

50  
12,510

GERMAN-ENGLISH  
LYRICS.

---

JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN.

~~F-46.205~~

~~R1675g~~

# NOTICES OF FIRST EDITION.

Hon. A. R. Spofford, Librarian to Congress: "Rendered with fine discrimination and lyrical power."

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCP  
12,510

the quite mystical devoutness—of many of these good men, I am highly pleased. Permit me to admire especially 'The Quiet Acre Lot.'"

"**The Independent:**" "The work is done with care and as much skill as often goes to translation. The secular lyrics have a swing and story to them which shows wise selection."

Dr. William Hayes Ward, Editor "**Independent:**" "It is only by the purest accident that I have just lately seen your volume of 'German-English Lyrics,' and its dedication to myself. I thank you very much for the courtesy of it. I have just read several of the ~~Division~~ lyrics, and enjoyed them heartily.

Section

501  
12, 5/10

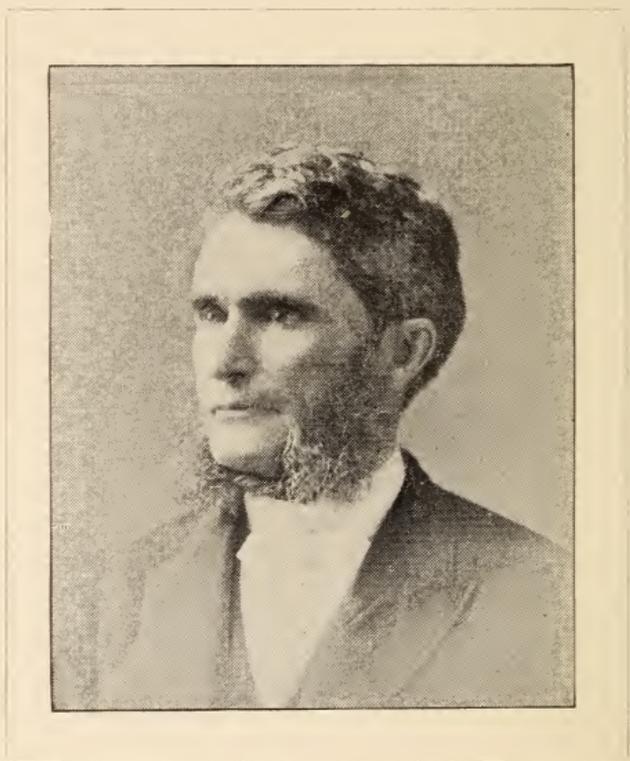


Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013 with funding from  
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/ghlyr00rank>

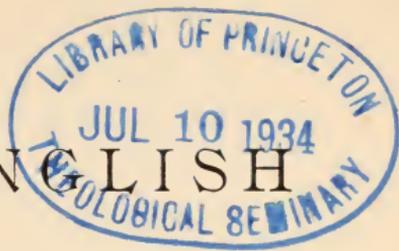






*JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN*

✓  
GERMAN-ENGLISH  
LYRICS.



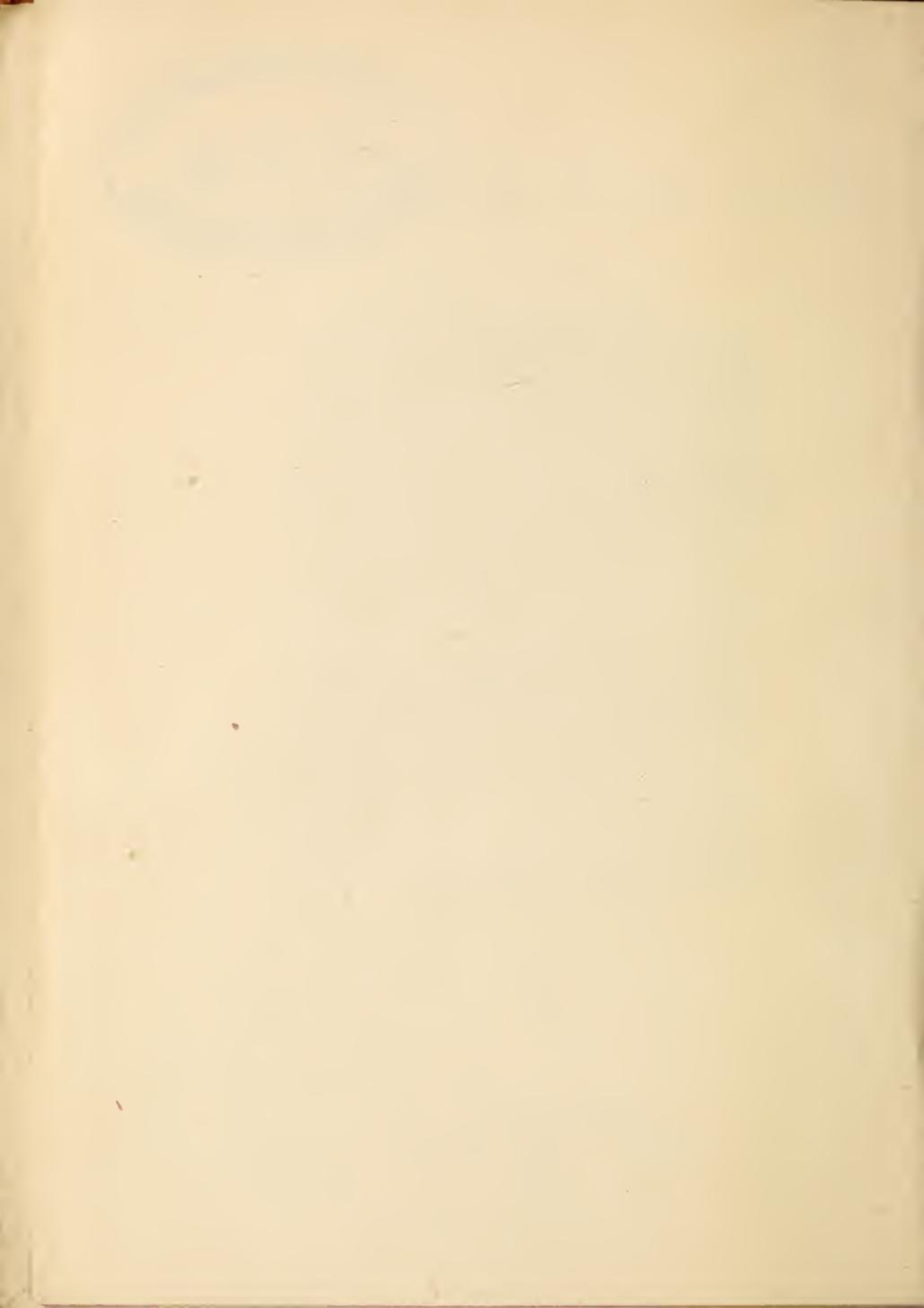
SACRED AND SECULAR.

————— ✓  
JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN.  
—————

SECOND EDITION.



WASHINGTON, D. C. :  
OFFICE "HOWARD STANDARD."  
1898.



DEDICATION.

—

TO

ALEXANDER HUNTINGTON CLAPP.



I. SACRED.



# GERMAN-ENGLISH LYRICS.

SACRED.

---

## BETHLEHEM AND GOLGOTHA.

*“Er ist in Bethlehem geboren.”*

I N Bethlehem, God's own begotten  
Saw life, to bring the life to light;  
At Golgotha, deed unforgotten!  
By death for us, He broke death's might.  
The lands, the evening sun adorning,  
I left, to greet the lands of morning,  
But greater sights I nowhere saw,  
Than Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Where are the boasted wonders seven,  
The old world had collected there?  
With wisdom that descends from Heaven,  
How can the pride of earth compare?  
From land to land all lands desecrating,  
I saw them in their ruins lying!  
In grandeur still, without a flaw,  
Stood Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Away, ye pyramids Egyptian,  
Ye are but gloomy mountain-tombs,  
Men grope in vain for life's inscription,  
Through all your dark and solemn rooms:  
Ye sphinxes, in colossal splendor,  
Your lips the riddle cannot render:  
What is man's life, what is life's law,  
As Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Earth's paradise with summer glowing,  
Thou rose-clad city of Shiraz,  
Ye groves of palm, with spices flowing,  
All Nature's wealth, that India has,

I see, beneath your glory sleeping,  
 Stealthy the foot of death is creeping:  
 Awake! Life's heralds come from far,  
 From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Stone of Mohammed, blindly stumbling  
 O'er thee, the feet of half the world:  
 Thou Kaaba dark, the cross thee humbling,  
 Thy crescent shall to it be furled:  
 The moon before the sun be paling:  
 Thy shattered forces gladly hailing  
 The Victor, who shall give earth law  
 From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Thou, who in a crib for cattle,  
 A Babe wert willing to be born:  
 And on the cross to fight death's battle,  
 That death might be of terror shorn,  
 Thy crib, all stripped of earthly glory!  
 Thy cross, humiliating story!  
 Thee greatest then, the world soon saw  
 At Bethlehem and Golgotha.

For, kings bow down with gifts before thee,  
 Thou shepherd-born, thou Lamb of God,  
 And pilgrims hasten to adore thee,  
 Who weary ways have patient trod.  
 Proud knightly ranks for thee are battered,  
 The world and not Thy cross is shattered,  
 As East and West embattled are  
 For Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Let men no more with flashing lances,  
 But with God's Spirit, take the field:  
 Till o'er the Holy Land advances  
 His light to which the earth shall yield:  
 On every side, his radiance streaming,  
 Till it shall reach her myriads teeming;  
 Till all the world its life shall draw  
 From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

With scolloped hat and spike-staff swinging,  
 From the far East, at length I come;  
 This message to all Christians bringing,  
 This message to all folks at home:  
 O, speed ye not, as pilgrims hurried,  
 To where the Lord was born and buried:  
 Each for himself discerning where  
 His Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O heart, what virtue comes from kneeling  
 Where once the infant Jesus lay;  
 What virtue yields, what health, what healing  
 The grave, which once held Him as prey?  
 If but Himself be born within thee;  
 If but from death His death shall win thee,  
 In Him thou livest; this, yes, ah!  
 Is Bethlehem and Golgotha.

—Ruckert.

---

**ONE DESIRE HAVE I ABOVE ALL OTHERS.**

*“Eines wunsch’ ich mir vor allen.”*

ONE desire have I above all others,  
 Constant through the changing years,  
 That of Him whose love is more than brother’s,  
 I may always think with tears;  
 Him who once endured to gain my pardon,  
 Bloody sweat and anguish in the garden;  
 On the cold, hard earth who sank,  
 And the bitter chalice drank.

Always may my eye till death behold Him,  
 Visage marred, the Lamb of God,  
 When that midday darkness did enfold Him;  
 When the wine-press there he trod;  
 When the travail for my soul came o’er Him,  
 When He saw death’s awful gulf before Him;  
 It is finished! when He cried,  
 Bowed His head, and for me died.

Let that day, ah, never be forgotten,  
 Thine the grace, the guilt was mine;  
 When I saw Thee, Son of God begotten,  
 Heard thy patient voice divine;  
 With night's shadows on sin's mountains falling,  
 Heard the Shepherd's voice, so sweetly calling:  
 Saw Thee stooping from above,  
 To the purchase of thy love.

Thine I am! give me love's secret token;  
 Blood has sealed Thee, thou art mine;  
 Let the echo in my heart be spoken:  
 Mark me with the inward sign!  
 With thee all things doing, all things daring,  
 Living, dying, all the future sharing;  
 This my inmost spirit saith;  
 Covenant in life and death.

—Knapp.

---

**BE JOYFUL, ALL YE NEAR AND FAR.**

*“Sei fröhlich alles weit und breit.”*

**B**E joyful, all ye near and far,  
 That late were so downhearted;  
 Ascends on night life's morning star,  
 Death's awful portals parted.  
 He comes, he comes, who late with blood  
 Did battle for the sinner's good,  
 And death, by dying, thwarted.

Thou thoughtest, O though savage foe,  
 The Prince of Life all glorious  
 Within the tomb thou hadst laid low,  
 O'er Him and us victorious;  
 Thy sting is broken, cruel death,  
 He lives, he breathes immortal breath;  
 Our Captain goes before us.

Ah, yes, from sleep He lifts His head;  
 Thy bands, O death, are broken;

Through gate and bar He's quickly sped,  
 And wears the victor's token.  
 Where is thy trusted armor now?  
 Where is the crown that decked thy brow?  
 Fulfilled His word late spoken.

Thy boasted might, O death, is gone,  
 No hurt comes to man dying!  
 He leans th' unfailing arm upon,  
 On that support relying:  
 "I live, I live, who once was dead,  
 In peace on Me repose thy head,  
 To all thy wants replying.

"For death himself has power no more,  
 From Me he cannot sever;  
 I am of death the conqueror,  
 Rejoice, I live forever.  
 Henceforth, in Me, their living Head,  
 My members live, who once were dead,  
 In spite of hell's endeavor.

"The battle, yes, with hell, is mine,  
 The vict'ry, I have won it!  
 The eye in death can see life's sign;  
 The cross and Him upon it!  
 And while the Tempter still has room  
 A little while to fret and fume,  
 His kingdom, I've undone it."

Now, God be praised, the day is ours!  
 No victory could be greater,  
 And scattered are th' infernal powers;  
 Again God is Creator!  
 From death's dark chaos comes forth life,  
 And peace from battlefield and strife,  
 Through Christ, the Mediator.

—Gerhard.

**ALL HAIL, THOU SACRIFICIAL MAN.**

*“Ich grüsse dich du frömmester Mann.”*

ALL hail, thou Sacrificial Man,  
 Who dost thyself surrender;  
 Who takest glad, our woe, our ban,  
 Upon thy body tender!  
 With all my soul I greet thee there,  
 Thy side asunder riven,  
 A fountain open, clear, and fair,  
 To wash us clean for Heaven.

To that dear side, Lord, would I cleave,  
 O, keep me in thy kindness!  
 One drop from there will me relieve  
 Of sickness and of blindness.  
 O, precious cleft, O, gateway wide,  
 Of mercy and of blessing!  
 O blood and water, healing tide,  
 Sin's damage all redressing.

Then crimson flow, thou draught divine,  
 To still my thirst, hot raging:  
 More fragrant thou than choicest wine;  
 The serpent's bite assuaging.  
 O precious fountain, thou, of life,  
 From God's own heart upwelling!  
 Thou balm for wounds, thou calm for strife,  
 Thou tide of love still swelling!

I reach to catch thy healing flow,  
 What time God's angels will me,  
 And life's sweet currents through me go,  
 In bone and marrow thrill me.  
 Thou with the thorns upon thy brow,  
 My Lord, thy yoke I take it!  
 Oh! to my heart, how sweet art thou,  
 Thy yoke, thou sweet dost make it.

