

THE ST. OLAF COLLEGE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
presents

Le Chemin de la Croix

Marcel Dupre (1886–1971)

Catherine Rodland and Brian Carson, *organists*

Poetry Recited by Mahalia Marcelin

PROGRAM

LE CHEMIN DE LA CROIX (1911)

Paul Claudel (1868–1955)

Jésus est condamné à mort *Jesus is condemned to death*

Jésus est chargé de la Croix *Jesus receives the Cross*

Jésus tombe sous le poids de sa Croix *Jesus falls under the weight of his Cross*

Jésus rencontre sa mère *Jesus meets his mother*

Simon le Cyrénéen aide Jésus à porter sa Croix *Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus carry his Cross*

Une femme pieuse essuie la face de Jésus *A pious woman wipes the face of Jesus*

Jésus tombe à terre pour la seconde fois *Jesus falls to the ground for the second time*

Jésus console les filles d'Israël qui le suivent *Jesus comforts the daughters of Israel who follow him*

Jésus tombe pour la troisième fois *Jesus falls for the third time*

Jésus est dépouillé de ses vêtements *Jesus is stripped of his clothes*

Jésus est attaché sur la Croix *Jesus is nailed to the Cross*

Jésus meurt sur la Croix *Jesus dies on the Cross*

Jésus est détaché de la Croix *Jesus is taken down from the Cross*
et remis à sa Mère *and given to his Mother*

Jésus est mis dans le sépulcre *Jesus is laid in the tomb*

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PROGRAM NOTES

Le Chemin de la Croix, Opus 29, by the great French organist and improvisateur Marcel Dupré, has its origins in a series of improvisations 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 text and translations contain an English translation of Claudel's poems by Dr. Randolph P. Runyon. Following each poem, in italics, Dupré's short description of each Station from his own recording of the work made in 1958.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

Dr. Randolph Paul Runyon. © Used with permission.

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.

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

FIRST STATION: Jesus is condemned to death

*It is finished. We have judged God and we have
condemned him to death.
We don't want Jesus Christ with us any more,
for he bothers us.
We have no king but Caesar,
no other law than blood and gold!
Crucify him if you want,
but get rid of him! Take him away!
Outcry! Outcry! So Be it! Since it must be done,
let him be sacrificed and give us Barabbas!
Pilate presides at the place called Gabbatha.
"Have you nothing to say?" says Pilate.
And Jesus does not answer.
"I find no evil in this man," says Pilate.
"But let him die, since you insist!
I give him to you.
Behold the man."
Behold him, a crown on his head and purple on his back.
One last time his eyes full of tears and blood look
in our direction!
What can we do?
There is no way we can keep him with us any longer.
As he was a scandal for the Jews, he is nonsense
among us.
Besides, the sentence has been handed down. It is complete,
in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.
And you can see the crowd screaming and the judge
washing his hands.*

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!
 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.

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

TROISIÈME STATION: Jésus tombe sous le poids de sa Croix

On marche! victime et bourreaux à la fois,
 tout s'ébranle le 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!

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.

SECOND STATION: Jesus receives the Cross

*They give him back his clothes and the cross is brought to him.
 "Welcome," says Jesus, "O Cross that I have so long desired!"
 And you, look, Christian, and tremble!
 What a solemn moment when Christ for
 the first time accepts the eternal Cross!
 O the consummation this day of the tree in Eden's Paradise!
 Look, sinner, and see what your sin has done.
 No more crime without God above and no more cross
 without Christ!
 Indeed man's misfortune is great, but we have
 nothing to say,
 For God is now above, who came not to explain but
 to fulfill.
 Jesus receives the Cross as we receive
 the Holy Eucharist:
 "We give him wood in exchange for his bread,"
 as was said by the prophet Jeremiah.
 How long the cross is, and how enormous
 and difficult!
 How hard it is! How rigid!
 And how heavy, the weight of a useless sinner!
 How long it is to carry step by step
 until it is time to die upon it!
 Are you going to carry it all alone, Lord Jesus?
 In my turn, make me patient with the wood that you
 want me to bear.
 For we must carry the cross before
 the cross can carry us.*

