

Passion for the Innocents

Libretto by Tristan Cooley

Excerpt from "Garden Scene" - 1/3/20

Peter/James/John: He took us up a hill before, or were we deep in dream?
Recall, He lost his earthly hue, and shined a blinding beam.
Shall we again observe this Light, or an altar build?
For he seems another thing entire, pale and grief instilled.

Jesus: Father, can't you take this cup, and bring it to an end? Your will be done, of course, amen. But pray, am I not more than men? Before I wore a robe of light, now I sink in dirt and fright.

Peter/James/John: "Behold my Son" we heard from high above the clouds.
"Listen to Him" was the rule, so we were avowed.
But memory asks, was it "Him," or was the charge misheard?
Now after this, who proclaims the Word?
Sight retreats at majesty transferred.

Jesus: I feel it closing in, but oh again what fills my ears but voices precious clear... A child's song in harmony is wrapping round my agony, and how can they not hear? An echo from some holy place, dancing down the mountain.

Mary/God's angel: Raise your eyes to look; listen through the fear.
Fasten to the sound of truth revealed.
Innocence, oh Savior born, retrieves this death from doubt,
And all will be used.
Hark! Be lifted from the ground.

Children: Carry us, O heart surrendered,
Life suspended by the stars,
That founded our salvation by the body marked in scars.
Forward angels march, the kingdom calls.

John: They came upon us suddenly, hardly time to think,
"Friend", He called him, with a kiss, Embracing that last tenderness.
Our brother Judas, one of us,
Just as lost, just like us.