



The EPISCOPAL CHURCH of the EPIPHANY

presents

The Bach/Biber Project

Year 3

Presentation 6

Sunday, May 31, 2026

4:00 PM

Judith Cox, VIOLIN

Julie Ryder, ORGAN



Kindly hold your applause until the end of the entire presentation

Sonata No. 3 in C major, BWV 1005

Adagio

Fuga

Largo

Allegro assai

J. S. Bach

(1685-1750)

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THE ASSUMPTION OF MARY INTO HEAVEN

Luke 1:30-35

The angel Gabriel said to Mary, "Do not be afraid, for you have found favor with God. And now, you will conceive in your womb and bear a son, and you will name him Jesus. He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God will give to him the throne of his ancestor David. He will reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there will be no end." Mary said to the angel, "How can this be, since I am a virgin?" The angel said to her, "The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you; therefore the child to be born will be holy; he will be called Son of God.

Revelation 12:1, 13-14

A great portent appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. So when the dragon saw that he had been thrown down to the earth, he pursued the woman who had delivered the male child. But the woman was given the two wings of the great eagle, so that she could fly from the serpent into the wilderness, to her place where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time.

Rosary Sonata No. 14 The Assumption of Mary into Heaven

Grave

Aria

Gigue



H. I. F. Biber

(1644-1704)

D major: A, E, A, D
(G & D raised 1 whole step,
E lowered 1 whole step)

The Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary

Rose Anna Higashi

Wisteria leaves lift upward in August's marigold breeze;
Seeds drift down from the bird feeder
And scatter in the dappled leaf-shadows.
A thrasher, his beak curved to capture
Food from secret crevices,
Hops from the lazy shade
To seize his fortune.

Queen of Heaven, you were locked in shadows,
Trapped in the corridors of dark hearts.
On moonless nights you were a fugitive;
You lived among strangers and napped with cows.
Wounded doves gathered in your skirts,
And the Infant King hid his light in your mantle.

Come forward now like a shy bird;
Spread your wings, blue as the sky's summer.
Your head is crested now with a jeweled crown,
And friends have gathered,
Stepping out from a million dark trees,
To cast our fate
With your radiant face.

A time for reflection

Mary said, "My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior, for he has looked with favor on the lowliness of his servant. Surely, from now on all generations will call me blessed; for the Mighty One has done great things for me, and holy is his name. His mercy is for those who fear him from generation to generation. He has shown strength with his arm; he has scattered the proud in the thoughts of their hearts. He has brought down the powerful from their thrones, and lifted up the lowly; he has filled the hungry with good things, and sent the rich away empty. He has helped his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy, according to the promise he made to our ancestors, to Abraham and to his descendants forever."

Rosary Sonata No. 15

Sonata
Aria
Canzone
Sarabande

The Coronation of Mary as Queen
of Heaven and Earth

C major: G, C, G, D
(D, A, and E lowered 1 whole step)

There was silence in heaven

Alfred Barrett

There was silence in heaven, as if for half an hour-
Isaiah's coals of wonder sealed the lips
Of Seraph, Principality and Power,
Of all the nine angelic fellowships.
The archangels, those sheer intelligences,
Were silent, with their eyes on heaven's door.
(So must our fancy dower them with senses,
Make them incarnate in a metaphor.)
There was silence in heaven as Mary entered in,
For even Gabriel had not foreseen
The glory of a soul immune from sin
Throned in the body of the angels' Queen.
Blessed be God and Mary in whose womb
Was woven God's incredible disguise.
She gave our Lord his Body. In the tomb
He gave her hers again and bade her rise.
Bright from death's slumber she arose, the flush
Of a chaste joy illumining her cheeks;
Among the motherless in heaven there was a hush
To hear the way a mother laughs and speaks.
Eye had not seen, nor ear of angel heard,
Nor heart conceived-until our Lady's death-
What God for those that love Him had prepared
When heaven's synonym was Nazareth!
Her beauty opened slowly like a flower,
Beauty to them eternally bequeathed.
There was silence in heaven; as if for half an hour
No angel breathed.

A time for reflection

The disciples came to Jesus and asked, 'Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?' He called a child, whom he put among them, and said, 'Truly I tell you, unless you change and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Whoever becomes humble like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Whoever welcomes one such child in my name welcomes me. Take care that you do not despise one of these little ones; for, I tell you, in heaven their angels continually see the face of my Father in heaven.

Sonata No. 16*Passacaglia***Guardian Angels**

G minor: G, D, A, E
(normal tuning)

Psalm 91:9-16 *Qui Habitat*

Because you have made the LORD your refuge, *
and the Most High your habitation,
There shall no evil happen to you, *
neither shall any plague come near your dwelling.
For he shall give his angels charge over you, *
to keep you in all your ways.
They shall bear you in their hands, *
lest you dash your foot against a stone.
You shall tread upon the lion and adder; *
you shall trample the young lion and the serpent under your feet.
Because he is bound to me in love,
therefore will I deliver him; *
I will protect him, because he knows my Name.
He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; *
I am with him in trouble;
I will rescue him and bring him to honor.
With long life will I satisfy him, *
and show him my salvation.

A time for reflection

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Please join us for a celebratory reception in the courtyard.

For more information, please visit: www.bachbiberproject.com



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