

J S BACH: EASTER ORATORIO

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BWV 249 **Kommt, eilet und laufet, ihr flüchtigen Füßen** (Oster-Oratorium)

Easter.

Poet unknown (probably Picander).

1 April 1725, Leipzig; revised, ca. 1735; Parody: 3, 5, 7, 9, 11 <--- BWV 249a.

BG 21, 3; NBA II/7.

Easter Oratorio

Mary, daughter of James (S), Mary Magdalene (A), Peter (T), John (B)

1. Sinfonia

2. Adagio

3. Aria (T, B) ([1](#))

Come, hasten and hurry, ([2](#)) ye fleet-footed paces,
Make haste for the grotto which Jesus doth veil!

Laughter and pleasure,
Attend ye our hearts now,
For he who saves us is raised up.

4. Recit. (A, S, T, B) Mary Magdalene, Mary, daughter of James, Peter, John

(Mary Magdalene)
O men so cold of heart!
Where is that love then gone
Which to the Savior ye now owe?

(Mary, daughter of James)
A helpless woman must upbraid you!

(Peter)
Ah, our sore-troubled grieving

(John)
And anxious, heartfelt woe

(Peter, John)
Here, joined with salty weeping
And melancholy yearning,
For him an unction did intend,

(Mary, daughter of James, Mary Magdalene)
Which ye, as we, in vain have brought.

5. Aria (S) Mary, daughter of James

Spirit, these thy costly spices
Should consist no more of myrrh.

For alone,
Crowned with laurel wreaths resplendent,
Wilt thou still thy anxious longing([3](#)).

6. Recit. (T, B, A) Peter, John, Mary Magdalene

(Peter)
Here is the crypt

(John)
And here the stone
Which kept it tightly closed.
But where, then, is my Savior gone?

(Mary Magdalene)
He is from death now risen up!
We met, before, an angel here
Who brought to us report of this.

(Peter)
I see now with great rapture
The napkin all unwound here lying.

7. Aria (T) Peter

Gentle shall my dying labor,
Nought but slumber,
Jesus, through thy napkin be.
Yes, for it will there([4](#)) refresh me
And the tears of all my pain
From my cheeks wipe dry with comfort.

8. Recit. and Arioso (S, A) Mary, daughter of James, Mary Magdalene

And meanwhile, sighing, we
Here burn with deep desire:
Ah, if it only soon might happen,
To see himself the Savior!

9. Aria (A) Mary Magdalene

Tell me, tell me, tell me quickly,
Tell me where I may find Jesus,
Him whom all my soul doth love!

Come now, come, and hold me close,
For my heart is, lacking thee,
Left an orphan and distressed.

10. Recit. (B) John

We now rejoice
That this our Jesus lives again,
And these our hearts,
Which once in sadness were dissolved and in suspense,
Forget their pain
And turn to joyful anthems,
For this our Savior once more liveth.

11. Chorus (S, A, T, B)

Laud and thanks
Bide, O Lord, thy song of praise.
Hell and devil are now vanquished,
And their portals are destroyed.
Triumph, O ye ransomed voices,
Till ye be in heaven heard.
Spread open, ye heavens, your glorious arches,
The Lion of Judah with triumph shall enter!

1. In the revised version: Chorus (S, A, T, B).

2. In the earlier version: Kommt, fliehet und eilet "Come, fleeing and running, ..." (so, Dürr, 238), Kommt, gehet und eilet "Come, go ye and hasten, (so Neumann T).

3. In the earlier version Sich mit Lorbeerkränzen schmücken, Schicket sich vor dein Erquicken "Self with laurel wreaths bedecking maketh ready thy refreshment."

4. I.e., in heaven.

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