Tout y est. Il n'y a plus qu'à laisser faire l'Instrument.
Qui du joint de la double nature inépuisablement
De la source du corps et de l'âme et de l'hypostase, exprime et tire
Toute la possibilité qui est en lui de souffrir.
Il est tout seul comme Adam quand il était seul dans l'Eden,
Il est pour trois heures seul et savoure le Vin,
L'ignorance invincible de l'homme dans le retrait de Dieu!
Notre hôte est appesanti et son front fléchit peu à peu.
Il ne voit plus sa Mère et son Père l'abandonne.
Il savoure la coupe et la mort lentement qui l'empoisonne.
N'en avez-vous donc pas assez de ce vin aigre et mêlé d'eau,
Pour que Vous Vous redressiez tout-à-coup et criiez: Sitio?
Vous avez soif, Seigneur? Est-ce à moi que Vous parlez?
Est-ce moi dont Vous avez besoin encore et de mes péchés?
Est-ce moi qui manque avant que tout soit consommé?

TREIZIÈME STATION: JÉSUS EST DESCENDU DE LA CROIX

Ici la Passion prend fin et la Compassion continue.
Le Christ n'est plus sur la Croix, il est avec Marie qui l'a reçu:
Comme elle l'accepta, promis, elle le reçoit, consommé.
Le Christ qui a souffert aux yeux de tous de nouveau au sein
de sa Mère est caché.
L'Église entre ses bras à jamais prend charge de son bien-aimé.
Ce qui est de Dieu, et ce qui est de la Mère, et ce que l'homme a fait,
Tout cela sous son manteau est avec elle à jamais.
Elle l'a pris, elle voit, elle touche, elle prie, elle pleure, elle admire;
Elle est le suaire et l'onguent, elle est le sépulture et la myrrhe,
Elle est le prêtre et l'autel et le vase et le Cénacle.
Ici finit la Croix et commence le Tabernacle.

QUATORZIÈME STATION: JÉSUS EST MIS AU TOMBEAU

Le tombeau où le Christ qui est mort ayant souffert est mis,
Le trou à la hâte descélé pour qu'il donne sa nuit,
Avant que le transpercé ressuscite et monte au Père,
Ce n'est pas seulement ce sépulcre neuf, c'est ma chair,
C'est l'homme, votre créature, qui est plus profond que la terre!
Maintenant que son coeur est ouvert et maintenant que ses
mains sont percées,
Il n'est plus de croix avec nous où son corps ne soit adapté!
Il n'est plus de croix avec nous où la plaie ne corresponde!
Venez donc de l'autel où vous êtes caché vers nous, Sauveur
du monde!
Seigneur, que votre créature est ouverte et qu'elle est profonde!

XII. JESUS DIES ON THE CROSS

He has suffered too much already. And now he must suffer death.
The great Cross in the twilight trembles with each gasping
breath.
He's done it all. There's nothing left to do except to die.
And yet, as God in man, how can death mortify?
The ever-living source of soul and body must be drained
Of all potential he has still for suffering and pain.
He is alone as Adam was in Eden, that first time.
He's been alone three hours now, drinking bitter wine.
Oh, how profound the ignorance we share of God's own will!
Our Host is broken down. His head droops lower, lower still.
He cannot see his Mother. By his Father he's forsaken.
He drinks the dregs. And gradually, Death's poison overtakes him.
Did you not have enough of drinking gall, Lord, long ago?
So why then do we hear the cry, in silence, "Sitio"?
You're thirsty, Lord? What, are you yet still calling out to me?
Haven't you had enough of all my sinful vanity?
Must you drink my gall before your final agony?

The seven words fall from his lips. Then as He dies the rumble of the earthquake is heard, followed by the soft plaintive accents expressing the grief of Jesus' disciples.

XIII. JESUS IS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS

Here Passion ends. Compassion can begin.
Christ is no longer crucified. Mary's here to take him in.
As she accepted the beginning, she receives him at the end.
The Christ who suffered everything rests
in her arms again.
The Church once more embraces the Beloved she has won
All God has sent, and Mother gave, and all that man has done,
All this she gathers to her as she holds her blessed Son.
She takes him, touches, prays, and looks; her tears sting, fall, and blur.
She is the ointment, she the shroud, she is the tomb and myrrh.
She is the altar, she the priest, the paten and the cup.
Here ends the Cross; the Tabernacle now is lifted up.

The theme of the Virgin's sorrow hovers over the poignant scene.

XIV. JESUS IS LAID IN THE TOMB

Christ, dead and having suffered, has been laid inside the tomb—
So hastily prepared because the night is drawing on—
Until, once crucified, unto the Father he ascends.
This sepulcher is his; but it is where we, too, descend:
The lowly flesh which we, your creatures, struggle to transcend.
But now your heart is open wide, your hands and feet
are torn:
There is no cross at all to which your body can't conform.
There is no cross we bear that, by your wounds, cannot be healed!
Come, Savior of the World, out from the tomb where you're
concealed!
Your creature's heart is open, and is ready to be filled.

