

The Scottish  
Chamber Choir

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Directed by Michael Harris

The Lübeck  
Connection

Germany Ancient and Modern

with The Squair Mile Consort of Viols

**Saturday 12th March 2005 8:00pm**

St Giles' Cathedral, High Street, Edinburgh

# The Scottish Chamber Choir

Director: Michael Harris  
with The Squair Mile Consort of Viols

## DIETRICH BUXTEHUDE *MAGNIFICAT* (1637–1707)

CIARA McCULLAGH	SOPRANO
ALISON BISHOP	SOPRANO
ANNE BARKER	ALTO
ANDREW POULSON	TENOR
FRANK LUCAS	BASS

## HUGO DISTLER *TOTENTANZ* (1908–1942)

SPEAKERS	DOMINIC BINARD STEFAN HEUMANN BRIGITTE HARRIS
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INTERVAL  
of 15 minutes

## DIETRICH BUXTEHUDE *MEMBRA JESU NOSTRI*

- I *AD PEDES*
- II *AD GENUA*
- III *AD MANUS*
- IV *AD LATUS*
- V *AD PECTUS*
- VI *AD COR*
- VII *AD FACIEM*

ADRIANA SKARAAS	SOPRANO
ANNE McALISTER	SOPRANO
MYRA BROWN	ALTO
ROBIN McLEISH	TENOR
ANDREW O'NEILL	BASS

## PROGRAMME NOTES

### Dietrich Buxtehude *Magnificat*

### Hugo Distler *Totentanz*

The story of the north German city of Lübeck is one of connections. Its position at the centre of the Hanseatic league trading routes in the Renaissance and beyond lend to great wealth. Dietrich Buxtehude (1637–1707), its most famous musical son, spent much of his career as Organist of the Marienkirche which dominates the centre of the city. During his time there, an oil-painting copy was made of the already famous 1463 wall painting of the *Totentanz*, the Dance of Death. The original had commemorated the victims of the plague, or Black Death, which first appeared in northern Europe in 1350, the year that the Marienkirche was completed.

Nearly four centuries later, Hugo Distler (1908–1942) was appointed Organist of the Jacobikirche in Lübeck. His setting of verses to accompany the mediaeval *Totentanz* poem brings this programme full-circle. Tragically there were further connections: in March 1942 the Marienkirche was destroyed by fire and the painting lost; nine months later Distler committed suicide, unable to cope with the horrors of war.

It is not entirely certain that Buxtehude's *Magnificat* was written by the composer, though his name has been added to the manuscript score. The style is that of Carissimi or Lully, and the triple-time phrases are heavily laden with hemiolas. The idiom is not one that is found anywhere else in Buxtehude's music, though this does not make the work any less appealing.

Hugo Distler was born in Nürnberg and studied at the Leipzig Conservatoire, where he also became familiar with contemporary choral developments through listening to performances by the choir of the Thomaskirche under Karl Straube. Once appointed to Lübeck he became heavily involved in choir directing, and also with a musical youth movement. *Totentanz* was written in 1934 and forms part of his *Geistliche Chormusik* (Sacred Choral Music) Opus 12. Though described as a motet, it is in the form of fourteen verse, each a musically separate entity; between these is interspersed the dialogue of the *Totentanz* to a text by Johannes Klöcking.

### Dietrich Buxtehude *Membra Jesu nostri*

Buxtehude was famous for establishing some of the earliest church music concerts, the *Abendmusiken*, which featured church cantatas. *Membra Jesu nostri* is a cycle of seven cantatas on the theme of Christ's Passion that was possibly performed at these concerts, though this is not certain.

The cantata cycle was dedicated to Gustav Düben in 1680. Each cantata takes the form of a meditation on one of the seven members of the body of Jesus on the cross – feet, knees, hands, side, breast, heart and head. The musical idiom is that of the concerto-aria cantata. The use of the word concerto here relates to the sacred concerto of Monteverdi and Schütz, where concerto indicates the concerted use of voices and instruments with a basso continuo.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### DIETRICH BUXTEHUDE *MAGNIFICAT*

In *Membra Jesu nostri* each cantata begins with a concerto with a biblical text, taken from the Latin Bible, which follows the introductory sonata. The text for the following aria is taken from successive verses of the poem *Salve mundi salutare*, part of the *Rhythmica Oratio Sancti Bernardi*, reputedly by St Bernard of Clairvaux, but more probably written by Arnulf of Louvain who died in 1250. The overall structure of the seven cantatas of the cycle is dictated by this poem, with each section of biblical text being focused on a reference to the part of the body which is alluded to in the poem. That the work, by a German Protestant composer, is in Latin, might seem unusual, but Latin works were frequently performed in the Marienkirche, and a good proportion of Buxtehude's texts are in Latin.

The sixth of the cantatas, *Ad cor*, lives up to its name, and really is at the heart of the work; it is the most expressive of the seven, and in it Buxtehude changes the scoring to include a consort of viols rather than the two violins used elsewhere. The setting of the text from the Song of Solomon is full of *affekt*, relying on the use of the descending sixth on *vulnerasti*.

The cycle is unique in Buxtehude's writing, and it is highly likely that it was not intended for performance as a complete entity, although it is speculated that the cantatas might have been composed to be used in an extended Good Friday service.

