

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 8 May 2025
7.30pm

Bach's Ode to Grief

Solomon's Knot

Zoë Brookshaw soprano
Clare Lloyd-Griffiths soprano
Kate Symonds-Joy alto
James Hall alto
Thomas Herford tenor
David de Winter tenor
Alex Ashworth bass
Jonathan Sells artistic director,
bass

George Clifford violin
Rachel Stroud violin
Gabi Jones violin, viola
Will McGahon violin
Joanne Miller viola
Nichola Blakey viola
Anna Lachegyi viola da gamba
Kate Conway viola da gamba
Jan Zahourek double bass

Andrew Maginley lute
Toby Carr lute
Eva Caballero flute
Marta Gonçalves flute
Daniel Lanthier oboe
Shai Kribus oboe
Inga Maria Klaucke bassoon
James Johnstone organ

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) Trauerode (Lass, Fürstin, lass noch einen Strahl) BWV198 (1727)

Interval

Köthener Trauermusik (Klagt, Kinder, klagt es aller Welt)
BWV1143/244a (1729) *reconstructed by Chad Kelly*
world première



Support Wigmore Hall during its 2025/26
Anniversary Season.

To find out more visit wigmore-hall.org.uk/support-us

W

Join & Support

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management. In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions. Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141. Wigmore Hall is equipped with a loop to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • [Wigmore-hall.org.uk](https://wigmore-hall.org.uk) • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG
Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan

Department
for Culture
Media & Sport

LOTTERY FUNDED

Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

Registered with
**FUNDRAISING
REGULATOR**

The period of JS Bach's career between 1727 and 1729 is most consequential for Bach lovers today for its association with the genesis of the *Matthäus-Passion*. Bach was well into his tenure in Leipzig as *Thomaskantor* and Music Director of the city, which had begun in 1723. He had completed three annual cycles of church cantatas, and performed two versions, in 1724 and 1725, of the *Johannes-Passion*. A few years later, when his regular composition of new church music had all but ceased, Bach would expand the Passion format and create his *magnum opus*, a piece of liturgical music operatic in scale, enduring above all due to its profound human compassion.

Astonishingly, we are still not sure today whether the *Matthäus-Passion* was first performed on Good Friday in 1727 or 1729. Between these two dates, both of tonight's works were performed. They are pieces which relate to that Passion, most obviously in the case of the *Köthener Trauermusik* where musical material is shared, but more generally in the sense that this is all 'funeral music', whether for earthly nobles or the Son of Man. Even when Bach is mourning his patrons, the depth of feeling poured into his music transmits a profound religious fervour that points to a higher purpose. The direct connection between worldly and sacred grief is made manifest by the fact that Bach thought nothing of using the same music and mode of expression for both contexts. This was an important process throughout his compositional life. After all, every note that Bach wrote was 'soli Deo gloria' [for the glory of God alone].

Lass, Fürstin, lass noch einen Strahl BWV198, known as the *Trauerode* ('Funeral' or 'Grieving' Ode), was commissioned for an 'academic funeral ceremony' at the University Church on 17th October 1727. The object of Leipzig's mourning was the Electress of Saxony and Queen Consort of Poland-Lithuania, Christiane Eberhardine. Known as 'Saxony's Pillar of Prayer', she had famously refused to convert to Catholicism, as her husband had been obliged to do in order to claim the Polish throne, choosing self-imposed exile in Pretzsch Castle on the Elbe. Bach selected an exceptionally rich array of instruments with which to bewail her: a pair each of lutes and violas da gamba in addition to flutes, oboes d'amore and strings. This creates a rarified and sorrowful tone. The alto recitative 'Der Glocken bebendes Getön' uses tintinnabulating flutes together with an almost entirely plucked ensemble to create a striking tone-painting evoking the death knell of the Leipzig churches, crowned by the shrill pulsation of the 'Totenglöcklein'. This is followed by one of Bach's sublime 12/8 movements, an alto solo strongly reminiscent of the opening aria of *Vergnügte Ruh*, *beliebte Seelenlust*, written just a year earlier.

