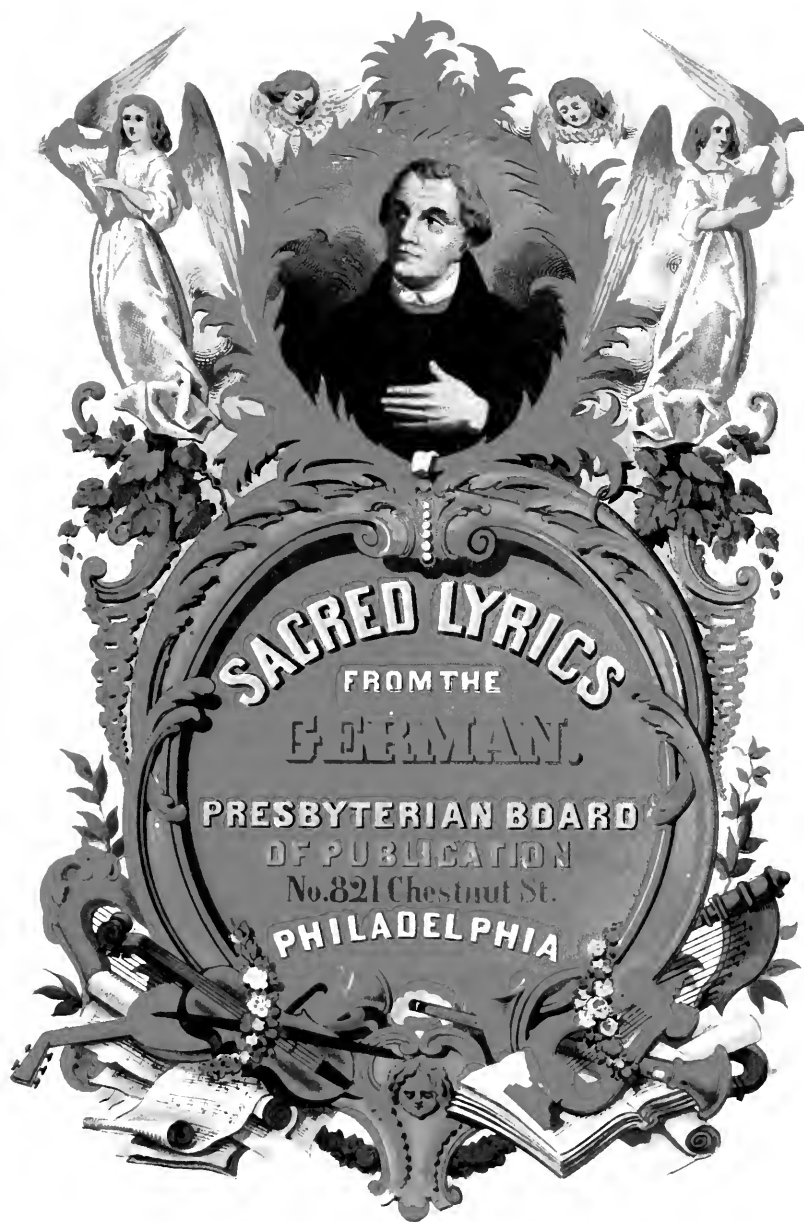


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SACRED LYRICS

FROM THE GERMAN.

Dear Christian people, all rejoice,
Each soul with joy upspringing;
Pour forth one song with heart and voice,
With love and gladness singing.

Luther.



Philadelphia:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,
NO. 821 CHESTNUT STREET.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE devotional Lyrics of Germany have a pathos and unction which are peculiarly grateful to the Christian heart. Those especially which were written in the better days of the German Church, before the wide diffusion of rationalism, are often expressive of the best and holiest emotions, and are well adapted to awaken responsive feelings in those who have participated in the renewing grace of God. In the rich language in which they were originally conceived and expressed, they possess a force which is not easily retained in a translation. It is to be hoped, however, that in the selection which is here presented, some of their original beauty and fervour will be seen and appreciated.

The translations are by different hands, and are more or less literal in the rendering. The compiler has freely availed himself of the various sources within his reach : The *Lyra Germanica*, by Catherine Winkworth, has furnished a number ; *Hymns from the Land of Luther* has contributed a less number ; the *Horæ Germanicæ*, by the Rev. Henry Mills, D.D., an American publication, has been drawn upon

liberally, by the kind permission of the author; and several have been selected from the *Voice of Christian Life in Song*. Besides these, acknowledgments are due to the Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, the Rev. Charles W. Shields, and the Rev. Robinson P. Dunn, for several which will be distinguished by their respective names. A number also have been gathered from periodicals, the names of the translators not being known.

The compiler might readily have increased the number of the selections, but the design was to make a volume of moderate dimensions and price, which would more certainly circulate. In its present form it is commended to Christian readers, in the hope that it may serve to enkindle their devotion and strengthen their graces.

For the sake of those who understand, or who are studying, the language in which these Lyrics were composed, and have not access to the sources whence they are derived, we have thrown into an Appendix a few of them, in their beautiful native dress, by way of specimen. They are chiefly extracted from that treasure-house of German Hymnology, "KNAPP'S LIEDERSCHATZ."

THE EDITOR OF THE BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| God liveth ever..... | 1 |
| The God of nature and of grace..... | 4 |
| God in all things..... | 8 |
| The Trinity..... | 10 |
| The word of God..... | 12 |
| Care for the soul..... | 14 |
| Eternity..... | 16 |
| Christ is all..... | 20 |
| Redemption..... | 22 |
| Christ's coming..... | 24 |
| Turning to the Cross..... | 27 |
| The Holy Spirit..... | 30 |
| Christ's presence..... | 32 |
| The Christian's hope..... | 35 |
| Pilgrimage of life..... | 37 |
| The chief good..... | 40 |
| A song of praise for the Gospel..... | 43 |
| The love of God..... | 46 |
| God with me..... | 47 |
| Light in darkness..... | 49 |
| Let me find thee..... | 50 |
| My Father is the mighty Lord..... | 52 |
| The Lamb of God..... | 54 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| The father-land..... | 58 |
| The believer's conflict..... | 59 |
| Suffering with Christ..... | 61 |
| The sympathy of Jesus..... | 62 |
| In God is our strength..... | 66 |
| Weep not..... | 69 |
| Arise..... | 71 |
| Thy will be done..... | 73 |
| Here is my heart..... | 76 |
| The angel of patience..... | 79 |
| The Crucified..... | 80 |
| Looking unto Jesus..... | 83 |
| Commit thy way to God..... | 85 |
| Welcome to Christ..... | 89 |
| God to be trusted..... | 91 |
| Christian conflict..... | 94 |
| Hope in God's mercy..... | 96 |
| The mercy of God..... | 97 |
| O sacred head..... | 100 |
| Fruits of godly sorrow..... | 104 |
| Home..... | 108 |
| The nativity of Christ..... | 109 |
| Be thou content..... | 110 |
| I will not let thee go..... | 112 |
| Hope in God..... | 113 |
| Tears of Jesus..... | 115 |
| The pure in heart..... | 117 |
| Pilgrim song..... | 120 |
| Rejoice..... | 123 |
| Longing for Jesus..... | 125 |
| God our defence..... | 127 |
| The loss of pious friends..... | 129 |
| God is my light..... | 131 |
| The Cross..... | 133 |
| Christian's estimate of the world..... | 136 |

CONTENTS.

vii

| | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| One thing is needful..... | 139 |
| Christian thanksgiving..... | 142 |
| Trust in God..... | 146 |
| In thee I triumph..... | 148 |
| The cure of sorrow..... | 150 |
| It is not dying | 153 |
| God's presence..... | 155 |
| Submission..... | 156 |
| That land..... | 159 |
| On Alpine heights..... | 160 |
| Our little church..... | 162 |
| Morning Hymn..... | 164 |
| God with us..... | 166 |
| Remember me..... | 167 |
| My God, I know that I must die..... | 170 |
| A Mother's prayer in the night..... | 172 |
| The long goodnight..... | 174 |
| Repentance..... | 176 |
| Conscience appeased..... | 178 |
| Hope in God's mercy..... | 181 |
| Christ our Rock..... | 183 |
| Passing away..... | 186 |
| Casting our cares on God..... | 188 |
| There remaineth a rest..... | 191 |
| Sickness..... | 194 |
| Heavenward journey..... | 197 |
| Death made welcome..... | 199 |
| Support in death..... | 201 |
| The pious dead..... | 203 |
| Christian's view of Eternity..... | 204 |
| The quiet hoping heart..... | 207 |
| The redeemed..... | 209 |
| The resurrection..... | 212 |
| The day of judgment..... | 215 |
| The joys of Heaven..... | 216 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Morning Hymn..... | 219 |
| Evening Hymn..... | 221 |
| Funeral Hymn..... | 224 |
| Ah! grieve not so..... | 226 |
| The communion of saints..... | 228 |
| Joys to come..... | 231 |
| A morning song of gladness..... | 233 |
| The remembrance..... | 234 |
| Tho Deliverer from bondage..... | 236 |
| The holiness of God brought near to man in Christ..... | 239 |
| Appendix..... | 241 |

INDEX.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| A gentle Angel walketh throughout a world of woe..... | 79 |
| Ah! grieve not so, nor so lament..... | 226 |
| A Lamb goes uncomplaining forth..... | 54 |
| All must die! there's no redemption..... | 199 |
| Arise ye longing saints, arise..... | 71 |
| As a bird in meadows fair..... | 233 |
| A stronghold firm, a trusty shield..... | 127 |
| Attend, O Lord, my daily toil..... | 155 |
| Behold me here, in grief draw near..... | 50 |
| Be thou content; be still before..... | 110 |
| Can I this world esteem..... | 136 |
| Come, brothers, let us onward..... | 120 |
| Come forth, come on, with solemn song..... | 224 |
| Cometh sunshine after rain..... | 150 |
| Commit thy way unto the Lord..... | 85 |
| Couldst thou inherit life with Christ on high..... | 61 |
| Darkness reigns—the hum of life's commotion..... | 172 |
| Dear Christian people, all rejoice..... | 43 |
| Dear Saviour, when I here am blest..... | 35 |
| Down in a gloomy dell..... | 108 |
| Dread Majesty above..... | 4 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Eternity! Eternity!..... | 16 |
| Flow, my' tears, flow still faster..... | 80 |
| For help, Oh whither shall I flee?..... | 59 |
| From deep distress to thee I pray..... | 181 |
| Go and dig my grave to-day..... | 186 |
| God liveth ever..... | 1 |
| God is my light!—never my soul despair..... | 131 |
| God! whom I as Love have known..... | 194 |
| God with us! Immanuel!..... | 166 |
| Greater the cross, the nearer heaven..... | 133 |
| Heavenward doth our journey tend..... | 197 |
| Here is my heart!—my God, I give it thee..... | 76 |
| How shall I meet thee? how my heart..... | 24 |
| How weary and how worthless this life at times appears..... | 49 |
| I am redeemed!—the purchase of that blood..... | 22 |
| If thou, true Life, wilt in me live..... | 20 |
| I journey forth rejoicing..... | 174 |
| I'm but a weary pilgrim here..... | 204 |
| I now have found, for hope of heaven..... | 97 |
| I now have found the Rock of ages..... | 183 |
| I trust the Lord upon his word..... | 12 |
| I will not let thee go; thou help in time of need..... | 112 |
| Jesus, Jesus, visit me..... | 125 |
| Jesus, my eternal trust..... | 212 |
| Know ye the land—on earth 'twere vainly sought..... | 58 |
| Leave all to God..... | 146 |
| Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates..... | 89 |
| Lord, on the soul's enduring worth..... | 14 |
| Lord! thy death and passion give..... | 27 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Most high and holy Trinity..... | 10 |
| My Father is the mighty Lord, whose arm..... | 52 |
| My God! lo! here before thy face..... | 91 |
| My God, I know that I must die..... | 170 |
| My God with me in every place..... | 47 |
| My Jesus, as thou wilt!..... | 73 |
| My life is but a pilgrim-stand..... | 37 |
| No, no, it is not dying..... | 153 |
| Nothing fair on earth I see..... | 8 |
| Not in anger smite us, Lord..... | 96 |
| Now rest the woods again..... | 221 |
| Now the cruceible is breaking..... | 104 |
| O Christ! how good and fair..... | 216 |
| O Friend of souls, how well is me..... | 148 |
| Oh! how blessed faithful souls are ye..... | 203 |
| Oh! how blessed are ye, saints forgiven..... | 228 |
| Oh! how could I forget him..... | 234 |
| O holy Light, of light engendered..... | 164 |
| Oh! only see how sweetly there..... | 162 |
| Oh that I had a thousand voices..... | 142 |
| O mighty Spirit! Source whence all things sprung..... | 239 |
| On Alpine heights the love of God is shed..... | 160 |
| Once more from rest I rise again..... | 219 |
| One thing is needful! let me deem..... | 139 |
| O Sacred Head, now wounded..... | 100 |
| O silent Lamb! for me thou hast endured..... | 83 |
| Out of the depths I cry to thee..... | 113 |
| O watchman, will the night of sin..... | 32 |
| Pure Essence! Spotless fount of Light..... | 117 |
| Rejoice, all ye believers..... | 123 |
| Remember me, my God, remember me..... | 167 |
| Repent! nor still delay..... | 123 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Strive, when thou art called of God..... | 94 |
| There is a land where beauty will not fade..... | 159 |
| Thou deep abyss of blessed love..... | 46 |
| Thou weepest o'er Jerusalem..... | 115 |
| Thou who lovest us as a father..... | 30 |
| Thus said the Lord, "Thy days of health are over"..... | 156 |
| Weep not,—Jesus lives on high..... | 69 |
| Whate'er my God ordains is right..... | 207 |
| What meanest thou, my soul..... | 178 |
| What within me and without..... | 188 |
| When now the solemn hour is nigh..... | 201 |
| When the solid earth is quaking..... | 215 |
| Who are those before God's throne..... | 209 |
| Who seeks in weakness an excuse..... | 66 |
| Why weepest thou? The bodies of the just..... | 129 |
| Will not that joyful be..... | 231 |
| Within me, Lord, thou hast implanted..... | 40 |
| Yes, there remaineth yet a rest..... | 191 |

Sacred Lyrics from the German.

GOD LIVETH EVER.

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !

Our God is good ; in every place

His love is known, his help is found,

His mighty arm, and tender grace

Bring good from ills that hem us round.

Easier than we think can he

Turn to joy our agony.

Soul, remember 'mid thy pains,

God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !

Say, shall He slumber, shall he sleep,

Who gave the eye its power to see ?

Shall He not hear his children weep
Who made the ear so wondrously ?
God is God ; he sees and hears
All their troubles, all their tears.
Soul, forget not 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !
He who can earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love him, he will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !
Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly
To Him where only rest is sweet ;
Thy God is great, his mercy nigh,
His strength upholds the tottering feet.
Trust him, for his grace is sure,
Ever doth his truth endure ;
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !

O my Soul, despair thou never !
When sins and follies long forgot
Upon thy tortured conscience prey,
O come to God, and fear him not,
His love shall sweep them all away.
Pains of hell, at look of his,
Change to calm content and bliss.
Soul, forget not in thy pain,
God o'er all doth ever reign.

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
God gently to his bosom takes,
And bids them all his fulness know.
In thy sorrows' swelling flood
Own His hand who seeks thy good.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !
Let earth and heaven outworn with age,
Sink to the chaos whence they came ;
Let angry foes against us rage,
Let hell shoot forth his fiercest flame ;

Fear not Death, nor Satan's thrusts,
God defends who in him trusts;
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

ZIHN. 1682.

THE GOD OF NATURE AND OF GRACE.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

DREAD Majesty above!
Of prayer none else is worthy:
The angels near thy throne
With reverence bow before thee:

In love and humble faith
Make thou our souls sincere,
That we may seek thy face
With thanks and holy fear.

Thou art the highest good,
To every ill a stranger ;
Thy bliss, complete in thee,
Of change can fear no danger :
All glory too is thine,
Nor creatures, great or small,
Thy glory can increase,
Great Maker, Lord of all.

Thou callest what was not
To life and conscious pleasure ;
And beings round thee spread
In numbers out of measure :
Thy nature all is love,
And works of boundless skill
Unceasingly employed,
Thy schemes of love fulfil.

Thou speakest, and 'tis done ;
When but thy word was given,
The frame of nature rose—
The earth and starry heaven.

Thy will throughout the world
Such deeds of power show,
As creatures else would think
Beyond all power to do.

Thou art the Lord of lords ;
And earthly kings, the highest,
Before thee are but dust,
Thou all their strength suppliest.
Whose pride thou wouldst depress,
Who longer can sustain ?
But, whom thou wilt exalt,
Shall envied glory gain.

'Tis thine alone, to live
And reign supreme for ever.
Life 's thine to give or take,
We breathe but by thy favour.
The soul that rules in us
We have, Most High, from thee ;
Were such thy will, it dies,
But thou must ever be.

Thee—who has ever seen ?
Who can in flesh behold thee ?
No mortal eye could bear
The splendors that infold thee,

Where thou, in glory throned,
Inhabitest the praise
Which angels, evermore,
In songs of rapture raise.

What we, immortal King,
Are of thy nature knowing,
Thou hast thyself revealed,
Thy works and counsels showing.
Creation speaks thy power,
More clearly still thy Son
Displays thy wondrous grace,
And makes the Godhead known.

Yet, what we learn of thee
With shadows here is shrouded ;
But soon we hope a light
And vision all unclouded,
When we to GOD shall come,
No shade or veil between ;
And there his glory see,
As we ourselves are seen.

Meantime would we below
Ne'er cease our honours bringing ;
Despise not, LORD, the praise
Our stammering tongues are singing :

When we shall rise to thee
In realms of light above,
In higher, nobler strains,
We'll sing the God of love.

J. S. DIETERICH, died 1797.

GOD IN ALL THINGS.

Keine Schönheit hat die Welt.

Nothing fair on earth I see
But I straightway think on thee;
Thou art fairest in my eyes,
Source in whom all beauty lies!

When I see the reddening dawn
And the golden sun of morn,
Quickly turns this heart of mine
To thy glorious form divine.

Oft I think upon thy light
When the grey morn breaks the night;
Think, what glories lie in thee,
Light of all Eternity!

When I see the moon arise
'Mid Heaven's thousand golden eyes,
Then I think, more glorious far
Is the Maker of yon star.

Or I think in spring's sweet hours,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied hues I see,
What must their Creator be!

When along the brook I wander,
Or beside the fountain ponder,
Straight my thoughts take wing and mount
Up to thee, the purest Fount.

Sweetly sings the nightingale,
Sweet the flute's soft plaintive tale,
Sweeter than their richest tone,
Is the name of Mary's Son.

Sweetly all the air is stirred
When the Echo's call is heard ;
But no sounds my heart rejoice
Like to my Beloved's voice.

Come then, fairest Lord, appear,
Come, let me behold thee here,

I would see thee face to face,
On thy proper light would gaze.

Take away these veils that blind,
Jesus, all my soul and mind ;
Henceforth ever let my heart
See thee truly as thou art!

ANGELUS, died 1677.

THE TRINITY.

Hochheilige Dreieinigkeit.

Most High and Holy Trinity!
Who of thy mercy mild
Hast formed me here in time, to be
Thy image and thy child :
Oh let me love thee day and night
With all my soul, with all my might ;
Oh come, thyself my soul prepare,
And make thy dwelling ever there!

Father ! replenish with thy grace
This longing heart of mine,
Make it thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine !

Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares;
Enfold her in thy changeless peace,
So she from all but thee may cease!

O God the Son! thy wisdom's light
On my dark reason pour;
Forgive that things of sense and sight
Were all her joy of yore;
Henceforth let every thought and deed
On thee be fixed, from thee proceed;
Draw me to thee, for I would rise
Above these earthly vanities!

O Holy Ghost! thou fire of love,
Enkindle with thy flame my will;
Come with thy strength, Lord, from above,
Help me thy bidding to fulfil:
Forgive that I so oft have done
What I as sinful ought to shun;
Let me with pure and quenchless fire
Thy favour and thyself desire!

Most High and Holy Trinity!
Draw me away far hence,
And fix upon eternity
All powers of soul and sense!

Make me at one within ; at one
With thee on earth ; when life is done
Take me to dwell in light with thee,
Most High and Holy Trinity !

ANGELUS, died 1677.

THE WORD OF GOD.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

I TRUST the LORD ; upon his word
I rest my soul's well-being :
My walk with thee, LORD, here must be
By faith, and not by seeing.

Thy word is sure ; may it secure
My confidence for ever !
Let reason's pride ne'er be my guide
From faith my soul to sever.

What but thy word could light afford,
To save from doubt and error ?
Where else is shown, than here alone,
Escape from guilt and terror ?

'Tis here made plain,—sought else in vain—
The soul is ever-living :

For endless days, of future praise,
That thou this life art giving.

The only scheme man to redeem
From death, sin's fearful wages,
Would lie concealed, but as revealed
In these thy sacred pages.

And now shall grief hope no relief,
My soul sink down despairing?
No!—here I see thy grace for me
A Father's love declaring.

By faith to live, its fruits to give,—
This is the path to heaven :
All strength and skill to do thy will
But through thy word are given.

Teach me, O Lord, to prize thy word,
This gift of matchless favour :
Be it my wealth, be it my health,
My strength and life for ever !

C. F. GELLERT, died 1769.

CARE FOR THE SOUL.

LORD, on the soul's enduring worth,
As in thy sacred word set forth,
 So fix my deep reflection :
That care for its eternal weal
Shall every other care excel,
 And rule my constant action.

Thyself hast for its interests cared ;
For it what joy hast thou prepared,
 Riches of grace expending !
Thine image, which at first it bore,
In all its brightness to restore,
 Thy Son in mercy sending.

Superior to such life as this,
Designed for pure and endless bliss,
 In flesh 'tis here in training,
That exercise of faith and love
May nurture it for joys above,
 Where Jesus now is reigning.

Thou 'rt ready, to thy promise true,
Life's fleeting cares to guide it through,

And for thy glory cherish ;
O let me not, by unbelief,
Condemn this soul, in hopeless grief,
Beneath thy wrath to perish.

LORD, to thyself in covenant join
My soul :—be thy sure mercies mine,
My trust in thee unshaken !
This is my prayer, and this my aim,
O may I never know the shame
Of covenant vows forsaken.

In thee the wicked have no part ;
Create in me an humble heart,
That feels for sin abhorrence ;
That for its guilt before thee mourns,
But to thy grace in Jesus turns
With hope and full concurrence.

Throughout my course, in all its length,
May I, LORD, strengthened with thy strength,
Strive for that crown of glory
Which thou hast set before my eyes,
While earth's fair promises I prize
But as an idle story.

How blest the faithful, none can show ;
Sweet peace and joy their portion now,

Imparted by thy Spirit:
And, when the appointed hour is come,
Thou wilt to glory take them home,
Thy kingdom to inherit.

J. S. DIETERICH, died 1797.

ETERNITY.

O ! Ewigkeit ! O ! Ewigkeit !

