

CPEB: CW, VI/4
Arias and Chamber Cantatas
English Translations

KLOPSTOCK'S MORNING SONG ON THE
FEAST OF CREATION, WQ 239

1. Accompanied Recitative

It still does not appear, the sun, God's messenger,
it yet delays, the giver of life.
A shower of perfume still lies
on the waiting Earth.

2. Arioso

Holy, most exalted, first one,
you also made our Sirius!
How it shall shine forth, how shall shine forth
the brighter Sirius of Earth!

3. Aria

Already the melodious breezes of the early hours
waft and rustle and refresh!
Already it flows in, the blush of day, and heralds
the resurrection of the dead sun.

4a. Duet

Lord, Lord, God, gracious and merciful!
We, your children, we more than suns
must one day also set
and will also rise again!

4b. Chorus

Lord, Lord, God, gracious and merciful!
We, your children, we more than suns
must one day also set
and will also rise again!

5. Duet

Hallelujah! Do you see the radiant, divine one arriving,
as she ascends there in the sky,
Hallelujah, as she rises up there,
also a child of God?

6. Accompanied Recitative

O of God's sun and such suns
as this one, which now shines upon us,
He commanded that there be, like the froth upon the
waves, a thousand times a thousand
in the oceans of the world!

And ought you not rise,
you who on the whole stage of immeasurable creation
always and all things transfigure,
and render more glorious by transfiguration?

7. Chorus

Hallelujah! Do you see the radiant, divine one arriving,
as she ascends there in the sky,
Hallelujah, as she rises up there,
also a child of God?

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WEDDING CANTATA, H 824A

Before the Wedding

1. Aria

Wilt thou go with this man,
then go delightedly with him from here,
for our benediction goes with you.
Place your trust in the Highest,
and he will build your house
and your house will ever flourish.

2. Recitative

O daughter yet remaining with us,
admire with us the wise conclusion of Providence
since, for those who love God,
good fortune must arise even from suffering.
You know the man who binds himself with you
not just from yesterday;
the now-bygone terrible days,
wherein you first saw him,

those were not some mere happenstance;
it is upon them the event of today is based.
Lord, you who are unfathomable in your heaven
and yourself the founder of this union,
henceforth let these children
ever remain in your intentions;
let no calamity ever hinder
the future welfare of both.
As our face is turned
toward you with joy,
so may it please God
to bestow his face upon you,
and to grant peace and joy.
From today on and evermore,
may this be true.

3. Aria

Approach then,
betrothed two,
join hand and heart together.
God himself as founder of these flames
is omnipresent here;
surely, you speak with joy: Yes.

After the Wedding

4. Aria

Amen, amen, amen, amen.
Go now in your strength,
threefold-uttered blessing.
Precious words, precious words
shall here become as a rainfall of gold,
which shall beget for the now-joined pair
fruitfulness and abundance.
Let this be so unto the furthest years
and also unto you and your offspring.
Amen, amen, amen, amen.

5. Recitative

This wish must rise
to the throne of the Highest;
down upon you from the heights of his omnipotence
a thousandfold blessing must descend.
Surely the pleas of the parents reach the Lord,
and he, the Lord, fulfills them gladly.
Yet, regarding trials of patience,
the eternal Father's mercy and grace
through many a tearful vale

will mightily lead even those such as us:
be consoled by God, who until now has preserved us,
granted us health, life, possessions, clan, and honor,
yes, by whose goodness countless favors have been
granted unto us,
this God does not cease to be at work for you.
This shall child and children's children feel,
and humbly one shall call to another:
O Lord, o Lord, there is no God like thee.
So let us then united adore the Lord of Lords,
the marvelous God of deed and name,
from whom all good things come to us,
with thanks and praise.

6. Aria

Glory, praise and honor be sung to him
who was eternal and is eternal.
One day shall tell the others
with a thousand tongues
that you are full of grace and miracles.

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NOBLE FREEDOM, BLISS OF THE GODS, WQ 211/I

Noble freedom, bliss of the gods,
without you brilliance and rank
are but a gleaming misfortune,
a slave's burden.

Divinity has chosen
the darling of its heart,
and the man who has lost you
craves other pleasure in vain.

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DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN, EASE OF SOULS, WQ 211/2

Daughter of heaven, ease of souls,
you will ever be absent from princes,
for the brilliance of purple frightens you away.

