

TRANSLATIONS

Cantata: "Du Hirte Israel, höre," BWV 104 J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

1. Coro

*Du Hirte Israel , höre,
der du Joseph hütetest wie der Schafe,
erscheine, der du sitztest über Cherubim.
-- Psalm 80*

2. Recitativo

*Der höchste Hirte sorgt vor mich,
was nützen meine Sorgen?
Es wird ja alle Morgen
des Hirten Güte neu.
Mein Herz, so fasse dich,
Gott ist getreu.*

3. Aria

*Verbirgt mein Hirte sich zu lange,
macht mir die Wüste allzu bange,
mein schwacher Schritt eilt dennoch fort.
Mein Mund schreit nach dir,
und du, mein Hirte, wirkst in mir
ein gläubig Abba durch dein Wort.*

4. Recitativo

*Ja, dieses Wort ist meiner Seelen Speise,
ein Labsal meiner Brust,
die Weide, die ich meine Lust,
des Himmels Vorschmack, ja mein alles heiße.
Ach! Sammele nur, o guter Hirte,
uns Arme und Verirrte.
Ach, laß den Weg nur bald geendet sein
und führe uns in deinen Schafstall ein!*

5. Aria

*Beglückte Herde, Jesu Schafe,
die Welt ist euch ein Himmelreich.
Hier schmeckt ihr Jesu Güte schon
und hoffet noch des Glaubens Lohn
nach einem sanften Todesschlafe.*

6. Choral

*Der Herr ist mein getreuer Hirt,
dem ich mich ganz vertraue.
Zu Weid er mich, sein Schäflein, führt,
auf schöner grünen Aue.
Zum frischen Wasser leit' er mich,
mein Seel zu laben kräftiglich
durchs selig Wort der Gnaden.*

1. Chorus

Thou shepherd of Israel, hear –
thou who watchest over Joseph, like the sheep,
appear, thou who art seated above the Cherubim.
-- Psalm 80

2. Recitative

The highest shepherd cares for me;
what use are my worries?
Indeed, every morning
the shepherd's kindness is renewed.
My heart, compose thyself,
for God is faithful.

3. Aria

If my shepherd stays hidden too long,
and the wilderness makes me too fearful,
my feeble steps still hurry on.
My mouth cries for thee,
and thou, my shepherd, dost bring about in me
a faithful "Abba" through thy word.

4. Recitative

Yea, this word is food for my soul,
a refreshment to my breast;
the pasture, which I call my delight,
is a foretaste of heaven – indeed, my all.
Ah! Gather then, O kindly shepherd,
us who are poor and have gone astray.
Ah, bring our journey soon to its end,
and lead us into thy sheepfold!

5. Aria

Ye happy flock, Jesus' sheep,
the world is for you a heavenly kingdom.
Here you already taste Jesus' goodness
and hope, too, for faith's reward
after a gentle sleep in death.

6. Chorale

The Lord is my faithful shepherd,
to whom I entrust myself completely.
He leads me, his lamb, to pasture
in beautiful green meadows.
He guides me to fresh water
to revive my soul mightily
through His blessed word of grace.

Mass (Missa Canonica), Opus posthumous Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

I. KYRIE

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

II. SANCTUS

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus,
Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of Hosts.
Heaven and Earth are full of thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

III. BENEDICTUS

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

VI. AGNUS DEI

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
grant us peace.