



Donald F. Cook Recital Hall
M.O. Morgan Building
Wednesday, 5 April 1995 at 1:00 p.m.

ADVANCED CHAMBER MUSIC 3595

Kantate 82
"Ich habe genug" BWV 82

J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Aria: *Ich habe genug*
Recit: *Ich habe genug! Mein trost ist nur allein*
Aria: *Schlummert ein, ihr Matten Augen*
Recit: *Mein Gott! Wann Kommt das schöne: Nun!*
Aria: *Ich freve mich auf meinen tod*

Sheila Marsh, organ
Nicholle Martin, oboe
Kristen Oliver, violin
Rafael Hoekman, cello
Denis Lawlor, baritone

Auf dem Strom D943

Frank Schubert
(1797-1828)

Sheila Marsh, piano
Danielle Raynes, horn
Denis Lawlor, baritone



Memorial
University of Newfoundland
048-027-09-94-10,000

TRANSLATIONS

I have now enough

1. Aria

I have now enough,
I have now my Savior, the hope of the faithful
Within my desiring embrace now enfolded;
I have now enough!
On him have I gazed,
My faith now hath Jesus impressed on my
heart;
I would now, today yet, with gladness
Make hence my departure.

2. Recitative

I have now enough.
My hope is this alone,
That Jesus might belong to me and I to him.
In faith I hold to him,
For I, too, see with Simeon
The gladness of that life beyond.
Let us in this man's burden join!
Ah! Would that from the bondage of my body
The Lord might free me.
Ah! My departure, were it here,
With joy I'd say to thee, O world:
I have now enough.

3. Aria

Slumber now, ye eyes so weary,
Fall in soft and calm repose!
World, I dwell no longer here,
Since I have no share in thee
Which my soul could offer comfort.
Here I must with sorrow reckon,
But yet, there, there I shall witness
Sweet repose and quiet rest.

4. Recitative

My God! When comes that blessed "Now!"
When I in peace shall walk forever
Both in the sand of earth's own coolness
And there within thy bosom rest?
My parting is achieved,
O world, good night!

5. Aria

Rejoicing do I greet my death,
Ah, would that it had come already.
I'll escape then all the woe
Which doth here in the world confine me.

On The River

Take the last farewell kisses, and the last greeting, I still wave to you from the banks, before you turn and leave!
Already the rivers surge pulls the boat away, But my tear dimmed gaze is constantly drawn back.

And so the waves carry me forth with quick relentlessness. Already the fields where I happily found her have disappeared. Forever the wondrous days, forever there you wondrous days! Hopelessly my complaint echoes around that beautiful homeland, where I found her love.

See how fast the shore goes by and how it draws me over, away with invisible bands to the little house by the land, by the tree, there to stay. But the river waves hurry on further without respite, leading me to the sea.

Oh before that dark wilderness far from every friendly shore, where no island can be seen, oh how can I control my terrible trembling. No song can reach me from the shore, to bring me sad, gentle tears; Only the cold storm blows from there, through the grey and angry sea.

If the sweep of my eyes cannot see the bank, then to the holy, far off stars I shall look. Ah by their soft light I first called her mine, there perhaps, oh happy fate to meet her glance again.