



Recorded in September 2012 at the Royal College of Music Studio, London  
Recording engineer and producer: Matt Parkin

Clavichord by Peter Bavington, 2008, after J. J. Bodechtel, c. 1790  
Diatonically fretted, compass BB–f<sup>3</sup>, pitch a<sup>1</sup>=430 Hz, temperament Bendeler III

Booklet text by Peter Bavington, Norbert Meyn and Terence Charlston  
Design and layout: Paul Brooks, paulmbrooks@virginmedia.com

Executive producer: Martin Anderson

TOCC 0248

© 2014, Toccata Classics, London

© 2014, Toccata Classics, London

Toccata Classics CDs are also available in the shops and can be ordered from our distributors around the world, a list of whom can be found at [www.toccataclassics.com](http://www.toccataclassics.com). If we have no representation in your country, please contact: Toccata Classics, 16 Dalkeith Court, Vincent Street, London SW1P 4HH, UK  
Tel: +44/0 207 821 5020 E-mail: [info@toccataclassics.com](mailto:info@toccataclassics.com)



# Carl Philipp Emanuel **BACH**

## **Spiritual Songs**

### **Fantasia in C minor**



**Norbert Meyn, tenor**  
**Terence Charlston,**  
**clavichord**

INCLUDES FIRST RECORDINGS

# C. P. E. BACH: SONGS WITH CLAVICHORD

A Conversation with Norbert Meyn and Terence Charlston<sup>1</sup>  
by Peter Bavington

C. P. E. Bach wrote over 250 songs, most of them to devotional texts; although popular in their day, they have been little known and rarely performed in modern times. Among them are two important published collections, *Geistliche Oden und Lieder mit Melodien*, to words by C. F. Gellert (Berlin, 1758; WQ194/H686<sup>2</sup>), and *Stürms geistliche Gesänge mit Melodien*, to words by Christian Carl Sturm (Hamburg, 1780–81; WQ197–98/H749 and 752). These two collections are among the first to include fully written-out keyboard accompaniments rather than figured basses.

Norbert Meyn and Terence Charlston are perhaps the first musicians since Bach's own day to present this music as the composer intended, with complete texts and in a simple format that reflects the domestic situation of personal devotional practice in which they would have been used. As the maker of the clavichord they used for their recording, I took the opportunity to ask them about their journey with this project.

*I thought we could start with the repertoire. How long have you known these songs?*

NM: I have known and loved them since I started to look through all sorts of songs in my student days in Dresden. I've always been very much interested in language, in poetry, in the physicality and musicality of language, and these early Lieder were in the kind of idiom I felt comfortable with. I was immediately attracted to the melodic nature and the harmonic progression in the songs, and also the *Empfindsamkeit* style, which demands highly expressive declamation.<sup>3</sup> For me the earliest encounter with the songs of C. P. E. Bach was with an edition published by Peters,<sup>4</sup> which only gives one or two verses of the text where there should be at

<sup>1</sup> An earlier version of this article was published in *The British Clavichord Society Newsletter*, No. 54 (October 2012), pp. 3–10.

<sup>2</sup> C. P. E. Bach's works are given WQ and H numbers because of the two catalogues of his works: the *Catalogue thématique des œuvres de Charles Philippe Emmanuel Bach (1714–1788)*, Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig, 1905, prepared by the Belgian musicologist Alfred Wotquenne (1867–1939); and the *Thematic Catalogue of the Works of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach*, Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 1989, compiled by E. Eugene Helm (b. 1928).

<sup>3</sup> The *Empfindsamer Stil*, intended to express realistic reflections of mood and feeling, emerged in the eighteenth century as a reaction against the formality of the Baroque. C. P. E. Bach and his elder brother, Wilhelm Friedemann, were among its leading exponents.

<sup>4</sup> *30 geistliche Lieder, für eine Singstimme und Klavier*, ed. Herman Roth, EP 3748, Edition Peters, Leipzig, 1930 – until recently the only available edition of C. P. E. Bach's songs.



## Explore Unknown Music with the Toccata Discovery Club

Since you're reading this booklet, you're obviously someone who likes to explore music more widely than the mainstream offerings of most other labels allow. Toccata Classics was set up explicitly to release recordings of music – from the Renaissance to the present day – that the microphones have been ignoring. How often have you heard a piece of music you didn't know and wondered why it hadn't been recorded before? Well, Toccata Classics aims to bring this kind of neglected treasure to the public waiting for the chance to hear it – from the major musical centres and from less-well-known cultures in northern and eastern Europe, from all the Americas, and from further afield: basically, if it's good music and it hasn't yet been recorded, Toccata Classics is exploring it.

To link label and listener directly we run the Toccata Discovery Club, which brings its members substantial discounts on all Toccata Classics recordings, whether CDs or downloads, and also on the range of pioneering books on music published by its sister company, Toccata Press. A modest annual membership fee brings you, free on joining, two CDs, a Toccata Press book or a number of album downloads (so you are saving from the start) and opens up the entire Toccata Classics catalogue to you, both new recordings and existing releases as CDs or downloads, as you prefer. Frequent special offers bring further discounts. If you are interested in joining, please visit the Toccata Classics website at [www.toccataclassics.com](http://www.toccataclassics.com) and click on the 'Discovery Club' tab for more details.



O Schöpfer aller Dinge  
Gesegnet seist du mir!  
Weit über sie erhoben  
kann ich der Fluren Pracht  
empfinden, kann dich loben,  
der du den Lenz gemacht.

Lobsing' ihm, meine Seele,  
dem Gott, der Freuden schafft!  
Lobsing' ihm und erzähle  
die Werke seiner Kraft!  
Hier von dem Blütenhügel  
Bis zu der Sterne Bahn  
Steig' auf der Andacht Flügel  
Dein Loblied himmeln!

O creator of all things  
you shall be blessed to me!  
High above them  
I can feel the splendour of the land,  
I can praise you  
who has made the spring.

Praise Him, my soul,  
the God who creates delights.  
Praise Him, and make known  
the deeds of His might.  
From this flowery hill  
to the path of the stars,  
shall rise, on the wings of prayer,  
your song of praise towards heaven.

least six. Later I looked at the Gellert and Sturm songs in more detail: I went to the British Library and examined the original published collections, and I saw the many missing verses for the first time. It is wonderful that both collections are now available as part of the complete edition of the composer's works.<sup>5</sup>

*I wonder if you feel that there was a progression – there's twenty years or so between the Gellert Odes and the songs by Sturm. Is there a development in the style? Is there more freedom in the accompaniment? Something different about the melody?*

NM: It's an interesting question. The Gellert<sup>6</sup> songs were such a success, and they were popular for so long, that when the Sturm<sup>7</sup> songs were published, Bach must have wanted to build on that rather than change the style. In both cases it was the poetry that was the main thing for C. P. E. Bach. If you read the Preface to the Gellert Odes, it's being so moved and so impressed by the content and the quality of the poetry that made him set *every single poem* from the collection that Gellert had published the previous year. And I think that with the Sturm it's a similar story, so if there is any major difference between the two collections, I think it would derive from the difference between Gellert and Sturm. Gellert's odes are elegant and sophisticated (they were set by many more composers, including Beethoven), and Sturm's texts are perhaps even more immediate and passionate at times.

