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Edward Lichens Sc 45

Frederick von Hardenberg.

**The Devotional Songs
of Novalis**

German and English

Collected and Edited by

Bernhard Pick

Chicago
The Open Court Publishing Company
London Agents
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1910

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

AT the present time much attention is shown to the psychology of religion. The emotions of the soul are studied by means of questionnaires and laboratory methods. The lives of saints have been analyzed and their pathology set forth. Science seems to have superseded religion. On the other hand mysticism has by no means died out, but on the contrary has come again into the foreground in several forms, the common basis of which is that sentiment has the right to assert itself and need not submit to the cold voice of reason.

Mysticism played a great part in the history of former centuries. It actually assumed the authority of a direct religious revelation and not infrequently succeeded in dethroning reason and insisted on scorning science. Mysticism dominated in the Middle Ages and it will perhaps forever remain a power in the psychology of multitudes. It has exercised an enormous influence over the minds of those men whose tendency it is to live in an atmosphere of sentiment and who are disinclined to have the light of scientific inquiry thrown on the innermost impulses of their souls. They

resent a critical analysis of their own beliefs or of anything that has become sacred to them.

Many men of this type are noble characters, and in former centuries they became leaders of great historic movements. They held nations spellbound by the enthusiasm of religious emotion. They made the people undergo most unnatural penances and submit patiently to the rule of priestcraft, and they stirred the world to adventurous crusades.

When we consider the aberrations of mysticism, such as the practices of the flagellants, the Echternach "dancing procession," and the Children's Crusade, we must grant that mysticism is dangerous. It is a power more explosive than dynamite, and this is one reason why it has been so vigorously denounced by its critics and antagonists. But we wish to call attention to the many great results produced in innumerable homes among the Moravians and other pious people and also in the religious energy of reform movements that from time to time have stirred the world since the beginning of human civilization, during the time of pre-Christian paganism and most obviously so in the history of the Church. All in all mysticism is a power that can work wonders for evil or for good.

Mysticism, like emotionalism, has its good right to exist. Man is an emotional animal, and the multitudes will always be under the sway of sentiment. The fault of mysticism

appears only when it rebels against reason and sets aside rational critique. If mysticism undertakes to settle questions which belong to the domain of science, it is apt to favor superstition and may easily become a menace to civilization.

There is a middle ground in judging mysticism. We may very well appreciate its noble qualities without accepting its extravagant claims. We need not give ear to the mystic's denunciations of the intellect, nor assign to sentiment the ultimate control of human affairs. We may appreciate mysticism subject to critique and allow it a place within the domain of sentiment.

In order to gain the right attitude toward mysticism, we should study it in the minds of its noblest representatives, and there we shall learn to respect its significance. There is as little justification in rejecting or condemning mysticism as in yielding to it unreservedly. But we must guide its emotions in the right channels and select those of its manifestations which are pure and wholesome. They have been of great assistance to mankind in the past, and there is scarcely any doubt that they will be helpful also in the future, and the most precious of mystic emotions is that attitude of the soul which in one word is commonly called devotion.

Friedrich von Hardenberg, who called himself Novalis, is a most conspicuous example of

emotional mysticism, and it is only to be regretted that his poetry is but little known in English speaking countries. His songs and hymns are not only well worth reading for the sake of mere literary enjoyment, but they also contain much material for the student of the psychology of religion.

The charm of his songs consists in a warmth of feeling unrivalled in any other poetry, either secular or religious. What fervor, what devotion, what depth of love is expressed in these two lines:

“Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Wenn er mein nur ist!”

Whoever has read them once can never forget them. They reveal a disposition of heart which is best described by the untranslatable German word “innig,” which characterizes a free surrender of the inmost soul.

PAUL CARUS.

INTRODUCTION.



INTRODUCTION.

