The royal crown of Bohemia revealed to the world under the olive tree of peace and the palm tree of virtue - first offered to Saint Wenceslas as a royal reward for his glorious deeds but subsequently bestowed by perpetual hereditary right upon the most noble House of Austria as well.

Prelude

Recitative

Bravery: The Lord is my strength and my praise,
He has become my salvation.
This is my God, who I shall celebrate.

Chorus: Your right hand, O Lord, has crushed the enemy,
and with great glory you have driven away your foes.

Aria

Bravery: This is the victory of the heavens,
A just cause triumphs.
May the glory of this battle last forever,
paganism has been defeated.

Recitative

Suspicion: Ha, who is this? Arrogance or Piety?
Bravery or Recklessness?
Yes, it is Ambition, it is Competitiveness.
But I shall put back on it the mask of Arrogance
that it has put aside.

Eucharistic Zeal: What are you after, hostile Suspicion?
What are you getting at with your mention of a mask?
Step back, step aside!

Aria

Lo, unshakable Piety,
invincible Bravery!
Neither adversity nor the turns of fate
can defeat it.

Recitative

Majesty: Hard struggles are the preludes to honors.
Innocence is oppressed, but not suppressed.
May majesty crown virtue,
may virtue bring to fame majesty.

Aria

Bring palm branches here, bring the crown,
fetch the scepter, prepare the purple robe,
the emblem of power and unbroken piety.

Recitative

Bravery: The pinnacle of glory is to flee from the glory of the crown.
The honor of bravery is not wishing to reign, although it can,
and virtue is rewarded with dignity by the heavens only.

Providence: The royal crown is in God's hands.
The succession shall be given to those
who are closest to Him.

Aria

Noble offsprings
born from the House of Austria,
may this crown of kings
from the bloodline of Wenceslas
be the hereditary pledge
of Your dynasty.

Act 1
Wenceslas's devout zeal in the Christian faith

Scene 1

People: Hey! Glory to you, Wenceslas, long may you live! Hey!
Commander: The military is also here to express its loyalty.
Two Soldiers: Long live the victor!
All Soldiers: Long live the salvation of our homeland!
Wenceslas: My faithful people, your good wishes bring me joy.
But I wish for you to dedicate this glorious triumph
solely to the Triune God, whose grace
has brought salvation to our homeland and peace to the throne.
1st Leader: Noble Prince,
your merits, piety and faith
crown you with this laurel wreath.
2nd Leader: Justice brings you
the palm of victory, the enemy fears retribution.
Wenceslas: It was the right hand of the Almighty, not my strength, that
defeated the enemy, and the kindness of the celestial beings
spared the blood of the innocent flock.
3rd Leader: After great exertion, rest is absolutely necessary.
Let this festive day end with a dance!
4th Leader: O ruler, the grace you kindly bestow upon the dance master
shall bring joy to us as well.
2nd Leader: He is already preparing dances in honor of the Grand Prince,
which we shall applaud.
Wenceslas: I shall gladly watch it.
1st Leader: Let the lyres resound!

Aria

Go, Foibos, dispel the shadows,
stars, descend into torches
and help during the triumph.
Pupils of the heavens, sparks of light,
give us festive fires.

Wenceslas: Let dances bring the celebrations to a close,

let the calm of the returning night soften the victorious jubilation,
after all, it beseems to offer eternal thanks to the one true God,
with whose help we live, protected from the fear of our enemies.

Leaders: May the Prince live long and in good health!

Commander and Soldiers: May this victory strengthen the throne of Bohemia!

Scene 2

Otto I: Justice is the foremost virtue of kings;
Power has the sword; Majesty holds the scepter.
One upholds the law and tames enemies,
the other governs the kingdom through its edicts.
The Imperial Diet once again demands
that I preside over it as judge;
all estates seek the supreme judge.
But are the edicts ready
to be sent to electors as usual?

Courtier: The edicts, already signed by the Emperor,
are ready for everyone.

Otto I: I am glad the task has been fulfilled.
What news do you bring to my throne, and from where?

Courtier: Rumors across the world belaud a miraculous triumph.

Otto I: Which one?

Courtier: Wenceslas took up arms against the Duke of Kouřim
to defend the law and the true faith,
and emerged victorious in a battle without bloodshed
and beat the enemy with the sound of an angel's voice.

Otto I: The zealous Prince deserved this victory.
The aid from above inspires
in us even greater affection for him.
A ruler must strengthen the foundations of the throne
so that the Christian faith could take deep root.
Take on this task and, on my behalf,

summon the Prince to Worms.
The Diet shall strengthen our intent.

