

(Soldiers)

Haste! Haste! and seize the traitor,
Here no longer let us stay;
Away with the evil-doer,
Drag him quickly to judgment's bay.

(Disciples)

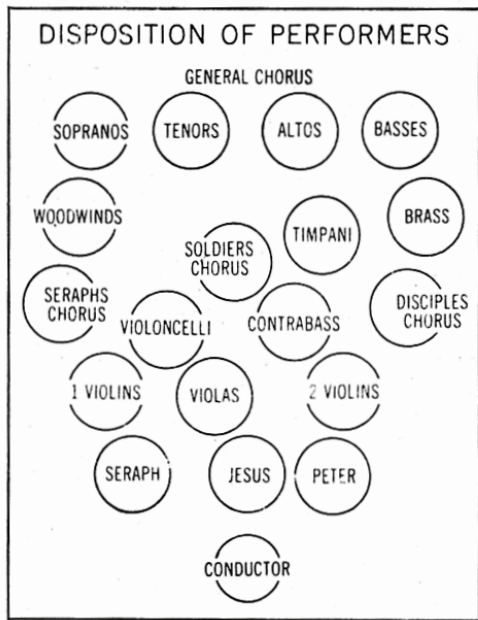
Ah! for his sake we shall suffer,
They will drag us hence away;
They will cast us into bondage,
Martyrdom and death us await.

(Jesus)

All my pain will soon be over,
My redeeming work be done;
Soon will death and hell be vanquished,
And the fight be wholly won.

(Chorus)

Worlds are singing thanks and honor
Of the exalted son of God,
Praise him, ye choirs of angels.
Laud him in holy jubilant tone!



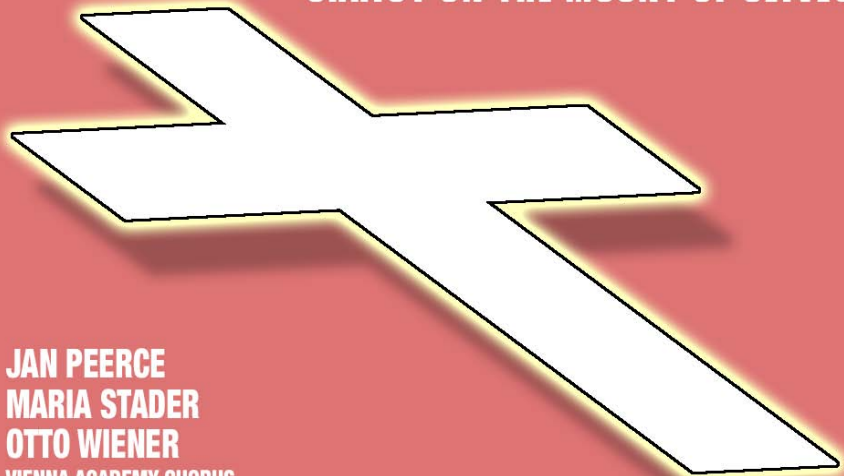
Recorded in Mozart Hall, Vienna
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Produced by Dr. R. Kurt List
Engineers: Adolf Enz
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BEETHOVEN

CHRIST ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES



JAN PEERCE
MARIA STADER
OTTO WIENER
VIENNA ACADEMY CHORUS
VIENNA STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA
HERMAN SCHERCHEN CONDUCTING

LIBRETTO

(Translated to English)

Introduction, Recitative and Aria **Jesus** **Recitative**

Jehova, O my Father,
Send me comfort and give me strength.
Now the hour of my suffering approaches,
Which I chose to meet,
Before the world, at Thy command,
From chaos was wrenched.
I hear the thundering voice of Thy Seraph;
Which cries aloud,
Who will, in place of man,
Before Thy judgment-seat appear?
O Father! I appear at this call.
An intermediary will I be,
Atoning, I alone, for all mankind's guilt.
How could this race, from dust created,
Ever meet a judgment which I,
Thine only Son, can scarce endure?
Behold how fear,
How pains of death, upon my soul have seized.
I suffer greatly, my Father!
I suffer greatly, O comfort me!