THIRD STATION: Jesus falls under the weight of his Cross

*We walk! Victim and executioner both,
 everything moves toward Calvary.
 God, dragged by the neck, suddenly stumbles
 and falls to earth.
 What do you say, Lord, of this first fall?
 And now that you know, what do you think?
 This minute when one falls
 and when the poorly loaded weight throws you down!
 How do you like it, this earth that you made?
 Ah! The road to goodness is not the only one that is rough.
 The one to evil, that one too, is treacherous and steep!
 It is not enough to go straight ahead,
 one has to learn each stone,
 And the foot misses often, though the heart perseveres.
 Ah Lord, by these sacred knees,
 these two knees that have both failed you,
 By the sudden retching and the fall at the beginning of
 the horrible Way,
 By the ambush that succeeded, by the earth that you have taught,
 Save us from the first sin that one commits by surprise!*

QUATRIÈME STATION: Jésus rencontre sa 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 méconnaître.
 Mettez-lui ses pauvres souliers, changez-le de linge et de brassière.
 Quelqu'un vient qui va me le prendre
 et le mettre dans la terre.
 Adieu, mon bon 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.

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 le Cyrénéen aide Jésus à porter sa Croix

L'instant vient où ça ne 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.

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.

SIXIÈME STATION: Une femme pieuse essuie la face 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 cœur, 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!

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

FOURTH STATION: Jesus meets his mother

O mothers who have seen the first and only child die,
 Recall that night, the last one,
 by the little groaning child,
 The water you tried to make him drink, the ice, the thermometer,
 And the death that came little by little and one cannot mistake.
 Put his little shoes on him, change his clothes.
 Someone is coming who will take him away
 and put him in the ground.
 Goodbye, my little child! Goodbye, O child of my flesh!
 The fourth Station of the Cross is Mary who has accepted it all.
 There at the next corner is the Treasure of all Poverty.
 Her eyes have no tears at all, her mouth is dry.
 She says not a word and beholds Jesus as he comes.
 She accepts. She accepts again.
 The cry
 Is severely repressed in her strong and austere heart.
 She says not a word and beholds Jesus Christ.
 The Mother beholds her Son, the Church its Redeemer.
 Her soul rushes to him violently like the cry
 of a dying soldier!
 She stands before God and offers him her soul to read,
 There is nothing in her heart that refuses or draws back,
 Not a fiber in her pierced heart that does not accept and consent.
 And like God himself who is there, she is present.
 She accepts and beholds her Son that she conceived in her breast.
 She says not a word and beholds the Holy of Holies.

FIFTH STATION: Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus carry his Cross

The instant comes when it is unbearable
 and one can advance no further.
 It is there that we find a connection and you allow us
 To be put to use, even by force, for the sake of your Cross.
 Such was Simon the Cyrene who is harnessed to this piece of wood.
 He grasps it solidly and walks behind Jesus.
 So that nothing of the Cross would drag the ground and be lost.

SIXTH STATION: A pious woman wipes the face of Jesus

All the disciples have fled, Peter himself denies with eagerness!
 When the insulting is at its height and in the center of death a woman
 Throws herself forward and finds Jesus
 and takes his face in her hands.
 Teach us, Veronica, to defy human respect.
 For he to whom Jesus Christ is not only
 an image, but real,
 To other men immediately becomes disagreeable and suspect.
 The plan of his life is backwards, his motivations are not theirs.
 There is always something in him that escapes
 and is elsewhere.
 An accomplished man who says his rosary
 and goes to confession,
 Who fasts on Friday and whom one sees among
 the women at mass,
 That makes people laugh and is shocking, that is funny
 and irritating too.
 He had better watch what he does, for he is being watched.
 He had better watch each step, for he is a sign.
 For every Christian is the true though
 unworthy image of his Christ.
 And the face he shows is the trivial reflection
 Of this face of God in his heart, abominable and triumphant!
 Let us behold it yet again, Veronica,
 On the sheet where you collected it, the face of the Holy Viaticum.
 This veil of pious linen where Veronica concealed
 The face of the Harvester the day of intoxication,
 So that his image would be eternally there,
 That is made of his blood, his tears, and our spitting!

**SEPTIÈME STATION: Jésus tombe à terre
pour la seconde 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
C'est pourquoi on étend les deux bras
à la fois comme quelqu'un qui nage!
Ce n'est plus sur les genoux qu'on tombe, c'est sur le visage.
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.

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

**HUITIÈME STATION: Jésus console les filles
d'Israël qui le suivent**

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?

*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.*

NEUVIÈME STATION: Jésus tombe pour la 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.

