

**When The Congregation Learned to Sing: German Hymnody in the Wake of the Reformation**  
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**Week #7 (October 22): Philipp Nicolai and the “King” and “Queen” of Lutheran Chorales; Bach’s *Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme* (BWV 140)**

**Philipp Nicolai (1556-1608)**

→ *Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens / Mirror of the Joys of Eternal Life* (1599): Written response to the decimation of his parish of Unna in Westphalia through the plague, 1596-1597; four songs in the appendix, including Trinity #317 and #515

**Bach BWV 140 *Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme* BWV 140 (1731) – the “King”**

- \*composed for the 27<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Easter, 1731
- \* unusual only in that it features duets rather than solo arias.
- \* seven movements symmetrically arranged in a three-part form:
- \*Matthew 25: 1-13, the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins.

Opening Chorus “Wachet auf!”

\*many melodies are in balanced, 2- or 4-bar phrases (more a trait of the emerging pre-Classical style than of the late Baroque style); most melodies are more lyrical than normal with Bach

*Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme*  
*Der Wächter sehr hoch auf der Zinne,*  
*Wach auf, du Stadt Jerusalem!*  
*Mitternacht heißt diese Stunde;*  
*Sie rufen uns mit hellem Munde:*  
*Wo seid ihr klugen Jungfrauen?*  
*Wohl auf, der Bräut'gam kömmt;*  
*Steht auf, die Lampen nehmt!*  
*Alleluja!*  
*Macht euch bereit*  
*Zu der Hochzeit,*  
*Ihr müsset ihm entgegen gehn!*

"Awake!" calls the voice of the watchman to us,  
Very high up on the battlements.  
"Awake, you city of Jerusalem!  
This is the hour of midnight,  
Calling us with clear voice:  
Where are your wise virgins?  
Prepare! The bridegroom is coming;  
Arise and take your lamps!  
Alleluja!  
Make yourselves ready  
For the wedding:  
You must go forth to meet him!"

Recitative “Er kommt” C minor for tenor and continuo; a poetic warning that the bridegroom is coming.

Nr. 2 Rezitativ (Tenor)  
*Er kommt, er kommt,*  
*Der Bräut'gam kommt!*  
*Ihr Töchter Zions, kommt heraus,*  
*Sein Ausgang eilet aus der Höhe*  
*In euer Mutter Haus.*  
*Der Bräut'gam kommt, der einem Rehe*  
*Und jungen Hirsche gleich*  
*Auf denen Hügeln springt*  
*Und euch das Mahl der Hochzeit bringt.*  
*Wacht auf, ermuntert euch!*  
*Den Bräut'gam zu empfangen!*  
*Dort, sehet, kommt er hergegangen.*

He comes, he comes,  
The bridegroom comes!  
Ye daughters of Zion, come forth.  
His procession hastens from the height  
To your mother's house.  
The bridegroom comes like a roe  
Or a young hart  
Leaping upon the hills  
And brings you the wedding feast.  
Awake and rouse yourselves  
To greet the bridegroom!  
There, see, he comes hither.

Duet “Wann kommst du, mein Heil?” in C minor; a conversation between the Soul (for which the virgins are a metaphor) and Jesus; the Soul longs for Jesus to come quickly. Scored for soprano (the Soul), and bass (Jesus), it incorporates an obbligato violino piccolo (a small violin specially tuned a minor 3<sup>rd</sup> higher to reach high notes easier) and continuo. The violino piccolo part is virtuosic, quasi-improvisatory, and independent of the voices.

### Nr. 3 Arie Duett (Soprano, Bass)

Sopran: <i>Wenn kömmt du, mein Heil?</i>	When art thou coming, my salvation?
Bass: <i>Ich komme, dein Teil.</i>	I come, your partner.
Sopran: <i>Ich warte mit brennendem Öle.</i>	I wait with burning lamp.
Sopran/Bass <i>Eröffne/Ich öffne den Saal</i>	Open/I open the chamber
<i>Zum himmlischen Mahl.</i>	For the heavenly feast.
Sopran: <i>Komm, Jesu!</i>	Come, Jesu!
Bass: <i>Ich komme/Komm, liebliche Seele!</i>	I come/Come, lovely soul!