Envoy: I shall diligently fulfill my task.

Otto I: Faith, law, and the ruler's piety
demand our protection
against the criminal rebels.

Courtier and Envoy: The justification of this case is clear.

Scene 3

Wenceslas: Hearts loyal to the Prince,
it is no secret
that your love for me yearns, out of gratitude, to erect a monument
in memory of the victory received from the heavens.
But I do not wish for it.

1st Leader: Future generations should know what happened;
everyone should read it carved in marble.

Wenceslas: I shall not support that. However, it is my wish
to destroy those hideous gods and their ridiculous abodes.

Commander: I shall faithfully obey you.

Wenceslas: Let an armed retinue led by you
remove from the roads the false gods, images of idols,
sanctuaries consecrated to false beliefs and everything
that is worshiped as harmful to the Triune God.

Idolatry: We offer incense as a sacrifice to the supreme Jove,
so that the wrath of gods would not avenge crimes harshly.

2nd Priestess: May their vengeance be appeased!

1st Priestess: May the old faith triumph!

Idolatry: Great judge of the heavens,
hear the pleas of people in distress.
Jove, ruler of the heavenly world,
defend the rites of our fathers
and strike down the people who destroy the sanctuaries
with a lightning bolt.

Commander: Why are you calling on lightning to strike the Prince?

Soldiers, storm the sanctuary!

1st Priestess: O Jove, help us!

2nd Priestess: Defend our cause!

Commander: Strike down the sacrilegious Jove!

Idolatry: God, strike the criminal with a three-pronged lightning bolt!

1st Priestess: Earth, swallow up the godless one!

1st Pagan: Oh, my idols, where shall I hide you?

1st Soldier: Hand over those statues, you villain.

2nd Soldier: Hand over that incense burner.

2nd Priestess: Vengeance, gods! Vengeance!

2nd Pagan: Ah! Oh! My penates!

Commander: Quickly, my aide, quickly,
knock those idols to the ground!

1st Priestess: Heavens, send down the fires of vengeance!

2nd Priestess: The feet of the godless trample upon the sacred places.

1st Priestess: Do you not fear the wrath of gods?

2nd Soldier: Get lost, you villain!

1st Soldier: Strike the insolent.

Commander: Drive those servants of hell away!

2nd Priestess: Woe, how terribly they rage!

1st Priestess: Woe!

Commander: Aide, take those disfigured gods away,
let rot devour them.

2nd Soldier: With our arms, we go see the Prince.

Recitative

Faith: Lo, Superstition, Faith's rival, lies struck down to the ground.
This enemy of peace is defeated and silent.
Religion stands upon a rock; its foundations anchored in the heavens.

Aria

Come, Virtues, hurry,
bring the fragments of the idols here!
The uprooted tare
becomes a trophy
of our victory
and eternal glory.

Other Virtues: Hey, we are building a great statue
from false idols,
we are erecting a monument to victory
from shattered idols.
Falsity is now silent,
Impiety lies defeated.

Scene 4

Envoy: Noble ruler! The Emperor is ready to graciously open
his noble arms, he approves of your zeal
and commands that you be congratulated on the triumph of the faith
that you have achieved.

Wenceslas: The Emperor bestows his grace upon someone
who does not deserve it.

Envoy: At the next Provincial Diet, the Emperor shall become the Prince's protector and asks the Prince to come to the senate.

Wenceslas: I shall set out immediately, without delay.

Envoy: I must report that the task has been fulfilled.

Wenceslas: In gratitude for this noble protection,
I shall kiss the emperor's hand.

What a miraculous act of kindness of Providence!
You, the pillars of my throne, take on the role of the Prince;
I entrust the soil of our homeland to you with confidence.
Strive to ensure that piety flourishes in safety
and that peace reigns in the land,

until the heavens allow me to return unharmed.

2nd Leader: We are gripped with fear that
some rebellion might break out during the ruler's absence.

Wenceslas: The heavens shall prevent that,
through the Emperor's power they shall suppress the rebels.

2nd and 3rd Leaders: All the faithful wish
that the ruler may return safely to our homeland.

Recitative

Piety: May Religion, as the guide of Piety,
bless the Duke's path to glory!

Religion: I shall follow you, and together we shall provide splendor
to the triumph of our protégé.

Aria

Religion and Piety: Prince, set forth now on the path of good fortune
leading to honor.
Arise, the light of the Emperor's grace,
and of royal splendor.

