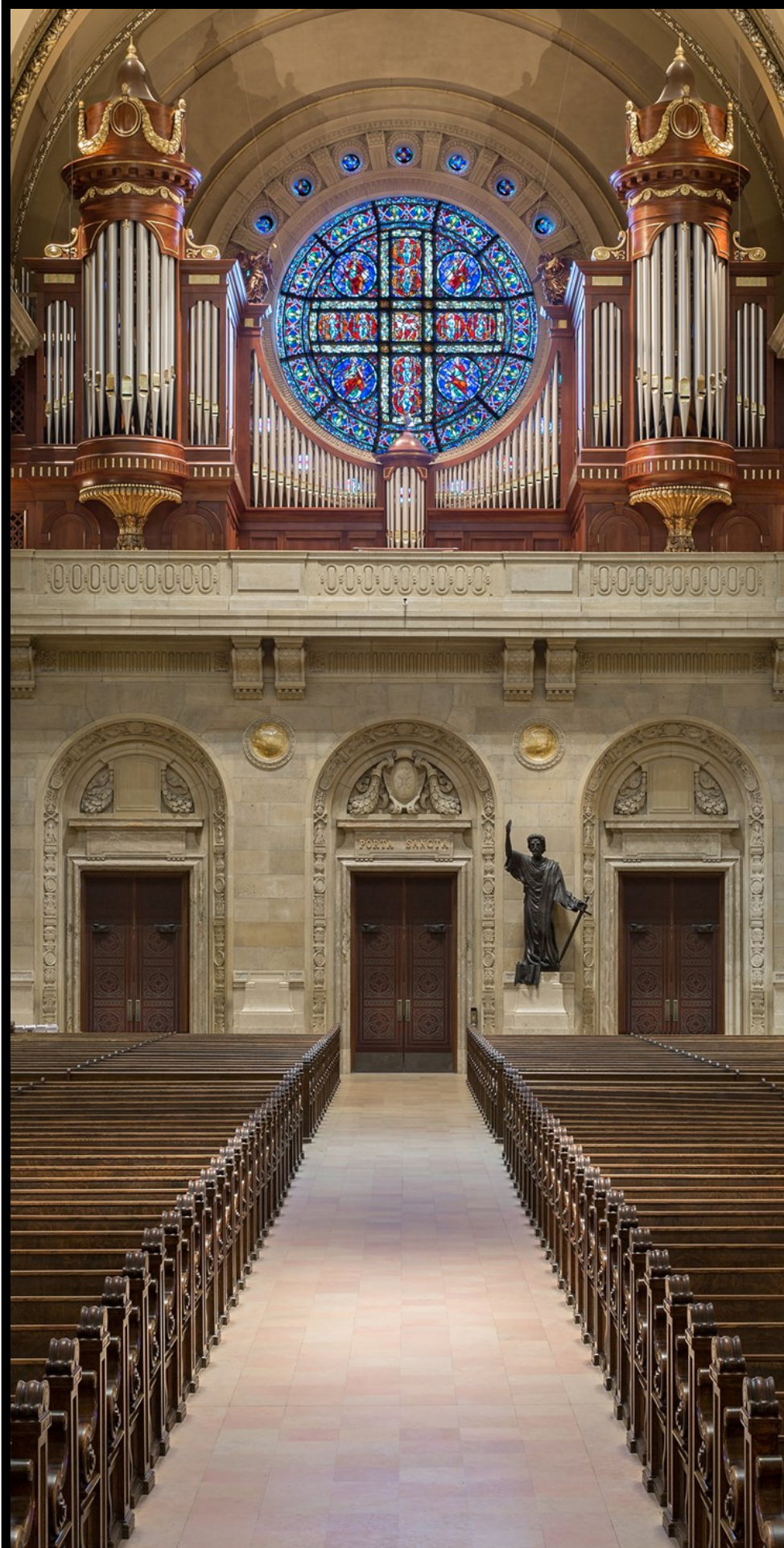




LENTEN CONCERT MEDITATION

Sponsored by
The Cathedral Heritage Foundation

Le Chemin de la Croix
—*The Way of the Cross*, Op. 29
by Marcel Dupré

Dr. Stephen Jon
HAMILTON
Organist



J. Michael
BARONE
Narrator
Poetry by Paul Claudel

Friday
8 April 2022
7:00 p.m.

Cathedral of Saint Paul
National Shrine of the Apostle Paul
239 Selby Avenue
Saint Paul, Minnesota

www.cathedralsaintpaul.org

Cathedral Music Series

Rev. John L. Ubel, Rector

Dr. Christopher Ganza, Artistic Director

Lawrence W. Lawyer, Director of Sacred Music

Sponsored by The Cathedral Heritage Foundation. Mary Schaffner, Chair



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“Le Chemin de la Croix” (1932) Op. 29

The Way of the Cross

Music by Marcel Dupré (1886-1971)

Dr. Stephen Jon HAMILTON, organist, *50th Anniversary Season*

with narrated poetry

“Le Chemin de la Croix” (1911)

Poetry by Paul Claudel (1868-1955) *translation by Peter Robinson*

J. Michael BARONE, narrator

FRIDAY, 8 APRIL 2022

PROGRAM

7:00 P.M.

*The video and/or audio recording of this performance by any means whatsoever is strictly prohibited.
Kindly ensure that all watch alarms, phones and electronic devices are silenced. Thank you.*

Please refrain from applause until the conclusion of the presentation.

- I: Jesus is Condemned to Death
- II: Jesus Takes Up His Cross
- III: Jesus Falls the First Time
- IV: Jesus Meets His Mother
- V: Simon of Cyrene Carries Jesus' Cross
- VI: A Woman Wipes the Face of Jesus
- VII: Jesus Falls the Second Time
- VIII: Jesus Comforts the Women of Jerusalem
- IX: Jesus Falls the Third Time
- X: Jesus is stripped of His Garments
- XI: Jesus is nailed to the Cross
- XII: Jesus Dies upon The Cross
- XIII: The Body of Jesus Is Taken from the Cross
- XIV: The Body of Jesus is laid in a Tomb

A suggested freewill offering of \$15 per person is being accepted to support:

The Cathedral Heritage Foundation Organ Maintenance Fund.

Thank you for your generous contribution!

You may use one of the three acrylic drop boxes at the cross-aisle and the Selby Avenue doors.

Following the presentation, you may greet the Artists near the American flag.

Please do not tour the Altar area.



PREMIÈRE STATION

Jésus est Condamné à Mort

Jesus is Condemned to Death

Cathedral of Saint Paul Stations photos by Greg Povolny

Le Chemin de la Croix (1911) Paul Claudel (1868-1955)

C'est fini!
Nous avons jugé Dieu et nous l'avons condamné à mort.
Nous ne voulons plus de Jésus-Christ avec nous, car il nous gêne.
Nous n'avons plus d'autre roi que César ! d'autre loi que le sang et l'or!
Crucifiez-le, si vous le voulez, mais débarrassez-nous de lui! Qu'on l'emmène!

Tolle ! Tolle !
Tant pis ! Puisqu'il le faut, qu'on l'immole et qu'on nous donne Barabbas !

Pilate siège au lieu qui est appelé Gabbatha,
« N'as-tu rien à dire ? » dit Pilate. Et Jésus ne répond pas.
« Je ne trouve aucun mal en cet homme, » dit Pilate,
« mais bah ! Qu'il meure, puisque vous y tenez ! Je vous le donne. »
« Ecce homo. »
Le voici, la couronne en tête et la pourpre sur le dos.

