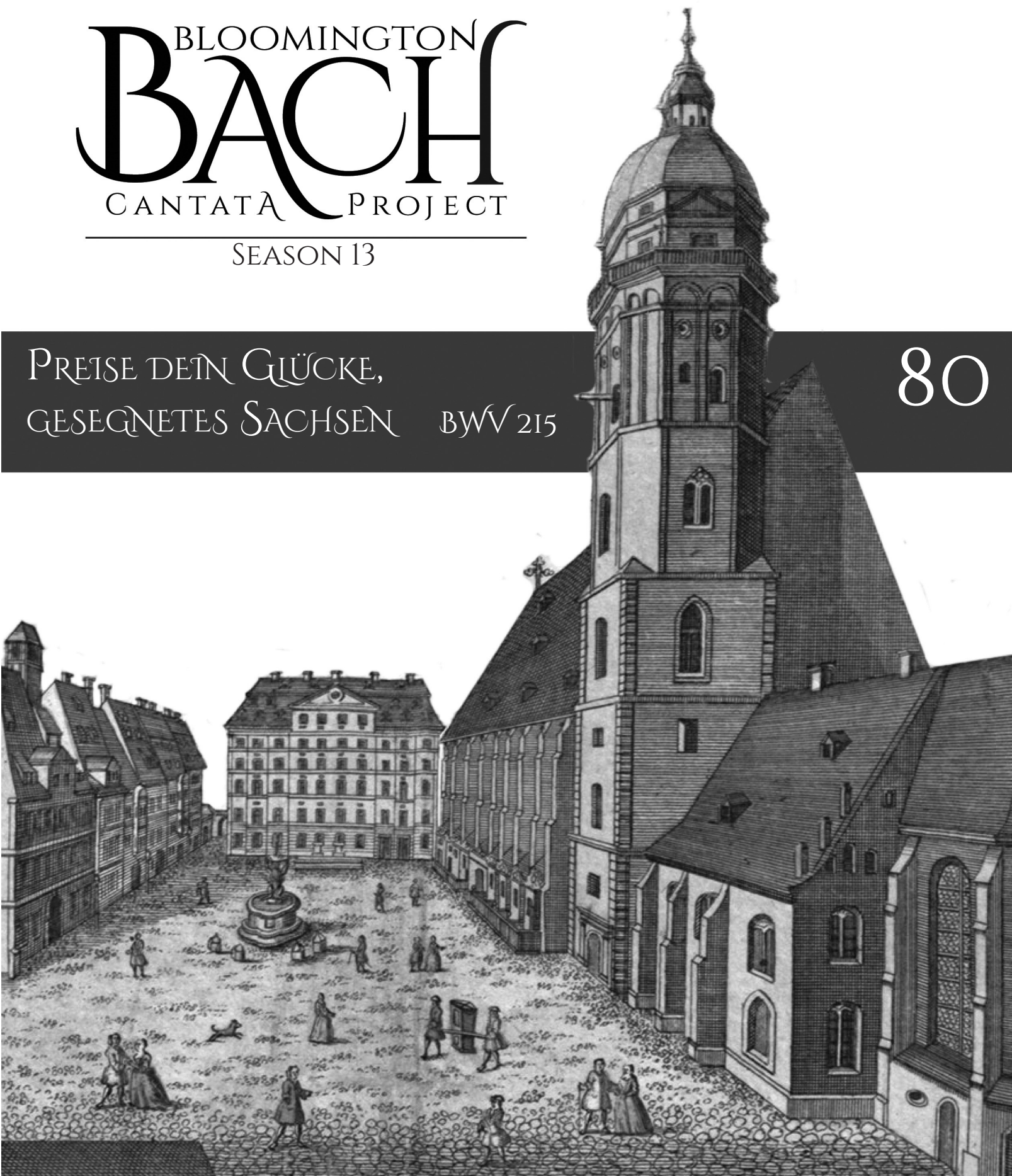


BLOOMINGTON
BACH
CANTATA PROJECT

SEASON 13

PREISE DEIN GLÜCKE,
GESEGNETES SACHSEN BWV 215

80



SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 2023 | BLOOMINGTON, IN

“PREISE DEIN GLÜCKE, GESEGNETES SACHSEN”