### Chorale “Zion hört die Wächter singen” in Eb major

#### Nr. 4 Choral (Tenor)

*Zion hört die Wächter singen*, Zion hears the watchmen singin

<i>Das Herz tut ihr vor Freuden springen,</i>	Her heart leaps with joy,
<i>Sie wachet und steht eilend auf.</i>	She wakes and rises in haste.
<i>Ihr Freund kommt vom Himmel prächtig,</i>	Her friend comes from heaven in splendor,
<i>Von Gnaden stark, von Wahrheit mächtig,</i>	Strong in mercy, mighty in truth;
<i>Ihr Licht wird hell, ihr Stern geht auf.</i>	Her light burns bright, her star rises.
<i>Nun komm, du werthe Kron,</i>	Now come, thou worthy crown,
<i>Herr Jesu, Gottes Sohn!</i>	Lord Jesu, Son of God!
<i>Hosianna!</i>	Hosanna!
<i>Wir folgen all zum FreudenSaal</i>	We all follow to the hall of joy
<i>Und halten mit das Abendmahl.</i>	And join the Lord's Supper.

Recitative “So geh herein zu mir” that modulates from Eb major to Bb major. Written for the bass voice, representing Jesus calling the bride to him, the accompaniment is appropriately for strings and continuo.

#### Nr. 5 Rezitativ (Bass)

<i>So geh herein zu mir</i>	Then come within to me,
<i>Du mir erwählte Braut!</i>	My chosen bride!
<i>Ich habe mich mit dir</i>	I have been betrothed
<i>Von Ewigkeit vertraut.</i>	To you from all eternity.
<i>Dich will ich auf mein Herz</i>	I will set you on my heart
<i>Auf meinen Arm gleich wie ein Siegel setzen</i>	And on my arm like a seal
<i>Und dein betrübtes Aug' ergötzen.</i>	And delight your troubled eyes.
<i>Vergiß, o Seele, nun</i>	Now forget, O soul,
<i>Die Angst, den Schmerz</i>	The anguish and pain
<i>Den du erdulden müssen</i>	That you have to suffer;
<i>Auf meiner Linken sollst du ruhn</i>	You shall rest at my left hand,
<i>Und meine Rechte soll dich küssen.</i>	And my right shall caress you.

Duet between the Soul and Jesus “Mein Freund ist mein” in Bb major, Bach uses the style of a love duet; parallel phrasing, duetting in 3rds, and the quasi-canonic writing between the voices, creating an almost dance like quality. An oboe provides the obbligato melody and is again independent of the vocal line. Da capo form,

#### Nr. 6 Arie Duett (Sopran, Bass)

Sopran: <i>Mein Freund ist mein,</i>	My friend is mine
Bass: <i>Und ich bin dein</i>	And I am yours.
Sopran, Bass: <i>Die Liebe soll nichts scheiden.</i>	Nothing shall sever our love.
Sopran: <i>Ich will mit dir</i>	I will with thee
Bass: <i>Du sollst mit mir</i>	You shall with me
Sopran, Bass: <i>In Himmels Rosen weiden</i>	Pasture amid heaven's roses.
<i>Da Freude die Fülle, da Wonne wird sein.</i>	The fullness of joy and bliss will be there.

“Gloria sei dir gesungen” incorporates in last stanza of the chorale--a song of praise. In simple 4-part harmonization; the orchestra doubles the choral parts, and again the chorale melody is in the soprano.

Nr. 7 Choral (Chor)

*Gloria sei dir gesungen  
Mit Menschen- und englischen Zungen,  
Mit Harfen und mit Zimbeln schon.  
Von zwölf Perlen sind die Pforten,  
An deiner Stadt sind wir Konsorten  
Der Engel hoch um deinen Thron.  
Kein Aug' hat je gespürt,  
Kein Ohr hat je gehört solche Freude.  
Des sind wir froh, io! io!  
Ewig in dulci júbilo.*

Gloria be sung to thee  
With the tongues of men and angels,  
With harps and with cymbals.  
Of twelve pearls are thy gates;  
In thy city we are consorts  
Of the angels high around thy throne.  
No eye has ever perceived,  
No ear has ever heard such joy.  
Therefore we rejoice, Io, io!  
Forever in dulci júbilo.

**Translation Comparison: *Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern* / Trinity #515: *How Lovely Shines The Morning Star* – the “Queen”**

1. Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern  
Voll Gnad' und Wahrheit von dem HERRN  
Die süße Wurzel Jesse  
Du Sohn Davids, aus Jakobs Stamm  
Mein König und mein Bräutigam,  
Hast mir mein Herz besessen.  
Lieblich,  
Freundlich,  
Schön und herrlich  
Groß und ehrlich,  
Reich von Gaben,  
Hoch und sehr prächtig erhaben.

