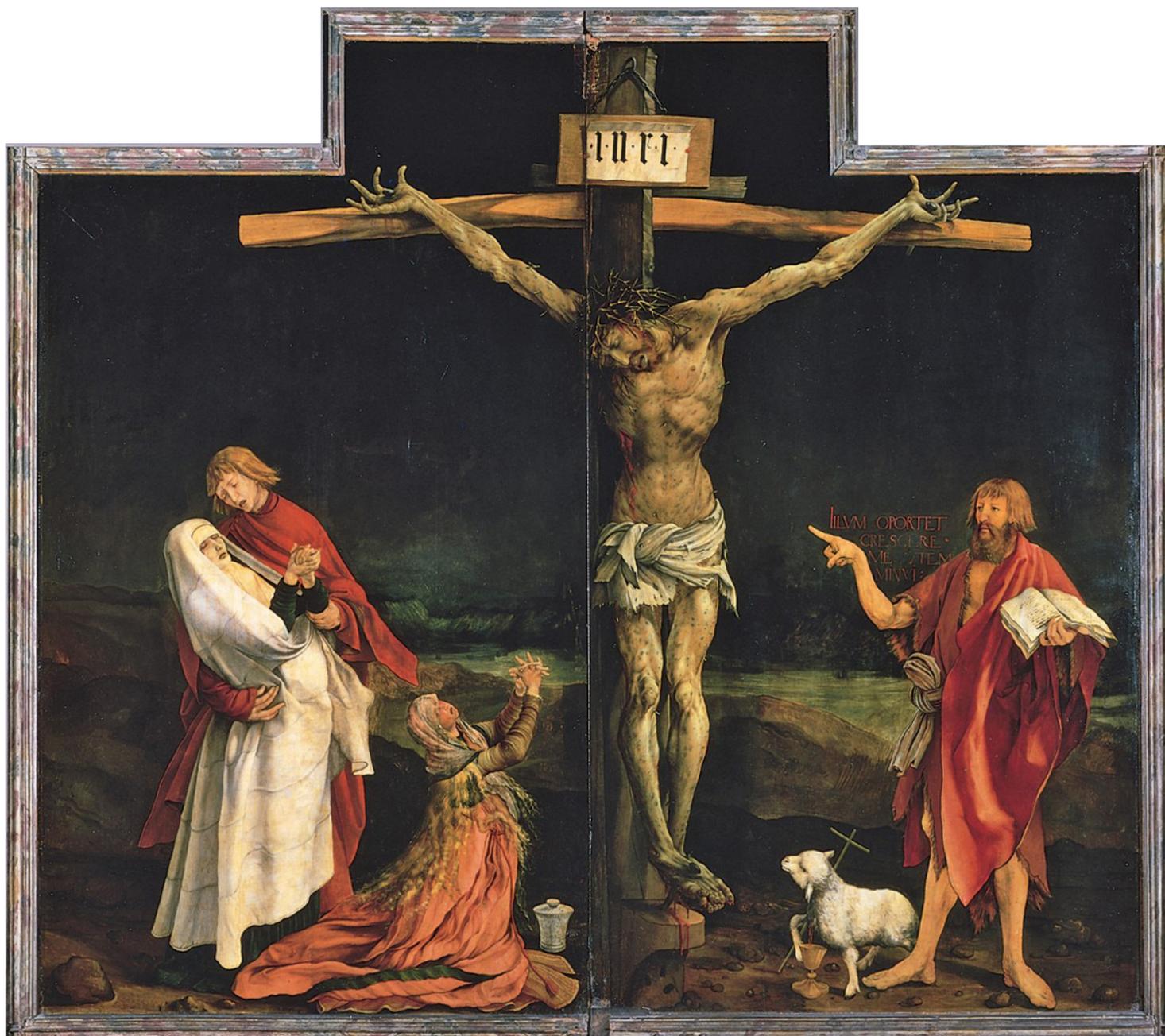


WELCOME TO
THE BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK



THE CHANCEL CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

PRESENT

DIETRICH BUXTEHUDE: *MEMBRA JESU NOSTRI*

TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 2023 AT SEVEN THIRTY IN THE EVENING

PRELUDE

Chaconne in E Minor, BuxWV 160
Michael Hey, *organ*

Dietrich Buxtehude (c. 1637–1707)

WELCOME

*CALL TO WORSHIP

An adaptation of Psalm 95:6, 7

Leader: O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

People: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

Leader: For He is our God;

People: and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

Leader: Let us worship the Lord.

PRAYER OF ADORATION AND THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

Lord, our bones have no life in them because we fail to believe we have been created in Your image destined for beautiful lives of peace and love. We deny the essential goodness of others and denigrate that which You have made sacred. Renew our minds to trust in Your promise that we are made new creations by our Lord's life, death, and resurrection. Shape us into people of hope to share the good news of God's love for all. Amen.