Scene 5

Idolatry: The time is ripe for those who wish to avenge the gods,
and for Wrath to claim just retribution.

Hatred: The Prince's absence deprives our enemies of aid.

Wrath: Zeal in the ancient faith demands vengeance
against the Christians for the crime committed on
the sacred statues of the gods.

1st Priestess: I, too, have been thinking about this vengeance,
but it was impossible to be too conspicuous in public.

Idolatry: Given this state of affairs, we must raise a mighty battering ram,
for now, the vigilant ruler cannot
guard the Christian shrines as closely.

1st Priestess: What's stopping him?

Idolatry: He has left for another land
and entrusted the rule of Bohemia to his people.

2nd Priestess: Let us stir up a rebellion.
1st Priestess: I think we must first defend
the faith of our ancestors by means of threats.

2nd Priestess: We must use force.
Idolatry: We all shall strike the regents' doors at once.
Hatred: It shall be a futile effort.
Wrath: Mansuetude shall accomplish nothing.

Commander: Woe! What are you doing here, you sacrificers? Halt!
Idolatry: The long-oppressed ancient faith of our ancestors
demands justice.

1st Priestess: We demand respect for our gods,
or we shall resort to violence.

2nd Leader: Insolent fools!
Commander: Beware of rebellion, or the Emperor's avenging hand shall strike you.
2nd Leader: Soldier, hold these enemies
at bay in front of the gates of the house.
Commander: I shall quickly tame these ravers.
Idolatry: What is left for us?
1st Priestess: To save our own skin, quickly.
2nd Priestess: I, too, shall retreat.
Idolatry: We cannot win.
1st Priestess: Alas, so indifferent are our supporters!

Recitative

Piety and Religion: Isn't it the time of the wheat harvest?
The threshing floors shall be full of grain
and the winepresses shall overflow with wine.

Aria

Piety: I reap the stalks, I gather the ears of grain
Religion: and I crush the grapes with my blade

Piety: for the divine mystery,
Religion: the sacrifice of the God-Man.
Both: This harvest
of our forefathers' piety
is a harbinger
of royal dignity
and Eucharistic zeal
of the Austrian dynasty.

Act 2

The crown of the Kingdom of Bohemia as a reward for zeal and holiness

Scene 1

1st Elector: What do you think, electors? Doesn't the Bohemian monarch's tardiness feel like arrogance?
6th Elector: His repeated tardiness makes my blood boil.
1st Elector: Today, once again, he is the last to arrive at the Diet.
2nd Elector: I, too, am surprised by the Emperor's forbearance.
5th Elector: The grace shown to him has turned him into a brazen fellow.
4th Elector: The fact that such a
numerous and noble assembly of rulers rises to greet him?
6th Elector: He walks around with his nose in the air.
2nd Elector: Let's blame our own politeness.
3rd Elector: It wouldn't be out of place at all to show that bighead our contempt.
1st Elector: No matter what the others decide to do,
from now on I shall not bother to rise before him.
3rd Elector: I agree.
1st Elector: It is agreed: no one shall rise before the Prince.
5th Elector: Agreed.
All: No one shall show respect to the latecomer.

Recitative

Divine Justice: Whoever glorifies me, I shall glorify as well.
Since he has believed in me, I shall set him free.

Angels: Lo, we are ready
to carry out commands and orders.
We shall lift up to the throne
humiliated Piety,
we shall summon to the scepter
rejected Truth.

Scene 2:

Otto I: The time of rest has passed, and once again I am reminded of my office as supreme judge.
The power of the law compels me to look after the welfare of the state and the dignity of the Emperor,
who represents God in earthly governance.
Events that I had long put out of my mind
once again demand to be heard in our tribunal.
I am happy to review these cases.

3rd Elector: The princes salute the great Emperor!

Otto I: The representatives of the estates accept my greetings.
But are we in full attendance?

1st Elector: Yes, except for Wenceslas who
is undoubtedly keeping us waiting.

Otto I: Couldn't he be delayed due to pressing duties?

2nd Elector: Nothing must take precedence over the public interest.

6th Elector: As soon as something urgent concerning the public good comes up,
the pursuit of private gain must be set aside.

5th Elector: Is a single person really going to hold up the representatives of the estates because of his own delay?
It turns my stomach.

Otto I: We will not tolerate any further delay. Many of us are of the opinion
that it is time to convene.
Let's go to the assembly hall.

2nd Elector: We shall follow the Emperor as his escort.

1st Elector: Pride must be crushed immediately.