FRIEDRICH von Hardenberg, better known by the name of Novalis, was born at Wiederstedt in Mansfeld territory, near Eisleben, May 2, 1772. His father, who had been a soldier in his youth, and still retained a liking for that profession, was at this time director of the Saxon Salt-works at Weissenfels. Tieck says, "He was a vigorous, unweariedly active man, of open, resolute character, a true German. His religious feelings made him a member of the Herrnhut Communion, yet his disposition continued gay, frank, rugged and uncompromising." The mother also was distinguished for her worth; "a model of noble piety and Christian mildness," virtues which her subsequent life gave ample opportunity for exercising. Friedrich, her second child and first son, was very delicate in childhood; he was of a dreamy disposition and betrayed little spirit, and only the enthusiastic af-

fection with which he loved his mother, distinguished him beyond his apparently more gifted brothers and sisters. In consequence of a violent bilious disease which befell him in his ninth year, his faculties seemed to awaken into proper life, and he became the readiest and most eager learner in all branches of his studies. In his eighteenth year, after a few months of preparation in the gymnasium at Eisleben, he repaired to Jena in 1790. Here he continued for three years, after which he spent one season in the Leipsic University, and another at Wittenberg. At Jena he studied philosophy under Reinhold, Fichte, and Schelling, who exerted a lasting influence upon his mind. At Leipsic he became intimately connected with Friedrich Schlegel, one of the main leaders of the so-called Romantic school, while at Wittenberg, influenced by Friedrich von Schiller, who showed him the ideal side of practical activity, he studied chemistry, mathematics, history and jurisprudence, but especially Church history.

But the time had now arrived when study must become subordinate to action,

and what is called a profession had to be determined upon. At the breaking out of the French Revolution, Novalis had been seized with a strong and altogether unexpected taste for military life; however, the entreaties of his relatives ultimately prevailed, and it was settled that he should follow his father's line of occupation. In 1794 he gave up his studies at Wittenberg, and went to Tennstedt in Thuringia "to train himself in practical affairs under the Kreisamtmann Just."

Soon after his arrival at Tennstedt Novalis met Sophie von Kuehn in a country mansion of the neighborhood. She was then 13 years of age, but the first glimpse of her fair and wonderfully lovely form was decisive for his whole life.

Tieck speaks of her in the following manner:

"All persons that have known this wondrous loved one of our friend, agree in testifying that no description can express in what grace and celestial harmony this fair being moved, what beauty shone in her, what gentleness and majesty encircled her."

The same author says:

“The spring and summer of 1795 were the blooming time of Hardenberg’s life; every hour that he could spare from business he spent in Grüningen; and in the fall of that same year he obtained the desired consent of Sophie’s parents.”

Unhappily, however, these halcyon days were of too short continuance. Sophie fell dangerously sick, and the 19th of March, 1797, two days after her fifteenth birthday, she passed away. The death of his beloved became to Novalis the turning-point of his inner life. It reminded him that he also was no longer a citizen of this world, but of the other. To this period belong his “Hymnen an die Nacht,” or “Hymns to the Night,” consisting of five prose poems interspersed with verse, and a sixth entirely in verse. In these he wrote “of the vague longings or aspirations of the soul as higher and truer than all science and philosophy.”

With reference to the “Hymns” Carlyle says of Novalis: “Naturally a deep, religious, contemplative spirit, purified also, as we have seen, by harsh affliction,

and familiar in the 'sanctuary of sorrow,' he comes before us as the most ideal of all idealists."

Sophie von Hardenberg, the accomplished authoress of "Friedrich von Hardenberg, genannt Novalis, eine Nachlese aus den Quellen des Familienarchivs" (2d ed., Gotha, 1883), says: "Why do the 'Hymns to the Night' so peculiarly lay hold of the soul of the reader? It is because they show the transformation of the poet into a Christian. In these Hymns his deepest sorrow appears transfigured by a more than earthly splendor." And Haym, who has given an outline of the Life of Novalis in his important work on the Romantic School, says: "The 'Hymns to Night,' those profoundly sorrowful strains of rapturous lamentation and of fervent pain, can be compared with nothing that our classical poetry has produced."