Une dernière fois vers nous ces yeux pleins de larmes et de sang !
Qu'y pouvons-nous ? Pas moyen de le garder avec nous plus longtemps.

Comme il était un scandale pour les Juifs, il est parmi nous un non-sens.

La sentence d'ailleurs est rendue, rien n'y manque, en langues hébraïque, grec et latin.
Et l'on voit la foule qui crie et le juge qui se lave les mains.

Translation (1970) Peter Robinson

It is over!
We have judged God and condemned him to death.
We no longer want to have Christ with us, for he bothers us.
We have no other king than Caesar, no other law than blood and gold.
Crucify him, if you wish, but rid us of him!

Take him away!
Tolle, Tolle! Too bad! Since it must be, sacrifice him and give us Barabbas!

Pilate sits in the place named Gabatha. "Have you nothing to say?" asks Pilate. And Jesus answers not. "I find no evil in this man," says Pilate, "but ..bah..let him die, as you insist. I give him to you. Ecce homo."

Here stands he, a crown on his head, and purple on his back.
One last time, towards us, his eyes are filled with tears and blood.
What can we do? There is no way to keep him with us any longer.

As he was a scandal for the Jews, so is he among us a 'non-sense'.

The sentence is given, lacking nothing...in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues.
And we see the crowd that screams, and the judge who washes his hands.

Jesus is Condemned to Death

As soon as Pilate has pronounced the prophetic phrase, "Take ye him and crucify him," the agitation of the crowd which had calmed itself for an instant, breaks out again and rapidly degenerates into a tumult from which one can hear the cries of "Barabbas!" and "Let him be crucified!" dominated by the shout "To death!" Then as the courtroom empties little by little the clamor moves with it and gradually dies away in the distance.

Synopses by Stephen Hamilton



DEUXIÈME STATION

Jésus est Chargé de la Croix

Jesus Takes Up His Cross

On lui rend ses vêtements et la Croix lui est apportée.
« Salut, dit Jésus, ô Croix que j'ai longtemps désirée ! »

Et toi, regardes, chrétien, et frémis ! Ah, quel instant solennel

Que celui où le Christ pour la première fois accepte la Croix éternelle !

Ô consommation en ce jour de l'arbre dans le Paradis !
Regardes, pécheur, et vois à quoi ton péché a servi.

Plus de crime sans un Dieu dessus et plus de croix sans le Christ !

Certes le malheur de l'homme est grand, mais nous n'avons rien à dire,
Car Dieu est maintenant dessus, qui est venu non pas expliquer, mais remplir.

Jésus reçoit la Croix comme nous recevons la Sainte Eucharistie :

« Nous lui donnons du bois pour son pain » comme il est dit par le prophète Jérémie.

Ah, que la croix est longue, et qu'elle est énorme et difficile !

Qu'elle est dure ! Qu'elle est rigide ! Que c'est lourd, le poids du pécheur inutile !

Que c'est long à porter pas à pas jusqu'à ce qu'on meure dessus !

Est-ce vous qui allez porter cela tout seul Seigneur Jésus ?

Rendez-moi patient à mon tour du bois que vous voulez que je supporte.

Car il nous faut porter la croix avant que la croix nous porte.

They return his clothes...and bring him the Cross.

“Welcome,” says Jesus, “O, Cross, I so long have sought.”

And look, you Christian, and tremble...of that solemn moment when Christ first accepts the eternal Cross. O consummation, this day, of the tree in Paradise. And look, O sinner, and see what your sin has wrought! No crime without a God above, and no more Cross without a Christ.

Surely the woe of man is great, yet we have nothing to say. For God, who is now on high, has come not to explain but to fulfill. Jesus receives the Cross the way we receive Holy Communion. “We give him wood for bread!” as it is said by the prophet Jeremiah.

Ah, how long is the Cross, how enormous, how rigid the Cross, how heavy the weight of the useless sinner. How long to carry it, step by step, ‘til one dies upon it. Is it you who is going to carry it all alone, Lord Jesus?

In my turn, make me patient of the wood you want me to carry, for we must carry the Cross, before the Cross carries us.

Jesus Takes Up His Cross

The theme of the Cross slowly appears above and clashes with a continuous ground bass, which with its burden, overwhelms the dolorous rhythm of the march to Calvary. It twice foreshadows the fall of Christ under the weight of His burden and sorrow.



TROISIÈME STATION

Jésus Tombe Sous le Poids de sa Croix

Jesus Falls the First Time Under the Cross

En marche ! Victime et bourreaux à la fois, tout s'ébranle vers le Calvaire.
Dieu qu'on tire par le cou tout à coup chancelle et tombe à terre.

Qu'en dites-vous, Seigneur, de cette première chute ?
Et puisque maintenant vous savez, qu'en pensez-vous ?
Cette minute
Où l'on tombe et où le faix mal chargé vous précipite !
Comment la trouvez-vous, cette terre que vous fîtes ?

Ah ! Ce n'est pas la route du bien seulement qui est raboteuse.
Celle du mal, elle aussi est perfide et vertigineuse !

Il n'est pas que d'y aller tout droit, il faut s'instruire pierre à pierre,
Et le pied y manque souvent, alors que le cœur persévère.

Ah, Seigneur, par ces genoux sacrés, ces deux genoux qui vous ont fait faute à la fois,
Par le haut-le-cœur soudain et la chute à l'entrée de l'horrible Voie,

Par l'embûche qui a réussi, par la terre que vous avez apprise,
Sauvez-nous du premier péché que l'on commet par surprise !

In motion! Both victim and hangman all march towards Calvary. God, pulled by the neck, suddenly stumbles and falls to the ground.

What say you, Lord, of this first fall? And now that you know, what do you think of it?
This minute when one falls, and when the badly loaded burden flings you down, how do you find this earth that you made?

Ah...it is not just the path of the good that is rough.
The way of evil, too, is treacherous and steep.

One cannot just go straight...one must learn, stone by stone. And the foot falters often while the heart perseveres.

O Lord, through these your sacred knees, these two knees which both at once did fail you. Through sudden wrenching and by the fall at the start of that horrible way, through the snare that succeeded, by the earth you have learned, save us from the first sin that we commit...by inadvertence.

Jesus Falls the First Time Under the Cross

The uncertainty of the march increases now. The rhythm breaks and appears to falter, like a pause between steps. The exhaustion of Jesus bursts forth in the theme of Suffering until His strength having forsaken Him entirely, He falls. But into the hearts of the disciples who are following Him, penetrates the gentle glimmer of the Redemption, whose calming theme now appears, as though to light the dolorous scene.



QUATRIÈME STATION

Jésus Recontre sa Mere

Jesus Meets His Afflicted Mother

*O Mères qui avez vu mourir le premier et l'unique enfant,
Rappelez-vous cette nuit, la dernière, auprès du petit être
gémissant,*

*L'eau qu'on essaye de faire boire, la glace, le thermomètre,
Et la mort qui vient peu à peu et qu'on ne peut plus mécon-
naître. Mettez-lui ses pauvres souliers, changez-le de linge
et de brassière.*

*Quelqu'un vient qui va me le prendre et le mettre dans la
terre.
Adieu, mon bon petit enfant ! Adieu, ô chair de ma chair !*

*La quatrième Station est Marie qui a tout accepté.
Voici au coin de la rue qui attend le Trésor de toute Pau-
vreté,*

*Ses yeux n'ont point de pleurs, sa bouche n'a point de sa-
live. Elle ne dit pas un mot et regarde Jésus qui arrive.*

Elle accepte. Elle accepte encore une fois.