Close thou this cleft, and shut me in,  
 Above thy heart still hide me:

Secure from death, secure from sin,  
 In every need provide me.  
 And, when death's frigid hush I feel,  
 Then from my foes infernal,  
 Secure in thee, my wealth, my weal,  
 I shall abide eternal.

—*Gerhard.*

---

**THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.**

*"Est zieht ein stiller Engel."*

HE comes with consolation,  
 A gentle angel he,  
 Sent from God's habitation,  
 Earth's comforter to be.

His glance is so consoling,  
 So mild and sweet his smile,  
 Soul, yield to his controlling,  
 And follow him the while.

So faithful, he to guide thee  
 Through all this vale of tears;  
 So cheerful, speak beside thee  
 Of brighter coming years.

If thou shalt feel forsaken,  
 Courageous he will stand,  
 And help thee through unshaken,  
 The cross within thy hand.

He'll soothe to gentle sadness  
 Thy sorrow's bitter smart,  
 And chasten e'en to gladness  
 Thy proud, impatient heart.

When clouds hang brooding round thee  
 He'll turn thy night to noon;  
 When wounded he has found thee,  
 Will heal thy sorrows soon.

He will not chide thy weeping,  
 But bring thee healing balm,  
 His wing above thee keeping,  
 Thy proudest mood to calm.

When tempests loud are beating,  
 And thou art asking why?  
 Ah! his angelic greeting,  
 His upward lifted eye!

He has no answer ready  
 For questions thou wilt ask,  
 But "Patient thou and steady,  
 And do thy daily task."

And so he turns life's pages,  
 Revealing one by one,  
 While Heaven thy thought engages,  
 Till earth's last trial's done.

—*Spitta.*

---

**AN EASTER GREETING.**

*"Friede, Friede sey mit euch."*

“**P**EACE, my peace, be unto you!”  
 Hear, ye valleys! list, ye mountains!  
 God's breath on the streams and fountains,  
 As he maketh all things new.  
 In the tree-tops, rustling, pendent,  
 Hear his garments move transcendent,  
 Bush and shrub are trembling too.

“Peace, my peace, be unto you!”  
 Hast thou heard, dull world, the greeting!  
 Dost thou rise, the Master meeting,  
 Working wonders rare and true?  
 At his footprints falling lowly,  
 Let us kiss his raiment holy,  
 Of fresh green imperaled with dew.

Ah! how grateful comes the sun,  
 With gold beams of benediction!  
 Rains, how fall they with sweet diction,  
 And through glad, glad valleys run!  
 How the buds, for more life thirsting,  
 Are like red-ripe kisses bursting—  
 Buttons into roses done!

Through the meadows, fields, and wolds, —  
 Drinking fresh of life's libation,  
 Nature's heart beats—love's pulsation!  
 And each branch, each leaf unfolds.  
 In the vale, with tiny mosses,  
 Every blade a signal tosses,  
 Every stem a cup upholds.

Souls of mortals, burdened here,  
 Nature in her resurrection,  
 Like the angel, gives direction  
 At the tomb, to yon bright sphere.  
 She is risen! God awakes her!  
 In cold death, he ne'er forsakes her.  
 Walk death's valley without fear.

“Peace, my peace, be unto you!”  
 Thus each year, from God descending,  
 Comes the Master, this way wending,  
 Clothing earth with rarest hue.  
 Blessed, blessed, those who hear him,  
 Walking in his garden near him,  
 As he maketh all things new.

—*Agnes Franz.*

---

**ALL THAT GOD DOTH HE DOETH WELL.**

“*Was Gott thut, das ist Wohlgethan.*”

ALL that God doth, He doeth well!  
 His children think so surely;  
 How can our barns with harvests swell,  
 If we would walk securely?

Heavenward on,  
 Till Heav'n be won!  
 He draws us, sad and weary,  
 When earth seems dark and dreary.

All that God doth, He doeth well!  
 In taking, as in giving;  
 Enough of manna each day fell—  
 We find it so in living.  
     He takes and gives,  
     His love still lives;  
 Impatient are we talking,  
 When He with us is walking?

All that God doth, He doeth well!  
 We know His right to rule us;  
 In famine may His blessing dwell;  
 The desert comes to school us.  
     With Him alone,  
     We all things own:  
 He strips of good the larder,  
 That Him we follow harder.

All that God doth, He doeth well!  
 Life goes as He doth will it;  
 Let every heart its trouble tell,  
 He knows the art to still it.  
     If Christians we,  
     We soon shall see,  
 Small gifts become the greater,  
 First blest by the Creator.

All that God doth, He doeth well!  
 The field its fruit denying,  
 All that we have, we willing sell,  
 By faith new treasures buying.  
     Strength for each day!  
     We go our way;  
 The heirs of God, He claims us;  
 And all our lot, He names us.

All that God doth, He doeth well!  
 Be it in patience taken;  
 He gives His grace in us to dwell,  
 Nor shall we be forsaken.  
     Our Father, God,  
     Knows what's our good:  
 He cannot fail to do it,  
 Then, let us praise Him through it.

—Schmolk.

**O HEAD, ALL BLOOD, ALL WOUNDED.**

“*O Haupt all Blut und Wunden.*”

O HEAD, all blood, all wounded,  
 All marred by grief and scorn;  
 O head, in mock'ry rounded  
 With crown of cruel thorn.  
 O head, so late what splendor,  
 What honors high, and grace  
 Thou didst for me surrender—  
 Hail thou, there in my place!

O human face divinest!  
 Thy light beyond the sun;  
 When late on men thou shinest,  
 They fall dismayed, undone.  
 Disfigured thou with anguish,  
 Why art thou wan and pale?  
 Why does thy light so languish?  
 Why does it sink and fail?

The tint, so late suffusing  
 Thy cheeks, now comes and goes;  
 Thy lips, their color losing,  
 Fade out like cankered rose.  
 Now death is fast descending  
 O'er all thy anguished form;  
 Its ashy pallor lending  
 Where life so late was warm.

The burden which thou bearest,  
 Belongs, O Lord, to me;  
 My debt, the debt thou sharest,  
 Absolved, I now go free.  
 Lo, here I seek thy favor;  
 A sinner here I stay;  
 Give me, O pitying Saviour,  
 Love's last forgiving ray.

Redeemer, Lord, confess me!  
 My Shepherd, take me thine;  
 All good hast Thou to bless me,  
 Thou spring of good divine.  
 Thy lips drop consolation;  
 I taste thy wondrous love!  
 I taste thy full salvation,  
 Like manna from above.

By Thee, my place I've taken;  
 It is no idle breath;  
 Nor shalt thou be forsaken,  
 Till breaks thy heart in death.  
 And when at last thou'rt stooping  
 By final thro' distrest,  
 How sweet to fold thee drooping,  
 On this poor, willing breast.

O joy, at safely hiding  
 Within thy riven side!  
 O joy at here abiding,  
 My All, my Crucified!  
 Now might I, O life-giving,  
 Have this, my heart's desire,  
 With Thee, forever living,  
 Upon Thy cross expire.

Thanks from my heart I bring Thee,  
 O Jesus, Friend most dear,  
 For anguish that did wring Thee,  
 For woes and pangs severe.

And may it, Lord, befall me,  
 True to the end to be—  
 Let death's cold hand appall me,  
 When I grow cold to Thee.

And when from earth I sunder,  
 O sunder not from me:  
 Confront death's dreaded wonder,  
 Thy footprints let me see.  
 When shadows are impending;  
 And breaks life's fragile strain,  
 Grant me thy grace unending,  
 By thine own woe and pain.

Come, then, O Lord, to shield me  
 At my last struggling breath,  
 Be Thy marred face revealed me,  
 Upon the cross in death.  
 My feeble eye still gazing,  
 Drawn by a holy spell;  
 Thy love my heart amazing;  
 Who dies like this, dies well.

—*Gerhard.*

---

**HEAV'NWARD GOES OUR PATHWAY ON.**

*"Himmelan geht unsere Bahn."*

HEAV'NWARD goes our pathway on!  
 Here on earth we must be strangers,  
 Canaan's fields until we've won,  
 Through the desert's toils and dangers.  
 Pilgrims here, no stay, no stand!  
 There above, Our Fatherland.

Heav'nward mount, then, O my soul!  
 Upward, since thou hast direction,  
 Earth no longer should control,  
 Thee to thwart of thy selection;  
 He from God, whose source has been,  
 Sure should mount to God again.

“Heav’nward!” speaks He to my breast,  
 When His holy Word I’m reading;  
 I have found on earth no rest  
 Such as my poor heart is needing;  
 Still, my path it makes more clear  
 That I have some Heaven here.

Heav’nward! Faith to me displays  
 City fair above far-shining;  
 Where my soul ascends the ways  
 Up through fading worlds inclining;  
 Ah! how dim their rays divine,  
 As I pass, sweet Heav’n to thine.

Heav’nward, death itself shall be!  
 Straight to home my soul conveying:  
 Where I triumph, Lord, in thee,  
 Sin and death behind surveying;  
 Thou hast gone the way before,  
 And hast left an open door.

Heav’nward! Heav’nward! Heav’nward on!  
 This my watchword still abiding,  
 Till the goal at last has won,  
 Earthly things on earth deriding.  
 Heav’nward still my motto be,  
 Till I wake, sweet Heav’n in thee!

—Schmolck.

---

### THE QUIET LITTLE ACRE-LOT.

“*Ich kenn ein kleines Ackerfeld.*”

I KNOW a quiet little acre-lot,  
 Though no one cares to name it;  
 Where each man yet will have a plot,  
 However loath to claim it.  
 A plowman, waiting, always stands,  
 Ready to drive the furrow;  
 While we, with sad, reluctant hands,  
 Must sow it thick and thorough.

With tears we tread the sacred field;  
 The seed, leave it forsaken;  
 But it will yet God's harvest yield,  
 By glory overtaken;  
 When earth with morning bloom shall glow,  
 Each day the time is nearing,  
 This seed-corn, sown in tears below,  
 Will rise at Christ's appearing.

O, land of peace, where comes no pain,  
 All pilgrims journey thither;  
 All are compelled to seed the plain,  
 Though earthly comforts wither;  
 There is a great Eternal Eye,  
 That watches there, all-seeing,  
 To lead from death up to the sky,  
 To springtime's endless being.

—Baer.

**I HAIL THEE, O, THOU SHEPHERD GOOD.**

*"Sei wol gegrüsset, guter Hirt."*

**I** HAIL thee, O, thou Shepherd Good,  
 And oh! hands full of roses,  
 The praise of all the multitude,  
 That Heaven's glad host composes:  
 The roses these  
 That give me ease:  
 The thorns, alas! they nail thee  
 To cruel wood  
 For sinners' good;  
 Where all thy foes assail the.

Thou countest out with thy two hands,  
 These drops for my redemption:  
 Gold-red are they, the law's demands:  
 They gain me full exemption.  
 Down from each palm  
 Drops healing balm;

These hands, may they imprint me,  
 This precious blood,  
 Dropt for my good,  
 My freedom-money mint me.

How friendly art thou, hanging there,  
 Both arms outstretched, embracing,  
 As though a lost world were thy care,  
 Thy death clasp round it placing.  
     Lord at thy door,  
     I stand so poor,  
 A few crumbs but entreating:  
     My soul release,  
     Give joy and peace,  
 And still this heart's fond beating.

O draw me, thou who there art hung,  
 Give me thine elevation,  
 Although it be felons among:  
 My heart accepts the station.  
     O, that my mind  
     Myself could bind,  
 And nail me to thy dying!  
     That more and more  
     I sin deplore:  
 The old man crucifying.

These hands, O Lord, I kiss again,  
 Again in love caress them:  
 That drop the ransom-price for men,  
 And for their sorrows bless them.  
     For this I give,  
     While I shall live,  
 Heart, soul, and body to Thee.  
     In thee to hide,  
     Rest and abide,  
 And triumph endless through Thee.

*Gerhard.*

## A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER. ✓

**G**OD with us, Immanuel,  
 Open thou the New Year's portal,  
 In our bosoms deign to dwell,  
 Faring on our pathway mortal:  
 Let thine angels o'er us brood,  
 Give us what thou seest good.

In our bodies and our souls,  
 O, thou source of blessing, bless us:  
 Faith on thee each burden rolls,  
 What may trouble or distress us:  
 Blessings well up round thy feet,  
 Bitter waters there are sweet.

Coming in and going out,  
 In our thoughts and deeds well ground us,  
 Let thy light shine round about,  
 With thy mighty arms surround us:  
 If thy grace within us dwell,  
 Then, O Lord, all shall be well.

Open from above, the skies,  
 All the earth with grace rejoicing:  
 Up to thee let praises rise,  
 Grateful hearts one chorus voicing:  
 Let the town and country be  
 Full of peace, O Lord, in thee.

Show me what thy counsels are,  
 By the cords of mercy lead me:  
 Hold me fast within thy care:  
 May the changes thou'st decreed me,  
 Spring, continue, end in thee;  
 Speak the word, and it shall be.

—Schmolck.

THE BATTLE SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

BE not cast down, O little flock,  
 Nor fear the deadly battle-shock,  
 With which your foes assail you!  
 Although they mean your overthrow,  
 And on your heads deal blow on blow,  
 Let not your courage fail you.

Your cause is God's; be this your trust,  
 He will avenge you, for He must;  
 The issue He will mould it;  
 You cannot be, for long, undone,  
 For he'll send help through His own Son;  
 The truth he will uphold it.

If God be God, and true His Word,  
 World, hell, and devil all have heard  
 A name that shall o'erthrow them!  
 Their scoffs shall go no more abroad;  
 God is with us, we are with God;  
 The victory we will show them.

Then, gird yourselves, ye little flock,  
 Stand as for God, stand like a rock,  
 Let not your foes dismay you!  
 God soon will all their wrath assuage,  
 And quench in blood their foaming rage;  
 His own right arm display you.

Amen! Lord Jesus, take our part,  
 For thou our great Protector art,  
 Almighty to deliver!  
 And as yon ransomed ones we'll sing  
 Our tribute unto thee, our King,  
 And King of Kings, forever.

—*Altenburg.*

## A MORNING HYMN.

*Ein neuer Tag, ein neues Leben.*

EACH new day demands new living:  
 Swiftly glides life's stream along,  
 Ah! that God should grace be giving,  
 Making life to him a song.  
 What would be my wretched lot,  
 If he lost me from his thought.