The slow mournful rhythm of the Cortège opens the Station while the themes of Suffering, Consolation, and Redemption are heard successively, and the work ends with a vision of hope.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

CATHERINE RODLAND

Catherine Rodland, whose playing has been described as “transcendent” (The American Organist), is Artist in Residence at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota. She graduated cum laude with departmental distinction in organ performance from St. Olaf in 1987 and received both the MM and DMA from the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, NY where she was a student of Russell Saunders. At Eastman, Catherine received the prestigious Performer’s Certificate and the Ann Anway Award for excellence in organ performance. She is a prizewinner in several competitions including the 1994 and 1998 American Guild of Organists Young Artists Competition, the 1994 Calgary International Organ Competition, and the 1988 International Organ Competition at the University of Michigan for which she received first prize. Catherine has concertized extensively throughout the United States and Canada, and has been featured often on the syndicated radio program “Pipedreams” on National Public Radio. She was a featured performer at the American Guild of Organists National Convention online in July 2020.

At St. Olaf College Catherine teaches a full studio of organ students as well as music theory and ear training classes. She performs regularly at St. Olaf, dedicating the Holtkamp organ in Boe Memorial Chapel in 2007, and performing as a featured soloist with the St. Olaf Orchestra and the St. Olaf Band. These performances were all recorded and released as CDs through St. Olaf Records. Currently Catherine is presenting a series of recitals featuring the complete organ symphonies of Louis Vierne, after having spent a recent sabbatical leave researching organs in Paris. In 2010 she released two CDs: “Dedication” on the newly installed Nichols and Simpson Organ at West Side Presbyterian Church in Ridgewood, NJ and “American Weavings”, recorded in Boe Chapel at St. Olaf College with violist and duo partner Carol Rodland and released by Crystal Records. The Rodland Duo is currently part of the Concert Artists Cooperative, and was featured at both the American Guild of Organists national convention in Houston, Texas, and the American Viola Congress in Oberlin, Ohio during the spring of 2016.

Catherine Rodland has been the organist of the Colonial Church of Edina since September, 2016.

BRIAN CARSON

Brian Carson, a native of Watertown, NY, received his Bachelor of Music degree from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music as a student of Garth Peacock and Haskell Thomson, and his Master of Music degree from The Eastman School of Music where he was a student of Russell Saunders. In 1992, he took Second Prize in the American Guild of Organists National Young Artist Competition in Organ Playing. From 1989 to 1991, he was the Assistant Organist to Bruce Neswick at St. Paul’s (Episcopal) Cathedral, Buffalo, NY, and from 1991 to 1998 he was the Director of Music at St. James’s Episcopal Church in West Hartford, CT. At St. James’s, his choir included boy and girl trebles in the English choir school tradition. In addition to singing for weekly services, they also sang at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, The White House, and undertook two tours to England, singing at Ely and Lincoln Cathedrals, York Minster, and Westminster Abbey. In 2002, Mr. Carson was a founder and first director of Hymnus, a choir comprised of boys and girls as well as adults based in New Prague, MN, to specialize in the great sacred music of the western tradition. Hymnus toured England in 2004, singing at York Minster, Westminster Abbey, and Westminster Cathedral. In 2006, the choir toured Italy where they sang at St. Mark’s, Venice; the Church of the Gesù, St. John Lateran, and St. Peter’s Basilica in Rome. Mr. Carson was the Choirmaster-Organist of The Church of St. Louis, King of France, from 2003 to 2020. In 2007, the St. Louis choir traveled to New York City, singing morning Mass at the Church of Our Saviour on Park Avenue, and Evensong at St. Thomas Church, Fifth Avenue. In 2007-2008, he was the Music Director for St. John Vianney College Seminary, at St. Thomas University in St. Paul, the largest college seminary in the country. Mr. Carson is married to Dr. Catherine Rodland, who teaches at St. Olaf College.

Holy Week at Luther Memorial

Palm Sunday

Sunday, April 10 | 8 & 10:30 am
Procession of Palms at 10:20 am

Compline | 7 pm

Holy Week Eucharist

Monday–Thursday | 12:15 pm

Maunder Thursday

Thursday, April 14 | 7:30 pm
(English and Spanish)

Good Friday

Friday, April 15 | Noon (Tre Ore) & 7:30 pm
Parroquia Santa María | 6 pm (Spanish)

Easter Vigil

Saturday, April 16 | 8 pm
Followed by reception

Easter

Sunday, April 17 | 9 & 11 am
Coffee & pastries after each service
Parroquia Santa María | 1 pm (Spanish)