These "Hymns to the Night" were written soon after the death of his sweetheart, in that period of deep sorrow, or rather of holy deliverance from sorrow, and Novalis himself regarded them as his

most finished productions. They are of a strange, veiled, almost enigmatical character; nevertheless, on closer examination, they appear to be in no wise lacking true poetic worth. There is a vastness, an immensity of idea; a still solemnity reigns in them, a solitude almost as of extinct worlds. Here and there too some ray of light visits us in the deep void; and we cast a glance, clear and wondrous, into the secrets of that mysterious soul. A full commentary on the "Hymns to the Night" would be an exposition of Novalis's whole theological and moral creed; for it lies recorded there, though symbolically, and in lyric, not in didactic language.

"Once when I was shedding bitter tears," these are the words of the third hymn, "when dissolved in pain my hope had melted quite away, and I stood solitary by the sun-parched mound that in its dark and narrow space concealed the form of my life; solitary as none other had ever been; pursued by unutterable anguish; powerless; with but one thought, and that of misery; when looking around

for help, forward I could not go, nor backward, but clung to a transient extinguished life with unutterable longing;—lo, from the azure distance, down from the heights of my former blessedness, came a chill breath of dusk, and suddenly the bond of birth, the fetter of life was snapped asunder. Vanished the glory of earth and with it my lamenting; my infinite sadness melted into a new unfathomable world; thou Inspiration of Night, Heaven's own Slumber, camest over me; the scene rose gently aloft; above it hovered my enfranchized new-born spirit. Into a cloud of dust had changed that grave; through the cloud I beheld the transfigured features of my beloved one. In her eyes lay eternity; I clasped her hand, and my tears flowed in a glittering stream. Millenniums passed into the distance, like thunder-clouds. On her neck I wept tears of rapture for this new life.—It was my first, mine only dream, and only since that time have I felt an everlasting changeless faith in the heaven of night, and in its sun, my beloved.”

The sixth hymn, entitled “Sehnsucht

nach dem Tode" (i. e., "Longing for Death"), begins:

"Hinunter in der Erde Schooss."

It has been translated by Helen Lowe in her "Prophecy of Balaam" (1841) and reproduced in the "Lyra Mystica" (1864). With some alterations it reads thus:

**"Into earth's bosom let me go,
Far from light's realms descending!
These stinging pains and this wild woe
Portend a blissful ending.
The narrow bark shall waft us o'er,
Full soon to land on Heaven's calm shore.**

**"Praised be that everlasting night;
Praised, never-broken slumber;
Day with its toils hath worn us quite,
And cares too long encumber;
Now vain desires and roamings cease,
We seek our Father's House in peace.**

**"What should we do in this cold world
With Love and Truth so tender?
Old things are in oblivion hurled,
The new no gladness render:
O sorrowful his heart and lone
Who reverent loves the past and gone!**

**"Those ages past, whose purer race,
High thoughts with ardor fired,**

**When man beheld our Father's Face,
And knew His Hand desired;
While many a simple mind sincere
Resembled still His image clear.**

**"Those days of old, when spreading wide
Ancestral trees were growing;
When even children joyful died,
Their deep devotion showing;
While though life laughed and pleasure..
spake,
Yet many a heart for strong Love brake.**

**"Those times of yore when God revealed
Himself in young life glowing;
With early death His Passion sealed,
His precious Blood bestowing;
Nor turned aside the stings of pain
Us nearer to Himself to gain.**

**"Through deepening mists how vainly gaze
Our fond thoughts, backward turning;
Nought in this dreary age allays
The thirst within us burning;
We must arrive our home within
That ancient Holiness to win.**

**"What still delays our wished return?
The Loved have long been sleeping;
Their graves our earthly journey's bourne—
Enough of fear and weeping!
With fruitless striving long annoyed
The heart is weary, the world a void.**

**“Strange rapture ever new, unknown,
Through the faint frame is thrilling;
Hark! the soft echo of our moan
The hollow distance filling;
Whence toward us our loved ones bend,
Their breathings of desire ascend.**

**“Down to the loved bride we go,
To Jesus gone before us;
Be of good comfort, mourners; lo!
Grey twilight deepens o’er us;
A dream dissolves our chains unblest,
Our Father, take us to His Rest.”**