ORATORIO

Membra Jesu nostri, BuxWV 75

Dietrich Buxtehude

Hirona Amamiya, *soprano*

Christina Kay, *soprano*

Erica Koehring, *mezzo-soprano*

Ongama Mhlontlo, *tenor*

Anicet Castel, *bass-baritone*

I. Ad pedes (To the Feet)

II. Ad genua (To the Knees)

III. Ad manus (To the Hands)

IV. Ad latus (To the Side)

V. Ad pectus (To the Breast)

VI. Ad Cor (To the Heart)

VII. Ad faciem (To the Face)

PRAYERS

HYMN INTRODUCTION

Herzlich tut mich verlangen, BWV 727

*Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)*

*HYMN 98

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Passion Chorale

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

Praeludium in G Minor, BuxWV 149
Michael Hey, *organ*

Dietrich Buxtehude

*Special thanks to Don and Lynn Wilson for their generous support of music at Brick Church,
which makes tonight's program possible.*

ABOUT TONIGHT'S MUSIC

Born in Denmark, Dietrich Buxtehude worked for almost 40 years at St. Mary's Church in Lübeck, where he developed enormous influence as both an organist and a composer. At St. Mary's, he built up and organized a famous series of evening concerts, known as *Abendmusiken*, making him a notable musical entrepreneur as well. Musicians of the younger generation, including Bach, Handel, and Johann Mattheson, all made pilgrimages to Lübeck to learn from Buxtehude's example, with Bach walking (or hitchhiking) 250 miles and staying for four months. The Ciaccona and Praeludium heard as tonight's prelude and postlude give an idea of Buxtehude's skill and creativity as an organist.

Buxtehude's *Membra Jesu nostri* was composed in 1680, and titled on the original manuscript as a "sung devotion." It consists of seven short cantatas, each dedicated to a different part of Christ's body on the cross. The sequence of movements draws the listener's gaze upward, from the feet, to the knees, hands, side, chest, heart, and finally the face. Each of the cantatas follows the same pattern: a short sonata or introduction for the strings, which sets the emotional mood; a chorus on a Biblical text; a series of short arias for soloists based on Latin poetry; and finally, a repetition of the chorus.

The Latin poem Buxtehude used is attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux (1090–1153), and was very popular in Germany in the 17th century. It describes a mystical union whereby the believer becomes a part of Christ's body. Bernard's poem is full of extraordinarily vivid sensory imagery, bringing the listener into the middle of the scene. Most of this poetry is set to music simply, yet sensitively, allowing the words to be clearly heard. The sonatas and choruses which frame the poetry are more expansive, with many dramatic moments of text-painting. The center of the work is No. 6, "Ad Cor," which is the only movement scored for a 5-part consort of violas da gamba. The gambas, which have a more transparent, intimate sound than violins, represent the beating heart of Christ.

Bernard's poem also inspired the hymn we will sing tonight, "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded." J. S. Bach set this chorale many times, including in his St. John and St. Matthew Passions, so that it is known today as the "Passion Chorale." Following 17th-century practice, the introduction to this hymn will be a chorale prelude by Bach.

The cover images on tonight's program are from the Isenheim Altarpiece by Matthias Grünewald (c. 1470–1528). It was painted for a hospital at Colmar in present-day France; the detailed and naturalistic depiction of Christ's Crucifixion demonstrated to the sick that Jesus shared their suffering. In Grünewald's painting of the Resurrection (on the back cover), Jesus' body is whole and dazzlingly bright, springing out of the tomb, and seeming to lift in his arms the rising sun.

TEXT AND TRANSLATION

MEMBRA JESU NOSTRI PATIENTIS SANCTISSIMA

I. Ad pedes

Ecce super montes pedes evangelizantis, et annunciantis pacem.

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

THE MOST HOLY BODY OF OUR SUFFERING JESUS

I. To the Feet

Behold upon the mountains the feet of one who brings good news and announces peace.
(*Nahum 1:15*)

Hail, Savior of the world,
Hail, hail, dear Jesus!
I truly wish to bind myself
to your cross – you know why;
Grant me your plenteous grace.

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

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

Ecce super montes ...

II. Ad genua

*Ad ubera portabimini, et super genua blandientur
vobis.*

*Salve Jesu, rex sanctorum,
spes votiva peccatorum,
crucis lignum tamquam reus,
pendens homo verus deus,
caducis nutans genibus.*

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

*Ut te quaeram mente pura,
sit haec mea prima cura,
non est labor nec gravabor,
sed sanabor et mundabor,
cum te complexus fuero.*

Ad ubera portabimini ...

III. Ad manus

Quid sunt plagas istae in medio manuum tuarum?