*Am I right in thinking that Sturm was influenced by the cult of 'naturalness', and was actually slightly disappointed with the settings – or at least, he said 'They're very beautiful, but I had in mind something simpler'?*

NM: He may well have been. Sturm's poetry was praised for its devotional and educational value, and was intended to be accessible to anyone. He is said to have encouraged his fellow citizens 'To sing hymns while contemplating nature in a garden or when visiting the countryside.'<sup>8</sup> I think that goes along with the general aesthetics of German song in the eighteenth century.<sup>9</sup> There was this ideal that song should have a relationship to the folk heritage, and so be approachable to anybody. At the same time it should be refined: the melody was meant to be very subtle, and to fit the general atmosphere of the poetry. These ideas were widely spread.

<sup>5</sup> Vol. VI/1 ed. Darrell M. Berg, Packard Humanities Institute, Cambridge (Mass.), 2009; Vol. IV/2 ed. Anja Morgenstern, Packard Humanities Institute, Cambridge (Mass.), 2009; for further details, cf. [www.cpebach.org](http://www.cpebach.org).

<sup>6</sup> The Saxon-born poet Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715–69) studied theology at the University of Leipzig but poor health and extreme shyness prevented him taking the cloth, and he spent the rest of his days teaching philosophy at his alma mater.

<sup>7</sup> Christoph Christian Sturm (1740–86), writer and priest, spent most of his professional life in Halle and Magdeburg. Beethoven was among Sturm's admirers: a copy of one of Sturm's books, much annotated, was found in his effects after his death.

<sup>8</sup> Jacob Friedrich Feddersen (1736–88), quoted in Ulrich Leisinger, 'C.P.E. Bach and C. C. Sturm: Sacred Song, Public Church Service and Private Devotion', in *C. P. E. Bach Studies*, ed. Annette Richards, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 2006, p. 121.

<sup>9</sup> Cf., for example, Johann Gottfried Krause, *Von der Musikalischen Poesie*, Johann Friedrich Voss, Berlin, 1752.

*There's a bit of tension, isn't there, between a melody that is artful and expressive, and a melody that is related to folksong, is simple, natural, and usable by people who don't necessarily have a musical training. This brings me to ask: how do you think these songs were used? I understand the Gellert songs were very, very popular, and were reprinted five times. How were they actually used? Were they mostly sung at home?*

NM: Yes, I would think so. It's so interesting because there's also a tension between the aesthetic ideal that C. P. E. Bach must have been faced with, and the worship of him as an *Originalgenie* which had developed. He was certainly one of the most popular musicians in Germany at the time, and there was a newly emerged way of celebrating a composer as this 'inspired genius'. I think for him it must have been difficult to please both camps, and I think that's why the songs have a more elaborate and more artful nature than perhaps the songs of other contemporary composers, such as J. F. Reichardt, who were trying to stick more directly to this aesthetic ideal.

TC: It's worth saying that some of the Sturm songs musically seem to move backwards in time in terms of the aesthetic of their settings; so if you take the example of 'Jesus in Gethsemane' – 'Über die Finsternis kurz vor dem Tode Jesu' [8] – to my mind that's a very harsh, chromatic, almost seventeenth-century, Sebastian-Bachian setting of the text, and I think it must have come as quite a surprise to Sturm to be confronted with this piece, which is a really a sort of slowed-down version of the opening chorus of the *St John Passion*. It couldn't be further from the *Empfindsamkeit* style, actually, and so I think it must have been a huge shock. It's very tricky to play, of course, and it's extremely intense; possibly one might say *Sturm und Drang*. Then you can pick other songs, such as 'Der Frühling' [12] which is the exact opposite; it's a perfect example of the *Empfindsamkeit* style, with a beautiful melodic line, perfectly shaped, giving a lie to the idea that C. P. E. Bach couldn't write a memorable melody.

*What led you to think of the clavichord as a possible medium of accompaniment?*

NM: Well, several keyboard specialists had mentioned to me that it probably was C. P. E. Bach's favourite instrument, and that made me think. About seven or eight years ago when I did my research in the British Library, I tried to make them work with a modern piano. I had a most wonderful accompanist, but it just felt wrong, the way the instrument projected, the way the phrases would turn out, and also the fact that the instrument is so big. If you hear a J. S. Bach fugue played on the modern piano, there is a certain steadiness of sound, and the architecture of the piece comes out very well. But with these songs, the modern piano just somehow did not really make it possible for me to sing the texts with the necessary variation of colour, and with the subtlety I wanted to find. Then I heard Fischer-Dieskau's beautiful recording with a *Tangentenflügel*, which is much gentler and has a similar sound to a fortepiano.<sup>10</sup> It was done at incredibly slow tempi, and it used a sort of celebratory way of

Empor aus seiner Hülle  
Drängt sich der junge Halm,  
Der Wälder öde Stille  
Belebt der Vögel Psalm.

O Vater, deine Milde  
Fühlt Berg und Tal und Au,  
Es grünen die Gefilde,  
Beperlt vom Morgentau;  
Der Blumenweid' entgegen  
Blöckt schon die Herd' im Tal,  
Und in dem Staube regen  
Sich Würmer ohne Zahl.

Glänzt von der blauen Weste  
die Sonn auf unsre Flur,  
so weiht zum Schöpfungsfeste  
sich jede Kreatur.  
Und alle Blüten dringen  
aus ihrem Keim hervor,  
und alle Vögel schwingen  
sich aus dem Schlaf empor.

Die Flur im Blumenkleide  
ist, Schöpfer, dein Altar;  
und Opfer reiner Freude  
weiht dir das junge Jahr.  
Es bringt die ersten Düfte  
der blauen Veilchen dir,  
und schwebend durch die Lüfte  
lobsingt die Lerche dir.

Ich schau ihr nach und schwinge  
voll Dank mich auf zu dir.

The young shoots are growing forth  
from their buds.  
The deserted silent woods  
are brought to life by the song of birds.

O father, your mercy  
is felt by hills and valleys and fields.  
The lands turn green,  
covered in pearls of morning dew.  
Going towards the flowering meadow  
you hear the bleating of the herd.  
And in the dust of the earth  
countless worms are moving about.

When, from its blue garment  
The sun gleams over our land,  
then every creature devotes itself to the celebration  
of the creation.  
And all blossoms  
come out of their bud,  
and all birds rise up  
from their sleep into the sky.

The land, dressed with flowers  
is, creator, your altar.  
And sacrifices of pure joy  
are made for you by the young year.  
It brings the first perfume  
of the young violets to you,  
and, hovering through the skies,  
the lark sings your praise.

I look at it and rise  
up to you full of thanks.

<sup>10</sup> C. P. E. Bach: *Odes, Psalms and Lieder*. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (baritone), Jörg Demus (*Tangentenflügel*), Archiv 2533 058 (LP, 1971); Archiv 453168 (CD, 1996). In the second half of the eighteenth century, the *Tangentenflügel*, or 'tangent piano' (the tangent being the slip of wood that struck the string), rivalled the fortepiano as a more expressive replacement of the harpsichord.