Aria

All my soul within me is quaking
At the torments drawing near;
Fear grips me and my members tremble
With an overwhelming fear.
I am gripped like the ague with fear
At the thought of the approaching grave;
And from my forehead, in place of sweat
Drops of blood are falling down.
Father! bow'd with fear and sorrow,
Thy Son appeals to Thee;
With Thy power all is possible,
Take this cup away from me

Recitative, Aria and Chorus **Seraph** **Recitative**

Now tremble, earth, for Jehova's own Son lies here!
Behold Him! in the dust he lies;
By his Father quite forsaken;
Enduring unspeakable pain.
The Holy One! He is prepared
A martyr's cruel death to suffer;
So that the sinners whom He loves,
From death may be resurrected, and enter life eternal!

Praise the Redeemer's goodness;
Mankind, praise His grace;
From love for you he dies,
His blood atones your guilt.
Oh, triumph, all ye ransom'd;
Ye shall bliss attain,
If ye in love unailing,
In faith and hope, remain.
But woe to those dishonoring
The blood which for them was spilled;
A judge's curse awaits them,
And damnation is their lot.

Recitative (Jesus)

Canst thou, O Seraph, now declare
The mercy of My eternal Father?
Will He remove the horror of death from Me?

Seraph

Thus saith Jehovah:
Until is quite fulfilled
the holy mystery of atonement,
so long the race of man,
is deprived and shorn of life eternal.

Duet (Jesus, Seraph)

On me, then, falls the heavy burden,
my Father, of thy judgment;
Pour over me the stream of anguish,
If Thou but Adam's children spare.

Down-stricken do I see the Exalted
In death-throes enshrouded;
I tremble, and myself am feeling
The mortal fear which Him assails.

Great is the pain, the fear, the terror,
Which God's own hand on him/me outpoured;
But greater yet is my/his love
Wherewith my/his heart doth the world embrace.

Recitative (Jesus)

Then welcome, death, which I, on the cross,
Shall suffer bleeding for man's redemption!
Oh! ye who in the cold grave are blessed,
Whom eternal sleep within its arms holds fast,
Joyfully, to bliss ye shall awaken

(Soldiers)

We have seen Him,
Ascending this mountain,
Escape he can not;
Judgment awaits him.

Recitative (Jesus)

They who to take me have been hither sent
Are drawing nigh.
My Father!
Oh, let the hours of pain in rapid flight
Pass me by;
Let them flee, swift as the clouds
That are by a storm wind driven,
Across the sky are borne.
Yet not My will, nay,
Thine rather, be accomplished.

(Soldiers)

Here he is, the outlaw,
Who dares to say in public
That he is Judea's King.
Then seize and bind Him.

(Disciples)

What means this noise and uproar?
We are done for!
Surrounded by cruel soldiers,
What will become of us?
Have mercy, oh, have mercy!

Recitative (Peter)

Not unchastised shall this audacious band
On Thee, O Lord,
My Friend and Master,
Their shameless hands be laying.

(Jesus)

Oh, let thy sword within its sheath remain.
Were it the will of my Father,
From the hands of these my foes to save me,
Then legions of His angels
Would now be sent for my rescue.

Trio (Peter)

In my veins is burning
righteous wrath and zeal,
I would that all my vengeance
Thine impious foes might feel.

(Jesus)

Thou should not ask for vengeance,
For thou hast come to know
That men should love each other,
A and pardon every foe.

(Seraph)

Give ear, O man, and hearken;
Only the one God's mouth
Teaches the holy lore of loving
In deed, and word, and thought.

(Jesus, Seraph)

O sons of men, fulfill,
This holy commandment;
To love whoever hates you,
Only thus will you please God.

(Cont.)

BEETHOVEN

Christ On The Mount Of Olives

VIENNA ACADEMY CHORUS
VIENNA STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA
HERMAN SCHERCHEN CONDUCTING

JAN PEERCE, tenor (*Jesus*) • MARIA STADER, soprano (*Seraph*) • OTTO WIENER, bass (*Peter*)

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|---|---|
| 1) Introduction 6:47 | 6) Recitative (<i>Jesus and Chorus</i>) 4:28 |
| 2) Recitative and Aria (<i>Jesus</i>) 10:20 | 7) Recitative (<i>Jesus and Chorus</i>) 2:05 |
| 3) Recitative and Aria (<i>Seraph and Chorus</i>) 11:45 | 8) Recitative (<i>Jesus and Peter</i>) 1:45 |
| 4) Recitative (<i>Seraph and Jesus</i>) 1:33 | 9) Trio (<i>Jesus, Seraph and Peter</i>) 5:38 |
| 5) Duet (<i>Seraph and Jesus</i>) 8:16 | 10) Final Chorus 8:42 |

Transferred from Westminster 4-track tape

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