*Le cri est sévèrement réprimé dans le cœur fort et strict
Elle ne dit pas un mot et regarde Jésus-Christ.*

*La Mère regarde son Fils, l'Église son Rédempteur.
Son âme violemment va vers lui comme le cri du soldat qui
meurt !*

*Elle se tient debout devant Dieu et lui offre son âme à lire.
Il n'y a rien dans son cœur qui refuse ou qui retire.*

*Pas une fibre en son cœur transpercé qui n'accepte et ne
consente.*

Et comme Dieu lui-même qui est là, elle est présente.

*Elle accepte et regarde ce Fils qu'elle a connu dans son
sein.*

Elle ne dit pas un mot et regarde le Saint des Saints.

O mothers...who have seen the one and only child die,
Remember that night, the last, beside the tiny, wailing be-
ing,

The water you tried to have him drink, the ice, and the ther-
mometer...

And the death that comes little by little and can no longer
be unrecognized. Put on his poor shoes, change his linen
and shirt.

Someone is coming who will take him from me and will
bury him.

Farewell, my little child. Farewell, O flesh of my flesh!

The Fourth Station is Mary, who has accepted everything.
Here on the corner waits the treasure of all poverty.

Her eyes have no tears, her mouth no saliva.
She says not a word...and watches Jesus arrive.

She accepts. Once again, she accepts.

Her cry is harshly quelled in her strict and strong heart.
She speaks not a word, and watches Jesus Christ.

The mother watches her son, the Church her Redeemer.
Her soul violently goes to him, like the cry of the dying
soldier.

She stands before God and offers him her soul to read.
There is nothing in her heart that protests or draws back,

Not a fibre in her pierced heart that does not accept, and
consent,

And like God himself, who is there, she is present.

She accepts, and watches this Son, whom she conceived in
her womb.

She says not a word, and watches this Saint of Saints.

Jesus Meets His Afflicted Mother

The attitude of the Virgin is that of stupor. Down her face, frozen with horror, run silent tears. No gesture, no sound reveals the torture tearing the afflicted mother. It is as if a groan from within makes its escape in the music.



CINQUIÈME STATION

Simon le Cyrénéen aide Jésus
à porter sa Croix

Simon of Cyrene is Forced to
Take Up the Cross

L'instant vient où ça ne va plus et l'on ne peut plus avancer.

C'est là que nous trouvons jointure et où vous permettez
Qu'on nous emploie aussi, même de force, à votre Croix.

Tel Simon le Cyrénéen qu'on attelle à ce morceau de bois.

Il l'empoigne solidement et marche derrière Jésus,

Afin que rien de la Croix ne traîne et ne soit perdu.

The moment comes when nothing works and one no longer
can push on.

It is then that we come together, and then that You permit
us to have a part, too, Even if by force, in your Cross...
Such as Simon, the Cyrenian, who is harnessed to this
piece of wood.

He grabs it solidly and walks behind Jesus,

So that not a piece of the Cross either drags or is lost.

Simon of Cyrene is Forced to Take Up the Cross

The soldiers forced a man who was returning from the fields to help Jesus carry His Cross. As soon as the Cyrene has obeyed the order, he uses all his energy to relieve the condemned Divinity. Numerous, uneven efforts are necessary and the music underlines his difficulty. But, little by little he manages to regulate his step to that of the Victim.



SIXIÈME STATION

Une femme pieuse essuie la face de Jésus

Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

Tous les disciples ont fui, Pierre lui-même renie avec transport ! Une femme au plus épais de l'insulte et au centre de la mort Se jette et trouve Jésus et lui prend le visage entre les mains. Enseignez-nous, Véronique, à braver le respect humain.

Car celui à qui Jésus-Christ n'est pas seulement une image, mais vrai,
Aux autres hommes aussitôt devient désagréable et suspect.

Son plan de vie est à l'envers, ses motifs ne sont plus les leurs.
Il y a quelque chose en lui toujours qui échappe et qui est ailleurs.

Un homme fait qui dit son chapelet et qui va impudemment à confesse,
Qui fait maigre le vendredi et qu'on voit parmi les femmes à la messe,

Cela fait rire et ça choque, c'est drôle et c'est irritant aussi.
Qu'il prenne garde à ce qu'il fait, car on a les yeux sur lui.

Qu'il prenne garde à chacun de ses pas, car il est un signe.
Car tout Chrétien de son Christ est l'image vraie quoique indigne.

Et le visage qu'il montre est le reflet trivial De cette Face de Dieu en son cœur, abominable et triomphale !

Laissez-nous la regarder encore une fois, Véronique,
Sur le linge où vous l'avez recueillie, la face du Saint Viatique.

Ce voile de lin pieux où Véronique a caché
La face du Vendangeur au jour de son ébriété,
Afin qu'éternellement son image s'y attachât,
Qui est fait de son sang, de ses larmes et de nos crachats.

All the disciples have fled. Peter himself denies...with passion. A woman throws herself into the thick of insult and the center of death And finds Jesus...and takes his face in her hands. Teach us, Veronica, how to resist human respect,

For he for whom Jesus Christ is not only an image but true
To other men soon becomes an offense, and suspect.

His life's plan is inside-out, his motives no longer theirs.
There is something in him that always does escape and is elsewhere.

A grown man who says his rosary and goes impudently to confession,
Who fasts on Friday and is seen among women at Mass

Is laughable and shocking, amusing and irritating as well.
Let him watch what he does, for he is watched.

Let him watch each of his steps, for he is a sign.
For every Christian, of his Christ, is the true though unworthy image,

And the face he shows is that trivial reflection of the figure of God in his heart,
Abominable and triumphant!

Let us look upon it once again, Veronica, and the cloth where you harbored it,
The figure of the Holy Viaticum, this veil of pious linen,

Where Veronica hid the figure of the harvester on the day of his drunkenness,
So that eternally his image would be thereon secured....
Which is made of his blood, of his tears, and of our spit.

Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

In an atmosphere harmonious, archaic and slightly exotic, the double melody of the Compassion of the disciples pours itself out. In the final miracle the theme of Jesus, The Redeemer, reappears.



SEPTIÈME STATION

Jésus tombe à terre pour la deuxième fois

Jesus Falls a Second Time

Ce n'est pas la pierre sous le pied,
ni le licou tiré trop fort,
c'est l'âme qui fait défaut tout à coup.

Ô milieu de notre vie ! Ô chute que l'on fait spontanément !
Quand l'aimant n'a plus de pôle et la foi plus de firmament,

parce que la route est longue et parce que le terme est loin,
parce que l'on est tout seul et que la consolation n'est
point !

Longueur du temps ! Dégoût en secret qui s'accroît
de l'injonction inflexible et de ce compagnon de bois !

C'est pourquoi on étend les deux bras à la fois comme quel-
qu'un qui nage !
Ce n'est plus sur les genoux qu'on tombe, c'est sur le vi-
sage.

Le corps tombe, il est vrai, et l'âme en même temps a con-
senti.

