

Music for the Easter Season



THE UTAH
BAROQUE
ENSEMBLE

Martha Sargent, director

Heidi Rodeback, organist

7:30 pm, April 12, 2026
481 East Center, Orem

7:30 pm, April 19, 2026
1081 W 1060 North, Provo

This Joyful Eastertide

Dutch carol, c. 1624, adapted various
George R. Woodward (1848–1934)

This joyful Eastertide, away with sin and sorrow!
My love, the Crucified, hath sprung to life this morrow!
Had Christ, that once was slain, ne'er burst his three-day prison
Our faith had been in vain; but now hath Christ arisen!

Death's flood hath lost his chill since Jesus cross'd the river.
Lover of souls, from ill, my passing soul deliver.
Had Christ, that once was slain, ne'er burst his three-day prison
Our faith had been in vain; but now hath Christ a risen!

(Join us! See music on the back page)

My flesh in hope shall rest and for a season slumber.
Till trump from east to west shall wake the dead in number.
Had Christ, that once was slain, ne'er burst his three-day prison
Our faith had been in vain; but now hath Christ arisen!



Ave Verum Corpus

William Byrd (c. 1540–1623)
Eucharist hymn text, ca. 13th C.

Ave, verum corpus
natum de Maria Virgine,
Vere passum immolatum
in cruce pro homine.
Cujus latus perforatum
unda fluxit sanguine.
Esto nobis praegustatum
in mortis examine.
O dulcis, O pie,
O Jesu Fili Mariae
miserere mei. Amen.

Hail, true body
born of the Virgin Mary,
Who has truly suffered, sacrificed
on the Cross for humanity.
Whose pierced side
overflowed with blood.
Be for us a foretaste
In our ordeal of death.
O sweetness, O holy one,
O Jesus Son of Mary
Have mercy on me. Amen.

Ascendit Deus

Peter Philips (1561–1628)

Psalm 47:5

Ascendit Deus in jubilatione,
et Dominus in voce
tubae, alleluia.
Dominus in coelo paravit sedem
suam.
Alleluia, alleluia.

God has ascended with jubilation,
and the Lord with the sound of the
trumpet, alleluia.
The Lord has prepared his seat in
heaven.
Alleluia, alleluia.



This cantata for the Easter season describes Christ's victory over death and celebrates even his necessary suffering with Hallelujahs. Each movement is a variation on the hymn tune we hear as the final chorale. Everyone who heard this work in Bach's Germany knew the hymn well.

Christ lag in Todesbanden BWV 4

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)
Martin Luther (1483–1546)

Verse I, choir

Christ lag in Todesbanden
Für unser Sünd gegeben,
Er ist wieder erstanden
Und hat uns bracht das Leben;
Des wir sollen fröhlich sein,
Gott loben und ihm dankbar sein
Und singen Halleluja,
Halleluja!

Christ lay in death's bonds
given over for our sins,
He has risen again
and brought us life;
therefore we should be joyful,
praise God and be thankful to Him
and sing Hallelujah,
Hallelujah!

Verse II, sopranos and altos

Den Tod niemand zwingen kunnt
Bei allen Menschenkindern,
Das macht' alles unser Sünd,
Kein Unschuld war zu finden.

No one could defeat death
among all humanity,
this was all because of our sins,
no innocence was to be found.

Davon kam der Tod so bald
Und nahm über uns Gewalt,
Hielt uns in seinem Reich gefangen.
Halleluja!

Therefore death came so soon
and took power over us,
held us captive in his kingdom.
Hallelujah!

Verse III, tenors

Jesus Christus, Gottes Sohn,
An unser Statt ist kommen
Und hat die Sünde weggetan,
Damit dem Tod genommen
All sein Recht und sein Gewalt,
Da bleibt nichts denn Tods Gestalt,
Den Stach'l hat er verloren.
Halleluja!

Jesus Christ, God's son,
has come in our place,
and has done away with sin,
thereby taking from death
all his rights and power,
nothing remains but death's form;
he has lost his sting.
Hallelujah!

Verse IV, choir

Es war ein wunderlicher Krieg,
Da Tod und Leben rungen,
Das Leben behielt den Sieg,
Es hat den Tod verschlungen.
Die Schrift hat verkündigt das,
Wie ein Tod den andern fraß,
Ein Spott aus dem Tod ist worden.
Halleluja!

It was a strange battle,
that death and life waged,
life claimed the victory,
it devoured death.
The scripture had prophesied this,
how one death gobbled up the other,
a mockery has been made of death.
Hallelujah!