Much of the music of the *Trauerode* was recycled by Bach for his *Markus-Passion* of 1731, to a libretto by Picander. This prolific composer-librettist partnership had worked on a very similar project in 1729: the *Köthener Trauermusik* BWV1143, large-scale funeral music for Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Köthen, Bach's employer for the six years preceding his move to Leipzig. Bach remained official Kapellmeister, and had been very close

to the prince, who was even godfather to one of his children.

The music of BWV1143 is lost, but there are strong indications from the structure of the poetic texts that these were either designed to fit pre-existing musical material, or that music was composed for them which we know today from other works. The two surviving works whose music correspond to these texts are the *Trauerode* and the first version of the *Matthäus-Passion*, BWV244.1.

Models are convincingly proposed for most of the choruses and all of the arias of the *Trauermusik*, but many large question marks remain. Principal among them are all the recitatives, and the chorus 'Wir haben einen Gott', which opens and closes Part III. There have been numerous attempts to reconstruct this work, but none of them fully satisfied me in their answers to these questions. So, I asked my friend and long-standing Solomon's Knot colleague Chad Kelly if he would attempt a new version. I'm thrilled that he accepted, and that we are able to present this brand-new work of 'JS Bach' to you in concert.

© Jonathan Sells 2025

Bach was no stranger to repurposing his own music – a practice known as parody. This took two primary forms: *compositional parody*, where existing music was adapted to suit a new text, and *poetic parody*, where new words were crafted to fit pre-existing music. Bach's close collaboration with the poet Picander may well have allowed for a hybrid of these approaches in the cases of the *Trauermusik*.

At the heart of this reconstruction, we have chosen to give pre-eminence to Picander's moving libretto – rather than to Bach's music alone – which so poignantly blends public solemnity with private grief. It is this poetic integrity that suggests Bach may have composed new recitatives for the work, rather than drawing on existing ones from the *Matthäus-Passion*, *Trauerode*, or elsewhere.

Another key aim of this reconstruction is to contextualise the occasion for which the music was written. The inclusion of two chorales known to have been sung at the funeral service, together with a bespoke and weighty setting of the recurring Psalm verse 'Wir haben einen Gott', lends the work liturgical coherence.

Where musical material overlaps with the *Matthäus-Passion*, we have drawn on the earliest known version, preserved in the hand of Bach's trusted scribe, Balthasar Farlau. A vital figure in Leipzig's well-oiled musical workshop of the 1720s, Farlau represents a generation of copyists – often Bach's own students and sons – for whom transcription was both a duty and a form of musical apprenticeship. In preparing this reconstruction, I too have spent countless hours as an apprentice, copying notes not with a quill but with a keyboard. In doing so, I have been continually humbled by the richness of the experience.

© Chad Kelly 2025

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Trauerode (Lass, Fürstin, lass noch einen Strahl) BWV198 (1727)

Johann Christoph Gottsched

Part I Chor

Lass, Fürstin, lass noch
einen Strahl
Aus Salems Sterngewölben
schiessen.
Und sieh, mit wieviel
Tränengüssen
Umringen wir dein
Ehrenmal.

Rezitativ

Dein Sachsen, dein
bestürztes Meissen
Erstarrt bei deiner
Königsgruft;
Das Auge trânt, die Zunge
ruft:
Mein Schmerz kann
unbeschreiblich heissen!
Hier klagt August und Prinz
und Land,
Der Adel ächzt, der Bürger
trauert,
Wie hat dich nicht das Volk
bedauert,
Sobald es deinen Fall
empfund!

Aria

Verstummt, verstummt, ihr
holden Saiten!
Kein Ton vermag der Länder
Not
Bei ihrer teuren Mutter
Tod
O Schmerzenswort! recht
anzudeuten.

Rezitativ

Der Glocken bebendes
Getön
Soll unsrer trüben Seelen
Schrecken
Durch ihr geschwungnes
Erze wecken
Und uns durch Mark und
Adern gehn.
O, kömmte nur dies bange
Klingen,
Davon das Ohr uns täglich
gellt,

Let, Princess, just one more glance

Part I

Chorus

Let, Princess, just one
more glance
shoot forth from Salem's
firmament.
And see, with what a
deluge of tears
we surround your
monument.

