

SACRED MUSIC IN A SACRED SPACE

HOLY WEEK MUSICAL MEDITATION

MARCH 24, 2024, 4:00 P.M.



The Crucified Christ, Diego Rodríguez Velázquez

The Seven Last Words of Our Saviour on the Cross

Franz Joseph Haydn

Die sieben letzten Worte unseres Erlösers am Kreuze
The Seven Last Words of Our Saviour on the Cross
Opus 51 of *Franz Joseph Haydn* (1732-1809)

Performed by the **New Commonwealth Quartet**
Elizabeth Coulter Vonderheide, *violin*; Jonathan Richards, *violin*;
Matthew Umlauf, *viola*; Elizabeth Meszaros, *cello*

*Please silence all electronic devices
and refrain from applause until the end of the program.*



I. Introduction in D minor: Maestoso ed Adagio

Haydn

Reading: Good Friday, 1613. Riding Westward

John Donne (1572-1631)

Let mans Soul be a Sphere, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other Spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business, so, our Soules admit
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West
This day, when my Souls form bends toward the East.
There I should see a Sun, by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget;
But that Christ on this Cross, did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees Gods face, that is self life, must dye;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his own Lieutenant Nature shrink,
It made his footstool crack, and the Sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,

And tune all spheres at once peirc'd with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our Souls, if not of his,
Made dirt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God, for his apparel, rag'd, and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,
Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards me,
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rusts, and my deformity,
Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

II. Sonata 1 in B-flat major: Largo

Haydn

*"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."
-Luke 23:34*

Reading: Prayer

George Herbert (1593-1633)

Prayer the church's banquet, angel's age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth
Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's tow'r,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-days world transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;
Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices; something understood.

Reading: A Dialogue—Anthem

George Herbert

Christian Alas, poore Death, where is thy glorie?
Where is thy famous force, the ancient sting?
Death *Alas poore mortall, void of storie,*
Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.
Christian Poore Death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst.
Death *Let losers talk: yet thou shalt die;*
These arms shall crush thee.
Christian Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better then before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

III. Sonata 2 in C minor: Grave e Cantabile

Haydn

"Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

-Luke 23:43

Reading: Sonnet LXXXVIII

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1554–1628)

Man, dream no more of curious mysteries,
As what was here before the world was made,
The first man's life, the state of paradise,
Where heaven is, or hell's eternal shade.
For God's works are like him, all infinite;
And curious search, but crafty sin's delight.

The Flood that did, and dreadful fire that shall,
Drown and burn up the malice of the Earth,
The diverse tongues, and Babylon's downfall,
Are nothing to the man's renewed birth;
First let the law plough up thy wicked heart,
That Christ may come and all these types depart.

When thou hast swept the house that all is clear,
When thou the dust has shaken from thy feet,
When God's al-might doth in thy flesh appear,
Then seas with streams above the sky do meet;
For goodness only doth God comprehend,
Knows what was first and what shall be the end.

IV. Sonata 3 in E major: Grave

Haydn

“Woman, behold thy son!” - John 19:26-27

Reading: from Poem After the Seven Last Words

Mark Strand (1934–2014)

Someday someone will write a story telling
among other things of a parting between mother
and son, of how she wandered off, of how he vanished
in air. But before that happens, it will describe
how their faces shone with a feeble light, and how
the son was moved to say, “Woman, look at your son,”
then to a friend nearby, “Son, look at your mother.”
At which point the writer will put down his pen
And imagine that while those words were spoken
Something else happened, something unusual like
A purpose revealed, a secret exchanged, a truth
To which they, the mother and son, would be bound,
But what it was no one would know. Not even the writer.

V. Sonata 4 in F minor: Largo

Haydn

*“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”
-Matthew 27:46, Mark 15:34*

Still falls the Rain –
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss –
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.
Still falls the Rain
With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the hammer-beat
In the Potters' Field, and the sound of the impious feet
On the Tomb:
Still falls the Rain
In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and the human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.
Still falls the Rain
At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross.
Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy on us –
On Dives and on Lazarus:
Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.
Still falls the Rain –
Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wounded Side
He bears in his Heart all wounds, – those of the light that died,
The last faint spark
In the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad uncomprehending dark,
The wounds of the baited bear, –
The blind and weeping bear whom the keepers beat
On his helpless flesh ... the tears of the hunted hare.
Still falls the Rain –
Then – O Ile leape up to my God: who pulles me doune –
See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament:
It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree
Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart
That holds the fires of the world, – dark-smirched with pain
As Caesar's laurel crown.
Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man
Was once a child who among beasts has lain –
“Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood, for thee.”