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
And yet to thee time hastes away,
Like as the warhorse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
For even as on a perfect sphere
End nor beginning can appear,
Even so, Eternity, in thee
Entrance nor Exit can there be.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A circle infinite art thou,
Thy centre an eternal now,
Never, we name thy outward bound,
For never end therein is found.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A little bird with fretting beak
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came,
Yet thou wert then, as now, the same.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain;
Oh lasting joy! Oh lasting pain!
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
O Man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell

Upon the pains of sin and hell,
And on the glories of the pure,
That both beyond all time endure.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
How terrible art thou in woe,
How fair where joys for ever glow!
God's goodness sheddeth gladness here,
His justice there wakes bitter fear.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
They who lived poor and naked rest
With God for ever rich and blest,
And love and praise the highest good,
In perfect bliss and gladsome mood.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A moment lasts all joy below,
Whereby man sinks to endless woe;
A moment lasts all earthly pain,
Whereby an endless joy we gain.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who ponders oft on thee is wise,
All fleshly lusts shall he despise,
The world finds place with him no more;
The love of vain delights is o'er.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who marks thee well would say to God,
Here, judge, burn, smite me with thy rod,
Here, let me all thy justice bear,
When time of grace is past, then spare!
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Lo, I, Eternity, warn thee,
O Man, that oft thou think on me,
The sinner's punishment and pain,
To them who love their God, rich gain!
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

WULFFER, died 1685.

CHRIST IS ALL.

Lebst du in mir, O wahres Leben.

IF thou true Life, wilt in me live,
Consume whate'er is not of thee;
One look of thine more joy can give
Than all the world can offer me.
O Jesus, be thou mine for ever,
Nought from thy love my heart can sever,
That thou hast promised in thy word;
Oh deep the joy whereof I drink,
Whene'er my soul in thee can sink,
And own her Bridegroom and her Lord.

O heart, that glowed with love and died,
Kindle my soul with fire divine;
Lord, in the heart thou 'st won, abide,
And all in it that is not thine
O let me conquer and destroy,
Strong in thy love, thou fount of joy.
Nay, be thou conqueror, Lord, in me;
So shall I triumph o'er despair,
O'er death itself thy victory share,
Thus suffer, live, and die in thee.

And let the fire within me move

My heart to serve thy members here ;
Let me their need and trials prove,
That I may know my love sincere
And like to thine, Lord, pure and warm ;
For when my soul hath won that form
Is likest to thy holy mind,
Then I shall love both friends and foes,
And learn to grieve o'er others' woes,
Like thee, my pattern, true and kind.

The light and strength of faith, oh grant,
That I may bring forth holy fruit,
A living branch, a blooming plant,
Fast clinging to my vine—my root.
Thou art my Saviour, whom I trust,
My Rock,—I build not on the dust,—
The ground of faith, eternal, sure.

When hours of doubt o'ercloud my mind,
Thy ready help then let me find,
Thy strength my sickening spirit cure.

Nor let my hope e'er fade away,—

Thy cross the anchor of my heart,—
But let her rise o'er fear, dismay,
Conquering through thee ; mine All thou art.

The world may build on what decays,
O Christ, my Sun of hope, my gaze
Cares not o'er lesser lights to range;
 To thee, in love, I ever cleave,
 For well I know thou ne'er wilt leave
My soul, thy love can never change.

Wouldst thou that I should tarry here?
 I live because thou wilt it:
Or Death should suddenly appear?
 I shall not fear him, Lord, one whit,
If but thy life still in me live;
Thy holy death my strength shall give
When earthly life draws near its end;
 To thee I give away my will,
 In life and death remembering still
Thou seekest my good, O truest Friend.

SINOLD, died 1742.

REDEMPTION.

I AM redeemed!—the purchase of that blood
 Which on the cross was shed:
To God I'm reconciled,—my life renewed,—
 My terrors all are fled.

The scheme of mercy—Wisdom made it,—
The costly ransom—Love has paid it.

I am redeemed!

I am redeemed!—nor can the thunder-roar
Of Sinai cause alarm;

For me, the fearful curse my Saviour bore,
My soul it cannot harm.

Repented sins, would ye appal me?

To joy and thanks God's mercies call me!

I am redeemed!

I am redeemed!—my Saviour broke the band
That chained me to the foe.

The keys of hell were in his friendly hand,
He shut its portals to.

Now walk I free, secure of pardon;

From sin and Satan's weary burden

I am redeemed!

I am redeemed! what is there I should fear?

Death's gloom will beam with light;—

The Lord of life for me will then appear,

And lead to mansions bright.

And though in dust my frame shall slumber,

My sleeping dust he will remember.

I am redeemed!

I am redeemed—from guilt, and fear, and pain,
 To joys that will abide ;
 And Death to me will prove eternal gain,—
 With Jesus at my side.
 Then shall I rise to share his favour
 With saints who sing his praise for ever.
 I am redeemed !

E. WAGNER, died 1812.

CHRIST'S COMING.

Wie soll ich dich empfangen ?

How shall I meet thee? how my heart
 Receive her Lord aright?
 Desire of all the earth thou art!
 My hope, my sole delight!
 Kindle the lamp, thou Lord, alone,
 Half dying in my breast,
 And make thy gracious pleasure known
 How I may greet thee best.

Her budding boughs and fairest palms
 Thy Zion strews around;
 And songs of praise and sweetest psalms
 From my glad heart shall sound.

My desert soul breaks forth in flowers,
Rejoicing in thy fame;
And puts forth all her sleeping powers
To honour Jesus' name.

In heavy bonds I languished long,
Thou comest to set me free;
The scorn of every mocking tongue—
Thou comest to honour me.
A heavenly crown thou dost bestow,
And gifts of priceless worth,
That vanish not as here below
The riches of the earth.

Nought, nought, dear Lord! had power to move
Thee from thy rightful place,
Save that almighty wondrous Love
Wherewith thou dost embrace
This weary world and all her woe,
Her load of grief and ill
And sorrow, more than man can know;
Thy love is deeper still.

Oh write this promise in your heart,
Ye sad at heart, with whom
Sorrows fall thick, and joys depart,
And darker grows your gloom.

Despair not, for your help is near,
He standeth at the door
Who best can comfort you and cheer,
He comes, nor stayeth more.

Vex not your souls with care, nor grieve
And labour longer thus,
As though your arm could aught achieve,
And bring him down to us !
He comes, he comes with ready will,
By pity moved alone,
All pain to soothe, all tears to still,
To him they all are known.

Ye shall not shrink nor turn aside,
Fearing to see his face
So deep your sins, for he will hide
The darkest with his grace.
He comes, he comes, to save from sin,
All sinners to release,
For all the sons of God to win
The heritage of peace.

Why ask ye what the wicked saith ?
Why heed his craft and spite ?
The Lord destroys him with a breath,
He stands not in his sight.

Christ comes, he comes, as King to reign !

Then gather ye his foes
From earth's far corners ; yet in vain
Would ye his rule oppose.

He comes to judge the earth, and ye
Who mocked him, feel his wrath ;
But they who loved and sought him see
His light o'er all their path.
O Sun of Righteousness ! arise,
And guide us on our way,
To yon fair mansion in the skies
Of joyous, cloudless day.

PAUL GERHARDT, died 1679.

TURNING TO THE CROSS.

Jesu, deine tiefen Wunden.

LORD ! thy death and passion give
Strength and comfort at my need,
Every hour while here I live
On thy love my soul shall feed.

Doth some evil thought up start?
Lo, thy cross defends my heart,
Shows the peril, and I shrink
Back from loitering on the brink.

Doth my carnal nature yearn
After wanton joys? again
Quickly to thy cross I turn,
And her voice is heard in vain.
Cometh strong temptation's hour,
When my foe puts forth his power?
Sheltered by this holy shield,
Soon I drive him from the field.

Would the world my steps entice
To yon wide and level road,
Filled with mirth and pleasant vice?
Lord, I think upon the load
Thou didst once for me endure,
And I fly all thoughts impure;
Thinking on thy bitter pains,
Hushed in prayer my heart remains.

Yes, thy cross hath power to heal
All the wounds of sin and strife,
Lost in thee my heart doth feel
Sudden warmth and nobler life.

In my saddest, darkest grief
Let thy sweetness bring relief,
Thou who camest but to save,
Thou who fearedst not the grave !

Lord, in thee I place my trust,
Thou art my defence and tower ;
Death thou treadest in the dust,
O'er my soul he hath no power.
That I may have part in thee
Help and save and comfort me,
Give me of thy grace and might,
Resurrection, life, and light.

Fount of good, within me dwell,
For the peace thy presence sheds,
Keeps us safe in conflict fell,
Charms the pain from dying beds.
Hide me safe within thine arm,
Where no foe can hurt or harm ;
Whoso, Lord, in thee doth rest,
He hath conquered, he is blest.

HEERMANN, died 1647.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THOU who lovest us as a father,
Faithful God, and who hast said
Thou wilt give thy Holy Spirit
To all those who seek his aid,
Humbly I beseech of thee,
Father, send him now to me,
That he may renew my heart
And set it for thy shrine apart.

Without him fails all my knowledge,
Fruitfulness, and strength, and life,
And my heart forgets thy presence,
Drowned in earthly toil and strife,
If he do not, through his might,
Set both heart and will aright,
That I to thee may wholly give
Myself, and to thine honour live.

Fount divine of holy blessings,
Glorious Spirit of the Lord,
Thou by whom the human spirit
Is to peace and truth restored;

After thee I thirst and pine,
I to thee myself resign,
Make me holy to God's praise,
Wise to walk in heavenly ways.

Mould me wholly in thine image,
Blessed Source of love and peace,
Let me love and meekness cherish,
Let me count my gains increase,
When e'er I with faithful hand
Can cement a peaceful band,
Or can lighten, soothe, or share,
Any human load of care.

Teach me, Lord, with true self-knowledge
All my secret faults to see,
Humbly to my God to tell them,
And to him for pardon flee.
Daily make my earnest striving
To forsake them, in me new,
In the work of growing holy
Ever thou my strength renew.

When the aspect of my errors
Casts me helpless to the ground,
When within my trembling bosom
Many a darksome doubt is found;

When the tears of sorrow fall,
 God seems not to hear my call,
 Comfort then, and strength impart
 To my fainting, failing heart.

To thy work of grace I owe it,
 If there's any good in me,
 This desire thyself hast kindled,
 That I thirst and long for thee.
 Oh, so prosper through thy word,
 This thy gracious working, Lord,
 That in the happy end it be
 All gloriously complete in me.

DAVID BRUHN, died 1782.

CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

Hüter, wird die Nacht der Sünden—

O WATCHMAN, will the night of sin
 Be never past?
 O watchman, doth the day begin,
 To dawn upon thy straining sight at last?
 Will it dispel
 Ere long the mists of sense wherein I dwell?

Now all the earth is bright and glad
 With the fresh morn;
But all my heart is cold and dark and sad;
Sun of the soul, let me behold thy dawn!
 Come Jesus, Lord!
Oh quickly come, according to thy word!

Do we not live in those blest days
 So long foretold,
When thou shouldst come to bring us light and grace?
And yet I sit in darkness as of old,
 Pining to see
Thy glory; but thou still art far from me.

Long since thou camest to be the light
 Of all men here;
And yet in me is nought but blackest night.
Wilt thou not then to me, thine own, appear?
 Shine forth and bless
My soul with vision of thy righteousness!

If thus in darkness ever left,
 Can I fulfil
The works of light, while of all light bereft?
How shall I learn in love and meekness still
 To follow thee,
And all the sinful works of darkness flee?

The light of reason cannot give
Life to my soul ;
Jesus alone can make me truly live,
One glance of his can make my spirit whole.
Arise, and shine
On this poor longing, waiting heart of mine !

Single and clear, not weak or blind,
The eye must be,
To which thy glory shall an entrance find ;
For if thy chosen ones should gaze on thee,
No earthly screen
Between their souls and thee must intervene.

Jesus, do thou mine eyes unseal,
And let them grow
Quick to discern whate'er thou dost reveal,
So shall I be delivered from that woe,
Blindly to stray
Through hopeless night, while all around is day.

RICHTER, died 1711.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

DEAR Saviour, when I here am blest
With prospect of that future rest
Thy people shall inherit,
And there, by faith, see my abode;—
How light my cares!—and all their load—

How easy 't is to bear it!
Then, too, the fond pursuits of earth
Are in my view as nothing worth;—
Chased by the dawn of endless day,
Its glories pass like dreams away.

Lord Jesus Christ, sure ground of faith,
All this is owing to thy death.

When called, the change of worlds to make,
My soul shall from its fetters break—

Thou, from on high, be near me!
Thy rod and staff be then my stay,—
Through Death's dark valley guide my way,—

With hopes of glory cheer me!
The splendors of the world of light,
Amid the all-surrounding night,

Shall through the clouds of darkness shine,
Revealing what shall soon be mine.

Lord Jesus Christ, with cheerful faith,
I then shall sweetly sleep in death.

But should my heart, reluctant, shrink,
The cup of Death still fear to drink,
My sins begin to number ;
Then come the thought—" My Lord has died,
My sins—atoning blood shall hide,
Nor GOD will more remember !"

The hope, for sinners thou hast wrought,
Of life,—with nameless sorrows bought,
Which, God-forsaken, thou didst meet,—
'Tis this alone makes dying sweet.

Lord Jesus Christ, my only faith,
Do not forsake me at my death !

In hope my weeping eyes I'll close,
My flesh in earth shall find repose,
Where my Redeemer rested :
And he that died, from death to save,—
His voice will call me from the grave,—
I know whom I have trusted.
He lives !—and foes I feared below,—
The Grave and Death,—his power shall know ;

He lives!—and I, with saints above,
Shall know the wonders of his love.

Lord Jesus Christ, my spirit's faith,
For life prepare me by my death!

My confidence shalt thou remain
Till thou on earth appear again—

The tombs be rent asunder :
Before thy throne I there shall be,
The Judge of all the nations see,

Shall see with joy and wonder.
Then will thy grace to me divide
A portion always to abide,
And I shall share, by promise shown,
A glory lasting as thy own.

Thanks, Lord, to thee! with shouts I'll sing,
“Where, Grave, thy victory!—Death, thy sting!”

PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

Mein Leben ist ein Pilgrimstand.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

My life is but a pilgrim-stand :
A traveller to my father-land,

I seek the city with foundation,
Whose builder, maker, is my God;
And gaining there my blest abode,
Would ever sing his great salvation.
My life is here a pilgrim-stand,
I'm travelling to my father-land.

The hours of life's uncertain day
Haste on without a moment's stay,
And, when once gone, are gone for ever;
They bear me to eternity;
Lord Jesus, give me eyes to see!
Whate'er I need to know discover!
Nor let earth's vain delusions hide
Thee from my sight, my only guide!

No journey is without its cares;
Life's journey too the spirits wears;
It is not all a path of roses,
The road is narrow, foes are strong,
And oft entice me to the wrong;
The tangled thorn my way opposes;
O'er trackless wilds I'm forced to go,
And, groping, toil my passage through.

At times to me the Sun is bright,
That Sun that sheds its gracious light,

Alone to bless the pure in spirit :
Then comes the roaring, raging storm,
So loud, terrific its alarm,
So dark, I cannot help but fear it :
But when I think of joys above,
My terror yields its place to love.

Thou, Jesus, once a pilgrim too,
Wilt prove thyself a helper true,
Of all my anxious cries, a hearer.
Thy warning word in mind I'll keep,
And, by thy guidance, every step
Shall bring me to salvation nearer.
My life and strength are waning fast,
Lord, with thy consolations haste !

That I may grow in holiness,
With stronger faith my spirit bless,
And thus of stumbling make me heedful.
I daily fall—help me to rise,
And, by each fall, yet more to prize
Thy helping hand, so often needful :
While in this darkened soul of mine,
Thy beams of mercy brighter shine.

And while my heart, O God of grace,
Shall faint with longings for thy face,

Prepare my soul for thy fruition !
 Whene'er to earth my eyelids close,
 May I with thee enjoy repose
 Where sin and grief find no admission.
 Thy weary child bid thither come,
 To live with thee—a blissful home.

My lot is here with strangers thrown,
 And by the world I'm little known ;
 But *there* friends wait with joy to meet me :
 And there, with those I love the most,
 I'll join in song the angel-host,
 Whose glories with their welcome greet me.
 My Saviour come ! no more delay !
 And thither bear my soul away !

F. A. LAMPE, died 1729.

THE CHIEF GOOD.

Du hast ja dieses meiner Seele.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

WITHIN me, LORD, thou hast implanted
 The strong desire of lasting good,
 A blessing never to be granted
 While flesh continues my abode ;

My search and wishes may remain,
But earthly hopes are all in vain.

An evil heart my spirit blinding,
I onward grope in darkness here ;—
For ever seeking, never finding
Relief from doubt and gloomy fear.
In thee alone is rest from care,
O teach my soul to seek it there !

From vanities of time deliver,
And set my prisoned spirit free !
Let hopes, that soon must fail for ever,
Make room for what shall endless be,
That I, with present quiet blest,
May reach at last eternal rest.

Give thy dear Son to stand beside me !
None else can needed grace supply ;
That by his counsel he may guide me,
And I for peace on him rely,
Then his redemption will be mine,
While I to him my all resign.

'Tis only thus I hope for pleasure !
Should earth her choicest stores reveal,
Fame, riches—these, whate'er their measure,
My soul's desire could never fill.

What most the sons of earth applaud
Can never please a child of God.

Could I secure man's approbation,
And win his envied praises now,
At death, 't would yield no consolation,
In life, 't were but an empty show.
Far better here my time to spend
For gaining an eternal Friend.

It is the height of my aspiring
To be well-pleasing, LORD, to thee,
From search of human praise retiring,
Which, found, would hide thy face from me;
But, if thy favour I secure,
'Tis glory now and evermore.

For comfort—what can wealth avail me,
When I am called the world to leave?
Had I all earthly good—'twould fail me;
It flatters only to deceive:
Then, only this a good will prove—
To have a portion in thy love.

Of joy—should all on earth forsake me,
My God is left,—the best, the whole:
When death, Lord Jesus, shall o'ertake me,
Sustain in peace my parting soul,

While I shall hear, by thee addressed,—
“Come, now, and be for ever blest !”

I. U. FROMMANN, 1742.

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

Nun freut euch lieben Christen g'mein.

DEAR Christian people, all rejoice,
Each soul with joy upspringing ;
Pour forth one song with heart and voice,
With love and gladness singing.
Give thanks to God, our Lord above,
Thanks for his miracle of love !
Dearly he hath redeemed us !

The devil's captive, bound I lay,
Lay in death's chains forlorn ;
My sins distressed me night and day,
The sin within me born :
I could not do the thing I would,
In all my life was nothing good,
Sin had possessed me wholly.

My good works could no comfort shed,
Worthless must they be rated ;
My free-will to all good was dead,
And God's just judgments hated.
Me of all hope my sins bereft ;
Nothing but death to me was left,
And death was hell's dark portal.

Then God saw, with deep pity moved,
My grief that knew no measure ;
Pitying he saw, and freely loved ;
To save me was his pleasure.
The Father's heart to me was stirred,
He saved me with no sovereign word ;
His very best it cost him.

He spoke to his beloved Son,
With infinite compassion :
"Go hence, my heart's most precious crown,
Be to the lost salvation.
Death, his relentless tyrant, stay,
And bear him from his sins away
With thee to live for ever !"

Willing the Son took that behest :
Born of a maiden mother,
To his own earth he came a guest
And made himself my brother.

All secretly he went his way,
Veiled in my mortal flesh he lay,
And thus the foe he vanquished.

He said to me, "Cling close to me,
Thy sorrows now are ending;
Freely I give myself for thee,
Thy life with mine defending.
For I am thine and thou art mine,
And where I am there thou shalt shine,
The foe shall never reach us.

"True, he will shed my heart's life-blood,
And torture me to death;
All this I suffer for thy good;
This hold with firmest faith.
Death dieth through my life divine;
I, sinless, bear those sins of thine;
And so shalt thou be rescued.

"I rise again to heaven from hence,
High to my Father soaring,
Thy Master there to be, and thence
My Spirit on thee pouring:
In every grief to comfort thee,
And teach thee more and more of me,
Into all truth still guiding.

“What I have done and taught on earth,
Do thou, and teach, none dreading ;
That so God’s kingdom may go forth,
And his high praise be spreading ;
And guard thee from the words of men,
Lest the great joy be lost again :

 This my last charge I leave thee.”

LUTHER, died 1546.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Du ewiger Abgrund der seligen Liebe.

Thou deep abyss of blessed Love,
In Jesus Christ to us unsealed,
Fire, which no finite heart could prove
 Depths, to no human thought revealed ;
Thou lovest sinners—lovest me,
Thou blessest those who cursed thee :
O great, O kind, O loving One,
What worthless creatures shinest thou on !
Thou King of Light ! our deepest longing
 Is shallow to thy depths of grace ;
Deep are the woes to us belonging,
 But deeper far thy joy to bless.

Teach us to trust the Father's love,
Still looking to the Son above;
Blest Spirit! through our spirits pour
True prayers and praises evermore.

Jesus! thine own with rich grace filling,
Thy mighty blessing on us shed,
New life through every member thrilling,
Diffused from thee, the living Head;
Show us how light thy mild yoke is,
And how from self's hard yoke it frees.
If thou wilt teach thy household so,
The works the Master's hand shall show.

ZINZENDORF, died 1760.

GOD WITH ME.

"Gott bei mir an jedem Orte."

My God with me in every place!
Firmly does the promise stand,
On land or sea, with present grace
Still to aid us near at hand.
If you ask, "Who is with thee?"
God is here—my God with me!

No depth, nor prison, nor the grave,
Can exclude him from his own :
His cheering presence still I have,
If in crowds or all alone.
In whatever state I be,
Everywhere is God with me !

My God for me !—I dare to say,
God the portion of my soul !
Nor need I tremble in dismay
When around me troubles roll.
If you ask, “What comforts thee ?”
It is this—God is for me !

Ah ! faith has seen him cradled lie,
Here on earth a weeping child ;
Has seen him for my vileness die,
Him, the sinless, undefiled !
And thus I know it true to be,
God, my Saviour, is for me !

In life, in death, with God so near
Every battle I shall win,
Shall boldly press through dangers here,
Triumph over every sin !
“What !” you say, “a victor be ?”
No, not I, but God in me !

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

How weary and how worthless this life at times appears !
What days of heavy musings, what hours of bitter tears !
How dark the storm-clouds gather along the wintry skies,
How desolate and cheerless the path before us lies !

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from above,
They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and love ;
They come to teach us lessons which bright ones could
 not yield,
And to leave us blest and thankful when their purpose is
 fulfilled.

They come to draw us nearer to our Father and our Lord,
More earnestly to seek his face, to listen to his word,
And to feel, if now around us a desert land we see,
Without the star of promise, what would its darkness be !

They come to lay us lowly, and humbled in the dust,
All self-deception swept away, all creature-hope and trust ;
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltiness to own,
And flee for hope and refuge to Christ, and Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters which here detain us fast,
And force our long reluctant hearts to rise to heaven at
last,
And brighten every prospect of that eternal home,
Where grief and disappointment and fear can never come.

Then turn not in despondence, poor weary heart, away,
But meekly journey onwards, through the dark and cloudy
day,
Even now the bow of promise is above thee painted bright,
And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and, when he sees it best,
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee bowers of rest;
And all thy pain and sorrow, when thy pilgrimage is o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys for evermore!

SPITTA, born 1801.

LET ME FIND THEE!

"Sieh, hier bin ich, Ehren-König."

BEHOLD me here, in grief draw near,
Pleading at thy throne, O King;
To thee each tear, each trembling fear,
Jesus, Son of man! I bring.