**[11] Vol. 2, No. 18, Empfindungen in der Sommernacht**

Der Mond ist aufgegangen,  
Die güldnen Sterne prangen  
Am blauen Himmelszelt.  
Gebüsch und Haine schallen  
Vom Lied der Nachtigallen;  
O Gott, wie schön ist deine Welt!

Schön, wenn vom Abendtaue  
Beperlet Wald und Aue  
In deinem Segen stehn;  
Und wenn in Ungewittern  
Die Donner sie erschüttern,  
Ist deine Welt, o Vater, schön.

Aus deiner Allmacht Fülle  
Strömt in der Nächte Stille  
Erquickung auf die Flur,  
Und durch die kühlen Lüfte  
Bringt ihre Balsamdüfte  
Zum Abendopfer die Natur.

Mit ihrem Opfer walle  
Mein Dank empor! Ich falle  
Vor die anbetend hin.  
Du schufst in hoher Ferne  
Den Mond, du schufst die Sterne,  
Du schufst der Haine Sängerin.

**[12] Vol. 1, No. 14, Der Frühling**

Erwacht zum neuen Leben  
Steht vor mir die Natur,  
Und sanfte Lüfte wehen  
Durch die beschneite Flur.

**[11] Vol. 2, No. 18, Feelings in the Summer Night**

The moon has risen,  
The golden little stars are gleaming  
In the blue canopy-sky.  
Bushes and meadows resound  
With the song of the nightingales;  
Oh God, how beautiful is your world!

Beautiful, when covered with evening dew like with  
pearls, forest and meadow  
Are blessed by you.  
And when in thunderstorms  
The thunder rocks them,  
Even then your world, Father, is beautiful.

From the abundance of your might,  
In the quiet of the nights,  
Replenishment streams over the land.  
And through the cool airs  
Nature brings its scents of balm  
As an evening sacrifice.

With this sacrifice, my thanks  
Shall fly upwards, I fall  
Before you in prayer.  
You made in the high distance  
The moon, you made the stars,  
You made the bird that sings in the woods

**[12] Vol. 1, No. 14, Spring**

Awakened to new life  
nature stands before me.  
And gentle breezes sway  
over the snow-covered fields.

producing the songs, and of course he only chose one or two verses of each song; so we do get the beauty of the music, and we do get the wonderfully produced vocal line, but what we *don't* get is the actual story of the poem.

*He's undermining the primacy of the text, which was part of the essence of the songs.*

TC: And if you use a piano, that undermines it even further. It's simply a question of aural space, isn't it? If you have a big black piano, then there isn't room to declaim the songs without the full voice; it makes an intimidating acoustical space which you then have to *force* your way into. I think with these songs, the clavichord gives Norbert a much harder challenge, really, because there's so much space, aurally, for him to occupy. Or, to put it in another way, because you can come down to such a tiny dynamic level, the task is much harder; it's not about invading the space, it's as if the space is too big, and you have to actually take the interpretation to the size of space that's then generated.

*You had to adjust, I think, your technical approach as a singer, in order to perform with the clavichord?*

NM: I remember the first time I tried it was with David Ward, a friend of both of us who was professor of fortepiano at the Royal College of Music. He had a clavichord at his home, and we chose to do three songs in a house concert with about thirty people, and it was so quiet that we really didn't know if all of them could actually hear us. It went down very well, and people gently rustled their programmes instead of clapping after the songs because they did not want to break the intimate atmosphere. The feedback was good, but I still think it was only after quite a long interval working on the songs with Terry that I felt comfortable. I had to learn to project the voice a lot less, and to sing the top in a very gentle, very soft way, often in pure head voice.

TC: I think we both agree that originally the songs wouldn't have been done like this: that is, they wouldn't have been performed to an audience with the two of us, and, of course, they wouldn't have been recorded; they were an internal, private experience. And for the keyboardist, its fascination lies in extrapolating the expressive implications of the words to otherwise text-less instrumental music. While you play the music, you also have the poetry to reflect upon or to internalise, or possibly even to sing in your own fashion as you perform the music; so each verse of the song will have a different sentiment or a different colour or a different expression or a different dynamic or whatever. Although C. P. E. Bach's music is often considered notoriously difficult to interpret, the truth may be that we miss the simplicity of its many signs and symbols. In these texts I perceive a very useful tool to understand the aesthetic and how C. P. E. Bach and a lot of other musicians in the eighteenth century understood their music. If this can reveal how they made their phrasing, joined their notes together, or chose their harmonies; then that would be really valuable.

Another of the debates we had was, what do we do with the written text of the music? We've got the keyboard part, which has the melody part integral; so when we perform it, do we play that part, do we play the other parts,

do we produce a continuo realisation, do we do a combination of all those things? And, similarly, what does Norbert do about ornamentation? The big revelation for me was when Norbert read out the passage in Agricola where he gives four reasons about why one should ornament. These are so important for clavichordists, listen:

NM, freely translating from Johann Friedrich Agricola's *Anleitung zur Singkunst* (1757):<sup>11</sup> The first reason for ornamentation is *to connect the syllables in the singing better with one another*. Especially with the appoggiaturas, I think it's really easy to connect the words in the line better. And the second one is *to fill out something that seems empty within the movement of the song*. The third reason, *to make the harmony even richer, and more manifold*.

*That is interesting, isn't it: it almost implies adding a different note somewhere.*

TC: A different pitch.

NM: And the fourth one, to give more liveliness and 'shimmer' to the singing.

TC: What's the German word, 'shimmer'? What's the original?

NM: It is 'Schimmer',<sup>12</sup>

TC: That seems to me completely fascinating, because of the larger question about what keyboard touch is in the eighteenth century – for example, the extent to which Beethoven played a very special *legato* which was aurally different from the one that Mozart used. So this idea of what 'connecting the notes' means, and what the articulated and *legato* styles are, is very interesting, because we gain new terminology to discuss it. And this business of what he means by 'filling empty places': is he talking about a rhythmic aspect? Is he talking about actually filling rests and spaces? So that's a teaser. And then, this attitude of liveliness, and this wonderful word *Schimmer* – 'more *Schimmer* in your playing, please!' – that's one of the things I've thought about over the last few months quite a lot. So, in a way, it's giving an extra dimension: I'm beginning to understand what vocal style can bring to keyboard playing, but of course all the time being aware that this music isn't just vocal music, it isn't just keyboard music, it's also very devotional music, it's keyboard music with words – or is it words transported, the vehicle of which is the music?

NM: The introduction of the Gellert songs, of course, states explicitly that they can be used as *Handstücke*, in other words, as just keyboard pieces, as well as accompaniments to the voice.

*So you can play them and, as it were, think the text?*

<sup>11</sup> An English translation has been published in *Introduction to the Art of Singing by Johann Friedrich Agricola*, ed. and transl. Julianne C. Baird, Cambridge University Press, 1995, p. 92.

<sup>12</sup> It could perhaps be translated as 'sparkle'.

Sprich zu ihr: 'Wach und bete!  
Bald ist die Krone dein.'

**[10] Vol. 1, No. 13, Der Tag des Weltgerichts**

Wann der Erde Gründe beben,  
und in Totengrüften Leben  
und im Staube Jugendstärke wallt,  
wenn des Auferweckers Stimme schallt:  
Gott! erbarm dich unser!