A few months after writing his “Hymns to the Night,” Novalis was cured of his morbid desire for death, and in the autumn of 1797 he went to Freiberg to enter the academy of mining, which flourished under the famous Werner, whom Novalis describes in his “Lehrlinge zu Sais” (“Students at Sais”), an unfinished philosophical romance. To this Freiberg period belong also his “Fragments,” known as “Blüthenstaub” (i. e., “Pollen of Flowers”); “Glauben und Liebe” (“Faith and Love”), together with some minor poetical pieces, which he called “Blumen” (i. e., “Flowers”); all of which were published in Schlegel’s “Athenaeum” of 1798 and 1800,

under the pseudonym "Novalis" then assumed by him.

About a year after the death of his first love, Novalis formed an acquaintance with Julie von Charpentier and became engaged to marry her, although his Sophie continued to be the center of his thoughts; nay, as one departed, like Dante's Beatrice, she stood in higher reverence with him than when visible and near. Soon after this Novalis formed an acquaintance with the elder Schlegel, who, together with Tieck whom he first met in Jena, seems to have occasioned frequent interruptions in the young student's work. From Artern at the foot of the Kyffhäuser Mountain, Novalis went very often to Jena to see his friends, and on one such occasion in the autumn of 1799, he read to them certain of his "Devotional Songs,"* which were to form part of a Christian hymnbook, which he meant to accompany with a collection of sermons. About this time he composed the first volume of his "Heinrich von Ofterdingen," a sort of

* "Geistliche Lieder."

art-romance, intended as he himself said, to be an "Apotheosis of Poetry."

In 1800, Novalis, who for years had had a tendency to consumption, was taken with the disease in its most acute form; and in the days of his sickness he enjoyed communion with the writings of Lavater, Zinzendorf, and other mystical writers, as well as with the Biblical treasures. He died March 25, 1801, in the house of his parents, gently and to the music of the piano which he had asked his brother to play. "The expression of his face," says Tieck, "was very much like that of John the Evangelist, shown in Albert Dürer's glorious engraving. . . His friendliness, his geniality, made him universally beloved. . . . He could be as happy as a child; he jested with cheerfulness, and permitted himself to become the object of jests for the company. Free from all vanity and pride of learning, a stranger to all affectation and hypocrisy, he was a genuine true man, the purest and most lovely embodiment of a noble immortal spirit."

In the second edition of his "Reden

über Religion" ("Discourses on Religion"), Schleiermacher speaks thus of Novalis: "I shall point you to a glorious example, which you all ought to know: to that divine youth who too early fell asleep, to whom all that his spirit touched became art, and whose whole perception of the world became immediately a great poem; and whom although he has hardly done more in fact than utter his first strains,—you must associate with the richest poets, those few who are as profound as they are vital and clear. In him behold the power of the inspiration and reflectiveness of a pious soul; and confess that when philosophers will be religious and seek God, like Spinoza, and artists will be pious and love Christ, like Novalis, then will the great resurrection be celebrated for both their worlds."

Novalis is best known in Protestant Germany by his "Devotional Songs," which will always remain his lasting monument, since they are the keynote of his love for his Saviour; and though they do not bear the stamp of church hymns, still they are adapted for singing in quiet solitude, even

within the heart. Schlegel pronounced Novalis's songs "the divinest" things he ever wrote, and through the influence of Schleiermacher some have been included in the "Berliner Gesangbuch." Schleiermacher quoted these hymns in the pulpit with deep emotion. Rothe, the greatest theologian since Schleiermacher, has written a sympathetic and appreciative essay on our poet in which he says: "Novalis is the type of a modern religious poet, and even of a Christian life that only in the future will attain its full realization." Pfeiderer — no friend of the Romantic School of pietism — says: "Nowhere is there any sweeter or more powerful expression of that warm and hearty inwardness of Protestant mysticism which manifested itself in pietism, and exercised so precious and salutary an influence on the German people, then stiff and frozen from the hands of supernaturalists and rationalists alike, than in the "Devotional Songs" of Novalis. They are the true Song of Songs of pious love for the Saviour, and express the whole gamut of its feelings from the deepest sorrow to the highest

blessedness and joy. He who gave the Protestant Church these hymns, which belong to the most precious jewels of the religious poetry of all ages, he surely—Romanticism notwithstanding—was a good Evangelical Christian.” (“Philosophy of Religion,” I, 274.)