Recitative

Your Saxony, your
dismayed Meissen
grow numb beside your
royal tomb;
my eyes weep, my
tongue cries:
my pain cannot be
described!
Here August and Prince
and country mourn,
the nobles groan, the
commons grieve,
how the people have
lamented you,
as soon as they heard of
your death!

Aria

Fall silent, fall silent, you
lovely strings!
No sound can adequately
convey
the woe of nations at the
death - O painful word! -
of their cherished mother.

Recitative

The tolling of the
booming bells,
through their vibrating
bronze,
shall cause our sad souls
to feel terror,
and pierce us to the very
core.
Ah, if only this anxious
pealing,
which shrills daily in our
ears,

Der ganzen Europäerwelt
Ein Zeugnis unsres Jammers
bringen!

Aria

Wie starb die Heldin so
vergnügt!
Wie mutig hat ihr Geist
gerungen,
Da sie des Todes Arm
bezwungen,
Noch eh er ihre Brust
besiegt.

Rezitativ

Ihr Leben liess die Kunst zu
sterben
In unverrückter Übung sehn;
Unmöglich konnt es denn
geschehn,
Sich vor dem Tode zu
entfärben.
Ach selig! wessen grosser
Geist
Sich über die Natur
erhebet,
Vor Gruft und Särgen nicht
erbebet,
Wenn ihn sein Schöpfer
scheiden heisst.

Chor

An dir, du Fürbild grosser
Frauen,
An dir, erhabne Königin,
An dir, du
Glaubenspflegerin,
War dieser Grossmut Bild zu
schauen.

Part II

Aria

Der Ewigkeit saphirnes Haus

Zieht, Fürstin, deine heitern
Blicke
Von unsrer Niedrigkeit zurücke
Und tilgt der Erden
Dreckbild aus.
Ein starker Glanz von
hundert Sonnen,
Der unsern Tag zur
Mitternacht
Und unsre Sonne finster
macht,
Hat dein verklärtes Haupt
umspinnen.

could cause all of Europe
to witness our
grief!

Aria

How content our heroine
died!
How valiantly her spirit
struggled,
when death's arm
subdued her,
before vanquishing her
breast.

Recitative

Her life embodied the art
of dying
for all to see close at hand.
It simply was not
possible
for her to pale when faced
with death.
Ah, blessed be that noble
soul
which raises itself above
nature,
and does not quake
before crypt or coffin,
when its maker summons
it to part.

Chorus

In you, O model of great
women,
in you, illustrious queen,
in you, O keeper of the
faith,
was this nobleness to be
witnessed.

Part II

Aria

The sapphire house of
eternity,
O Princess, draws back
from our humble state
your cheerful glances
and obliterates earth's
base form.
A brilliant glow of a
hundred suns,
which turns our day into
midnight
and darkens our
sun,
has surrounded your
transfigured head.

Work continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly
as possible.

<i>Rezitativ</i>	<i>Recitative</i>
Was Wunder ist's? Du bist es wert,	It is no surprise! You are worthy of it,
Du Fürbild aller Königinnen!	you paragon of all queens!
Du musstest allen Schmuck gewinnen,	You were meant to be adorned
Der deine Scheitel itzt verklärt.	with what now transfigures your head.
Nun trägst du vor des Lammes Throne	Now you wear before the lamb's throne,
Anstatt des Purpurs Eitelkeit	instead of purple's vanity,
Ein perlenreines Unschuldskleid	a pearl-white robe of innocence
Und spottest der verlassnen Krone.	and scorn the abandoned throne.

Soweit der volle Weichselstrand,	As far as the brimming Vistula,
Der Niester und die Warthe fliesset,	the Dniester and Warth are flowing,
Soweit sich Elb' und Muld' ergiesset,	as far as the Elbe and Mulde stream,
Erhebt dich beides, Stadt und Land.	both town and countryside extol you.

Dein Torgau geht im Trauerkleide,	Your Torgau now walks in mourning,
Dein Pretzsch wird kraftlos, starr und matt;	your Pretzsch grows weary, motionless and weak;
Denn da es dich verloren hat,	because since it has lost you,
Verliert es seiner Augen Weide.	it loses all its striking beauty.