BWV 215

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685-1750)

1. Aria
2. Recitative
3. Aria
4. Recitative
5. Aria
6. Recitative
7. Aria
8. Recitative
9. Aria

Howell Petty, Elise Miller, soprano
Shannon Barry Beckemeyer, James Walton, alto
Blake Beckemeyer, Eric Meincke, tenor
Daniel Lentz, Aaron Cain, bass
Ingrid Matthews, Miranda Zirnbauer, Parastoo
Heidarinejad, Jimena Burga Lopera, violin
Rachel Gries, viola
Joanna Blendulf, cello

Phil Spray, violone
Zach Coronado, bassoon
Jonathan Oddie, harpsichord
Kathie Stewart, Grace Forrai, flute
Luke Conklin, Natasha Keating, oboe
Kris Kwapis, Quinton Mashler,
Nick Thomas, trumpet
Brian McNulty, timpani

Joanna Blendulf, music director
Daniel R. Melamed, lecturer

UPCOMING PERFORMANCES

For updates on the BBCP's 2023-2024 season, sign up as you exit the sanctuary, email bbcp@bachcantataproject.org, or follow us on Facebook at facebook.com/BloomingtonBachCantataProject.

7. Durch die von Eifer entflammten Waffen
Feinde bestrafen,
Bringt zwar manchem Ehr und Ruhm;
Aber die Bosheit mit Wohlthat vergelten,
Ist nur der Helden,
Ist Augustus Eigentum.

8. Lass doch, o teurer Landesvater, zu,
Dass unsre Musenschar
Den Tag, der dir so glücklich ist gewesen,
An dem im vorigen Jahr
Sarmatien zum König dich erlesen,
In ihrer unschuldvollen Ruh
Verehren und besingen dürfe.
Zu einer Zeit,
Da alles um uns blitzt und kracht,
Ja, da der Franzen Macht,
(Die doch so vielmal schon gedämpft worden,)
Von Süden und von Norden
Auch unserm Vaterland mit Schwert und Feuer dräut,
Kann diese Stadt so glücklich sein,
Dich, mächtgen Schutzgott unsrer Linden,
Und zwar dich nicht allein,
Auch dein Gemahl, des Landes Sonne,
Der Untertanen Trost und Wonne,
In ihrem Schoss zu finden.
Wie sollte sich bei so viel Wohlergehn
Der Pindus nicht vergnügt und glücklich sehn!
Himmel lass dem Neid zu Trutz
Unter solchem Götterschutz
Sich die Wohlfahrt unsrer Zeiten
In viel tausend Zweige breiten!

9. Stifter der Reiche, Beherrscher der Kronen,
Baue den Thron, den Augustus besitzt.
Ziere sein Haus
Mit unvergänglichem Wohlergehn aus,
Lass uns die Länder in Friede bewohnen,
Die er mit Recht und mit Gnade beschützt.

Johann Christoph Clauder

7. To punish enemies
With weapons enflamed by zeal,
To be sure, brings honor and renown to some;
But to repay malice with beneficence
Is a trait only of heroes,
Is [a trait] of August.

8. Please allow, O esteemed sovereign,
That our band of Muses,
In its fully innocent peace [of mind],
Might be allowed to honor and sing about
The day that was so fortunate for you,
On which, in the foregoing year,
Sarmatia selected you as king.
At a time
When everything around us flashes and cracks [of war],
Yes, when the might of the French,
(Which, however, has already been subdued so many times,)
From the south and the north,
Also threatens our fatherland with sword and fire,
This city [Leipzig] can be so fortunate to find
You, powerful tutelary god of our lindens—
And, to be sure, not you alone,
[But] also your spouse, the sun of this land,
The comfort and joy of your subjects—
In its [Leipzig's] bosom [of good fortune].
How, among so much wellbeing
Is Pindus [Leipzig] not supposed to regard itself as pleased
and fortunate!
Heaven, in defiance of envy
Under such divine protection,
Let the welfare of our times
Spread itself in many thousand branches.

9. [God,] founder of realms, Lord and Master of crowns,
Build up the throne that August occupies.
Adorn his dynasty
With imperishable wellbeing,
Let us live in peace, the lands
That he protects with justice and with mercy.