Beautiful the light of morning;  
 Father, let me kiss thy hand;  
 Angels had from thee this warning,  
 Round my couch to take their stand.  
 I have laid me down and slept,  
 Living thou hast still me kept.

This new debt my soul discerning,  
 Lays herself an offering here:  
 Back to thee each morn returning,  
 As salvation draws more near;  
 This my morning psalm shall be;  
 When I wake, I'm still with thee.

Thou canst make the day propitious,  
 Flowers around my pathway bloom;  
 Canst defeat all foes malicious,  
 Give each better purpose room.  
 If thy spirit in me reign,  
 Live I not this day in vain.

If my bread with tears be eaten,  
 Bless thou it before I break:  
 Bitter herbs thy love can sweeten,  
 Best are they for Jesus' sake;  
 I pray not for overflow,  
 What's enough, sure thou wilt know.

What I need, my God, thou'lt do it,  
 Help me do what, too, is mine;  
 Great or little, guide me through it,  
 Cover me with wing divine:  
 Be through all the livelong day,  
 Close companion on my way.

—Schmolk.

---

**THE NIGHT IS NO MAN'S FRIEND.**

*"Die Nacht ist niemands Freund."*

THE night is no man's friend!  
 But if my Lord be near me,  
 He will from every foe defend,  
 And if I call will hear me.  
 'Tis He who makes the blackest night  
 As safe as is the broad daylight.

On thee my heart relies,  
 From every foe me warding,  
 Forgive the sins that meet thine eyes,  
 Thy grace again according.  
 Forgive these feet, which go astray,  
 And keep me in the narrow way.

There is one foe I have,  
 Foe, full of art appalling;  
 One look of thine he dare not brave,  
 But, backward, soon is falling.  
 Then, backward, tempter, sin and hell,  
 Confronting my Immanuel!

Through all night's silent hours,  
 As one that's dead I'm lying;  
 Let wings of kind, angelic powers  
 Around my couch be flying;  
 Eternal might, be my defense,  
 And guard me in my impotence.

In sleep, death's image, bound,  
 Of death's last sleep remind me,  
 Dead in the Lord, if I be found,  
 I leave life's ills behind me:  
 Of all my foes, that is the end,  
 Which takes me to my truest Friend.

—Schmolk.

---

**IN THE GARDEN.**

*“Du gehest in dem Garten beten.”*

TO pray thou goest to the garden,  
 Take me, my Jesus, with thee there.  
 Wilt thou the rude intrusion pardon!  
 I'd learn from thee the art of prayer.  
 On thee, dear Master, fixed my eye,  
 Would learn how prayer mounts to the sky.

Sore troubled, Lord, I see thou 'rt going,  
 And sorrowful, e'en unto death!  
 This to my thoughtful heart is showing  
 That mortal prayer is burdened breath.  
 A broken and a contrite heart  
 Is the beginning of the art.

From thy disciples, Lord, receding,  
 Thou 'rt seeking deeper solitude;  
 A like seclusion I am needing,  
 Where time and sense cannot intrude.  
 Draw me from all the world aside,  
 To thee in solitude allied.

On the cold earth, Lord, thou art kneeling,  
 And fallen prostrate on thy face!  
 O heart, be humbled, not unfeeling,  
 I'm dust and ashes, void of grace.  
 I'll cast me down in nothingness,  
 Like thee, in anguish and distress.

Thou prayest to thy Father holy,  
 'Tis *Abba, Father!* like a child.  
 He stoops to listen to the lowly;  
 And I with sin am all defiled.  
 In the dear name I sinful sigh,  
 And *Abba, Abba, Father!* cry.

O patient Lamb! why thy delaying,  
 And thrice repeating thy request?  
 This, then, is in the art of praying,  
 This kind thy Father loves the best.  
 Who prays well once, prays o'er and o'er,  
 And, first refused, but asks the more.

And what is this I hear thee crying,  
 As though, at length, the prize were won?  
 Thy wish to his thus crucifying,  
 "Not my will, Father, thine be done!"  
 So should I hush my heart and still,  
 And wait in prayer the Father's will.

—*Schmolk.*

---

**LIGHT OF LIGHTS, ENLIGHTEN ME.**

*"Licht von Licht, erleuchte mich."*

LIGHT of lights, enlighten me!  
 Be this now my soul's day-dawning:  
 Touch my eyes that I may see,  
 With the light of Heav'n's own morning.  
 Let these hours of Sabbath shine  
 With a glory caught from thine.

Source of all earth's pure delight,  
 Let thy streams of grace now reach me,  
 Touch my lips and heart aright:  
 Thy high praises, Master, teach me.  
 Bless the word with pow'r untold,  
 That it bear a hundred-fold.

Let the fire of God come down  
 On the off'ring that I lay thee:  
 Be my wisdom, light, and crown,  
 Lest some frailty should betray me.  
 Lest strange fire to thee be brought,  
 Which thine altar knoweth not.

Here, to-day, and through all time,  
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
 Let me mount on wing sublime,  
 To Heav'n's gate my praises bringing;  
 Foretaste here of what shall be  
 Heav'n itself, to souls like me.

Rest in me and I in thee!  
 Paradise within, preparing;  
 Let me now thy glory see,  
 Feed love's flame with oil unsparing,  
 Till my soul, with love divine,  
 Burns as steadily as thine.

Sacred be this holy day,  
 All earth's vanities departed;  
 In thy temple will I stay  
 With the meek and lowly hearted;  
 Nothing will and nothing do,  
 In Thee rest, till Sabbath's through.

Greater Thou than Solomon,  
 Of thy wisdom here partaking,  
 I will kneel me at thy throne,  
 Thou to me, my life's bread breaking.  
 Thus thy light upon me break  
 And a beauteous Sabbath make.

—Schmolk.

**IN JESUS' HOLY NAME WE STAND.**

*“Wir treten in das neue Jahr.”*

I N Jesus' holy name we stand  
 Before the New Year's portal,  
 He holds our times within his hand,  
 The King of Life immortal.  
 This world is but poor, fleeting dust,  
 This Jesus' name, our only trust:  
 He has the Life Eternal.

In these few years, so poor, so brief,  
 What is there us allotted,  
 But false desire and anxious grief,  
 With transient pleasures dotted?  
 For, through them all we are life's sport,  
 And, then, its thread is broken short—  
 We seek a better portion.

His pilgrims to the land afar,  
 Bound for the realm eternal,  
 Led by the bright and morning star,  
 Through shifting scenes diurnal;  
 Through all the changes of the year,  
 His name shines forth with radiance clear,  
 The Wonderful, the Father.

Upon his altar do we lay,  
 Along life's pathway lighted,  
 Ourselves, again, this New Year's day,  
 To Him by faith united.  
 To Him, its varied scenes we bring,  
 The tears we shed, the songs we sing,  
 In a new consecration.

—*Samuel Prieswerk.*

**WEEP THOU NOT, GOD'S LIVING YET.**

*"Weine nicht, Gott lebet noch."*

WEEP thou not, God's living yet,  
 Soul, so sorely troubled;  
 Heavy burdens on thee set,  
 Woe on woe redoubled:  
     Only wait  
     At God's gate:  
 Thorns will turn to roses;  
 Egypt yield to Moses.

Weep thou not, God thinks on thee,  
 Wholly, else, forsaken;  
 Broken, oath can never be,  
 That the Lord has taken;  
     Be the world  
     Chaos-hurled,  
 Often has He told thee  
 He will still uphold thee.

Weep thou not, God keeps His eye  
 Midday light around thee;  
 Chalice mingles wondrously,  
 When His love has found thee:  
     Not more meet  
     Nectar sweet  
 Busy bees that gather,  
 Cup than of thy Father.

Weep thou not, God holds His ear  
 Open to each murmur;  
 Speak thy heart, He will draw near,  
 Hold to thee the firmer.  
     'Mid ills grim  
     Rest in Him,  
 Raging billows round thee  
 Ever safe have found thee.

Weep thou not, God loves thee still,  
 Though the world may hate thee;

Serpent-stab thee at its will,  
 Curse and sore berate thee;  
     Whom God loves  
     Nothing moves;  
 All around reviling,  
 Thou canst still be smiling.

Weep thou not, God cares for thee,  
 Nothing, then, can harm thee;  
 Strange, indeed, would sorrow be,  
 Could it thus disarm thee.  
     Hold Him fast  
     Through the blast;  
 Storms, tempestuous weather  
 Good shall work together.

Weep thou not, God's hand shall wipe  
 Tears that are fast gushing;  
 Death but makes His harvest ripe,  
 In fall beauty blushing.  
     For He saith:  
     Death kills death!  
 When in dust thou 'rt sleeping  
 Done, then, all thy weeping.

—Schmolk.

---

**THE SHEPHERD FOR HIS FLOCK IS DYING.**

*“Der Hirte sterb für seine Herde.”*

THE Shepherd for his flock is dying,  
 My Lord is going down to death;  
 For them the powers of hell defying,  
 And sighing out his mortal breath;  
 He's nailed there in the sinner's place;  
 Such love divine, such matchless grace!

His life to save His sheep He's giving,  
 And tasting death there for them all;  
 How patient He, and how forgiving!  
 O heart, but hear his piercing call!

'Tis finished now, the offering's made,  
Thy sins, thy burden, on Him laid.

The Shepherd dies for those who hate Him,  
For those who buffet and despise,  
Who, as He hangs there, loud berate Him,  
And fling at Him their mocking cries;  
His life He pours out for His foes,  
To save them from eternal woes.

For all who die, my Lord is dying  
It is the travail of His soul;  
To heal death's hurt, His blood applying,  
To make the bitten sinner whole;  
And when the lost ones to Him come,  
He bears them on His shoulders home.

He dies there, God's propitiation,  
He dies to pay man's hopeless debt,  
To purchase for him full salvation;  
Such love as His must win us yet!  
His blood atoning and His cross  
For these—all else must be as dross.

My Shepherd dies! I must be living;  
I die in Him; He lives in me;  
His death, eternal life me giving;  
I live, I die, O Lord, in Thee;  
I trust in Thy atoning blood,  
O dying Shepherd, named the Good.

—Schmolk.

---

**A CHRISTIAN, CROSS-LESS CANNOT BE.**

“*Ein Christ kann ohne Kreuz nicht seyn.*”

**A** CHRISTIAN, cross-less cannot be!  
Then why this perturbation,  
When God, with grief and pain, seeks thee,  
Thou child of his salvation?

The more the smart,  
 Dearer thou art.  
 The strokes that fall upon thee,  
 Display the love that won thee.

A Christian, cross-less cannot be!  
 Than this, God wills, the rather,  
 That grief and pain thyself should see,  
 Come down from God, the Father.  
     Since it is so,  
     'Tis well I know.  
 His love's own hand extending,  
 No plagues can he be sending.

A Christian, cross-less cannot be!  
 Whence comes the art of praying?  
 How from the world's vain pomp to flee,  
 The soul on Jesus staying?  
     Fling it not off,  
     With bitter scoff,  
 As though to God no debtor.  
 It comes to make thee better.

A Christian, cross-less cannot be!  
 Else, what would us awaken,  
 When floating soft on sin's smooth sea,  
 Untroubled and unshaken?  
     Down comes the blight  
     Of death's dark night;  
 The last great trumpet calling,  
 Wakes us to woes appalling.

A Christian, cross-less cannot be!  
 Thy hateful sins eschewing,  
 It brings thee humbly to the knee,  
 Thy love to God renewing.  
     Vain world aside,  
     Let God abide.  
 Bethink thee! Ah, it moves thee;  
 Eternal goodness loves thee!

Without a cross, nor would I be!  
 I'll bear all that God sends me;  
 The strokes that come, I will not flee,  
 For still his wing defends me.  
 Then, welcome fall  
 His chastenings all;  
 With Christ now uncomplaining,  
 At last, forever reigning.

—Schmolk.

**LUTHER'S HYMN.**

*"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."*

**A** MIGHTY stronghold is our God,  
 A tow'r, a shield, a weapon;  
 Our Helper He, when thick abroad,  
 Like clouds, life's troubles deepen.  
 That bitter foe, and old  
 Still plots woes manifold;  
 Great might, and craft to seize,  
 His fell equipment these;  
 On earth there's none to match him.  
 By our own might is nothing done,  
 Our winning is but losing;  
 The Champion comes, the right, right One,  
 The Man, our Father's choosing.  
 Dost ask who He may be?  
 Jesus, Messiah He!  
 The Lord of hosts, His name;  
 He brooks no rival claim;  
 The field, He'll surely win it.  
 For were this world with devils filled,  
 All ready to devour us;  
 Why need we fear, since God has willed,  
 Hell's gates shall not o'erpower us.  
 Prince of the world, though he,  
 And Prince of darkness be;  
 His might thus far we've stemmed;  
 The Judge has him condemned;  
 One little word shall fell him.

That word of God shall sure abide,  
 No thanks to mortals given:  
 With gifts and grace, He's on our side;  
 It is the plan of Heaven,  
     Goods, kindred, let them take;  
     E'en life for Jesus' sake!  
     And yet, when all is gone,  
     Advantage have they none;  
 The kingdom's ours forever.

—Martin Luther.

**GOD LIVES, HOW CAN I MOURNFUL BE?**

*“Gott lebt, wie kann ich traurig seyn.”*

**G**OD *lives!* How can I mournful be,  
 As if no God could find me?  
 He knows each pang, each agony,  
 Which in its chain may bind me.  
     My heart he knows,  
     With all its woes;  
 How can I be despairing,  
 Or mournful visage wearing?

God *hears!* when no man hearing is,  
 What ill my foes are speaking,  
 To interpose is always His,  
 Through darkest tempest breaking.  
     Prayer brings Him near  
     With waiting ear;  
 And help is soon descending,  
 His Amen! still commending.

God *sees!* Why murmurs, then, my heart,  
 As though unknown its plaining?  
 He fathoms sorrow's deepest smart,  
 Nor needs our poor explaining.  
     The tears that fall,  
     He counts them all;  
 Nor ever careless slights them,  
 But in his book He writes them.

God *guides!* So ever go I forth,  
 To Him my way confiding;  
 The world, my fear, is little worth,  
 If He is with me siding.

He nurses me  
 So tenderly;  
 Happy where'er He call me,  
 No ill can e'er befall me.

God *gives!* And were I e'er so poor,  
 My needs He would examine,  
 And though I begged from door to door,  
 I could not die of famine.

He has the bread  
 With which I'm fed;  
 For lack I'm not repining;  
 There's still enough for dining.

God *lives!* Go to, I'll note that down,  
 God *hears!* I will be speaking.  
 God *sees* the tears I've daily sown;  
 God *guides!* the way I'm seeking.