<i>Chor</i>	<i>Chorus</i>
Doch, Königin! Du stirbst nicht,	No, O queen! You do not die,
Man weiss, was man an dir besessen;	we know what you were to us;
Die Nachwelt wird dich nicht vergessen,	posterity shall not forget you,
Bis dieser Weltbau einst zerbricht.	till this universe shall fall.
Ihr Dichter, schreibt! Wir wollen's lesen:	Ye poets, write! For we would read:
Sie ist der Tugend Eigentum,	she was the property of virtue,
Der Untertanen Lust und Ruhm,	the delight and fame of her subjects,
Der Königinnen Preis gewesen.	the crown and glory of all queens.

Interval

Köthener Trauermusik (Klagt, Kinder, klagt es aller Welt) BWV1143/244a (1729) reconstructed by Chad Kelly

Part 1 Am Abend, beim
Begräbnis
Sinfonia

Aria
Lass, Leopold, dich nicht
begraben,
Es ist dein Land, das nach
dir ruft;
Du sollst ein' ewig sanfte
Gruft
In unser aller Herzen haben.

Rezitativ
Wie könnt' es möglich sein,
Zu leben und dich doch
vergessen?
Ach nein!
Wir wissen gar zu allgemein,
Was treuer Untertanen Pflicht,
Und unser Sinn ist nur dahin
gericht',
Auch noch dein' Asche zu
verehren.
Hochseelges Haupt,
Nur dies muss unsern
Schmerz vermehren.
Wenn, wie so früh der Tod
dich raubt,
In stiller Ehrfurcht wir bei
uns ermassen.

Aria
Wird auch gleich nach
tausend Zählen
Sich das Auge wieder klären,

Denkt doch unser Herz an
dich,
Deine Huld
Wird zwar durch den Tod
entrissen,
Unsre Schuld
Bleibet aber ewiglich,
Dass wir dich verehren
müssen.

Rezitativ
Und Herr, das ist die
Spezerei,
Womit wir deinen Sarg
verehren,
Ein jeder Untertan
Dringt sich von allen Seiten

Lament, children, lament to all the world (Köthen Funeral Music)

Part 1 Evening. At the
burial.
Sinfonia

Aria
Let them, Leopold, not
bury you,
It is your land calling out
to you;
you shall have an eternal
and gentle tomb
within all our hearts.

Recitative
How could it be possible
to live and yet forget you?
Ah no!
We know full well
the duty of loyal subjects,
and it is uppermost in our
minds
to venerate your
ashes.
Most blessed head,
but this will increase our
pain:
since death claimed you
so prematurely,
we shall silently revere
your memory.

Aria
Having shed a thousand
tears,
our eyes will be clear
once more,
for our hearts still think of
you;
though your favour
has been snatched from
us through death,
our obligation
will abide forever,
and we shall honour
you.

Recitative
These, my lord, are the
spices
with which we shall
honour your coffin;
each and every subject
presses in from all quarters

Durch angenehmen Zwang und Streiten	as a pleasant duty, longing and vying with each other
Aus Sehnsucht vor den andern an:	to be at the forefront,
Gleichsam, als sollten sie die Treu	as if to swear loyalty
Dir auch noch in dem Tode schweren.	even in death.

<i>Aria</i>	<i>Aria</i>
1. Die Sterblichen.	1. The mortals.
2. Die Auserwählten	2. The chosen

DIE STERBLICHEN	THE MORTALS
Geh, Leopold, zu deiner Ruh,	Go, Leopold, to your rest,

DIE AUERWÄHLTEN	THE CHOSEN
Und schlummre nur ein wenig ein.	And slumber for a little while.

DIE STERBLICHEN	THE MORTALS
Nun lebst du	You now dwell
In der schönsten Himmelsruh,	in loveliest, divine repose,
Wird gleich der müde Leib begraben,	your weary body shall soon be buried.

DIE AUERWÄHLTEN	THE CHOSEN
Der Geist soll sich im Himmel laben,	Your spirit shall be refreshed in heaven
Und königlich am Glanze sein.	and be regal in its brilliance.