Sauvez-nous de la Seconde chute que l'on fait volontaie-
ment par ennui.

It is not the stone under food, nor the halter drawn too tight,
It is the soul that suddenly fails.

O, center of our life, o fall made spontaneously!
When the magnet has lost its pole and faith its firmament,

Because the road is long and the end far,
Because one is alone and there is no consolation,

How slowly time passes, nurturing a secret disgust
Which feeds on the inflexible injunction and this wooden
companion.

This is why both arms are stretched at once, like someone
swimming.
It is no more on our knees that we fall, it is on our face.

The body falls, it is true, and, at the same time, the soul has
consented.

Save us, from the second fall, made voluntarily...from
boredom

Jesus Falls a Second Time

The rough ascent begins again, while the howling crowd presses near to the anguishing cortege, so much that the second fall very nearly passes unperceived .



HUTIÈME STATION

Jésus console les filles d'Israël qui le suivent

Jesus Meets the Women of Jerusalem

Avant qu'il ne monte une dernière fois sur la montagne, Jésus lève le doigt et se tourne vers le peuple qui l'accompagne,

Quelques pauvres femmes en pleurs avec leurs enfants dans les bras.

Et nous, ne regardons pas seulement, écoutons Jésus, car il est là.

Ce n'est pas un homme qui lève le doigt au milieu de cette pauvre enluminure, c'est Dieu qui pour notre salut n'a pas souffert seulement en peinture.

Ainsi cet homme était le Dieu Tout-Puissant, il est donc vrai !

Il est un jour où Dieu a souffert cela pour nous, en effet ! Quel est-il donc le danger dont nous avons été rachetés à un tel prix ?

Le salut de l'homme est-il si simple affaire que le Fils pour l'accomplir est obligé de s'arracher du sein du père ?

S'il va ainsi du Paradis, qu'est-ce donc que l'Enfer ? Que fera-t-on du bois mort, si l'on fait ainsi du bois vert ?

Before he climbs a last time up the mountain, Jesus lifts a finger and turns towards those who follow,

Several poor, weeping women with children in their arms. And us, let us not watch alone, but let us listen to Jesus, for he is there.

This is not a man who lifts a finger in the midst of this poor illustration.

It is God who, for our salvation, suffered not in fainting only.

This man was God Almighty! It is true!

There is a day when God did truly suffer for us! What is then the danger from which we have been ransomed at such a price?

Is the salvation of man so simple a thing that the Son, To bring it about, must tear himself from the Father's bosom?

If that is the case for Paradise, what then of Hell? What will be done with dead wood if this is how green wood is made?

Jesus Meets the Women of Jerusalem

The holy women follow, sorrowful unto death, haunted by the thought of the last torture. The theme of their sorrow is breathed out as a complaint to which the voice of Jesus replies consoling them. Then the two themes mingle and blend, tender and soothing .



NEUVIÈME STATION

Jésus tombe pour la troisième fois

Jesus Falls a Third Time

« Je suis tombé encore, et cette fois, c'est la fin.
Je voudrais me relever qu'il n'y a pas moyen,
car on m'a pressé comme un fruit et l'homme que j'ai sur le
dos est trop lourd.
J'ai fait le mal, et l'homme mort avec moi est trop lourd !

Mourons donc, car il est plus facile d'être à plat ventre que
debout.
Moins de vivre que de mourir, et sur la Croix que dessous.»

Sauvez-nous du Troisième péché qui est le désespoir !
Rien n'est encore perdu tant qu'il reste la mort à boire !

Et j'en ai fini de ce bois, mais il me reste le fer !
Jésus tombe une troisième fois, mais c'est au sommet du
Calvaire.

I did fall again, and this time is the end.
Would I wish to rise there would be no way,
For I have been pressed like fruit and the man on my back
is too heavy.
I have done evil, and the dead man with me is too heavy!

Let us die, then, for it is easier to be prone than standing,
Less easy to live than to die, to be on the Cross than under
it.

Save us from the third sin, which is despair!
Nothing is yet lost as long as death remains to be drunk.

And I am finished with this wood...but iron remains.
Jesus falls a third time, but at the top of Calvary.

Jesus Falls a Third Time

The crowd has become furious, exasperated by the slowness of the climb. Cries, shouts and insults break out on all sides. But the third fall of the Savior is so sudden and so brutal that all believe He will never rise again.



DIXIÈME STATION

Jésus est dépouillé de ses vêtements

Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments

Voici l'aire où le grain de froment céleste est égrugé.
Le Père est nu, le voile du Tabernacle est arraché.
La main est portée sur Dieu, la Chair de la Chair tressaille.
L'Univers en sa source atteint frémit jusqu'au fond de ses entrailles !

Nous, puisqu'ils ont pris la tunique et la robe sans couture,
levons les yeux et osons regarder Jésus tout pur.
Ils ne vous ont rien laissé, Seigneur, ils ont tout pris,
La vêtue qui tient à la chair, comme aujourd'hui on arrache
sa coule au moine
et son voile à la vierge consacrée.

On a tout pris, il ne lui reste plus rien pour se cacher.
Il n'a plus aucune défense, il est nu comme un ver,
Il est livré à tous les hommes et découvert.

Quoi, c'est là votre Jésus ! Il fait rire. Il est plein de coups
et d'immondices. Il relève des aliénistes et de la police.
Tauri pingues obsederunt me. Libera me, Domine, de ore canis.

Il n'est pas le Christ, Il n'est pas le Fils de l'Homme, Il n'est
pas Dieu.

Son évangile est menteur et son père n'est pas aux cieux.
C'est un fou ! C'est un imposteur ! Qu'il parle ! Qu'il se
taise !

Le valet d'Anne le soufflette et Renan le baise.

Ils ont tout pris. Mais il reste le sang écarlate.

Ils ont tout pris. Mais il reste la plaie qui éclate !

Dieu est caché. Mais il reste l'homme de douleur.

Dieu est caché. Il reste mon frère qui pleure !

Par votre humiliation, Seigneur, par votre honte,
ayez pitié des vaincus, du faible que le fort surmonte !

Par l'horreur de ce dernier vêtement qu'on vous retire,
ayez pitié de tous ceux qu'on déchire !

De l'enfant opéré trois fois que le médecin encourage,
et du pauvre blessé dont on renouvelle les bandages,
de l'époux humilié, du fils près de sa mère qui meurt,
et de ce terrible amour qu'il faut nous arracher du cœur.

Here is where the grain of heavenly wheat is pounded

The Father is naked, the veil of the temple torn away.
A hand is laid upon God. The Flesh of Flesh is shuddering.
The Universe, struck at its source, trembles to the depth of
its bowels. We, since they have taken his tunic and seam-
less robe, Lift up our eyes and dare look on Jesus, all pure.
They left you nothing, Lord...all is taken: the garment
which belonged to the flesh, Just as today they tear the
cowl from the monk and the veil from the nun. Everything
it taken. He has nothing more in which to hide. He has no
more defense. He is naked as a worm. He is turned over to
mankind and uncovered. what, is this your Jesus!? He is
laughable, he all covered with filth and blows. He belongs
to the psychiatrists and the police.

"Tauri Pingues obsederunt me. Liber a me, Domine, de ore canis.

Fat bulls have surrounded me; deliver me, Lord, from the
mouth of the dog!"