Beyschlag, who has edited his “Devotional Songs,” dwells with deep admiration on “the charm of inward truth” and the spiritual elevation of these remarkable Christian hymns.

The publication of Carlyle’s memorable essay on Novalis in 1829, contributed not a little to make “the chords of many an English heart thrill under the fascination and mysteriousness of his poetical thought,” and as early as in 1841 we meet with an English translation of some of the poetical pieces of Novalis. “As a poet,” says Carlyle, “Novalis is no less idealistic than as a philosopher. His poems are breathings of a high, devout soul, feeling always that here he has no home, but looking, as in clear vision to a ‘city that hath foundations.’ He loves external nature with a singular depth,

nay, we might say, he reverences her, and holds unspeakable communings with her; for Nature is no longer dead, hostile matter, but the veil and mysterious garment of the Unseen; as it were, the Voice with which the Deity proclaims to man. These two qualities,—his pure religious temper, and heartfelt love of nature,—bring him into true poetic relation both with the spiritual and the material world, and perhaps constitute his chief work as a poet.”

It is to be regretted that the English essayist had so little to say of Novalis’s “Devotional Songs” which Schlegel and Tieck regarded as his most important poetical productions. “They are Christian hymns of great merit and deep fervent sincerity. They display the genius of the Romantic School in its purest and highest application, and are appropriately ranked with Schleiermacher’s ‘Discourses on Religion,’ as regards their spiritual feeling and enduring worth.”

THE REDEEMER.

It is related that the father of Novalis heard a wonderfully beautiful hymn sung at a Moravian service, by which he was deeply moved; and on inquiring as to who was the author, he received the answer: "O! do you not know that your own son composed that hymn?"

I.

WAS wär' ich ohne dich gewesen?
Was würd' ich ohne dich nicht sein?
Zu Furcht und Aengsten auserlesen,
Ständ' ich in weiter Welt allein.
Nichts wüsst' ich sicher, was ich liebte,
Die Zukunft wär' ein dunkler Schlund;
Und wenn mein Herz sich tief betrübte,
Wem thät' ich meine Sorge kund?

Einsam verzehrt von Lieb' und Sehnen,
Erschien mir nächtlich jeder Tag;
Ich folgte nur mit heissen Thränen
Dem wilden Lauf des Lebens nach.
Ich fände Unruh im Getümmel,
Und hoffnungslosen Gram zu Haus.
Wer hielte ohne Freund im Himmel,
Wer hielte da auf Erden aus?

Hat Christus sich mir kund gegeben,
Und bin ich seiner erst gewiss,
Wie schnell verzehrt ein lichtiges Leben
Die bodenlose Finsterniss.
Mit ihm bin ich erst Mensch geworden;
Das Schicksal wird verklärt durch ihn,
Und Indien muss selbst im Norden
Um den Geliebten fröhlich blühen.

Das Leben wird zur Liebesstunde,
Die ganze Welt spricht Lieb' und Lust,
Ein heilend Kraut wächst jeder Wunde,
Und frei und voll klopft jede Brust.
Für alle seine tausend Gaben
Bleib' ich sein demuthvolles Kind,
Gewiss ihn unter uns zu haben,
Wenn zwei auch nur versammelt sind.

O! geht hinaus auf allen Wegen,
Und holt die Irrenden herein,
Streckt jedem eure Hand entgegen,
Und ladet froh sie zu uns ein.
Der Himmel ist bei uns auf Erden,
Im Glauben schauen wir ihn an;
Die Eines Glaubens mit uns werden,
Auch denen ist er aufgethan.

Ein alter, schwerer Wahn von Sünde
War fest an unser Herz gebannt;
Wir irrten in der Nacht wie Blinde,
Von Reu und Lust zugleich entbrannt.
Ein jedes Werk schien uns Verbrechen,
Der Mensch ein Götterfeind zu sein,
Und schien der Himmel uns zu sprechen,
So sprach er nur von Tod und Pein.

