

Don Freund

Five Chorales
from
PASSION WITH TROPES

Freundworks Publishing

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Five Chorales from PASSION WITH TROPES (1983)

PASSION WITH TROPES is a collage of various music, theatre, and music-theatre experiences, using a collage of texts about religion, love, death, and the experience of human existence. It may be described as a theatre work about the experience of attending an oratorio (or, more specifically, a Passion). But the medium of the oratorio is supplemented or challenged by the invasion of other musical and dramatic media (e.g., chamber songs, pop songs, excerpts from plays, poetry recitations, philosophical declarations, sermons, processions) just as the scriptural telling of the Passion story is convoluted, supplemented, and challenged by texts from the works of over 40 poets, playwrights, and philosophers. (The word trope has a double meaning: in one sense, the use of a word or expression in a figurative way; in another, better known to students of music history, a phrase or verse added as an embellishment or interpolation to sung parts of the Mass in the medieval period.)

The performing forces for PASSION WITH TROPES consist of the traditional oratorio forces of chorus, orchestra and a quartet of "oratorio" vocal soloists, but these are counterpointed (or "troped") by supplementary forces: a quartet of "chamber" vocal soloists, a woodwind quintet, a string quintet, a brass quintet, a trio of guitar, piano and vibraphone, solo percussion, a chant choir, a jazz ensemble with four "pop" singers, six actors and a narrator. Although the numbers performed by these adjunct forces are integral to the formal and dramatic structure of the complete work (which consists of 72 numbers and is nearly three hours long), they have been conceived in such a way as to make them performable either as individual numbers, or in groups, such as the collection presented here.

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Five Chorales from PASSION WITH TROPES (1983)

Chorale of the Bread
from "Barnfloor and Winepress" by Gerard Manley Hopkins
SATB Chorus

Thou that on sin's wages starvest,
Behold we have the joy in harvest:
For us was gather'd the first-fruits,
For us was lifted from the roots,
Sheaved in cruel hands, bruised sore,
Scourged upon the threshing floor;
Where the upper mill-stone roof'd His head,
At morn we found the heavenly Bread,
And on a thousand Altars laid,
Christ our Sacrifice is made.

Chorale of the Blood
from "The Agonie" by George Herbert
for SATB chorus

Who would know love, let him essay
And taste that juice which on the crosse a pike
Did set again abroach: Then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as bloud, but I as wine.

Ballad of the Trees and the Master
by Sidney Lanier
SSATB Chorus and Roto-Toms

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him — last
When out of the woods He came.

Song with Bach Chorale

from "God and Man" by Richard Eberhart
Pop Baritone and Piano with SATB Chorus

My grandmother said I was an atheist
God said I was a man.
My father took me by the hand,
My mother vanished in a mist.

In the rich stores of the ether
The future was seen as the past,
Flesh was aerial prescience,
And the devil was seen last.

In time you have no grandmother
For ancient earth recedes.
Your father and your mother go,
But God says, you are a man.

Between budding leaf and blue sky
Angels of mercy were spreading,
Like bees around the cider-press
Diffusing this blood with murmurousness.

The angels were the archetypes.
Would go away while devils overcame
Time, and chased the crooked years,
You still lusting after evil.

Every one a father and a mother has
And every one more ancient staffs,
Yet all lose even loss itself
When God says, you are Man.

For man precedes his knowledge
Aroused within his variant myth,
A stalwart, fiery with animus
Whose death is only another dream.

And God has the deep justice,
And God has the last laugh.
To be God God needs man
As man needs God to be man.

Bach Chorale (from St. John Passion):
Petrus, der nicht denkt zurück

Peter, while his conscience slept,
Thrice denied his Saviour,
When it woke he bitter wept,
At his base behavior.
Jesus, let me not forget;
True devotion teach me;
When on evil I am set,
Through my conscience reach me.

Pieta Chorale

(Anonymous 15th Century)
SATB chorus with chorus soloists

Lully, lulley, lully, lulley,
The fawcon hath born my make away.
He bare hym up, he bare hym down,
He bare hym into an orchard browne.
In that orchard there was an halle
That was hangid with purpill and pall.
And in that hall there was a bede;
Hit was hangid with gold so rede.
And yn that bed there lyeth a knight,
His wowndis bledying day and nyght.
By that bedeside kneleth a may,
And she wepeth both nyght and day.
And by that bedeside there stondith a ston,
"Corpus Christi" wretyn theron.