He is not the Christ, he is not the Son of Man. He is not
God! His gospels are lies and his father is not in heaven!
He is mad! He is an imposter! Let him speak! Let him be
quiet! Ann's servant strikes him, and Renan kisses him.
Everything is taken, but the scarlet blood remains.

Everything is taken, but the bursting wound remains.

God is hidden, but the man of pain remains.

God is hidden, but my weeping brother remains.

By your humiliation, Lord, by your shame,

Have pity for the vanquished, for the weak beaten by the
strong! By the horror of the last garment they take from
you. Have pity for all those who are torn apart!

For the child operated on three times, whom the doctor en-
courages, And the poor, wounded soldier whose bandages
are renewed, For the humiliated husband, for the son at the
side of his dying mother.

And for this terrible love we must tear from our hearts!

Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments

The tormenters throw themselves on Jesus and furiously strip Him of His garments. Their violence ceases suddenly at the moving sight of the body of the Savior, weak and exhausted, a pitiable victim.



ONZIÈME STATION

Jésus est attaché sur la Croix

Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross

Voici que Dieu n'est plus avec nous, Il est par terre.
La meute en tas l'a pris à la gorge comme un cerf.

Vous êtes donc venu ! Vous êtes vraiment avec nous, Seigneur !
On s'est assis sur vous, on vous tient le genou sur le cœur.

Cette main que le bourreau tord, c'est la droite du Tout Puissant.
On a lié l'Agneau par les pieds, on attache l'Omniprésent.
On marque à la craie sur la Croix sa hauteur et son envergure.
Et quand il va goûter de nos clous, nous allons voir sa figure.

Fils Éternel, dont la borne est votre seule infinité,
la voici donc avec nous, cette place étroite que vous avez convoitée !

Voici Élie sur le mort qui se couche de son long.
Voici le trône de David et la gloire de Salomon.
Voici le lit de notre amour avec Vous, puissant et dur !
Il est difficile à un Dieu de se faire à notre mesure.

On tire et le corps à demi disloqué craque et crie.
Il est bandé comme un presseoir, il est affreusement égarri.
Afin que le Prophète soit justifié qui l'a prédit en ces mots :
« Ils ont percé mes mains et mes pieds. Ils ont énuméré tous mes os. »

Vous êtes pris, Seigneur, et ne pouvez plus échapper.
Vous êtes cloué sur la Croix par les mains et par les pieds.
Je n'ai plus rien à chercher au ciel avec l'hérétique et le fou,
ce Dieu est assez pour moi qui tient entre quatre clous.

Now God is no more with us. He is on the ground.
The pack of hounds has seized him by the throat, like a deer.
You have thus come! You are truly with us, Lord!
You were sat upon, your knee is pressed against your heart.

This hand, twisted by the hangman, is the right hand of the Almighty.
This lamb, tied by the feet, is the Omnipresent chained.
His height and breadth are chalked on the Cross.
And when he tastes our nails we shall see his look.

Eternal Son, whose sole limit is Infinity,
Here with us is the narrow place you coveted!

Here is Elijah who lies upon the dead.
Here is the throne of David and the Glory of Solomon.
It is difficult for a God to come down to our size.

They pull, and the body, half disjointed, cracks and screams.
He is tightened like a press, he is frightfully dismembered,
So that the prophet may be justified who predicted it in these words:
"They have pierced my hands and my feet. They have counted my bones."

You are captured, Lord, and can no longer escape.
You are nailed to the Cross, by hand and foot.
I have nothing more to seek in the sky with the heretic and madman.
This God, who fits between four nails, is enough for me.

Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross

The rhythm of the blows of the hammer driving the nails into the hands and feet of Jesus dominates this station and expresses the implacable cruelty of the tormenters, while above it is breathed the dolorous plaint of the theme of Suffering, previously heard.



DOUZIÈME STATION

Jésus meurt sur la Croix

Jesus Dies on the Cross

Il souffrait tout à l'heure, c'est vrai, mais maintenant il va mourir.
La grande Croix dans la nuit faiblement remue avec le Dieu qui respire.

Tout y est. Il n'y a plus qu'à laisser faire l'Instrument
qui du joint de la double nature inépuisablement,
de la source du corps et de l'âme et de l'hypostase,
exprime et tire toute la possibilité qui est en lui de souffrir.

Il est tout seul comme Adam quand il était seul dans l'Eden.
Il est pour trois heures seul et savoure le Vin,
l'ignorance invincible de l'homme dans le retrait de Dieu !
Notre hôte est appesanti et son front fléchit peu à peu.

Il ne voit plus sa Mère et son Père l'abandonne.
Il savoure la coupe et la mort lentement qui l'empoisonne.

N'en avez-Vous donc pas assez de ce vin aigre et mêlé
d'eau,
pour que Vous Vous redressiez tout à coup et criiez Sitio ?

Vous avez soif, Seigneur ? Est-ce à moi que Vous parlez ?

Est-ce moi dont Vous avez besoin encore et de mes pé-
chés ?

Est-ce moi qui manque avant que tout soit consommé ?

He suffered earlier, it is true, but now He will die.
The Great Cross moves feebly in the night, responding to
the pulse of God.

Everything is there. There is nothing to do but allow the
Instrument to take its course.
The Instrument, which expresses and pulls unceasingly
from the joint of man's double nature,
From the source of body and soul and hypostasis,
His entire capacity to suffer.

He is alone like Adam when he was alone in Eden,
He is alone for three hours and savors the Wine.
The invincible ignorance of man in his retreat from God!
Our host is heavy and his forehead bows bit by bit.

He no longer sees his Mother, and his Father deserts him.
He savors the cup and the death which slowly poisons him.

Didn't you have enough of this vinegar and water
That you straightened up all of a sudden and cried out
"Sitio"?

Are you thirsty, Lord? Are you speaking to me?

Do you still have need of me and of my sins?

Is it I who am missing, before all is consumed?

Jesus Dies on the Cross

A heavy silence has succeeded the blows. Jesus is about to die. From His lips fall one after another the Seven Words. He dies. The rumble and tremble of the earthquake is heard. All is accomplished. The disciples weep in silence.



TREIZIÈME STATION

Jésus est détaché de la Croix
et remis à sa Mère

The Body of Jesus Is Placed
in the Arms of His Mother

Ici la Passion prend fin et la Compassion continue.
Le Christ n'est plus sur la Croix, il est avec Marie qui l'a
reçu :
comme elle l'accepta, promis, elle le reçoit, consommé.

Le Christ qui a souffert aux yeux de tous, de nouveau au
sein de sa Mère est caché.
L'Église entre ses bras à jamais prend charge de son bien-
aimé.

Ce qui est de Dieu, et ce qui est de la Mère, et ce que
l'homme a fait.
Tout cela sous son manteau est avec elle à jamais.

Elle l'a pris, elle voit, elle touche, elle prie, elle pleure, elle
admire.
Elle est le suaire et l'onguent, elle est la sépulture et la
myrrhe.

Elle est le prêtre et l'autel et le vase et le Cénacle.
Ici finit la Croix et commence le Tabernacle.

Here the Passion comes to a close, and the Compassion
continues.

Christ is no more on the Cross; he is with Mary, who has
received him.

As she accepted him in prophecy, she receives him con-
summated.

The Christ who has suffered before all is once more cradled
in the bosom of his mother.