3rd Elector: It's time to knock him down a peg.

Aria

Angel: Hail, O God hidden
in bread,
Immanuel hidden
in such a great sacrament.
By taking it, man partakes of Your blood,
(which is denied to angels)
and Your body,
and is transformed into God.

Wenceslas: Oh, Love of loves, to you I wish to dedicate my heart!

Page: Your Highness, the estates are entering the assembly hall right now.

Wenceslas: Quick, let's hurry there as well.

Page: The horses have been ready for the journey for some time now.

Wenceslas: Let them set out at a brisk pace.

Scene 3

Otto I: Distinguished assembly of princes, noblemen,
we have discussed matters required for the public welfare of the Latin Empire, and now the Czech lands also seek counsel
on how to give the faithful people new strength against the enemies of God in order to preserve the law, the Prince's authority, and peace in the land.

1st Elector: Great Emperor, I admit
that the faith rightly demands aid,
but this ruler's arrogance
turns everyone against him.

Otto I: What heavenly sight do I see in the distance?
The radiance dazzles my eyes.

Wenceslas: Forgive me, emperor.

Otto I: The heavens themselves bear witness to your innocence.
Wenceslas: I am guilty of being too late.
2nd Elector: Princes, rise to greet him.
Otto I: Esteemed Prince, darling of the heavens!
Wenceslas: I kiss your noble hand.
Otto I: Come up here and take a seat right beside me.
Come up.
3rd Elector: What is the meaning of this complaisance?

Scene 4

Otto I: Electors, you have all seen
that what had been foretold about this ruler
has been amply confirmed by the heavens:
his religious zeal and his blameless life.

Wenceslas: Such praise is by no means due to my merits.

Otto I: Leave that to our judgment. We wish to hear
the opinion of this esteemed assembly on this matter.

2nd Elector: It is advisable to support the Prince and the cause of the faith both financially and militarily.
Ecclesiastical Electors: How should we do that?
Otto I: What is the opinion of the others?
Secular Electors: We all agree.
Otto I: Proceed accordingly, as necessary.
However, such piety also deserves the royal honors,
the scepter and the right to wear the crown;
I request that he be adorned with all this.

Electors: Long live King Wenceslas! Long live the King!

Scene 5

3rd Elector: Noble Prince, the Emperor graciously offers you these gifts.
Take these royal insignia,
these treasures reflect the Emperor's deep affection for you.

Wenceslas: The sovereign's most generous hand
adds these gifts to the honors already bestowed, even against my will.

1st Elector: His Highness commands that Your Highness
be honored in accordance with your newly acquired rank.

5th Elector: These are clear symbols of royal power and emblems of royal authority.

4th Elector: The Emperor bestows these treasures upon you as a pledge of his new grace.

Wenceslas: May the heavens be favorably disposed toward us!
Depart before I ask for your services.

O most generous God, the source of all goodness!
Your mighty right hand bestows royal honors upon me, Your servant,
yet Your grandeur reminds me of my insignificance.
Take the crown, I shall also lay the scepter at Your feet;
I renounce my titles; all I ask is that You be favorably disposed toward me.
I shall renounce all the glory that gives me, the unworthy one, the respect of the people,
if only You shall spread the faith among the nations subject to my authority.
These deeds shall bear witness to the eternal covenant.

Providence: The Crown of Glory is in the Lord's hands,
my chosen ones shall inherit it.

Aria

Come, princes of the heavens,
inhabitants of holy places, hurry up!
Preserve the scepter and the crown
for the imperial descendants
and the devout zealots of the Austrian dynasty.

Recitative

Woe, what inclement weather does the night's gloom suddenly bring?

What thick cloud obscures the noble radiance?
Hostile darkness robs us of the bright day.

Aria

Come, southern winds, you eternal light,
soar swiftly on your wings toward the heavens,
drive away the night,
brighten the world.
Favorable westerly winds
are already dispersing the clouds.
May hymns of praise resound
in so many joyful rays!

Act 3

The House of Austria as the heir to Wenceslas's piety and the most noble heir to his crown

Scene 1

The Kingdom of Bohemia:

O wretched land of Bohemia, where has your hope been swept away?
Woe! The green shoot of the royal house has withered in the first bloom of youth.

Moravia: The kingdom's pillar has been toppled by the raging Turkish army.

Silesia: Louis, your faithful people beg you to come back to life.

Bohemia: But why do we yearn so painfully for a lifeless ghost?
The nation must find a new head. Where or where from shall we find it?
That is not quite clear to me in my doubts.