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

Nails in the feet, harsh wounds,
So deeply hammered in,
I fondly kiss,
Trembling in your sight,
At the remembrance of your wounds.

Sweet Jesus, merciful God,
I call to you, guilty though I am,
Show me your mercy,
Do not cast me away, unworthy though I am,
From your holy feet.

Behold upon the mountains ...

II. To the Knees

Like newborn children, we will be carried at the
breast, and cradled upon a mother's knee.
(Isaiah 66:12)

Hail, Jesus, king of the saints,
Consecrated offering, hope of sinners,
On the wood of the cross, like a criminal
Hanging, both true man and true God,
Held up by trembling knees.

What answer could I give to you,
With vile sins and hardened heart?
What could I give to the one who loves me,
Who chose to die for me,
That I might not die a double death?

To seek you with a pure mind,
To make this my highest duty,
Is neither labor, nor burden,
But the source of my healing and cleansing,
When I shall embrace you in my arms.

Like newborn children, we will be carried at the
breast ...

III. To the Hands

What are these wounds in the middle of your hands?
(Zechariah 13:6)

Hail, Jesus, Good Shepherd,
Worn out by pain,
You who are stretched out on the cross,
And bound to the tree,
Your holy hands spread wide.

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

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

Quid sunt plagas istae? ...

IV. Ad latus

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

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

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

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

Surge, amica mea ...

V. Ad pectus

*Sicut modo geniti infantes rationabiles et sine dolo lac
concupiscitis, ut in eo crescatis in salutem. Si tamen
gustatis quoniam dulcis est Dominum.*

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

Holy hands, I kiss you
And, lamenting, delight in you;
I give thanks for these many wounds,
These sharp nails, these holy drops,
Mingling my tears and kisses.

Washed in your blood,
I give myself entirely to you,
That these holy hands of yours
May defend me, Christ Jesus,
In my deepest peril.

What are these wounds? ...

IV. To the Side

Arise, love, my fair one, and come away, my
turtledove, into the cleft of the rock, the secret place
of the cliff.

(Song of Songs 2:14)

Hail, side of the Savior,
In which is hidden the sweetest honey,
In which dwells the strength of love,
From which flows a fountain of blood
To wash an unclean heart.

Behold, I draw near to you,
Save me, Jesus, if I fall,
With shame upon my brow:
I come to you freely, however,
To study your wounds.

At the hour of my death, may my breath
Enter, Jesus, into your side,
So that, as I die, it may stay in you,
So that the raging lion may not triumph,
But I may remain near to you.

Arise, my love, my fair one ...

V. To the Breast

Like newborn infants, long for the pure, spiritual
milk, so that by it you may grow into salvation— if
indeed you have tasted that the Lord is good.

(1 Peter 2:2–3)

Hail, God of my salvation,
Sweet Jesus, my love,
Hail, breast worthy of reverence,
Worthy to be touched with a trembling hand,
Dwelling-place of love.

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

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

Sicut modo geniti infantes ...

VI. Ad Cor

Vulnerasti cor meum, soror mea, sponsa.

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

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

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

Vulnerasti cor meum ...

VII. Ad faciem

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

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

Give me a pure breast,
Ardent, pious, contrite,
With a will for self-sacrifice,
Always reshaping itself to you,
Joined to abundant virtue.

Hail, true temple of God,
I beg you to have mercy on me.
May you, the ark of all good things,
Make me to be appointed with the elect,
Vessel of riches, God of all.

Like newborn infants ...

VI. To the Heart

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

Heart of the Most High King, I long for you,
I greet you with a glad heart,
I delight in embracing you,
And this greatly moves my heart;
Inspire me, that I may speak to you.

Through the marrow of my heart,
Although I am a guilty sinner,
Pour your love,
That your heart may be drawn to mine,
Suffering with the wounds of love.

I shout with the loud voice of my heart,
Sweet heart: indeed I love you,
Bend down towards my heart,
That it may rest
On your devoted breast.

You have wounded me to the heart ...

VII. To the Face

Make your face to shine upon your servant, and
in your loving-kindness save me.
(Psalm 31:16)

Hail, bloodied head,
All crowned with thorns,
Broken, bruised,
Struck with reeds,
Anointed with spit.

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

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

Amen.

When I must die,
Be not far from me,
In the fearful hour of my death, come,
Jesus, without delay,
Protect me and set me free.

When at your command I go from here,
Dearest Jesus, then appear to me.
O lover whom I would embrace,
Show yourself then
Upon the cross of salvation.

Amen.