The Church forever embraces and watches over her be-
loved.

That which is of God, and which of Mary, and that which
man has done,
All that...forever under her mantle...is with her.

She took him, she sees, she touches, she prays, she weeps,
she wonders;
She is the shroud and the ointment, she is the tomb and the
myrrh,

She is the priest and the altar and the vase and the Cenacle.

Here ends the Cross...and begins the tabernacle

The Body of Jesus Is Placed in the Arms of His Mother

Under the watch of the disciples, the poor, punished body is gently lowered from the Cross, sustained by ropes.
At length He is returned to His mother. She contemplates almost seemingly forever, the face of her divine Son.



QUATORZIÈME STATION

Jésus est mis dans le sépulcre

Jesus Is Laid in the Tomb

Le tombeau où le Christ qui est mort ayant souffert est mis,
le trou à la hâte descellé pour qu'il dorme sa nuit,
avant que le transpercé ressuscite et monte au Père,
ce n'est pas seulement ce sépulcre neuf, c'est ma chair,
C'est l'homme, votre créature, qui est plus profond que la
terre !

Maintenant que son cœur est ouvert et maintenant que ses
mains sont percées,
il n'est plus de Croix avec nous où son corps ne soit adapté.
Il n'est plus de péché en nous où la plaie ne corresponde.

Venez donc de l'autel où vous êtes caché vers nous, Sau-
veur du monde !
Seigneur, que votre créature est ouverte et qu'elle est pro-
fonde !

The grave where Christ, who is dead...having suffered...is
laid,

The hole unsealed in haste so that he might sleep his night
Before the transfixes is resurrected and ascends to the Fa-
ther...

This is not only a new grave, but also my flesh.

It is man, your creature, who is deeper than the earth!

Now that his heart is open, and now that his hands are
pierced through,

We have no Cross his body does not fit,

We have no sin his wounds do not answer!

Come fourth, then, from the altar where you are hidden,
toward us, Savior of the World!

Lord, how open is your creature, and how profound.

Jesus Is Laid in the Tomb

The sorrowing cortege carries to the tomb the holy remains. The themes of Suffering, of Consolation and of Re-
demption return one after another. When Jesus has been laid in the tomb, a heavenly calm seems to fall on all
and the dawn of a new day arises. The work ends in a vision of hope.



At Notre-Dame de Paris

Dr. Stephen Jon HAMILTON, whose name has long been synonymous with “touring concert organist,” has been prominent on the American organ scene for over forty years. *The New York Times* wrote of Hamilton’s performance of the Bach *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor*: “Hamilton, as organist at the Church of the Holy Trinity (Episcopal) obviously knew the instrument’s sonorous capabilities and brought them powerfully to bear in a rousing account.” *The Charleston Daily Mail* reviewed: “This performance had to be one of the supreme moments of music making in this year’s or any other year’s Orgelfest offerings.” Throughout his distinguished career, such consistent critical review has earned Hamilton acclaim as a thoroughly engaging and popular personality and has firmly established his reputation as a leading and much sought-after virtuoso.

Highlights of Hamilton’s international touring include recent concerts at Notre Dame in Paris, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul’s Cathedral in London, as well as Merton College-Oxford, St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh, Glasgow Cathedral, St. Andrews University, and St. Peter’s in Regensburg. Appearances at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C., Second Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis, and Trinity Episcopal Cathedral in Portland, Oregon, figure prominently among hundreds of solo recitals presented throughout the United States. In New York City Hamilton has performed recitals in all major venues including St. Paul’s Chapel, Columbia University, St. John the Divine, Riverside Church, Saint Thomas Church,

Trinity Church Wall Street, St. Francis Xavier, and St. Ignatius Loyola. Extensive performing throughout the Twin Cities includes the Cathedral Church of Saint Mark, the St. Paul Cathedral, and Central Lutheran Church.

Hamilton gave the world premiere of American composer Kenton Coe’s *Concerto for Organ, Strings and Percussion* at the *Festival du Comminges* in the Cathedral of Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges in the Pyrenees region of France. The newspaper *La Dépêche du Midi* wrote: “The soloist, the American organist Stephen Hamilton, and the Parisian conductor, Jean-Pierre Marty, with the Orchestre national du Capitole de Toulouse, gave the work a magnificent performance.” As a writer, Hamilton championed Coe’s music in his doctoral thesis subsequently published in *The American Organist*. Additionally, Coe’s *Fantasy for Organ* was recorded at The Church of the Holy Trinity (Episcopal) in New York City and is included in the *Great Organs of New York* CD collection issued by B&V Recordings. He has commissioned and continues to perform other organ works of Coe many of which are liturgically attractive.

In addition to United States performances of the Coe *Concerto*, Hamilton frequently appears with regional orchestras playing concertos ranging from Handel, Albinoni, and Rheinberger to Hindemith, Piston, Copland, and Poulenc. Highlights include the Enrico Bossi *Organ Concerto* with conductor David Zinman and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, and the Barber *Toccata Festiva* with conductor Peter Bay and the Austin (Texas) Symphony Orchestra. Additionally he is a frequent collaborator with vocal and instrumental artists. The concert *Requiems* of Fauré, Duruflé, Mozart, and Vierne, and Handel’s *Messiah* have been among the featured works of collaborations with choral ensembles. He has been heard on national radio broadcasts including *Pipedreams* and *Pipes, Pedals and Pistons*.

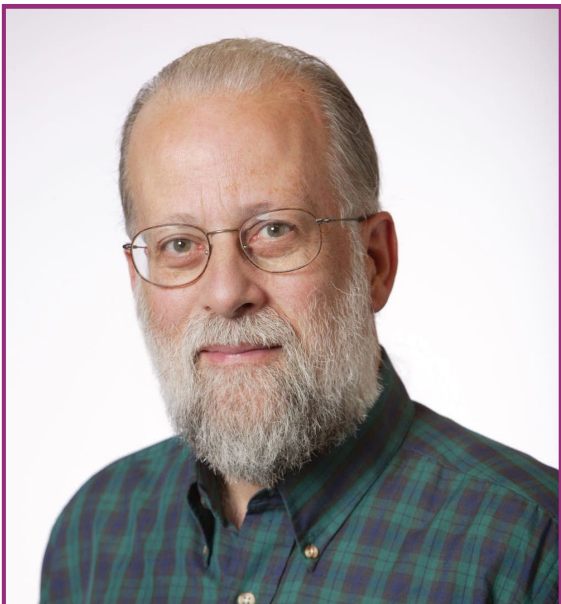
A mainstay of Hamilton’s repertoire is his sought-after and movingly vivid interpretation of Marcel Dupré’s *Le Chemin de la Croix* heard in over sixty concert performances. In 1992 a stunningly inspirational performance in New York City featured narration, dramatic lighting, and modern dance choreographed by Lynn Parkerson which led to several liturgical dance collaborations. His CD release of *Le Chemin de la Croix* garnered exceptional reviews from magazines and trade journals including *The American Organist*, *The American Record Guide* and *The Diapason*.

Stephen Hamilton is Minister of Music *Emeritus* at the historic Church of the Holy Trinity (Episcopal) in New York City. As organist, he also conducted the semi-professional Holy Trinity Choir and was Artistic Director of *Music at Holy Trinity*, the church’s subscription concert series for twenty years. *The New York Times* acknowledged Hamilton’s concert series as “an important venue for week-end presentations” and consistently reviewed the series’ concerts.

