GREG BARTHOLOMEW

From the

Odes of Solomon

Three settings for unaccompanied mixed choir

Perusal Copy - Do Not Duplicate

BURKE & BAGLEY
From the Odes of Solomon

From Odes 1 & 3 of the Odes of Solomon  Duration 5’
From Ode 14 of the Odes of Solomon  Duration 5’
From Ode 17 of the Odes of Solomon  Duration 5’ 30”

From the Odes of Solomon was first performed in concert by the Ars Brunensis Chorus on June 2, 2002, at the Husov Sbor, Brno. Recorded on June 1, 2002, at the Church of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, Brno - Husovice, Czech Republic. Roman Valek conducted the Ars Brunensis Chorus, Dan Kalousek choirmaster, Frantisek Poul recording engineer, and Annegret Lange producer. Released on CD by Capstone Records.

For information about the composer, visit: www.gregbartholomew.com.

BURKE & BAGLEY
www.burkeandbagley.com

1824 North 53rd Street
Seattle, WA 98103-6116
Tel: 206.632.4487
Email: office@burkeandbagley.com
The Odes of Solomon are believed to have been written around the year 100 A.D., and include strong parallels to the Dead Sea Scrolls. Scholars have debated whether the Odes should be considered Jewish, Christian or Gnostic, and whether they were first written in Greek, Hebrew or Syriac. Early Christian writings refer to and quote from them. An old Syriac manuscript containing the text of most of the Odes was discovered in 1909 by the English scholar J. Rendel Harris, and other partial texts in various languages have also been found. There are 42 Odes. Some fragments are still missing from Odes I and III, and no part of Ode II has yet been found.

I have selected text from four of the Odes of Solomon which I found particularly compelling. The anonymous translation I have used comes from The Gnostic Society Library.

Greg Bartholomew
October 7, 2000
Seattle
From Ode I

The Lord is on my head like a crown
And I shall not be without him.

From Ode III

I clothe his limbs, his own limbs,
and hang from them. He loves me.

How would I know how to love the Lord
if he did not love me?
And who can tell us about love?
Only one who is loved.

I love the beloved, and my soul loves him.
I am where he reposes,
and I will be no stranger to him,
because he is not petty, my high merciful Lord.

I have gone to join him
for the lover has found his beloved.

From Ode XIV

As the eyes of a son to his father,
so my eyes turn to you, O Lord, at all times,
for with you are my consolation and joy.

Do not turn your mercy from me, O Lord,
nor your kindness,
but stretch out your right hand,
and be my guide to the end.

Care for me, save me from evil,
and let your gentleness and love be with me.
Teach me to sing of truth,
that I may engender fruit in you.

Open the harp of your holy spirit
so I may praise you, Lord, with all its notes.

From your sea of mercy, help me,
help me in my hour of need.

From Ode XVII

I was crowned by God, by a crown alive.
And my Lord justified me.

I was freed from myself and uncondemned.
The chains fell from my wrists.

The thought of truth drove me,
I walked to it and did not wander off.

He glorified me by kindness
and lifted my thought to truth.
I opened closed doors, shattered bars of iron.
My own shackles melted.

Nothing appeared closed
because I was the door to everything.

I freed slaves,
left no man in bonds.

I spread my knowledge and love,
and sowed my fruits in hearts
and transformed them.

I blessed them. They lived.
I gathered them and saved them.

They became the limbs of my body
and I was their head.

--anonymous translation excerpted from the
Gnostic Society Library
(www.webcom.com/~gnosis/library/odes.htm)
From Odes I & III of the Odes of Solomon

Dedicated to my first music teacher, Mary Christine Bartholomew

Greg Bartholomew

© 2000, 2003
From Odes I & III of the Odes of Solomon

1. I clothe His limbs,

2. His own

From Odes I & III of the Odes of Solomon

1. I clothe His limbs,

2. His own
limbs, I hang from

limbs, and hang, I hang from

limbs, and hang, I hang, and hang from

limbs, and hang, I hang, and hang from

them. He loves me.

them. He loves me.

them. He loves me.

them. He loves me.
From Odes I & III of the Odes of Solomon

How would I know how to love the Lord?

If He did not love me?

And who?

He did not love me?

How would I know how to love the Lord?

And
How would I know how to

And who can tell us about love?

How would I know how to

who can tell us about love?

If

If He

love the Lord? And who can tell us about love?

He did not love me? And who can tell us about love?

love the Lord? And who can tell us about love?

did not love me? About love?
From Odes I & III of the Odes of Solomon

S

A

T

B

Pno

On - ly one who is loved.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves

On - ly one who is loved.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves

On - ly one who is loved.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves

I am where

Him. I am where

Him. I am where

Him. I am where

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves Him.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves Him.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves Him.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves Him.

From Odes I & III of the Odes of Solomon

S

A

T

B

Pno

On - ly one who is loved.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves

On - ly one who is loved.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves

On - ly one who is loved.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves

I am where

Him. I am where

Him. I am where

Him. I am where

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves Him.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves Him.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves Him.

I love the be - lov - ed and my soul loves Him.
From Odes I & III of the Odes of Solomon

he re - pos - es.

I am where He re - pos - es. And I will be no_

I am where He re - pos - es. And I will be no_

I am where He re - pos - es. And I will be no_

And I will be no stran - ger____ to Him____

stran - ger____ to Him,____ no stran - ger____ to Him____

stran - ger____ to Him,____ no stran - ger____ to Him____

will____ be____ no stran - ger____ to Him____
From Odes I & III of the Odes of Solomon

because He is not petty, my high merciful Lord.

