

Schnittke: Konzert für Chor, IV. Complete this work

Complete this work  
Which I began in hope  
And with Your name,  
So that my singing may become healing,  
Curing the wounds of body and soul.  
If my humble work is finished

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With Your holy blessing  
May the divine spirit in it  
Join with my meagre inspiration.  
Do not extinguish  
The revelation You granted,  
Do not abandon my reason,  
But, again and again, receive praise  
From Your servant.  
Amen.

*The leaves are falling, falling as if from far up,  
as if distant gardens were withering in the skies.  
Each leaf falls as if it were motioning "no."*

*And tonight the heavy earth is falling  
away from all other stars in the loneliness.*

*We're all falling. This hand here is falling.  
And look at the other one. It's in them all.*

*And yet there is Someone, whose hands  
infinitely gentle, are holding up all this falling.*

R.M. Rilke

*Death. Is it farewell?  
Is it a new beginning?  
We fear death. Most of us.  
It remained through all times an unexplainable matter.  
Are we going to paradise?  
Are we reincarnating?  
Are we judged after our life?  
Will there be a Last Judgement? A doomsday?  
Do we have to expect penalty?  
Death is out of any human control.  
Is death part of God's plan?  
Or is death evil?  
Is death the antipode of God?  
Is it the Grim Reaper who comes getting us?  
Or does death finally give our life a meaning?  
What would we be without death?*

*It is about time. Death means the end of our time on earth.  
We come to this world with nothing and we leave this world with nothing.  
When we are facing death, we are all equal.*

Silence.

Alfvén: "Om alla berg och dalar"

*"Om alla berg och dalar de voro utav gull,  
allt vatten vore vändt uti vin,  
allt sammans ville jag våga för din skull,  
du som är allrakärasten min"*

*"If all the mountains and valleys were of gold  
all water would be turned into wine,  
nonetheless I wanted to dare for your sake,  
you who is my love"*

*I believe that when death closes our eyes we shall awaken to a light,  
of which our sunlight is but the shadow.*

A. Schopenhauer

Silence.

Bach – Violin Partita No. 2 in D Minor, BWV 1004: V. Chaconne, piano transcription (arr. F. Busoni)

*In den Tiefen, die kein Trost erreicht,  
lass doch deine Treue mich erreichen.  
In den Nächten, wo der Glaube weicht,  
lass nicht deine Gnade von mir weichen.*

*In the depths no comfort is reaching  
let me feel your loyalty.  
In the nights, where faith departs,  
do not let your mercy leave me.*

*Auf dem Weg, den keiner mit mir geht,  
wenn zum Beten die Gedanken schwinden,  
wenn mich kalt die Finsternis umweht,  
wollest du in meiner Not mich finden.*

*On the way, nobody goes with me,  
when thoughts for praying fade away,  
when darkness wafts me coldly  
may you find me in my misery.*

*Wenn die Seele wie ein irres Licht  
flackert zwischen Werden und Vergehen,  
wenn es mir an Trost und Rat gebricht,  
wollest du an meiner Seite stehen.*

*When the soul flickers like a mad light  
between genesis and extinction,  
when comfort and advice fail me,  
may you stand by my side.*

*Wenn ich deine Hand nicht fassen kann,  
nimm die meine du in deine Hände,  
nimm dich meiner Seele gnädig an,  
führe mich zu einem guten Ende.*

*When I can not take your hand,  
may you take mine in your hands,  
may you take graciously take care of my soul,  
lead me to a good end.*

*Justus Delbrück,  
from a Sovjet prisoner-of-war-camp*

*Teach us to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom.*

*Psalm 90:12*

Bach. Kreuzstabkantate BWV 56, Chorus

Komm, o Tod, du Schlafes Bruder,  
Komm und führe mich nur fort;  
Löse meines Schiffeleins Ruder,  
Bringe mich an sichern Port!  
Es mag, wer da will, dich scheuen,  
Du kannst mich vielmehr erfreuen;  
Denn durch dich komm ich herein  
Zu dem schönsten Jesulein.

Come, O death, of sleep the brother  
Come and lead me hence now forth;  
Loosen now my small bark's rudder,  
Bring thou me secure to port!  
Others may desire to shun thee,  
Thou canst all the more delight me;  
For through thee I'll come inside  
To the fairest Jesus-child.

Mendelssohn string quartet op. 80, IV. Finale. Allegro molto

*Die Gestalt des Gerichteten und Gekreuzigten bleibt einer Welt, in der der Erfolg das Maß und die Rechtfertigung aller Dinge ist, fremd und im besten Falle bemitleidenswert. ...Die Gestalt des Gekreuzigten setzt alles am Erfolg ausgerichtete Denken außer Kraft.*

*The figure of the Judged and Crucified remains in a world, in which success is the measure and the justification of all things, strange and in the best case pitiful. ... The figure of the Crucified crumbles to powder every thinking that is oriented to success.*

*Dietrich Bonhoeffer*

Bach, Matthäuspassion, Chorus

*Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden,  
So scheide nicht von mir;  
Wenn ich den Tod soll leiden,  
So tritt du dann herfür;  
Wenn mir am allerbängsten  
Wird um das Herze sein,  
So reiße mich aus den Ängsten  
Kraft deiner Angst und Pein!*

Silence.

Sibelius, Andante festivo for strings

*"I believe in the sun  
even when it is not shining  
And I believe in love,  
even when there's no one there.  
And I believe in God,  
even when he is silent.*

*I believe through any trial,  
there is always a way  
But sometimes in this suffering  
and hopeless despair  
My heart cries for shelter,  
to know someone's there  
But a voice rises within me, saying hold on  
my child, I'll give you strength,  
I'll give you hope. Just stay a little while.*

*I believe in the sun  
even when it is not shining  
And I believe in love  
even when there's no one there  
But I believe in God  
even when he is silent  
I believe through any trial  
there is always a way.*

*May there someday be sunshine  
May there someday be happiness  
May there someday be love  
May there someday be peace...."*

*by a Jewish Prisoner in a Concentration Camp*

*I believe that the fear of death is the fear of God.  
The fear of unconditional love.  
What would happen if we would take this love?  
If we would welcome this love in our hearts?  
There would be nothing anymore we would be afraid of.  
Maybe our biggest fear is not the fear of death.  
Maybe it is the fear of God.  
Why I am sure about this?  
Because I have seen this love, I have felt this love.  
It transforms you. There is no way back anymore.  
You remember where you come from. Who you are.  
This love has nothing to do with what is nowadays commonly understood of love.  
It is bigger than you can dream of.  
It goes beyond any word or music.  
May we be healed.  
Amen.*