Wann mit donnerndem Getümmel,  
O Allmächt'ger, deine Himmel  
Und des Erdballs Reiche schnell vergehn  
Und wir wankend auf den Trümmern stehn:  
Gott! erbarm dich unser!

Wann auf deinem Wolkenwagen,  
Von zehntausenden getragen,  
Weltenrichter, du herniederfährst  
Und den Übeltätern Rache schwörst:  
Gott! erbarm dich unser!

Wann mit Zittern und Entzücken  
alle Völker nach dir blicken  
und dein flammend Richterangesicht  
Fluch und Lohn in ihre Seele spricht:  
Gott! erbarm dich unser!

Wann auch ich dann vor dir stehe,  
und mein Aug' zu deiner Höhe  
bebend nur emporzuschauen wag't,  
wenn in mir die ganze Menschheit zag't:  
Gott! erbarm dich unser!

Speak to it: 'Be vigilant and pray!  
Soon the crown will be yours!'

**[10] Vol. 1, No. 13, The Day of Judgment**

When the foundations of the earth tremble,  
and life appears in the tombs  
and youthful strength appears in the dust,  
when the voice of the awakener resounds:  
God, have mercy on us!

When with thunderous turmoil,  
O omnipotent one, your heavens  
And the earth's kingdoms perish fast  
And we stand on the trembling on the ruins  
God, have mercy on us!

When on your chariot of clouds  
Carried by tens of thousands,  
You descend, judge of the world  
And swear revenge to the malefactors:  
God, have mercy on us!

When with shivers and delight  
all peoples look towards you  
and your flaming image as a judge  
speaks curse and reward into their souls  
God, have mercy on us!

When also I stand before you then  
and my eye only trembling dares  
to look up toward you.  
When all human kind despairs within me,  
God, have mercy on us!

zu him, der für ihn bat.  
Herr erbarme dich!  
Gott, erbarme dich!

to him, who prayed for him.  
Lord, have mercy!  
God, have mercy!

[9] Vol. 1, No. 2, Passionslied  
Einst, als dich im Gerichte  
Der Sünden Fluch umgab,  
Da floss vom Angesichte  
Dir Schweiß, wie Blut, herab:  
Zur Erde stürzte dich die Angst,  
Als nun, von Gott verlassen,  
Du mit dem Tode rangst.

Im heißen Angstgebete,  
Wie Mittler kämpfst du!  
Die ganze Seele flehte  
Um Linderung, um Ruh.  
Doch ach, da war kein Tröster nicht!  
Du dürestestest vergebens  
Nach Freudigkeit und Licht.

Auch sie, die so entschlossen,  
So männlich dich bekannt,  
Sind mutlos, sind verdrossen,  
Vom Schlummer übermannt.  
Sie schauen deiner Seele Schmerz:  
Und keiner deiner Brüder  
Spricht Labsal dir in's Herz.

Herr, rette du mich Schwachen,  
Wenn Stolz und Sicherheit  
Den Geist verdrossen machen:  
Gib Mut und Kraft im Streit.  
Flöß meiner Seele Tröstung ein:

[9] Vol. 1, No. 2, Passion Song  
Once, as you were surrounded  
At the judgment by the curse of sins,  
Then, from your countenance  
ran sweat and blood:  
Fear made you fall to the ground,  
As now, abandoned by God,  
You wrestled with death

In ardent prayers of fear,  
How you fought, mediator!  
The entire soul was pleading  
For soothing, for rest.  
But ah, there was no consoler!  
In vain you longed  
For joy and life.

Even they, who so decidedly  
In such a manly fashion stood by you,  
They have no courage, they are peevish,  
And overcome by sleep.  
They see the pain of your soul:  
And none of your brothers  
Speaks refreshing words for your heart.

Lord, save me, the weak one,  
When pride and security  
Make the spirit peevish:  
Give me courage and strength in the fight  
Infuse my soul with consolation:

TC: Yes.

*Using the text as a guide to the way you're going to play. One of the things Agricola doesn't say is that you use ornamentation as a way to differentiate the stanzas. In some of the songs there are many, many stanzas, aren't there? I wonder what you felt about that. I was very impressed in concert with that very long song, 'Prüfung am Abend' [3], one of the Gellert songs. Despite – I think it's fourteen verses –*

NM: It is ten.

*Ten verses. Well, it seemed a large number of verses if you counted them, but I was very impressed with the cumulative effect, and also by a certain amount of variety that you achieved in the delivery. In the recording, am I right in thinking that you've decided not to abbreviate the songs, but to complete every song with all the stanzas?*

TC: There is real subtlety between the imagery of each verse; each verse leads very beautifully on to the next. It's not about contrast, it's about reinforcement, or going deeper into oneself; so it seems logical to perform the whole.

NM: We did make the choice – certainly, in the beginning, a rather frightening choice for me – to go along with singing all the verses, and so we tried to steer clear of the ones with *twenty* verses!<sup>13</sup> There's very little, actually, in terms of ornamentation that is necessary to make the differentiation between the first and later verses more poignant. It is actually the colour, the taste for words, and then perhaps the dramatic context in which they are uttered which gives the variety. Having said that, there were a few moments where I decided to put an ornament on a certain word just because it felt right for purely musical reasons.

TC: There are some omissions as well, aren't there? There are some embellishments that are so peculiar to C. P. E. Bach's keyboard technique, and virtually nobody else's, and so unnatural perhaps to vocal style, that it felt right to omit them in favour of the simplicity of the melodic line. I can imagine Gellert and Sturm thinking, 'Quite right, a bit more line here!'

*Yes, there's obviously some scope for interpreting the top line in various ways, and the whole point is to interpret it in the light of the text.*

TC: You might be interested to know that I came up with five different accompaniment types, which we explored in the concert and on the recording:

1) it works perfectly well just to play what's there, play as written;

<sup>13</sup> There are two exceptions in the recording: 'Passionslied' [1] where we chose verses 1, 4, 6, and 9 out of a total of eleven verses, and 'Trost eines Schwermütigen Christen' [6]. This song comes in two parts, a lament with five verses followed by an encouraging reply with fourteen. A complete performance would take approximately 20 minutes.



The opening of 'Prüfung am Abend', from the original 1758 edition. The song is presented on two staves, with the words between them; the top line is sung. The German text is 'Der Tag ist wieder hin, und diesen Theil des Lebens' ('The day has passed again, and this part of my life').

- 2) there are several three-part pieces, and there I often would play the lower two voices and leave the melody on its own for the voice;
- 3) there are some songs where a continuo-style accompaniment seemed appropriate, so just playing the bass, and filling in the harmonies in a more improvisatory way: basically the through-bass style;
- 4) sometimes I felt it necessary to thicken the texture of what was written, particularly in the left hand, to reinforce it;
- 5) and then, of course, some of the time one would take a composite of the previous four and run them all together.

Some of the songs do have extreme contrasts in them, so you would have a different technique used between the verses, whereas the song we mentioned before, 'Prüfung am Abend' [3], is a continuous sentiment, so I think I just played the whole thing in exactly the same way, more or less, and in the same spirit, for all ten verses.