<i>Chor</i>	<i>Chorus</i>
Ach, Herr, lass dein' lieb' Engelein	Ah, my lord, grant that your dear angels
Am letzten End' die Seele mein	might at the last bear my soul
In Abrahams Schoss tragen!	to Abraham's bosom!
Der Leib in sein'm Schlafkammerlein	May the body, in its little chamber,
Gar sanft, ohn' ein'ge Qual und Pein,	rest very gently without torment or pain
Ruh' bis am jüngsten Tage.	until Judgement Day.

Alsdenn vom Tod erwecke mich,	Then wake me from death
Dass meine Augen sehen dich	that my eyes might behold you
In aller Freud', o Gottes Sohn,	with great joy, O Son of God,
Mein Heiland und mein Gnadenstern!	my Saviour and throne of mercy!
Herr Jesu Christ,	Lord Jesus Christ,
Erhöre mich, erhöre mich,	hear me, hear me,
Ich will dich preisen ewiglich!	I shall praise you eternally!

Part 2 Gedenkfeier, am nächsten Tag	Part 2 The next day. Commemoration.
--	--

<i>Aria</i>	<i>Aria</i>
Klagt, Kinder, klagt es aller Welt,	Lament, children, lament it to all the world,
Lasst es den fernen Grenzen wissen,	let distant lands know
Wie euer Schatten eingerissen,	how your shadow has been torn from you,
Wie euer Landesvater fällt.	how your sovereign is no more.

<i>Rezitativ</i>	<i>Recitative</i>
O Land, bestürztes Land!	O land, confounded land!
Wo ist dergleichen Pein,	Where is the pain
Wie deine Not bekannt?	to match your agony?
Die Sonne, die dir kaum am Mittag stunde,	The sun, though it is scarcely noon,
Verhüllet ihren Schein	shrouds its light
In einen Todesschatten ein.	in the shadow of death.
Ach, Leopold!	Ah Leopold!
Der Gott getreu, und seinem Lande hold,	Who was true to God, gracious to his land,
Der niemals, wünschen wir, versterben hat gesollt,	whom we never wanted to die and who never should have done so,
Wird uns zu früh entwandt.	he is snatched from us too soon.
O Schmerz, o Wunde!	O pain! O wounds!
O Land, bestürztes Land!	O land, confounded land!

<i>Aria</i>	<i>Aria</i>
Weh und Ach	Misery
Kränkt die Seelen tausendfach,	strikes the soul a thousand times over,
Und die Augen treuer Liebe	and the eyes of true love
Werden, wie ein heller Bach	become like a limpid stream,
Bei entstandnem Wetter trübe.	made murky by a storm.

<i>Rezitativ</i>	<i>Recitative</i>
Wie, wenn der Blitze Grausamkeit	As when cruel lightning
Die Eichen rührt, und das Gefieder	strikes the oaks, and the birds
Im Walde hin und wieder	fly to and fro in forests
Vor Schrecken und vor Furcht zerstreut.	with terror and fear –
So siehst du auch, betrübtes Köthen, du,	thus, sad Köthen, do you feel,
Ein treuer Untertan	a loyal subject
Fühlt allzuwohl, wie er geschlagen.	in defeat.
Ein jeder sieht den andern an;	Each long looks at the other;
Die Wehmut aber schlesst die Lippen zu.	sadness, however, seals lips,
Sie wollten gern und können doch nicht klagen.	which wished to lament but cannot.

Work continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly
as possible.