VI. Sonata 5 in A major: Adagio

Haydn

*"I thirst."
-John 19:28*

Reading: The Killing

Edwin Muir (1887-1959)

That was the day they killed the Son of God
On a squat hill-top by Jerusalem.
Zion was bare, her children from their maze
Sucked by the dream of curiosity
Clean through the gates. The very halt and blind
Had somehow got themselves up to the hill.
After the ceremonial preparation,
The scourging, nailing, nailing against the wood,
Erection of the main-trees with their burden,
While from the hill rose an orchestral wailing,
They were there at last, high up in the soft spring day.
We watched the writhings, heard the moanings, saw
The three heads turning on their separate axles
Like broken wheels left spinning. Round his head
Was loosely bound a crown of plaited thorn
That hurt at random, stinging temple and brow
As the pain swung into its envious circle.
In front the wreath was gathered in a knot
That as he gazed looked like the last stump left
Of a death-wounded deer's great antlers. Some
Who came to stare grew silent as they looked,
Indignant or sorry. But the hardened old
And the hard-hearted young, although at odds
From the first morning, cursed him with one curse,
Having prayed for a Rabbi or an armed Messiah
And found the Son of God. What use to them
Was a God or a Son of God? Of what avail
For purposes such as theirs? Beside the cross-foot,
Alone, four women stood and did not move
All day. The sun revolved, the shadows wheeled,
The evening fell. His head lay on his breast,
But in his breast they watched his heart move on
By itself alone, accomplishing its journey.

Their taunts grew louder, sharpened by the knowledge
That he was walking in the park of death,
Far from their rage. Yet all grew stale at last,
Spite, curiosity, envy, hate itself.
They waited only for death and death was slow
And came so quietly they scarce could mark it.
They were angry then with death and death's deceit.

I was a stranger, could not read these people
Or this outlandish deity. Did a God
Indeed in dying cross my life that day
By chance, he on his road and I on mine?

VII. Sonata 6 in G minor: Lento

Haydn

*"It is finished."
-John 19:30*

Reading: Tenebrae

David Gascoyne (1916-2001)

It is finished.
The last nail has consummated the inhuman pattern,
and the veil is torn.
God's wounds are numbered.
All is now withdrawn.
Void yawns the rock-hewn tomb.
There is no more regeneration in the stricken sun.
The hope of faith, no more.
No height, no depth, no sign.
And no more history.
Thus may it be, and worse.
And may we know thy perfect darkness.
And may we into hell descend with thee.

Reading: Kyrie

David Gascoyne

Is man's destructive lust insatiable?
There is grief in the blow that shatters the innocent face.
Pain blots out clearer sense,
and pleasure suffers the trial thrust of death
in even the bride's embrace.
The black catastrophe that can lay waste our worlds
may be unconsciously desired.
Fear masks our face,
and tears as warm and cruelly wrung as blood
are tumbling even in the mouth of our grimace.
How can our hope ring true?
Fatality of guilt and complicated anguish confounds time and place.
While from the tottering ancestral house,
an angry voice resounds in prophecy.
Grant us extraordinary grace,
O spirit, hidden in the dark in us and deep.
And bring to light the dream out of our sleep.
Father, into thy hands, I commend my spirit.

VIII. Sonata 7 in E-flat major: Largo Il Terremoto

Haydn

“Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

-Luke 23:46

IX. Il terremoto (Earthquake) in C minor: Presto e con tutta la forza *Haydn*



The New Commonwealth Quartet

Formed in 2015 by members of the Virginia Symphony Orchestra family, the New Commonwealth Quartet has established itself as an in-demand ensemble in Hampton Roads. In addition to presenting programs of cutting-edge music through Funhouse Fest, NCQ has also created a popular Sunday afternoon chamber music series at the East Beach Community Center in Norfolk and has recorded with Bruce Hornsby.