Das Herz, des Lebens reiche Quelle,
Ein böses Wesen wohnte drinn;
Und wards in unserm Geiste helle,
So war nur Unruh der Gewinn.
Ein eisern Band hielt an der Erde
Die bebenden Gefangnen fest;
Furcht vor des Todes Richterschwerte
Verschlang der Hoffnung Ueberrest.

Da kam ein Heiland, ein Befreier,
Ein Menschensohn voll Lieb' und Macht,
Und hat ein allbelebend Feuer
In unserm Innern angefacht.
Nun sah'n wir erst den Himmel offen
Als unser altes Vaterland;
Wir konnten glauben nun und hoffen,
Und fühlten uns mit Gott verwandt.

Seitdem verschwand bei uns die Sünde,
Und fröhlich wurde jeder Schritt;
Man gab zum schönsten Angebinde
Den Kindern diesen Glauben mit;
Durch ihn geheiligt zog das Leben
Vorüber wie ein sel'ger Traum,
Und ew'ger Lieb und Lust ergeben,
Bemerkte man den Abschied kaum.

Noch steht in wunderbarem Glanze
Der heilige Geliebte hier;
Gerührt von seinem Dornenkranze
Und seiner Treue, weinen wir.
Ein jeder Mensch ist uns willkommen,
Der seine Hand mit uns ergreift,
Und, in sein Herz mit aufgenommen,
Zur Frucht des Paradieses reift.

(First Version.)

WITHOUT thee, what were I worth
being?

Without thee, what had I not grown?
Anguish and fear all round me seeing,
In the wide world I stood alone;
For all I loved had found no shelter;
The future a dim gulf had lain;
And when my heart in tears did welter,
To whom had I poured out my pain?

Consumed in love and longing lonely,
Each day had worn the night's dull face;
With hot tears I had followed only
Afar life's wildly-rushing race.

**In crowded streets, all restless driven,
Grief-gnawed beside the hopeless hearth—
What man without a friend in heaven
Could bear his burden on the earth?**

**But if his heart once Jesus bareth,
And I of him right sure can be,
How soon a living glory scareth
The bottomless obscurity!
Manhood in him first man attaineth;
All fate in him transfigured glows;
On frozen Iceland India gaineth,
And round the loved one blooms and
blows.**

**Life turns a twilight softly stealing,
The world speaks all of love and glee;
Grows for each wound a herb of healing,
And every heart beats full and free.
I, for his thousand-folded giving,
His humble child, his knees embrace;
Sure that we share his presence living
When two are gathered in one place.**

**Forth, forth to all highways and hedges!
Compel the wanderers to come in;**

Stretch out the hand that good-will
pledges,
And glad invite them to their kin.
See heaven from lowly earth up-dawning!
By faith we see it round us spread:
To all with us one spirit owning,
To them with us 'tis openèd.

An old and heavy guilt-illusion—
Oppressed our hearts with ancient doom;
Blindly we strayed in night's confusion;
Pleasure and pain did both consume.
Whate'er we did, some law was broken;
Mankind appeared God's enemy;
And if we thought the heavens had
spoken,
They spoke but death and misery.

The heart, of life the fountain swelling—
An evil creature lay therein;
If more light shone into our dwelling,
More unrest only did we win.
Down to the earth an iron fetter
Fast held us, trembling captive crew;
Fear of Law's sword, with Death the
whetter,
Did swallow up hope's residue.

Then came a saviour to deliver—
A son of man in love and might!
A holy fire, of life all-giver,
In our dull hearts he set a light.
Then first heaven opened; then, no fable,
Our own old Fatherland we trod;
To hope and trust now first were able,
And knew ourselves akin to God.

Then vanished sin's old specter dismal;
Our every step grew glad and brave!
Best natal gift, in rite baptismal,
Their own faith men their children gave.
Holy in him, life since hath floated
Like happy dream across the heart;
To endless love and joy devoted,
We hardly know it, when we part.