THE CHANCEL CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

SOPRANOS

Hirona Amamiya
Hannah Goodaman
Julianna Grabowski
Christina Kay
Tonna Miller-Vallés
Lindsey Nakatani
Jennifer Wu

ALTOS

Annmarie Errico
Erica Koehring
Katie O'Neal
Melissa Raymond

TENORS

Johnny Maldonado
Morgan Mastrangelo
Ongama Mhlontlo
Jeffrey Taveras

BASSES

Blake Burroughs
Anicet Castel
Buddy Crutchfield
Daniel Hoy
Nathaniel Sullivan

VIOLIN

Daniel Lee
Vivian Mayers

VIOLONCELLO

Ezra Seltzer

THEORBO

Joshua Stauffer

VIOLA DA GAMBA

Martha McGaughey
Caroline Nicolas
Adrienne Hyde
Matt Zucker

VIOLONE AND VIOLA DA GAMBA

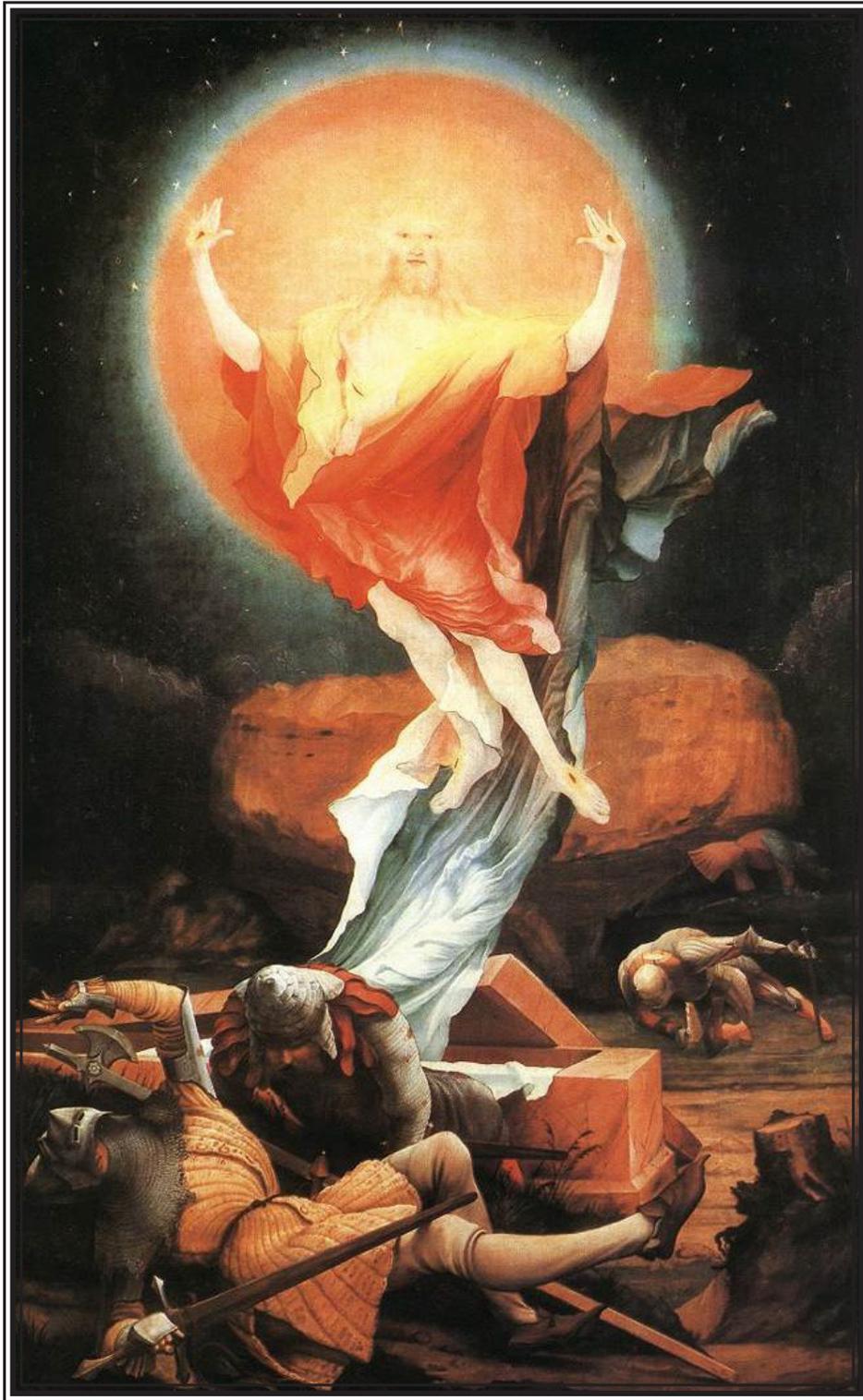
Nathaniel Chase

ORGAN

Isaac Lee, *Wilson Family Sacred Music Intern*
Michael Hey

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