The Swedish dedicatee, Gustav Düben, was court Kapellmeister in Stockholm, as well as being organist of the German Church there; his father, Andreas, had been a pupil of Sweelinck's. Düben was responsible for amassing a considerable collection of Buxtehude's works, and was a friend of the composer's from the period after 1660 when Buxtehude had been appointed organist at the German Church in Helsingør.

Programme notes by Michael Harris

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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*Magnificat anima mea Dominum, et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo;*

*quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae.*

*Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.*

*Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est, et sanctam nomen eius, et misericordia eius a progenie in progenies timentibus eum.*

*Fecit potentiam in brachio suo, dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.*

*Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles.*

*Esurientes implevit bonis, et divites dimisit inanes.*

*Suscepit Israel, puerum suum, recordatus misericordiae suae,*

*sicut locutus est ad patres nostros, Abraham et semini eius in saecula.*

*Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.*

My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord: my spirit rejoices in God my saviour;

for he has looked with favour on his lowly servant. From this day, all generations will call me blessed.

The Almighty has done great things for me, and holy is his name. He has mercy on those that fear him in every generation.

He has shown the strength of his arm: he has scattered the proud in their conceit.

He has cast down the mighty from their thrones and has lifted up the lowly.

He has filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he has sent away empty.

He has come to the help of his servant Israel, for he has remembered his promise of mercy, the promise he made to our fathers, to Abraham and his children for ever.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; as it was in the beginning, is now and shall be for ever. Amen.

## HUGO DISTLER *TOTENTANZ*

### **I. Chorspruch**

*Laß alles, was du hast, auf daß du alles nimmst!  
Verschmäh die Welt, daß du sie tausendfach  
bekömmst!*

*Im Himmel ist der Tag, im Abgrund ist die Nacht:  
Hier ist die Dämmerung:*

*Wohl dem, der's recht betracht!*

### **Dialog:**

#### **Der Tod:**

*Zum Tanz, zum Tanze, reiht euch ein:  
Kaiser, Bischof, Bürger, Bauer,*

*arm und reich und groß und klein,  
heran zu mir! Hilft keine Trauer.*

*Wohl dem, der rechter Zeit bedacht,  
viel gute Werk vor sich zu bringen,*

*der seiner Sünd sich losgemacht –  
Heut heißt's: Nach meiner Pfeife springen!*

### **Chorus 1**

Leave all that you have, to take all!  
Despise the world, to receive it a thousand  
fold!

In heaven is day, in the abyss is night,  
here it is twilight:

Well is it with him who sees it rightly!

### **Dialogue:**

#### **Death:**

To the dance, to the dance, take your places:  
Emperor, bishop, townsman, peasant,

rich and poor and great and small,  
come to me! It helps to have considered the  
time,

to bring much good work forth,  
to have freed oneself from one's sins –

Today the word is: Dance to my pipe!

## 2. Chorspruch

*Mensch, die Figur der Welt vergehet mit der Zeit.  
Was trotz'st du dann so viel,  
Was trotz'st du dann auf ihre Herrlichkeit?*

### Dialog:

#### Der Kaiser:

*O Tod, dein jäh Erscheinen  
friert mir das Mark in den Gebeinen.  
Mußten Könige, Fürsten, Herren  
sich vor mir neigen und mich ehren,  
daß ich nun soll ohn Gnade werden  
gleichwie du, Tod, ein Schleim der Erden?  
Der ich den Menschen Haupt und Schirmer  
du machst aus mir ein Speis' der Würmer.*

#### Der Tod:

*Herr Kaiser, warst du der höchste hier,  
voran sollst du tanzen neben mir,  
Dein war das Schwert der Gerechtigkeit,  
zu schlichten den Streit, zu lindern das Leid,  
doch Ruhm- und Ehrsucht machten dich blind,  
sahst nicht dein eigen große Sünd.  
Drum fällt dir mein Ruf so schwer in den Sinn. –  
Halt an, Bischof, den Tanz beginn!*

## 3. Chorspruch

*Wann du willst gradeswegs ins ewge Leben gehn,  
so laß die Welt und dich zur linken Seite stehn!*

### Dialog:

#### Der Bischof:

*O lieber Herr, wo soll ich hin?  
Nirgendwo kann ich dir entfliehn.  
Will ich vor, will ich hinter mich sehen,  
ich fühle dich, Tod, stets bei mir stehen.  
Was gilt vor dir mein frommer Stand?  
Muß alles lassen, was ich fand,  
und werd verachteter zur Stund  
als ein unrein stinkender Hund.*

#### Der Tod:

*Besser als andere solltest du wissen,  
daß alle Menschen sterben müssen!  
Du standest auf dem Erdenreich  
den Aposteln Gottes gleich,  
aber mit hoffärtigen Sitten  
bist du auf hohem Pferd geritten.  
Nun hat sich dein Stolz in Angst gewandt.  
Edelmann, halt her dein Hand!*

## Chorus 2

Man, the beauty of the world passes away.  
Why then do you stubbornly insist so much,  
Why then do you stubbornly insist on its glory?

