LIBRETTO

Rejoice, exult

1. Chorus

Rejoice, exult, arise, praise the days,
extol what the Highest has done today!
Cease hesitation, banish complaint,
join in with rejoicing and exultation!
    Serve the Highest with glorious choruses!
    Let us revere the name of the Sovereign.

2. Accompanied Recitative

Thus we saw you, tortured and beaten,
hated and despised by your people,
crowned with a garland of thorns, God's son,
bear high on the cross the curse of sin.
The few who still tenderly loved you
and grieved at your death,
they too abandon you,
avert their face
from the mournful scene of torments,
go into solitude,
hide themselves from those
who thirst for their blood
as for yours.
But your grace does not abandon them.
You prevail over your enemies,
rise above grave and death,
gather your friends around you,
and their distress will now become bliss.

3. Aria

Thus the Lord knows
to bring together his own out of dispersal,
to bring joy in grief.
    If my enemies hate me,
    my friends abandon me,
    yet will I remain serene.
    My Savior lives, and I am His.

4. Recitative

Yet when at the end of my time
death reaches out its arms toward me
and fear of approaching eternity
frightens my weary spirit,
when all wavers, when all sinks and falls
and all the joys of this world
forever flee before my sight,
what then shall revive me?
When friends stand around me pining,
beseech the Almighty for my life
and in disbelief see me die,
what in that hour will give me joy?
My Savior lives, and I am his.

5. Aria

Now I rejoice at my grave,
because I have the certain hope:
one day I shall rise again.
When then the trumpets awaken the dead
and malediction and despair terrify the sinners,
I, transfigured, shall go to heaven.

6. Chorale

There shall I always in pure love
taste your sweetness,
the noble manna,
and see your loving face
with unswerving gaze
free of all fear and terror.
Richly
shall I
be revived
and adorned
without any doubt
with the beautiful crown of heaven.