

CHORAL CONCERT TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Jesu, meine Freude **Johann Sebastian Bach**

1. Jesu, meine Freude
Jesu, my joy,
my heart's delight,
Jesu, my treasure,
how long, ah, how long
my heart is troubled
and longs for you!
God's lamb, my bridegroom,
besides you, nothing else on earth
shall become dearer to me.
2. Es is nun nichts Verdammliches
There is now nothing condemnable in them
who are in Christ Jesus,
who walk not according to the flesh,
but according to the spirit.
3. Unter deinen Schirmen
Under your protection
I am free from the storms
of all my foes.
Let Satan curse and swear,
let the foe become bitter,
Jesus stands by me.
If a storm suddenly crashes and flashes,
if sin and hell suddenly frighten me,
Jesus wants to protect me.
4. Denn das Gesetz des Geistes
For the law of the spirit,
which gives life in Christ Jesus,
has made me free from the law of sin and death.
5. Trotz dem alten Drachen
Despite the old dragon,
despite death's jaws,
and despite fears as well,
even though the world might rage and burst,
I will stand here and sing
in utterly confident peace.
God's might holds me in awe;
earth and abyss must become silent,
even though they still grumble.
6. Ihr aber seid nicht fleischlich
You, however, are not carnal, but spiritual,
if indeed God's spirit dwells in you.
But anyone who does not have Christ's spirit
does not belong to him.
7. Weg mit allen Schätzen!
Away with all treasures!
You are my delight,
Jesu, my pleasure!
Away, you vain honors,
I do not want to hear you;
remain unknown to me!

Misery, distress, cross, shame and death
shall not, though I must suffer greatly,
separate me from Jesus.

8. So aber Christus in euch ist
But if Christ is in you,
the body is indeed dead
because of sin;
the spirit, however, is alive
because of righteousness.
9. Gute Nacht, o Wesen
Farewell, O life
that the world has chosen;
you please me not!
Farewell you sins.
Stay far behind me;
come no more into the light!
Farewell pride and pomp;
to you, life of iniquity,
a final farewell be bidden.
10. So nun der Geist
If the spirit of him
who has raised Jesus from the dead
dwells in you,
so will the same one
who raised Jesus from the dead
bring life to your mortal bodies,
because his spirit
dwells in you.
11. Weicht, ihr Trauergeister!
Give way, you spirits of grief!
For my lord of joy,
Jesus, enters in.
For those who love God,
even their sorrows
must be pure sweetness.
Even if I must endure mockery and scorn,
you still remain, even in suffering,
Jesu, my joy!

Abraham Lincoln Walks At Midnight

John White

***In Springfield, Illinois* by Vachel Lindsay**

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house, pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or by shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat, and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint, great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss or lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come:—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

A Shining Peace

David Evan Thomas

Poetry by Rupert Brooke

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvelously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colors of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the winds that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Daemon Irrepat Callidus

György Orbán

The Demon sneaks expertly
Tempting the honorable heart;
He sets forth trickery amidst praise, song and dance.
However amiably the Demon acts,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

The Flesh is tempted by sensuality;
Gluttony clings to our senses;
It overgrows, it encroaches, it stretches.
However appealing the Flesh is,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

Though the Universe may confer
Thousands upon thousands of praises,
They neither fulfill nor put out the desire of the heart.
However appealing the whole Universe is,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.