### Dialogue:

#### The Emperor:

O Death, your sudden appearance  
freezes the marrow in my bones.  
Did kings, princes, lords  
have to bow before me and honour me,  
that I should now without mercy become  
like you, Death, mud of the earth?  
I, men's head and guardian –  
you make me into a dish for worms.

#### Death:

O Emperor, you were the greatest here,  
you shall be the foremost to dance by me.  
Yours was the sword of justice,  
to settle the dispute, to ease the pain;  
But love of fame and honour made you blind,  
you did not see your own great sin.  
That is why my call is so hard for you to bear –  
Halt, Bishop, begin the dance!

## Chorus 3

If you would go straight to eternal life,  
leave the world and yourself on your left hand!

### Dialogue:

#### The Bishop:

O dear Lord, where shall I go?  
Nowhere can I escape you.  
If I look before me or behind me,  
I feel you, Death, always standing at my side.  
What is my godly rank worth in your eyes?  
I must leave everything I found  
and will now be more despised  
than an unclean stinking dog.

#### Death:

Better than others you should know  
that all mortals must die!  
Your standing in earth's realm  
was like that of God's apostles;  
but with vainglorious ways  
you rode your high horse.  
Now your pride has turned to fear. –  
Nobleman, hold out your hand!

## 4. Chorspruch

*O Sünder, wann du wohl  
bedächtst das kurze Nun,  
Und dann die Ewigkeit:  
Du würdst nichts Böses tun!*

### Dialog:

#### Der Edelmann:

*Tod, ich bitt, du mögest einhalten!  
Laß mich Luft holen vor deinem Schalten!  
Meine Zeit hab ich übel verbracht,  
Sterben hab ich gering geacht.  
Ich dachte nichts als Saufen und Prassen,  
schindet' und plagt' mein Untersassen.  
Nun soll ich reisen, ob ich nicht will,  
und weiß der Reise nicht das Ziel.*

#### Der Tod:

*Hättest du dir die Armen mit deinem Gut  
zum Fürsprech gemacht, wär dir wohler zu mut;  
aber wer durfte von Not und Gebrechen  
vor dir großem Herren sprechen!  
Deiner Pracht warst du gewärtig,  
für mein Kommen wenig fertig . . .  
nun bist du verstöret gar und ganz. –  
Meister Arzt, tritt an zum Tanz!*

## 5. Chorspruch

*Dein bester Freund, dein Leib,  
der ist dein ärgster Feind,  
er bind't und hält dich auf:  
dein bester Freund, so gut er's immer meint!*

### Dialog:

#### Der Arzt:

*Ich bin dein Widerpart gewesen,  
half manchen Menschen vor dir genesen,  
die schwer in Seuchen litten Not.  
Kommst du nun zu mir selber, Tod,  
da hilft nicht Kunst noch Arzenei,  
fühl gar umsonst den Puls dabei . . .  
Mein Schwachheit willst du all besehen;  
welch Urteil wird mit da geschehen?*

#### Der Tod:

*Gerechter Wahrspruch soll dir werden  
nach deinen Werken hier auf der Erden.  
All dein Tun liegt Gott offenbar:  
Du brachtest manchen in Leibesgefahr,  
Arme und Kranke schatztest du schwer,  
gabst dein Wissen nicht billig her  
und prunktest hoch in Gelehrsamkeit. –  
Kaufmann, schnell, mach dich bereit!*

## Chorus 4

O sinner, if you only considered  
the short time, Now,  
and then eternity:  
you would do no evil!

### Dialogue:

#### The nobleman:

Death, I beg you to stay your hand!  
Give me a breathing space before you act!  
I spent my time ill.  
I paid little heed to death.  
I thought of nothing but drinking and spending,  
Harassed and tormented my underlings.  
Now I am to journey, against my will,  
And do not know where my journey leads.

#### Death:

If you had made yourself a helper of the poor  
with your riches, you would feel more cheerful  
now; but who dared speak of need and sickness  
before you, their great lord!  
You expected to enjoy your riches,  
for my coming you were unprepared,  
now you are utterly dismayed. –  
Master Doctor, join the dance!

## Chorus 5

Your best friend, your body,  
is your worst enemy  
he binds you and hinders you:  
your best friend, who always means well!

### Dialogue:

#### Doctor:

I was your opponent,  
helped some men to escape your clutches,  
who were sick of plague and in sore need.  
Now that you come to me yourself, Death,  
there is no art or medicine that can help,  
it is in vain that I feel my pulse . . .  
My weakness is plain to you;  
what fate is in store for me?

#### Death:

Just judgement shall be given you  
according to your works here on earth.  
All your doings are known to God:  
You brought some in mortal danger,  
took a heavy toll of the poor and sick,  
did not part with your knowledge cheaply  
and prided yourself highly on your learning. –  
Merchant, make haste, get yourself ready!