Austria: Why is this noble trio in doubts?

Bohemia: Together, we are wondering who shall rule us in place of the late king.

Silesia: If you can, relieve us of our worries.

Austria: Do you think that this is a Gordian knot that I cannot untie?

Moravia: Advise us.

Austria: This illustration shows a family tree.
Pay attention: Wenceslas was the first of the princes
to receive the crown, the royal office, during the reign of Emperor Otto.

Silesia: I admit he was the first of all in that regard.

Austria: Vratislav, the third of princely blood
bearing this name and a descendant of this line,
once again earned the royal diadem for his merits
and was the first to transfer the right to the throne
to his relatives of the same lineage,
of whom only Anna Elizabeth, the Emperor's noble wife, now remains.
There is therefore no closer relative of Louis than Ferdinand.

Bohemia: The succession is clear.
All that remains is for you to express your wish,
I am bound by the clear right
to a just settlement of claims to the throne.

Austria: There is no other option.
Moravia: I submit to the Emperor's rule.
Silesia: I show the same respect to the ruler.

Austria: Under my guidance, take the crown to the new king.
Bohemia: No other title is dignified enough for him.

Scene 2

Ferdinand I.: When Fortune turns human luck this way and that way,
it often changes fate,
and it bestows the symbols of power that it has taken from one
upon another.
Louis's death frees the Bohemian throne for
the king's closest relative,
and no one has proven to be a more powerful heir

with a right to succession than our dynasty.

Austria: Your Highness, Bohemia, recently bereaved of its childless king, brings you not only the scepter but also the diadem, the royal legacy of a noble house.

Bohemia, Silesia, and Moravia: Long live the King, the savior of the kingdom!

Moravia: He must shield us with the king's protection.

Silesia: The arrogant Turks are getting ready new, sharp spears to strike at us.

Ferdinand I.: With Christ on our side, the tyrant's ranks cannot win. I want you to join me in charging bravely and valiantly against them.

Bohemia: We shall sacrifice our blood for the King and the welfare of our homeland.

Silesia and Moravia: We shall give our lives for him.

Ferdinand I.: Your support and determination please me.

Ferdinand I.: Son, the Bohemian scepter awaits you as its heir.

Maximilian: The father's virtue demands that the son become a rival to his glory.

Ferdinand I.: Strive for peace
and maintain a gracious spirit,
as long as just law permits it;
then you shall be able to devote even greater care to the faith.

Maximilian: The Lord shall see to it that my zeal is bolstered for His greater glory.

Ferdinand I.: Reign the kingdom with laws demanding peace.

Aria

Turn green again and blossom,
olive tree of peace,
unfold your leaves
to prevent dangerous

storms of war:
Under a lucky sign,
enjoy life's pleasures,
happy Bohemia.
Take shelter in the shade,
rest in peace under these kings,
peaceful days
are a generous reward
for your loyalty.

Scene 3

Bohemia: What lovely dreams the charming gardens have granted me!
Sleep conjured up a pleasant vision of peace achieved,
and set a resounding celebration in motion on the stage.

Austria: The present allows for peace
while reminding us
to ensure comfort in the future as well.

Bohemia: What do you think needs to be done?

Austria: We must decide quickly on a new ruler for the kingdom
to avoid a situation where several rivals are vying for the throne.

Bohemia: To whom would you give the crown?

Austria: If you wish to live in bliss,
let the scepter be passed to Ferdinand,
the ruler of the House of Austria, the second of that name,
who will further promote peace
throughout the kingdom.

Bohemia: You have easily convinced me of your way of thinking.
I will gladly cede the royal diadem to the Archduke.
This descendant of a noble house
shall crown the glory of his ancestors through his deeds.

Austria: May the heavens grant it! As you wish,
I pass the glorious crown to Ferdinand.

Bohemia: Let the choir rejoice in honor of the King.

Recitative

Musician: Prepare the drums, lutes, and flutes;
embellish the joyful sounds of the trumpets with your applause.
Come here, singers, come here, flutists,
enliven the royal court with your playing and singing.

Aria

Live and reign, Ferdinand,
venerable heir to the throne,
invincible ruler.
Reign under the protection of divine power,
most merciful of kings!

Scene 4

Piety: Join me, Justice,
faithful companion of Piety.

Justice: Where do you wish to direct your efforts?

Piety: I wish for Ferdinand, heir to the virtues of his ancestors,
to ascend the Bohemian throne without delay.

Justice: The law of justice approves that he reigns as king.