The recording also includes a performance of the paraphrase of Hamlet's 'To be or not to be?' soliloquy which the poet Heinrich Wilhelm von Gerstenberg<sup>14</sup> wrote to C. P. E. Bach's C minor Fantasia.<sup>15</sup> Sometimes it's done as a melodrama, with a spoken voice, and sometimes it's done with a singing voice.

TC: C. P. E. Bach didn't approve of the Gerstenberg Hamlet.<sup>16</sup> The piece was not conceived with that particular interpretation in mind, and Bach is pretty keen, from what I understand, to demonstrate that the music stands

<sup>14</sup> Gerstenberg (1737–1823), a native of Schleswig, studied law at the University of Jena before entering Danish military service. His tragedy *Ugolino* (1768) helped bring in the *Sturm und Drang* movement, of which he was an important exponent.

<sup>15</sup> *Fantasia in C minor from Achtzehn Probe-stücke, in Sechs Sonaten*, wq63/6, n75, supplement to the *Versuch über die wahre Art das Klavier zu spielen*, Berlin, 1753.

<sup>16</sup> It was published without Bach's consent by Carl Friedrich Cramer in *Flora, Erste Sammlung. Enthaltend: Compositionen für Gesang und Klavier*, Kiel and Hamburg, 1787.

From *Sturms geistliche Gesänge mit Melodien*, wq197–98/H749 and 752

8 Vol. 1, No. 29, Über die Finsternis  
kurz vor dem Tode Jesu  
Nacht und Schatten decken  
des Mittlers Angesicht;  
und des Richters Schrecken  
erträgt die Seele nicht!  
Ach, wie ist ihm bange  
um Freudigkeit und Licht!  
Vater, ach wie lange  
verzeucht dein Angesicht!  
Herr, erbarme dich!  
Gott, erbarme dich!

Nacht und Schatten decken  
das mördervolle Land:  
und bewehrt mit Schrecken  
ist, Rächer, deine Hand.  
Selbst die Frevler zagen:  
nun ruht ihr frecher Spott;  
Wehgeschrei und Klagen  
ertönen auf zu Gott.  
Herr, erbarme dich!  
Gott, erbarme dich!

Ach, nun fühlt der Spötter,  
der Gottes Sohn entehrt  
dass der Gott der Götter  
ihn vor der Welt verklärt  
An des Abgrunds Stufen,  
dem er sich frech genaht,  
möchte er jetzt noch rufen

8 Vol. 1, No. 29, On the Darkness  
shortly before Jesus' Death  
Night and shadow cover  
the mediator's face,  
and the soul cannot bear  
the judge's terror!  
Oh, how he feels despair  
for joy and light!  
Father, oh, how long  
your face remains hidden!  
Lord, have mercy!  
God, have mercy!

Night and shadow cover  
the murderous land:  
and your hand, avenger,  
is armed with horror.  
Even the blasphemers despair,  
now their impudent mocking calms;  
wails and laments  
resound up to God.  
Lord, have mercy!  
God, have mercy!

Oh, now the mocker  
who dishonoured the Son of God  
feels that the God of Gods  
has transfigured him before the world.  
By the steps of the abyss  
which he had approached impudently,  
he would now like to cry out



[7] „*Seyn oder Nicht-seyn*“, *Phantasie von C. P. E. Bach mit untergelegtem Text von Gerstenberg*

Sein oder Nichtsein  
 Das ist die grosse Frage.  
 Tod, Schlaf! Schlaf und Traum!  
 Schwarzer Traum, Todestraum!  
 Ihn träumen, ha! Den Wonnentraum!  
 Ins Leben schau! Ins Tränaunt!  
 Wo Tücke lauscht! Die Bosheit lacht!  
 Die Unschuld weint!  
 O nein! Erwünschter wär's dir, Seele,  
 Ins Nichtsein hinabzuschauen!

Ins Licht zum Sein erwachen!  
 Zur Wonn hinaufwärts schau: O Seele!  
 Die Unschuld sehn, die Dulderin,  
 Wie sie empor ins Leben blüht der  
 Ewigkeit! Sie alle sehn, die uns geliebt,  
 Nicht mehr von uns beweint!  
 Hoch tönt, hoch tönts  
 im Arm der Zärtlichkeit  
 das Neue wiedersehn!  
 Dann stürzt, ach, der Entzückung Fülle,  
 Die Himmelsträne hin.  
 Wo ist ein Dolch? Ein Schwert?  
 Ins Grab des Seins hinabzuflehn?  
 Zu sterben, ach!  
 Den großen Tod des letzten Seins!  
 Wo ist ein Dolch, ein Schwert?  
 Von Tal des Fluchs  
 Ins Grab des Seins  
 Hinab zum Leben zu entschlafen.

[7] *Fantasia in C minor with words by H. W. von Gerstenberg*

To be or not to be  
 That is the great question.  
 Death, sleep! Sleep and dream!  
 Black dream, dream of death!  
 To dream it, ha, the blissful dream!  
 To look at life! Into the vale of tears!  
 Where slyness lurks! Evil laughs!  
 Innocence weeps!  
 O no! It would be preferable to you, soul,  
 To look down, into not being!

To awake into the light of being!  
 To look upwards to delight: O soul!  
 To see innocence, the patient sufferer,  
 How she blossoms upward into a life of eternity!  
 To see all those who loved us,  
 No longer mourned by us!  
 It resounds on high,  
 In the arm of tenderness  
 to see again the new.  
 Then, ah, what abundance of joy,  
 The heavenly tear falls down.  
 Where is a dagger? A sword?  
 To flee down into the grave of being?  
 To die, alas!  
 The great death of the final existence!  
 Where is a dagger, a sword?  
 From the vale of malediction  
 Into the grave of being  
 To slumber down into life.

on its own and doesn't need this programmatic support.<sup>17</sup> But we thought it would be interesting to perform the piece because of this very issue. What do you do with it? Do you really sing it out? Do you, as you say, have it as a melodrama, or as some sort of Schoenbergian *Sprechgesang*? It seemed logical, and it felt right, to redirect the experience of performing the religious songs, and to see this poetic interpretation as a rather internalised response to a complex and ultimately inexplicable keyboard piece. It's purely an experiment, and it's an unperformable concept in a way, but it's wonderful to attempt to realise that very complex, difficult piece, there at the very end of the *Probestücke*, set as the pinnacle of 'true' keyboard playing. The *Fantasia* is, after all, a piece of extraordinary contrasts: it has that witty and surprising middle section with wonderful *Empfindsamkeit* phrasing, chords of however many fingers you've got, extremes of *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*, and little appoggiaturas and breaks in the line; while on the other hand, the surrounding music lies a million miles away from the central part. How exciting, then, to interpret the *Fantasia* through the additional poetic texts; it just adds deeper resonance to an already broad range of contrasts.

NM: It comes with this whole aesthetical debate at the time, this new dimension of music being programmatic. I think there were different camps: there were people who thought that music is purely an abstract pursuit, and others who foresaw the possibility of symphonic poems, and I think that when Gerstenberg wrote that text he just wanted to put some meat on the bone of that debate. He did very sensitively feel where the movements in the melody were, where the words could sit; he used the idea of Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' monologue, but his text is completely tailored to the music: it deviates from Shakespeare; it's almost unrecognisable as a translation.

