



# The EPISCOPAL CHURCH of the EPIPHANY

presents

## The Bach/Biber Project

Year 2

Presentation 4

Sunday, March 23, 2025

4:00 PM

Judith Cox, VIOLIN

Julie Ryder, ORGAN



## Program

### THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS

Luke 23:16, Mark 15:22

As they led him away, they seized a man, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the country, and they laid the cross on him and made him carry it behind Jesus. Then they brought Jesus to the place called Golgotha (which means Place of a Skull).

### Rosary Sonata No. 9

*Sonata*  
*Courante*  
*Double*  
*Finale*

### The Carrying of the Cross



A minor: C, E, A, G  
(G raised a perfect 4<sup>th</sup>,  
D raised a whole step,  
A and E unchanged)

H. I. F. Biber  
(1644-1704)

### *Simon of Cyrene*

Julie Sumner

When the smooth glass of our plans  
is shattered by the flung rock  
of harsh, unimagined demands,  
remind us, Jesus, of your last helper,  
Simon the Cyrenian.

He might have been on his way  
to the temple, rehearsing his litany  
of sins, face gray with tired shame,  
sacrifice fluttering in his hands—  
a gesture never quite enough.

Did you have him in your mind  
at the beginning, before everything,  
before time? Did your love find  
him the way water finds a way  
through stone, washing through him

though the cross still blistered  
his skin and bowed his bones? Help us  
embrace your interruption, Jesus, even  
though our once-lovely plans now are shards,  
painful it may be, it is where you are.

*A time for reflection*

When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. [Then Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing."] And they cast lots to divide his clothing. And the people stood by watching, but the leaders scoffed at him, saying, "He saved others; let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one!" The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine and saying, "If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!" There was also an inscription over him, "This is the King of the Jews."

One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, "Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!" But the other rebuked him, saying, "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong." Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come in your kingdom." He replied, "Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in paradise."

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, while the sun's light failed, and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying out with a loud voice, said, "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit." Having said this, he breathed his last. When the centurion saw what had taken place, he praised God and said, "Certainly this man was innocent." And when all the crowds who had gathered there for this spectacle saw what had taken place, they returned home, beating their breasts. But all his acquaintances, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at a distance watching these things.

## Rosary Sonata No. 10

*Praeludium*  
*Aria*  
*Variatio*  
*Adagio*

## The Crucifixion and Death of Jesus



D minor: G, D, A, D  
(E lowered a whole step)

*The Crucifixion*

Jesus, my gentle Jesus,  
Walking in the dark of the Garden ~  
The Garden of Gethsemane,  
Saying to the three disciples:  
Sorrow is in my soul ~  
Even unto death;  
Tarry ye here a little while,  
And watch with me.  
Jesus, my burdened Jesus,  
Praying in the dark of the Garden ~  
The Garden of Gethsemane.  
Saying: Father,  
Oh, Father,  
This bitter cup,  
This bitter cup,  
Let it pass from me.

Jesus, my sorrowing Jesus,  
The sweat like drops of blood upon  
his brow,  
Talking with his Father,  
While the three disciples slept,  
Saying: Father,  
Oh, Father,  
Not as I will,  
Not as I will,  
But let thy will be done.  
Oh, look at black-hearted Judas ~  
Sneaking through the dark of the  
Garden ~  
Leading his crucifying mob.  
Oh, God!  
Strike him down!  
Why don't you strike him down,  
Before he plants his traitor's kiss  
Upon my Jesus' cheek?

## James Weldon Johnson

And they take my blameless Jesus,  
And they drag him to the Governor,  
To the mighty Roman Governor.  
Great Pilate seated in his hall, ~  
Great Pilate on his judgment seat,  
Said: In this man I find no fault.  
I find no fault in him.  
And Pilate washed his hands.  
But they cried out, saying:  
Crucify him! ~  
Crucify him! ~  
Crucify him! ~  
His blood be on our heads.  
And they beat my loving Jesus,  
They spit on my precious Jesus;  
They dressed him up in a purple robe,  
They put a crown of thorns upon his  
head,  
And they pressed it down ~  
Oh, they pressed it down ~  
And they mocked my sweet King Jesus.

Up Golgotha's rugged road  
I see my Jesus go.  
I see him sink beneath the load,  
I see my drooping Jesus sink.  
And then they laid hold on Simon,  
Black Simon, yes, black Simon;  
They put the cross on Simon,  
And Simon bore the cross.  
On Calvary, on Calvary,  
They crucified my Jesus.  
They nailed him to the cruel tree,  
And the hammer!  
The hammer!  
The hammer!  
Rang through Jerusalem's streets.  
The hammer!  
The hammer!  
The hammer!  
Rang through Jerusalem's streets.

Jesus, my lamb-like Jesus,  
Shivering as the nails go through his  
hands;  
Jesus, my lamb-like Jesus,  
Shivering as the nails go through his  
feet.  
Jesus, my darling Jesus,  
Groaning as the Roman spear plunged  
in his side;  
Jesus, my darling Jesus,  
Groaning as the blood came spurting  
from his wound.  
Oh, look how they done my Jesus.  
Mary,  
Weeping Mary,  
Sees her poor little Jesus on the cross.  
Mary,  
Weeping Mary,  
Sees her sweet, baby Jesus on the cruel  
cross,  
Hanging between two thieves.

And Jesus, my lonesome Jesus,  
Called out once more to his Father,  
Saying:  
My God,  
My God,  
Why hast thou forsaken me?  
And he drooped his head and died.  
And the veil of the temple was split  
in two,  
The midday sun refused to shine,  
The thunder rumbled and the  
lightning wrote  
An unknown language in the sky.  
What a day! Lord, what a day!  
When my blessed Jesus died.  
Oh, I tremble, yes, I tremble,  
It causes me to tremble, tremble,  
When I think how Jesus died;  
Died on the steeps of Calvary,  
How Jesus died for sinners,  
Sinners like you and me.

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**Partita No. 2 in D minor, BWV 1004**

*Allemande*  
*Corrente*  
*Sarabanda*  
*Giga*  
*Ciaccona*

J. S. Bach  
(1685-1750)

For more information, please visit: [www.bachbiberproject.com](http://www.bachbiberproject.com)



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