Piety: Noble ruler, your innate inclination toward piety
stirs affection for you within me.

Justice: The natural order of justice compels me to love and honor you.

Ferdinand III.: My soul rejoices in the presence of friends.
What do you ask of me?

Piety: I shall explain it briefly:
Thanks to the virtue of your ancestors, you are suitable for the Bohemian throne.

You shall strengthen the faith and the power of the law.

Justice: Do not delay; the homeland rightfully offers you
the magnificent crown.

Ferdinand III.: Know that the father's rights cannot be restricted in any way.

Piety: It is clear that your parent had the same intention.

Ferdinand III.: So be it, as commanded by the will
of the noble father.

Justice: Let the entire retinue rejoice!

Courtiers and Soldiers:
Long live the royal scion of this noble house!

Ferdinand III.: I must swear an oath of allegiance.

Piety: That is what the order of justice demands.

Courtiers and Soldiers:
May the heavens be our witness.

All: Long live the King, father of the homeland!

Aria

Let new songs of joy and praise
resound,
let them sing
the prelude to peace.
Rejoice, pious people,
nourished by Piety,
protected by Justice,
exult, Bohemia,
in festive joy.

Scene 5

Austria: Hey, company of virtues,
follow the one who walks before us!

The noble descendant of the Emperor demands, for his honor, the scepter, the royal insignia,
its passing down to his descendants as a hereditary right is required by Justice and Piety desires it.

Prudence: I believe that no opponent shall stand in our way in this endeavor.

Diligence: It is clear that this right has been earned through my labor.

Austria: We also know this based on the origins of our ancient lineage from Mars.

Awe: The fear of punishment shall force the opponents into obedience.

Love: Trust that threats are unnecessary.

Austria: As you wish, you two protectors of the crown,
I may boldly transfer the right to the throne
from the sons to the grandsons of the House of Austria.
May their descendants hold the scepter by hereditary right.

Justice: Pass onto them the hereditary right of the House of Austria,
so that they may enjoy peace with us forever.

Piety: May this noble house reign forever.

Austria: You are blessed, the Czech lands,
for the world's highest rulers wish you well.

Prudence and Diligence:
The great Emperor Leopold shall be exalted by his deeds.

Love and Awe: Happy glory shall belaud Joseph,
never defeated in battle.

Aria

Citizens become obedient by love, the enemy by fear.
It is a sweet delight to be governed by such a King and such laws.

Lo, under two suns,
Bohemia enjoys bright days
in the years filled with the joy of peace achieved.

Scene 6

Bohemia: Oh, what a bright star has risen
and brought my regions to life.

Moravia: The sun has doubled, and the radiance of happiness
illuminates the throne with its rays.

Silesia: Leopold and Joseph,
noble stars of an ancient lineage,
lead the morning star of my peace
to a glorious noon.

The Three Towns of Prague:

A noble trio,
no gloomy clouds
can obscure your joy this noon.

Bohemia: Oh, what joy overwhelms me!
Now I can bear more easily
that both emperors have been taken to the stars,
for their splendor brings back, as a living image,
Charles himself in an even more noble form.

Bohemia, Silesia, Moravia:

Let us honor with a humble kneel the noble head,
the father of the kingdom.

The Three Towns of Prague:

You mourned the sudden passing of your queen,
but now you can see that Empress Elizabeth
is cherishing you with a motherly love.

Bohemia: Let the spirits of the twelve parts of the kingdom,
which is divided into an equal number of regions,
quickly prepare to pay homage.

Counties: We are ready to willingly obey the command
and carry out the task required of us.

Silesia: Turn your gaze this way.

Moravia: Open your faithful and loving arms.

The Three Towns of Prague:

With a deep bow, celebrate the ones chosen
for the throne of his forefathers as the King wished.

Bohemia: And the noble parents of the kingdom as well.

All Counties: Long live the royal scion of the noble house!

Silesia, Moravia, The Three Towns of Prague:
May the Austrian dynasty flourish
until its very last generation.
Silesia: The heavens shall grant it.
To the sounds of the lyre, add a dance to your wishes.

Epilogue

Recitative
Well then, let a jubilant chorus of thanksgiving resound!
The Emperor's Bravery and Constancy
eradicate the traces of pagan tyranny.

Aria

Arise, glory of war,
for the Emperor's victory,
at Charles's command,
in the service of Elizabeth.

Chorus

May the East revere you
and the West shower you with honors.
Your Imperial Highnesses, live and reign,
govern happily and triumph,
kindly support the Muses of Prague,
grant them imperial grace!