TC: In that way it analyses and interprets the piece.

NM: So here the text really takes a back seat, and it was very strange to sing it and to basically accompany the clavichord rather than take the lead. I will be very interested to see what people make of this recording. It has been a challenging and fascinating journey for us, and I hope it will bring people a little closer to the world of C. P. E. Bach.

*Peter Bavington has been making and studying keyboard instruments since 1982. He studied early keyboard instruments at the London College of Furniture and then worked with John Rawson before founding his own London workshop, making and restoring harpsichords, clavichords and fortepianos. As well as making instruments, Peter undertakes historical and acoustic research, and is a regular participant in international organological conferences. Recently, he has focussed mainly on the clavichord; he believes that to produce a really responsive clavichord is the supreme challenge for a keyboard instrument maker. He is a founder member and past chairman of the British Clavichord Society.*

<sup>17</sup> The degree to which the publication offers 'programmatic support' is questionable in any case, since above the overlay giving his *Hamlet* paraphrase Gerstenberg imposed another with a text from Socrates, to a melodic line that sometimes runs parallel with that of the *Hamlet* text and sometimes diverges from it.

German tenor **Norbert Meyn** is equally at home as a singer of Baroque, Classical and contemporary music and as an interpreter of German Lieder. As a concert soloist he has appeared at the Barbican Hall, the South Bank Centre, St John's, Smith Square, and the Royal Albert Hall in London, and also at Usher Hall in Edinburgh, the Halle International Handel Festival, the Utrecht Festival of Early Music, with the Salzburg Bach Choir and in the Bach Cantata Pilgrimage of the Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra, with conductors including Sir Roger Norrington, Howard Arman, Simon Halsey, Philip Pickett and Sir John Eliot Gardiner.

Among his operatic roles are: Tamino (Mozart, *Die Zauberflöte*), Almaviva (Rossini, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*), Podesta (Mozart, *La finta giardiniera*), Don Giovanni (Gazzaniga, title role), Damon (Handel, *Acis and Galatea*), Magnus (Maxwell Davies, *The Martyrdom of St Magnus*) and Abaris (Rameau, *Les Boréades*). He also sang the role of Bernardo in a TV film of the Goethe Singspiel *Erwin und Elmire*, with music by Duchess Anna Amalia, directed by Michael Dominski (ZDF Theaterkanal, 2010).

His CD recordings include Bach cantatas for Soli Deo Gloria, *Engel Lund's Book of Folk Songs* for Nimbus Records and two volumes of Schubert Lieder with Eugene Asti for SFZ Music. He has also performed, toured and recorded extensively with such ensembles as the New London Consort, European Voices, Le Concert d'Astree, the Choir of the Enlightenment, London Voices and Trinity Baroque.

Norbert Meyn was born in the German city of Weimar. After studying music and singing in Dresden, Riga and Weimar, he moved to the UK in 1997 to study at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. He has been a professor there since 2005 and, since 2001, also at the Royal College of Music, where he teaches classes in German Lieder. He lives in London with his wife and daughter.

**Terence Charlston** was born in Blackpool, Lancashire. From an early age, he was drawn to the sound and repertoire of old instruments, especially the harpsichord, which he first experienced through recordings and BBC Radio 3 broadcasts. He studied piano and organ from childhood and later took degrees in Oxford and London, and in organ, harpsichord and musicology, beginning his career in church music. As a harpsichord and organ soloist, he has toured extensively around Europe, as well as to Japan, the USA and South America, and giving courses and master-classes in Germany, Greece, Italy, Mexico and the USA.

He is well known to chamber-music audiences and performs and records with most of today's leading period singers, instrumentalists and ensembles. He was a member of the quartet London Baroque between 1995 and 2007, with whom he gave nearly 500 concerts worldwide, and is now a core member of the



Herr, eile du,  
Mein Schutz, mir beizustehen,  
Und leite mich auf ebner Bahn.  
Er hört mein Schrein,  
Der Herr erhört mein Flehen.  
Und nimmt sich meiner Seelen an.

#### [6] Nos. 24–25, Trost eines schwermütigen Christen

1. Du klagst, o Christ! in schweren Leiden,  
Und seufzest, daß der Geist der Freuden  
Von dir gewichen ist.  
Du klagst und rufst: Herr, wie so lange?  
Und Gott verzeiht, und dir wurd' bange,  
Daß du von Gott verlassen bist.

5. Oft fühl ich Zweifel, die mich quälen,  
Heul oft vor Unruh meiner Seelen;  
Und meine Hül' ist fern.  
Ich suche Ruh, die ich nicht finde;  
In meinem Herzen wohnt nur Sünde,  
Nur Unmut, keine Furcht des Herrn.

6. Zag nicht, o Christ! denn deine Schmerzen,  
Sind sichre Zeugen beßrer Herzen,  
Als dir das deine scheint.  
Wie könntest du dich so betrüben,  
Daß dir die Kraft fehlt, Gott zu lieben,  
Wär nicht dein Herz mit ihm vereint?

Lord, hurry,  
My protector, to stand by me,  
And lead me on an even path.  
He hears my cries,  
The Lord hears my pleading.  
And will have mercy on my soul.

#### [6] Nos. 24–25, Consolation for a heavy-hearted Christian

1. You weep, oh Christian, in heavy sufferings,  
And sigh, that the spirit of joy  
has departed from you.  
You weep and call: Lord, how so long?  
And God forgives, and you begin to fear  
that God has abandoned you.

5. Often I feel doubts which torment me,  
I moan often with the unrest of my soul;  
And my help is far away.  
I look for peace which I cannot find;  
In my heart lives only sin,  
only resentment, no fear of the Lord.

6. Don't despair, oh Christian, for your pains  
are surely evidence of better hearts  
than the one you think you have.  
How could you be so sad,  
That you lack the strength to love God,  
Is not your heart united with him?

5] No. 45, Busslied

An dir allein,  
an dir hab ich gesündigt  
Und übel oft vor dir getan.  
Du siehst die Schuld,  
die mir den Fluch verkündigt;  
Sieh, Gott, auch meinen Jammer an!

Dir ist mein Flehn,  
mein Seufzen nicht verborgen,  
und meine Tränen sind vor dir.  
Ach Gott, mein Gott,  
Wie lange soll ich sorgen?  
Wie lang entfernst du dich von mir?

Herr, handle nicht  
Mit mir nach meinen Sünden,  
Vergilt mir nicht nach meiner Schuld.  
Ich suche dich,  
Lass mich dein Antlitz finden,  
Du Gott der Langmut und Geduld.

Früh wollst du mich  
Mit deiner Gnade füllen,  
Gott, Vater der Barmherzigkeit.  
Erfreue mich um deines Namens Willen,  
Du bist ein Gott, der gern erfreut.

Lass deinen Weg  
Mich wieder freudig wallen,  
Und lehre mich dein heilig Recht,  
Mich täglich tun  
nach deinem Wohlgefallen;  
Du bist mein Gott, ich bin dein Knecht.