God *gives* and loves;  
 Then what me moves?  
 At last, Himself He's giving;  
 And with Him I am living.

—Schmolk.

---

#### MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

“*Ich habe Lust zu scheiden.*”

I LONG to be departing,  
 To leave this world I sigh;  
 The tear is often starting  
 For fair home-fields on high.  
 'Tis true, there's no dismissal  
 Till life's full day be spent,  
 But yet I ask admission  
 For my last testament.

O Father, God! my spirit  
 I yield up to Thy hand;  
 Take it, through Jesus' merit,  
 To its true fatherland.  
 By Thee to me 'twas given;  
 Take back what is Thine own;  
 That as on earth, in Heaven,  
 It may be Thine alone.

What gift can I be saving,  
 Jesus, to suit Thee best?  
 Take Thou mine only having—  
 My sins, my sole bequest.  
 Thy word has bid me throw them  
 Into oblivion's sea;  
 Since Thou no more wilt know them,  
 Sweet is my sleep in Thee.

And Thou, O mighty Spirit,  
 To Thee in death I turn;  
 Death's anguish, need I fear it?  
 Thy temple do not spurn.  
 Within, within, still stay Thou,  
 Till its foundations break;  
 Death's bitterness allay Thou,  
 And all for Jesus' sake.

To Thee, O earth, I give it,  
 My body, pale and cold;  
 Thy gift, now back receive it,  
 This mould, to kindred mould.  
 Make it but dust and ashes:  
 His own, the Lord will have.  
 Life's spark within it flashes;  
 'Twill burst forth from the grave.

This last will I am writing,  
 God will affix the seal;  
 The battle patient fighting,  
 I wait death's final deal.

Through Christ to joys supernal,  
 The end I clearly see;  
 And know, in years eternal,  
 Heav'n's heir that I shall be.

—Schmolk.

**FORBEAR, MY HEART.**

**F**ORBEAR, my heart, forbear, forbear,  
 And cease from all thy wailings;  
 Bethink thee of God's father-care,  
 And learn to bear thy ailings.  
 Say, "As God will,  
 I hold me still;  
 He never will forsake me;  
 Nor will He needless break me."

Forbear, my heart! When ill o'ertakes  
 And threat'ning floods burst o'er thee,  
 He, through thy midnight, still awakes,  
 And walks the seas before thee.  
 In darkest days,  
 The cross He weighs,  
 Whose burden seems to crush thee;  
 And comes to soothe and hush thee.

Forbear, my heart! Take thou the cup!  
 'Tis love that reassures thee:  
 God sweetens it, then drink it up,  
 The bitter cup that cures thee.  
 Submissive bow,  
 Say, "Welcome!" now;  
 God's grace is most exceeding,  
 When most that grace thou'rt needing.

Forbear, my heart! Afflict thee not,  
 With murmur upon murmur;  
 Lest stumble may thy weary foot  
 But hold God's staff the firmer.

In darkest vale,  
 'Twill never fail;  
 Go through! He'll leave thee never.  
 Nor shalt thou weep forever.

Forbear, my heart! Thy troubles come  
 From loving hands and tender;  
 Through grief and tears He leads them home,  
 Who make Him full surrender.  
     When understood,  
     Love's ill is good;  
 To thee the world must perish;  
 But God His child will cherish.

Forbear, my heart! If not to-day,  
 God helps thee, then, to-morrow;  
 He sees His own eternal way,  
 Nor needs man's light to borrow.  
     A few days more,  
     All pain is o'er;  
 Like mist is gone life's story;  
 God help thee win His glory.

—Schmolk.

**GOLD, FRANKINCENSE, MYRRH.**

“*Jesu, grosser Wunder stern.*”

JESUS, wondrous, wondrous Star  
 Out of Jacob, who art rising,  
 Glad I greet thee from afar,  
 Festal gifts in love devising.  
 Poor I am, yet do thou take,  
 And enrich them for love's sake.

Take the *gold* of faith I bring;  
 'Tis the gift thy hand first gave me,  
 'Tis thy fav'rite offering;  
 Bring this chief, I know thou'dst have me.  
 Make it pure, and it attest,  
 With thy image fair impressed.

Take the *incense* of my prayer,  
 Like a cloud to thee ascending;  
 Waiting stand I, everywhere  
 Heart and humble service blending;  
 When I ask, speak thou again:  
 I am Yea, and am Amen.

Bitter sorrow take for *myrrh*!  
 Ah! my sins, my sins, they grieve me,  
 When I kneel a worshiper,  
 Be thou faithful to relieve me!  
 This is all I have to bring;  
 Jesus, take the offering.

—*Neumeister.*

---

**GOD IN HIS WORLD.**

REVERENT enter Nature's fane,  
 Lo, God's cipher written plain;  
 There, where the deep thunder rolls,  
 He His chariot's course controls;  
 Here, the solid earth is shaking,  
 Tumbling seas against it breaking;  
 Loud the great Creator praising,  
 Hymns perpetual to Him raising.

Lo, in clouds as black as night,  
 Where the tempest wheels in sight,  
 Awe-struck, prostrate, silently  
 Wait the air and earth and sea.  
 Now, God's voice breaks on their slumbers,  
 Speaking in terrific numbers,  
 Then amid the lightning flashes,  
 Through the toppled cedars crashes.

Through the beating rain at night,  
 Lo, He sends His arrows bright;  
 Strikes the forest oak, far-heard;  
 Slays the shepherd with his herd.

Towns are smoking, towers are falling,  
 Echo rocks with sounds appalling,  
 Bold blasphemers pause and tremble,  
 And no more their fears dissemble.

In His house of holiness,  
 Ye, earth's children, Him confess;  
 He controls the water-flow,  
 Flashes in the lightning's glow;  
 Storm and tempest, when descending,  
 Faithful still His own defending;  
 Great is He, bow down before Him,  
 And all earth rise and adore Him.

— Koehler.

**THROUGH TROUBLE AND THROUGH SORROW.**

*“Durch Trauern und durch Plagen.”*

**T**HROUGH trouble and through sorrow,  
 Through want and grief and pain,  
 Through hope for brighter morrow,  
 And sunshine after rain,  
 O Lord, Thy hand has brought me  
 To round the closing year;  
 The praise Thy love has taught me,  
 My heart would render here.

Who e'r my life has shielded,  
 In Thee has been my health;  
 What joy my life has yielded,  
 Still Thou hast been its wealth;  
 Thy grace has still upheld me,  
 Has richly me consoled,  
 When wayward, has compelled me  
 And brought me to the fold.

Thy love thou hast revealed me,  
 And love, Lord, is Thy name;  
 Whatever's been concealed me  
 Has shown that love the same.

My will I Thee surrender,  
 I need none of my own,  
 Since Thou art my defender,  
 And I walk not alone.

My way to Thine adjusting,  
 Thy way and mine are one,  
 And in Thy guidance trusting,  
 All evil shall I shun!  
 Do Thou, O Lord, protect me,  
 Though rough the future be;  
 Still counsel and direct me—  
 I'll walk obediently.

Must I live on forsaken,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done;  
 Life's blessings from me taken,  
 And clouded in life's sun.  
 Must I in sickness languish,  
 Submissive will I lie;  
 Must I go hence in anguish,  
 I shall not fear to die.

To-day the year is closing;  
 Safe hast Thou brought me through;  
 New grace from Thee disposing  
 My heart toward Thee anew;  
 Old sins by Thee forgiven;  
 Give Thou me better days;  
 I journey on to heaven  
 Cheered by Thy promises.  
 —*Godfried Wilhelm Sacer.*

**THE HEAVENLY HYMN OF ANGELUS.**

*"Wie lieblich sind die Wohnungen."*

**H**OW lovely are the mansions, Lord,  
 Which Thou for us preparest;  
 How royally the great reward  
 Thou with Thy people sharest.

How like the sea  
 The harmony,  
 Which there from angel chorus,  
 We hear breaking before us.

My heart exults, I upward glance,  
 Exults with ardent longing,  
 And sighs for that inheritance,  
 Where happy saints are thronging.  
 Ah! what is death?  
 Yielding the breath!  
 Cut short what earth calls living,  
 True life God may be giving.

How blest are all that holy choir,  
 Such joy untold possessing,  
 They kindle, here, our warm desire,  
 As onward we are pressing;  
 They're anchored there  
 In harbor fair,  
 Crowned with a crown eternal  
 Amid sweet acres vernal.

No note of trouble e'er is heard,  
 Of sorrows, or distresses;  
 No error speaks delusive word,  
 Nor weakness e'er transgresses;  
 Adversity  
 Ah, cannot be!  
 For there God's love unfailing  
 Has stilled earth's every wailing.

No more are they for light of moon  
 Or light of sun repining,  
 For there God's own eternal noon  
 On every soul is shining;  
 The Father's Son  
 Sits on the throne,  
 And radiant glory streaming  
 Comes from His presence beaming.

There they behold, O vision blest,  
 The Lord, their great Creator!  
 Nor from His praises ever rest,  
 Which grander grow, and greater.  
     O, heavenly song,  
     So sweet, so long,  
 O, choir angelic singing,  
 With heaven responsive ringing.

The sacred town is all pure gold,  
 With walls of jasper rising,  
 With gates of pearly wealth untold,  
 And splendor all surprising.  
     No temple there  
     For song or prayer,  
 For God, earth's clouds dispelling,  
 Is in His children dwelling.

Within the midst, a crystal stream,  
 Wells up, a living fountain,  
 Whose murmurs fill, as in some dream,  
 That high and holy mountain.  
     The Holy Ghost  
     Inspires that host,  
 Who drink, God's sons and daughters,  
 Of life's pure gushing waters.

The holy ones within that place,  
 By love thus drawn together,  
 Kindle afresh the flame of grace,  
 And worship God, the Father.  
     All ardent there,  
     In white, and fair,  
 The King's own love possessing,  
 And crowning Him with blessing.

There kindly does He all confess,  
 His gracious head inclining,  
 Stooping the humblest soul to bless,  
 And soothe his tearful pining.

Children of wrath  
 Saved by one path:  
 Their claim to heaven acquiring,  
 Through Calvary's expiring.

And O, what joy, what joy is theirs,  
 Life's myst'ries understanding,  
 The fruit of all their woes and cares,  
 Like lilies white expanding.  
     And there revealed  
     By His blood sealed,  
 The prophets, martyrs, sages,  
 That mark successive ages.

Ah, when we see them, robed in white,  
 The saints, crowns golden wearing;  
 What can surpass our great delight,  
 To know in it we're sharing?  
     In that fair fold,  
     Which we behold,  
 Those joys, all satisfying,  
 Are just beyond earth's dying.

Dear Saviour, help us on to Thee,  
 That there we may inherit  
 That life of rest and purity,  
 Through Thy dear blood and merit;  
     May by Thy grace  
     Behold Thy face,  
 That sacred place attaining,  
 With all Thy ransomed reigning.

---

**OUR TIMES, LORD, THOU UPHOLDEST.**

**O**UR times, Lord, Thou upholdest,  
 Within that mighty hand,  
 Where Thou our names beholdest  
 Inscribed eternal stand.

Thou gav'st the old year's blessing,  
 Unfolding day by day,  
 And now, Thy throne addressing,  
 The new year bless, we pray.

Though portents thick assemble,  
 Though dust return to dust,  
 Though earth beneath us tremble,  
 Thy throne remains our trust.  
 Thy word will stand unshaken,  
 To that we constant hold,  
 Thou hast not it forsaken,  
 It never can grow old.

Abide in thy communion,  
 And make it pure and free;  
 Stand fast may we in union,  
 Because we stand in thee.  
 Give thou, our path attending,  
 Our teachers wisdom new,  
 And send thy grace descending  
 On all like early dew.

All needy ones supplying,  
 Give thou a Father's care;  
 The outcast to thee flying,  
 Attend his broken prayer.  
 The widow's sorrow quelling,  
 Appease the orphan's woe,  
 The sinner's night dispelling  
 With thy love's morning-glow.

Teach thou the father—praying;  
 Teach thou the mother—love;  
 The children, too, arraying,  
 In graces from above:  
 That we, life's battle finished,  
 May all unbroken stand,  
 By not one name diminished,  
 A ransomed, happy band.

Bless thou the sower's sowing,  
 Germs feeble make thou live;  
 Where'er the seed is growing,  
 A golden harvest give.  
 Confirm in us the graces,  
 That seal us for thy throne,  
 Lest, lost these heavenly places,  
 Thy love we should disown.

What is for us without thee?  
 Unless in us thou art?  
 Thy royal robes about thee,  
 Come reign in ev'ry heart.  
 To reach thy throne aspiring,  
 Though still we distant are,  
 Shine thou, with love untiring,  
 Thou true life's Morning Star.

—*Albert Knapp*

---

**WHAT WE SHALL BE.**

*"Wie wird uns seyn."*

**W**HAT we shall be! To know, we're often yearning,  
 When all our battles fought, from sin set free,  
 We, homeward, as from foreign lands returning,  
 Shall cross the portals of Eternity.  
 Our brows, when wiped of soil and perspiration,  
 Unlaced the wayworn sandals from our feet,  
 We drink, within, the waters of salvation,  
 Which, on our pilgrim-way, have seemed so sweet.

What we shall be, when we shall stand in glory,  
 Transcendent light, that's streaming from God's throne,  
 The last foe vanquished, O the wondrous story,  
 All stainless there, through Jesus' blood alone!  
 When we have entered those celestial mansions,  
 Where cannot follow us, or grief or pain,  
 Our souls surrendered to divine expansions;  
 Enthroned in Heav'n, with God Himself to reign.

What we shall be, when trembling with emotion,  
 That choir, supreme, celestial, we shall gain;  
 Those golden harps, all tuned to Heaven's devotion,  
 Its theme: the Lamb, for sinners here once slain.  
 When far and wide, through all the heav'nly places,  
 The songs of ransomed souls in one shall blend,  
 And incense sweet, fragrant with Christian graces,  
 In an eternal volume shall ascend.

What we shall be, when marked by love's true token,  
 We see the Chief among Ten Thousand there!  
 Our upward flight forevermore unbroken,  
 We mount on wings of praise, and wings of prayer.  
 When like a veil uplifted, Nature's dullness,  
 As morning mist goes up the mountain side,  
 The Son of Man shall shine in all his fullness,  
 Who once on earth for us was crucified.

What we shall be, when we shall hear Him calling,  
 "Ye blessed of my Father, welcome come!"  
 Before His face in adoration falling,  
 And finding there our long-sought rest and home;  
 Shall see the eyes that once with tears were flowing,  
 That wept to mark man's sinful heart and need;  
 The scars, that on His hands and feet are showing  
 What He endured, we might from sin be freed.