Still stands in wonder glory-waking,
The holy shepherd midst his sheep;
With his thorn-crown, and faithful story,
Our hearts are broken, and we weep.
Welcome whoso from death will waken,
And grasp his hand of sacrifice;
Into his heart with us he's taken,
To ripe a fruit of Paradise.

G. Macdonald in "Good Words," 1871.

(Second Version.)

O WHAT would I have been without thee?

What without thee would I be not?

Dark fear and anguish were about me,

Alone in this wide world, my lot.

No certain love had I been proving,

The future, an abyss concealed;

When sorrows deep my heart were moving,

To whom had I my care revealed?

Alone, consumed by love and longing,

Each day appeared as dark as night;

And, though hot tears were ever thronging,

I rushed along life's wildered flight;

By unrest through the turmoil driven,

I felt a hopeless grief within;

Who could without a friend in Heav'n,

On earth a sure stay ever win?

But now has Christ, himself revealing,

Become to me the Truth, the Way;

The Light of Life, past all concealing,

Drives boundless darkness quick away;

With him is manhood crowned by duty,

And fate through him doth glorious show;

Ev'n in the north all India's beauty,
Must round this loved one joyous blow.

Life now is filled with love o'erflowing,
The whole world speaks of love and rest;
Now leaves to heal all wounds are grow-
ing,

And free and full beats every breast.
For all his thousand gifts so precious,
His humble child, I hold him dear;
And in our midst he comes most gracious
Where two or three are gathered here.

O go ye out o'er all the highways,
And bring the wanderers gently in
And even in the darkest byways,
Let Love's glad call the fallen win;
For Heaven is now on earth appearing,
In faith we can behold it plain;
To all it opens, who are hearing
In faith the truths that shall remain.

Sin's old and heavy curse, past hoping,
Had all our hearts to frenzy turned;
We wandered in the night, blind, groping.
While both remorse and pleasure burned;

And every deed seemed unforgiven,
Man felt himself to God a foe;
And seemed a voice to speak from
 Heaven,
It spake alone of death and woe.

Within the heart where life should
 brighten,
An evil spirit dwelt and reigned;
If truths betimes the soul did lighten,
But more unrest was all it gained;
An iron hand in earth's dark prison,
Held fast the soul in dread of doom;
And Death's drawn sword in fearful vision,
 ion,
Did what remained of hope consume.

Then came a Saviour to deliver,
The Son of Man with love and power;
He lit within the fire that never
Will cease to glow till life's last hour;
And now we see the opened Heaven,
Eternal home for our abode;
And to us faith and hope are given,
That we may feel akin with God.

Now conquered Sin hath lost his terror,
And joyous every step is now;

And this pure faith to guard from error
We wreath around the children's brow.
And by it life new consecrated,
Now flows on like a blessed dream;
And by eternal love elated,
The glad farewell no death doth seem.

And still in wondrous glory living,
The Holy Saviour standeth near;
His crown of thorns, his faithful giving,
Still draw from us affection's tear.
Then welcome all whose sins are wipen,
Who seize his hand, his goodness prize;
They, in his heart received, shall ripen
To golden fruit of Paradise.

W. Hastie in "Hymns and Thoughts on
Religion by Novalis," 1888.



GOD WITHIN US.



II.

FERN im Osten wird es helle,
Graue Zeiten werden jung;
Aus der lichten Farbenquelle
Einen langen tiefen Trunk!
Alter Sehnsucht heilige Gewährung,
Süsse Lieb' in göttlicher Verklärung!

Endlich kommt zur Erde nieder
Aller Himmel sel'ges Kind;
Schaffend im Gesang weht wieder
Um die Erde Lebenswind,
Weht zu neuen ewig lichten Flammen
Längst verstiebte Funken hier zusammen.

Ueberall entspringt aus Grüften
Neues Leben, neues Blut;
Ew'gen Frieden uns zu stiften,
Taucht er in die Lebensflut;
Steht mit vollen Händen in der Mitte,
Liebevoll gewärtig jeder Bitte.

Lasse seine milden Blicke
Tief in deine Seele gehn,
Und von seinem ew'gen Glücke
Sollst du dich ergriffen sehn.
Alle Herzen, Geister und die Sinnen
Werden einen neuen Tanz beginnen.