## 6. Chorspruch

*Der Reiche dieser Welt,  
was hat er für Gewinn,  
daß'er muß mit Verlust von  
seinem Reichtum ziehn?*

### Dialog:

#### Der Kaufmann:

*Wie sollt ich für dich bereitet sein!  
Ich tat mein Geld in Häuser hinein,  
meine Böden sind voll Kornes getragen,  
meine Ware liegt auf Schiffen und Wagen . . .  
Hab selbst viel schwere Fahrt getan –  
doch keine ging so hart mich an.  
Könnst ich mein Rechnung klar abschließen,  
möcht mich der Tod nicht so verdrießen.*

#### Der Tod:

*Wer ehrlich seinen Handel führt,  
nicht mehr aufschlägt, als ihm gebührt,  
dem wird Gerechtigkeit geschehn,  
wenn alle vor dem Richter stehn.  
Hast du auf keinen Trug gedacht,  
so ist dein Rechnung wohl gemacht,  
braucht keine Ziffer mehr hinein. –  
Komm her, Landsknecht, ich warte dein!*

## 7. Chorspruch

*Freund, streiten ist nicht g'nug,  
du mußt auch überwinden,  
wo du willst ew'ge Ruh und  
ew'gen Frieden finden!*

### Dialog:

#### Der Landsknecht:

*Ich weiß, mich meinet der Tod.  
Schuf andern oft Todesnot –  
nun hat sich das scharfe Schwert  
wider mich selber gekehrt.  
Will denn niemand mir Gnade geben?  
Ich bitt dich, Tod, laß mich noch leben,  
laß mich noch Gotte dienen baß,  
den ich bei meinem Handwerk vergaß!*

#### Der Tod:

*Tritt nur hervor, dir hilft kein Klagen;  
mußt deinen Packen selber tragen;  
glaub schon, er lastet dir genug.  
Dein Werke zeugen ohne Trug,  
was Gut und Böses du getan;  
der Lohn wird dir bemessen dran.  
Niemand kann dich vom Urteil lösen. –  
Schiffmann. dein Zeit ist hie gewesen!*

## Chorus 6

The rich man of this world,  
what does it profit him,  
that he must part with loss from his riches?

### Dialogue:

#### The Merchant:

How could I be ready for you!  
I put my money away in houses,  
my lands are rich with corn,  
my goods are being borne on ships and carts...  
Have made many a hard journey myself -  
but none dealt so harshly with me before.  
If I could settle my account completely,  
Death would not vex me so much.

#### Death:

He who trades honestly  
does not charge more than is due to him,  
he will be dealt with justly  
when all stand before the Judge.  
If you have sought to deceive none,  
the account is settled in your favour;  
no figure more need be entered in it. –  
Come here, trooper, I am waiting for you!

## Chorus 7

Friend, striving is not enough, you must  
overcome too, if you would find everlasting rest  
and peace!

### Dialogue:

#### The Trooper:

I know Death has his eye on me.  
I often brought others to death's door –  
now his sharp sword  
has turned against me.  
Will no-one show me mercy?  
I beg you, Death, let me live,  
let me serve God in earnest  
whom I forgot when I was about my work!

#### Death:

Just step forward, it does no good to complain;  
You must carry your pack yourself;  
be sure it will be enough of a burden for you.  
Doing your job without deceit,  
what good and evil you did;  
your pay will be measured by that.  
No-one can free you from judgement. –  
Seafarer, your time has come!

## 8. Chorspruch

*Die Welt ist deine See,  
der Schiffmann Gottes Geist,  
das Schiff dein Leib, die See ist's,  
die nach Hause reist.*

### Dialog:

#### Der Schiffer:

*Ich weiß nicht, Tod, wie es konnt geschehn –  
ich hab dich oft mir nah gesehn;  
aber wenn ich an Land gesessen,  
war aller guter Vorsatz vergessen.  
Mein alter Adam, frech und geil,  
betrog mich um mein besser Teil.  
Nun steh ich in der Sünden Not,  
hilf mir, lieber Herr, durch deinen Tod!*

#### Der Tod:

*Hätt'st du Gottes Wort von Jugend an  
recht vor deine Augen getan  
und fleißig dein Werk danach geübt,  
so ständst du nicht um dich selber betrübt.  
Du sahst genugsam das End vor Augen;  
nun will dein Reue wenig taugen.  
Zieh ein die Segel, laß dein Sach! –  
Komm, frommer Mann, folg mir gemach!*

## 9. Chorspruch

*Das überlichte Licht schaut  
man in diesem Leben  
nicht anders, als wenn man  
schiefer ins Dunkle sich begeben.*

### Dialog:

#### Der Klausner:

*Das Sterben bringt mir wenig Leid;  
wär ich nur recht von Grund bereit  
und mein Gewissen frei und rein!  
Oft brach der Böse bei mir ein  
mit Anfechtungen schwer und groß.  
Herr, mach mich meiner Sünden los!  
Ich bekenn und bereu sie von Herzensgrund.  
Sei mir gnädig zur letzten Stund!*

#### Der Tod:

*Du magst wohl fröhlich tanzen gehn,  
im Himmel wirst du auferstehn.  
Solche Arbeit, wie du sie getan,  
heftet der Seele Flugel an.  
Dein Beispiel wär vielen zu Frommen,  
würd ihnen nicht so hart ankommen;  
aber nun stehn sie da gar sauer. –  
Tritt ein in den Reigen, Ackerbauer!*

## Chorus 8

The world is your sea,  
the seafarer is God's spirit,  
the ship your body, the soul is the one  
journeying home.