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

**SEVENTH STATION: Jesus falls to the ground
for the second time**

*It is not the stone under the foot, nor the halter
Pulled too tight, it is the soul that suddenly falters.
The middle of our life! The fall spontaneously made!
When the compass no longer has a pole and faith a firmament,
Because the road is long and because the destination is far,
Because one is all alone and there is no consolation.
Length of time! Disgust that grows in secret
For the inflexible injunction and this wooden companion!
That is why one extends the two arms
at the same time like someone swimming.
This time it is not on the knees that one falls but on the face,
The body falls, it is true, and the soul at the same time consents.
Save us from the Second fall in which one
willingly engages out of boredom.*

**EIGHTH STATION: Jesus comforts the daughters
of Israel who follow him**

*Before he climbs the hill for the last time,
Jesus raises his finger and turns to the people
accompanying him,
Some poor weeping women with children
in their arms.
And we, let us not behold only, let us listen to Jesus, for he is there.
It is not a man who raises his finger in the middle
of this poor illustration,
It is God who for our salvation has not suffered
in just a painting
For the man is God Almighty, it is really true!
There was a day when God suffered that for us, in fact!
What then is it, the danger from which we have been
redeemed at such a price?
Is man's salvation so simple an affair that the Son
To accomplish it is obliged to tear himself from the heart of the Father?
If he goes to Heaven, what then is Hell?
What will they do with the dry wood if they do this to the green?*

NINTH STATION: Jesus falls for the third time

*"I have fallen again, and this time, it is the end.
I would like to get up but there is no way.
For they have squeezed me like a fruit and the man that I
have on my back is too heavy.
I have done evil, and the dead man with me is too heavy!
Let us die then, for it is easier to lie on our stomach than to stand,
Less easy to live than to die, and on the cross than beneath it."
Save us from the Third sin that is despair!
Nothing is yet lost as long as death remains to drink!
And I am done with this wood, but the iron awaits!
Jesus falls a third time, but it is on the summit
of Calvary.*

DIXIÈME STATION: Jésus est dépouillé 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
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 cieux.
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!

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.

ONZIÈME STATION: Jésus est attaché 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 le 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 pressoir, il est affreusement équarri.
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.

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.

TENTH STATION: Jesus is stripped of his clothes

*This is the threshing floor for the celestial wheat.
The Father is naked, the veil of the Temple is torn.
The hand is raised against God, the Flesh of Flesh shudders,
The Universe, struck at its root, trembles to the depth
of its entrails!*

*We, because they have taken the tunic and the seamless robe,
We lift our eyes and dare to behold Jesus in total purity.
They have left you nothing, Lord, they took it all,
The clothing that clings to the flesh, as today
They tear the cowl from the monk and the veil
from the consecrated virgin.*

*They have taken it all, he has nothing left to hide in.
He is defenseless, he is naked as a worm,
He is given over to all men and exposed.*

*What, that is your Jesus! He's laughable.
He is covered with bruises and filth,
He's a matter for the men in white coats and the police.*

*Grotesque beasts have besieged me.
Deliver me, O Lord, from the mouth of the dog.
He is not the Christ. He is not the Son of Man.
He is not God.*

*His evangelist is a liar and his Father is not in heaven.
He is a madman! An imposter! Make him speak!
Make him shut up!*

*Anne's valet slaps him and Renan gives him a kiss.
They took it all. But the scarlet blood remains.
They took it all. But the open wound remains!
God is hidden. But the man of sorrow remains.
God is hidden. But my weeping brother remains!*

*By your humiliation, Lord, by your shame,
Have pity on the conquered, on the weak overcome by the strong.
Have pity on all those who are torn apart!
On the child who has undergone three operations
and whom the doctor encourages,*

*And on the poor injured man whose bandages are changed,
On the shamed husband, on the son by his dying mother,
And on this terrible love that must be torn from our heart!*

ELEVENTH STATION: Jesus is nailed to the Cross

*Now God is no longer with us. He has been brought to earth.
The pack piled upon his throat like a stag.
So you came! You are truly with us, Lord!
They sit upon you, they hold their knee against your heart.
This hand the executioner twists, it is the right hand of the Almighty.
They have tied the Lamb by his feet, they attach the Omnipresent.
They make a chalk-mark on the cross for his height and breadth.
And when he tastes our nails, we'll see what face he makes.
Eternal Son, whose limit is your Infinity alone,
Here among us is that narrow
place you coveted!*

*Here is Elijah lying down in death,
Here is Elijah, the throne of David and the glory of Solomon,
Here is the bed of our love with You, powerful and hard!
It is difficult for a God to adapt to our measurement.
They pull and the half-dislocated body cracks and cries out.
He is strained like a wine-press, he is drawn and quartered.
So that the Prophet might be justified who predicted it in these words:
"They pierced my hands and feet.
They numbered my bones."*

*You are taken, Lord, and cannot escape any more.
You are nailed on the cross by the hands and the feet.
I have nothing more to look for in heaven with
the heretic and the madman.
This God held between four nails is enough for me.*

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 criez: *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?