Chorale of the Bread

SATB Chorus a cappella

(composed 1983)

Exuberant! (♩ = 208)

Thou that on sin's wa-ges star-vest, Be-hold we have the joy in har-vest:
Thou that on sin's wa-ges star-vest, Be-hold we have the joy in har-vest:
Thou that on sin's wa-ges star-vest, Be-hold we have the joy in har-vest:
Thou that on sin's wa-ges star-vest, Be-hold we have the joy in har-vest:

8
For us was ga-ther'd the first-fruits, For us was lif-ted
For us was ga-ther'd the first-fruits, For us was lif-ted
For us was ga-ther'd the first-fruits, For us was lif-ted
For us was ga-ther'd first-fruits, For us was lif-ted

13
from the roots, Sheaved, sheaved in cru-el, cru-el hands,
from the roots, Sheaved, sheaved in cru-el, cru-el hands,
from the roots, Sheaved, sheaved in cru-el, cru-el hands,
from the roots, Sheaved, sheaved in cru-el, cru-el hands,

18
mp *f*
brui-sed sore, Scourged (zsh-d), scourged (zsh-d), scourged
brui-sed Scourged (zsh-d), scourged (zsh-d), scourged
brui-sed Scourged (zsh-d), scourged (zsh-d), scourged
brui-sed Scourged (zsh-d), scourged (zsh-d), scourged

24

(zsh - d) up-on the thresh-ing floor; Where the up - per mill - stone roof'd His

(zsh - d) up-on the thresh-ing floor; Where the up - per mill - stone roof'd His

(zsh - d) up-on the thresh-ing floor; Where the up - per mill - stone

(zsh - d) up-on the thresh-ing floor; Where the up - per mill - stone

28

head, At morn we found the heav'n - ly Bread, *f*

head, At morn we found the heav'n - ly Bread, *f* And on a

roof'd His head, At morn we found the heav'n - ly Bread, *f* And

roof'd His head, At morn we found the heav'n - ly Bread,

33

And on a thou - sand Al - tars

thou - sand Al - tars And on a thou - sand Al - tars on a

on a thou - sand Al - tars And on a thou - sand Al -

And on a thou - sand Al - tars on a thou - sand Al - tars

36

laid, And on a thou-sand Al-tars Christ our Sa - cri - fice is made.

thou-sand Al - tars a thou-sand Al-tars Christ our Sa - cri - fice is made.

tars laid, a thou-sand Al-tars Christ our Sa - cri - fice is made.

And on a thou-sand Al - tars Christ our Sa-cri - fice is made.

Chorale of the Wine

SATB Chorus a cappella

PASSION WITH TROPES, No. 12
Don Freund

♩ = ca. 66, madrigal style, expressive

Who would know love, let him es - say And taste that juice which

Who would know love, let him es - say And taste, taste that juice which

Who would know love, let him es - say And taste, And taste that juice which

Who would know love, let him es - say And taste, And taste that juice which

7

on the crosse a pike Did set a - gain a - broach:

on the crosse a pike Did set a - gain a - broach:

on the crosse a pike Did set a - broach: Then

on the crosse a pike Did set a - gain a - broach: Then

10

Then let him say If ev - er, ev - er he did taste the like.

Then let him say If ev - er, ev - er he did taste the like.

let him say If ev - er, ev - er he did taste the like.

let him say If ev - er, ev - er he did taste the like.

14

Love is that li - quor sweet, sweet

Love is that li - quor sweet, Love is that

Love is that li - quor sweet, Love is that

Love is that li - quor, Love is that

17

and most di - vine, Which my

li - quor sweet and most di - vine, Which my

li - quor sweet, sweet and most di - vine, Which

li - quor most di - vine, Which my God

20

God feels as bloud, but I as wine.

God feels as bloud, but I as wine.

my God feels as bloud, but I, but I as wine.

feels as bloud, but I as wine.

Ballad of the Trees and the Master

SSATB Chorus and Roto-Toms

Sidney Lanier
(1842-1881)

PASSION WITH TROPES, No. 21
Don Freund

$\text{♩} = 80$, *fast and energetic*

S
S
A

In - to the woods my Mas - ter went, Clean for - spent, for -

Roto-Toms
(wood sticks)

f, dry

These Roto-Toms pitches are the D *above* middle C and the A a perfect fourth lower. Do not play an octave lower!

4

spent. In - to the woods my Mas - ter came, For - spent with love and

8

shame. But the o - lives they were not blind to Him, The

11

lit - tle gray leaves were kind to Him: The thorn - tree had a

14

mind to Him When in - to the woods He came.

18 *f*

S
A
T
B

Out of the woods my Mas - ter went, And he was well con - tent.

Roto-Toms

22

Out of the woods my Mas - ter came, Con - tent with death and shame. When Death and Shame would

27

woo Him last, From un - der the trees they drew Him last: 'Twas on a tree they

31

slew Him— last When out of the woods He came.