Unadorned, with soft footsteps,
you hasten to the shepherd's hut,
and help him plait his garland of violets.

His days flow by as cheerfully
as a spring brook;
quiet virtue, his companion,
lets roses bloom along his path.

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SHOULD YOUR EMPIRES STRETCH
UNTO THE HEAVENS, WQ 211/3

Should your empires stretch unto the heavens,
yet is modesty your duty;
from nearby lightning strikes
quiet and wealth and rank do not shield you.

Yesterday lord of seven empires,
today scarcely a mound of earth is yours.
Quicker than zephyrs escape
your fortune can have slipped away.

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I LANGUISH FOR YOU, FROM LOVE
WQ 213

I languish for you, from love
that tears at my heart,
but I dare not tell you,
my beloved, that I burn for you.
In seeing you, I marvel
and I cease to suffer;
but in loving you I sigh,
and feel once more a great torment.

Neither by night nor by day
do I know how to enjoy peace;
that sweet and graceful face
has taken me prisoner.
You guide my thoughts,
you rule within my heart,
will it be in vain that I hope
for the same fire from you?

Far from you, life
holds no sweetness for me—
it is joyous and pleasing
if I am near you.
End my torments,
comfort a faithful heart,
tell me that you feel love:
then I ask nothing else.

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PRINCES AT LIFE'S END, WQ 214

Princes at life's end are
like every son of earth
if virtue does not animate them,
and if grace and good deeds do not place them
among the spirits of better worlds.

Princes at life's end are
like every son of earth.

See the dust of the emperors of the world,
see the dust of the poorest beggar!

Does one see there anything of splendor and greatness,
does one see here the affliction of the poor?

Princes at life's end are
like every son of earth.

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PHILLIS AND TIRSIS, WQ 232

1. Aria

PHILLIS

Tirsis, if you wish to please me,
sing to me only in sad tones.
Just listen to the nightingales,
Itys, Itys you hear resounding,
sad and plaintive tones enchant the ear.

2. Recitative

TIRSIS

Ah Phillis! Let me banter;

PHILLIS

I told you, only sad tones move me.

TIR SIS

Do you seek pleasure in woe?

PHILLIS

Yes, for an ancient woe
stirs in my heart,
and shows me the one I once lost,
in all his charm.

TIR SIS

The birds you praise are not moved by bygone suffering.

PHILLIS

What else does their woe say, if it does not lament?

TIR SIS

That which I have often said to you,
that is what the birds say to one another.

3. Aria

TIR SIS

The bird calls ceaselessly
in the wood to his mate:
Ah, but love, ah, love!
The mate hears the songs of her consort;
her ardent warbling replies to him:
I love!

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SPRINGTIME, WQ 237

Joy, you delight of gods and men, playmate of innocence,
come forth to my song, down from yonder hill
or out from that valley, where Springtime embraces you,
come, come from the meadow of the lilies and from the
fragrant groves!
Who is this, who emerges there from the fragrant fields,
lovely as modest Moon and sublime as Earth?
O! it is she, come in answer to my plea.
See, ambrosial flowers swarm out shimmering from her
footstep!
Thence she comes, the sister of Springtime.
Now joy spreads its gentle wings, and bears me
high into the clouds. I see nature grow green here beneath
me.
On the wings of joy, drawn near to your throne,
I sing, o Creator, your praise. Nature mixes with mine
her hymns, harmonious sounds arise to you from the
grove,

and out of the valleys a flower-laden incense as for a holy
offering.

Sing with me, you children of creation, sing praise to the
love

that gave us birth; tell its praises, seraphic heaven.

You who glide forth there over the flowers, crystalline
source,

rustle it to the blossoms, from one wave to the other.

Let everything that breathes praise the Lord and rejoice
in Him.

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SELMA, WQ 236

She loves! The chosen one loves me!

An angel came from her
in an evening whisper and uttered
to me the gentle sighs.

For me, o Selma, your heart
full of sweet torment quakes in silence,
and beautiful tears of yearning fill
the light of your blue eyes!

Lend me, o lightning, the wings of flame,
lend me, storm, your wings!

Thither over river and valley and hill,
I fly enraptured to her.

And were Death to howl from a thousand rivers,
Death from a thousand cliffs:

I shall, I shall kiss the tears
and fly through Death.

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