Let me find thee,—let me find thee,
Me, a vile and worthless thing !

Look down in love, and from above,
With thy Spirit satisfy ;
Thou hast sought me, thou hast bought me,
And thy purchase, Lord, am I.
Let me find thee,—let me find thee,
Here on earth, and then on high !

No other prayer to thee I bear,
O my Lord, but only this,
To share thy grace, to see thy face,
And to know thy people's bliss.
Let me find thee,—let me find thee,
Thee to find is blessedness !

Hear the broken, scarcely spoken
Utterance of my heart to thee ;
All the crying, all the sighing,
Of thy child accepted be.
Let me find thee,—let me find thee,
Thus my soul longs vehemently !

Worldly pleasures, earthly treasures,
Joys and honours will not stay ;
They often pain, and, oh ! how vain,
Looking to eternity !

Let me find thee,—let me find thee,
Find thee, O my God, this day!

JOACHIM NEANDER, died 1680.

MY FATHER IS THE MIGHTY LORD.

“Mein Vater ist der grosse Herr der Welt.”

My Father is the mighty Lord, whose arm
Spans earth and sky, and shields his child from harm,
Whose still, small voice of love is yet the same
As once from Horeb's fiery mount it came;
Whose glorious works the angel-choirs declare,
He hears their praise,—and hearkens to my prayer.

My King is God's eternal, holy Son,
And he anoints me as a chosen one;
He has redeemed me with his precious blood,
And for unnumbered debts has surety stood.
He fought the foe, and drew me by his hand,
Out from his camp, into his Father's land.

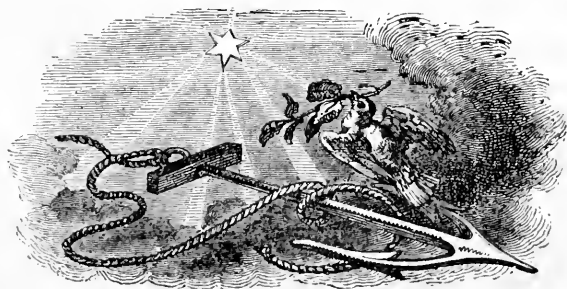
My brotherhood's a circle, stretching wide
Around one fount, although a sea divide.

With fathers, who behold the Lord in light,
With saints unborn, who shall adore his might,
With brothers, who the race of faith now run,
In union and communion, I am one !

My journey's end lies upward and afar,
It glimmers bright, but vaguely as a star
And oft as faith has caught some glimpse serene
So often clouds and mists obscure the scene ;
Yet, in this longing ends each vision dim,
To see my Lord !—and to be made like him !

My grave, so long a dark and drear abyss,
Is now scarce noticed on the way to bliss ;
Once at the gates of hell it yawning lay,
Now stands as portal to the land of day ;
It takes me to the Father's home so blest,
It brings me to the feast, a welcome guest.

LANGE.



THE LAMB OF GOD.

Ein Lämmlein geht und trägt die Schuld.

A LAMB goes uncomplaining forth,
The guilt of all men bearing ;
Laden with all the sin of earth,
None else the burden sharing !
Goes patient on, grows weak and faint,
To slaughter led without complaint,
That spotless life to offer ;
Bears shame, and stripes, and wounds, and death,
Anguish and mockery, and saith,
“Willing all this I suffer.”

That Lamb is Lord of death and life,
God over all for ever ;
The Father's Son, whom to that strife
Love doth for us deliver !
O mighty Love ! what hast thou done !
The Father offers up his Son—
The Son content descendeth !
O Love, O Love ! how strong art thou !
In shroud and grave thou layest him low
Whose word the mountain rendeth !

Him on the cross, O Love, thou layest,
Fast to that torture nailing,
Him as a spotless lamb thou slayest;
His heart and flesh are failing—
The body with that crimson flood,
That precious tide of noble blood,
The heart with anguish breaking!
O Lamb! what shall I render thee
For all thy tender love to me,
Or what return be making?

My lifelong days would I still thee
Be steadfastly beholding;
Thee ever, as thou ever me,
With loving arms enfolding.
And when my heart grows faint and chill,
My heart's undying Light, oh still
Abide unchanged before me!
Myself thy heritage I sign,
Ransomed to be for ever thine,
My only hope and glory.

I of thy majesty and grace
Would night and day be singing;
A sacrifice of joy and praise
Myself to thee still bringing.

My stream of life shall flow to thee,
Its steadfast current ceaselessly
 In praise to thee outpouring ;
And all the good thou dost to me
I'll treasure in my memory,
 Deep in my heart's depths storing !

Gate of my heart, fly open wide,
 Shrine of my heart, spread forth :
The treasure will in thee abide,
 Greater than heaven and earth.
Away with all this poor world's treasures,
And all this vain world's tasteless pleasures,
 My treasure is in heaven :
For I have found true riches now ;
My treasure, Christ, my Lord art thou,
 Thy blood so freely given !

This treasure ever I employ,
 This ever aid shall yield me ;
In sorrow it shall be my joy,
 In conflict it shall shield me.
In joy, the music of my feast ;
And when all else has lost its zest,
 This manna still shall feed me ;
In thirst my drink, in want my food,
My company in solitude,
 To comfort and to lead me !

Death's poison cannot harm me now,
Thy blood new life bestowing ;
My shadow from the heat art thou,
When the noontide is glowing.
And when by inward grief opprest,
My aching heart in thee shall rest,
As tired head on the pillow.
Should storms of persecution toss,
Firm anchored by thy saving cross,
My bark rests on the billow !

And when at last thou leadest me
Into thy joy and light,
Thy blood shall clothe me royally,
Making my garments white ;
Shall place upon my head the crown,
Shall lead me to the Father's throne,
And raiment fit provide me ;
Till I, by him to thee betrothed,
By thee in bridal costume clothed,
Stand as a bride beside thee !

GERHARDT, died 1676.

THE FATHER-LAND.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

Know ye the land—on earth 'twere vainly sought,—
To which the heart in sorrows turns its thought?
Where no complaint is heard,—tears never flow,—
The good are blest,—the weak with vigour glow?
Know ye it well?

For this, for this,
All earthly wish or care, my friends, dismiss!

Know ye the way—the rugged path of thorns?
His lagging progress there the traveller mourns;
He faints, he sinks,—from dust he cries to God—
“Relieve me, Father, from the weary road!”
Know ye it well?

It guides, it guides,
To that dear land, where all we hope abides.

Know ye that Friend?—In him a man you see;—
Yet more than man, more than all men is he:
Himself before us trod the path of thorns,
To pilgrims now his heart with pity turns.
Know ye him well?

His hand, his hand
Will safely bring us to that Father-land.

CLAUS HARMS, born 1778.

THE BELIEVER'S CONFLICT.

Wo soll ich hin ?

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

For help, Oh whither shall I flee?
Who now to peace will guide me?
To none, dear Saviour, but to thee,
Can I with hope confide me.
'Tis thine to give the weary rest,
The mourning soul in thee is blest,—
Help, Jesus, the afflicted !

My sin, O Lord, is now my grief,
Against my will it rages :—
Thy grace alone can bring relief,
While sin its warfare wages.
All that I need is known to thee,
And now a part myself can see,—
Help, Jesus, the sin-burdened !

Good Shepherd, bearest thou the weak?
Sustain me in my weakness !
Thou Great Physician of the sick,
Heal thou my moral sickness !

A prey to Death I helpless fall,—
For health and strength to thee I call,
Save, Jesus, or I perish !

To those who trust thee—"Nothing fear !
I am the Life !"—thou criest.
Seeks not my soul, with strong desire,
The life which thou suppliest ?
Through all my sorrows thou canst lead,
In death provide for every need—
Help, Jesus, the confiding.

I would do good, but still I fail,—
Must I thus always waver ?
What grief it gives thou knowest well ;
Who shall my soul deliver,
And set the slave for ever free
From sin and death to live with thee ?—
I thank thee, GOD, through Jesus !

JOACHIM NEANDER, died 1680.

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.

COULDEST thou inherit life with Christ on high ?

Then count the cost, and know

That here on earth below

Thou needs must suffer with thy Lord and die.

We reach that gain to which all else is loss,

But through the cross.

Oh think what sorrows Christ himself has known !

The scorn, and anguish sore,

The bitter death he bore,

Ere he ascended to his heavenly throne ;

And deemest thou, thou canst with right complain,

Whate'er thy pain ?

Not e'en the sharpest sorrows we can feel,

Nor keenest pangs, we dare

With that great bliss compare

When God his glory shall in us reveal,

That shall endure when our brief woes are o'er

For evermore !

SIMON DACH, died 1659.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

Ist Gott für mich ?

If God be on my side,
Then let who will oppose,
For oft ere now to him I cried,
And he hath quelled my foes.
If Jesus be my Friend,
If God doth love me well,
What matters all my foes intend,
Though strong they be and fell.

Here I can firmly rest,
I dare to boast of this,
That God the Highest and the Best,
My Friend and Father is.
From dangerous snares he saves;
Where'er he bids me go,
He checks the storms and calms the waves,
Nor lets aught work me woe.

I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood,
For 'tis through him that I have found
The true Eternal good.

Nought have I of my own,
Nought in the life I lead,
What Christ hath given me, that alone
Is worth all love indeed.

His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns,
All care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away all pains.
He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
Thou God my Father art!

When weakness on me lies
And tempts me to despair,
He speaketh words and utters sighs
Of more than mortal prayer;
But what no tongue can tell,
Thou God canst hear and see,
Who readest in the heart full well
If aught there pleaseth thee.

He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How he who seeks in God his rest
Shall ever find him near;

How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

There is prepared on high
My heritage, my lot;
Though here on earth I fall and die,
My heaven shall fail me not.
Though here my days are dark,
And oft my tears must rain,
Whene'er my Saviour's light I mark,
All things grow bright again.

Who joins him to that Lord
Whom Satan flies and hates,
Shall find himself despised, abhorred,
For him the burden waits
Of mockery and shame,
Heaped on his guiltless head;
And crosses, trials, cruel blame,
Shall be his daily bread.

I knew it long ere now,
Yet am I not afraid;
The God to whom I pledge my vow,
Will surely send his aid.

At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save,
I will not turn from him.

The world may fail and flee,
Thou standest fast for ever,
Not fire, or sword, or plague, from thee
My trusting soul shall sever.
No hunger, and no thirst,
No poverty or pain,
Let mighty princes do their worst,
Shall fright me back again.

No joys that angels know,
No throne or wide-spread fame,
No love or loss, no fear or woe,
No grief of heart or shame—
Man cannot aught conceive
Of pleasure or of harm,
That e'er could tempt my soul to leave
Her refuge in thine arm.

My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad,
For every joy it laughs and sings,
Sees nought but sunshine glad.

The sun that glads mine eyes
Is Christ the Lord I love,
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for us above.

PAUL GERHARDT, died 1676.

IN GOD IS OUR STRENGTH.

Wer sich auf seiner Schwachheit stützt.

Who seeks in weakness an excuse,
His sins will vanquish never;
Unless he heart and mind renews,
He is deceived for ever.
The straight and narrow way,
That shines to perfect day,
He hath not found, hath never trod;
Little he knows, I ween,
What prayer and conflict mean
To one who hath the light of God.

In what the world calls weakness lurks
The very strength of evil,
Full mightily it helps the works
Of our great foe the devil.

Awake, my soul, awake,
Quickly thy refuge take
With him, the Almighty, who can save :
One look from Christ thy Lord
Can sever every cord
That binds thee now, a wretched slave.

Know, the first step in Christian lore
Is to depart from sin ;
True faith will leave the world no more
A place thy heart within.
Thy Saviour's Spirit first
The heavy bonds must burst,
Wherein Death bound thee in thy need ;
Then the freed spirit knows
What strength he gives to those
Who with their Lord are risen indeed.

And what thy Spirit, Lord, began
Help thou with inner might !
Earth has no better gift for man
Than strength and love of right.
Oh make thy followers just
Who look to thee in trust,
Thy strength and justice let us know ;
Our souls through thee would wear
The power of grace, most fair
Of all the jewels faith can show.

Strong Son of God, break down thy foes,
So shall we conquer ours ;
Strong in the might from thee that flows,
We mourn not lack of powers,
E'er since that from above,
The witness of thy love
Thy Spirit came, and doth abide
With us, dispelling fear
And falsehood, that we here
May fight and conquer on thy side.

Give strength, whene'er our strength must fail ;
Give strength the flesh to curb ;
Give strength when craft and sin prevail
To weaken and disturb.
The world doth lay her snares
To catch us unawares ;
Give strength to sweep them all away ;
So in our utmost need,
And when death comes indeed,
Thy strength shall be our perfect stay.

MARPERGER, died 1746.

WEEP NOT.

"Weine nicht!"

WEEP not,—Jesus lives on high,
Oh, sad and wearied one !
If thou with the burden sigh
Of grief thou canst not shun,
Trust him still,
Soon there will
Roses in the thicket stand,
Goshen smile in Egypt's land.

Weep not,—Jesus thinks of thee
When all besides forget,
And on thee so lovingly
His faithfulness has set,
That though all
Ruined fall,
Everything on earth be shaken,
Thou wilt never be forsaken.

Weep not.—Jesus heareth thee,
Hears thy moanings broken,

Hears when thou right wearily
All thy grief hast spoken.
Raise thy cry,
He is nigh,
And when waves roll full in view,
He shall fix their "Hitherto."

Weep not,—Jesus loveth thee,
Though all around may scorn,
And though poisoned arrows be
Upon thy buckler borne,
With his love,
Nought can move ;
All may fail,—yet only wait,
He shall make the crooked straight.

Weep not,—Jesus cares for thee,
Then what of good can fail ?
Why shouldst thou thus gloomily
At thought of trouble quail ?
He will bear
All thy care ;
And if he the burden take,
He will all things perfect make.

Weep not,—Jesus comforts thee,
He yet shall come and save,

And each sorrow thou shalt see

Lie buried in thy grave.

Sin shall die,

Grief shall fly,

Thou hast wept thy latest tears

When the Lord of life appears !

B. SCHMOLKE, died 1737.

ARISE!

Wachet auf, ihr faulen Christen.

ARISE! ye lingering saints, arise !

Remember that the night of grace,
When guilty slumbers sealed your eyes,
Awakened you to run the race ;
And let not darkness round you fall,
But hearken to the Saviour's call.

Arise!

Arise! because the night of sin

Must flee before the light of day;
God's glorious Gospel shining in,
Must chase the midnight gloom away :

You cannot true disciples be
If you still walk in vanity.

Arise !

Arise ! although the flesh be weak,
The spirit willing is and true,
And servants of the Master seek
To follow where it guideth to.
Beloved ! oh, be wise indeed,
And let the Spirit ever lead.

Arise !

Arise ! because our serpent-foe
Unwearied strives by day and night,
Remembers time is short below,
And wrestles on with hellish might :
Then boldly grasp both sword and shield,
Who slumbers on the battle field ?

Arise !

Arise ! before that hour unknown,
The hour of death that comes ere long,
And comes not to the weak alone,
But to the mighty and the strong.
Beloved ! oft in spirit dwell
Upon the hour that none can tell.

Arise !

Arise! that you prepared may stand,
Before the coming of the Lord;
The day of wrath draws nigh at hand,
According to the eternal word.
Ah! think, perhaps this day shall see
The dawning of eternity!

Arise!

Arise! it is the Master's will,
No more his heavenly voice despise,
Why linger with the dying still?
He calls—Arouse you, and arise!
No longer slight the Saviour's call,
It sounds to you, to me, to all.

Arise!

LUDWIG A. GOTTER, died 1735.

THY WILL BE DONE.

"Mein Jesu, wie du willst."

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh, may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.

Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon ;
And if all else should fail—
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.
But thou on earth along
The thorny path hast gone,
Then lead me after thee,—
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.

Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
If loved ones must depart,
Suffer not sorrow's flood
To overwhelm my heart :
For they are blest with thee,
Their race and conflict won,
Let me but follow them—
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
When death itself draws nigh,
To thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly.
Leaning on thee, to go
Where thou before hast gone ;
The rest as thou shalt please—
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Jesus, as thou wilt !
All shall be well for me,
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with thee.

Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

HERE IS MY HEART.

HERE is my heart!—My God, I give it thee;
I heard thee call and say,
“Not to the world, my child, but unto me;”
I heard, and will obey.
Here is love’s offering to my King,
Which, a glad sacrifice, I bring—
Here is my heart.

Here is my heart!—surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet thy searching eyes;
Corrupted first in Adam’s fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all—
My guilty heart!

Here is my heart!—my heart so hard before,
Now by thy grace made meet;
Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour
Its anguish at thy feet;
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation's joy to win—
My mourning heart!

Here is my heart!—in Christ its longings end,
Near to his cross it draws;
It says, "Thou art my portion, O my Friend,
Thy blood my ransom was."
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound—
My trusting heart!

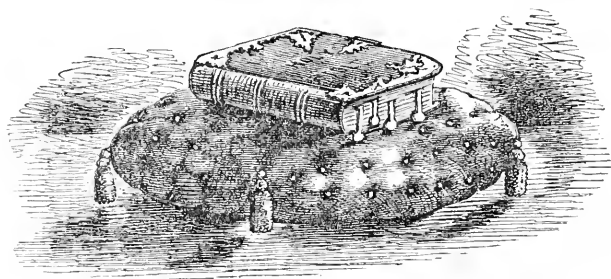
Here is my heart!—ah! Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as thy home,
A temple fair and true.
Teach it to love and serve thee more,
To fear thee, trust thee, and adore—
My cleansed heart!

Here is my heart!—it trembles to draw near
The glory of thy throne;
Give it the shining robe thy servants wear,
Of righteousness thine own;

Its pride and folly chase away,
And all its vanity, I pray—
My humbled heart!

Here is my heart!—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto thee;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing,
“Welcome my God’s decree.”
Believing, all its journeys through,
That thou art wise, and just, and true—
My waiting heart!

Here is my heart!—O Friend of friends, be near,
To make each tempter fly,
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,
Give me the victory!
Gladly on thy love reposing,
Let me say, when life is closing—
Here is my heart!



THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

Es zieht ein stiller Engel durch dieses Erdenland.

A GENTLE Angel walketh throughout a world of woe,
With messages of mercy to mourning hearts below;
His peaceful smile invites them to love and to confide,
Oh! follow in his footsteps, keep closely by his side!

So gently will he lead thee through all the cloudy day,
And whisper of glad tidings to cheer thy pilgrim-way;
His courage never failing, when thine is almost gone,
He takes thy heavy burden, and helps to bear it on.

To soft and tearful sadness he changes dumb despair,
And soothes to deep submission the storm of grief and care;
Where midnight shades are brooding, he pours the light
of noon,
And every grievous wound he heals, most surely, if not
soon.

He will not blame thy sorrows, while he brings the heal-
ing balm;
He does not chide thy longings, while he soothes them
into calm;

And when thy heart is murmuring, and wildly asking,
Why?

He smiling beckons forward, points upward to the sky.

He will not always answer thy questions and thy fear,
His watchword is, "Be patient, the journey's end is near!"
And ever through the toilsome way, he tells of joys to
come,
And points the pilgrim to his rest, the wanderer to his
home.

THE CRUCIFIED.

Fliesst, ihr Augen, fliesst von Thränen.

Flow, my tears, flow still faster,
Thus my guilt and sin bemoan;
Mourn, my heart, in deeper anguish,
Over sorrows not thine own!
See, a spotless Lamb draws nigh
To Jerusalem to die;
For thy sins, the Sinless One;
Think! ah, think! what thou hast done!

See him stand while cruel fetters
Bind the hands that framed the world,
While around him bitter mocking,
Laughter, and contempt are hurled ;
Heathen rage and Jewish scorn
Meekly for our sins are borne.
Sin has brought him from above,
Who can fathom such a love ?

Soon the heavy doom is spoken,
Even Pilate's pleading ceased ;
Jesus to the cross is chosen,
And Barabbas is released !
Ah ! there is no loving word,
Not one voice of pity heard !
But the loud and frenzied cry,
" Crucify him—crucify ! "

Can we view the Saviour given
To the smiters' hands for us ?
Can we all unmoved, unhumbled,
See him mocked and slighted thus—
View the thorny chaplet made
For his meek and silent head,
Hear the loud and angry din,
And not tremble for our sin ?

Follow from the hall of judgment
This sad Saviour on his way ;
But, in spirit, as ye journey,
Often pause and humbly pray ;
Pray the Father to behold
By the Son thy ransom told,
And a substitute for thee
In his Well-Beloved see !

Must I, Jesus, thus behold thee
In thy toil and sorrow here ?
Can I nothing better yield thee
Than my unavailing tear ?
Lamb of God ! I weep for thee !
Weep, thy cruel cross to see—
Weep, for death that death destroys !
Weep, for grief that brings me joys !

Poor is all that I can offer,
Soul and body while I live ;
Take it, O my Saviour, take it,
I have nothing more to give.
Come and in this heart remain,
Let each enemy be slain,
Let me live and die with thee ;
To thy kingdom welcome me !

Loud and louder saints are singing,
Glory! glory! Christ, to thee!
Over death and hell for ever
Thou hast triumphed gloriously.
I am thine, and thou art mine:
Oh! to see thy brightness shine!
Lord! thy day of grief is o'er,
Come! in glory—come once more!

LAURENTIUS, died 1722.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

O SILENT Lamb! for me thou hast endured;
Jesus, thou holy, perfect, sinless One!
Thy grief and bitter anguish have secured
My soul's salvation, when this race is run;
Then let me to thine image true,
Thus meekly suffer with the crown in view.

The narrow way that leads us up to heaven,
Must here through strife and tribulation lie:
Then in the thorny path may strength be given,
This sinful flesh, O Lord, to crucify.

O take this feebleness away,
And make me strong to meet each future day.

Here daily crosses come to try our weakness,
Here every member must some burden bear ;
But O my Saviour, if I take with meekness
The cross appointed by thy love and care,
Too great, too long, it will not be,
For it is weighed and measured out by thee.

If thus we journey patiently through sadness,
Each grief will make us dearer to our Lord ;
But if we flee the cross in search of gladness,
We cannot shun his dread, avenging sword.
O blessed they who hear the call,
Who take the cross, and follow, bearing all !

So help me, Lord, thy holy will to suffer,
And still a learner at thy feet to be ;
Give faith and patience when the way is rougher,
And at the end a joyful victory.
Thus grief itself is changed to song,
Of times on earth, but evermore ere long.

BOGATZKY, died 1774.

COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

Befehl du deine Wege.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. R. P. DUNN.

COMMIT thy way unto the Lord,
Thy heavy burden roll
On him whose all-creating word
Doth heaven and earth control.
He to the air, the cloud, the wind,
Their viewless path doth show;
And he a way secure will find
In which thy feet may go.

Upon the Lord thou must rely,
If thou wouldst win success;
Upon his work must fix thine eye,
Ere he thy work can bless;
The joys which thou dost highly prize,
And seek with pain and care,
To human effort he denies,
But gives to humble prayer.

Father, thine endless truth and grace
Alone can see and know,
Whatever to our mortal race
Brings either weal or woe.

In varied course, all earthly things
Thy sovereign schemes fulfil;
From thee all life and being springs,
Obedient to thy will.

