

# JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

# Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen, BWV 51

## 1. [Aria]

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!  
Was der Himmel und die Welt  
An Geschöpfen in sich hält,  
Müssen dessen Ruhm erhöhen,  
Und wir wollen unserm Gott  
Gleichfalls itzt ein Opfer bringen,  
Daß er uns in Kreuz und Not  
Allezeit hat beigestanden.

Shout for joy to God in all lands!  
Whatever creatures heaven and earth  
Contain  
Must exalt His glory,  
And we too would now bring  
An offering to our God,  
For in cross-bearing and distress  
He has at all times stood by us.

## 2. Recitativo

Wir beten zu dem Tempel an,  
Da Gottes Ehre wohnt,  
Da dessen Treu  
So täglich neu,  
Mit lauter Segen lohnet.  
Wir preisen, was er an uns hat getan.  
Muß gleich der schwache Mund  
von seinen Wundern lallen,  
So kann ein schlechtes Lob ihm  
dennoch wohlgefallen.

We worship towards the Temple  
Where God's honor dwells,  
Where His faithfulness,  
Daily renewed,  
Rewards us with pure blessing.  
We praise what He has done for us.  
Though our weak mouths must babble  
about His marvels,  
Yet wretched praise can nonetheless please Him.

## 3. Aria

Höchster, mache deine Güte  
Ferner alle Morgen neu.  
So soll vor die Vatern treu  
Auch ein dankbares Gemüte  
Durch ein frommes Leben weisen,  
Daß wir deine Kinder heißen.

O Highest One, make Your goodness  
Henceforth new every morning.  
Then for Your fatherly faithfulness  
A grateful spirit in return  
Shall show through its devout life  
That we are called Your children.

## 4. Chorale

Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren  
Gott Vater, Sohn, Heiligem Geist!  
Der woll in uns vermehren,  
Was er uns aus Gnaden verheißt,  
Daß wir ihm fest vertrauen,  
Gänzlich uns lass'n auf ihn,  
Von Herzen auf ihn bauen,  
Daß uns'r Herz, Mut und Sinn  
Ihm festiglich anhangen;  
Drauf singen wir zur Stund:  
Amen, wir werdn's erlangen,  
Glaub'n wir zu aller Stund.

Blessing and praise with honor be to  
God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!  
Who would increase in us  
What He promises us out of grace,  
That we hold fast our confidence in Him,  
Fully rely on Him,  
Build on Him from our hearts,  
That our heart, courage, and mind  
Cleave firmly to Him;  
Of this we sing at this hour:  
Amen, we will obtain it  
If we have faith at all times.

## 5. [Finale]

Alleluja!

Alleluia!

trans. Richard D. P. Jones

# GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

# Notte placida e cheta, HWV 142

## 1. Recitativo

Notte placida e cheta, che col tuo fosco ammanto  
porgi grato riposo al mio dolore, deh!  
Se potessi almeno  
col tuo grato sopore far ch'in sogno vedessi  
dell'idol mio l'idea tutta in gioia cangiata ed in sorriso,  
provverebbe il mio core un paradiso.

## 2. Aria

Zeffiretti, deh! venite,  
sol da voi porger si ponno  
nel mio sen con dolce sonno  
mormorando aure gradite.  
E allor poi dirò contento,  
vagheggiando di mia Fille  
non severe le pupille:  
pur felice ebbi un momento.

## 3. Recitativo

Momento fortunato in cui l'alma s'avviva  
quando di vita priva potea restar, da tante cure e tante,  
e se in sogno godrò, quel solo istante,  
vivrò sempre qual fui, fedele amante.

## 4. Aria

Per un istante se in sogno, Amore,  
mi fai gioir, sempre costante  
t'offrisco il core sino al morir.  
A un giust'affetto questa mercede  
non puoi negar, e un sol diletto  
a intatta fede si può donar.

## 5. Accompagnato

Ma già sento che spande  
l'ali placide e chete  
cortese sonno e le pupille aggrava.  
Questo misero core tu lo soccorri, Amore;  
fa ch'io pur giunga a quel che tanto agogno;  
vientene, Amore, i rai già chiudo, e sogno.

## 6. Aria

Luci belle, vaghe stelle,  
pur vi miro placidette,  
vezzosette verso me.  
Son felice, se me lice  
lo sperare al mio amor  
grata mercé.

## 7. Accompagnato

O delizie d'amor, sazie mie voglie  
saranno al fin. Se in mar placido e cheto  
di gioie e di piacer, ma... chi indiscreto  
mi rompe il sonno ed ogni ben mi toglie  
Ah, conosca il mortale:

## 8. Aria

Che non si dà qua giù pace gradita,  
se non altro che un sogno è la sua vita.

Calm and placid night, with your dark mantle you  
give happy repose to my grief.  
Ah, if only at least you could  
with your kind sleep let me see in my dreams  
the image of my idol all changed into joy and laughter,  
my heart would be in paradise.

Come zephyrs, only you,  
gentle murmuring breezes  
can cause sweet sleep  
to enter my breast.  
Then I will say contentedly,  
seeing kindness in the eyes  
of my Fille, that  
I was happy for a moment.

It is a happy moment when the spirit awakes  
when without life it could rest from so many cares,  
and if I joy in dreams, I will live that one instance  
for ever, as I have been a faithful lover.

If for an instant in a dream, Love,  
you make me happy, I will offer you  
an eternally faithful heart until I die.  
You cannot deny this reward  
to a just lover and you can give  
this one delight to unchangeable faith.

But I feel that sleep is already  
stretching her calm, peaceful wings,  
courteous sleep, and making my eyelids heavy.  
You, Love, bring succor to this wretched heart,  
so that I might attain that which I so much covet;  
come, O Love, already I shut my eyes and dream.

Beautiful eyes, bright stars  
I see you turn placid and  
comely towards me.  
I am happy if I am permitted  
to hope for blessed  
reward for my love.

O delights of love, my wishes will be  
satisfied finally. If in a placid and calm sea  
of joy and pleasure — But who indiscreetly  
wrests me from sleep and all my joy?  
All mortals should know:

That blessed peace is not given here on earth  
if our life is none other than a dream.