### Dialogue:

#### The Seaman:

I know not, Death, how it could happen –  
I have often felt myself near to you;  
but when I was ashore,  
I forgot all my good intentions.  
My old Adam, saucy and lustful,  
betrayed the better part of me.  
Now I stand accused by my sins,  
Help me, dear God, by your death!

#### Death:

If you had kept God's word before your eyes  
from your youth on and done your work  
diligently in accordance with it, you would not  
now be so dismayed at your fate.  
You saw the end before your eyes often enough;  
now your remorse counts for little.  
Pull in the sail, leave your kit! –  
Come, pious man, follow me easy!

## Chorus 9

We look at brilliant light  
in this life  
no differently from when  
we go into deep darkness.

### Dialogue:

#### The Hermit:

Death brings me little sorrow;  
if only I were truly ready  
and my conscience free and clear!  
Often the evil one broke in on me  
with grievous and great accusations.  
Lord, free me from my sins!  
I acknowledge and repent them with all my heart.  
Be merciful to me in my last hour!

#### Death:

You may go and dance with a light heart,  
in Heaven you will rise again.  
Work such as you have done  
gives the soul wings.  
Your example would make godly souls of many  
if the way were not so hard for them;  
but now they are really sorry. –  
Join the dance, farmer!

## 10. Chorspruch

Freund, wer in jener Welt  
will lauter Rosen brechen,  
den müssen z'vor allhier die  
Dornen g'nugsam stechen.

### Dialog:

#### Der Bauer:

Mit Tanzen weiß ich nicht Bescheid,  
ich hab mein ganze Lebenszeit  
mit schwerer Arbeit hingebracht  
trug Sorg und Müh bei Tag und Nacht,  
wie ich den Acker dazu brächt,  
daß er viel Ernte geben möcht.  
Stets war ich bang um Zehnt und Pacht;  
Deiner hab' ich nicht gedacht.

#### Der Tod:

Wenn ich dein Tagwerk wohl anseh,  
mein ich, daß Gott dich nicht verschmäh.  
Dein Einsaat ist, wie auf dem Feld,  
auch in dem Himmel wohl bestellt.  
Gott wird dir alle Müh zumal  
droben lohnen in seinem Saal.  
Drum fürcht dich nun nicht allzusehr. –  
Schön Jungfrau, nach dir steht mein Begehr!

## 11. Chorspruch

Auf, auf, der Bräutigam kommt:  
Man geht nicht mit ihm ein,  
wo man des Augenblicks  
nicht kann bereitet sein.

### Dialog:

#### Die Jungfrau:

Könnt ich doch einen Korb dir geben,  
noch jung und schön ein bißchen leben!  
Der Welt Lust fang ich an zu schmecken;  
wer mocht unliebre Zeit aushecken?  
Pfu!, daß du hinter mich gegangen,  
in deinem Netze mich zu fangen!  
O laß mich noch kosten das Glück der Erden!  
will fromm in meinem Alter werden.

#### Der Tod:

Bei Nacht umgehen gleich den Dieben,  
das ist mein echt und recht Belieben.  
Wer jung ist, zeitig in sich kehrt!

Der Menschen Lüste trügen sehr.  
Niemand hat hier ein bleibende Statt;  
der Welt Lust seid ihr balde satt.

Tantz willig drum nach meiner Weis'! –  
Geh, heb dich von dein'm Lager, Greis!

## Chorus 10

Friend, whoever in the world beyond  
would pluck roses  
must be pricked here first by thorns  
time and again.

### Dialogue:

#### The Farmer:

I know nothing of dancing.  
I have spent my whole life  
working hard  
with toil and worry day and night,  
bringing the land to the state in which  
it would yield a big crop.  
I was always anxious about tithe and rent;  
I never thought about you.

#### Death:

When I look at your day's work,  
I find that God does not despise you.  
Your seed has been sown well,  
as on the land, so in heaven.  
God will reward you for all your toil  
above in his hall.  
So do not fear all too greatly. –  
Fair virgin, it is you I desire!

## Chorus 11

Arise, arise, the bridegroom comes:  
You will not go in with him  
unless you are ready for that moment.

### Dialogue:

#### The Virgin:

If only I could turn you down,  
live a bit longer, young and beautiful as I am!  
I am just beginning to get a taste for the world;  
who wants to live through disagreeable times?  
Shame on you, going behind my back  
to catch me in your net!  
Oh let me go on enjoying earthly happiness!  
I will be godly in my old age.

#### Death:

Going around at night like thieves  
is my true and sure delight.  
Let the young person give due thought  
at an early age!  
Human desires are deceitful.  
No-one has a lasting habitation here;  
you are soon through with the  
pleasures of the world.  
Be pleased to dance to my tune, then! –  
Go, rise from your bed, old man!

## 12. Chorspruch

Mensch, wenn dir auf der Welt  
zu lang wird Weil und Zeit,  
so kehr dich nur zu Gott  
ins Nun der Ewigkeit!

### Dialog:

#### Der Greis:

O Tod, wie hab ich auf dich geharrt!  
War allzu lang mein Leidensfahrt.  
Konntest mich armen Alten nicht finden?  
War dir gesetzt, zu strafen mein Sünden?  
Krankheit ist wohl eine schwere Plag,  
wie die Welt heut fährt, ich nicht sehen mag. –  
So wolle Gott meine Fehle vergeben,  
mich einlassen in sein ewiges Leben.