Verse V, basses

Hier ist das rechte Osterlamm,
Davon Gott hat geboten,
Das ist hoch an des Kreuzes Stamm
In heißer Lieb gebraten,
Das Blut zeichnet unser Tür,
Das hält der Glaub dem Tode für,
Der Würger kann uns nicht mehr
schaden. Halleluja!

Here is the true Easter Lamb,
Which the Lord has proffered.
He hangs high on the cross's beam,
burning in fervent love,
His blood marks our door,
faith holds it against death,
the Destroyer can no longer harm us.
Hallelujah!

Verse VI, sopranos and tenors
So feiern wir das hohe Fest
Mit Herzensfreud und Wonne,
Das uns der Herre scheinen läßt,
Er ist selber die Sonne,
Der durch seiner Gnade Glanz
Erleuchtet unsre Herzen ganz,
Der Sünden Nacht ist verschwunden..
Halleluja!

So we celebrate the high festival
with joy of heart and delight,
which the Lord radiates upon us,
He himself is the sun,
that through the splendor of his grace
illuminates our hearts completely,
the night of sin has disappeared.
Hallelujah!

Verse VII, Chorale
Wir essen und leben wohl
In rechten Osterfladen,
Der alte Sauerteig nicht soll
Sein bei dem Wort der Gnaden,
Christus will die Koste sein
Und speisen die Seel allein,
Der Glaub will keins andern leben.
Halleluja!

We eat and live well
on the true Easter bread,
the old leaven shall not
exist next to the word of grace,
Christ will be our food
and nourish the soul alone,
faith will live in no other way.
Hallelujah!

Translation © Pamela Dellal

Katie Jensen, violin I ♦ Katie Syphus, violin II
Alessandro Rosborough, viola I ♦ Linda Duncan, viola II
Colin Mitchell, cello ♦ Hannah Esguerra, bass



Tenebrae factae sunt

Johann Michael Haydn (1737–1806)
conducted by Katrina McNiven

Tenebrae factae sunt,
dum crucifixissent Jesum Judaei:
et circa horam nonam

It became dark,
when the Jews had crucified Jesus:
and about the ninth hour,

exclamavit Jesus voce magna:
Deus meus, ut quid me dereliquisti?
Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.

Exclamans Jesus voce magna, ait:
Pater, in manus tuas
commendo spiritum meum.
Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.

Jesus cried out with a loud voice:
My God, why hast thou forsaken me?
And bowing his head, he gave up the
ghost.

Crying out with a loud voice, Jesus said:
Father, into thy hands
I commend my spirit.
And bowing his head, he gave up the
ghost.

So fahr ich hin

So fahr ich hin zu Jesu Christ,
mein Arm tu ich ausstrecken;
so schlaf ich ein, und ruhe fein.
Kein Mensch kann mich aufwecken:
Denn Jesus Christus, Gottes Sohn,
Der wird die Himmelstür aufthun,
Mich führen zum ewigen Leben.

Heinrich Shütz (1585–1672)
Nikolaus Herman (1500–1561)

So I go to Jesus Christ,
and stretch out my arm to Him;
so I sleep, and rest easy.
No man can wake me.
For Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Will open the doors of heaven,
And lead me to eternal life.

Translation, James Gibb



Prelude in G Major, BWV 568 Johann Sebastian Bach
Matthew Simper, organ
2nd place winner of the 2026 Medveczky student competition



Gerald Finzi was an early 20th-century composer of instrumental and choral music. This piece wonderfully sets the images of Henry Vaughan's poetry about the feast of the sacrament, the suffering of Christ, and His unique position in our lives.

Welcome Sweet and Sacred Feast

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)
Henry Vaughan (1621–1695)

Welcome sweet and sacred feast; welcome life!
Dead I was, and deep in trouble;
but grace, and blessings came with thee so rife,
that they have quicken'd even dry stubble.
Thus souls their bodies animate,
and thus, at first, when things were rude,
dark, void and crude,
they, by thy Word, their beauty had, and date.
All were by thee
and still must be;
nothing that is, or lives,
but hath his quick'nings and reprieves
as thy hand opes or shuts;
healings and cuts,
darkness and daylight, life and death,
are but mere leaves turn'd by thy breath.
But that great darkness at thy death
when the veil broke with thy last breath,
did make us see
the way to thee.
Was't not enough that thou hadst paid the price
and given us eyes
when we had none, but thou must also take
us by the hand
and keep us still awake

when we would sleep,
or from thee creep
who without thee cannot stand?
Was't not enough to lose thy breath
and blood by an accursed death
but thou must also leave
to us that did bereave
thee of them both, these seals the means
that should both cleanse
and keep us so,
who wrought thy woe?
O rose of Sharon! O the lily of the valley!
How art thou now, thy flock to keep
become both food, and Shepherd to thy sheep!