What we shall be, when through Heaven's habitation,  
 With holy ones we wander hand in hand,  
 From Life's clear, crystal stream drink full libation,  
 And 'neath its changing fruit delighted stand.  
 When one Eternal Spring all things pervading,  
 Shall scatter on the air its fragrant breath;  
 Nor heart can break, nor eye be ever fading,  
 Nor pain can come, nor sorrow, and no death.

What we shall be, the earth, when we discover,  
 Revolving far in darkness 'neath our feet,  
 Our struggles and fatigues forever over,  
 And in our reigning Master made complete.

Did He not say that we should know hereafter,  
 That all God's ways should yet be justified,  
 And all earth's sorrows turned to joy and laughter,  
 When we review them on the other side ?

What we shall be! No eye hath seen it ever,  
 No ear hath heard, nor thought of man hath spanned,  
 What we shall be, and what enjoy forever,  
 If we but reach that far celestial land!  
 Ah, well, the craggy path that we are climbing,  
 Will soon reward us for our toil and pain;  
 Then, let us hasten on, our faith subliming,  
 Where Christ himself will be our chiefest gain.

—*Spitta.*

**BLESSED, BLESSED, THEIR CONDITION.**

**B**LESSED, blessed, their condition,  
 Who to heav'n at length shall come;  
 They shall reap in Christ fruition,  
 Have in Him faith's end and sum.  
 Free from sorrow and from sighing,  
 Free from death and fear of dying,  
 God, whose name is blessedness,  
 Them eternally shall bless.

Then shall they themselves be seeing  
 As to God Himself they are,  
 Love divine new bliss decreeing,  
 As they wing from star to star.  
 To green pastures, Jesus leading  
 As their Shepherd, His flock feeding,  
 He who did all this provide,  
 On the Cross for them who died.

How they throng, that countless number,  
 One with Christ in heart and soul!  
 World and flesh no more encumber,  
 High their hymns of triumph roll.

In the highest, glory, glory!  
 To the Lamb of Calv'ry's story,  
 Him, for them whose life he gave  
 As their Friend of Friends they have.

—Schmolk.

---

**INTO THY FATHER'S HANDS.**

THY spirit thus commending  
 Into thy Father's hands,  
 This mortal life thus ending,  
 Heav'n's portal open stands.  
 No dread of dark tomorrows;  
 To leave earth's burdens here,  
 To end its cares and sorrows,  
 And there in light appear!

When heart and flesh shall fail me,  
 With earth when I am through,  
 I would, O Lord, avail me  
 Of this same refuge, too.  
 Thy joys Thou wilt restore me,  
 My weakness Thou wilt aid;  
 Where Thou hast gone before me,  
 I shall not be afraid.

O Lord of my salvation,  
 Be with Thee where Thou art!  
 Is my sole aspiration,  
 The longing of my heart.  
 With Thy kind arms, O shield me,  
 Until my latest breath;  
 Until, by faith, I yield me  
 Into God's hand at death.

—Dr. Hofensak.

## WHERE CAN I FIND THE MASTER?

*"Wo ist der Herr zu finden."*

WHERE can I find the Master?  
 That I his face may greet?  
 What teacher kind or pastor  
 Will guide me to his feet,  
 That he may daily break me  
 My share of living bread;  
 And by his grace may take me  
 The path my feet should tread?  
 Within his Word thou'lt find him,  
 His quick'ning spirit's there;  
 The Father hath designed him  
 Heaven's wicket-gate to prayer.  
 That soul, God will abase him,  
 Who sins in carnal pride;  
 His sins, He will erase him,  
 Who trusts the Crucified.  
 Within the Bread he's hidden,  
 Within the Wine that's poured,  
 And sinners all are bidden  
 To seat them at the Board;  
 Go there, go there repenting,  
 Take thou the humblest place,  
 To his sweet will consenting,  
 And trusting in his grace.  
 Seek him in the Communion  
 Of those who speak his name,  
 Together bound in union,  
 And warmed with holy flame.  
 He looks on all his members,  
 And gives each soul release;  
 His promise still remembers,  
 And bids them go in peace.  
 Within the Heart he's dwelling,  
 If welcome he receive;  
 To him its sorrows telling,  
 Who can alone relieve.

To those who show them willing  
 In his great day of power,  
 Their souls with rapture filling,  
 In the espousal hour.

Last, seek him in his Heaven;  
 The place he doth prepare  
 For all earth's souls forgiven,  
 His blessedness to share.  
 Ay, there the Lord will meet thee,  
 For thus the promise lies,  
 In heaven's own garden greet thee,  
 The new, fair paradise.

—*Christian Augustus Bahr.*

**ASK, TO THEE IT SHALL BE GIVEN.**

*"Bittet, so wird euch gegeben."*

ASK, to thee it shall be given,  
 All that is thy heart's desire;  
 'Tis the mandate sure of Heaven;  
 What thy need—to that aspire,  
 Never of thy suit despairing,  
 Since the Lord for thee is caring;  
 Knock thou still at mercy's door,  
 And thy asking give not o'er.

When, with longing true thou prayest,  
 Hoping, trusting in God's will;  
 Thy petition humbly sayest,  
 Drawing from His grace thy fill;  
 When His open ear addressing,  
 Thou thy suit art constant pressing,  
 Think not He neglects thy call,  
 Who in love is over all.

What is well He'll give thee surely,  
 As a father gives his child;  
 Bread, not stone, trust Him securely—  
 Can His love be so beguiled?

If, with his imperfect speaking,  
 Food thy little child were seeking,  
 Would'st thou, father, on his dish,  
 Lay a scorpion for a fish?

If thou, being an offender,  
 Born, too, in iniquity,  
 To thy child art true and tender,  
 All his little wants to see,  
 How much more unto thy praying,  
 Will the Lord, His grace displaying,  
 Send the Holy Spirit down,  
 Jesus' perfect work to crown!

Master, this of Thee I'm learning,  
 Write the lesson on my heart,  
 Never may I it be spurning,  
 Knocking, seeking, is my part.  
 To be gracious Thou art waiting,  
 Clouds with mercy always freighting;  
 Therefore will I bring to Thee,  
 Hallelujahs ceaselessly.

—Asseburg.

**JERUSALEM, THOU MOTHER TOWN.**

*“Jerusalem, du Mutterstadt.”*

JERUSALEM, thou mother town,  
 In which my name is written down,  
 As citizen there dwelling.  
 Still, step by step, God give me grace,  
 Until I win that happy place  
 No fear my ardor quelling;  
 Until I reach my home divine,  
 And drink the first-fruits of the vine.

God's countless hosts are gathering there,  
 Those streams of pleasure all to share,  
 From earth's poor cisterns flying;  
 Beyond my flesh and sense to stand,  
 To walk my soul's true fatherland:

Ah, this is all of dying!  
 O that my longing gaze might be,  
 Dear mother town, alone on thee.

There to the palace of the King,  
 The Prince's nuptial feast they bring,  
     For my soul's entertaining;  
 There he provides eternal rest  
 For those in wedding-raiment drest,  
     With him forever reigning.  
 The more earth's fountain overflows,  
 There more my heart in longing goes.

And so I climb and pant and faint,  
 Borne on by very love's constraint,  
     God's life within me feeling;  
 Swept upward to my heavenly home  
 By forces from that world to come,  
     Faith more and more revealing;  
 My soul dissolving into love,  
 Foretasting here the joys above.

O royal table waiting there,  
 Which my dear Lord hastes to prepare,  
     Spread with undying pleasures,  
 So hold and fascinate me still,  
 Lest I be fain my soul to fill  
     From earth's poor broken treasures;  
 Their battle fought, his hosts shall be  
 His guests through all eternity.

Then, hallelujah, glory be,  
 Forevermore, O Lord, to thee,  
     From all thy saints adoring;  
 Enkindled by seraphic fires,  
 And joining the angelic choirs,  
     Their praises ceaseless pouring,  
 May we, our tongues attuned below,  
 Adore while circling ages flow.

—G. Arnold.

**MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.**

*"Mein Jesu, wie du wilt."*

MY Jesus, as thou wilt,  
 Thy will may I be willing;  
 In anguish, grief and woe,  
 My troubled spirit stilling;  
 Grant me, that everywhere,  
 My will and thine be one;  
 In life and death, thy care—  
 Thy will, O Lord, be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt,  
 Through thorns my pathway leading,  
 Let me some roses find,  
 Although my feet be bleeding;  
 If woes are me decreed,  
 Where thy dear feet have gone,  
 There let my own feet bleed—  
 My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt,  
 My eyes in tears though swimming,  
 Still let not sorrow's cloud  
 Faith's guiding star be dimming;  
 Thou hast thyself oft wept,  
 Nor did'st grief's fortune shun;  
 Hast sorrow's vigils kept—  
 My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
 Though death dear ones be taking,  
 Too much I would not grieve,  
 Nor let my heart be breaking;  
 They have, through thy rich grace,  
 Eternal glory won;  
 May I, too, see thy face—  
 My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
 Should sickness overtake me,  
 Let not the bitter cross,  
 O Lord, impatient make me;  
 Thou know'st love's healing heart,  
 Thou 'lt nothing leave undone,  
 Thy touch shall cure each smart—  
 My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
 I shall, at length, be dying;  
 I know the refuge where  
 My soul will then be flying;  
 If but that soul be hid  
 By faith in God's dear Son,  
 Of death I 'll soon be rid—  
 My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt!  
 With that I will content me;  
 Let come or grief or woe,  
 Or life or death be sent me;  
 Be not thy will deferred,  
 I 'll neither flee nor shun;  
 My last, as my first word—  
 My Lord, thy will be done!

—Schmolk.

—  
**THE YEAR AGAIN IS ENDING.**

“*Das Jahr ist nun zu Ende.*”

THE year again is ending,  
 But not, O Lord, Thy love!  
 For, blessings still descending,  
 Disclose Thy reign above.  
 Though Fortune's fane be shaking,  
 And earth from good refrains,  
 Though friends be us forsaking,  
 Thy love, O Lord, remains.

Though youth lose its attractions,  
 And manhood's strength give way,  
 Despite of all abstractions,  
 My heart on Thee I stay ;  
 Although life's day declining,  
 The evening comes apace,  
 I can be all resigning,  
 If but I see Thy face.

Although life's thread be breaking,  
 For death, though I prepare,  
 Thou wilt my soul be taking,  
 It still will be Thy care.  
 The shadows past have drifted,  
 Which fall about the grave,  
 For there Thy Cross is lifted,  
 Thou diedst there to save.

The Old Year's sins forgiven,  
 Renewed to Thee my vow,  
 Still on the path to Heaven,  
 Go Thou before me now.  
 Heal Thou my sin and sorrow,  
 Help me to faith sincere ;  
 And, if I greet the morrow,  
 Make it a glad New Year.

—C. A. Bahr.

---

**A CHILD'S PRAYER.**

THE earth has closed its weary eye,  
 Hushed all things round and still ;  
 And to my little couch I hie,  
 Of sleep to get my fill.

Go with me, wilt Thou, Lord, and set  
 An angel at the door ;  
 Nor let him once the charge forget,  
 The morning light before.

My little chamber's snug and warm,  
 My bed is soft and sweet;  
 Two angels can keep me from harm,  
 One at my head and feet.

So, in the darkness of the night,  
 And in its silence, too,  
 I may be kept from all afright,  
 And sleep the whole night through.

I thank Thee for this happy day,  
 This happy day of bliss;  
 I know not for what else to pray  
 But for a goodnight kiss.

Thou knowest what for me is best—  
 Thou truest of all friends—  
 A little wholesome childhood rest!  
 My prayer! and so it ends.

—Suggested by the German.

#### JERUSALEM, TOWN OF THE KING.

“*Jerusalem, du Königstadt.*”

JERUSALEM, town of the King,  
 Thy glories shall eternal spring  
 When others are declining ;  
 When suns and moons wane to decay,  
 And heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 Thy light shall still be shining ;  
 With morning glow, eternal town,  
 Jeweled thy walls, as though God's crown.

Twelve precious stones, in light arrayed,  
 Apostle-named, God's hand has laid,  
 To be thy sure foundation ;  
 Twelve gates of pearl, all-glorious rise,  
 To greet the rapt beholder's eyes,  
 Named for God's chosen nation ;  
 And gaze he far, and gaze he wide,  
 What wonders teem on every side !

There eye can see in cloudless light  
 Shine through those walls, as crystal bright,  
     God's mildly tempered glances:  
 While, lo, above the crystal sea,  
 The Lamb, once slain, ah! that must be,  
     The sight one's soul entrances;  
 The eyes of sin-sick mortals beam  
 With life drank from yon crystal stream.

Who dwells within this royal place,  
 Shall find laid up, his state to grace,  
     Of gold, unfading treasure;  
 Within life's stream shall freely lave,  
 Life-giving fruit shall always have,  
     And without stint or measure.  
 For paradise, this tropic land,  
 Is by celestial breezes fanned.

It is a garden, ever green,  
 Where silver waters wind serene,  
     Rich-laden trees abounding;  
 But yet it is a city still,  
 Peopled with those who do God's will,  
     High walls of gold surrounding;  
 And yet it is a home again,  
 Within, the Father's gentle reign.

It is the capital of peace,  
 Whose unshut gates give man release  
     From all his earthly burdens;  
 Whose day wilts not, that has no night,  
 Whose citizens walk in God's light,  
     And gain eternal guerdons;  
 Whose blood-washed raiment round them flows  
 As white as the undrifted snows.

O happy people of that place!  
 O noble city, noble race!  
     Were I among you seated,

My weary pilgrim pathway done,  
 My perils past; my victory won,  
 My lot here full completed!  
 There fixed my eye, I hope and wait,  
 Till I shall pass thy golden gate.

—C. G. Barth.

**AH, MY HEART, TO IT GIVE UP.**

*“Ach, mein Herze, gib dich drein.”*

AH, my heart, to it give up,  
 Take what God may foreordain thee;  
 He, who mingles sorrow's cup,  
 Can, in sorrow, still sustain thee.  
 He will right thee, tears efface,  
 And will give thee grace for grace.

Tread'st thou here a path of thorns?  
 Is thy drink with gall commingled?  
 Never God thy sorrow scorns,  
 He for thee this path has singled.  
 Only trust! When understood,  
 It is right, and it is good.

True thy God must still abide!  
 Under crosses dost thou sorrow?  
 Neath His shadow thou can'st hide,  
 Rest and trust from Him can'st borrow.  
 Nothing can that man o'erthrow,  
 Whom God cares for here below.