Thy grace in every path can tread,
Thy power all means employ;
About thy footsteps light is shed,
Around thy dealings joy;
Thy plan no hindrance ever knows,
Thy busy hand no rest,
While thine abounding love bestows
What for thy saints is best.

Although the embattled hosts of hell
God's counsel should oppose,
They never can our God compel
To yield before his foes.
What from eternity he planned,
Whate'er decreed to send,
That shall his all-controlling hand
Bring to its destined end.

Why, then, art thou oppressed with grief,
My soul? Why bowed so low?
Thy God to thee will bring relief,
E'en in the depths of woe.

Hope on, for all will yet be well ;
Await the appointed hour ;
The sun of joy shall yet dispel
The clouds that round thee lower.

Bid to thy anxious cares and woe
A long and glad farewell ;
Those sad and gloomy thoughts let go,
Which in thy bosom dwell.
Thou bearest no sceptre in thy hand,
To which all things submit ;
The world obeys thy God's command,
He doeth what is fit.

Let Him alone the world control,
None wiser reigns than he ;
The dealings of his hand thy soul
With wondering eye shall see,
When at the time that he shall choose,
His kind and wise decree
Thy heavy burdens shall unloose,
And bid thy sorrows flee.

The consolations of his grace
May for a while delay ;
He for a time may hide his face,
And leave thy soul to say,

“My God hath sure despised my pain,
My sufferings hath forgot,
And though in anguish I complain,
His eye regardeth not.”

Thou err'st; thy God doth not forget
The steadfast, faithful mind;
When least expected, thou shalt yet
A great deliverance find;
He from thy weary, burdened heart
The heavy load will raise,
Beneath whose useful weight thou art
A mourner all thy days.

Triumphal songs await thee now,
Servant of God! well done!
Enter thy welcome rest, for thou
The victor's crown hast won.
Thy God himself the conqueror's palm
Into thy hand shall give,
And thou shalt swell the joyful psalm
To him who bade thee live.

Oh! may we hear thy gracious word
Pronounce our sorrows past;
Establish thou our goings, Lord;
And while our wanderings last,

Let sacred duties every day
Our highest pleasure be ;
And may the strait and narrow way
Conduct our souls to thee.

PAUL GERHARDT, died 1676.

WELCOME TO CHRIST.

Macht hoch das Thor, die Thüren weit.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here ;
Life and salvation doth he bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing,
Praise, O my God, to thee !
Creator, wise is thy decree !

The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at his side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress,

The end of all our woe he brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings,
Praise, O my God, to thee!
O Saviour, great thy deeds shall be!

Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy he is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss;
Praise, O my God, to thee!
Comforter, for thy comfort free!

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.
Praise, O my God, be thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to thee—here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal,

Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal be won !
Eternal praise and fame,
Be offered, Saviour, to thy name !

WEISSEL, died 1635.

GOD TO BE TRUSTED.

My God ! lo ! here before thy face
I cast me in the dust ;
Where is the hope of happier days ?
Where is my wonted trust ?
Where are the sunny hours I had
Ere of thy light bereft ?
Vanished is all that made me glad,
My pain alone is left.

I shrink with fear and sore alarm
When threatening ills I see,
As in mine hour of need thine arm
No more could shelter me ;
As though thou couldst not see the grief
That makes my courage quail ;

As though thou wouldst not send relief,
When human helpers fail.

Cannot thy might avert e'en now
What seems my certain doom,
And still with light and succour bow
To him who weeps in gloom ?
Art thou not evermore the same ?
Hast not thyself revealed
In Holy Writ, that we may claim
Thee for our strength and shield ?

O Father, compass me about
With love, for I am weak ;
Forgive, forgive my sinful doubt,
Thy pitying glance I seek ;
For torn and anguished is my heart,
Thou seest it, my God ;
Oh soothe my conscience' bitter smart,
Lift off my sorrows' load.

I know thy thoughts are peace toward me,
Safe am I in thy hands,
Could I but firmly build on thee,
For sure thy counsel stands !
Whate'er thy word hath promised, all
Wilt thou full surely give ;

Wherefore from thee I will not fall,
Thy word doth make me live.

Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows thee in pious trust,
Shall reach the goal at last.
Though strange and winding seem the way
While yet on earth I dwell,
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou, God, dost all things well!

Take courage then, my soul, nor steep
Thy days and nights in tears,
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn and weep,
Though dark are now thy fears.
He comes, he comes, the strong to save,
He comes nor tarries more,
His light is breaking o'er the wave,
The clouds and storms are o'er.

DREWES. 1797.



CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade.

STRIVE, when thou art called of God,
When he draws thee by his grace,
Strive to cast away the load
That would clog thee in the race!

Fight, though it may cost thy life,
Storm the kingdom, but prevail,
Let not Satan's fiercest strife
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.

Wrestle, till through every vein
Love and strength are glowing warm,
Love, that can the world disdain,
Half-love will not bide the storm.

Wrestle, with strong prayers and cries,
Think no time too much to spend,
Though the night be passed in sighs,
Though all day thy voice ascend.

Hast thou won the pearl of price,
Think not thou hast reached the goal,

Conquered every sin and vice
That had power to harm thy soul.

Gaze with mingled joy and fear
On the refuge thou hast found ;
Know, while yet we linger here
Perils ever hem us round.

Art thou faithful? then oppose
Sin and wrong with all thy might ;
Care not how the tempest blows,
Only care to win the fight.

Art thou faithful? Wake and watch,
Love with all thy heart Christ's ways,
Seek not transient ease to snatch,
Look not for reward or praise.

Art thou faithful? Stand apart
From all worldly hope and pleasure,
Yonder fix thy hopes and heart,
On the heaven where lies our treasure.

Soldiers of the Cross, be strong,
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
Daily conquering woe and wrong,
Till our King o'er earth shall reign !

WINKLER, died 1722.

HOPE IN GOD'S MERCY.

Not in anger smite us, Lord,
Spare thy people, spare !
If thou mete us due reward
We must all despair.
Let the flood
Of Jesus' blood
Quench the flaming of thy wrath,
That our sin enkindled hath.

Father ! thou hast patience long
With the sick and weak ;
Heal us, make us brave and strong,
Words of comfort speak.
Touch my soul,
And make me whole
With thy healing precious balm ;
Ward off all would work me harm.

Weary am I, Lord, and worn
With my ceaseless pain ;
Sad the heart that night and morn
Sighs for help in vain.

Wilt thou yet
My soul forget,
Waiting anxiously for thee
In the cave of misery ?

Hence, ye foes ! God hears my prayer
From his holy place ;
Once again with hope I dare
Come before his face.
Satan flee,
Hell touch not me ;
God hath given me power o'er all,
Who once mocked and sought my fall.

ALBINUS, died 1679.

THE MERCY OF GOD.

Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

I now have found, for hope of heaven,
An anchor-ground that firm will hold ;

'Twas through the cross of Jesus given,
By GOD appointed from of old ;
A ground that shall enduring stay,
When earth and skies have passed away.

'Tis GOD's own mercy, never ending,
Its measure all our thoughts exceeds ;
While Jesus too, his arms extending,—
Whose heart for guilty sinners bleeds,—
Now with compassion calls his foes
To flee from sin and endless woes.

And why should we be lost for ever,
Since GOD to us commends his love ?
His Son, with message of his favour,
Invites to holy joys above :
To win our hearts, as oft before,
He now is knocking at the door.

This love's a deep, our follies hiding ;
The death of Christ—a matchless grace,
To life and peace our spirits guiding,
Where wrath no more shall find a place.
His blood for us is pleading still—
“Let mercy all its work fulfil!”

From this will I my comfort borrow,
With joy will trust my Saviour's plea,

And, while for sin I deeply sorrow,
Now to the Father's pity flee,—
In him will ever seek a friend
Whose grace in Christ will never end.

Of all beside were I forsaken
That could my soul or body cheer;
From me if joys of earth were taken,
If not a friend were left me here,
One joy remains—the richest, best,—
For I with pardoning love am blest.

Should earthly cares still gather round me
And joined with griefs should malice rise,
Together striving to confound me,
Or into sin my soul surprise,
Should sorrows high o'er sorrows swell,
Let Mercy smile, and all is well.

Whene'er I look my doings over,—
The best of all that I have done,—
Much wrong and weakness I discover,
And boasting is for ever gone :
But in one thing I can confide,—
'Tis mercy,—and in nought beside.

He leads, and always will be nigh me,
Who has on me his mercy set ;

With all I need he will supply me,
Nor let my soul his grace forget :
What joys or sorrows may befall,
I'll trust his grace alike in all.

Upon this ground I will sustain me,
Long as the earth my dwelling prove ;
To serve my God and Saviour train me,
Till, dying, I shall rise above,
And there, rejoicing, shall adore
Unbounded mercy evermore.

A. ROTHE, died 1758.

O SACRED HEAD.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.

TRANSLATED BY DR. J. W. ALEXANDER.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down ;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown ;

O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine !
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow, and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared, when thou appearedst ;
What shame on thee is hurled !
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn !
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn !

The blushes late residing
Upon that holy cheek,
The roses once abiding
Upon those lips so meek ;
Alas ! they have departed ;
Wan death has rifled all !
For, weak and broken-hearted,
I see thy body fall.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour !
'Tis I deserve thy place,
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd, make me thine ;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips, with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

Beside thee, Lord, I've taken
My place, forbid me not !
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,
Though thou to death be brought.
If pain's last paleness hold thee,
In agony opprest—
Then, then I will enfold thee
Within this arm and breast !

The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.

My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow
Thy pity without end!
Oh make me thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me ;
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish
By thine own wounded heart.

And when I am departing,
Oh part not thou from me ;
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free !

And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from my anguish
By thine own pain and woe!

PAUL GERHARDT, died 1676.

FRUITS OF GODLY SORROW.

Endlich bricht der heisse Tiegel.

TRANSLATED BY DR. J. W. ALEXANDER.

Now the crucible is breaking!
Now my faith its seal is taking;
Molten gold unhurt by fire.
Only thus 'tis ever given,
Up to joys of highest heaven,
For God's children to aspire.

Thus by griefs, the Lord is moulding,
Mind and spirit here unfolding,
His own image, to endure.
Now he shapes our dust, but later
Is the inner man's Creator;
Thus he works by trial sure.

Sorrows quell our insurrection,
Bring our members to subjection,
 Under Christ's prevailing will;
While the broken powers he raises
To the work of holy praises,
 Quietly and softly still.

Sorrows gather home the senses,
Lest, seduced by earth's pretences,
 They should after idols stroll.
Like an angel guard, repelling
Evil from the inmost dwelling,
 Bringing order to the soul.

Sorrow now the harp is stringing
For the everlasting singing,
 Teaching us to soar above;
Where the blessed choir palm-bearing,
Harps are playing, crowns are wearing,
 Round the throne with songs of love.

Sorrow makes alert and daring,
Sorrow is our clay preparing
 For the cold rest of the grave.
Sorrow is a herald, hasting,
Of that springtide whose unwasting
 Health the dying soul shall save.

Sorrow makes our faith abiding,
Lowly, childlike and confiding;
Sorrow! who can speak thy grace!
Earth may name thee tribulation,
Heaven has nobler appellation:
Not thus honoured all our race.

Brethren, these our perturbations,
Step by step, through many stations
Lead disciples to their sun.
Soon—though many a pang has wasted,
Soon—though many a death been tasted,
Sorrow's watch of sighs is done.

Though the healthful powers were willing,
All the Master's will fulfilling,
By obedience to be tried,
Oh 'tis still no less a blessing,
Such a Master's care possessing
In his furnace to abide.

In the depth of keenest anguish,
More and more the heart shall languish
After Jesus' loving heart,
For one blessing only crying;
Make me like thee in thy dying,
Then thy endless life impart!

Till at length, with sighs all breaking
Through each bond its passage taking,

Lo ! the veil is rent in twain !

Who remembers now earth's treasure ?

What a sea of godlike pleasure,

High in heaven swells amain !

Now, with Jesus ever reigning,

Where the ransomed home are gaining,

Bathing in the endless light.

All the heavenly ones are meeting !

Brothers, sisters, let us, greeting,

Claim them ours by kindred right.

Jesus ! toward that height of heaven,

May a prospect clear be given,

Till the parting hour shall come.

Then, from pangs emerging brightly,

May we all be wafted lightly,

By angelic convoy home !

C. F. HARTMANN, died 1815.

HOME.

In einem dunkeln Thal.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. C. W. SHIELDS.

Down in a gloomy dell
I lay in troubled vision,
When on my spirit fell,
What seemed a sight Elysian.

'Twas home stood full in view,
The sunrise o'er it gleaming:
How pure the welkin's blue!
The flowers how gaily beaming!

What glory rested on
That clime of the ideal!
I woke: the dream was gone,
And pain alone was real.

Since then that vale I roam,
With restless yearning driven,
But find not there the home,
Found nowhere but in HEAVEN.

JUSTINUS KERNER.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Es kommt ein Schiff geladen.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. C. W. SHIELDS.

THERE comes a bark full laden :
The sea of time is stirred—
God's Son, the gracious burden,
The eternal Father's Word.

The bark moves gently driven,
It bears a precious trust :
The sail, the love of Heaven ;
The breeze, the Holy Ghost.

Earth's isle the anchor cleaveth,
The bark is safely moored,
God's Word our flesh receiveth,
Our steadfast hope secured.

A child at Bethlehem weeping,
And in a manger laid,
Our sins and sorrows keeping—
Oh blessed be the babe !

Whoso that heavenly stranger,
Would fold in sweet caress,
His footsteps from the manger,
Must follow to the cross ;

With Him must likewise perish,
And sinless rise to heaven ;
The eternal life to cherish,
Which unto him was given.

BE THOU CONTENT.

Gib dich zufrieden und sey stille.

BE thou content ; be still before
His face, at whose right hand doth reign
Fulness of joy for evermore ;
Without whom all thy toils are vain.
He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays
Make glad with life and light thy weary days ;
Be thou content.

Art thou all friendless and alone,
Hast none in whom thou canst confide?
God careth for thee, lonely one;
Comfort and help will he provide.

He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief;
Be thou content.

Lay not to heart whate'er of ill
Thy foes may falsely speak of thee;
Let man defame thee as he will,
God hears and judges righteously.
Why shouldst thou fear, if God be on thy side,
Man's cruel anger, or malicious pride?
Be thou content.

We know for us a rest remains,
When God will give us sweet release
From earth and all our mortal chains,
And turn our sufferings into peace.
Sooner or later death will surely come
To end our sorrows, and to take us home.
Be thou content.

Home to the chosen ones, who here
Served their Lord faithfully and well;
Who died in peace, without a fear,
And there in peace for ever dwell;

The Everlasting is their joy and stay,
The eternal Lord himself to them doth say,
Be thou content.

PAUL GERHARDT, died 1676.

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

I WILL not let thee go ; thou help in time of need !

Heap ill on ill,

I trust thee still,

E'en when it seems as thou wouldst slay indeed !

Do as thou wilt with me,

I yet will cling to thee ;

Hide thou thy face, yet help in time of need,

I will not let thee go !

I will not let thee go ; should I forsake my bliss ?

No, Lord, thou'rt mine,

And I am thine,

Thee will I hold when all things else I miss ;

Though dark and sad the night,

Joy cometh with thy light,

O thou my Sun ; should I forsake my bliss ?

I will not let thee go !

I will not let thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord !
Not death can tear
Me from His care,
Who for my sake his soul in death outpoured.
Thou diedst for love to me,
I say in love to thee,
E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my Life, my
Lord,
I will not let thee go !

DESSLER, died 1722.

HOPE IN GOD.

Aus tiefer Noth schrei' ich zu dir.

Out of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God ! oh hear my prayer !
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair :
If thou rememberest each misdeed,
If each should have its rightful meed,
Lord, who shall stand before thee ?

Lord, through thy love alone we gain
The pardon of our sin ;
The strictest life is but in vain,
Our works can nothing win,
That none should boast himself of aught,
But own in fear thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

Wherefore my hope is in the Lord,
My works I count but dust ;
I build not there, but on his word,
And in his goodness trust.
Up to his care myself I yield,
He is my tower, my rock, my shield,
And for his help I tarry.

And though it tarry till the night,
And round again to morn,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust thy might,
Nor count itself forlorn.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

Though great our sins and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
His helping mercy hath no bounds,
His love surpasseth all.

Our trusty loving Shepherd he,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

LUTHER, died 1546.

TEARS OF JESUS.

Du weinst ob Jerusalem.

THOU weepest o'er Jerusalem,
Lord Jesus, bitter tears ;
But deepest comfort lies in them
For us, whose sins have filled our souls with fears :
Since that they tell,
When sinners turn to thee thou lovest it well,
And surely wilt efface, of thy unbounded grace,
All the misdeeds that on our conscience dwell.

When God's just wrath and anger burn
Against me for my sin,
To these sad tears of thine I turn,
And watching them fresh hope and courage win.

For God doth prize

These drops so greatly, that before His eyes
Who sprinkles o'er his soul with them is clean and whole,
And from his sorrows' depth new joy shall rise.

Earth is the home of tears and woe,

Where we must often weep,.

Fighting the world our mighty foe,

Whose enmity to thee doth never sleep.

My heart is torn

Afresh each day by her fierce rage and scorn,
But in my saddest hours, I think upon those showers
That tell how thou hast all our sorrows borne.

Thou countest up my tears and sighs ;

E'en were they numberless,

Not one is hidden from thine eyes,

Thou ne'er forgettest me in my distress,

But when they rain

Before thee, thou dost quickly turn again,
Hast pity on my woe, and makest me to know
What sweetest joy lies hid in sorest pain.

We sow in tears ; but let us keep

Our faith in God, and trust him still,

Yonder our harvest we shall reap,

Where gladness every heart and mouth shall fill.

Such joy is there

No mortal tongue its glory can declare,
A joy that shall endure, changeless and deep and pure,
That shall be ours, if here the cross we bear.

O Christ, I thank thee for thy tears ;
Those tears have won for me
That I shall wear, through endless years,
A crown of joy before my God and thee.

All weeping o'er,
Up to thy chosen saints I once shall soar,
And there thy pity praise, in more befitting lays,
Thou glory of thy Church, for evermore.

HEERMANN, died 1647.

THE PURE IN HEART.

PURE Essence ! Spotless Fount of Light,
That fadest never into dark !
O thou, whose eyes, more clear and bright
Than noonday sun, are quick to mark

Our sins ; lo ! bare before thy face
Lies all the desert of my heart,
My once fair soul in every part
Now stained with evil foul and base.

Since but the pure in heart are blest,
With promised vision of their God,
Sore fear and anguish fill my breast,
Remembering all the ways I trod ;
Mourning I see my lost estate,
And yet in faith I dare to cry,
Oh let my evil nature die,
Another heart in me create !

Enough, Lord, that my foe too well
Hath lured me once away from thee ;
Henceforth I know his craft how fell,
And all his deep-laid snares I flee.
Lord, through the Spirit whom thy Son
Hath bidden us in prayer to ask,
Arm us with might that every task,
Whate'er we do, in thee be done.

Unworthy am I of thy grace,
So deep are my transgressions, Lord,
And yet once more I seek thy face ;
My God, have mercy, nor reward

My deepened sins, my follies vain ;
 Reject, reject me not in wrath,
 But let thy sunshine now beam forth,
And quicken me with hope again.

The Holy Spirit thou hast given,
 The wondrous pledge of love divine,
Who fills our hearts with joys of heaven,
 And bids us earthly toys resign ;
Oh let his seal be on my heart,
 Oh take him never more away,
 Until this fleshly house decay,
And thou shalt bid me hence depart.

But ah ! my coward spirit droops,
 Sick with the fear that enters in
Whene'er a soul to bondage stoops,
 And wears the shameful yoke of sin ;
Oh quicken with the strength that flows
 From forth the eternal Fount of Life,
 My soul half-fainting in the strife,
And make an end of all my woes.

I cling unto thy grace alone,
 Thy steadfast oath my only rest ;
To thee, heart-searcher, all is known
 That lieth hidden in my breast ;

Thy gladness, Spirit, on me pour,
Thy ready will my sloth inspire,
So shall I have my heart's desire,
And serve and praise thee evermore.

FREYLINGHAUSEN, died 1739.

PILGRIM SONG.

"Kommt, Kinder, lasst uns gehen."

COME, brothers, let us onward,
Night comes without delay,
And in this howling desert
It is not good to stay.
Take courage, and be strong,
We are hasting on to heaven,
Strength for warfare will be given,
And glory won ere long.

The Pilgrim's path of trial
We do not fear to view;
We know His voice who calls us,
We know him to be true.

Then, let who will contemn,
But, strong in his almighty grace,
Come, every one, with steadfast face,
On to Jerusalem !

If we would walk as pilgrims,
We must not riches heap ;
Much treasure to have gathered
But makes the way more steep.
We march with laggard speed,
Till every weight is cast aside,
Till with the little satisfied
That pilgrimage can need.

Here, all unknown we wander,
Despised on every hand,
Unnoticed, save when slighted
As strangers in the land.
Our joys they will not share.
Yet sing, that they may catch the song
Of heaven and the happy throng
That now await us there !

Come, gladly, let us onward,
Hand in hand still go,
Each helping one another
Through all the way below.

One family of love,—
Oh, let no voice of strife be heard,
No discord, by the angel-guard
Who watch us from above.

O brothers ! soon is ended
The journey we've begun,
Endure a little longer,
The race will soon be run.
And in the land of rest,
In yonder bright, eternal home,
Where all the Father's loved ones come,
We shall be safe and blest !

Then, boldly, let us venture,
This, this is worth the cost !
Though dangers we encounter,
Though everything is lost.
Oh world ! how vain thy call !
We follow Him who went before,
We follow to the eternal shore,
Jesus, our All in All !

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, died 1769.

REJOICE.

Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.

REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh,—
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry!

See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go, meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear!

Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,

Until in songs of triumph
They meet the angel-choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand!

Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold;
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold!

There flourish palms of vict'ry,
There, radiant garments are,
There stands the peaceful harvest
Beyond the reach of war.
There, after stormy winter,
The flowers of earth arise,
And from the grave's long slumber
Shall meet again our eyes!

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;

Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere !
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption
That brings us unto thee !

LAURENTIUS LAURENTII, died 1722.

LONGING FOR JESUS.

Jesu, Jesu, kommt zu mir.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. R. P. DUNN.

JESUS, Jesus, visit me.
How my soul longs after thee !
When, my best, my dearest Friend,
Shall our separation end ?

Lord, my longings never cease ;
Without thee I find no peace.
'Tis my constant cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

Mean the joys of earth appear;
All below is dark and drear;
Nought but thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

Lord, thou art of heaven the Light!
Heaven to me would not be bright,
I would not its glory share,
If my Saviour were not there.

From my heart wilt thou remove
All which thou dost not approve?
Let me own no God but thee;
Glorify thyself in me.

Lord, to none on earth beside
Thee, my heart I open wide;
Enter thou, possess it all:
Thee alone my own I call.

Thou alone, my gracious Lord,
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope,—my Saviour thou!
To thy sovereign will I bow.

Come, inhabit then my heart.
Purge its sin, and heal its smart;

See, I ever cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

Patiently I wait thy day ;
For this gift alone I pray,
That when death shall visit me,
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

ANGELUS, died 1677.

GOD OUR DEFENCE.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. R. P. DUNN.