Elizabeth Vonderheide

Elizabeth Coulter Vonderheide, originally from Lynchburg, VA, began violin studies at age 5. She studied with Dr. Svend Ronning at the University of Virginia while in high school, and earned the Bachelor of Music from The Indiana University Jacobs School of Music in the studio of the late Franco Gulli, Distinguished Professor of Violin, where she was a Dorothy Richards Starling scholarship recipient. While in Indiana she held contracts with the Camerata Orchestra, the Owensboro Symphony in Kentucky, and the Columbus Indiana Philharmonic. Elizabeth earned the Master of Music in the prestigious Orchestral Performance Program at the Manhattan School of Music, studying with Glenn Dicterow, Concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic.

While in New York she served as Concertmaster of both the Manhattan School of Music Philharmonia and Chamber Orchestras, where she had the opportunity to play under such renowned conductors as Kurt Masur, David Robertson, Pierre Boulez, and Julius Roudel. She also appeared as a soloist both with the Claremont Ensemble and in a live broadcast on Soundcheck with John Schaeffer on 93.9 WNYC FM, and performed regularly with Dicappo Opera and the Kalaiope Quartet. Elizabeth won the job of Assistant Principal Second Violin with the Virginia Symphony in 2003, and since then has also played a season as Acting Principal Second. She is currently the Lee A. & Helen G. Gifford Principal Second Violin Chair.

Since 2008 she has been a regular substitute with the St. Louis Symphony, and has joined them for both their Opera Season and their Carnegie Hall tour. Elizabeth has soloed with the Virginia Symphony, the Lynchburg Symphony and the National Repertory Orchestra, and performed as a member of the National Symphony of the Dominican Republic, the orchestras of the Spoleto, Italy Festival, the American Institute of Musical Study (Graz, Austria), the Crested Butte Music Festival, The Colorado Music Festival, and the Conducting Institute at Waterville Valley, New Hampshire. An avid chamber musician, she is a regular performer on the Organ Swell Recital Series in Hampton Roads and the Midday Music Recital Series in Lynchburg, and has performed with the Ambrosia Quartet on the Feldman Chamber Music Series in Norfolk, with the Virginia Symphony Quartet featured on NPR's Performance Today, and with the Quartet-in-Residence at Quisisana Resort in Center Lovell, Maine. She has also been a Guest Artist at Randolph College in Lynchburg. Elizabeth is married to VSO Principal Trumpet David Vonderheide, and they live in Portsmouth with their dog Marty.

Jonathan Richards

Hailed by the Washington Post for “...*bringing real drama*” to his performances, violinist Jonathan Richards has performed throughout the United States and Canada as both a chamber musician and soloist. He has won numerous competitions and has appeared as soloist with the Kishwaukee Symphony, the Orchestra of St. Vincent’s of Chicago, the Judson College Symphony, the Northern Illinois University Philharmonic, and the University of Maryland Symphony Orchestra. Richards has gained recent accolades in DC’s new music scene for his performances with the esteemed VERGE ensemble, the Grammy nominated Inscape Chamber Orchestra, and the New Music Ensemble of Towson. As an orchestral musician, he has performed regularly with the Fairfax Symphony, Annapolis Symphony, Alexandria Symphony, Chesapeake Symphony, and National Philharmonic along with the Concert Artists of Baltimore, Post-Classical Orchestra, Washington Soloists, and is now performing full-time with the Virginia Symphony Orchestra. An avid chamber musician, Richards was a founding member of the Adelphi String Quartet as well as a member of the critically acclaimed Excelsa Quartet. As a recording artist, Richards has recorded Walter Giesecking’s works for string quartet and string trio for the Naxos label with the Adelphi Quartet, and has recently recorded world premiers for the Sono Luminus label with the Inscape Chamber Orchestra.

Matthew Umlauf

Matthew Umlauf holds a M.M. from Ball State University where he studied with Harold Levin and a B.M. from Bob Jones University where studied with Achim Gerber. Additionally, he has studied with Charles Pikler and was mentored by Jorge Sutil, Michael Isaac Strauss, and Roland Vamos. Matthew joined the Civic Orchestra of Chicago shortly after his graduate work where he collaborated with artists such as Lorin Maazel and Gidon Kremer. After his tenure in Chicago he joined the viola section of the Virginia Symphony Orchestra under JoAnn Falletta. As a member of the VSO, he has continued to perform with some of the leading musicians of our time such as Midori, Van Cliburn, Gil Shaham, Joshua Bell, and Emanuel Ax among others.