To God's plans thyself adjust,  
 Hoping still, and still enduring,  
 He, the Lord, who is thy trust,  
 Through these woes, thy peace securing.  
 Well He knows what is thy lot,  
 Patient suffer, murmur not.

Crowns come not till after war!  
 Still contending, still believing,  
 Jesus never stands afar;  
 Thee no power of Him bereaving.  
 Praying, suff'ring, patient, pure,  
 Thou shalt find the end secure.

—Schmolk.

**DEARER THE CHILD, THE STROKE SEVERER.**

*“Je lieber Kind, je schärfer Ruthe.”*

**D**EARER the child, the stroke severer!  
 It is God's method with His own;  
 To make our sight of Heaven clearer,  
 Love plaits for us of thorns a crown.  
 God chastened thus His only Son;  
 One not His child He lets alone.

Correction is His sure love-token,  
 The gold thus from the dross to save;  
 By shame, for glory are we broken,  
 And up to Heav'n mount from the grave.  
 The bitter tears that here annoy,  
 Make up for us God's sea of joy.

The dearest child must be attended  
 By sorrow's shadows all life long;  
 The greatest grace on him's expended  
 On whom the greatest sorrows throng.  
 And we to Heav'n who here aspire,  
 Must go through water and through fire.

With His left hand does God correct us,  
 But, still embraces with His right,  
 To drink of vinegar direct us,  
 Which nectar seems when tasted right.  
 Although the cross looks burden great,  
 He makes it of a feather's weight.

The world entire, I would not take it,  
 No earthly cares or grief to see ;  
 The cross must crush my will or break it ;  
 A child of God would better be.  
 God means it ever for my good—  
 Dearer the child, the more the rod.

--Schmolk.

---

**GOD CARES FOR ME.**

*"Gott sorgt für Mich."*

**G**OD cares for me! Should I be caring!  
 He is my Father, I'm His child;  
 He cares to-day, to-morrow sharing;  
 My pathway on to Heav'n beguiled.  
 Alone or wretched can I be?  
 He knows His own: God cares for me.

God cares for me! In Him confiding,  
 I do not fear my coming lot;  
 For, were it mine, each day's deciding,  
 He still should shape it to His thought.  
 I'm ready now, eternally!  
 He well provides: God cares for me.

Body and soul for me He's caring,  
 His Word to soul the living bread,  
 Whate'er my earthly toil or faring,  
 Still from His hand I'm daily fed.  
 Well may I trust confidingly,  
 For all is well: God cares for me.

When through the land pale Famine's stalking,  
 And men are dreading coming woe,  
 With His disciples He is walking,  
 As through the cornfields long ago.  
 Though 'tis not much, provider He,  
 He gives enough: God cares for me.

God cares for me, and for my dearest;  
 The flesh and blood that here are mine;  
 Unchanging Sun, with light Thou cheerest,  
 When hope, extinguished, gives no sign.  
 Thy footsteps on before they see,  
 My dearest ones: God cares for me.

God cares for me in my distresses;  
 The cross that He upon me lays,  
 As His own child my soul addresses,  
 And future glory round it plays.  
 The strokes that fall are fatherly,  
 And for my good: God cares for me.

God cares for me when life is waning;  
 Who holds and leads me, loves me well;  
 He hears my sighing and complaining,  
 And all my weaknesses can tell;  
 Protector tender, always He,  
 He's still the same: God cares for me.

God cares for me when I am dying;  
 And death is but sweet sleep to me;  
 Beyond earth's curse and woe and crying,  
 Asleep in Jesus I shall be—  
 To rest and reign eternally  
 I go to Him: God cares for me.

God cares for me where I am sleeping  
 In some cool spot, my dust to dust;  
 His angels o'er me ward are keeping,  
 I know, I know in whom I trust.  
 And soul and body yet shall be  
 Made one in Christ: God cares for me.

—Schmolck

## II. SECULAR.



## GERMAN-ENGLISH LYRICS.

## SECULAR.

## THE WEEPING MOTHER.

*"Starb des Kindlein."*

A BABE in death lay sleeping,  
 Alas the mother  
 Grief could not smother;  
 Was all the night, sad vigils keeping,  
 Sat all the day a-weeping, weeping.

There came a little apparition,  
 Waxen and pale;  
 And made her this petition:  
 "Mother, pray do not weep,  
 For, see, with tears you keep  
 My shroud so wet,  
 A moment's rest I cannot get."

The little speech was o'er,  
 The mother wept no more.

—*Bauernfeld.*

## CLOUDS OF EVENING.

CLOUDS see I, float in the West,  
 Clouds in shape so manifold,  
 Clouds all bathed in purest gold,  
 Which were late with shadows blending.  
 Ah! says my prophetic breast:  
 So shall all sin's shadows flee;  
 Flooded so my soul shall be,  
 When my life's sun is descending.

—*Uhland.*

**HEAVEN'S TREFOIL.**

A LITTLE dove to Heaven flew,  
And brought a trefoil the gates through.

Upon it written by God's hand,  
Three words, which all can understand.

In all the earth this trefoil grows,  
And happy who its meaning knows.

Love, faith and hope are written there,  
To keep us mortals from despair.

—*Fallersleben.*

**CHRISTINE WULPENS.\***

I WALKED in the forest in a listless mood,  
I was seeking naught there, but sweet solitude.

I spied, half hidden, a flower arise,  
It was bright as a star, as blue as blue eyes.

I stooped down to pluck it. It answered to me:  
"I shall wither to dust, if broken I be!"

I dug up its rootlets, and tenderly sought  
A garden to shield it; some sweet, quiet spot.

Again, it is planted in beauty and grace,  
It is blushing again, up into my face.

—*Goethe.*

\*The name of Goethe's wife.

**TEARS AND FLOWERS.**

THE tears which here are flowing  
 In this dark world below,  
 At night, an angel bears them  
 Above earth's hills of snow.

It is so far to Heaven,  
 And tears so heavy be,  
 That many a tear is dropping  
 Back to the deep, deep sea.

But when to earth descending,  
 A gathered tear-drop goes,  
 It blooms a thing of beauty,  
 A snow-white lily blows.

Perhaps a lily blossoms,  
 On earth there blooms a flower,  
 As I from home an exile,  
 Have wept this twilight hour.

—Anon.

**AFTER SNOW.**

AFTER snow, after snow,  
 Do the sweet-breathed violets blow;  
 Then grim winter is departing,  
 And the em'rald clover starting:  
 While the lark mounts high, you know,  
 After snow.

As God will, as God will!  
 Be it mine but to hold still;  
 Should the clouds above me thicken,  
 Rain will but the grasses quicken,  
 And God's treasure-houses fill:  
 As God will.

Hush my heart! hush my heart!  
 Ease must interchange with smart;  
 Though thick troubles now enfold thee,  
 Let sweet trust in God uphold thee;  
 Look above; 'tis faith's high art:  
 Hush, my heart.

—*Anon.*

---

**HAIL TO THEE, SCHILLER.**

**H**AIL to thee, Schiller, from glory descending!  
 Our hearts full of thanks, we greet thee to-day;  
 Here, round thine image, our glad voices blending,  
 We bring thee our off'ring, our festival lay.  
 Of Germany's sons, the noblest we own thee,  
 And wreathing our song and green laurel-branch crown thee.

Still to this day, as when thou wert living,  
 Thou art Fatherland's boast in story and song:  
 On glory's Parnassus, in raiment light-giving,  
 The brightest to her, of all the bright throng.  
 The forms of true beauty shall leave her, O never,  
 Till Time the sweet chords thou hast struck shall dis sever.

The works of thy genius were wrought for far ages,  
 And will live until Time shall cease its long flight;  
 To the last generation, the study of sages,  
 To the last generation, fruit plucked with delight.  
 The works of thy genius shall linger immortal,  
 Since spirit ne'er crosses the sepulchre's portal.

Things high and things deep, far, far have they sounded,  
 Things pure and things true and noble thou'st taught;  
 Beyond Fatherland, their limit unbounded,  
 Like light have they gone on the wings of thy thought.  
 Old ocean himself in vain tries to hold thee,  
 Since all the wide world rises up to enfold thee.

When Fatherland Freedom's fair temple shall build her,  
 Our dear German Fatherland, so free and so brave,  
 Where thousands unborn their homage shall yield her,  
 Her gate inscribed SCHILLER that temple shall have.  
 And there, laurel-decked, thine image enshrining,  
 The sun of thy genius for aye shall be shining.

In one, thy dear name, FREDERICK SCHILLER, shall bind us,  
 Who in North and in South were sundered apart;  
 To-day we are Germans, past contentions behind us;  
 German brothers to each, since brother thou art;  
 To-day, we are strong in one bond that unites us;  
 We are strong and content in one Land that delights us.

—*From the German.*

---

**LENORA.**

LENORA rose, one morning red,  
 From bitter, bitter dreaming,  
 "Art thou untrue, Wilhelm, or dead?  
 Thine absence so ill-seeming."  
 In Frederic's army he had fought,  
 At Prague to bloody battle brought:  
 And she, neglected, waiting,  
 His life and death debating.

Fred'ric the king and Austria's queen  
 Of fighting had grown weary.  
 They thought to make all things serene,  
 And end war's horrors dreary.  
 The soldiers came home singing songs,  
 With drums and bugles, noisy throngs;  
 In green their hats and blouses,  
 To greet their maids and spouses.

And out they poured from everywhere,  
 O'er bridges and through passes:  
 The old and young, the foul and fair,  
 Wives, mothers, and sweet lasses.

Thank God! the wives and children cried:  
 And welcome! many a chosen bride;  
     Alas for poor Lenora,  
     No lover beamed before her.

In vain along the ranks so brave,  
     She went, his fate inquiring;  
 For none the wished-for answer gave;  
     The news she was desiring.  
 All past had gone the troops so fair,  
 When down she tore her raven hair;  
     And on the ground in sadness,  
     Moaned, raving in half madness.

“Have mercy, God, on her and me!”  
     Her mother cried, beholding,  
 “My darling child, what aileth thee !”  
     Her to her bosom folding.  
 “O mother, mother, gone is gone,  
 With earthly things I'm done, I'm done,  
     For God has no compassion,  
     To rob me in such fashion.”

“Help, God, O help, be gracious still!  
     Say, child, a pater-noster:  
 He has but done His holy will,  
     Do not such madness foster.”  
 “O mother, mother, vain prayer's spell,  
 Say not that God 's to me done well,  
     No help has come from praying,  
     And pater-noster saying.”

“Help, God, O help!” in prayer she bent;  
     “Thy children need thee often;  
 The holy, holy sacrament  
     Will surely thy heart soften.”  
 “O mother, mother, grace is spent;  
 No help is in the sacrament;  
     No rites unto the living,  
     Can back their dead be giving.”

“ Child, grieve no more for this false man  
 Who 's wed some maid Hungarian;  
 Or perjured lives beneath God's ban,  
 In distant lands Bavarian;  
 For vain the oath to you he swore,  
 And false his tryst forevermore;  
 And woe will sure befall him,  
 When death to God shall call him.”

“ O mother, mother, gone is gone.  
 Forsaken is forsaken;  
 And death alone I 'm doting on;  
 In birth why did I waken?  
 Go out, forever out, life's light,  
 Extinct, extinct, in woe and blight;  
 In God is no salvation,  
 But only deep damnation.”

“ Help, God, help and Judge her not,  
 The child is sick and raving;  
 What she has said was not her thought,  
 Forgive her ill-behaving.  
 Dear child, thine earthly loss forget,  
 On God and Heaven thy heart be set;  
 So shall the wounds have healing,  
 Made by this' wretch unfeeling.”

“ O mother, Heaven 's to me no bliss,  
 And what to me hell's horror?  
 With him, with him all woe I miss,  
 Without him, all woe borrow.  
 Go out, my life, forever out,  
 Extinct, extinct in night and drought;  
 No happiness from him asunder,  
 In this world or in yonder.”

So widely through her brain and sense  
 Blasphemous thoughts were raging;  
 So fought she with God's providence,  
 No power her grief assuaging!

She wrung her hands, her breast made bare,  
 Until the sun was setting there,  
 And all the stars came driven  
 Into the vault of Heaven.

But hark! without, 'tis clack, clack, clack,  
 As though horse hoofs were sounding,  
 And then they clatter up the track,  
 Against the walls resounding.  
 And hark! ay, hark! a single ring,  
 So soft and slow, a ding-a-ling;  
 And through the latticed shutter,  
 These words a voice doth utter:

“Hulloa, Hulloa, rouse up, my child,  
 Art waking or art sleeping?  
 Art from thy love to me beguiled?  
 Art laughing or art weeping?”

“O Wilhelm, thou so late at night!  
 I've wept and watched from eve till light,  
 And grieved at thy long hiding;  
 Whence com'st thou thus far riding?”

“I saddled horse at black midnight,  
 I've rode from far Bohemia;  
 I started late, but here alight  
 From sorrow to redeem ye.”

“O Wilhelm, first some shelter find,  
 The hawthorn shivers in the wind;  
 Within could I but charm thee,  
 In long embrace I'd warm thee.”

“The hawthorn shivers, yes, I heed!  
 Let not my ride miscarry;  
 He champs his bit and stamps, my steed,  
 I durst not longer tarry.  
 Give me thy hand and make one spring,  
 Thee on my courser I will swing;  
 A hundred leagues thee bearing,  
 Thou shalt my couch be sharing.

"To share thy bridal couch this night  
 A hundred leagues thou'lt bear me—  
 Another stroke will bring midnight—  
 To such wild flight dost dare me?"  
 "But look, dear, look? the bright, bright moon;  
 I and the dead make journeys soon;  
 This very night I'll take thee  
 Where nuptial joys shall wake thee."

"Where is the little chamber, then,  
 For bride that is soft lying?"  
 "Far, far from here, but cool and clean  
 For thy sweet occupying."  
 "Hast room for me; for thee and me?"  
 "Come, dress thyself, mount instantly:  
 The wedding guests await us,  
 Nor let delay belate us."

She girds her waist and nimbly springs  
 Upon the steed behind him;  
 Her lily arms around him flings,  
 Close to her heart to bind him.  
 And whirring, skurring, hop, hop, hop,  
 They into furious gallop drop,  
 The horse and rider snorting,  
 And sparks and stones disporting.

How flew to right and flew to left,  
 The hedge, the trees, the mountain;  
 How flew apart, as though wedge-cleft,  
 Town, village, hamlet, fountain.  
 "Love, art afraid? bright shines the moon;  
 Hurrah! the dead make journeys soon:  
 Art timid, love, art weeping?  
 The dead far off are sleeping."