A STRONGHOLD firm, a trusty shield,
When raging foes appal us,
Our God defence and help doth yield,
When heavy ills befall us.
With ancient bitter hate,
Such might and cunning great,
As guides no earthly arm,
Plotting us deadly harm,
Our foe attempts to enthrall us.

Our human strength avails us nought,
Our struggles soon were ended,
And we in hellish snares were caught,
Unless by God befriended.

Know ye our Champion's name?
All heaven tells his fame,
"Jesus, the Lord of Hosts."
His might our weakness boasts;
By him are we defended.

What though in every path of life,
A host of fiends endeavour
To wound us in the deadly strife?
Their arts shall triumph never.
The author of all ill
May threaten as he will;
His throne and empire proud,
But for a time allowed,
A word shall end for ever.

God's testimony standeth sure,
Whatever man betideth,
He makes the weakest saint endure,
Who in his grace confideth.
Though the best gifts of life,
Our foes seize in the strife,

We cheerful let them go ;
No profit have they so,
For heaven ours abideth.

LUTHER, died 1546.

THE LOSS OF PIOUS FRIENDS.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

WHY weepst thou ?—The bodies of the just
Yield Death no lasting prize :
In dust to sleep retired, the weary dust
In earth's still bosom lies :
Life's blossoms, gaily blooming,
From withering nought could save ;
Its joys and griefs entombing,
Full welcome was the grave.

Why weepst thou ?—Their father-land on high
Allured their souls away :
From earth's deep shadows, clouding all their sky,
They sought a brighter day.

Here anxious cares unnumbered
Our hopes and peace destroy ;
There, with no fears encumbered,
The soul has ceaseless joy.

Why weepest thou ?—Here e'en the righteous fall
Oft into grievous sin ;
The world or flesh can there no sense enthrall,
The foe no victory win ;
There grace fulfills its measure,
The heart is free from stain,—
Nor, to its hours of pleasure,
Succeeds regret or pain.

Why weepest thou ?—The future's dreary night
Obstructed all their view ;
Now happy prospects cheer their ravished sight,
With blessings ever new :
Apart the veil is riven
Which o'er their vision lay ;
Far off the clouds are driven,
And shines a glorious day.

Why weepest thou ?—The Saviour's gentle hand
Has wiped away their tears :
No sorrow enters that dear father-land
Which to our faith appears.

His arms of love inclosing
The weary and distressed,
There, on his heart reposing,
They find a blissful rest.

O weep no more!—He ever lives to save!
The dead shall hear his voice;
He'll bring thyself too, harmless of the grave,
To Zion and its joys.
Thy friends with songs shall greet thee,
When thou shalt thither come:
Thy lost ones there shall meet thee,
In their eternal home.

HOPFENSACK, born 1801.

GOD IS MY LIGHT.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

GOD is my Light!—Never, my soul, despair
In hours of thy distress!
The sun withdraws, and earth is dark and drear:
My light will never cease.

On days of joy with splendor beaming,
Through nights of grief, its rays are gleaming;
God is my Light!

GOD is my Trust!—My soul, be not afraid!
Thy Helper will abide:
“I’ll not forsake thee!”—He has kindly said,—
He’s ever at thy side;
In feeble age will yet stand by thee,
No real good will he deny thee:—
GOD is my Trust!

His is the Power!—He speaks, and it is done;
Commands, it standeth fast;
Ere hope of rescue is in me begun,
Behold, the work is past!
When we our weakness most are feeling,
GOD loves to prove, his strength revealing,
His is the Power.

The Kingdom his!—Throughout the earth he reigns
With wisdom, grace, and might;
The stars go on, and time its course maintains,
Beneath his watchful sight;
In silence onward still proceeding,
The universe obeys his leading,—
The Kingdom his!

God is my shield!—Of me he takes the care
As none beside could do;
He guards my head,—he watches every hair,
All dangers brings me through:
While thousands, to vain helpers calling,
On right and left are near me falling,—
He is my Shield!

God's my reward!—Well pleased I onward go
The path that he has shown:
It has no trials but my God will know,
When he awards my crown.
I'll gladly strive, the fight sustaining,
Until in death the victory gaining,—
God's my Reward!

HENGSTENBERG, 1825.

THE CROSS.

Je grösser Kreuz, je näher Himmel.

TRANSLATED BY J. J. GURNEY.

GREATER the cross, the nearer heaven;
Godless, to whom no cross is given!

The noisy world in masquerade
Forgets the grave, the worm, the shade ;
Blest is yon dearer child of God
On whom he lays the cross, the rod.

Best, by whom most the cross is known ;
God whets us on his grinding-stone ;
Full many a garden's dressed in vain,
Where tears of sorrow never rain.
In fiercest flames the gold is tried,
In griefs the Christian's purified.

'Midst crosses, faith her triumph knows,
The palm tree pressed more vigorous grows ;
Go tread the grapes beneath thy feet,
The stream that flows is full and sweet.
In trouble, virtues grow and shine,
Like pearls beneath the ocean brine.

Crosses abound, love seeks the skies ;
Blow the rude winds, the flames arise ;
When hopeless gloom the welkin shrouds,
The sun comes laughing through the clouds ;
The cross makes pure affection glow,
Like oil that on the fire we throw.

Who wears the cross prays oft and well,
Bruised herbs send forth the sweetest smell ;

Were ships ne'er tossed by stormy wind,
The pole star who would care to find ?
Had David spent no darksome hours,
His sweetest songs had ne'er been ours.

From trouble springs the longing hope ;
From the deep vale we mount the slope ;
Who treads the desert's dreariest way,
For Canaan most will long and pray ;
Here finds the trembling dove no rest,
Flies to the ark and builds her nest.

Heavy the cross, e'en death is dear ;
The sufferer sings—his end is near ;
From sin and pain he bursts away,
Trouble shall die that very day !
The cross yon silent grave adorning
Bespeaks a bright, triumphant morning.

Greater the cross, the lovelier rays
The crown prepared of God displays—
Treasure by many a conqueror worn,
Who wears it now before the throne ;
Oh think upon that jewel fair,
And heaviest griefs are light as air.

Dear Lamb of God, enhance thy cross,
More and yet more ! all else is dross.

Let ne'er a murmur mar my rest,
Plant thy own patience in my breast;
To guard me, faith, hope, love, combine,
Until the glorious crown be mine.

B. SCHMOLKE, died 1737.

CHRISTIAN'S ESTIMATE OF THE WORLD.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

CAN I this world esteem,
Or here repose my treasure,
When I alone in thee,
Dear Jesus, find my pleasure?
Thou art my chosen good,
Without thee, joy's a dream;
With thee, I need no more—
Can I this world esteem?

This world is like the smoke
In air full quickly failing;
'Tis like the shadow vain.
Of clouds fast onward sailing:

All, all soon flits away,—
But Christ abides the same;
He's my enduring Rock,—
Can I this world esteem?

The world their honours seek,
To earthly great-ones bending;
Nor will at all reflect
That these to dust are tending:
To Him who ever lives,
Whom I my glory deem,
To Christ—they scorn to bow;—
Can I the world esteem?

The world for riches strive,
Their toil no respite suffers:
The best reward they hope
Is treasure in their coffers:
I know a higher good,
A treasure that's supreme;
'Tis Jesus,—he is mine;—
Can I the world esteem?

The world much trouble feel,
Whoever may deride them;
Or when the praise they wish
By others is denied them:

But if it please my Lord,
For him I'll suffer shame,
In this my glory find;
Can I this world esteem?

The world to darling lusts
Admit no curb or measure,
For seeking joys on high
They have no heart or leisure;
The wretch who scorns restraint
Will meet his friends with them;
While then I love my God,
Can I the world esteem?

Can I this world esteem?
How soon its honours vanish!
These cannot from the brow
Death's pallid tokens banish:
Its riches—they are dust!
Its joys—a lying name!
But Christ—eternal bliss!
Can I this world esteem?

Can I this world esteem?
Christ is my life for ever,
My wealth, all my estate:
I rest upon his favour

My portion here,—above,
My every hope and aim;—
Once more, then, I would say—
Can I this world esteem?

G. M. PFEFFERKORN.

ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.

Eins ist noth! ach Herr diess Eine.

ONE thing is needful! Let me deem
Aright of that whereof He spoke;
All else, how sweet soe'er it seem,
Is but in truth a heavy yoke,
'Neath which the toiling spirit frets and pants,
Yet never finds the happiness it wants:
This One can make amends whate'er I miss,
Who hath it finds in all his joys through this!

My soul, wouldst thou this one thing find?
Seek not amid created things;
Leave what is earthly far behind,
O'er nature heavenward stretch thy wings,

Where God and man are one, in whom appear
All truth and fulness, thou hast found it here,—
The better part, the One thing needful he,
My One, my All, my Joy, who saveth me.

As Mary once devoutly sought
The eternal truth, the better part,
And sat, enwrap't in holy thought,
At Jesus' feet with burning heart,
For nought else caring, yearning for the word
That should be spoken by her Friend, her Lord,
Losing her All in him, his word believing,
And through the One all things again receiving:

Even so is all my heart's desire
Fixed, dearest Lord, on thee alone;
Oh make me true and draw me nigher,
And make thyself, O Christ, my own.
Though many turn aside to join the crowd,
To follow thee in love my heart is vowed,
Thy word is life and spirit, whither go?
What joy is there in thee we cannot know?

All perfect wisdom lies in thee
As in its primal hidden source;
Oh let my will submissive be,
And hold henceforth its even course,

Controlled by truth and meekness, for high heaven
To lowly simple hearts hath wisdom given ;
Who knoweth Christ aright, and in him lives,
Hath won the highest prize that wisdom gives.

Oh that my soul from sleep might wake,
And ever, Lord, thine image bear !
Thee for my portion I will take,
Thy holiness thou bidd'st us share,
Whate'er we need for God-like walk and life
Is given to us in thee ; oh end this strife,
And free me from the love of passing things,
To know alone the life from thee that springs !

What can I ask for more ? Behold
Thy mercy is a very flood ;
I know that thou hast passed of old
Into the Holiest through thy blood,
And there redeemed for ever those who lay
Beneath the rule of Satan ; now are they
Made free by thee, who erst were slaves and weak,
And childlike hearts the name of Father speak.

Deep joy and peace and holy calm
Fill my once restless spirit now ;
O'er verdant pastures free from harm,
She follows thee, her Shepherd thou ;

Whate'er rejoices or consoles us here,
Is not so sweet as feeling thou art near;
This One is needful, but all else is dross,
Let me win Christ, all other gain is loss.

SCHRODER, died 1728.

CHRISTIAN THANKSGIVING.

O dass ich tausend Zunge hätte.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

OH that I had a thousand voices !
· A mouth to speak with thousand tongues !
Then, with a heart his praise rejoices,
Would I proclaim in grateful songs,
To all wherever I should be,
What 't is the LORD has done for me.

Oh that my voice might high be sounding,
Far as the widely distant poles ;
My blood be quick with rapture bounding,
Long as its vital current rolls :

And every pulse thanksgiving raise,
And every breath, a hymn of praise !

Be not, my powers, in silence sleeping ;
Awake !—inflame your utmost zeal !
Your strength in constant effort keeping,
The praises of my GOD to swell :
Soul, body, all your might employ !
Extol the LORD with sacred joy !

Ye trees !—your growth his seasons nourish,
Now wave and rustle to his praise !
Ye flowerets fair !—so soon to perish,
Your forms with beauty he arrays ;
Let all your bloom now vocal be,
And join the song of praise with me !

And yet should universal Nature
Hear and obey my earnest call,
Should I have aid from every creature,
The strength would still be far too small,
His greater wonders to unfold,
Which all around me I behold.

Dear Father, endless praise I render,
For soul and body strangely joined ;
I praise thee, Guardian kind and tender,
For all the noble joys I find

So richly spread on every side,
And freely for my use supplied.

What equal praises can I offer,
Dear Jesus, for thy mercy shown?
What pangs, my Saviour, didst thou suffer,
And thus for all my sins atone!
Thy death alone my soul could free
From Satan, to be blest with thee.

Honour and praise, still onward reaching,
Be thine too, Spirit of all grace,
Whose holy power and faithful teaching
Give me among thy saints a place:
Whate'er of good in me may shine
Comes only from thy light divine.

Who grants immortal hopes to bless me?
Who, but thyself, O God of love?
Who guards my way lest fears oppress me?
'Tis thou, LORD GOD of hosts above.
And when my sins thy wrath provoke,
Thy patience, LORD, forbears the stroke.

I kiss the rod too, unrepining,
When GOD his chastening makes me feel:
My graces call for his refining,
The trial works no lasting ill:

It purifies, and makes it known
That he regards me as a son.

In life I often have discovered,
With gratitude and glad surprise,
When clouds of sorrow o'er me hovered,
God sent from them my best supplies :
In troubles he is ever near,
And shows me all a father's care.

Why not then, with a faith unbounded,
For ever in his love confide ?
Why not, with earthly griefs surrounded,
Rejoicing, still in hope abide ;
Until I reach that blissful home
Where doubts and sorrows never come ?

No more low vanities regarding,
To thee, in whom I find my rest,
I cry—my inmost soul according,—
“My God, thou art the highest, best ;
Strength, honour, praise, and thanks, and power
Be thine, both now and evermore !”

For all thy goodness I'll extol thee,
While yet my tongue has strength to move ;
First object of my love enrol thee,
Until my heart forget to love.

When feeble lips no voice can raise,
My dying sighs shall murmur praise.

Accept, O LORD, I now implore thee,
The meagre praise I give below :
In heaven I better will adore thee,
When I an angel's strength shall know :
There would I lead the sacred choir,
And raise their hallelujahs higher !

JOHN MENTZER, died 1734.

TRUST IN GOD.

LEAVE all to God,
Forsaken one, and still thy tears.
For the Highest knows thy pain,
Sees thy sufferings and thy fears ;
Thou shalt not wait his help in vain,
Leave all to God.

Be still and trust !
For his strokes are strokes of love,

Thou must for thy profit bear ;
He thy filial fear would move,
Trust thy Father's loving care,
Be still and trust !

Know, God is near !
Though thou think him far away,
Though his mercy long have slept,
He will come and not delay,
When his child enough hath wept,
For God is near !

Oh teach him not
When and how to hear thy prayers ;
Never doth our God forget,
He the cross who longest bears
Finds his sorrows' bounds are set,
Then teach him not.

If thou love him,
Walking truly in his ways,
Then no trouble, cross or death,
Shakes thy heart, or quells thy praise.
All things serve thee here beneath,
If thou love God !

ANTON ULRICH, Duke of Brunswick, died 1714.

IN THEE I TRIUMPH.

Wie wohl ist mir, o Freund der Seele.

O FRIEND of souls, how well is me
 Whene'er thy love my spirit calms !
From sorrow's dungeon forth I flee,
 And hide me in thy sheltering arms.
The night of weeping flies away
Before the heart-reviving ray
 Of love, that beams from out thy breast ;
Here is my heaven on earth begun ;
Who were not joyful had he won
 In thee, O God, his joy and rest !

The world may call herself my foe,
 So be it ; for I trust her not,
E'en though a friendly face she show,
 And heap with her good things my lot.
In thee alone will I rejoice,
Thou art the Friend, Lord, of my choice,
 For thou art true when friendships fail ;
'Mid storms of woe thy truth is still
My anchor ; hate me as it will,
 The world shall o'er me ne'er prevail.

Through deserts of the cross thou ledest,
I follow leaning on thy hand ;
From out the clouds thy child thou feedest,
And givest him water from the sand.
I know thy wondrous ways will end
In love and blessing, thou true Friend,
Enough if thou art ever near !
I know, whom thou wilt glorify,
And raise o'er sun and stars on high,
Thou ledest through depths and darkness here.

To others Death seems dark and grim,
But not, thou Life of life, to me ;
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Whose heart and spirit rest in thee.
Oh who would fear his journey's close,
If from dark woods and lurking foes,
He then find safety and release ?
Nay, rather with a joyful heart
From this dark region I depart,
To thy eternal light and peace.

O Friend of souls, then well indeed
Is me, when on thy love I lean !
The world, nor pain, nor death I heed,
Since thou, my God, my joy hast been.

Oh let this peace that thou hast given,
Be but a foretaste of thy heaven,
For goodness infinite is thine.
Hence, world, with all thy flattering toys !
In God alone lie all my joys ;
Oh rich delight, my Friend is mine !

DESSLER, died 1722.

THE CURE OF SORROW.

Auf den Negel folgt die Sonn'.

COMETH sunshine after rain,
After mourning joy again,
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief ;
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

HE, whom this world dares not face,
Hath refreshed me with his grace,

And his mighty hand unbound
Chains of hell about me wound ;
 Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
 Since his mercy, like a flood,
 Poured o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne,
Keen regret my heart hath torn,
Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes,
Satan blinded me with lies ;
 Yet at last am I set free,
 Help, protection, love, to me
 Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was left a helpless prey,
Ne'er with shame was turned away,
He who gave himself to God,
And on him had cast his load.
 Who in God his hope hath placed
 Shall not life in pain outwaste,
 Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still ;
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.

As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
And whate'er we asked is ours.

When my heart was vexed with care,
Filled with fears, well nigh despair;
When with watching many a night,
On me fell pale sickness' blight;
 When my courage failed me fast,
 Camest thou, my God, at last,
 And my woes were quickly past.

Now as long as here I roam,
On this earth have house and home,
Shall this wondrous gleam from thee
Shine through all my memory.
 To my God I yet will cling,
 All my life the praises sing
 That from thankful hearts outspring.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
 As my life flows on I'll take
 Calmly, gladly for his sake,
 No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave.
Whom the Strongest doth defend,
Whom the Highest counts his friend,
Cannot perish in the end.

PAUL GERHARDT, died 1676.

IT IS NOT DYING.

Nein, nein, das ist kein sterben.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. R. P. DUNN.

No, no, it is not dying,
To go unto our God;
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying,
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying,
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favour of thy Lord."

No, no, it is not dying,
The Shepherd's voice to know.
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

No, no, it is not dying,
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling,
Of Him whose sway we own.

Oh, no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here drops alone we find.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

Komm, segen aus der Höh'.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. R. P. DUNN.

ATTEND, O Lord, my daily toil
With blessings from above ;
Grant that my soul may watchful be,
And full of faith and love.

In all my many pleasant tasks,
Let me united find,
With careful Martha's busy hand,
Sweet Mary's docile mind.

Amid the various scenes of life,
In matters great or small,
Oh, let me ne'er indulge in pride,
Nor angry words let fall.
May I with willing, cheerful heart,
My brother's burden share,
And never bring reproach upon
The holy name I bear.

Where'er my roving feet may tread,
Whate'er my hands provide,
May faith's clear eye the Lord behold,
Still standing by my side.

Guide and control my stubborn heart,
Until thy sovereign will
I shall in every purpose own,
In every act fulfil.

SUBMISSION.

THUS said the Lord, "Thy days of health are over!"
And like the mist my vigour fled away,
Till but a feeble shadow was remaining,
A fragile frame, fast hastening to decay.
The May of life, with all its blooming flowers,
The joys of life, in colours bright arrayed,
The hopes of life, in all their airy promise,
I saw them in the distance slowly fade.

Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
Then silent tears would overflow my eyes!
But a warm sunbeam from a higher sphere
Stole through the gloom, and dried up every tear:
Is this thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

“Thy cherished flock thou mayest feed no longer!”

Thus said the Lord, who gave them to my hand;

Nor even was my sinking heart permitted

To ask the reason of the dread command.

The shepherd's rod had been so gladly carried,

The flock had followed long and loved it well;

Alas! the hour was dark, the stroke was heavy,

When sudden from my nerveless grasp it fell.

Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,

Then rushing tears would overflow my eyes!

But I beheld thee, O my Lord and God,

Beneath the cross lay down the shepherd's rod:

Is this thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,

Thy servant weeps no more.

“Never again thou mayest feed thy people!”

Thus said the Lord, with countenance severe,

And bade me lay aside at once, for ever,

The robes of office, honoured long and dear.

The sacred mantle from my shoulders falling,

The sacred girdle loosening at his word;

I could but feel and say, while sadly gazing,

I have been once a pastor of the Lord.

Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,

Then burning tears would overflow my eyes!

But His own garment once was torn away,

To the rude soldiery a spoil and prey :
Is this thy will, good Lord ? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

“ From the calm port of safety rudely severed,
Through stormy waves thy shattered bark must go,
And dimly see, amid the darkness sinking,
Nothing but heaven above and depths below ! ”
Thus said the Lord ; and through a raging ocean
Of doubts and fears my spirit toiled in vain.
Ah ! many a dove went forth of hope inquiring,
But none with olive leaf returned again !

Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,
Then tears of bitterness o'erflowed my eyes !
Yet through the gloom the promised light was given ;
From the dark waves I could look up to heaven !
Is this thy will, good Lord ? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

“ Thou shalt find kindred hearts in love united,
And with them in the wilderness rejoice ;
But stand prepared, each gentle tie untwining,
To separate at my commanding voice ! ”
Thus said the Lord ; he gave as he had promised.
How many a loving heart has met my own !
But ever must the tender bonds be broken,
And each go onward, distant, and alone ?

Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
Then tears of anguish overflowed my eyes !
But thou hast known the bitter, parting day,
From the beloved John hast turned away.
Is this thy will, good Lord ? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

Möwes, died—

THAT LAND.

THERE is a land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye ;
Where true hearts will not sink nor be dismayed,
And love will never die.
Tell me—I fain would go,—
For I am burdened with a heavy woe ;
The beautiful have left me all alone ;
The true, the tender, from my path have gone,
And I am weak and fainting with despair ;
Where is it ? tell me, where ?

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate path of life ;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and toil, and strife.
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths has trod ;
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe ;
Think of his loneliness in places dim,
When no man comforted or cared for him ;
Think how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that dread agony, "Thy will be done !"
Friend, do thou not despair,
Christ, in his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer.

UHLAND.

ON ALPINE HEIGHTS.

ON Alpine heights the love of God is shed ;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe ;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie ;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow ;
There the bold chamois go ;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from his own hand.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
The sheep and wild goats go ;
There in the solitude,
He fills their heart with food.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd ;
His Shepherd is the Lord ;

For he who feeds the sheep
Will sure his offspring keep.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

KRUMMACHER, born 1767.

OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

Oh, only see how sweetly there
Our little church is gleaming!
The golden evening sunshine fair
On tower and roof is streaming.
How soft and tranquil all around!
Where shall its like on earth be found?

Through the green foliage, white and clear,
It peeps out all so gaily
Round on our little village here,
And down through all the valley.
Well pleased it is, as one may see,
With its own grace and purity.

Not always does it fare so well,
When tempests rage and riot,
Yet even then the little bell
Speaks out—" 'Twill soon be quiet!"

Though clouds look black, and pour down rain,
The sunshine brighter comes again.

And when the organ shines and sounds,
With silver pipes all glistening,
How every heart then thrills and bounds,
And earth and heaven seem listening !
Such feelings in each bosom swell,
But what he feels no one can tell.

Oh, see in evening's golden fire
Its little windows gleaming !
Bright as a bride in gay attire,
With flowers and jewels beaming.
Aye, look ye now, it gleams and glows,
Fair as an apricot or rose !

Within, our little church shows quite—
Believe me—quite as neatly ;
The little benches, blue and white,
All empty, look so sweetly !
On Sunday none is empty found—
There's no such church the wide world round !

See where against the pillared wall
The pulpit high is builded,
Well carved and planned by master hand,
All polished bright and gilded.
Then comes the pastor undismayed ;
They wonder he is not afraid.