#### Der Tod:

Komm, Alter, faß mich bei der Hand,  
du sollst nun in das ander Land.  
Dein Leiden wirst du bald vergessen,  
wenn du vor Gottes Fuß gesessen.  
Da gehn der Engel Melodein  
lieblich zu deinen Ohren ein;  
all Streit will sich in Einklang fügen. –  
Folg nun, klein Kindlein in der Wiegen!

## 13. Chorspruch

Die Seele, welche hier noch kleiner ist als klein,  
wird in dem Himmelreich  
der schönste Engel sein.

### Dialog:

#### Das Kind:

O Tod, wie soll ich das verstehn,  
ich soll tanzen und kann nicht gehn?  
wie magst du deinen Ruf anheben,  
daß ich soll sterben vor meinem Leben,  
abschneiden, eh ich angekommen,  
eh denn gegeben, werden genommen?  
Wie weinet meine Mutter so sehr!  
O gib mich der Erden wieder her!

#### Der Tod:

Gott weiß, warum er mich pfeifen schickt,  
und wen er ohn Sünd zu sich entrückt.  
Gott weiß, weshalb er die Guten und Bösen  
läßt lang, läßt kurz hie treiben ihr Wesen.  
Ich pfeif euch zum Frieden,  
ich pfeif euch zur Qual,  
ich pfeif euch in Gottes ewigen Saal.  
Ich pfeife so laut, daß jeder mich hört –  
Wer ist's, der sich zu Gotte kehrt?

## Chorus 12

Man, if your stay and time on earth  
has lasted too long,  
turn to God in the Now of eternity!

### Dialogue:

#### The Old Man:

O Death, how I have waited for you!  
My way of sorrows was all too long.  
Could you not find me, poor old man that I am?  
Were you determined to punish my sins?  
Illness is a grievous torment;  
how the world fares today, I do not wish to see. –  
So let God forgive my faults  
and admit me to eternal life.

#### Death:

Come, old man, take me by the hand,  
it is time for you to enter the other land.  
Your sorrows will be soon forgotten  
when you sit at God's feet.  
There the angels' melodies  
will enter your ears sweetly:  
all strife will be resolved in harmony. –  
Follow now, little babe in the cradle!

## Chorus 13

The soul which is yet smaller here than small  
will be the fairest angel in heaven's realm.

### Dialogue:

#### The Child:

O Death, how am I to understand this,  
I am to dance and cannot walk?  
how can you raise your cry  
that I am to die before I have lived,  
be cut off before I have arrived,  
no sooner given than taken?  
How much my mother weeps!  
O give me back to the earth!

#### Death:

God knows why he sends me piping,  
and who he draws to himself without sin.  
God knows why he lets good and evil folk  
go their ways for a long or short time.  
I pipe you to peace,  
I pipe you to torment,  
I pipe you into God's eternal hall.  
I pipe so loud that everyone hears me –  
Who is there that will turn to God?

#### 14. Chorspruch

Die Seele, weil sie ist geboren zur Ewigkeit,  
hat keine wahre Ruh in Dingen dieser Zeit,  
Drum ist's verwunderlich,  
daß du die Welt so liebst  
und aufs Vergängliche dich allzusehr begibst.

### DIETRICH BUXTEHUDE MEMBRA JESU NOSTRI

#### I Ad pedes

*Ecce super montes pedes evangelizantis et  
annuntiantis pacem.*

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

*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 . . .  
Salve mundi salutare . . .*

#### II Ad genua

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

*Salve Jesu, rex sanctorum,  
Spes votiva peccatorum,  
Crucis ligno tanquam reus,  
Pendens homo, verus Deus,  
Caducis nutans genibus!*

*Quid sum tibi responsurus,  
Actu vilis, corde durus?  
Quid rependam amatori,  
Qui elegit pro me mori,  
Ne dupla morte morerer?*

#### Chorus 14

The soul, being born to all eternity,  
has no true rest in things of this age,  
So it is to be wondered at that you love the  
world so much and devote yourself so much to  
things that pass away.

#### I To His feet

Behold, on the mountains the feet of him who  
brings good tidings, who proclaims peace.  
(Nahum 1:15)

Greetings, saviour of the world,  
Greetings, beloved Jesus!  
I should like to hang with you on your cross.  
Verily you know why;  
Give me your strength.

The nails in your feet, the hard strokes  
And the severe weals –  
Full of emotion I embrace them,  
Full of anxiety at the sight of you,  
Bearing your wounds in mind.

Sweet Jesus, merciful God,  
I call to you, though I be guilty:  
Show yourself in mercy to me,  
Do not reject me, unworthy,  
From your holy feet.

Behold, on the mountains . . .  
Greetings, saviour of the world . . .

#### II To His knees

You shall be carried upon her hip, and dandled  
upon her knee. (Is. 66:12)

Greetings, Jesus, king of the saints,  
Thou welcome hope for the sinner,  
Hanging on the wood of the cross,  
Like a guilty man, yet the true God,  
Bending with doomed knees.

