

LIBRETTO

God hath raised up the Lord

1. Chorus

God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up
us by his own power.

2. Recitative

So is my savior now exalted,
the Father's firm word prevails.
The Holy One shall not decay.
It touches him not.
Evil slays him.
The Almighty speaks,
and he must arise triumphant.
Risen son of man,
now the praise of all creation remains yours alone.
Everything praises, everything worships you.
The angels, who bow in prayer to you
and whose face veils itself humbly before your
father's throne,
when they sing the praise of the Godhead,
they now let the song pierce all the heavens.
The savior of men lives!
Singing praise they come to earth,
to be messengers of the triumph,
through which the dark might of death founders.
Rejoicing they tell the now-saved world:
Your savior lives!
Redeemed world, then fortify their song through your
songs,
return these strains of joy redoubled
and gladly sing to him, who lives indeed!

3. Aria

I sing joyfully to you, risen prince of life.
Let all my praise be devoted to you.
The grave swallows you up in vain.
The power of death holds you in vain.
Your word, which commands nature,
commands mortality too.

4a. Recitative

Therefore rejoice now, soul, rejoice!
The Lord of glory
has wrested himself and me from death.
After so much fear, after so much darkness,
with which the fear of death threatens me,
henceforth the bright light of hope shines upon me.
Vanquished death, now you do not frighten me!
My savior has opened his grave,
glorified he goes forth.
O word of comfort and of joy!
He opens it also for me.

4b. Arioso

Also I shall, Jesus, live with you.
O word that delights my soul,
which gazes hopefully toward those heights,
where splendor and magnificence, prince of life,
surround you.
What kind of never-before experienced joy does
my blessed soul feel!
I now see, the graves are opening.
O majesty, o never-yet-seen glory!
O transfigured son of man, I see you!
You come, and each grave yields to your might.
You call, and each dead man awakes.
What a countless throng
gather around your throne!
They fill the vast expanse with thanks and praises,
they are lifted up by a gentle breath,
they arise with you into your sanctuary.

5. Aria

How joyfully do I await you,
day, that renews the world and me.
Die peacefully, tired limbs!
My Lord lives and shall raise you too
to his and to your glory.

6. Chorale

O sweet Lord Jesus Christ,
you who are the savior of sinners,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lead us through your mercy
with joys into your glory!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Translation © 2016 by Ruth B. Libbey

Translator's note: Kind thanks to Ulrich Leisinger and Mark W. Knoll for their assistance. The first chorus is taken from 1 Corinthians 6:14 (King James Version).