<i>Aria</i> Zage nur, du treues Land, Ist dein seufzerreiches Quälen Und die Tränen nicht zu zählen, O! so denke, dem Erbleichen Ist kein Unglück zu vergleichen. Zage nur, du treues Land.	<i>Aria</i> Quail, O loyal land! Your sighs and torments and tears cannot be counted. Bear in mind, no misfortune can compare with dying. Quail, O loyal land.	<i>Aria</i> Erhalte mich, Gott, In der Hälfte meiner Tage, Schone doch, Meiner Seele fällt das Joch Jämmerlich. Erhalte mich, Gott, In der Hälfte meiner Tage.	<i>Aria</i> Preserve me, O God, in my remaining days, spare me, my soul falls wretchedly under the yoke. Preserve me, O God, in my remaining days.
<i>Rezitativ</i> Ach ja! Dein Scheiden geht uns nah, Holdseelger Leopold: Und die wir Dich mit Schmerzen klagen, Dass unser Sonnenstrahl vergeht, Der unserm Land so hold Mit heitern Blicken aufgegangen. O Jammerriss, der uns so früh entsteht, Der unser Herz mit bangen Zagen, Wie das gebeugte Haupt mit schwarzem Flor umfängen.	<i>Recitative</i> Ah yes! Your death affects us sorely, most gracious Leopold: we who lament in pain that our sun has been extinguished – you who blessed our land with radiant looks. O misery! O rupture! that our hearts have been so early draped with fear and our bowed heads covered in a black veil.	<i>Rezitativ</i> Jedoch der schwache Mensche zittert nur, Wann ihm die sterbende Natur Die kalte Gruft geöffnet zeigt, Wer aber stets wie unsre Fürstensee Noch lebend auf der Welt Mehr nach dem Himmel steiget, Als sich am Eitlen feste hält, Der flieht mit Lust aus dieser irdnen Höhle.	<i>Recitative</i> But the weak will shudder, when mortal nature reveals to them the cold, gaping tomb. Yet who always, like our Prince's soul, while still alive in this world, aspires more toward heaven than clinging to vanity, he will flee with joy this earthly chasm.
<i>Aria</i> Komm wieder, teurer Fürstengeist, Beseele die erstarrten Glieder Mit einem neuen Leben wieder, Das ewig und unsterblich heisst. Die Jugend rühmt, die Alten preisen: Dass unser Land und ihre Zeit So viele Gnad und Gütigkeit Von unserm Fürsten aufzuweisen.	<i>Aria</i> Come again, O precious Prince, breathe new, immortal, eternal life into our rigid limbs. Youth extols, the aged give praise that our Prince has bestowed on our house and era so much grace and kindness.	<i>Aria</i> Mit Freuden sei die Welt verlassen, Der Tod kommt mir recht tröstlich für. Ich will meinen Gott umfassen, Dieser hilft und bleibt bei mir, Wenn sich Geist und Glieder scheiden.	<i>Aria</i> May we depart this world with joy, Death draws near me as a comfort. I shall embrace my God, He will succour me and stand by me, when soul and body are parted.
<i>Part 3 Nach der Predigt</i> <i>Dictum</i> Wir haben einen Gott, der da hilft, und einen Herrn, Herrn, der vom Tode errettet.	<i>Part 3 After the sermon</i> <i>Dictum</i> We have a god who grants us help and a lord of lords who saves us from death.	<i>Rezitativ</i> Wohl also dir, Du aller Fürsten Zier, Du konntest dich nicht sanfter betten, Gott hilft und kann vom Tod erretten.	<i>Recitative</i> All hail to you, O jewel among princes, you could not be laid to rest more gently, God helps and can save you from death.
<i>Rezitativ</i> Betrübter Anblick, voll Erschrecken, Soll denn so bald das Grab den Leib bedecken, Der Tod ist da, Die Stunde schlägt, das End' ist nah. Mein Gott, wie kommt mir das so bitter für, Ach! Warum eilest du mit mir!	<i>Recitative</i> Sad spectacle full of terror, shall the grave cloak the body so soon? Death is here, the hour tolls, the end is near. My God, how bitter, ah, why make such haste with me!	<i>Dictum</i> Wir haben einen Gott, der da hilft, und einen Herrn, Herrn, der vom Tode errettet.	<i>Dictum</i> We have a god who grants us help and a lord of lords who saves us from death.
<i>Part 4 Nach dem Curriculum</i> <i>Vitae und den Gebeten</i> <i>Chor</i> Lass dein Engel mit mir fahren Auf Elias Wagen rot Und mein Seele wohl bewahren, Wie Lazrum nach seinem Tod. Lass sie ruhn in deinem Schoss,	<i>Part 4 After the curriculum</i> <i>vitae and prayers.</i> <i>Chorus</i> Let your angel go with me on Elijah's red chariot and preserve my soul, as befell Lazarus after his death. Let my soul rest against your bosom, fill it with joy and comfort,	<i>Part 4 Nach dem Curriculum</i> <i>Vitae und den Gebeten</i> <i>Chor</i> Lass dein Engel mit mir fahren Auf Elias Wagen rot Und mein Seele wohl bewahren, Wie Lazrum nach seinem Tod. Lass sie ruhn in deinem Schoss,	<i>Part 4 After the curriculum</i> <i>vitae and prayers.</i> <i>Chorus</i> Let your angel go with me on Elijah's red chariot and preserve my soul, as befell Lazarus after his death. Let my soul rest against your bosom, fill it with joy and comfort,