The modern composer who is most connected to our choir is
David H. Sargent, late husband of director Martha Sargent.

We honor him by performing these two pieces.

They represent two sides of Sargent's devotion and personality--
reverent and contemplative on the one hand and bubbling over with
delight and humor on the other.

Bless the Lord

David H. Sargent (1941–2025)

Psalm 104

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great;
thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:
who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:

who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth,
that it should not be removed forever and ever.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:

I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

Bless the Lord, O my soul! Praise ye the Lord.

Mirth

David H. Sargent (1941–2025)
Christopher Smart (1722–1771)

If you are merry, sing away,
And touch the organs sweet;
This is the Lord's triumphant day,
Ye children in the gall'ries gay,
Shout from each goodly seat.

It shall be May tomorrow's morn,
Afield then let us run,
And deck us in the blooming thorn,
Soon as the cock begins to warn,
And long before the sun.

I give the praise to Christ alone,
My pinks already show;
And my streak'd roses fully blown,
The sweetness of the Lord make known,
And to his glory grow.

With white and crimson laughs the sky,
With birds the hedgerows ring;
To give the praise to God most high,
And all the sulky fiends defy,
Is a most joyful thing!



Soon-ah Will Be Done

African-American spiritual
arr. William L. Dawson (1899–1990)
conducted by John Colton

Lily of the Valley

African-American Spiritual
arr. Wendell Whalum (1931–1987)

My Soul's Been Anchored
in the Lord

African-American spiritual
arr. Moses Hogan (1957–2003)



The Utah Baroque Ensemble

Jim Adams ❖ Richard Adams ❖ Mike Beal ❖ John Colton
Steve Humphries ❖ Dilworth Parkinson ❖ Bruce Seely ❖ Mike Stay

Brian Colton ❖ Robb Cundick ❖ Nels Draper ❖ Zach Griffin
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Shauna Phelps ❖ Diane Teichert ❖ Diane Wilde

Kathryn Bourgerie ❖ Janet Bradford ❖ Jan Marie Cannon
Bethanie Cook ❖ Andrea Draper ❖ Eva Frandsen-Raff
Alexandria Jenson ❖ Louise Johnson ❖ Rachel Mitchell

Martha Sargent has directed the Utah Baroque Ensemble since its founding in 1987. She holds a BA in music education and a Master of Music in choral conducting from Brigham Young University. Mrs. Sargent led the Christmas Chorus which performed Benjamin Britten's *Ceremony of Carols* for forty years. She played oboe with

the Utah Valley Symphony for more than thirty years and has taught many junior and high school oboists. She is married to the late David Sargent, who taught music theory and composition at BYU. They have five children and five grandchildren.

Heidi Rodeback, pianist and organist, is a frequent collaborator in Utah Valley's musical community. She earned a bachelor's degree in Russian literature from Brigham Young University, completed post-graduate study in the Piano Institute at Colby College, and holds the rank of Associate in the American Guild of Organists. Recent performance credits include the Utah Children's Choir and the choirs of Utah Valley University. Active in civic life, she also volunteers on the boards of the Timpanogos Symphony Orchestra and the American Fork Public Library.



If you would like to learn more about our organization, join an email concert notification list, sign up for our next auditions, or make a donation, please visit our website: UtahBaroque.org



The Utah Baroque Ensemble is a non-profit organization that is sponsored by many individual donors and organizations.

Each member of the choir also gives many hours of donated time to keep our group running smoothly. We particularly wish to thank the following for their support:

D. Keith & Ada Wilson

Doug & Christa Bradford



This Joyful Eastertide

My flesh in hope shall rest, And
Till trump from east to west Shall
for a sea - son slum - ber. Had
wake the dead in num - ber.

Christ, that once was slain, Ne'er burst his three-day pri - son, Our
faith had been in vain: But now is Christ a - ris - en, a -
ris - en, a - ris - en, a ris - en.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a repeat sign. The lyrics are placed below the notes. There are measure numbers 3, 6, 10, and 14 at the start of their respective staves. The piece ends with a double bar line.



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