But he stands up a hero there,
And leads them on to heaven,
Through all this world of sin and care,
The flock his God has given.
Soft falls his word as dew comes down
On a dry meadow, parched and brown.

But see, the sun already sinks,
And all the vale is darkling,
Only our little spire still blinks
With day's last golden sparkling.
How still and sacred all around !
Where shall a church like ours be found ?

KRUMMACHER.

MORNING HYMN.

O Licht, geboren aus dem Lichte.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. C. W. SHIELDS.

O HOLY light, of light engendered,
O glorious Sun of righteousness,
Again as erst from chaos rendered,
Thou dost our waking vision bless ;

Thanks and adoration !
Well a new oblation
Such new grace beseems ;
Gift of sinful spirits,
Purge it by thy merits
In thy cleansing beams.

Now let the glory of thy dawning
On our benighted souls arise ;
Where'er thou shinest, Star of Morning.
The gloom of sin and sorrow flies.
See, O Lord, we wander ;
Darkened paths we ponder,
Lost from Wisdom's way.
Oh, dispel our terror,
And this night of error
Turn to glorious day.

GOD WITH US.

Gott mit uns, Immanuel.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. R. P. DUNN.

God with us ! Immanuel !

Open with the year before us,
Thy treasury where blessings dwell,
And their fulness scatter o'er us.
Source of good ! make us to know
Whence our daily comforts flow.

Bless the body and the soul,
Oh, thou source of every blessing !
Every anxious fear control,
Lead us still thy grace possessing,
Where thy foot in mercy treads,
Where thy hand its bounty sheds.

Let our every act be blest,—
Our incoming and outgoing,
May thine eye upon us rest,
Still the path to glory showing.
We our need of grace confess ;
Let thy grace, Lord, give success.

Make us seek our heavenly home,
Here on earth let concord flourish;
And though evil days should come,
Let e'en them our graces nourish.
Let the city and the state,
Through "thy gentleness" be "great."

Lord, thy covenant seal impress
On the year thy love is sending;
With divine protection bless
Its beginning, midst, and ending.
Hear our humble prayer, and—then,
Thyself pronounce the glad Amen.

B. SCHMOLKE, died 1737.

REMEMBER ME.

Gedenke mein, mein Gott!

"REMEMBER me, my God! remember me,
In hour of deepest woe;
Thou art my only hope, my only plea,
Against the accusing foe.

Oh, shew me now thy full salvation

Oh, hear my dying supplication !

Remember me !”

“I think on thee, believer ! tremble not,

Thy Saviour still is near :

Here is my cross, my blood to cleanse each spot,

My promises to cheer.

Is not my love unchanged, unshaken ?

How shall mine own be e'er forsaken ?

I think on thee !”

“Remember me ! man's help can nought avail

In the dark valley's shade ;

My strength must faint, my flesh and heart must fail,

Oh ! haste thou to mine aid !

Silence and darkness o'er me stealing,

Oh, be thou still thyself revealing,—

Remember me !”

“I think on thee ! soon in the better land

Thou shalt with me rejoice ;

The harps of heaven are waiting for thy hand,

The chorus for thy voice :

The angel bands are round thee bending,

Thy parting spirit close attending,—

I think on thee !”

“Remember me ! by thine own hour of pain,
 Appear in mine to save !
Smooth for my rest the couch where thou hast lain,
 The pillow of the grave ;
And while the years of time are flying,
In that lone place of darkness lying,—
 Remember me !”

“I think on thee ! thine own Redeemer lives,
 Thy hope shall not be vain ;
When the last trump its solemn summons gives,
 Thou shalt arise again.
Now, go in peace, securely sleeping,
Thy dust is safe in angels’ keeping,—
 I think on thee !”

“Remember me, and the afflicted band
 Whom I must leave behind !
Pour consolation from thine own rich hand
 On mourning heart and mind.
Oh, hear this one, this last petition,
Then shall I go in glad submission,—
 Remember me !”

“I think on thee ! with that sad band of love
 I will in mercy deal ;
My tender sympathy their souls shall prove
 My Spirit’s power to heal.

The long-sought bliss shall yet be given,
The lost of earth are found in heaven,—
I think on thee!”

CHORUS OF THE CHURCH.

“Now, sweetly sleep! angels thy soul receive,
And bear to Jesus’ breast!
Long in our hearts thy memory shall live,
Here let thy body rest.
Secure from earthly pain and sorrow,
Till dawns the resurrection morrow.
Now, sweetly sleep!”

MY GOD! I KNOW THAT I MUST DIE.

Mein Gott! ich weiss wohl dass ich sterbe.

MY GOD! I know that I must die,
My mortal life is passing hence,
On earth I neither hope nor try
To find a lasting residence.
Then teach me by thy heavenly grace,
With joy and peace my death to face.

My God ! I know not when I die,
What is the moment, or the hour,
How soon the clay may broken lie,
How quickly pass away the flower ;
Then may thy child prepared be
Through time to meet Eternity.

My God ! I know not how I die,
For death has many ways to come,
In dark mysterious agony,
Or gently as a sleep to some.
Just as thou wilt ! if but I be
For ever blessed, Lord, with thee.

My God ! I know not where I die,
Where is my grave, beneath what strand,
Yet from its gloom I do rely
To be delivered by thy hand.
Content, I take what spot is mine,
Since all the earth, my Lord, is thine.

My gracious God ! when I must die,
Oh, bear my happy soul above,
With Christ, my Lord, eternally
To share thy glory and thy love !
Then comes it right and well to me,
When, where, and how my death shall be.

B. SCHMOLKE, died 1737.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER IN THE NIGHT.

Dunkel ist's. Des Lebens laute Töne.

DARKNESS reigns—the hum of life's commotion
On the listening ear no longer breaks ;
Stars are shining on the deep blue ocean,
All is silent, Love alone awakes.

Love on earth its lonely vigils keeping,
Love in heaven that rests or slumbers not ;
Peace, my anxious heart ! though thou wert sleeping,
Love divine has ne'er its charge forgot.

And for you, my brightest earthly flowers,
You, my children, Love divine has cared !
Sleep, beloved ones ! through these dark hours
Angels by your pillow watch and guard.

Here the winged messengers of heaven,
As beheld at Bethel, come and go,
Angel guardians, whom the Lord has given
To each little one while here below.

Thou, O Saviour, while on earth residing,
Never didst thou scorn a mother's prayer,
Faith may still behold thee here abiding,
Still commend her treasures to thy care.

Were not all my hope on thee reposing,
Thou sole refuge for a sinner's fears,
Then, the future all its ills disclosing,
I could give my children only tears.

From their earthly parents they inherit
Nought save sin and weakness, grief and pain,—
Give them, Lord, thine all sufficient merit,
Spiritual birth and life again.

Hide and guard them in thy tender arms,
Till the wilderness of life be past;
Save them from temptation's fatal charms,
Seal them for thine own, from first to last!

Let thy rod and staff in mercy lead them
In the footsteps of thy flock below,
Till 'mid heavenly pastures thou shalt feed them,
Where the streams of life eternal flow.

META HAUSSER—SCHWEITZER, born 1798.

THE LONG GOODNIGHT.

Ich fahr dahin mit Freuden.

I JOURNEY forth rejoicing,
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly bonds and fears :
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit,—
Goodnight, till then !

Go to thy quiet resting,
Poor tenement of clay !
From all thy pain and weakness
I gladly haste away ;
But still in faith confiding
To find thee yet again,
All glorious and immortal,—
Goodnight, till then !

Why thus so sadly weeping,
Beloved ones of my heart ?
The Lord is good and gracious,
Though now he bids us part.

Oft have we met in gladness,
And we shall meet again,
All sorrow left behind us,—
Goodnight, till then !

I go to see His glory,
Whom we have loved below ;
I go, the blessed angels,
The holy saints to know.
Our lovely ones departed,
I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us,—
Goodnight, till then !

I hear the Saviour calling,
The joyful hour has come,
The angel-guards are ready
To guide me to our home ;
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit,—
Goodnight, till then !

REPENTANCE.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

REPENT!—nor still delay
From one year to another:
Death may, at any hour,
Blast all thy hopes together:
And, after death, will God
His wrath for sin display;
O sinner, think of this!
Repent, without delay!

Repent!—nor still delay
Till life's late sands are gliding:
Thou canst not know that age
Will find thee here abiding:
Life now its light affords,
But short its longest day—
Ere noon how often quenched!
Repent, without delay!

Repent!—nor still delay
Till on a death-bed lying:
Is this a work to do
When panting, struggling, dying?

What pains and fears will then
Thy trembling soul dismay !
Break now the cords of sin !
Repent, without delay !

Repent !—nor still delay
Till youthful joys are ended :
Why should thy prime of life
In folly be expended ?
The young die too, and then
Who shall God's judgment stay ?
Be wise while yet there's time !
Repent, without delay !

Repent !—no more delay !
All hope will soon be over,
Let sin's deceit no more
From thee thy ruin cover !
Whoso the flesh and world,
And Satan will obey,
Must hopeless sink to hell :
Repent, without delay !

Repent !—no more delay !
While space to thee is suffered,
Let prayer before thy God,
With grief for sin, be offered.

If thus, in Jesus' name,
For grace thou wilt not pray,
Thy soul's for ever lost.
Repent, without delay !

Repent!—no more delay !
Live now for God and heaven !
Avow, with heart sincere,
“ My all to God is given :
On Jesus rests my hope,
He is my only stay ! ”
How blest would be thy soul !
Repent, without delay !

CONSCIENCE APPEASED.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

WHAT meanest thou my soul,
In hopeless sorrow weeping :
Through consciousness of guilt,
In fear and anguish keeping ?

So grievous is the load
Thy sins upon thee bind,
That peace or comfort, none
Thy troubled thoughts can find.

Full just is all the charge
'Gainst thee by conscience spoken,
Thy GOD thou hast despised,
His holy law hast broken ;
Thy false and evil ways
Are open to his view ;
Thou hast deserved to die ;
'Tis all, alas ! too true.

Thy sins have no excuse,
And yet, Wilt thou receive it ?
GOD, in his word of truth,
Commands thee to believe it,
That just as true and sure
As thy repented guilt,
So sure it is, that Christ
For thee his blood has spilt.

Though sinners he would save,
God's claims he well asserted ;
Did what we ne'er could do,
Our wills are so perverted ;

The Law we had despised
He honoured and obeyed,
Bore too its threatened curse,
And suffered in our stead.

And through his merits now,
Of God's mere sovereign favour,
By faith we're justified,
So that how deep soever
The wounds that sin inflicts,
They cannot deadly be,
Since Jesus, by his death,
From guilt has set us free.

Fears I may well dismiss,
The power of hell contemning ;
Wilt thou still doubt, my soul,
Thyself to wrath condemning ?
Yet God, who by his word
Would all my fears relieve,
Is greater far than thou,
His word cannot deceive.

Send now thy Spirit, Lord,
With mercy and with power,
That I, in hope and love,
May onward, upward tower :

Since thou my soul hast washed
From dead works by thy blood,
Give me by faith to live,
And work the works of God!

Give strength, victorious King,
That, in thy steps pursuing,
Satan, the world, and flesh,
And all their rage, subduing,
I too may victory gain :
Nor let my spirit dread
The wrath my sins deserve,
For I to sin am dead.

HOPE IN GOD'S MERCY.

Aus tiefer Noth schrei' ich zu dir.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

FROM deep distress to thee I pray,
O God, hear my entreaty !
Turn not thy face from me away,
But show thy tender pity :

As Judge, shouldst thou my deeds regard,
In justice weighing due award,
How could I stand the trial !

With thee should mercy not prevail
To show to man thy favour,
His every act his guilt would swell,
Vain were his best endeavour.
His goodness in its utmost length,
Reveals his utter want of strength,—
He must rely on mercy.

On God alone, and on his grace,
Can I securely rest me ;
He sees my heart, he heals distress,
To him, then, why not trust me ?
He owns a Father's name, and knows
The full amount of human woes—
On him be my reliance !

Should comfort seem afar to keep,
I'll not sink down despairing ;
They who in godly sorrow weep
Shall find a gracious hearing ;
Thus Christians do, and they are blest
In God, their confidence and rest,
Their comfort, and Redeemer.

Many and great my sins, I own,
But greater God's free mercies :
From wrath I flee to his dear Son,
Who bore for me its curses :
And he will be my Shepherd, too,
Will all my troubles guide me through,
To rest with him in glory.

M. LUTHER, died 1546.

CHRIST OUR ROCK.

So hab' ich nun den Fels erreicht.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

I now have found the Rock of ages,
And, with it, all that soul would crave ;
This Rock, unmoved when tempest rages,
This Rock, from which the swollen wave
With broken billows back is rolling,
When storms from hell's abyss were howling,
Received me to its sheltering cleft.
My soul, dismiss all doubt and terror,
Thy faith is no delusive error,
Here safe retreat for thee is left.

Oppressed with guilt of sins so many,
My soul was like the troubled sea;
Nor help for me appeared there any,
But dark despair awaited me.
While conscience, for my sins accusing,
All hope of light or life refusing,
Disclosed the world of woe beneath,
As one that's tossed on ocean's surges,
Where each to ruin onward urges,
I struggled on the brink of death.

On me, when now all hope was dying,
The Saviour looked; nor stood apart:
He heard my voice for mercy crying,
And pity moved his tender heart:
To me his wounded body showing,
And from the wounds his life's blood flowing,
He cried—"Come, weary sinner, come!
I am the rock for sinners riven,
No refuge else for thee is given,
Haste! for thy shelter here is room!"

What life and peace my spirit borrows,
Rock of my strength, what joys from thee!
Where now is gone that flood of sorrows?
Lo! backward roll its waves from me.

Now finds my soul, to its full measure,
In thee its paradise of pleasure ;

What pure delights my bosom fill !
Of all the bliss I share before thee,
I deeply feel I'm all unworthy,
Yet thankful take it : such thy will.

Let then the angry winds be roaring !

Let sea and sky their fury wage !
The floods of Death their storm be pouring,
And Satan double all his rage !

All this but little can alarm me,
My Rock secures that nothing harm me,
Though darkness all my prospect hide.
Let sink with fear both hill and mountain,
My Rock will stand ; a ceaseless fountain
Of life still flowing from its side.

PASSING AWAY.

Geht nun hin und grabt mein Grab.

Go and dig my grave to-day !
Weary of my wanderings all,
Now from earth I pass away,
For the heavenly peace doth call ;
Angel voices from above
Call me to their rest and love.

Go and dig my grave to-day !
Homeward doth my journey tend,
And I lay my staff away
Here where all things earthly end,
And I lay my weary head
In the only painless bed.

What is there I yet should do,
Lingering in this darksome vale ?
Proud, and mighty, fair to view,
Are our schemes, and yet they fail,
Like the sand before the wind,
That no power of man can bind.

Farewell earth then ; I am glad
That in peace I now depart,
For thy very joys are sad,
And thy hopes deceive the heart ;
Fleeting is thy beauty's gleam,
False and changing as a dream.

And to you a last good night,
Sun and moon and stars so dear ;
Farewell all your golden light ;
I am travelling far from here,
To the splendors of that day
Where ye all must fade away.

Farewell, O ye much-loved friends !
Grief hath smote you as a sword,
But the Comforter descends
Unto them who love the Lord.
Weep not o'er a passing show,
To the eternal world I go.

Weep not that I take my leave
Of the world ; that I exchange
Errors that too closely cleave,
Shadows, empty ghosts that range
Through this world of nought and night,
For a land of truth and light.

Weep not, dearest to my heart,
For I find my Saviour near,
And I know that I have part
In the pains he suffered here,
When he shed his sacred blood
For the whole world's highest good.

Weep not, my Redeemer lives ;
Heavenward springing from the dust,
Clear-eyed hope her comfort gives ;
Faith, heaven's champion, bids us trust ;
Love eternal whispers nigh,
" Child of God, fear not to die ! "

E. M. ARNDT, born 1769.

CASTING OUR CARES ON GOD.

Was von aussen und von innen.

WHAT within me and without,
Hourly on my spirit weighs,
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,
Darkening all my weary days :

In it I behold thy will,
God, who givest rest and peace,
And my heart is calm and still,
Waiting till thou send release.

God ! thou art my rock of strength,
And my home is in thine arms;
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.
Sin nor Death can pierce the shield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
Up to thee myself I yield,
And my sorrows are thine own.

When my trials tarry long,
Unto thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my trust in thee abate.
And this faith I long have nurst,
Comes alone, O God, from thee ;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

Christians ! cast on him your load,
To your tower of refuge fly ;
Know he is the living God,
Ever to his creatures nigh.

Seek his ever-open door
In your hours of utmost need ;
All your hearts before him pour,
He will send you help with speed.

But hast thou some darling plan,
Cleaving to the things of earth ?
Leanest thou for aid on man ?
Thou wilt find him nothing worth.
Rather trust the One alone
Whose is endless power and love,
And the help he gives his own,
Thou in very deed shalt prove.

On thee, O my God, I rest,
Letting life float calmly on,
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.
In thy might all things I bear,
In thy love find bitters sweet,
And with all my grief and care
Sit in patience at thy feet.

O my soul, why art thou vexed ?
Let things go e'en as they will ;
Though to thee they seem perplexed,
Yet His order they fulfil.

Here he is thy strength and guard,
Power to harm thee here has none,
Yonder will he each reward
For the works he here has done.

Let thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to thee,
In the peace thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally.
Be my All; in all I do
Let me only seek thy will,
Where the heart to thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

A. H. FRANCKE, died 1727.

THERE REMAINETH A REST.

Es ist noch eine Ruh vorhanden.

YES, there remaineth yet a rest!
Arise, sad heart, that darkly pines,
By heavy care and pain opprest,
On whom no sun of gladness shines;

Look to the Lamb ! in yon bright fields
Thou'lt know the joy his presence yields ;
Cast off thy load and thither haste ;
Soon shalt thou fight and bleed no more,
Soon, soon thy weary course be o'er,
And deep the rest thou then shalt taste—

The rest appointed thee of God,
The rest that nought shall break or move,
That ere this earth by man was trod
Was set apart for thee by Love.
Our Saviour gave his life to win
This rest for thee ; oh enter in !
Hear how his voice sounds far and wide,
Ye weary souls, no more delay,
Loiter not faithless by the way,
Here in my peace and rest abide !

Ye heavy-laden, come to him !
Ye who are bent with many a load,
Come from your prisons drear and dim,
Toil not thus sadly on your road !
Ye've borne the burden of the day,
And hear ye not your Saviour say,
I am your refuge and your rest ?
His children ye, of heavenly birth,
Howe'er may rage sin, hell, or earth,
Here are ye safe, here calmly blest.

Yonder in joy the sheaves we bring,
Whose seed was sown on earth in tears ;
There in our Father's house we sing
The song too sweet for mortal ears.
Sorrow and sighing all are past,
And pain and death are fled at last,
There with the Lamb of God we dwell,
He leads us to the crystal river,
He wipes away all tears for ever ;
What there is ours no tongue can tell.

Hunger nor thirst can pain us there,
The time of recompense is come,
Nor cold nor scorching heat we bear,
Safe sheltered in our Saviour's home.
The Lamb is in the midst ; and those
Who followed him through flame and woes,
Are crowned with honour, joy, and peace.
The dry bones gather life again,
One Sabbath over all shall reign,
Wherein all toil and labour cease.

There is untroubled calm and light,
No gnawing care shall mar our rest ;
Ye weary, heed this word aright,
Come, lean upon your Saviour's breast.

Fain would I linger here no more,
Fain to yon happier world upsoar,
And join that bright expectant band.
Oh raise, my soul, the joyful song
That rings through yon triumphant throng;
Thy perfect rest is nigh at hand.

KUNTH, died 1779.

SICKNESS.

Gott den ich als Liebe kenne.

God! whom I as Love have known,
Thou hast sickness laid on me,
And these pains are sent of thee,
Under which I burn and moan;
Let them burn away the sin,
That too oft hath checked the love
Wherewith thou my heart wouldst move,
When thy Spirit works within!

In my weakness be thou strong,
Be thou sweet when I am sad,
Let me still in thee be glad,
Though my pains be keen and long.

All that plagues my body now,
All that wasteth me away,
Pressing on me night and day,
Love hath sent, for Love art thou!

Suffering is the work now sent,
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by;
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my gain; I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hushed and still;
Suffering is my worship now.

God! I take it from thy hand
As a sign of love, I know
Thou wouldst perfect me through woe,
Till I pure before thee stand.
All refreshment, all the food
Given me for the body's need,
Comes from thee, who lovest indeed,
Comes from thee, for thou art good.

Let my soul beneath her load
Faint not through the o'erwearied flesh,
Let her hourly drink afresh
Love and peace from thee, my God.

Let the body's pain and smart
Hinder not her flight to thee,
Nor the calm thou givest me ;
Keep thou up the sinking heart.

Grant me never to complain,
Make me to thy will resigned,
With a quiet, humble mind,
Cheerful on my bed of pain.
In the flesh who suffers thus,
Shall be purified from sin,
And the soul renewed within ;
Therefore pain is laid on us.

I commend to thee my life,
And my body to the cross ;
Never let me think it loss
That I thus am freed from strife—
Wholly thine ; my faith is sure
Whether life or death be mine,
I am safe if I am thine ;
For 'tis Love that makes me pure.

RICHTER, died 1711.

HEAVENWARD JOURNEY.

Himmelan geht unsre Bahn.

HEAVENWARD doth our journey tend,
We are strangers here on earth,
Through the wilderness we wend
Towards the Canaan of our birth.
Here we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our native land.

Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy wings,
Heavenly nature canst thou claim,
There is nought of earthly things
Worthy to be all thine aim;
Every soul whom God inspires,
Back to him its Source aspires.

Heavenward ! doth his Spirit cry,
When I hear him in his word,
Showing thus the rest on high,
Where I shall be with my Lord :
When his word fills all my thought,
Oft to heaven my soul is caught.

Heavenward ever would I haste,
 When thy table, Lord, is spread;
Heavenly strength on earth I taste,
 Feeding on the Living Bread.
Such is e'en on earth our fare
Who thy marriage feast shall share.

Heavenwards! Faith discerns the prize
 That is waiting us afar,
And my heart would swiftly rise,
 High o'er sun and moon and star,
To that Light behind the veil
Where all earthly splendors pale.

Heavenward Death shall lead at last,
 To the home where I would be,
All my sorrows overpast,
 I shall triumph there with thee,
Jesus, who hast gone before,
That we too might heavenwards soar.

Heavenwards! Heavenwards! Only this
 Is my watchword on the earth;
For the love of heavenly bliss
 Counting all things little worth.
Heavenward all my being tends,
Till in heaven my journey ends.

B. SCHMOLKE, died 1737.

DEATH MADE WELCOME.

Alle Menschen müssen sterben.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

ALL must die ! there's no redemption ;

Flesh—'t is all alike but grass !

None that live can plead exemption,

Saints through death to glory pass.

This vile body here must perish,

Ere immortal it can cherish

Holy joys, the free reward

For the ransomed of the LORD.

Life on earth can I then covet

Longer than my GOD shall please ?

When above he would remove it,

I will greet the soul's release.

For, through what my Saviour suffered,

Freedom from the curse is offered ;

He has promised, and to faith

Gives the victory over Death.