Erfüll sie mit Freud und Trost, Bis der Leib kommt aus der Erde Und mit ihr vereinigt werde.	till the body leaves the earth and is united with my soul.
---	--

<i>Aria</i> Bleibet nun in eurer Ruh, Ihr erblassten Fürstenglieder; Doch verwandelt nach der Zeit Unser Leid In vergnügte Freude wieder, Schliesst uns auch die Tränen zu.	<i>Aria</i> Dwell now in peace, you pallid princely limbs; but transform after a while our pain into pleasant joy, and halt our weeping too.
---	--

<i>Rezitativ</i> Und du betrübtes Fürstenhaus, Erhole dich nun auch einmal Von Deiner Qual. Wie Gottes Hand bisher Beständig auf dich schwer Und voller Plagen hat gelegen, So wird Dich auch nun in der Folgezeit Ein' unverrückte Fröhlichkeit Ergötzen und verpflegen. Die Nacht ist aus, Der Tag bricht Dir nun heuter an. Nun wird Dir, wie im frohen Lenzen, Die angenehme Sonne glänzen, Die keine Finsternis, noch Nebel stören kann.	<i>Recitative</i> And you, grieving princely dynasty, recover now from your agony. As the hand of God has till now always weighed heavily on you, full of torment, so in times to come, a steadfast happiness will delight and tend you. The night is over, a new day now dawns serenely. The pleasant sun will shine for you again, as in happy springtime, unhampered by darkness or mists.
---	---

<i>Aria</i> Hemme dein gequältes Kränken, Spare Dich der guten Zeit, Die den Kummer wird versenken, Und der Lust die Hände beut: Schmerzen, die am grössten sein, Halten desto eher ein.	<i>Aria</i> Check your tormented affliction, save yourself for better times which will dispel worry and care and offer you happiness. The greatest pain is swiftest to pass.
--	--

<i>Rezitativ</i> Nun scheiden wir, Hochseelger Leopold, von Dir, Du aber nicht aus unserm Sinn. Wir gehn nach unsern Hütten hin Und sammeln ängstlich auf der Erden Mehr Asche zur Verwesung ein,	<i>Recitative</i> We now take our leave, O highly blessed Leopold, but do not banish you from our thoughts. We return to our humble dwelling and gather, anxiously on earth, more ashes for decay,
---	--

Und wünschen, wenn wir auch den Sold Einst der Natur bezahlen werden, So selig und so sanft, wie unserm Leopold So müss' auch unser Ende sein!	and we wish, even if one day we must render nature her due, that our end be as blessed and gentle as it was for our Leopold!
--	--

<i>Aria</i> Die Augen sehn nach Deiner Leiche, Der Mund ruft in die Gruft hinein: Schlafe süsse, ruhe fein, Labe Dich im Himmelreiche! Nimm die letzte gute Nacht, Von den Deinen, die Dich lieben, Die sich über Dich betrüben, Die Dein Herze wert geacht', Wo Dein Ruhm sich unsterblich hat gemacht.	<i>Aria</i> Our eyes gaze upon your body, we call down into the tomb: Sleep sweetly, rest well, renew yourself in the Kingdom of Heaven! Accept this final good night from your subjects who love you and who mourn you, who have held your heart dear, where your renown has made itself immortal.
---	--