(transl. Michael Marissen and Daniel R. Melamed)

BLOOMINGTON BACH CANTATA PROJECT

Daniel R. Melamed, director
Anastasia Chin, concert manager
Margaret Eronimous, operations manager

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When
His Most Serene Highness,
the Most Mighty Prince and Lord
L O R D
Frederick August,

King in Poland and Grand Duke of Lithuania, Reuss, Prussia, Mazovia, Samogitia, Kiovia, Volhynia, Podolia, Podlachia, Liefland, Smolensko, Severia, and Czernicovia &c. &c., Duke of Saxony, Julich, Cleves, and Berg, also Engern and Westphalia, Arch-marshal and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, Landgrave in Thuringia, Margrave of Meissen, also Upper and Lower Lausitz, Burgrave of Magdeburg, Prince and Count of Henneberg, Count of the Marck, Ravensberg, and Barby,

Lord of Ravenstein &c. &c.,

together with

His Most Serene
Consort,
graced with Their Most High Presences the Town of Leipzig
at the Michaelmas Fair of 1734,

it was desired,

on October 5, being the day on which

His Majesty

was chosen
in the preceding year of 1733 as

King in Poland and Grand Duke of Lithuania,
to present an evening serenade
as a demonstration of their most submissive devotion
by the students at the University there.

ARIA.

Praise your good fortune, blessed Saxony,
For God upholds the throne of your king.
Happy land,
Thank heaven and kiss the hand [of King August]
That lets your welfare yet daily flourish
And sets your citizens in safety.

Da Capo

Recit.

How can we, most greatly mighty August,
Lay the unfeigned impulses
Of our reverence, faithfulness, and love
Other than with greatest delight
At **YOUR** feet?
Does not, by **YOUR** fatherly hand,
Heaven's blessing of mercy
Flow upon our land
In rich streams?
And will not our hope come true,
[If] we would yet, to our peace [of mind],
Sense in your grace, in **YOUR** nature,
Your great father's image and his deeds?

ARIA.

Assuredly, **August's** name,
An ever so noble seed of the gods,
Defies all the might of mortals.
And the burghers of the provinces
Of such virtuous princes [as King August]
Live in the golden age.

Da Capo

Recit.

What else, **Sarmatia**, swayed you,
That for your royal throne
You preferred the **Saxon Piast**,
The great **August's** worthy son,
To all others?
Not just the luster of serene high ancestry,
Not the might of his lands;
No! rather the splendor of his virtue
Enraptured the mind of all your subjects
And of such diverse peoples
To worship on bended knee
More **him** alone

Than the luster and hereditary brilliance of his lineage.
To be sure, envy and jealousy,
Which (alas!) often cherish the gold of [coins called] crowns
Yet less than [the] lead and iron [of weaponry],
Are yet embittered against you, O great king,
And have cursed your weal.
Their curse, however, transforms itself into blessing,
And their wrath
Is truly far too paltry
To disturb in the slightest
A good fortune that rests on bedrock

ARIA.

Just boil with rage, impudent swarm,
To your own innermost parts.
Just bathe your insolent arm,
Full of wrath,
In innocent brothers' blood,
To our disgust, to your grief.
For the poison
And the ferocity of your envy
Strikes you more than August.

Da Capo

Recit.

Yes, yes!
God, with his help, is yet near to us
And protects August's throne.
He [God] makes it so, that the entire North,
By dint of his [August's] election as king, is contented.
Does not the Baltic already know,
As a result of the vanquished mouth of the Vistula [river],
Of August's realm
Together
With his armaments?
And does he not let that city [Danzig],
Which had so long opposed him,
Feel more his favor than his anger?
This means that to him it is a delight
To bind [as his sovereign] the subject's breast
By love more than by force.

ARIA.

To punish enemies
With weapons enflamed by zeal,
To be sure, brings honor and renown to some;
But to repay malice with beneficence
Is a trait only of heroes,
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Build up the throne that August occupies.
Adorn his dynasty
With imperishable wellbeing,
Let us live in peace, the lands
That he protects with justice and with mercy.
Da Capo

* * *