

# A MEDITATION ON THE PASSION

DIETRICH BUXTEHUDE

## MEMBRA JESU NOSTRI

*humillima Totius Cordis Devotione decantata*

## THE LIMBS OF OUR JESUS

*sung whole-heartedly in the humblest devotion*

*(as inscribed by the composer on the original title page)*

TRINITY EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL  
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

PALM SUNDAY  
MARCH 28, 2021  
4:00 P.M.

*Officiant:* Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.

*People:* Hosanna in the highest.

*Officiant:* Burnt offerings and sacrifice for sin hast thou not required: then I said, "Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfill thy will, O my God."

*Officiant:* I will receive the cup of salvation

*People:* And call upon the name of the Lord

*Officiant:* Almighty and everliving God, who, of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son our Savior Jesus Christ to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility: Mercifully grant that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

*What We Behold On the Cross - St. Augustine*

As they were looking on, so we too gaze on his wounds as he hangs. We see his blood as he dies. We see the price offered by the redeemer, touch the scars of his resurrection. He bows his head, as if to kiss you. His heart is made bare open, as it were, in love to you. His arms are extended that he may embrace you. His whole body is displayed for your redemption. Ponder how great these things are. Let all this be rightly weighed in your mind: as he was once fixed to the cross in every part of his body for you, so he may now be fixed in every part of your soul.

**Ad pedes** (To the feet)

Sonata

Chorus

*Ecce super montes  
pedes evangelizantis  
et annunciantis pacem*

Aria (Soprano)

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

Aria (Soprano)

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

Aria (Bass)

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

Chorus (da capo: *Ecce super montes*)

Chorus (da capo: *Salve mundi salutare*)

**[In nomine Jesu]**

Behold, upon the mountains  
the feet of one bringing good news  
and proclaiming peace.

Hail, salvation of the world,  
Hail, hail, dear Jesus!  
On your cross would I hang  
truly, you know why;  
give me your strength.

The nails in your feet, the hard blows  
and grievous marks  
I embrace with love,  
fearful at the sight of you,  
mindful of your wounds.

Sweet Jesus, merciful God  
I cry to You, in my guilt  
Show me Your grace,  
Turn me not unworthy away  
From Your sacred feet.

Behold, upon the mountains . . .

Hail, salvation of the world . . .

*Officiant:* Behold the Lamb of God  
*People:* That takest away the sin of the world.  
*Officiant:* The chastisement of our peace was upon him  
*People:* And with his stripes we are healed.  
*Officiant:* Almighty God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy but first he suffered pain, and entered not into glory before he was crucified: Mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the cross, may find it none other that the way of life and peace; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

extract from *Four Quartets: Little Gidding* - T.S. Eliot

If you came this way,  
 Taking any route, starting from anywhere,  
 At any time or at any season,  
 It would always be the same: you would have to put off  
 Sense and notion. You are not here to verify,  
 Instruct yourself, or inform curiosity  
 Or carry report. You are here to kneel  
 Where prayer has been valid. And prayer is more  
 Than an order of words, the conscious occupation  
 Of the praying mind, or the sound of the voice praying.  
 And what the dead had no speech for, when living,  
 They can tell you, being dead: the communication  
 Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living.

### **Ad genua** (To the knees)

Sonata

Chorus

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

You will be brought to nurse  
 and dandled on the knees

Aria (Tenor)

*Salve Jesu, rex sanctorum,  
 spes votiva peccatorum,  
 crucis ligno tanquam reus,  
 pendens homo versus Deus,  
 caducis nutans genibus.*

Hail Jesus, King of Saints  
 Hope of sinners' prayers,  
 like an offender on the wood of the cross,  
 a man hanging, true God,  
 Bending on failing knees!

Aria (Alto)

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

What answer shall I give You,  
 Vile as I am in deed, hard in my heart?  
 How shall I repay Your love,  
 Who chose to die for me  
 Lest I die the second death?

Aria (Soprano, Bass)

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

That I may seek You with pure heart,  
 Be my first care,  
 It is no labour nor shall I be loaded down:  
 But I shall be cleansed,  
 When I embrace You.

Chorus (da capo: *Ad ubera portabimini*)

You will be brought to nurse . . .

*Officiant:* Let us search and try our ways,

*People:* And turn again unto the Lord.

*Officiant:* Let us lift up our heart with our hands

*People:* Unto God in the heavens.

