

BACH AT ST. PAUL'S

Sunday May 4, 2025 at 3 PM
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Albany, New York

MUSIC OF JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685-1750)



Works for Organ

Toccata & Fugue in D Minor BWV 149

Valet will ich dir geben BWV 115

Toccata, Adagio & Fugue in C major BWV 47

Steven Rosenberry AAGO, organist. Casavant organ 1965

Cantata 21 Ich hatte fiel Bekümmernis

(I had much trouble in my heart)

Sinfonia

Chorus: Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis

Aria: Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not

Chorus: Was betrübst du dich

Recitative: Ach Jesu, meine Ruh

Duet: Komm, mein Jesu, und erquicke

Chorus: Sei nun wieder zufrieden, meine Seele

Aria: Erfreue dich, Seele, erfreue dich, Herze

Chorus: Das Lamm, das erwürget ist

Soloists: Christina Pickreign, Matthew Vitti, David Rudnick
St. Paul's Choir conducted by Steven Rosenberry

A reception in the Blue Room follows the concert

Texts

Chorus

Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis in meinem Herzen;
aber deine Tröstungen erquicken meine Seele.

Aria

Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not,
Ängstlichs Sehnen, Furcht und Tod
Nagen mein beklemmtes Herz,
Ich empfinde Jammer, Schmerz.

Chorus

Was betrübst du dich, meine Seele,
und bist so unruhig in mir?
Harre auf Gott; denn ich werde ihm noch danken,
daß er meines Angesichtes Hilfe
und mein Gott ist.

Recitative (Dialog - Seele, Jesus)

Ach Jesu, meine Ruh,
Mein Licht, wo bleibest du?
– O Seele sieh! Ich bin bei dir. –
Bei mir?
Hier ist ja lauter Nacht.
– Ich bin dein treuer Freund,
Der auch im Dunkeln wacht,
Wo lauter Schalken seind. –
Brich doch mit deinem Glanz und Licht des Trostes ein.
– Die Stunde kömmet schon,
Da deines Kampfes Kron'
Dir wird ein süßes Labsal sein. –

Aria

Komm, mein Jesu, und erquick'e,
– Ja, ich komme und erquick'e –
Und erfreu mit deinem Blicke.
– Dich mit meinem Gnadenblicke. –
Diese Seele,
– Deine Seele, –
Die soll sterben
– Die soll leben, –
Und nicht leben
– Und nicht sterben –
Und in ihrer Unglückshöhle
– Hier aus dieser Wundenhöhle –
Ganz verderben?
– Sollst du erben –
Ich muß stets in Kummer schweben,
– Heil! durch diesen Saft der Reben, –
Ja, ach ja, ich bin verloren!
– Nein, ach nein, du bist erkoren! –
Nein, ach nein, du hassest mich!
– Ja, ach ja, ich liebe dich! –
Ach, Jesu, durchsüße mir Seele und Herze!
– Entweichet, ihr Sorgen, verschwinde, du Schmerze!

I had much trouble in my heart;
but your consolations revive my soul.

Sighs, tears, anguish, trouble,
anxious longing, fear and death
gnaw at my constricted heart,
I experience misery, pain.

Why do you trouble yourself, my soul,
and are so restless in me?

Wait for God; for I will yet thank him,
since he is the help of my countenance
and my God.

(Dialogue - Soul, Jesus)

Ah, Jesus, my peace,

my light, where are you?

– O soul behold! I am with you. –
With me?

Here is only darkest night.

– I am your faithful Friend,
that also watches in the darkness,
that might harbor dire mischief. –

Dawn then with your radiance and light of comfort.

– The hour approaches already,
when your crown of battle
will become a sweet refreshment. –

Come, my Jesus, and revive,

– Yes, I come and revive –

And delight with your glance.

– you with my glance of grace. –

This soul,

– your soul, –

shall die

– shall live, –

and not live

– and not die –

and in its pit of unhappiness

– here out of this cave of injury –

completely perish?

– you shall inherit –

I must constantly hover in anguish

– salvation! Through this juice of the vine. –

Yes, ah yes, I am lost!

– No, ah no, you are chosen! –

No, ah no, you hate me!

– Yes, ah yes, I love you! –

Ah, Jesus, thoroughly sweeten my soul and heart!

– Fade, you troubles, disappear, you pains! –

Chorus

Sei nun wieder zufrieden, meine Seele,
denn der Herr tut dir Guts.

Was helfen uns die schweren Sorgen,
Was hilft uns unser Weh und Ach?
Was hilft es, daß wir alle Morgen
Beseufzen unser Ungemach?
Wir machen unser Kreuz und Leid
Nur größer durch die Traurigkeit.

Denk nicht in deiner Drangsalshitze,
Daß du von Gott verlassen seist,
Und daß Gott der im Schoße sitze,
Der sich mit stetem Glücke speist.
Die folgend Zeit verändert viel
Und setzt jeglichem sein Ziel.

Aria

Erfreue dich, Seele, erfreue dich, Herze,
Entweiche nun, Kummer, verschwinde, du Schmerze!
Verwandle dich, Weinen, in lauteren Wein,
Es wird nun mein Ächzen ein Jauchzen mir sein!
Es brennet und flammet die reineste Kerze
Der Liebe, des Trostes in Seele und Brust,
Weil Jesus mich tröstet mit himmlischer Lust.

Chorus

Das Lamm, das erwürget ist,
ist würdig zu nehmen Kraft
und Reichtum und Weisheit
und Stärke und Ehre und Preis und Lob.
Lob und Ehre und Preis und Gewalt
sei unserm Gott von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen, Alleluja!

NOTES

Johann Sebastian Bach composed Cantata 21 in Weimar, possibly in 1713, partly even earlier. He used it in 1714 and later for the third Sunday after Trinity of the liturgical year. The work marks a transition between motet style on biblical and hymn text to operatic recitatives and arias on contemporary poetry. Bach catalogued the work as *e per ogni tempo* (and for all times), indicating that due to its general theme, the cantata is suited for any occasion.

The text was probably written by the court poet Salomon Franck, who includes four biblical quotations from three psalms and from the Book of Revelation, and juxtaposes in one movement biblical text with two stanzas from Georg Neumark's hymn "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten". The cantata is structured in eleven movements, including an opening sinfonia. It is divided in two parts to be performed before and after the sermon, and scored for three vocal soloists (soprano, tenor, and bass), a four-part choir, and a Baroque instrumental ensemble of three trumpets, timpani, oboe, strings and continuo.

Bach led a performance in the court chapel of Schloss Weimar on 17 June 1714, known as the Weimar version. He revised the work for performances, possibly in Hamburg and several revivals in Leipzig. (WIKI)

Be at peace again, my soul,
for the Lord has done good things for you.

What good are heavy worries?
What can our woe and sighing do?
What help is it, that every morning
we bemoan our hard lot?
We make our torment and sorrow
only greater through melancholy.

Think not, in your heat of despair,
that you are abandoned by God,
and that God places in his lap
the one who feeds on constant happiness.
The coming time changes much
and sets a destiny for each.

Rejoice, soul, rejoice, heart,
fade now, troubles, disappear, pains!
Change, weeping, into pure wine,
my aching now becomes a celebration for me!
Burning and flaming is the purest candle
of love and of comfort in my soul and breast,
since Jesus comforts me with heavenly delight.

The Lamb, that was slain,
is worthy to receive power,
and riches, and wisdom
and strength, and honor and glory and praise.
Praise and honor and glory and power
be to our God for ever and ever.
Amen, Alleluia!