1. How lovely shines the Morning Star  
Full of grace and truth from the LORD  
The sweet root of Jesse  
You Son of David, from Jacob's branch  
My King and my Bridegroom  
Have taken possession of my heart.  
Lovely  
Friendly  
Fair and glorious  
Great and honored  
Rich in gifts  
High and very splendidly exalted

How lovely shines the Morning Star!  
The nations see and hail afar  
The light in Judah shining.  
Thou David's son of Jacob's race  
My bridegroom and my King of grace  
For thee my heart is pining  
Lowly  
Holy  
Great and glorious  
Thou victorious  
Prince of graces filling  
All the heavenly places.

2. Ei mein' Perle, du werte Kron',  
Wahr Gottes und Marien Sohn,  
Ein hochgebor'ner König,  
Mein Herz heißt dich ein lilium,  
Dein süßes Evangelium,  
Ist lauter Milch und Honig.  
Ei mein  
Blümlein  
Hosianna  
Himmlisch' Manna  
Das wir essen  
Deiner kann ich nicht vergessen

2. Oh my Pearl, you precious Crown,  
True Son of God and of Mary,  
A highborn King,  
My heart names you a lily,  
Your sweet Gospel  
Is sheer milk and honey.  
Oh my  
Little flower  
Hosanna  
Heavenly manna  
Which we eat  
I cannot forget you.

Now richly to my waiting heart,  
O thou, my God, deign to impart  
The grace of love undying.  
In thy blest body let me be,  
E'en as the branch is in the tree,  
Thy life my life supplying.  
Sighing  
Crying,  
For the savor  
Of thy favor;  
Resting never  
Till I rest in thee forever

3. Geuß sehr tief in mein Herz hinein,  
Du heller Jaspis und Rubin,  
Die Flamme deiner Liebe.  
Und erfreu' mich, daß ich doch bleib'  
An deinem auserwählten Leib  
Ein' lebendige Rippe.  
Nach dir  
Ist mir  
Gratiosa coeli rosa  
Krank und glümmet  
Mein Herz, durch Liebe verwundet

3. Pour very deep into my heart,  
You bright Jasper and Ruby,  
The flame of your love.  
And make me glad, that I might remain  
In your chosen body  
A living rib.  
For you  
I am,  
Sweet rose of heaven,  
Sick and my heart  
Glows, wounded by love.

4. Von Gott kommt mir ein Freudenschein  
 Wenn du mit deinen Äugelein  
 Mich freundlich tust anblicken  
 O HERR Jesu, mein trautes Gut  
 Dein Wort, dein Geist, dein Leib und Blut  
 Mich innerlich erquicken.  
 Nimm mich  
 Freundlich  
 In dein Arme  
 Daß ich warme  
 Werd' von Gnaden  
 Auf dein Wort komm ich geladen.

4. A beam of joy comes to me from God  
 When you with your [little] eyes  
 Gaze kindly at me  
 O LORD Jesus, my faithful Good  
 Your Word, your Spirit, your Body and Blood  
 Make me alive within.  
 Take me  
 Lovingly  
 In your arms  
 That I might  
 Grow warm by grace  
 I come summoned by your Word.

5. HERR Gott Vater, mein starker Held  
 Du hast mich ewig für der Welt  
 In deinem Sohn geliebet  
 Dein Sohn hat mich ihm selbst vertraut  
 Er ist mein Schatz, ich bin sein' Braut  
 Sehr hoch in ihm erfreuet  
 Eia  
 Eia  
 Himmlisch' Leben  
 Wird er geben  
 Mir dort oben  
 Ewig soll mein Herz ihn loben.

5. LORD God Father, my strong hero  
 You have loved me in your Son  
 Eternally before the world [began]  
 Your Son has pledged me to himself  
 He is my Treasure, I am his Bride  
 Highly rejoicing in him  
 Oh  
 Oh  
 Heavenly life  
 He shall give  
 To me there above  
 My heart shall praise him eternally.