How should I answer you.  
Feeble of action, hard of heart?  
How should I repay your love,  
You who chose to die for me,  
That I might not suffer a twofold death?

*Ut te quaerum 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 plagae 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.*

*Manus sanctae, vos amplector  
Et gemendo condelector.  
Grates ago plagis tantis,  
Clavis duris, guttis sanctis.  
Dans lacrimas cum osculis.*

*In cruore luo lotum  
Me commendo tibi totum;  
Tuae sanctae manus istae  
Me defendant, Jesu Christe,  
Extremis in periculis.*

*Quid sunt plagae 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  
Scrutari tua vulnera.*

*Hora mortis meus flatus  
Intret, Jesu, tuum latus,  
Hinc expitans in te vadat.  
Ne hunc leo trux invadat,  
Sed apud te permaneat.*

To seek you with a pure spirit –  
May that be my primary concern,  
It is neither troublesome nor arduous for me,  
Because I shall become whole and pure  
Upon embracing you.

You shall be carried upon her hip . . .

#### III To His hands

What are these wounds in thy hands?  
(Zech. 13:6)

Greetings, Jesus, good shepherd,  
Exhausted from your struggle with death,  
Tormented by the wood,  
And affixed to the wood  
By your outstretched, holy hands.

Holy hands, I embrace you.  
And, lamentingly, I take pleasure in you,  
I give thanks for these severe blows.  
For the terrible nails and the holy drops of blood,  
I kiss you while weeping.

Moistened by your blood  
I entrust myself wholly unto you;  
May your holy hands  
Protect me. Jesus Christ,  
In my last hour of need.

What are these wounds . . .

#### IV To His side

Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away,  
O my dove, in the clefts of the rock, in the  
covert of the cliff. (Song 2:13–14)

Greetings, side of my saviour,  
In which the sweetness of honey lies concealed,  
In which the power of love is revealed,  
From which the spring of your blood gushes forth,  
Which washes clean the besmirched heart.

Behold, I am approaching you,  
Spare me, Jesus, if I fail.  
With reverent visage  
I come of my own free will to you,  
To examine your wounds.

May my soul at the hour of death  
Enter into your side, O Jesus,  
When I pass away, may it enter into you,  
So that it is not attacked by a wrathful lion,  
But may forever remain with you.

### V Ad pectus

*Sicut modo geniti infantes rationabiles, et sine dolo (lac) concupiscite, ut in eo crescatis in salutem. Si tamen gustastis, quoniam dulcis est Dominus.*

*Salve, salus mea, Deus,  
Jesu dulcis, amor meus,  
Salve, pectus reverendum,  
Cum tremore contingendum,  
Amoris domicilium.*

*Pectus mihi confer mundum,  
Ardens, pium, gemebundum,  
Voluntatem abnegatam.  
Tibi semper conformatam,  
Juncta virtutum copia.*

*Ave, verum implum 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 animes.*

*Per medullam cordis mei,  
Peccatoris atque rei,  
Tuus amor transferatur,  
Quo cor luum 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 . . .*

### V To His breast

Like newborn babes, long for the pure spiritual milk, that by it you may grow up to salvation; for you have tasted the kindness of the Lord. (1 Pet. 2:2–3)

Greetings, Lord, my salvation,  
Sweet Jesus, my beloved,  
Greetings, worthy breast;  
I may only touch you with quivering hand,  
O domicile of love.

Render my heart pure,  
Ardent, pious and full of sighs,  
Allow me to cast aside my own desires,  
And to become wholly yours,  
In the fullness of all virtues.

Hail, true temple of God,  
I pray you have mercy on me.  
You, the shrine of all goodness,  
Let me be among the chosen ones.  
O precious vessel, O God of all things.

Like newborn babes . . .

### VI To His heart

You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride. (Song 4:9)

I greet you, heart of the highest King,  
I salute you with joyous heart;  
It delights me to embrace you.  
And my heart demands  
That you inspire me to speak to you.

Let your love enter  
Into the innermost part of my heart –  
The heart of a sinner and guilt-laden person.  
Through me, your heart will be torn asunder.  
Becoming exhausted by the wound of love.

With the living voice of my heart  
I call to you, sweet heart, for I love you.  
Incline yourself towards my heart,  
So that it may nestle against you  
With humility.

You have ravished my heart . . .

### 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.  
Facies sputis illita.*

*Dum me mori est necesse,  
Noli mihi tunc deesse.  
In tremenda mortis 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!*

### VII To His face

Let thy face shine on thy servant; save me in thy steadfast love. (Ps. 31:16)

Greetings, head daubed in blood,  
Entirely crowned with thorns,  
Disfigured and covered in wounds,  
Struck with the cane,  
The face spat upon and soiled.

If then, I must die,  
Do not stay far away from me  
In the anxious hour of death  
Come, Jesus, without delay,  
Protect me and liberate me!

If you cause me to go away,  
Dear Jesus, then appear to me,  
O lover whom I wish to embrace,  
Then show yourself to me  
On the cross that brings salvation.

Amen!