Death—for me the Saviour bore it,

Dying, won for me the prize :

Life—he will in bliss restore it,

Shall I not then joyful rise

From this world of sin and anguish,
To that world for which I languish,
There the Three in One to praise,
With his saints through endless days ?

Happy spirits, ever-living,
Thousand thousands all as one,
Robed in light, their worship giving,
There rejoice before the throne.
There the seraphim are shining,
Evermore in chorus joining,
“ Holy ! Holy ! Holy LORD !
Be thy holy name adored ! ”

Worthies, there, of sacred story,
Prophets, patriarchs are met;
There, apostles too, in glory
Fill their thrones by Jesus set;
All the saints that have ascended
Age on age, through time extended,
There, in blissful concert sing
Hallelujahs to their King.

O Jerusalem, thou fairest !
In thy King how greatly blest !
Praising, thou his splendor sharest
Through thy streets of holy rest :

Joy and peace in thee united,
By no fear of change are blighted,
Balmy fragrance cheers the day,
Which no night shall drive away.

Yes ! methinks I now behold it,
That fair city of delight,
Now the robe—around me fold it,
Robe of dazzling, purest white.
There, a crown of victory wearing,
There, before the throne appearing,
Mingle with the heirs of bliss,
Where Hosannas never cease.

J. G. ALBINUS, died 1679.

SUPPORT IN DEATH.

Wann mein Stündlein vorhanden ist.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

WHEN now the solemn hour is nigh
That from this world shall call me,
On what, O Lord, can I rely,
While terrors would appal me ?

My soul and body, to the last,
I'll on thine arm of mercy cast,—
'T is safe to trust thy mercy !

My sins may seem in number more,
While conscience shall recount them,
Than sands upon the ocean-shore,—
Thy grace can still surmount them.
I'll think, dear Saviour, of the death
Sustained by thee ;—and thus my faith
From sinking shall uphold me.

I am a branch of thee, the Vine ;
My strength from thee I borrow ;
Round thee my tendril hopes shall twine
In death's drear night of sorrow :
And when 't is over, thou wilt give
An endless life with thee to live
In bliss thy sorrows purchased.

My Lord—o'er death triumphant—rose,
From earth to GOD ascended ;
His victory yields my heart repose,
The fear of death is ended :
For where he is, I too shall come,
And find with him a joyful home :
Why should I fear to follow ?

With outstretched arms I'll welcome Christ
That he from earth may take me :
I'll leave my flesh in hope to rest,
Till from the grave he wake me ;
But Christ himself will go before,—
Of heaven for me throw wide the door,
And bless my soul in glory.

N. HERMANN, died 1561.

THE PIOUS DEAD.

OH how blessed, faithful souls, are ye,
Who have passed through death ; your God ye see ;
Escaped at last
From all the sorrows that yet hold us fast !

Here as in a prison we are bound,
Care, and fear, and terrors hem us round,
And all we know
It is but toil and grief of heart below.

While that ye are resting in your home,
Safe from pain, all misery o'ercome,
No grief or cross
Mixes with yonder joys to work you loss.

Christ doth wipe away your every tear,
Ye possess what we but long for here,
 To you is sung
The song that ne'er through mortal ears hath rung.

Who is there that would not gladly die,
Changing earth for such a home on high,
 Or who would stay
To toil amid these sorrows night and day?

Come, O Christ, release us from our post,
Lead us quickly hence to yonder host,
 Who, victory won,
Now drink in joy and bliss from thee our Sun.

SIMON DACH. 1650.

CHRISTIAN'S VIEW OF ETERNITY.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MILLS.

I'm but a weary pilgrim here,
 Life's varied griefs sustaining;
The ills I feel, and those I fear,
 Would tempt me to complaining:

But LORD, the hopes of joys above
The pains of pilgrimage remove,
Or give me strength to bear them.

Oft now, while sin is plotting still,
My soul is filled with terrors ;
How oft its snares my heart beguile !
How many are my errors !
But I shall yet deliverance see,
From sin and its delusions free,
In this my soul rejoices.

I see around me, day by day,
Those, Jesus, who despise thee :
Their heart of pride leads them astray,
Thy honours it denies thee :
Their scorn and pride will all be past,
When thou shalt come the Judge at last,
And saints shall shout thy welcome.

Oft in the silence of the night,
My soul her griefs is sighing ;
And morn, with its returning light,
No respite is supplying :
One gleam of heaven relief bestows,
That home of rest no sorrow knows,
But joys reign there for ever.

And when the future gives alarm
Of evils to oppress me ;
And anxious fears of coming harm
Thick gather to distress me ;
Eternity makes time so small,
Its fleeting fears and sorrows all
No longer raise my terror.

When Death, so dreaded from afar,
Comes nigh, my days to number,
That, free from every earthly care,
My head may sink in slumber,
That peace and joy may banish fear,
Let then eternity appear,
With views of future glory.

Hope, LORD, makes every burden light,
Its strength from thee it borrows :
That glory—fit me for its sight,
By all my pilgrim sorrows !
May it in death my doubts dismiss,
And form my endless store of bliss
With thee, in life eternal !

C. C. STURM, died 1786. .

THE QUIET HOPING HEART.

Was Gott thut das ist wohlgethan.

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just ;
Howe'er he order now my cause,
I will be still and trust.

He is my God,
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He never will deceive ;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to him I cleave,
And take content
What he hath sent ;

His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait his day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He taketh thought for me,
The cup that my Physician gives
No poisoned draught can be,
But medicine due ;
For God is true,

And on that changeless truth I build,
And all my heart with hope is filled.
Whate'er my God ordains is right,
 Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
 I will not fear nor shrink ;

 Tears pass away
 With dawn of day,
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
 My Light, my Life is he,
Who cannot will me aught but good,
 I trust him utterly ;
 For well I know,
 In joy or woe,

We once shall see as sunlight clear
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
 Here will I take my stand ;
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
 For me a desert land,
 My Father's care
 Is around me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to him I leave it all.

S. RODIGAST, died 1708

THE REDEEMED.

Who are those before God's throne?

What the crowned host I see?

As the sky with stars thick-strown

Is their shining company :

Hallelujahs, hark, they sing,

Solemn praise to God they bring.

Who are those that in their hands

Bear aloft the conqueror's palm,

As one o'er his foeman stands,

Fallen beneath his mighty arm?

What the war and what the strife?

Whence came such victorious life?

Who are those arrayed in light,

Clothed in righteousness divine,

Wearing robes most pure and white,

That unstained shall ever shine,

That can nevermore decay?

Whence came all this bright array?

They are those who, strong in faith,
 Battled for the mighty God ;
Conquerors o'er the world and death,
 Following not sin's crowded road ;
Through the Lamb who once was slain,
Did they such high victory gain.

They are those who much have borne,
 Trial, sorrow, pain, and care,
Who have wrestled night and morn
 With the mighty God in prayer ;
Now their strife hath found its close,
God hath turned away their woes.

They are branches of that Stem,
 Who hath our Salvation been,
In the blood he shed for them,
 Have they made their raiment clean ;
Hence they wear such radiant dress,
Clad in spotless holiness.

They are those who hourly here
 Served as priests before their Lord,
Offering up with gladsome cheer
 Soul and body at his word.
Now within the Holy Place,
They behold him face to face.

As the harts at noonday pant
For the river fresh and clear,
Did their souls oft long and faint,
For the Living Fountain here.
Now their thirst is quenched, they dwell
With the Lord they loved so well.

Thitherwards I stretch my hands,
O Lord Jesus! day by day,
In thy house in these strange lands,
Compassed round with foes, I pray,
Let me sink not in the war,
Drive for me my foes afar.

Cast my lot in earth and heaven
With thy saints made like to thee,
Let my bonds be also riven,
Make thy child who loves thee free;
Near the throne where thou dost shine,
May a place at last be mine.

Ah! that bliss can ne'er be told,
When with all that army bright,
Thee, my Sun, I shall behold,
Light diffusing from thy light.
Amen! thanks be brought to thee,
Praise through all eternity.

THE RESURRECTION.

Jesus meine Zuversicht.

JESUS, my eternal trust,
And my Saviour, ever liveth :
This I know ; and deep and just
Is the peace this knowledge giveth,
Though death's lingering night may start
Many a question in my heart.

Jesus lives eternally ;
I shall also live in him,
Where my Saviour is shall be.
What can make this bright hope dim ?
Will the Head one member lose,
Nor through each its life diffuse ?

Hope's strong chain around me bound,
Still shall twine my Saviour grasping :
And my hand of faith be found
As death left it, Jesus clasping :
No assault the foe can make,
Shall that deathless clasp e'er break !

I am flesh, and therefore duly
Dust and ashes must become ;
This I know, but know as truly,
He will wake me from the tomb,
That with him, whate'er betide,
I may evermore abide !

God himself in that blest place,
Shall a glorious body give me ;
I shall see his blissful face,
To his heavens he will receive me :
To his joyful presence raise,
Ever upon Christ to gaze !

Then these eyes my Lord shall know,
My Redeemer and my Brother ;
In his love my soul shall glow,—
I myself, and not another !
Then from this rejoicing heart,
Every weakness shall depart.

What is weak or maimed below,
There shall be made strong and free ;
Earthly is the seed we sow,
Heavenly shall the harvest be :
Nature here, and sin ; but there,
Spiritual all and fair !

Thrill my mortal frame with gladness,
Fear not though thy vigour wane,
Give not any place to sadness,
Christ shall raise the dead again,
When shall sound the trump of doom,
Piercing, rending, every tomb!

Smile, then, that cold dark grave scorning,
Smile at death and hell together;
Through the free air of the morning,
To your Saviour ye shall gather;
All infirmity and woe,
'Neath your feet then lying low.

Only raise your souls above
Pleasures in which earth delighteth;
Give your hearts to him in love
To whom death so soon uniteth;
Thither oft in spirit flee
Where ye would for ever be.

BY THE ELECTRESS LOUISA HENRIETTA OF BRANDENBURG, died 1667.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. C. W. SHIELDS.

WHEN the solid earth is quaking,
And the dead to life are waking,
And the dust immortal vigour feels,
While the resurrection trumpet peals :
Lamb of God ! have mercy !

When with crashing thunders riven,
Mighty Maker, all thy heaven
And the peopled globe are in a blaze ;
And we trembling from the ruins gaze :
Lamb of God ! have mercy !

When on radiant clouds descending,
Thousand, thousand hosts attending,
Judge of mortals, throned in terror there,
Doom of sinners thou dost sternly swear :
Lamb of God ! have mercy !

When entranced in joy and trembling,
All the kindreds undissembling

Stand and read thy judgment-speaking face,
Quailing or emboldened at its gaze :

Lamb of God ! have mercy !

When, too, I shall bow before thee
Called to meet thy dreadful glory,
Upward fearing e'en to lift mine eyes,
While within me all my spirit dies :

Lamb of God ! have mercy !

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

Ach Jesus wie so schön.

O CHRIST ! how good and fair
Will be my portion where
Thine eyes on me shall rest,
And make me fully blest,
When from this narrow earth
To thee I shall spring forth !

What joy, unmixed and full,
Thou Treasure of the soul,

When, in that home above,
Thy heart speaks out its love
To all made one with thee—
My brothers, Lord, and me !

What glorious light will shine
Forth from thy face divine,
Which in that life untold,
Then first I shall behold !
How will thy goodness free
Fill me with ecstasy !

Lips, whence such words have streamed !
Eyes, whence such pity beamed !
Side, wounded once for me !
All, all I then shall see !
With reverent rapture greet
Thy pierced hands and feet !

Ah, Jesus, my “good part !”
How will my mind and heart
Vibrate with rapture through,
And all my soul grow new,
When thou, with smiles of love,
Openest those gates above !

“Come,” thou wilt say, “blest child !
Taste pleasures undefiled,

And see the gifts, how fair,
My Father's hands prepare ;
Pasture thine heart for ever
In joy that fadeth never."

O thou poor, passing earth !
What are thy treasures worth
Beside those heavenly crowns
And more than golden thrones,
Which Christ hath treasured there
For those who please him here ?

This is the angels' land,
Where all the blessed stand ;
Here I hear nought but singing,
See all with gladness springing
Here is no cross, no sorrow,
No parting on the morrow !

When shall that joy begin ?
When wilt thou call me in ?
Thou knowest ! but my feet
Press onward thee to meet ;
And my heart, day by day,
Bears me to thee away.

PAUL GERHARDT, died 1676.

MORNING HYMN.

ONCE more from rest I rise again,
To greet a day of toil and pain,
My heaven-appointed lot ;
Unknowing what new grief may be
With this new day in store for me,
But it shall harm me not
I know full well ; my loving God
Will suffer not a hurtful load.

My burden every day is new,
But every day my God is true,
And all my cares hath borne ;
Ere eventide can no man know
What day hath brought of joy or woe,
And though it seem each morn
To some new path of suffering call,
With God I can surmount it all.

Since this I know, oh wherefore sink,
My faithless heart ? And why dost shrink

To take thy load again ?
Bear what thou canst, God bears thy lot,
The Lord of all, he stumbleth not ;
Pure blessing shalt thou gain,
If thou with him right onward go,
Nor fear to tread the path of woe.

My heart grows strong, all fear must fly
Whene'er I feel thy love, Most High,
Doth compass me around ;
But would I have thee for my shield,
No more to sin my soul must yield
But in thy ways be found ;
Thou God wilt never walk with me,
If I would turn aside from thee.

Dear Lord, let me thy guidance find,
I follow with a contrite mind,
Oh, make me true and pure ;
As a good soldier I will fight
This world of sin, and in thy might
My victory is sure ;
Then bravely I can meet each day,
And fear it not, come what come may.

My God and Lord, I cast on thee
The load that weighs too sore on me,

The yoke 'neath which I bow ;
I lay my rank, my high command,
In my Almighty Father's hand,
Well knowing, Lord, that thou
Wilt ne'er withdraw it, for thy truth
Hath ever guided me from youth.

To thee my kindred I commend,
For they are safe if thou defend,
Oh guard them round about ;
My sinful soul would shelter take
In Jesus' bosom, for whose sake
Thou wilt not cast her out ;
When soul and body part at last,
Then all myself on thee I cast.

ANTON ULRICH, Duke of Brunswick, died 1714.

EVENING HYMN.

Nun ruhen alle Wälder.

Now rest the woods again,
Man, cattle, town and plain,

The world all sleeping lies.
But sleep not yet, my soul,
For He who made this whole,
Loves that thy prayers to him arise.

O Sun, where is thy glow ?
Thou'rt fled before thy foe,
Thou yieldest to the night.
Farewell, a better Sun,
My Jesus, hath begun
To fill my heart with joy and light.

The long bright day is past,
The golden stars at last
Bestud the dark-blue heaven ;
And like a star shall I
For ever shine on high,
When my release from earth is given.

My body hastes to rest,
My weary limbs undrest,
I put away these signs
Of our mortality ;
Once Christ shall give to me
That spotless robe that ever shines.

My head and hands and feet
Their rest with gladness greet,

And know their work is o'er;
My heart, thou too shalt be
From sinful works set free,
Nor pine in weary sorrow more.

Ye limbs with toil oppressed,
Go now and take your rest,
For quiet sleep ye crave.
Ere many a day is fled,
Ye'll find a narrower bed
And longer slumber in the grave.

My heavy eyes must close,
Sealed up in deep repose,
Where is my safety then?
Do thou thy mercy send,
My helpless hours defend,
Thou sleepless Eye, that watchest over men.

Jesus, my joy, now spread
Thy wings above my head,
To shield thy little one.
Would Satan work me wrong,
Oh! be thy angels' song,
"To him no evil shall be done."

My loved ones all, good night!
No grief or danger light

On your defenceless heads.
God send you happy sleep,
And let his angels keep
Watch golden-armed around your beds !

PAUL GERHARDT, died 1676.

FUNERAL HYMN.

“ Wohlauf ! wohlan ! zum letzten Gang,
Kurz ist der Weg, die Ruh' ist lang.”

COME forth ! come on, with solemn song !
The road is short, the rest is long.
The Lord brought here, he calls away :
Make no delay,
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,
Here joy and grief by turns he felt ;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door !
The task is o'er,
The sojourner returns no more.

Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest.

Good night ! the day was sultry here,
In toil and fear,
Good night ! the night is cool and clear.

Chime on, ye bells ! again begin,
And ring the Sabbath morning in,
The labourer's week-day work is done,
The rest begun,
Which Christ hath for his people won !

Now open to us gates of peace !
Here let the pilgrim's journey cease ;
Ye quiet slumberers, make room,
In your still home,
For the new stranger who has come !

How many graves around us lie !
How many homes are in the sky !
Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare
A place with care :
Thy home is waiting, brother, there.

Jesus, thou reignest, Lord, alone,
Thou wilt return and claim thine own.
Come quickly, Lord ! return again !
Amen ! Amen !
Thine seal us ever, now and then !

AH! GRIEVE NOT SO.

Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr.

AH! grieve not so, nor so lament,
My soul! nor troubled sigh,
Because some joys to others sent
Thy Father may deny;
Take all as love that seems severe;
There is no want if God is near.

There is no right thou canst demand,
No title thou canst claim,
For all are strangers in the land
Who bear the human name;
Earth and its treasures are the Lord's,
And he the lot of each accords.

How thankless art thou, child of man!
For favours that abound;
Thy God has given thee eyes to scan
The glory all around;
Yet seldom for this priceless sight,
Hast thou been heard to praise aright.

Number thy limbs, thy members tell,
And ask thy thankless soul,
If to another thou wouldst sell
The smallest of the whole.
There is not one from which thy heart
Would willingly submit to part.

Now, go and search the depths of mind,
Explore its wondrous power,
New proofs of benefits to find,
That meet thee every hour ;
More than the sand upon the shore,
And ever rising more and more.

He knows, who lives on Zion's hill,
What we in truth require,
Knows too how many blessings still
This flesh and blood desire ;
And could he safely all bestow,
He would not let thee sorrowing go.

Thou wert not born that earth should be
A portion fondly sought ;
Look up to heaven, and smiling see
Thy shining, golden lot !
Honours and joys, which thou shalt share,
Unending and unenvied there !

Then journey on to life and bliss,
God will protect to heaven ;
And every good that meets thee is
A blessing wisely given.
If losses come,—so let it be,
The God of heaven remains with thee.

PAUL GERHARDT, died 1676.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

O wie selig seyd ihr doch, ihr Frommen.

CHURCH ON EARTH.

“OH! how blessed are ye, saints forgiven,
Through the gate of death now safe in heaven,
All trials over,
All the ills, which round us darkly hover!”

CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

“Yes, dear friends, our joys are still increasing,
Our songs of praise are new and never ceasing,
All preparing
For the time when you shall all be sharing.”

CHURCH ON EARTH.

“We are now as in a prison dwelling,
Storms of care and trouble o’er us swelling;
All around us
Only sins and griefs, to snare and wound us.”

CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

“Ah, beloved friends! be not complaining,
Wish not joy while still on earth remaining,
Be still confiding
In your Father’s love and tender guiding.”

CHURCH ON EARTH.

“In your quiet home so gently resting,
Safe for evermore from all molesting,
No care or sorrow
Can you feel to day, or fear to-morrow!”

CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

“In your conflicts we were once engaging,
Long with sin and Satan warfare waging;
All your distresses
Once were ours, to weary and oppress us.”

CHURCH ON EARTH.

“Christ has wiped away your every tear,
You enjoy what we are seeking here,

The harps of heaven
Sound in strains to mortals never given."

CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

"Yet in patience run the race before you,
Long for heaven, where Love is watching o'er you,
Sow in weeping,
Soon the fruit with joy you shall be reaping."

CHURCH ON EARTH.

"Come, come quickly, long expected Jesus,
From all sin and sorrow to release us,
Quickly take us
To thyself, and blest for ever make us!"

CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

"Ah, beloved souls! your palms victorious,
Golden harps, and thrones of triumph glorious,
All are waiting,—
Follow on with courage unabating."

CHORUS.

"Let us join to praise his name for ever,
To us both of every good the giver,
Life undying
We shall each obtain, on him relying.

“Praise him, men on earth, and saints in heaven!
To the Lamb be praise and glory given,
Praise unending,
Glory through eternity extending!”

SIMON DACH.

JOYS TO COME.

Wird das nicht Freude seyn?

WILL not that joyful be,
When we walk by faith no more,
When the Lord we loved before,
As Brother-man we see;
When he welcomes us above,
When we share his smile of love,
Will not that joyful be?

Will not that joyful be,
When to meet us rise and come,
All our buried treasures home,
A gladsome company!

When our arms embrace again,
Those we mourned so long in vain,
Will not that joyful be?

Will not that joyful be,
When the foes we dread to meet,
Every one beneath our feet
We tread triumphantly!
When we never more can know
Slightest touch of pain or woe,
Will not that joyful be?

Will not that joyful be,
When we hear what none can tell
And the ringing chorus swell
Of angels' melody!
When we join their songs of praise,
Hallelujahs with them raise,
Will not that joyful be?

Yes! that will joyful be,
Let the world her gifts recall,
There is bitterness in all,
Her joys are vanity!
Courage, dear ones of my heart!
Though it grieves us here to part,
There, we will joyful be!

H. C. VON SCHWEINITZ.

A MORNING SONG OF GLADNESS.

Wie ein Vogel lieblich singet.

As a bird in meadows fair
Or in lonely forest sings
Till it fills the summer air
And the greenwood sweetly rings,
So my heart to thee would raise,
O my God, its song of praise
That the gloom of night is o'er
And I see the sun once more.

If thou, Sun of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And to greet thee upward flies
Gladsome as yon little bird.
Shine thou in me clear and bright
Till I learn to praise thee right;
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day whate'er I do,
Bless whate'er I have and love ;

From the paths of virtue true
Let me never, never rove ;
By thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to thee,
Then an heir of life on high
Fearless I may live and die.

ANON. About 1580.

THE REMEMBRANCE.

Wie könnt ich Sein vergessen.

OH how could I forget Him
Who ne'er forgetteth me ?
Or tell the love that let him
Come down to set me free ?
I lay in darkest sadness,
Till he made all things new,
And still fresh love and gladness
Flow from that heart so true.

Oh how could I e'er leave him
Who is so kind a Friend ?
Or how could ever grieve him
Who thus to me doth bend ?

Have I not seen him dying
For us on yonder tree?
Do I not hear him crying,
“Arise and follow me?”

For ever will I love him
Who saw my hopeless plight,
Who felt my sorrows move him,
And brought me life and light:
Whose arm shall be around me
When my last hour is come,
And suffer none to wound me,
Though dark the passage home.

He gives me pledges holy,
His body and his blood,
He lifts the scorned, the lowly,
He makes my courage good;
For he will reign within me,
And shed his graces there;
The heaven he died to win me
Can I then fail to share?

In joy and sorrow ever
Shine through me, Blessed Heart,
Who bleeding for us never
Didst shrink from sorest smart!

Whate'er I've loved or striven
Or borne, I bring to thee ;
Now let thy heart and heaven
Stand open, Lord, to me !

KERN, died 1835.

THE DELIVERER FROM BONDAGE.

O Durchbrecher aller Bande.

Thou who breakest every chain,
Thou who still art ever near,
Thou with whom disgrace and pain
Turn to joy and heaven e'en here ;
Let thy further judgments fall
On the Adam strong within,
Till thy grace hath freed us all
From the prison house of sin.