Thou, mighty Father, in thy Son  
 Didst love me ere thou hadst begun  
 This ancient world's foundation.  
 Thy Son hath made a friend of me,  
 And when in spirit him I see,  
 I joy in tribulation.  
 What bliss  
 Is this!  
 He that liveth  
 To me giveth  
 Life forever;  
 Nothing me from him can sever

6. Zwingt die Saiten Cithara,  
 Und laßt die süße Musica,  
 Ganz freudenreich erschallen:  
 Daß ich möge mit Jesulein  
 Dem wunder schönen Bräut'gam mein  
 In steter Liebe wallen.  
 Singet  
 Springet  
 Jubilieret  
 Triumphieret  
 Dankt dem HERREN  
 Groß ist der König der Ehren.

6. Strike up the zither's strings  
 And let sweet music,  
 Resound rich in joy:  
 That I might with [little] Jesus,  
 My wondrously fair Bridegroom,  
 Walk in constant love.  
 Sing  
 Leap  
 Rejoice  
 Triumph  
 Thank the LORD  
 Great is the King of Honors.

7. Wie bin ich doch so herzlich froh  
 Daß mein Schatz ist das A und O  
 Der Anfang und das Ende:  
 Er wird mich doch zu seinem Preis  
 Aufnehmen in das Paradeis  
 Des klopf' ich in die Hände.  
 Amen  
 Amen  
 Komm du schöne  
 Freuden-Krone  
 Bleib nicht lange  
 Deiner wart' ich mit Verlangen.

7. How joyful I am  
 That my Treasure is the Alpha and Omega  
 The Beginning and the End:  
 For his praise he shall  
 Take me up to Paradise  
 Therefore I clap my hands.  
 Amen  
 Amen  
 Come you fair  
 Crown of Joy  
 Do not tarry  
 I await you with longing.

**16<sup>th</sup> Century Treasures: *In Thee Is Gladness* (Cyriakus Schneegaß, 1598) and *My Fairest Crown, Beyond All Price* (anon., 1598)**

# 82 My FAIREST CROWN, BEYOND ALL PRICE



1 My fair - est Crown, \_\_\_\_\_ be - yond all price, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2 Thy love and faith - - ful - ness en - dure, \_\_\_\_\_  
 3 Thy Word is true, \_\_\_\_\_ mis - lead - ing none; \_\_\_\_\_  
 4 The close of day \_\_\_\_\_ comes qui - et - ly; \_\_\_\_\_



\_\_\_\_\_ Art Thou on earth, Lord Je - sus Christ; \_\_\_\_\_ I long to  
 \_\_\_\_\_ There's naught on earth that is \_\_\_\_\_ so sure, \_\_\_\_\_ This I con -  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Its prom - is - es are sure \_\_\_\_\_ and firm \_\_\_\_\_ In life or  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Lord Je - sus Christ, a - bide \_\_\_\_\_ with me, \_\_\_\_\_ For it will



do Thy bid - ding \_\_\_\_\_ And con - stant - ly \_\_\_\_\_ in joy and  
 fess most free - ly; \_\_\_\_\_ There - fore no grief \_\_\_\_\_ nor want nor  
 death, for - ev - er. \_\_\_\_\_ For Thou art mine, \_\_\_\_\_ and I am  
 soon be eve - ning. \_\_\_\_\_ Let not Thy light \_\_\_\_\_ be quenched out -



grief \_\_\_\_\_ Hold Thee in my heart's keep - - ing.  
 death \_\_\_\_\_ From Thy great love can keep \_\_\_\_\_ me.  
 Thine - To Thee I will sur - ren - - der.  
 right \_\_\_\_\_ On earth where we are dwell - - ing.



## In Thee Is Gladness

1 In thee is glad - ness A - mid all sad - ness, Je - sus, sun - shine of my  
2 If he is ours, . . . We fear no pow - ers, Not of earth or sin or

heart. By thee are giv - en The gifts of heav - en, Thou the  
death. He sees and bless - es In worst dis - tress - es; He can

true re - deem - er art. Our souls thou wak - est; Our bonds thou  
change them with a breath. Where - fore the sto - ry Tell of his

break - est. Who trusts thee sure - ly Has built se - cure - ly  
glo - ry With heart and voic - es; All heav'n re - joic - es

And stands for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! Our hearts are  
In him for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! We shout for

pin - ing To see thy shin - ing, Dy - ing or liv - ing,  
glad - ness, Tri - umph o'er sad - ness, Love him and praise him

To thee are cleav - ing; Naught us can sev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!  
And still shall raise him Glad hymns for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!