On right and left as forth they speed,  
 They see the scene dividing;  
 The hill, the vale, the heath, the mead;  
 Bridge thunders 'neath their riding.

“Art thou afraid? how bright the moon;  
Hurrah! the dead make journeys soon.  
Dost fear the dead? art weeping?  
The dead afar are sleeping.”

What clangor 's this that greets the ear?  
The raven's croaking solemn;  
And tolling bells and wailings drear,  
And priests in chanting column.  
The dead they bear in fun'ral train;  
The pall, the coffin, and the wain;  
Along grief's pathway dreary,  
They chant the miserere.

“At midnight lay ye in the tomb  
The corpse that here ye carry;  
Make way, and give my fair bride room,  
And come and see us marry.  
Come sexton here, come with the choir,  
A wedding-hymn is my desire:  
Thou priest, a blessing say us,  
Ere on our couch we lay us.”

The dirge is hushed, and left the bier,  
The bridegroom's call obeying;  
As bridal guests they all appear,  
No more the pair delaying;  
But onward, faster, hop, hop, hop,  
They into furious gallop drop,  
The steed and rider snorting,  
And sparks and stones disporting.

Lo there, lo there, on gallows trees,  
The moon upon them glancing,  
The dead are whirling in the breeze,  
The dead, the dead are dancing.  
“Ho, ho! ye rabble, here, come here;  
With dance our bridal night to cheer;  
Around in figures wheeling,  
While to the church we're stealing.”

The rabble heed him; hush, hush, hush!  
 And join the mad, mad bustle;  
 As tempest through the hazel bush,  
 They speed with rush and rustle.  
 And onward, onward, hop, hop, hop,  
 The into furious gallop drop;  
 The steed and rider snorting,  
 And sparks and stones disporting.

Beneath, beneath the round, round moon,  
 All things fly fast and faster;  
 As though from out the midnight's noon  
 The stars fall in disaster.  
 "Art timid, love? bright shines the moon,  
 We and the dead make journeys soon.  
 Art timid, love? art weeping?  
 Far off the dead are sleeping."

"My courser black, the cock I hear;  
 Night's last sand sure is running;  
 My courser black, morn's scent is near,  
 The day we must be shunning.  
 Our race at length's complete;  
 Here lies our nuptial bed so sweet;  
 The dead how fast their riding;  
 Our place this of abiding."

Up to an iron gate he rode,  
 His crow-black courser reining,  
 As though it were his own abode;  
 More than slight touch disdain-  
 The doors flew back with whirring sound,  
 And grave on grave lay ranged around;  
 The moon down brightly shining,  
 And many a shaft outlining.

Hulloa, see there! quick as a flash,  
 A horrid, horrid, wonder!  
 The rider's doublet downward dash,  
 And piecemeal fall asunder,

And look! his head! see there, see there,  
 A naked skull without a hair,  
 A skeleton unmasked unfolding,  
 The scythe and hour-glass holding.

The black steed pranced, the black steed neighed,  
 Fire from his nostrils breathing;  
 Began to sink, began to fade,  
 Him flame and smoke enwreathing;  
 A peal of thunder in the sky,  
 And from the depths arose a cry.  
 Lenora's heart fast beating,  
 And thus her sad fate meeting.

The dead danced there beneath the moon,  
 Their spectral circles rounding;  
 And wheeled and turned to fit the tune,  
 This doleful chant resounding;  
 "Be patient, though thy heart should break:  
 Blaspheme not God, His wrath to wake;  
 Thy body, earth has won it;  
 Thy soul, God's mercy on it."

—*Burger.*

---

#### THE NIOBE OF NATIONS.

THE boat tugs at the rusty chain,  
 Flutters the sail, and creaks the rudder;  
 The fisher boy is through his pain,  
 His father dead with throe and shudder;  
 For Irish fish is some lord's fish,  
 The richest hauls, he's sure to snatch them,  
 Though empty stands the peasant's dish,  
 And starving die the men who catch them.

What gath'ring sounds are these I hear?  
 What lowing loud, what Babel bleating?  
 Ah! men in rags, to harbor near  
 Are driving herds for foreign eating.

For Irish meat is some lord's meat,  
 Though Irish folk be sick and starving;  
 Who thinks him there on Downing Street,  
 Of hungry mouths, if he's good carving?

The Irish landlords have enough,  
 Nor ever is their larder scanty;  
 For horn of cow or bullock rough,  
 Is still to them a horn of plenty.  
 In London or in Paris, they,  
 Their gold heaped up on gaming-tables,  
 Still madly drink and madly play,  
 While peasants die, like flies 'round stables.

Holloa, holloa! Green Erin's chase!  
 Go in, her son! poor idle dreamer!  
 For piles of venison must grace  
 The hold and prow of the next steamer.  
 For Irish game is some lord's game,  
 On this the game-laws guard encroaching;  
 The starving peasant dies the same;  
 God help! no strength has he for poaching.

His lordship cares for stag and ox—  
 Let peasants starve, if they but fatten!  
 Let no man drain morass or bogs,  
 For there the wild-duck loves to batten,  
 Let wild-goose haunt the shady fen,  
 And fly, in flocks, securely over;  
 Ay, leave the grass for water-hen,  
 Nor scare from nest the golden plover.

God cursed the land—for English lords!  
 Made swamp and waste, four million acres;  
 Morass and bog, which no man fords—  
 The fault, of course, is all man's Maker's;  
 For Irish land is some lord's land;  
 So stands the mother, wildly wailing,  
 And begs a pittance from your hand,  
 To shroud the babe, cured of its ailing.

Thus moves the curse, by day, by night,  
 As when the distant thunder rumbles;  
 The west-wind brings to one the blight;  
 Connaught to Leinster speaks in grumbles.  
 'Tis weak, like some expiring groan,  
 Which death-struck soul for mercy utters;  
 A cry of want, a hunger-moan,  
 A cry of death, pale Erin utters.

O Erin! on her knees she grieves,  
 Emaciate, pale, her locks wild-flying;  
 And sprinkles withered shamrock leaves  
 Upon the bier of her sons dying.  
 She kneels by stream, she kneels by shore,  
 On mountain-peak herself she stations;  
 Than Byron's Rome, alas, far more  
 Is she the Niobe of nations.

—*Freiligrath.*

---

#### STITCHING TAPESTRY.

ONE, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
 Stitches green; no more delay.  
 Fast my needle must be driven,  
 Fast comes round his next birthday.  
 In the canvas I must stitch them,  
 Now the flow'r and then the leaf:  
 Ah! my tears, they oft bewitch them:  
 Stitching is my one relief.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
 Green as rose-leaf on the tree.  
 Late I stood here, loving, living—  
 Ah! for man's inconstancy!  
 Hope, the language of the color,  
 Sweeter life grew, day by day,  
 Now I better like a duller—  
 Yes, thou false thread, go away.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
 Blue, thou thread, as sky is blue;  
 Up the false one must be given,  
 Yet, he looked so grand and true!  
 Thou wert once love's fairest token,  
 When his blue eyes fell on me,  
 But his plighted troth he's broken—  
 Off, thou blue, how I hate thee.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
 Red I take, as rose can be;  
 He for whom my heart is grieving,  
 Red-rose lips are thine, wrote he;  
 Long ago, the note dismembered,  
 Scattered was, like leaves on snow.  
 Still, the token is remembered;  
 How could he deceive me so?

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
 Grey as twilight, seven more!  
 Ah! the twilight is from heaven,  
 And a footstep's at the door.  
 Am I sure? can I dissemble?  
 Comes he here? 'tis sweet to live!  
 Why, then, should I fear and tremble,  
 I still love him and forgive!

—*From the German.*

---

### HURRAH, GERMANIA.

HURRAH, thou matron fair and proud,  
 Hurrah, Germania!  
 Dauntless, with figure forward bowed,  
 The Rhine thou watchest there!  
 Beneath the blaze of hot July,  
 I see thy sword flash forth,  
 I see thee rise, fire in thine eye,  
 To guard each home and hearth—  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
 Hurrah, Germania!

Thou dreamed'st not of field and fight,  
 In peace, and joy, and rest,  
 Reaping thine acres, broad and bright  
 With golden harvest drest;  
 The sickles rang, the reapers sang,  
 Amidst those fields of thine,  
 When sudden, hark! it is war's clang,  
 War's bugle o'er the Rhine—  
     Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
     Hurrah, Germania!

Down goes the sickle mid the corn,  
 Down go the sheaves of wheat;  
 One instant, breathest thou in scorn,  
 Then dost thy foeman greet;  
 Com'st thou shouting out war's ban,  
 The deed, the woe, be thine;  
 Rise up, my children, ev'ry man,  
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the Rhine—  
     Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
     Hurrah, Germania!

Across the gulf, across the strait,  
 Across the German sea,  
 The Oder answers in war's gait,  
 The Elbe girt I see;  
 Neckar and Weser, swarming brood,  
 Come tumbling down the Main,  
 Forgotten is each old time feud,  
 One in her proud disdain—  
     Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
     Hurrah, Germania!

Swabian, Prussian, hand in hand,  
 One host—no North, no South—  
 What is the German's fatherland?  
 Drops now from no man's mouth;  
 One soul, one arm, one well-knit frame,  
 One will is ours, one way;

Hurrah, Germania, thou proud dame,  
 Hurrah, now dawns thy day—  
     Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
     Hurrah, Germania!

And now let come whatever may,  
 Stand fast and take war's chance;  
 This is Germania's glory-day,  
 And woe betide thee, France!  
 And woe betide that robber chief  
 Who gave to thee war's brand,  
 Who makes us draw, in wrath and grief,  
 For home, hearth, fatherland—  
     Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
     Hurrah, Germania!

For home and hearth, for wife and child,  
 For ev'ry good we prize,  
 To keep them pure and undefiled  
 From Gallic hands and eyes;  
 For German law and German tongue,  
 For German ways and art,  
 For all things sung in German song  
 To war we now depart—  
     Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
     Hurrah, Germania!

Germania, up! and God with thee!  
 To field! the die is cast;  
 Face to the foe we soon must be,  
 The life-blood flowing fast.  
 But fear thou not upon that score,  
 For glory waits thee there;  
 Great, noble, free, as ne'er before;  
 Hurrah, Germania—  
     Hurrah, Victoria!  
     Hurrah, Germania!

—*Freitagnath.*

**MARTIN LUTHER AND BUTCHER KLAUS.**

**O**N his dear Bible, day and night,  
 Great Luther plodded with his might;  
 Better he thought than tract or sermon,  
 To teach God's Book how to speak German.  
 The deeper study still he gave it,  
 The better German would he have it.  
 Until at last, the sacred stream  
 Should like some crystal current seem,  
 With German idiom, German tone  
 Flowing Life's water from God's throne;  
 Bringing His will to man so near,  
 Making His grace to man so clear,  
 As though to him it had been given  
 To bring the German straight from heaven.

This is his toil, his wish, his zeal,  
 In prayer for this he oft would kneel;  
 What seems so easy now to know,  
 What reads to thee in graceful flow,  
 Cost him, dear reader, cryings strong;  
 He sweating wrought with conflict long,  
 Forget not, now 'tis clear as day,  
 Who thus for thee broke through the way,  
 And though along so smooth you glide,  
 Just hold in check your carnal pride.

Behold him there, so patient toiling,  
 Upon the Pentateuch slow moiling;  
 Compelling dumb Leviticus  
 To speak our native tongue to us;  
 What God had said to Irsael,  
 Of flesh and blood, of oil and meal;  
 What both for food and drink was good,  
 Off'ring for sin from gratitude;  
 All written out, e'en to a hair,  
 No words too few, no words to spare,  
 The questions settled, vexing all,  
 About the liver and the caul;

About the loins, about the fat,  
 How wide was this, how long was that,  
 In homely, sturdy German word  
 As ever humblest peasant heard.  
 Long Luther thought, long Luther mused,  
 This word he took, and that refused;  
 Until, without, he heard a bleating,  
 A sheep selected for their eating,  
 Impatient stamp somewhere repeating.

Frau Katie, she with endless care  
 A well-stored larder did prepare;  
 That when from work he had subsided,  
 His food and drink should be provided;  
 And so a sheep, a young fat beast,  
 She'd purchased for an evening feast;  
 Had summoned there the butcher, too,  
 His office on the sheep to do.

The butcher carved and then dissected,  
 As of a butcher is expected?  
 While Luther said, when he was through:  
 "I should do well, although a preacher,  
 Could I but have thee as my teacher!"  
 With courage, then, the butcher said:  
 "I'm sure your meaning must be hid,  
 Sir Doctor, learned in arts of speech,  
 When Butcher Klaus can Luther teach."

"Thou call'st me Doctor! well, I am,  
 But to dissect a sheep or lamb,  
 There's scarce a doctor in the land  
 The thing, I think, can understand;  
 Though much I learned in school and college,  
 A sheep might give me some more knowledge.  
 The poorest scholar's pity wake,  
 So, as thy pupil, me just take,  
 And tell me all, as you go on,  
 Which is the spleen, and what each bone,  
 The liver, stomach, inwards show,

Repeat them till I each one know,  
 The heart, the loin, each sep'rate part,  
 Until I have them all by heart—  
 Till then I'll keep you in my house."  
 And just this thing did Butcher Klaus.

He told it all, just as he knew,  
 And Martin Luther marked it too,  
 And stood as patient and as good,  
 As at some school a pupil should.  
 And when the lesson was all done,  
 And this new knowledge he had won,  
 The butcher thanked he, and for cheer  
 Reached him a foaming glass of beer—  
 Then quick he sought the sacred book,  
 And down the very words he took,  
 All written out, e'en to a hair,  
 No word too few, no word to spare;  
 And this is why Leviticus  
 Talks such good German unto us.

—*Rudolph Hagenbach.*

—  
**THE SPINNER'S SONG.**

**W**HIRLING, whirling, whirling,  
 Twirling, twirling, twirling,  
 Little thread come fast and fine,  
 That shall weave a veil of mine,  
 And beneath it hide me.

Whirling, whirling, whirling,  
 Twirling, twirling, twirling,  
 Weaver, weave it fine and soft,  
 Shuttle, bear it oft and oft,  
 To bedeck my bridal.

Whirling, whirling, whirling,  
 Twirling, twirling, twirling,  
 In and out, white as the sea,  
 Must a maiden's bosom be,  
 If white veil become her.

Whirling, whirling, whirling,  
 Twirling, twirling, twirling,  
 White without and white within,  
 Frugal, modest, free from sin,  
 Would she grace a husband.