5] No. 45, Song of Penance

Against you alone  
Against you I have sinned  
And often done evil in front of you.  
You see the guilt,  
Which announces my curse;  
God, look also at my misery!

To you my pleading  
My sighing is not hidden,  
And my tears are before you.  
Oh God, my God,  
How long shall I worry?  
How long will you be absent from me?

Lord, do not treat me  
As after my sins I would deserve,  
Do not punish me for my guilt.  
I seek you,  
Let me find your image,  
You God of forbearance and patience.

Soon you shall fill me  
With your grace,  
God, father of mercy.  
Make me glad, for the sake of your name,  
You are a God who likes to delight.

Let me on your path  
Wander again with joy,  
And teach me your holy law,  
To do daily  
What pleases you;  
You are my God, I am your servant.

ensemble Florilegium. He has recorded nearly 100 CDs on harpsichord, organ, virginals, clavichord and fortepiano and he can be frequently heard on BBC Radio 3.

Terence is an acknowledged authority on the performance of English and Continental keyboard music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and his fascination with this repertoire has resulted in a number of pioneering concerts and recording projects, among them editions and recordings of all Matthew Locke's organ and harpsichord music, Carlo Ignazio Monza's *Pièces modernes pour le Clavecin*, and a recording and interactive edition of the keyboard music of Albertus Bryne (Deux-Elles DXL 1024 and Norsk Musikforlag). His recording of William Byrd's *My Ladye Nevells Booke* can be heard on the British Library's Turning Pages website.

He is an major advocate of early keyboard instruments in education and feels privileged to have been given an important role in the training of younger players. He founded the Department of Historical Performance at the Royal Academy of Music in 1995. In September 2007 he was invited to join the staff of the Royal College of Music, London, as professor of harpsichord and is International Visiting Tutor in harpsichord at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester.



**1** No. 14, Passionslied

1. Erforsche mich, erfahr mein Herz,  
und sieh, Herr, wie ich's meine.  
Ich denk an deines Leidens Schmerz,  
an deine Lieb', und weine.  
Dein Kreuz sei mir gebenedeit!  
Welch Wunder der Barmherzigkeit  
hast du der Welt erwiesen!  
Wenn hab' ich dies genug bedacht  
und dich aus aller meiner Macht  
genug dafür gepriesen?

4. Du trägst der Missetäter Lohn  
Und hattest nie gesündigt,  
Du, der Gerechte, Gottes Sohn!  
So war's vorher verkündigt.  
Der Frechen schar begehrt dein Blut;  
Du duldest, göttlich groß, die Wut,  
Um Seelen zu erretten.  
Dein Mörder, Jesus, war auch ich,  
Denn Gott warf alle Sünd auf dich,  
damit wir Friede hätten.

6. Ein Opfer nach dem ew'gen Rat,  
Belegt mit unsern Plagen,  
Um deines Volkes Missetat  
Gemartert und geschlagen,  
Gehst du den Weg zum Kreuzesstamm,  
In Unschuld stumm, gleich als ein Lamm,  
Das man zur Schlachtbank führet.  
Freiwillig, als der Helden Held,

**1** No. 14, Passion Song

1. Search within me, inspect my heart  
and see, Lord, who I am.  
I think of the pain of your suffering,  
of your love, and I weep.  
Your cross shall be praised!  
what a miracle of mercy  
have you given to the world!  
When have I ever thought of this enough,  
and when have I ever, with all my strength,  
praised you for it enough?

4. You bear the punishment of the wicked,  
And have never sinned,  
You, the just one, God's son!  
So it had been prophesied.  
The impudent crowd desires your blood;  
You endure the rage with godly greatness,  
In order to save souls.  
I also, Jesus, was your murderer,  
Because God threw all the sin on you,  
So we could have peace.

6. A victim, according to the old scripture,  
Burdened with our afflictions,  
For your people's iniquity  
Tormented and beaten,  
You take the way to the cross,  
In innocence, just like a lamb,  
That leads to the slaughter.  
Voluntarily, as the hero's hero,

**4** No. 31, Abendlied

Herr, der du mir das Leben  
Bis diesen Tag gegeben,  
Dich bet ich kindlich an!  
Ich bin viel zu geringe  
Der Treue, die ich singe  
Und die du heut an mir getan.

Mit dankendem Gemüte  
Freu ich mich deiner Güte,  
Ich freue mich in dir.  
Du gibst mir Kraft und Stärke,  
Gedeihn zu meinem Werke  
Und schaffst ein reines Herz in mir.

Gott, welche Ruh der Seelen  
Nach deines Worts Befehlen  
Einher im Leben gehn;  
Auf deine Güte hoffen,  
Im Geist den Himmel offen  
Und dort den Preis des Glaubens sehn!

Ich weiß, an wen ich glaube,  
Und nahe mich im Staube  
Zu dir, o Gott, mein Heil.  
Ich bin der Schuld entladen,  
Ich bin bei dir in Gnaden,  
Und in dem Himmel ist mein Teil.

Bedeckt mit deinem Segen  
Eil ich der Ruh entgegen,  
Dein Name sei gepreist!  
Mein Leben und mein Ende  
Ist dein; in deine Hände  
Befehl ich, Vater, meinen Geist.

**4** No. 31, Evening Song

Lord, you have given me my life  
Until this day,  
I pray to you like a child!  
I am much too undeserving  
Of the loyalty that am singing of,  
Which you have shown me today.

With a thankful mind  
I rejoice in your mercy,  
I rejoice in you.  
You give me strength and power,  
Success to my work  
And make my heart pure.

Lord, what peace for the soul  
To follow the signs of your word  
On the path of life;  
To hope for your mercy,  
In the mind to see the heaven open  
And to see there the prize of faith!

I know whom I believe in,  
And I approach the dust,  
Towards you, oh Lord, my salvation.  
I am unburdened of guilt,  
I am in your mercy,  
And my part is in heaven.

Covered with your blessing  
I hurry towards my rest,  
Your name shall be praised!  
My life and my end  
Is yours; into your hands,  
Father, I commit my spirit.

Hab ich die Meinigen  
Durch Sorgfalt mir verpflichtet?  
Sie durch mein Beispiel still  
Zum Guten unterrichtet?  
War zu des Mitleids Pflicht  
Mein Herz nicht zu bequem?  
Ein Glück, das andre traf,  
War dies mir angenehm?

War mir der Fehltritt leid,  
so bald ich ihn begangen?  
Bestritt ich auch in mir  
Ein unerlaubt Verlangen?  
Und wenn in dieser Nacht  
Gott über mich gebeut,  
Bin ich, vor ihm zu stehn  
Auch willig und bereit?

Gott, der du alles weißt,  
was könnt ich dir verhehlen?  
Ich fühle täglich noch  
die Schwachheit meiner Seelen.  
Vergib durch Christi Blut  
mir die verletzte Pflicht;  
Vergib, und gehe du  
nicht mit mir ins Gericht.

Ja, du verzeihst dem,  
den seine Sünden kränken;  
Du liebst Barmherzigkeit,  
und wirst auch mir sie schenken.  
Auch diese Nacht bist du  
er Wächter über mir;  
Leb ich, so leb ich dir,  
sterb ich, so sterb ich dir!