Matthew’s performances in various ensembles have been broadcast on WFMT Chicago, WHRO Hampton Roads, and NPR’s Performance Today. He has also recorded for Naxos and the VSO label, including a recent performance of Mahler’s 8th symphony. In addition, Matthew has enjoyed performing abroad. He has been invited to play principal viola for Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional in Dominican Republic on repeated occasions. In Mexico, he was asked to perform the world premier of the string quartet “La Tierra es nuestra casa” by Venezuelan composer, Adina Izarra in a festival in Puebla and Mexico City. Recently, he has enjoyed being part of the 2015 Santo Domingo music festival as well as the 2013 and 2015 AIMs Festivals in Austria.

Matthew enjoys performing on a modern viola by Helmuth Keller with a ca. 1820 bow by Étienne Pajeot. He and his family live in Virginia Beach near the Chesapeake Bay. In his free time he enjoys chamber music, fishing, and playing with his three daughters.

Elizabeth Meszaros

Elizabeth Meszaros is a consummate chamber musician and teacher. As an active performer in the Hampton Roads area, she has played with the Virginia Symphony, Virginia Opera, Williamsburg Sinfonia, and Richmond Symphony, as well as with orchestras in the Washington D.C. area. She is currently the Executive Director of the Bay Youth Orchestras of Virginia and cellist with the New Commonwealth Quartet.

In 2012, she completed a Doctor of Musical Arts degree from the University of Maryland and was a member of the Adelphi Quartet, the graduate string quartet-in-residence, under the tutelage of the Guarneri Quartet and the Left Bank Quartet. She also earned a Master of Music in Cello Performance from Louisiana State University, and Bachelors in Music Performance and Education from Ithaca College. Her primary cello teachers were Evelyn Elsing, Dennis Parker, and Elizabeth Simkin. Dr. Meszaros has participated in the Bowdoin International Music Festival, the International Festival at Round Top, the Adriatic Chamber Music Festival, the Heber Springs Music Festival, the Academie at Le Domaine Forget, and the Fischhoff Chamber Music Competition. She was a prizewinner in the LSU Concerto Competition and a finalist in the University of Maryland Concerto Competition.

As a passionate and dedicated educator, Dr. Meszaros maintains a large private studio of cello students. She believes in patient and carefully guided musical instruction to create an environment where any student can make successful strides. She currently teaches cello and Suzuki Cello at the Academy of Music in Norfolk.



CHRIST AND ST. LUKE'S CHURCH

**Please note only the events marked with an asterisk will be live-streamed.*

Friday, April 12, noon: **Chamber Music Series I**

Introducing a new lunchtime series featuring chamber musicians.
These concerts will last 30-40 minutes and will take place in Selden Chapel.

Tuesday, April 23, 7:30pm: **A Baroque Celebration**

Kevin Kwan leads a sparkling program of early music
featuring Buxtehude, Handel, and Bach. Celebrated soprano Molly Quinn
is accompanied by The Virginia Arts Festival Chamber Players. Tickets: vafest.org

Thursday, May 9, 7:00pm: **Ascension Day Hymn Festival***

God is gone up! Our annual Ascension Day Hymn Festival is sung
by the combined choirs of St. Andrew's, St. Paul's, and Christ and St. Luke's.
Dale Adelman, guest conductor, Canon for Music at St. Philip's Cathedral, Atlanta.

Sunday, May 12, 4:00pm: **The Chenault Organ Duo**

Named "the World's Premiere Duo-Organ Team" by The Atlanta Journal and Constitution,
Elizabeth and Raymond Chenault have concertized across the world and specialize in works
written for two performers, many of which have been commissioned by them.
Co-sponsored by The Virginia Arts Festival and the Tidewater Chapter of the
American Guild of Organists. Tickets: vafest.org

Friday, May 24, noon: **Chamber Music Series II**

Sunday, June 2: 5:30pm: **Spring Concert: Britten's Saint Nicolas**

Benjamin Britten's Saint Nicolas, Op. 42 is an exciting church cantata that covers the life of
Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, Lycia. Scored for choirs, tenor soloist, four boys, and orchestra,
this engaging work will highlight our entire music ministry that includes both children and
adults. Tenor Noah Van Niel will be singing the dramatic role of Nicholas with the choirs
and orchestra of Christ and St. Luke's. Free-will offering for the Choir Tour Fund.