*Officiant:* O God, who by the passion of thy blessed Son didst make an instrument of shameful death to be unto us the means of life: Grant us so to glory in the cross of Christ, that we may gladly suffer shame and loss for the sake of thy Son our Savior Jesus Christ; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

*E Tenebris - Oscar Wilde*

Come down, O Christ, and help me! reach thy hand,  
 For I am drowning in a stormier sea  
 Than Simon on thy lake of Galilee:  
 The wine of life is spilt upon the sand,  
 My heart is as some famine-murdered land,  
 Whence all good things have perished utterly,  
 And well I know my soul in Hell must lie  
 If I this night before God's throne should stand.  
 'He sleeps perchance, or rideth to the chase,  
 Like Baal, when his prophets howled that name  
 From morn to noon on Carmel's smitten height.'  
 Nay, peace, I shall behold before the night,  
 The feet of brass, the robe more white than flame,  
 The wounded hands, the weary human face.

**Ad manus** (To the hands)

Sonata

Chorus

*Quid sunt plagae istae  
 in medio manuum tuarum?.*

What are those wounds  
 in the midst of Your hands?

Aria (Soprano)

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

Hail, Jesus, good shepherd,  
 wearied in agony,  
 tormented on the cross  
 nailed to the cross  
 Your sacred hands stretched out.

Aria (Soprano)

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

Holy hands, I embrace you,  
 and, lamenting, I delight in you,  
 I give thanks for the terrible wounds,  
 the hard nails, the holy drops,  
 shedding tears with kisses.

Aria (Alto, Tenor, Bass)

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

Washed in Your blood  
 I wholly entrust myself to You;  
 may these holy hands of Yours  
 defend me, Jesus Christ,  
 in the final dangers.

Chorus (da capo: *Quid sunt plagae istae*)

What are those wounds . . .

*Officiant:* Love is strong as death,

*People:* Passion fierce as the grave.

*Officiant:* Its flashes are flashes of fire, a raging flame.

*People:* Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it.

*Officiant:* O Lord God, whose blessed Son our Savior gave his back to the smiters and hid not his face from shame: Give us grace to take joyfully the sufferings of the present time, in full assurance of the glory that shall be revealed; through the same Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

*Via Negativa* - R.S. Thomas

Why no! I never thought other than  
That God is that great absence  
In our lives, the empty silence  
Within, the place where we go  
Seeking, not in hope to  
Arrive or find. He keeps the interstices  
In our knowledge, the darkness  
Between stars. His are the echoes  
We follow, the footprints he has just  
Left. We put our hands in  
His side hoping to find  
It warm. We look at people  
And places as though he had looked  
At them, too; but miss the reflection.

### **Ad latus** (To the sides)

Sonata

Chorus

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

Arise, my love,  
my beautiful one, and come,  
my dove in the clefts of the rock,  
in the hollow of the cliff.

Aria (Soprano)

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

Hail, side of the Saviour,  
in which the honey of sweetness is hidden,  
in which the power of love is exposed,  
from which gushes the spring of blood  
that cleans the dirty hearts.

Aria (Alto, Tenor, Bass)

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

Lo I approach You,  
Pardon, Jesus, if I sin,  
With reverent countenance  
freely I come to You  
to behold Your wounds.

Aria (Soprano)

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

In the hour of death, may my soul  
Enter, Jesus, Your side  
Hence dying may it go into You,  
Lest the cruel lion seize it,  
But let it dwell with You.

Chorus (da capo: *Surge, amica mea*)

Arise, my love . . .

*Officiant:* I give you a new commandment:

*People:* Love one another as I have loved you.

*Officiant:* By this shall the world know that you are my disciples:

*People:* That you have love for one another.

*Officiant:* Almighty Father, whose dear Son, on the night before he suffered, instituted the Sacrament of his Body and Blood: Mercifully grant that we may thankfully receive the same in remembrance of him who in these holy mysteries giveth us a pledge of life eternal, the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord; who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit ever, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

extract from *Four Quartets: Little Gidding* - T.S. Eliot

The dove descending breaks the air  
With flame of incandescent terror  
Of which the tongues declare  
The one discharge from sin and error.  
The only hope, or else despair  
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre-  
To be redeemed from fire by fire.

Who then devised the torment? Love.  
Love is the unfamiliar Name  
Behind the hands that wove  
The intolerable shirt of flame  
Which human power cannot remove.  
We only live, only suspire  
Consumed by either fire or fire.

## **Ad pectus** (To the breast)

Sonata

Chorus

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

Like newborn infants,  
long for the guileless milk of reason,  
that by it you may grow into salvation,  
if indeed you have tasted  
that the Lord is good.