Song with Bach Chorale

"Pop" Baritone and Piano with SATB Chorus

Poem: "God and Man"
by Richard Eberhart

PASSION WITH TROPES, No. 31
Don Freund

♩ = 144

"Pop" Baritone
(à la Billy Joel)

Piano

f
My grand-mo - ther said I was an a - the - ist

(vocal doubling ad lib.)

4

God said I was a man. My fa - ther took me by the hand, My

Chorale

from St. John Passion, No. 20

mf

S
A
T
B

Pe - trus, der nicht denkt zu -
mf Pe - ter, while his con - science

9

mo - ther va - nished in a mist. My

(Chorale doubling ad lib.)

Ped

14

rück,
slept, Sein - en Gott ver - nei - net.
Thrice de - nied his Sa - viour,

grand - mo - ther said I was an a - the - ist God said

19

I was a man.

23

In the rich stores of the ether The future was seen as the past,

27

Flesh was aerial pre-science, And the devil

mf

Der doch auf ein'n ern-sten Blick
 When it woke he bit-ter wept,

31

was seen last. In time you have no grand-mother For

36

an-ient earth re-cedes. Your father and your mother go, But God says,

mf

bit - ter - lich - en wei - net:
At his base be - ha - vior.

41

you are a man. Be-tween bud-ding leaf and blue sky

46

An-gels of mer - cy were spread - ing, Like bees a - round the ci - der - press Dif -

50

fus - ing this blood with mur - mur - ous - ness. The an - gels were the ar -

54

che-types. Would go a - way while dev - ils o - ver - came Time, and

58

chased the crook - ed years, You still lust - ing af - ter e - vil.

63 *ff*

Je - su bli - cke mich auch an,
 Je - sus, let me not for - get;

Ev - e - ry one a fa - ther and a mo - ther has

68

And ev - e - ry one more an - cient staffs,

73

Yet all lose e - ven loss it - self When God says,

mp

wenn ich nicht will büß - en
 True de - vo - tion teach me;

78

you are Man. For man pre - cedes his know -

84

ledge A - roused with-in his var - i - ant myth, A

87

stal - wart, fier - y with a - ni-mus Whose death

f
wennich Bö - ses hat' ge - tan
f
When on e - vil I am set,

91

is on - ly an - o - ther dream. And God has the deep jus - tice, And God has the

97

last laugh. To be God God needs man As man

102 *mf*

rüh - re mein Ge - wiss - en.
Through my con - science reach me.

needs God to be man. To be God God needs man As man

106

needs God to be man. To be God

111 *rit.* -----

God needs man As man needs God to be man. *a tempo*

115

pp

Pieta Chorale

SATB Chorus a cappella, with Choral Soloists

PASSION WITH TROPES, No. 55
Don Freund

Anonymous 16th Century

With a gentle lilt (♩ = 120)

S
A
Chorus
T
B

p

Lul - ly, lul - lay, lul - ly, lul - lay, The fal - con hath born my mate a - way. Lul -

mp

Solo I *f, in relief*

Soloists from chorus

He bare him up, he bare him down, He bare him

9

ly, lul - lay, Lul - ly, lul - lay, lul - ly, lul - lay, The fal - con hath born my

p

16

Solo II *f*

in - to an or - chard brown. In that or - chard there was a hall That was han - ged with

mate a way. Lul - ly, lul lay, Lul - ly, lul - lay, lul -

mp *p*

22

Solo III *f*

pur - ple and pall. And in that hall there was a bed; It was

ly, lul - lay, The fal - con hath born my mate a - way. Lul -

mp

27

Solo IV (male)

19

han - ged with gold so red. And in that bed there ly - eth a knight,

ly, lul - lay, Lul ly, lul - lay, lul ly, lul - lay, The fal - con hath born my

p

34

Solo V (female)

His wound - es bleed - ing day and night. By that bed - side kneel - eth a

mate a - way. Lul - ly, lul - lay, Lul ly, lul - lay, lul ly, lul -

mp *p*

41

maid, And she weep - eth both night and day.

lay, The fal - con hath born my mate a - way. Lul - ly, lul - lay, Lul ly, lul - lay, lul -

mp *p* *f*

49

All Soloists (in octaves)

(8) And by that bed - side there stand - eth a stone, "Cor - pus

ly, lul - lay, The fal - con hath born my mate a -

f *ff*

55

Chris - ti" writ - ten there - on. Lul - ly, lul - lay, lul - lay.

way. Lul - ly, lul - lay.

mf *mp* *pp*

mf *pp*