An avid educator, Hamilton was a member of the artist faculties of Hunter College, Manhattan School of Music, and Queens College. In demand as a clinician for master classes and workshops, he frequently lectures on topics related to church music as well as organ pedagogy, performance, and interpretation. His classes on various aspects of church service playing have been featured at the Church Music Conference of the University of the South and by the publishers MorningStar, Oxford, and Augsburg. His church music repertoire classes have been presented at seven National Conventions of the American Guild of Organists. The Pipe Organ Encounters program of the AGO has often engaged Hamilton as a clinician and teacher.

A native of Iowa, Hamilton began his private organ studies in the fourth grade with Russell Saunders at Drake University. His Bachelor’s and Master’s degrees were earned at Southern Illinois University. His study with John Walker earned him the Doctor of Musical Arts degree at the Manhattan School of Music. He also pursued rigorous private studies with legendary organists Arthur Poister and Marie-Claire Alain.

Stephen Hamilton now makes his home in Minneapolis, where he is actively engaged in the rich cultural life of the Twin Cities, while continuing to concertize internationally.



Michael BARONE began his adventure with music amidst his parent's small classical record collection and through piano lessons with Stella Pickett (the "little old lady down the street"). He advanced to piano lessons with his church's organist, Marion Wallace, took up tuba and played in school marching and concert bands (Howard Hallock and Robert Henderson, directors), sang in the high school glee club (Dorothy Turner, director), and finally 'discovered' the pipe organ, urged on by neighborhood friend Robert Wech. In short, he grew into music in the usual, inexplicable way that some kids do, encouraged by a benignly supportive environment and the offerings of the public school system.

Barone earned a Bachelor's Degree in Music History from the Oberlin Conservatory, where he also became involved in radio during three years of work at WOBC-FM, the student-run campus 10-watt station. Upon graduation in 1968, he was hired by KSJR-FM at St. John's University, Collegeville, MN, and has continued with the outgrowth

of that station, today's Minnesota Public Radio/American Public Media system, ever since. After 25 years as MPR Music Director, Barone focused on national program production (*Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra; Pipedreams; Baroque & Beyond; A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols*) and as Senior Executive Producer he is the longest tenured of all current MPR staff.

Michael is a past President of the Organ Historical Society (OHS) and the co-founder of the Chamber Music Society of Saint Cloud. He received the President's Award from the American Guild of Organists in 1996, the OHS Distinguished Service Award in 1997, and the Deems Taylor Broadcast Award for Excellence from ASCAP/American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers in 2001. He served as consultant to the Walt Disney Concert Hall organ project in Los Angeles and is an acting advisor on organ programming for the Kimmel Center/Verizon Hall in Philadelphia.

Pipedreams is heard on select public radio stations nationwide. New weekly 2-hour programs and a large archive of all previous broadcasts, covering 40 years, can be accessed 24/7 on the internet www.pipedreams.org.

Pipedreams programs featuring the Cathedral of Saint Paul organs may be found here <https://www.pipedreams.org/profile/saint-paul-cathedral-aeolian-skinner>.



Michael Barone at St. Thomas Church, Leipzig, 2018.
The famous church in which J. S. Bach worked.



CELEBRATING 40 YEARS

The Cathedral Organs

CATHEDRAL OF SAINT PAUL, SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA:

Tonal and mechanical rebuild with additions of Æolian-Skinner, Opus 1398, and tonal restoration of E. M. Skinner Opus 518. Two twin IV-manual consoles provided to control the resources of both instruments from the Sanctuary, or the Gallery, or both.

ORGAN SPECIFICATION, QUIMBY PIPE ORGANS OP. 69

GALLERY GREAT - 13 Ranks

<i>Name</i>	<i>Pitch</i>	<i>Pipes</i>	<i>Description</i>
Violone	16'	73	
Principal	8'	61	
Violone (ext)	8'		61 notes
Bourdon	8'	61	
Spitz Flute	8'	61	
Octave	4'	61	
Koppel Flute	4'	61	
Twelfth	2 2/3'	61	
Fifteenth	2'	61	
Seventeenth	1 3/5'	49	
Mixture III-IV		232	
Bombarde (Pedal)	8'		61 notes, from Pedal
Cromorne (CH)	8'		61 notes, from Choir
Great to Great	16'		
Great Unison Off			
Great to Great	4'		
Zimbelstern			

GALLERY SWELL - 14 Ranks

Rohr Bordun (ext)	16'		61 notes, Extension of Swell 8' Rohr Flute
Geigen Principal	8'	68	
Rohr Flute	8'	80	
Viola da' Gamba	8'	68	
Voix Celeste	8'	68	
Octave	4'	68	
Flauto Traverso	4'	68	
Spindle Flute	2'	61	
Plein Jeu IV	2'	244	
Hautbois (ext)	16'		61 notes, Extension of Swell 8' Hautbois
Trompette	8'	80	
Hautbois	8'	80	
Clarion	4'	68	
Tremulant			
Swell to Swell	16'		
Swell Unison Off			
Swell to Swell	4'		
Pontifical Trumpet (BOMB)		61 notes	Does not couple. When drawn, only this stop will play on the Swell manual, but all other Swell stops may be drawn and coupled to other manuals.

GALLERY CHOIR - 15 Ranks

Viola Pomposa (ext)	16'		61 notes, Extension of 8' Viola Pomposa
Gedeckt	8'	68	
Viola Pomposa	8'	80	
Viola Pomposa Celeste	8'	68	
Erzahler	8'	61	
Erzahler Celeste	8'	56	
Spitz Principal	4'	68	
Block Flute	4'	68	
Nazard	2-2/3'	61	
Zauber Flute	2'	61	

Tierce	1 3/5'	61
Mixture III	1-1/3'	183
Cromorne	8'	68
English Horn TC	8'	49
Tremulant		
Choir to Choir	16'	
Choir Unison Off		
Choir to Choir	4'	

GALLERY BOMBARDE - 13 Ranks

Violone (GT)	16		61 notes, from Great
Open Diapason	8'	49	
Flute Harmonique	8'	49	
Octave	4'	61	
Quint	2 2/3'		61 notes
Super Octave	2'		61 notes
Mixture V	2-2/3'	134	Also draws above 12th & 15th
Tierce Mixture VI	2-2/3'	49	Adds 17th to Mixture V
Harmonics Mixture VII	2-2/3'	49	Adds ♭21st to Mixture VI
Trompette Harmonique (ext)	16'		61 notes
Trompette Harmonique	8'	73	
Hautbois (SW)	8'		61 notes, from Swell
Clarion Harmonique	4'	61	
Pontifical Trompette	8'	61	Does not couple.
Sanct. SW on Bomb.			