Aria (Alto)

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

Hail God, my salvation,  
sweet Jesus, my beloved,  
hail, breast to be revered,  
to be touched with trembling,  
dwelling of love.

Aria (Tenor)

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

Give me a clean breast,  
ardent, pious, moaning,  
an abnegated will,  
always conforming to You,  
with an abundance of virtues.

Aria (Bass)

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

Hail, true temple of God,  
I pray, have mercy on me,  
You, the ark of all that is good,  
make me be placed with the chosen,  
rich vessel, God of all.

Chorus (da capo: *Sicut modo geniti*)

Like newborn infants . . .

- Officiant:* We glory in your cross, O Lord, and praise and glorify your holy resurrection;  
*People:* For by virtue of your cross joy has come to the whole world.  
*Officiant:* May God be merciful to us and bless us,  
*People:* Show us the light of his countenance, and come to us.  
*Officiant:* Let your ways be known upon earth, your saving health among all nations.  
*People:* Let the peoples praise you, O God; let all the peoples praise you.  
*Officiant:* Almighty God, we beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given into the hands of sinners, and to suffer death upon the cross; who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

*The Key - Christina Georgina Rossetti*

Love is the key of life and death,  
of hidden heavenly mystery:  
of all Christ is, of all he saith,  
Love is the key.

As three times to his saint he saith,  
he saith to me, he saith to thee,  
breathing his grace-conferring breath:  
'Lovest thou me?'

Ah, Lord, I have such feeble faith,  
such feeble hope to comfort me:  
but love it is, is strong as death  
and I love thee.

## **Ad cor** (To the heart)

Sonata

Chorus

*Vulnerasti cor meum,  
soror mea, sponsa,  
vulnerasti cor meum.*

You have wounded my heart,  
my sister, my bride,  
You have wounded my heart.

Aria (Soprano)

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

Heart of the highest king, I greet You,  
I salute You with a joyous heart,  
it delights me to embrace You  
and my heart aspires to this:  
that You move me to speak to You.

Aria (Soprano)

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

Through the marrow of my heart,  
of a sinner and culprit,  
may Your love be conveyed  
by whom Your heart was seized,  
languishing through the wound of love.

Aria (Bass)

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

I call with the living voice of the heart,  
sweet heart, for I love You,  
to incline to my heart,  
so that it may commit itself to you  
in the breast devoted to You.

Chorus (da capo: *Vulnerasti cor meum*)

You have wounded my heart . . .

*Officiant:* We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you,

*People:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

*Officiant:* If we have died with him, we shall also live with him;

*People:* If we endure, we shall also reign with him.

*Officiant:* O God, Creator of heaven and earth: Grant that, as the crucified body of thy dear Son was laid in the tomb and rested on this holy Sabbath, so we may await with him the coming of the third day, and rise with him to newness of life; who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

extract from *Hymn to God, My God, in My Sickness* - John Donne

Since I am coming to that holy room,  
Where, with thy choir of saints for evermore,  
I shall be made thy music; as I come  
I tune the instrument here at the door,  
And what I must do then, think here before.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,  
Christ's cross, and Adam's tree, stood in one place;  
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;  
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,  
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So, in his purple wrapp'd, receive me, Lord;  
By these his thorns, give me his other crown;  
And as to others' souls I preach'd thy word,  
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own:  
"Therefore that he may raise, the Lord throws down."

#### **Ad faciem** (To the face)

Sonata

Chorus

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

Let Your face shine upon Your servant,  
save me in Your mercy.

Aria (Alto, Tenor, Bass)

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

Hail, bloodied head,  
all crowned with thorns,  
beaten, wounded,  
struck with a cane,  
the face soiled with spit.

Aria (Alto)

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

When I must die,  
do not then be away from me,  
in the anxious hour of death  
come, Jesus, without delay,  
protect me and set me free!

Aria (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass)

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

When You command me to depart,  
dear Jesus, then appear,  
O lover to be embraced,  
then show Yourself  
on the cross that brings salvation.

Chorus: Amen.

Amen.

Christ has no body now but yours. No hands, no feet on earth but yours. Yours are the eyes through which he looks compassion on this world. Yours are the feet with which he walks to do good. Yours are the hands through which he blesses all the world. Yours are the hands, yours are the feet, yours are the eyes, you are his body. Christ has no body now on earth but yours.

Attributed to Teresa of Avila