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.

TREIZIÈME STATION: Jésus est détaché de la Croix et remis à sa Mère

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 sépulcre et la myrrhe,
 Elle est le prêtre et l'autel et le vase et le Cénacle.
 Ici finit la Croix et commence le Tabernacle.

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

QUATORZIÈME STATION: Jésus est mis dans le sépulcre

Le tombeau où le Christ qui est mort ayant souffert est mis,
 Le trou à la hâte descellé pour qu'il y dorme 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 cœur 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!

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.

TWELFTH STATION: Jesus dies on the Cross

He was suffering just a moment ago,
 it is true, but now he is going to die.
 The Great Cross in the night moves slightly
 with the God who breathes.
 Everything is there.
 There is nothing more to be done than to let the Instrument do its work,
 Which inexhaustibly from the conjunction of the double nature
 From the source of the body and of the soul
 and of the substance, presses and draws out
 All the possibility there is within him to suffer.
 He is all alone like Adam when he was alone in Eden.
 For three hours he is alone and tastes the Wine,
 The invincible ignorance of man in the retreat from God!
 Our guest is weighed down and his forehead bends little by little.
 He no longer sees his Mother and his Father is abandoning him.
 He slowly tastes the cup and the death that is poisoning him.
 Have You not had enough of this bitter wine mixed with water,
 Enough for You to straighten up suddenly and cry out: "I thirst?"
 Are you thirsty, Lord? Are You talking to me?
 Do you still need me and my sins?
 Is it I who am missing before all can be accomplished?

THIRTEENTH STATION: Jesus is taken down from the Cross and given to his Mother

Here the Passion is at an end and the Compassion continues.
 Christ is no longer on the Cross, he is with Mary
 who has received him:
 As she accepted him as promised, she receives him accomplished.
 The Christ who suffered in the eyes of all
 is hidden in Mary's breast.
 The Church takes charge of its beloved in its arms forever.
 What is of God, and what is of the Mother,
 and what man has made,
 All that under her cloak is with her forever.
 She took him, she sees, she touches, she prays, she weeps,
 she admires!
 She is the shroud and the ointment, she is the sepulcher and the myrrh,
 She is the priest and the altar and the vessel and the Cenacle.
 Here the Cross ends and the Tabernacle begins.

FOURTEENTH STATION: Jesus is laid in the tomb

The tomb where Christ who died and suffered is placed,
 The hole hastily sealed so that he may sleep at night,
 Before the pierced one is resurrected and ascends to the Father,
 It is not only this new tomb, it is my flesh,
 It is man, your creature, deeper than the earth!
 Now that his heart is open and now
 that his hands are pierced,
 There is no longer with us any cross where his body is not adapted,
 There is no more sin in us where the wound does not correspond!
 Come then from the altar where you are hidden to us,
 Savior of the world!
 Lord, how open your creature is and how deep!

About the Artists

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. 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 and often tours with the St. Olaf Choir. Catherine presented a series of recitals in Boe Chapel featuring the complete organ symphonies of Louis Vierne, after spending a sabbatical leave researching organs in Paris. Recently, Catherine has been developing a program of works by female and under-represented composers, publishing an article in *The American Organist* magazine about the research project “Discovering New Voices” done by St. Olaf organ students in the spring of 2022.

Dr. Rodland has recorded two CDs: *Dedication* on the Nichols and Simpson Organ at West Side Presbyterian Church in Ridgewood, New Jersey and *American Weavings* with violist and duo partner Carol Rodland. 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.

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 appointed Choirmaster-Organist of The Church of St. Louis, King of France, in 2003. 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. From 2020–2023, he was the Director of Music at Saint John the Baptist Church in Jordan, MN, and has been the Director of Music and Organist at Nativity of Our Lord in St. Paul, MN, since 2023. Mr. Carson is married to Dr. Catherine Rodland.