I have gone.

Love has found

For the lover has found his be-

I have gone to join Him, for the lover has found his be-

Perusal Copy
From Odes I & III of the Odes of Solomon

Perusal Copy
And I shall not be without
I shall not, shall not be without
And I shall not be, I shall not be without

Him. He loves me.
Him. He loves me.
Him. He loves me.
Him. He loves me.
From Ode XIV of the Odes of Solomon

Dedicated to my father, Fletcher Lavallee Bartholomew

Greg Bartholomew

As the eyes of a son to his father, so my eyes turn to you, O

Lord, at all times, for with you are my consolation and joy.

Copyright 2000, 2003
From Ode XIV of the Odes of Solomon

Do not turn your mercy from me, O Lord,

O Lord, O Lord, O Lord,

Do not turn your mercy from me, O Lord,

O Lord, O Lord, O Lord,

Do not turn your mercy from me, O Lord,

From Ode XIV of the Odes of Solomon
Do not turn your mercy from me, but stretch out your right hand, and nor your kindness, but stretch out your right hand and Lord, Lord. 

be my guide to the end. Care for me. Save me from evil. Care for be my guide to the end. Care for me. Save me from evil. Care for be my guide to the end. Care for me. Care for me. Save me from evil. Save me from evil.
From Ode XIV of the Odes of Solomon

24

S

A

T

B

Pno

Save me. Save me from e-vil, and let your gen-tle-ness and love be

Care for me. Care for me.

Care for me. Care for me.

And let your gen-tle-ness and love be with me.

And let your gen-tle-ness and love be with me.

From Ode XIV of the Odes of Solomon
From Ode XIV of the Odes of Solomon

Più allegro (\( q = 72 \))

Teach me to sing.

Teach me to sing.

Teach me to sing.

Teach me to sing.

Teach me to sing.

Teach me to sing.

Con moto (\( \dot{\text{h}} = 54 \))

Teach me to sing of truth,

Teach me to sing of truth,

Teach me to sing of truth that I

Teach me to sing of truth.

Teach me to sing of truth that I

Teach me to sing of truth.
Teach me to sing.

may en-gender fruit in you. Teach me to sing.

may en-gender fruit in you. Teach me to sing.

of truth. Open, open,

Teach me to sing of truth. Open, open,

of truth. Open, open,

rit. [D] Tempo I (\(\text{q}=54\))

[Tempo I (\(\text{q}=54\))]
From Ode XIV of the Odes of Solomon

S

\(\text{d.} = 54\)

A

T

B

Pno

61

67

so I may praise you, praise you, Lord.

so I may praise you, praise you, Lord.

so I may praise, praise you, Lord.

so I may praise, so I may praise you, Lord.

open the harp of your holy spirit.

open, so I may praise you,

open, so I may praise you,

open, so I may praise you,

From Ode XIV of the Odes of Solomon
Open, open, open the harp of your holy spirit
so I may praise you,
so I may praise you, Lord, with all its notes.

So I may praise you, Lord,
So I may praise you, Lord, with all its notes.
So I may praise you, Lord, with all its notes. From your sea of mercy, help me, help me in my hour of need. Help me, help me.

From Ode XIV of the Odes of Solomon
From Ode XIV of the Odes of Solomon

Relaxed, as a memory
As the eyes of a son to his father.
From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon

Dedicated to my sister, Annie Bartholomew

Greg Bartholomew

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano

I was crowned by God, 
by a crown alive.

I was crowned by God, 
by a crown alive.

I was crowned by God, 
by a crown alive.

I was crowned by God, 
by a crown alive.

From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon

I was freed from my self,

and un-condemned.

and un-condemned. I was freed.
From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon

16

I was freed from myself,

The chains fell from my

and un-condemned.

19

wrist.

The chains fell from wrists.

The thought of truth drove me.

wrist.

The chains fell from wrists.

The thought of truth drove me.
From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon

The thought of truth drove me.

The thought of truth drove me.

The thought of truth drove me.

From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon
30 poco accel.  
A poco rall.  
a tempo  

I walked to it and did not wander off.

From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon
From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon

lift-ed my thoughts to truth. I o-pened closed doors, shat-tered bars of

lift-ed my thoughts to truth. I o-pened closed doors, shat-tered bars of

lift-ed my thoughts to truth. I o-pened closed doors, shat-tered bars of

i-ron.

My own shack-les melt-ed.

i-ron.

My own shack-les melt-ed.

i-ron. The thought of truth. My own shack-les melt-ed.

i-ron. My own shack-les melt-ed.

i-ron. My own shack-les melt-ed.

i-ron.
From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon

No-thing ap-peared closed be-cause I was the door to ev'-ry-thing.

I freed

No-thing ap-peared closed be-cause I was the door to ev'-ry-thing.
From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon

55

slaves, left no man in bonds.

I freed slaves, left no man in bonds.

My own shackles melted.

I freed slaves, left no man in bonds.
From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon

My own shackles melted.

I spread my knowledge and love,

And love.
and sowed my fruit in hearts and transformed them.

I sowed my fruit in hearts, and transformed them.

I blessed them. They lived. I gathered them and saved them.

I blessed them. They lived. I gathered them and saved them.

I blessed them. They lived. I gathered them and saved them.

From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon
From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon

They became the limbs of my body.

They became the limbs of my body.
From Ode XVII of the Odes of Solomon

Perusal Copy