## The Scottish Chamber Choir

Since its formation in 1968, the **Scottish Chamber Choir** has performed throughout Scotland and Northern England to great acclaim. Each season the choir presents four concerts in Edinburgh, climaxing with an appearance at the Festival Fringe. These are usually supplemented by a Christmas concert and guest appearances at local Music Societies and Festivals throughout the year, keeping members quite busy!

The choir sings both shorter items from the chamber choir repertoire and more extended works, such as the Bach *St John Passion* at our Festival Fringe concert in 2004. Whilst some concerts are given *a cappella*, at others we are joined by a variety of instrumental forces, making possible an exceptional freedom of programming and great interest for both participants and audience.

The choir's hallmark has always been its breadth of repertoire, encompassing a wide range of music from the 16th century to the present day, with music by living composers featuring in programmes during most seasons. Often there is a thread linking a series of concerts, encouraging regular attendance. The highly successful and critically praised Silver Jubilee season, for example, concentrated on 20th century British music, and was recognised by an Enterprise Award from the Performing Rights Society – one of only three such awards in Scotland.

From time to time, vacancies occur in all sections of the choir, and tenors and basses are especially welcome. Any singer interested in obtaining further details should contact Bill Wood, the President, on 0131 339 7663. Rehearsals are held on Monday evenings in the Ian Tomlin School of Music at Napier University's Craighouse campus.

**Michael Harris** received his earliest musical education as a chorister of Gloucester Cathedral. He was Organ Scholar of St Peter's College, Oxford, and continued his studies at the Royal College of Music. He studied organ with Nicholas Danby, and has taken part in masterclasses given by, among others, Nicolas Kynaston, Daniel Roth and Piet Kee.

Michael has been Organist and Master of the Music of St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, since November 1996; he is also a Lecturer at the Ian Tomlin School of Music in Napier University, Edinburgh. Prior to moving to Edinburgh he held posts as Sub-Organist of Leeds Parish Church and Assistant Organist of Canterbury Cathedral. As Organist of St Giles' Cathedral he hosts many organ concerts on the famous Rieger organ (built 1992) and his work has involved him in numerous recordings and broadcasts, for both television and radio. A solo recording, *The Organ at St Giles'*, was released in Summer 2002, and under his direction the Cathedral Choir has recently recorded *An Edinburgh Celebration* to mark its first tour of the USA in Autumn 2004.

Elsewhere Michael has given recitals at many venues including Germany, Italy and the USA, as well as in the UK. He has been Musical Director of the Scottish Chamber Choir since 1998. He is also much involved in organ education and is Director of the Edinburgh Organ Academy, an international annual Springtime organ course founded in 1998.

The **Squair Mile Consort of Viols** is a group founded in 1992 and dedicated to the performance of the rich music for viols (violas da gamba) from the 16th to the 18th centuries, including the consort music of William Byrd, Orlando Gibbons, John Jenkins, William Lawes and Purcell, and the chamber music of the early baroque. The Consort has performed in a great variety of venues all over Scotland, and often adds one or more singers to include consort songs and other vocal repertoire. Our next major concert will be in St. Andrews in the Square, Glasgow, on Sunday 29 May.

## The Scottish Chamber Choir

Sopranos	Alison Bishop	Ciara McCullagh
	Rebecca Caskie	Julie Morrice
	Susie Flett	Jenny O'Neill
	Lorraine Fraser	Sasha Salinasova
	Jenny Mackenzie	Adriana Skaraas
	Pauline McClellan	Milda Zinkus
Contraltos	Anne Barker	Alison McCleery
	Jean Brodie	Susan Oliver
	Myra Brown	Susan White
	Rebecca Mair	
Tenors	Robin McLeish	James Verge
	Andrew Polson	Bill Wood
Basses	Mike Arthur	Andrew O'Neill
	John Doyle	Martin Tarr
	Frank Lucas	

## The Squair Mile Consort of Viols

Vickie Hobson	treble and tenor viol
Rebecca Rowe	treble and tenor viol
Ken Thomson	tenor and bass viol
Thomas Munck	tenor and bass viol
	with
Fiona Steven	baroque violin
Sandie Bishop	baroque violin
Robert Lay	bass viol
Philip Sawyer	organ continuo

We hope that you have enjoyed the concert and will wish to hear the choir in the forthcoming Edinburgh concerts:

**Saturday 11th June 2005**  
**St Giles' Cathedral**  
**'Through the Ages'**

Tomás Luis de Victoria *Missa dum complerentur*  
William Byrd *Whitsuntide Gradualia*  
Henryk Górecki *Totus tuus*  
Francis Poulenc *Mass*

Tickets £7 (£5 concessions, under-16s free)

**Sunday 14th August 2005**  
**St Mary's Cathedral**  
**Festival Concert**

Michael Tippett *Negro Spirituals*  
Leonard Bernstein *Chichester Psalms*  
Gabriel Fauré *Requiem*

Tickets £10 (£7 concessions, under-16s free)

**All concerts start at 8:00pm**

Tickets for all concerts may be obtained from members of the Choir or from McAlister Matheson, 1 Grindlay Street, Edinburgh EH3 9AT. Tickets for the St Giles' concerts may also be obtained from the St Giles' Cathedral Shop (0131 226 2998), while tickets for the Festival Concert may also be obtained through the Festival Fringe Society.