—*Burger.*

**SAY, WHERE ARE THE VIOLETS GONE.**

SAY, where are the violets gone,  
 Late with blue eyes glancing:  
 With their crown of beauty on,  
 By our pathway dancing?  
 Darling, ah! the spring is fled,  
 And the violets are dead.

Say, where are the roses now,  
 Late we plucked with singing:  
 From fair bosom and fair brow,  
 Their sweet fragrance flinging?  
 Maiden, ah! the summer's o'er,  
 And the roses bloom no more.

To the brook take me again,  
 That the flowers were drinking;  
 Murmuring so gently then,  
 In the valley blinking.  
 Ah! the breeze and thirsty sun  
 Have the little brook undone.

Take me then to that fair place,  
 Clad with roses clinging,  
 Where we saw each blooming face,  
 Heard such laughter ringing.  
 Wind and storm the shrine have torn;  
 It's neglected and forlorn.

Say, where is the maiden fair  
 Late the garden tending,  
 With fresh cheeks and golden hair,  
 O'er the violets bending?  
 Darling, all her beauty flies!  
 She, too, fades and droops and dies.

Say, where is the singer gone,  
 Who once sang their praises,  
 Put in verse the things now flown,  
 Treading summer's mazes?  
 Hushed, ah! hushed the singer's breath,  
 Like the rest he's cold in death.

—*From the German.*

---

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN.

HEAR, what I to you am telling,  
 'Tis *ten*, the town-clock now is knelling.  
 Pray, and to bed, I counsel you,  
 And my best wishes with you, too.  
 Sleep soft and sweet. All night there wakes  
 An eye serene, no slumber takes.

Hear, what I to you am telling,  
*Eleven* now the clock is knelling,  
 And you who still at work are sweating,  
 Or, at your games, the hour forgetting,  
 'This final warning, loud I call:  
 'Tis time for bed, high time for all.

Hear, what I to you am telling,  
 The solemn clock now *twelve* is knelling.  
 He, who still wakes at noon of night  
 With heavy heart, in sorry plight,  
 God's peace be spoken to his breast;  
 And soundly may he sink to rest.

Hear, what I to you am telling,  
 'Tis *one*, 'tis *one*, the clock is knelling.  
 Thou, who through Satan's rede and measures,  
 Art lurking round for other's treasures,  
 I will not hope that man may seize thee;  
 Go home! There's One who'll not release thee.

Hear, what I to you am telling,  
 The clock, the clock now *two* is knelling.  
 Thou, who shalt see day's glorious dawn,  
 Grief's gnawing tooth thy heart upon,  
 Poor one, God cares, be not faint-hearted,  
 His thoughts from thee have not departed.

Hear, what I to you am telling,  
 At length the town-clock *three* is knelling.  
 In East, the morning comes with gold,  
 And gladly we, the day behold.  
 Thank God! Go on in joyful mood,  
 Begin thy work, abide thou good.

—Hebel.

---

#### NEATH ROSE AND FORGETMENOT.

*"Die Mutter lehnt am schatigen Thor."*

A MOTHER leaned by a shaded gate;  
 Her daughter glowing in girlhood state,  
 Fair-haired, brought rose and forgetmenot.  
 Kissed her and spake thus her loving thought:  
 "Mother, when I shall be grown like you,  
 Within the house all the work I'll do;  
 To care for you be my only lot,  
 As now for rose and forgetmenot.

The years passed on—by the shaded gate  
 The lilac grew up so tall and great.  
 A maiden leaned on her lover's arm  
 Her heart so true, beating high and warm;

Caressed full oft on her cheek and mouth  
 Came back to her, then, her childhood sooth:  
 And she for whom was that loving thought,  
 Now slept neath rose and forgetmenot.

—*Bottger.*

— — —  
**SLEEP, NURSING, SLEEP.**

**S**LEEP, nursing, sleep!  
 Father'll keep the bleating sheep;  
 Mother'll shake the little tree,  
 That shall drop sweet dreams to thee—  
 Sleep, nursing, sleep.

Sleep, nursing, sleep!  
 Night's blue steep is full of sheep;  
 Little stars are little lambs,  
 That run skipping with their dams—  
 Sleep, nursing, sleep.

Sleep, nursing, sleep!  
 Do not peep. I'll buy a sheep,  
 With a tinkling, golden bell;  
 You shall love him long and well—  
 Sleep, nursing, sleep.

Sleep, nursing, sleep!  
 Silence keep, nor bleat like sheep;  
 Else the shepherd's dog will come,  
 Bite the naughty baby some—  
 Sleep, nursing, sleep.

Sleep, nursing, sleep!  
 Do not weep. Go keep the sheep,  
 Swarthy, little barking cur,  
 Waking baby with your stir.—  
 Sleep, nursing, sleep.

—*From the German.*

# INDEX.

## SACRED.

Bethlehem and Golgotha.....	7
One Desire Have I Above all Others.....	9
Be Joyful, all Ye Near and Far.....	10
All Hail, Thou Sacrificial Man.....	12
The Angel of Patience.....	13
An Easter Greeting.....	14
All that God Doth, He Doeth Well.....	15
O Head, all Blood, all Wounded.....	17
Heav'nward goes Our Pathway on.....	19
The Quiet Little Acre-Lot.....	20
I Hail thee, O, thou Shepherd Good.....	21
A New Year's Prayer.....	23
The Battle Song of Gustavus Adolphus.....	24
A Morning Hymn.....	25
The Night is No Man's Friend.....	26
In the Garden.....	27
Light of Lights, Enlighten Me.....	28
In Jesus' Holy Name We Stand.....	30
Weep Thou Not, God's Living Yet.....	31
The Shepherd for His Flock is Dying.....	32
A Christian, Cross-less Cannot Be.....	33
Luther's Hymn.....	35
God Lives, how can I Mournful be.....	36
My Last Will and Testament.....	37
Forbear, My Heart.....	39
Gold, Frankincense, Myrrh.....	40
God in His World.....	41
Through Trouble and Through Sorrow.....	42
The Heavenly Hymn of Angelus.....	43
Our Times, Lord, Thou Upholdest.....	46
What We Shall Be.....	48
Blessed, Blessed, Their Condition.....	50
Into Thy Father's Hands.....	51

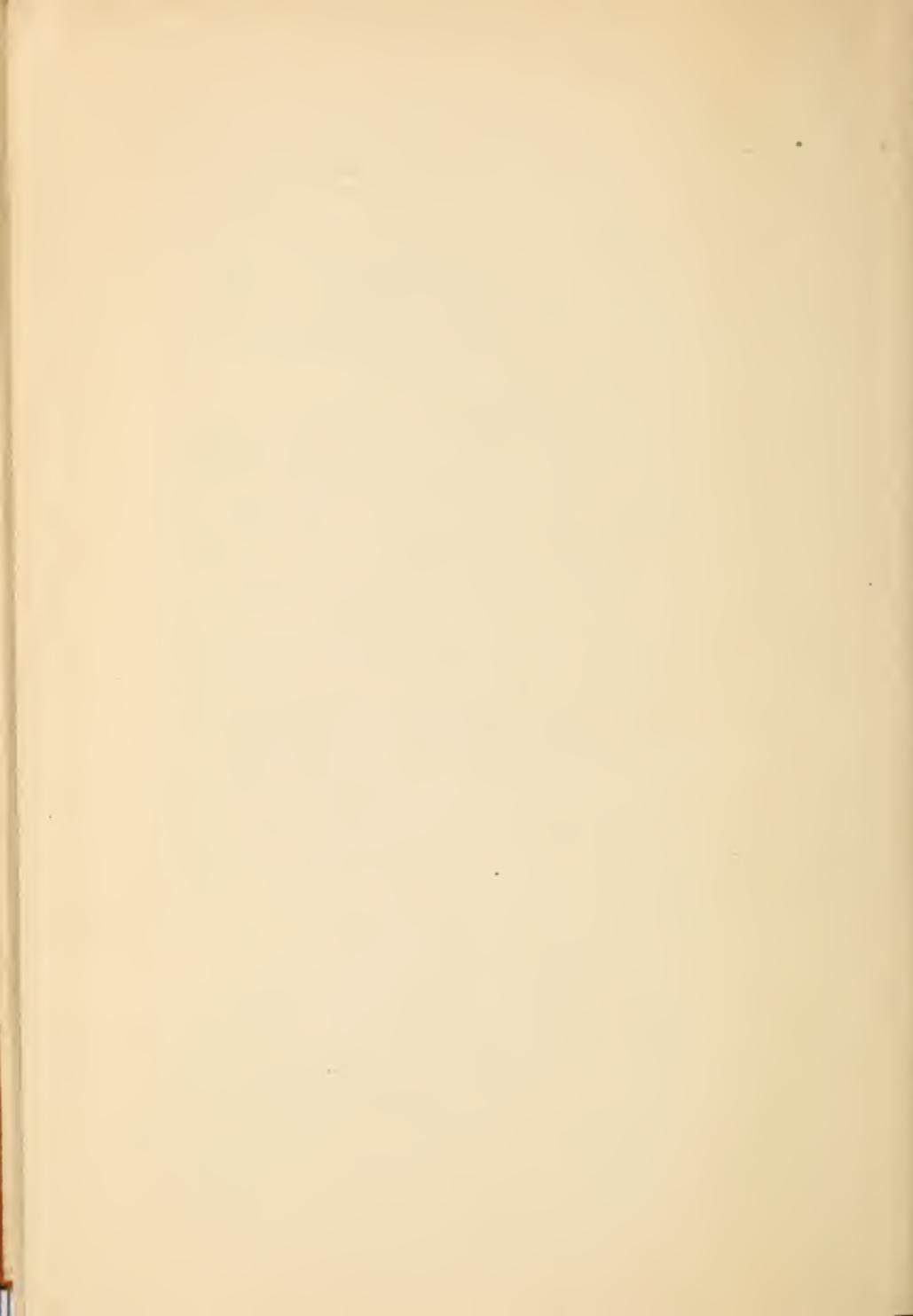
Where Can I Find the Master?.....	52
Ask, to Thee it Shall Be Given.....	53
Jerusalem, Thou Mother Town .....	54
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.....	56
The Year Again is Ending.....	57
A Child's Prayer .....	58
Jerusalem, Town of the King .....	59
Ah, My Heart, to it Give Up.....	61
Dearer the Child, the Stroke Severer.....	62
God Cares for Me.....	63

---

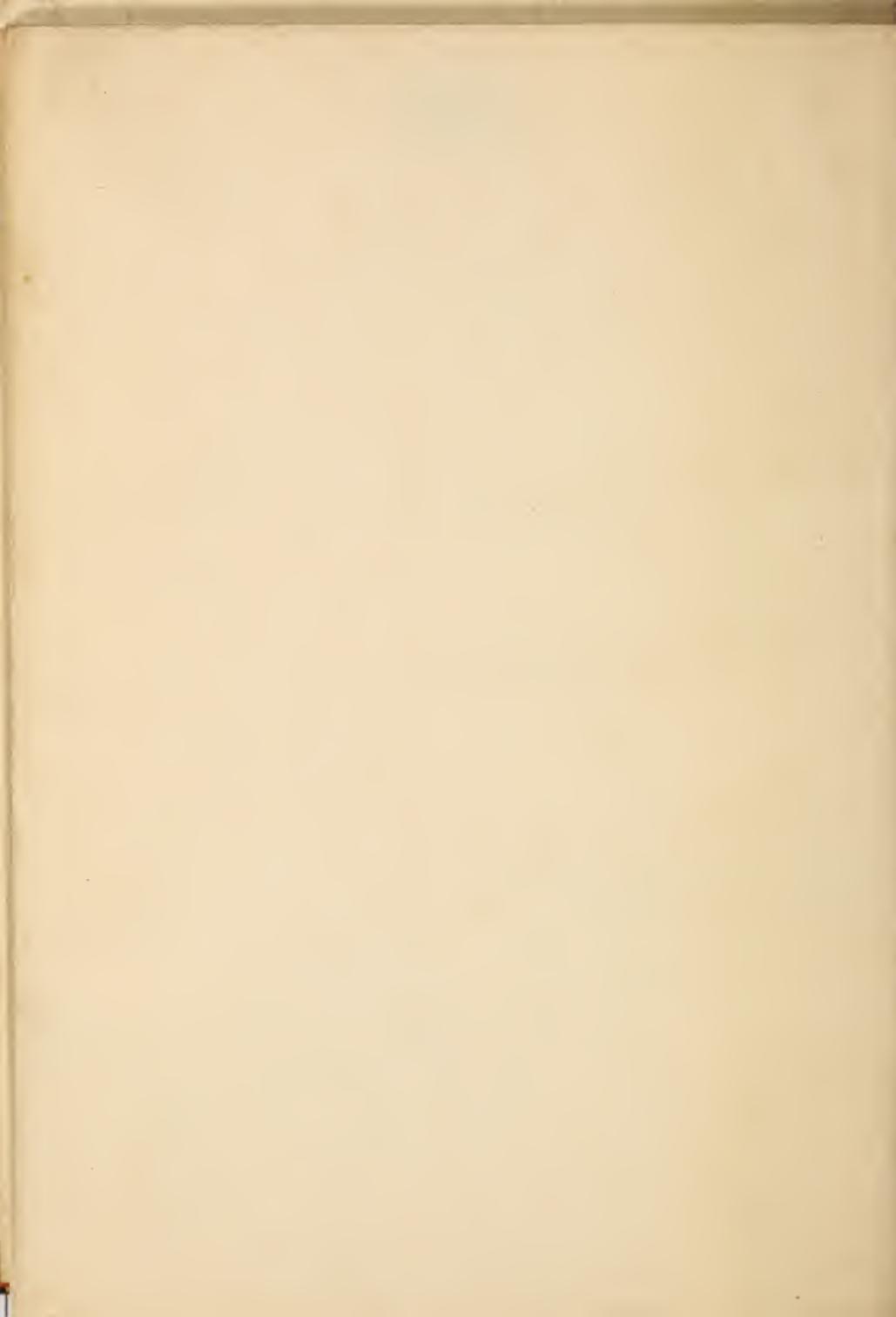
SECULAR.

The Weeping Mother .....	67
Clouds of Evening.....	67
Heaven's Trefoil .....	68
Christine Wulpens.....	68
Tears .....	69
After Snow.....	69
Hail to Thee, Schiller .....	70
Lenora.....	71
The Niobe of Nations .....	78
Stitching Tapestry.....	80
Hurrah, Germania.....	81
Martin Luther and Butcher Klaus .....	84
The Spinner's Song.....	86
Say, Where are the Violets Gone.....	87
The German Watchman .....	88
Neath Rose and Forgetmenot.....	89
Sleep, Nursling, Sleep .....	90









Jan 7  
1903