GALLERY PEDAL - 4 Ranks

Bourdon	32'	56	
Principal	16'	32	
Violone (GT)	16'		32 notes, From Great
Bourdon (ext)	16'		32 notes, Extension of Pedal 32' Bourdon
Viola Pomposa (CH)	16'		32 notes, From Choir
Rohr Bordun (SW)	16'		32 notes, From Swell
Octave	8'	44	
Violone (GT)	8'		32 notes, From Great
Bourdon (ext)	8'		32 notes, Extension of Pedal 32' Bourdon
Rohr Flute (SW)	8'		32 notes, From Swell
Choral Bass (ext)	4'		32 notes, Extension of Pedal 8' Octave Unit
Harmonic Flute (BOMB)	4'		32 notes, From Bombarde
Nachthorn	4'	32	
Pedal Mixture IV		128	
Contra Bombarde	32'	85	
Bombarde (ext)	16'		32 notes, Extension of Pedal 32' Contre Bombarde
Trompette Harmonique (BOMB)	16'		32 notes, From Bombarde
Hautbois (SW)	16'		32 notes, From Swell
Bombarde (ext)	8'		32 notes, Extension of Pedal 32' Contre Bombarde
Hautbois (SW)	8'		32 notes, From Swell
Pontifical Trompette (BOMB)	8'		32 notes, From Bombarde 8' Pontifical Trumpet
Bombarde (ext)	4'		32 notes, Extension of Pedal 32' Contre Bombarde
Hautbois (SW)	4'		32 notes from Swell
Pontifical Trompette (BOMB)	8'		32 notes, From Bombarde

SANCTUARY GREAT - 6 Ranks

Diapason	8'	73
Wald Flute	8'	73
Gemshorn	8'	73
Octave	4'	73
Flute	4'	61
Fifteenth	2'	61
Great to Great	16'	
Great Unison Off		
Great to Great	4'	
Echo Chimes		

SANCTUARY SWELL - 17 Ranks

Bourdon	16'	73
Diapason	8'	73
Gedeckt	8'	73
Salicional	8'	73
Voix Celeste	8'	73
Flauto Dolce	8'	73
Flute Celeste	8'	61
Octave	4'	73
Flute Triangulaire	4'	73
Mixture V		305
Fagotto	16'	73
Corno	8'	73
Oboe	8'	73
Tremulant		
Swell to Swell	16'	
Swell Unison Off		
Swell to Swell	4'	

SANCTUARY CHOIR - 6 Ranks

Concert Flute	8'	73
Dulciana	8'	73
Harmonic Flute	4'	73
Nazard	2-2/3'	61
Piccolo	2'	61
Clarinet	8'	73
Tremulant		
Choir to Choir	16'	
Choir Unison Off		
Choir to Choir	4'	
Chimes		
Echo Chimes		

SANCTUARY PEDAL - 1 Rank

Resultant (ext)	32'		32 notes, From Open Diapason
Open Diapason	16'	44	
Echo Lieblich (SW)	16'		32 notes
Octave (ext)	8'		32 notes
Gedeckt (SW)	8'		32 notes
Fagotto (SW)	16'		32 notes
Fagotto	8'		32 notes, From Swell
Echo Chimes			

INTER-MANUAL COUPLERS (on both consoles)

Bombarde to Pedal	8'
Great to Pedal	8'
Swell to Pedal	8'
Swell to Pedal	4'
Choir to Pedal	8'
Choir to Pedal	4'
Bombarde to Great	8'
Swell to Great	16'
Swell to Great	8'
Swell to Great	4'
Choir to Great	16'
Choir to Great	8'
Choir to Great	4'
Bombarde to Choir	8'
Swell to Choir	16'
Swell to Choir	8'
Swell to Choir	4'
Great to Choir	8'
Pedal to Choir	8'
Great to Pedal	8'
Swell to Pedal	8'

Swell to Pedal	4'
Choir to Pedal	8'
Swell to Great	16'
Swell to Great	8'
Swell to Great	4'
Choir to Great	16'
Choir to Great	8'
Choir to Great	4'
Swell to Choir	16'
Swell to Choir	8'
Swell to Choir	4'
All Swells to Swell	
Manual Transfer	with AMBER indicator LED on coupler rail

COMBINATION ACTION

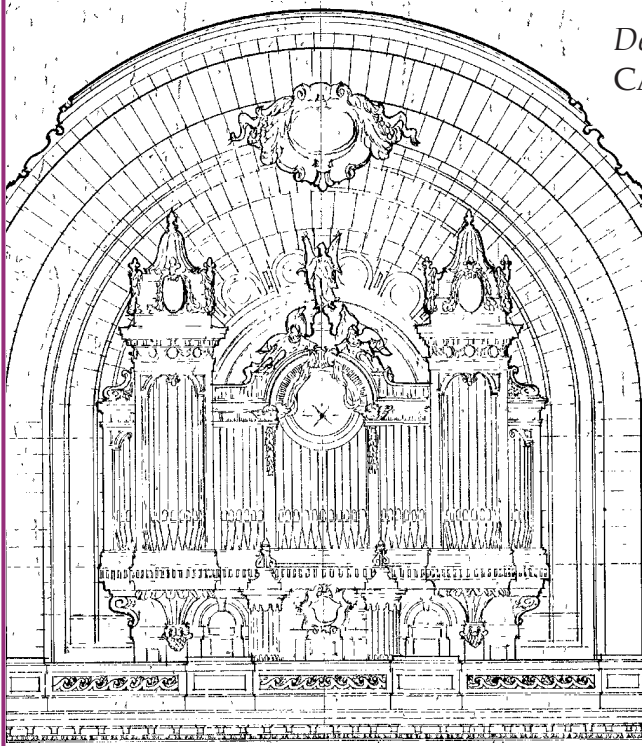
Generals	1-20 on pistons, 21-34 on toe studs
Bombarde Divisionals	1-7, 0
Gallery Swell Divisionals	1-7, 0
Gallery Great Divisionals	1-7, 0
Gallery Choir Divisionals	1-7
Sanctuary Swell Divisionals	1-7
Sanctuary Great Divisionals	1-4
Sanctuary Choir Divisionals	1-4
Gallery Pedal Divisionals	1-4 (toe studs)
Sanctuary Pedal Divisionals	1, 2 (toe studs)
Couplers	0 (cancel), 1-4 (programmable)
Full Organ piston & Toe Paddle	with RED indicator LED on coupler rail
General Cancel	
Gallery Cancel	
Sanctuary Cancel	
Set Piston	
Previous Piston	
NEXT Pistons	5 pistons & 1 toe stud
Memory Level Up & Down	Pistons on keycheek
Memory Level Indicator window	with RED indicator LED on coupler rail
Step Level Indicator window	with RED indicator LED on coupler rail

CRESCENDO AND EXPRESSION PEDALS

Crescendo Pedal	Standard Crescendo with 60 stages, Crescendo A, B, C and Standard, controlled by keycheek pistons; 512 levels of memory, with indicator LED's on coupler rail
Crescendo Stage Window	with RED indicator LED on coupler rail
Gallery Swell Expression Pedal	
Gallery Choir Expression Pedal	
Sanctuary Swell Expression Pedal	
Sanctuary Choir Expression Pedal	

REVERSIBLES

Swell to Great	(piston)
Bombarde to Great	(piston)
Bombarde to Pedal	(piston & toe paddle)
Swell to Pedal	(piston & toe paddle)
Great to Pedal	(piston & toe paddle)
Choir to Pedal	(piston & toe paddle)
32' Bombarde	(piston & toe paddle)
32' Bourdon	(piston & toe paddle)
Zimbelstern	(toe paddle)



*Detail from an original drawing by
CATHEDRAL ARCHITECT EMMANUEL-LOUIS MASQUERAY*



CATHEDRAL HERITAGE FOUNDATION

Saint Paul, Minnesota

***Thank you,
CATHEDRAL HERITAGE FOUNDATION
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