

A Kalmus Classic Edition

Ludwig van
BEETHOVEN

CHRISTUS AM OELBERGE

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

Opus 85

for Soprano, Tenor and Bass Soli,
Chorus and Orchestra
with German text
and English text in preface

CHORAL SCORE

K 06076



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MOUNT OF OLIVES.

—INTRODUCTION.

—RECITATIVE.

Jesus.

My Father, O my Father, be Thou my comfort, give me strength to bear.

Now is the hour approaching when I suffer. I chose to meet this hour, before the world, at Thy command, in order newly stood. I hearken to the voices of Thy Seraphs; they cry aloud, Who will, in place of man, before Thy judgment-seat appear?

O Father! I appear at this their call. A Saviour will I be, atoning, I alone, for all mankind. How could this feeble race, from dust created, ever meet a judgment which I, Thine only Son, can scarce endure?

Behold how fearfulness, how pains of death, upon my soul have seized.

My heart is faint, my Father, O comfort me!

—ARIA.

All my soul within me shudders
At the torments drawing near;
And my members greatly tremble
With an overwhelming fear.

I am full of heavy sorrow
At the thought of mortal pain;
Drops of blood, the sweat of anguish,
From my forehead fall like rain.

Father! bow'd with fear and sorrow,
Lifts Thy Son his prayer to Thee;
By Thy power to save unbounded,
Take this cup away from me.

—RECITATIVE.

Seraph.

Now tremble, Nature, for this is God's own Son! Behold him! on the earth he lies; of his Father quite forsaken; enduring unspeakable pain. The Holy One! He is prepared a bitter cruel death to suffer; that so the sinners whom he loves, from death may be delivered, and enter life eterna!

—ARIA.

Praise the Redeemer's goodness;
Mankind, proclaim His grace:
He dies in loving-kindness,
To save your sinful race.

Oh, triumph, all ye ransom'd;
Ye shall to bliss attain,
If ye in love unfailing,
In faith and hope, remain.

But woe to those despising
The blood for them pour'd out;
A curse from God awaits them,
And judgment is their lot.

—SOLO AND CHORUS

Oh, triumph, all ye ransom'd!
Ye shall to bliss attain,
If ye in love unfailing,
In faith and hope remain.

But woe to those despising
The blood for them pour'd out;
A curse from God awaits them,
And judgment is their lot.

—RECITATIVE.

Jesus.

Canst thou, O Seraph, now declare the mercy of my heavenly Father? Will He remove the fear of death from me?

Seraph.

Thus saith Jehovah: Until is quite fulfilled the mystery of death to make atonement, so long the race of man is cast away, deprived of any part in life eternal.

—DUET.

Jesus

On me, then, fall Thy heavy judgment;
Its weight, my Father, let me bear;
On me be pour'd the stream of anguish,
If Thou but Adam's children spare.

Seraph.

Down-stricken do I see the Great One
For grief and pain his spirit fails:
I tremble, and myself am feeling
The mortal fear which him assails.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Both.

Though great the pain, the grief, the terror,
From God's own hand on { him } outpour'd ;
Yet greater far the love and mercy
Wherewith his heart doth man regard.

—RECITATIVE.

Jesus.

Then welcome, death, which I shall suffer,
for man's redemption, on the cross. Oh ! ye
who in the cold grave are lying, whom eternal
sleep within its arms holds fast, ye shall rejoice,
to bliss ye shall awaken.

—CHORUS.

Soldiers.

We surely here shall find him,
And take and safely bind him,
Escape is quite in vain ;
Yea, this deceiver shall be slain.

—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

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 over me ; let them fly swift as the
clouds, by a storm wind driven, across the sky
are borne.

Yet, not my will, nay, Thine rather, be
accomplished.

Soldiers.

Behold him, the deceiver, who dares to say
that he is King instead of Cæsar. Then seize
and bind him fast

Disciples.

What means this crowd and tumult ? Our
deadly foes are nigh us ! with cruel soldiers
round us, ah, whither can we fly ? 'Tis in
vain, we cannot fly ! Have mercy, oh, have
mercy.

—RECITATIVE.

Peter.

Not unchastised shall this audacious baïd
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 heavenly Father from
out the hands of these my foes to save me,
more than twelve legions of His angels would
now be sent for my defence.

—TRIO.

Peter.

Mine inmost heart is burning
With righteous wrath and zeal,
I would that all my vengeance
Thine impious foes might feel.

Jesus.

Thou shouldst not ask for vengeance,
For thou hast come to know
That men should love each other,
And pardon ev'ry foe.

Seraph.

Give ear, O man, and hearken ;
By God alone is taught
The holy lore of loving
In deed, and word, and thought.

Jesus and Seraph.

O sons of men, with gladness
This holy law fulfil ;
To love whoe'er may hate you,
As God Himself doth will.

—CHORUS.

Soldiers.

Haste ! and seize upon the traitor,
Here no longer let us stay ;
Death awaits the evil-doer,
Drag him quickly hence away.

Disciples.

Ah ! for his sake we shall suffer,
They will drag us hence away ;
They will cast us into bondage,
And our Master they will slay.

RECITATIVE.

Jesus.

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

—CHORUS.

Hallelujah unto God's Almighty Son !
Praise the Lord, ye bright angelic choirs, in
holy songs of joy.
Man, proclaim His grace and glory ! Hallelujah !

CHRISTUS AM OELBERGE.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

Op. 85.

Nº 1. Introduzione.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of music. The first system is marked *Grave.* and *Adagio.* and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a *cresc.* (crescendo) and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The third system includes a *f* (forte) dynamic, a *pp semplice* (pianissimo semplice) dynamic, and another *cresc.* marking. The fourth system is marked *pp* and *ff* (fortissimo). The fifth system concludes with a *p* dynamic and a *cresc.* marking. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.