'Tis thy Father's will toward us,
Thou shouldst end thy work at length ;
Hence in thee are centered thus
Perfect wisdom, love, and strength,

That thou none shouldst lose of those
Whom he gave thee, though they roam
'Wildered here amid their foes,
Thou shouldst bring them safely home.

Ah thou wilt, thou canst not cease,
Till thy perfect work be done ;
In thy hands we lie at peace,
Knowing all thy love hath won,
Though the world may blindly dream
We are captives poor and base,
And the cross and yoke may deem
Signs of meanness and disgrace.

Look upon our bonds, and see
How doth all creation groan
'Neath the yoke of vanity,
Make thy full redemption known ;
Still we wrestle, cry, and pray,
Held in bitter bondage fast,
Though the soul would break away
Into higher things at last.

Lord, we do not ask for rest
For the flesh, we only pray
Thou wouldst do as seems thee best,
Ere yet comes our parting day ;

But our spirit clings to thee,
Will not, dare not, let thee go,
Until thou hast set her free
From the bonds that cause her woe.

Ruler rule, and Conqueror conquer,
King assert thy sovereign right,
Till there be no slavery longer
Spread the kingdom of thy might!
Lead the captives freely out,
Through the covenant of thy blood,
From our dark remorse and doubt,
For thou wilt alone our good.

'Tis of our own fault, we own
We are slaves to self and sloth,
Yet oh! leave us not alone
In the living death we loathe;
Crushed beneath our burden's weight,
Crying at thy feet we fall,
Point the path, though steep and strait,
Thou didst open once for all.

Ah! how dearly were we bought
Not to serve the world or sin;
By the work that thou hast wrought
Must thou make us pure within,—

Wholly pure and free, in us
Be thine image now restored :
Filled from out thy fulness thus
Grace for grace is on us poured.

Draw us to thy cross, O Love,
Crucify with thee whate'er
Cannot dwell with thee above,
Lead us to those regions fair !
Courage ! long the time may seem,
Yet his day is coming fast ;
We shall be like them that dream
When our freedom dawns at last.

GOTTFRIED ARNOLD. 1697.

THE HOLINESS OF GOD BROUGHT NEAR TO MAN IN CHRIST.

O grosser Geist, O Ursprung.

O MIGHTY Spirit ! Source whence all things sprung !
O glorious Majesty of perfect light !
Hath ever worthy praise to thee been sung,
Or mortal heart endured to meet thy sight ?
If they who sin have never known
Must veil their faces at thy throne,
Oh how shall I, who am but sin and dust,
Approach untrembling to the Pure and Just ?

The voice of conscience in the soul hath shown
Some far-off glimpses of thy holiness,
And yet more clearly hast thou made it known
In thy dear word that tells us of thy grace;
But with all-glorious light divine
In His face we behold it shine,
The sinless One, who this dark earth has trod
To win through sorrow sinners back to God.

The brightness of thy glory was the Son;
Thy law engraven on his heart he wore,
And on his forehead *that* all clearly shone
Which Aaron's forehead but in shadow bore;*
And e'en to death did he obey
To take the guilt of sin away,
And made a curse for man, and dying thus,
He won the power of holiness for us.

Now may thine image in us shine anew
In holy righteousness and innocence;
Now strengthened by thy Son a service true
Thy people render, pure from all offence;
But all their light is only dim,
A shadowed broken light from Him,
Who that we might be holy bore our load,
In whom we dare to meet the Holy God.

J. J. RAMBACH. 1720.

* Exodus xxviii. 36-38.

APPENDIX.

For the Translation see page 6.

Keine Schönheit hat die Welt, Die mir nicht vor Augen stellt
Meinen Schönsten, Jesum Christ, Der der Schönheit Urquell ist.

Wann die Morgenröth' entsteht, Und die goldne Sonn' aufgeht,
So erinn're ich mich bald Seiner himmlischen Gestalt.

Oftmals denk' ich bei dem Licht, Wann der junge Tag anbricht :
Ach, was ist für Herrlichkeit In dem Licht der Ewigkeit !

Sch' ich dann des Mondes Strahl Und die Stern' am Himmelssaal,
So gedenk' ich : der diess macht, Hat viel tausend grössre Pracht !

Schau' ich dann im Frühling an Den beblünten Wiesenplan, Schallt
es mir ins Herz hinein : Ach, wie muss der Schöpfer seyn !

Schön erglänzt der Gärten Ruhm, Die erhabne Lilienblum' : Aber
noch viel schöner ist Meine Lilie, Jesus Christ.

Ja, in aller Blumen Reihn, Wie sie mögen immer seyn, Wird gar
hell und klar gespürt Dessen Schönheit, der sie ziert.

Wann ich zu dem Quellbrunn geh', Oder bei dem Bächlein steh',
So versenkt sich gleich in ihn, Als den reinsten Quell, mein Sinn.

Lieblich singt die Nachtigall ; Süsse klingt der Flötenhall ; Aber
über allen Ton Ist das Wort : Mariensohn !

Anmuth gibt es in der Luft, Wenn das Echo wiederruft; Aber nichts ist hier und dort Süßer, als des Liebsten Wort.

O du Liebe, komm herfür, Komm, erscheine selber mir! Lass mich sehn dein eigen Licht Und dein holdes Angesicht!

O dass deiner Gottheit Glanz Meinen Geist durchdränge ganz, Und dein Strahl der Herrlichkeit Mich entzückt' aus Ort und Zeit!

Ach, mein Jesu, nimm doch hin, Was mir trübet Geist und Sinn, Dass ich dich zu jeder Frist Sehe, wie du selber bist!

Zeuch den Geist in dich empor, Dass ich in der Engel Chor Deines Namens Ruhm erhöh', Und mit dir vereinigt steh'!

JOH. ANGELUS.

For the Translation see page 20.

Lebst du in mir, o wahres Leben, So sterbe nur, was du nicht bist! Denn seit ich dir mein Herz ergeben, So weiss ich erst, was Leben ist. O Jesu, du sollst mein verbleiben, Nichts soll mich von der Liebe treiben, Die du mir zugesaget hast! O Strom der Freude, der mich tränket, Wenn sich mein Herz in dich versenket, Und dich, o Seelenfreund, umfasst!

Herz, das in Liebesglut gestorben, Ach, lass mein Herz in Flammen stehn! Entzünd' es dir, du hast's erworben; Lass alles Andre untergehn! An dir soll ewig mir genügen; Lass mich in deiner Liebe siegen, Ja, siege du nur selbst in mir! So werd' ich fröhlich triumphiren, So wird dein Todessieg mich zieren, So leb' und leid' und sterb' ich dir.

Zünd' auch in mir der Liebe Flammen Zum Dienste deiner Glieder

an. Halt' uns als Einen Leib zusammen, Dass keine Macht uns trennen kann. Wenn ich nur bin wie du gesinnet, Dein Bild in mir Gestalt gewinnet, Und dein Gebot mir heilig ist: So werd' ich Freund' und Feinde lieben, So wird ihr Kummer mich betrüben, Wie du mir vorgegangen bist.

Soll ich in Noth und Kummer stehen, So lass mich nie verzaget seyn. Die Liebe muss mit Thränen säen, Eh' goldne Halmen sie erfreu'n. Du gehst voran mit treuem Winken; Und wenn die müden Kniee sinken, So richte du sie wieder auf. Lass mich im Kampf nicht müde werden! Der kurze Leidensgang auf Erden Führt sie zur ew'gen Freud' hinauf.

Gib mir des Glaubens Licht und Kräfte, Dass er die wahren Früchte treibt; Mach' mich zur Rebe voller Säfte, Die fest an ihrem Weinstock bleibt. Du bist der Fels, auf den ich baue, Du bist mein Heiland, dem ich traue, Du bist des Glaubens fester Grund! Wenn sich die Zweifelsstunden finden, So lass dein Licht mir nicht verschwinden, Und mach' den kranken Geist gesund.

Lass meine Hoffnung nicht erliegen; Hilf, dass dein Kreuz ihr Anker sey. Mit dir kann ich die Furcht besiegen, Dein Naheseyn macht schreckenfrei! Die Welt mag auf das Eitle bauen: Ich aber will auf dich nur schauen, O Jesu, meiner Hoffnung Licht! Dich will ich liebend stets umfassen; Du wirst den Schwachen nicht verlassen, Denn deine Liebe wanket nicht.

Zur Demuth führe mich dein Leiden; Die Niedrigkeit sey meine Zier. Wer dich sucht, muss das Hohe meiden; Der Stolz hat keinen Theil an dir. Weh' dem, der nur nach Ehren rennet! Dagegen, wer sein Nichts erkennt, Den hebst du aus dem Staub empor. O drück' dein Bild mir in die Seele, Dass ich das Kleinod: "Demuth" wähle, So dring' ich durch das enge Thor!

Willst du mich länger leben lassen, So leb' ich, weil es dir gefällt

Soll ich im frühern Tod erblassen, So scheid' ich fröhlich aus der Welt. Lass nur dein Leben in mir leben! Dein Sterben lass mir Stärke geben, Wann nun die letzte Noth erscheint. Ich will mich dir auf ewig schenken, Ich will im Tod und Leben denken: Du bist und bleibst mit mir vereint!

SINOLD.

For the Translation see page 24.

Wie soll ich dich empfangen, Und wie begegnen dir, O, aller Welt Verlangen, O, meiner Seele Zier? O Jesu, Jesu, setze Mir selbst die Leuchte bei, Damit, was dich ergötze, Mir kund und wissend sey!

Dein Zion streut dir Palmen Und grüne Zweige hin; Und ich will dir in Psalmen Ermuntern meinen Sinn. Mein Herze soll dir grünen In stetem Lob und Preis, Und deinem Namen dienen, So gut es kann und weiss.

Was hast du unterlassen Zu meiner Seligkeit, Als Leib und Seele sassen In ihrem grössten Leid? Als mir das Reich genommen, Da Fried' und Freude lacht, Bist du mein Heil gekommen, Und hast mich froh gemacht.

Ich lag in schweren Banden: Du kommst und machst mich los. Ich stund in Spott und Schanden: Du kommst und machst mich gross, Und hebst mich hoch zu Ehren, Und schenkst mir grosses Gut, Das sich nicht lässt verzehren, Wie eitler Reichthum thut.

Nichts, nichts hat dich getrieben Zu mir vom Himmelszelt, Als dein getreues Lieben, Damit du alle Welt In ihren tausend Plagen

Und grosser Jammerlast, Die kein Mund kann aussagen, So fest umfassen hast.

Das schreib' in deine Herzen, Du hochbetrübtes Heer, Bei welchem Gram und Schmerzen Sich häufen mehr und mehr. Seyd unverzagt! ihr habet Die Hülfe vor der Thür: Der eure Herzen labet Und tröstet, steht allhier.

Ihr dürft euch nicht bemühen, Noch fragen Tag und Nacht, Wie ihr ihn wollet ziehen Mit eures Armes Macht. Er kommt, er kommt mit Willen, Ist voller Lieb' und Lust, All' Angst und Noth zu stillen, Die ihm an euch bewusst.

Auch dürft ihr nicht erschrecken Vor eurer Sündenschuld; Nein, Jesus will sie decken Mit seiner Lieb' und Huld. Er kommt, er kommt den Sündern Zum Trost und wahren Heil, Schafft, dass bei Gottes Kindern Verbleib' ihr Erb' und Theil.

Lasst eure Feinde dräuen, Und weichet nicht zurück; Der Herr wird sie zerstreuen In einem Augenblick. Er kommt, er kommt, ein König, Dem aller Feinde Schaar Von Anfang viel zu wenig Zum Widerstande war.

Er kommt zum Weltgerichte, Zum Fluch dem, der ihm flucht; Mit Gnad' und süssem Lichte, Dem, der ihn liebt und sucht. Ach komm, ach komm, o Sonne, Und hol' uns allzumal Zum Licht, zur ew'gen Wonne In deinen Freudensaal!

PAUL GERHARDT.

For the Translation see page 43.

Nun freut euch, liebe Christeng'mein' Und lasst uns fröhlich springen, Dass wir getrost und All in Ein' Mit Lust und Liebe singen,

Was Gott an uns gewendet hat Und seine süsse Wunderthat; Gar theu'r hat ers erworben.

Dem Teufel ich gefangen lag, Im Tod war ich verloren; Mein Sünd mich quälte Nacht und Tag, Darin ich war geboren; Ich fiel auch immer tiefer drein, Es war kein Guts am Leben mein; Die Sünd hatt' mich besessen.

Mein' gute Werk', die galten nicht, Es war mit ihn'n verdorben; Der frei Will hasste Gottes G'richt, Er war zum Gut'n erstorben; Die Angst mich zu verzweifeln trieb, Dass nichts denn Sterben bei mir blieb; Zur Hölle musst ich sinken.

Da jammert' Gott von Ewigkeit Mein Elend ohne Massen; Er dacht' an sein' Barmherzigkeit Und wollt mir helfen lassen; Er wandt zu mir sein Vaterherz, Es war bei ihm fürwahr kein Scherz: Er liess sein Bestes kosten.

Er sprach zu seinem lieben Sohn: "Die Zeit ist, zu erbarmen; Fahr hin, mein's Herzens werthe Kron, Und sey das Heil dem Armen! Hilf ihm aus seiner Sünden Noth, Erwürg für ihn den bittern Tod Und lass ihn mit dir leben!"

Der Sohn dem Vater g'horsam ward, Er kam zu mir auf Erden, Von einer Jungfrau rein und zart, Er wollt mein Bruder werden. Gar heimlich führt' er sein' Gewalt, Er gieng in meiner armen G'stalt, Den Teufel wollt er fahen.

Er sprach zu mir: "halt dich an mich, Es soll dir jetzt gelingen; Ich geb mich selber ganz für dich, Da will ich für dich ringen; Denn ich bin dein und du bist mein, Und wo ich bleib, da sollst du seyn; Uns soll der Feind nicht scheiden."

Vergiessen wird er mir mein Blut, Dazu mein Leben rauben; Das leid' ich Alles dir zu gut, Das halt mit festem Glauben! Den Tod verschlingt das Leben mein, Mein' Unschuld trägt die Sünde dein; Da bist du selig worden."

“Gen Himmel zu dem Vater mein Fahr’ ich von diesem Leben;
Da will ich seyn der Meister dein, Den Geist will ich dir geben, Der
dich in Trübniß trösten soll, Und lehren mich erkennen wohl, Und
in der Wahrheit leiten.”

Was ich gethan hab und gelehrt, Das sollt du thun und lehren.
Damit das Reich Gott’s werd’ vermehrt Zu seinem Lob und Ehren;
Und hüt dich vor der Menschen G’satz!—Davon verdirbt der edle
Schatz; Das lass’ ich dir zuletzt!”

DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

For the Translation see page 59.

Wo soll ich hin? Wer helfet mir? Wer führet mich zum Leben?
Zu Niemand, Herr, als nur zu dir, Will ich mich frei begeben; Du
bist’s, der das Verlor’ne sucht; Du segnest das, was sonst verflucht;
Hilf, Jesu, dem Elenden.

Herr, meine Sünden ängsten mich; Der Todesleib mich plaget;
O Lebensfürst, erbarme dich, Vergib mir, was mich naget! Du weisst
es wohl, was mir gebricht: Ich bin entfernt von deinem Licht; Hilf,
Jesu, dem Betrübnen!

Du sprichst, ich soll mich fürchten nicht; Du rufst: “Ich bin das
Leben!” Drum ist mein Trost auf dich gericht’t, Du kannst mir
Alles geben. Im Tode kannst du bei mir steh’n, Im Kampf als
Sieger vor mir geh’n; Hilf, Jesu, dem Zerknirschten!

Bist du der Arzt, der Kranke trägt? Auf dich will ich mich
legen; Bist du der Hirt, der Schwache pflegt! Erquicke mich mit

Segen! Ich bin gefährlich krank und schwach, Heil' und verbind'!
hör' an mein Ach! Hilf, Jesu, dem Zerschlagen!

Ich thue nicht, Herr, was ich soll; Wie kann ich doch bestehen?
Es drücket mich, das weisst du wohl; Wie wird es endlich gehen?
O Jesu, komm, erlöse doch Mich von des Todesleibes Ioch! Das
will ich ewig preisen.

JOACHIM NEANDER.

For the Translation see page 120.

Kommt, Kinder, lasst uns gehen, Der Abend kommt herbei! Es
ist gefährlich stehen In dieser Wüstenei. Kommt, stärket euren
Muth, Zur Ewigkeit zu wandern, Von einer Kraft zur andern;—Es
ist das Ende gut!

Es soll uns nicht gereuen Der schmale Pilgrimspfad, Wir kennen
ja den Treuen, Der uns gerufen hat. Kommt, folgt und trauet dem!
Mit ganzer Wendung richte Ein jeder sein Gesichte Fest nach Jeru-
salem.

Der Ausgang der geschehen, Ist uns fürwahr nicht leid; Es soll
noch besser gehen Zur stillen Ewigkeit. Ihr Lieben, seyd nicht
bang', Verachtet tausend Welten, Ihr Locken und ihr Schelten, Und
geht nur euren Gang.

Geht's der Natur entgegen, So geht's, wie Gott es will: Die Fleisch
und Sinne pflegen, Die kommen nicht zum Ziel. Verlasst die Krea-
tur Und was euch sonst will binden; Ia, lasst euch selbst dahinten;
—Es geht durch's Sterben nur.

Schmückt euer Herz auf's Beste, Weit mehr, als Leib und Haus ;
Wir sind hier fremde Gäste Und ziehen bald hinaus. Das Kinder-
spiel am Weg Lasst uns nicht viel besehen ; Durch Säumen und durch
Stehen Wird man verstrickt und trüg.

Ist unser Weg gleich enge, Gar einsam, krumm und schlecht, Der
Dornen wohl in Menge Und manches Kreuze trägt : Es ist doch nur
ein Weg ; Lasst seyn, wir gehen weiter, Wir folgen unserm Leiter
Und brechen durch's Geheg.

Was wir hier hören, sehen, Das hören, seh'n wir kaum ; Wir
lassens da, und gehen, Es irret uns kein Traum. Wir geh'n in's
Ew'ge ein ; Mit Gott muss unser Handeln, Im Himmel unser Wan-
deln Und Herz und Alles seyn.

Wir wandeln eingekehret, Verachtet, unbekannt, Man siehet, kennt,
und höret Uns kaum im fremden Land ; Und höret man uns ja, So
höret man uns singen Von all den grossen Dingen, Die auf uns warten
da.

Kommt, Kinder ! lasst uns gehen, Der Vater gehet mit ; Er selbst
will bei uns stehen In jedem sauren Tritt ; Er will uns machen
Muth, Mit süssen Sonnenblicken Uns locken und erquicken ;—Ach
ja, wir haben's gut !

Ein jeder munter eile ! Wir sind vom Ziel noch fern ; Schaut auf
die Feuersäule, Die Gegenwart des Herrn ! Das Aug' nur eingekehrt,
Da uns die Liebe winket Und dem, der folgt und sinket, Den wahren
Ausgang lehrt !

Des süssen Lammes Wesen Wird uns da eingedrückt ; Mann
kann's am Wandel lesen, Wie kindlich, wie gebückt, Wie sanft,
gerad' und still Die Lämmer vor sich sehen, Und ohne Zaudern gehen
So, wie ihr Führer will.

Kommt, lasst uns munter wandern ! Wir gehen Hand in Hand ;
Ein's freuet sich am andern In diesem fremden Land. Kommt, lasst

uns kindlich seyn, Uns auf dem Weg nicht streiten! Die Engel selbst begleiten Als Brüder unsre Reih'n.

Und sollt' ein Schwacher fallen, So greif' der Stärk're zu; Man trag' und helfe Allen, Man pflanze Fried' und Ruh'. Kommt, schliesst euch fester an! Ein Jeder sey der Kleinste, Doch auch wohl gern der Reinste Auf unsrer Pilgerbahn.

Es wird nicht lang mehr währen,—Harrt noch ein wenig aus! Es wird nicht lang' mehr währen, So kommen wir nach Haus. Da wird man ewig ruh'n, Wenn wir mit allen Frommen Heim zu dem Vater kommen;—Wie wohl, wie wohl wird's thun!

So wollen wir's denn wagen,—Es ist ja wagenswerth,—Dem gründlich abzusagen, Was aufhält und beschwert. Welt, du bist uns zu klein! Wir geh'n durch Jesu Leiten Hin in die Ewigkeiten;—Es soll nur Jesus seyn!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

For the Translation see page 133.

Je grösser Kreuz, je näher Himmel! Wer ohne Kreuz, ist ohne Gott; Bei dem verlarvten Weltgetümmel Vergisst man Hölle, Fluch und Tod: O selig ist der Mensch geschätzt, Den Gott in Kreuz und Trübsal setzt!

Je grösser Kreuz, je bess're Christen; Gott prüft uns mit dem Probestein. Wie mancher Garten muss gleich Wüsten Ohn' einen Thränenregen seyn! Das Gold wird auf dem Feuerherd, Ein Christ in mancher Noth bewährt.

Je grösser Kreuz, je stärker Glaube; Die Palme wächst bei der

Last; Die Süßigkeit fleusst aus der Traube, Wenn du sie wohl gekeltert hast; Im Kreuze wächst uns der Muth, Wie Perlen in gesalzner Fluth.

Je grösser Kreuz, je mehr Gebete; Geriebne Kräuter duften wohl; Wenn um das Schiff kein Sturmwind wehte, So fragte man nicht nach dem Pol; Wo kämen Davids Psalmen her, Wenn er nicht auch versucht wär'?

Je grösser Kreuz, je mehr Verlangen; Im Thale steigt man bergan; Wer durch die Wüsten oft gegangen, Der sehnet sich nach Kanaan; Das Täublein findet hier nicht Ruh', So fleucht es nach der Arche zu.

Je grösser Kreuz, je lieber Sterben; Man freut sich dann auf seinen Tod, Denn man entgeht dem Verderben, Es stirbt auf einmal alle Noth. Das Kreuze, das die Gräber ziert, Bezeugt, man habe triumphirt.

Gekreuzigter! lass mir dein Kreuze Je länger und je lieber seyn; Dass mich die Ungeduld nicht reize, So pflanz' ein solches Herz mir ein, Das Glaube, Lieb' und Hoffnung hegt, Bis dort mein Kreuz die Krone trägt!

B. SCHMOLKE.

For the Translation see page 153.

Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben, Zu seinem Gott zu gehn, Der dunkeln Erd' entfliehen, Und zu der Heimath ziehen In reine Sternenhöhn!

Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben, Ein Himmelsbürger seyn, Beim Glanz der ew'gen Kronen In süsser Ruhe wohnen, Erlöst von Kampf und Pein.

Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben, Der Gnadenstimme Ton Voll Majestät zu hören: "Komm, Kind, und schau' mit Ehren Mein Antlitz auf dem Thron!"

Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben, Dem Hirten nachzugeh'n! Er führt sein Schaf zu Freuden, Er wird dich ewig weiden, Wo Lebensbäume stehn.

Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben, Mit Herrlichkeit gekrönt Zu Gottes Volk sich schwingen, Und Jesu Sieg besingen, Der uns mit Gott versöhnt.

O nein, das ist kein Sterben, Du Heil der Kreatur! Dort strömt in ew'gen Wonnen Der Liebe voller Bronnen; Hier sind es Tropfen nur.

CÉSAR MALAN, IN GENÈVE. UEBERS. VON A. KNAPP.