Have I renewed the bond  
With my loved ones through prudence?  
Have I, by my example  
Quietly taught them goodness?  
For the duty of compassion,  
Was my heart not too lazy?  
And did another's happiness  
Make me feel good?

Did I regret my mistake  
As soon as I had made it?  
Did I fight within me  
Any forbidden desire?  
Should in this night  
God summon me to him,  
To stand before him  
Am I ready and willing?

Lord, you know everything,  
what could I hide from you?  
Every day I feel anew  
the weakness of my soul.  
Forgive, through the blood of Christ,  
my neglect of duty.  
Forgive, and do not  
Pass judgment over me.

Yes, you forgive those  
who repent their sins.  
You love mercy,  
And you will let me have it, too.  
Also this night you are  
the watchman over me.  
If I live, I live for you.  
If I die, I die for you.

Trägst du, aus Liebe für die Welt,  
Den Tod, der uns gebühret.

9. Du neigst dein Haupt. Es ist vollbracht.  
Du stirbst! Die Erd erschüttert.  
Die Arbeit hab ich dir gemacht.  
Herr, meine Seele zittert.  
Was ist der Mensch, den du befreit?  
O wär ich doch ganz Dankbarkeit!  
Herr, lass mich Gnade finden.  
Und deine Liebe dringe mich,  
Dass ich dich wieder lieb und dich  
Nie kreuzige mit Sünden.

## **2] No. 9, Bitten**

Gott, deine Güte reicht so weit,  
So weit die Wolken gehen;  
Du krönst uns mit Barmherzigkeit,  
Und eilst, uns beizustehen.  
Herr, meine Burg, mein Fels, mein Hort,  
Vernimm mein Flehn, merk auf mein Wort;  
Denn ich will vor dir beten!

Ich bitte nicht um Überfluß  
Und Schätze dieser Erden.  
Laß mir, so viel ich haben muß,  
Nach deiner Gnade werden.  
Gieb mir nur Weisheit und Verstand,  
Dich, Gott, und den, den du gesandt,  
Und mich selbst zu erkennen.

Ich bitte nicht um Ehr' und Ruhm,  
So sehr sie Menschen rühren;  
Des guten Namens Eigentum

You endure, out of love for the world,  
The death that we deserve.

9. You decline your head. It is accomplished.  
You die, the earth trembles.  
This work I have made you do.  
Lord, my soul is shaking.  
What is man, that you free him?  
Oh, if only I could be duly thankful!  
Lord, let me find mercy.  
And your love shall press me  
so that I love you back,  
and never crucify you with sins.

## **2] No. 9, Prayer**

God, your mercy reaches so far,  
as far as clouds reach;  
you crown us with mercy  
and hurry to stand by us.  
Lord! My fortress, my rock, my shield,  
Listen to my plea, hear my words;  
for I will pray before you!

I do not ask for plenty  
And riches of this earth.  
Let me have as much as I need,  
According to your grace.  
Give me wisdom and understanding,  
To recognise you, the one you sent to us,  
And to recognise myself.

I do not plead for honour and fame,  
However much people are moved by them;  
The ownership of a good name



Laß mich nur nicht verlieren,  
Mein wahrer Ruhm sei meine Pflicht,  
Der Ruhm vor deinem Angesicht,  
Und frommer Freunde Liebe.

So bitt ich dich, Herr Zebaoth,  
Auch nicht um langes Leben.  
Im Glücke Demut, Mut in Not,  
Das wollest Du mir geben.  
In deiner Hand steht meine Zeit;  
Laß du mich nur Barmherzigkeit  
Vor dir im Tode finden.

Let me not lose.  
My true fame shall be my duty,  
The fame before your eyes,  
And the love of pious friends.

So I ask you, Lord Sabaoth,  
Not for a long life.  
Humility in happiness, courage in despair,  
That you may give me.  
My time is in your hands;  
Let me only find mercy  
Before you in death.

### **[3] No. 7, Prüfung am Abend**

Der Tag ist wieder hin,  
und diesen Teil des Lebens,  
Wie hab ich ihn verbracht?  
Verstrich er mir vergebens?  
Hab ich mit allem Ernst  
dem Guten nachgestrebt?  
Hab ich vielleicht nur mir,  
nicht meiner Pflicht gelebt?

Wars in der Furcht des Herrn,  
Daß ich ihn anfangen?  
Mit Dank und mit Gebet  
Mit eifrigem Verlangen,  
Als ein Geschöpf von Gott  
Der Tugend mich zu weihn,  
Und züchtig, und gerecht  
Und Gottes Freund zu sein?

Hab ich in dem Beruf,  
Den Gott mir angewiesen,

### **[3] No. 7, Self-Reflection in the Evening**

The day has passed again,  
and this part of my life,  
how have I spent it?  
Was it spent in vain?  
Have I with all seriousness  
pursued goodness?  
Have I lived perhaps only for myself,  
and not for my duty?

Was it in the fear of God  
That I started this day?  
With thanks and with prayer  
With eager longing  
As God's creature  
To devote myself to virtue,  
And to be demure, and just,  
And a friend of God?

Have I through the profession  
Which God has chosen for me

Durch Eifer und durch Fleiß  
Ihn, diesen Gott gepriesen;  
Mir und der Welt genützt,  
Und jeden Dienst getan,  
Weil ihn der Herr gebot,  
Nicht weil mich Menschen sahn?

Wie hab ich diesen Tag  
Mein eigen Herz regiert?  
Hat mich im Stillen oft  
Ein Blick auf Gott gerührt?  
Erfreut ich mich des Herrn,  
Der unser Flehn bemerkt?  
Und hab ich im Vertrauen  
Auf ihn mein Herz gestärkt?

Dacht ich bei dem Genuß  
Der Güter dieser Erden  
An den Allmächtigen,  
Durch den sie sind und werden?  
Verehrt ich ihn im Staub?  
Empfand ich seine Huld?  
Trug ich das Glück mit Dank,  
Den Unfall mit Geduld?

Und wie genoß mein Herz  
Des Umgangs süße Stunden?  
Fühlt ich der Freundschaft Glück,  
Sprach ich, was ich empfunden?  
War auch mein Ernst noch sanft,  
Mein Herz noch unschuldsvoll?  
Und hab ich nichts geredt,  
Was ich bereuen soll?

Through industry and diligence  
Praised him, this God?  
Have I been useful to myself and the world,  
Have I done every service,  
Because God commanded it,  
Not because people saw it?

How have I today  
Ruled my own heart?  
Have I been moved in silence  
When contemplating god?  
Have I rejoiced in the Lord,  
Who has taken notice of our pleading?  
And have I, in trusting Him,  
strengthened my heart?

Did I think, while enjoying  
The good things of this world,  
Of Him, the omnipotent,  
Through whom they exist and are made?  
Did I worship Him in the dust?  
Did I feel His mercy?  
Did I bear my happiness with thanks,  
And my injury with patience?

And how did my heart enjoy  
The sweet hours of company?  
Did I feel the blessing of friendship,  
And did I speak what I felt?  
Was I still gentle in my seriousness,  
Was my heart still innocent?  
And have I not spoken anything  
Which I might regret?