**Greife dreist nach seinen Händen,
Präge dir sein Antlitz ein;
Musst dich immer nach ihm wenden,
Blüthe nach dem Sonnenschein;
Wirst du nur das ganze Herz ihm zeigen,
Bleibt er wie ein treues Weib dir eigen.**

**Unser ist sie nun geworden,
Gottheit, die uns oft erschreckt,
Hat im Süden and im Norden
Himmelskeime rasch geweckt;
Und so lasst im vollen Gottesgarten
Treu uns jede Knosp' und Blüthe warten.**

(First Version.)

AFAR the eastern sky is glowing,
Hoary time again grows young;
From golden springs of light fairflowing
Take one draught inspiring, long:
Blessed fulfilment of long yearnings old,
Godlike apparent, gentlest love behold.

**At last, at last to earth descending,
The holy Child of Heaven is come;**

Gales of life in music blending
Breathe o'er the land awakening bloom,
Breathe into flame that nevermore ex-
pires
The scattered embers of extinguished
fires.

From the deep abyss reviving
New life and energies upspring,
See him in Life's ocean diving
Endless peace for us to bring:
Lo! in the midst with bliss-bestowing
hands
Heedful of every suppliant He stands.

Let his aspect mildly beaming,
Deeply sink thy soul within;
Thus his joys unmeasured streaming
O'er thee, ever shalt thou win:
All spirits, hearts and reasonings of men
In choral harmony shall mingle then.

To reach his arms be thy endeavor;
Impressed within his traits instil;
Towards him must thou turn forever,
Spread forth unto the sunshine still:

Lay bare thine heart to him, let all else
perish,
And like a faithful spouse he will thee
cherish.

Now to dwell with us is given
The Godhead once terrific found;
Wakening to life the seed of Heaven,
From the north to southern bound:
Wait awhile, and God's own garden fair
For us unfading flower and fruit shall
bear.

H. Lowe in "Lyra Messianica."

(Second Version.)

FAR in east the dawn is glowing,
Grey old times becoming young;
From Light's radiant fountain flowing,
Streaks of glory bright are flung:
Ancient yearnings, holy adumbration,
Finding Love's divine transfiguration.

Down at last to earth descending,
Comes Heav'n's own all-blessed Child;
Breezes blown from pure skies bending,
Breathe round earth a music mild:

Breathing fan to new eternal splendor
Life's long hidden spark in brighter wonder.

From deep vaults illumined never,
Springs new life in leaf and bud;
Since he, bringing peace forever,
Plunged into Life's foaming flood;
Now his hands are stretched forth full and
pressing,
Lovingly to all who ask his blessing.

Let his glances, mild and gracious,
Deeply sink into thy soul;
And his joy, eternal, precious,
Over thee shall ever roll;
All hearts and thoughts, with all their
sense and willing,
Shall then begin to joy in Life's fulfilling.

Boldly seize those hands appealing,
By his radiant face be won;
Turn to him with all thy feeling,
Like the flower toward the sun;
If but to him thou turn'st, thy whole heart
showing,
He'll prove thy faithful bride, his heart
bestowing.

**New Power divine to us is given,
Godhead which us oft dismayed;
From south to north, the germs of Heaven
Divinely waked, are full displayed;
So let us now, in God's own garden grow-
ing,
Wait faithful till each bud's eternal blow-
ing.**

W. Hastie.

THE SON OF MAN.





III.

ICH weiss nicht, was ich suchen könnte,
Wär' jenes liebe Wesen mein,
Wenn er mich seine Freude nannte,
Und bei mir wär', als wär' ich sein.

So viele gehn umher und suchen
Mit wild verzerrtem Angesicht;
Sie heissen immer sich die Klugen,
Und kennen diesen Schatz doch nicht.

Der eine denkt, er hat's ergriffen,
Und was er hat, ist nichts als Gold;
Der will die ganze Welt umschiffen,—
Nichts als ein Name wird sein Sold.

Der läuft nach einem Siegerkranze,
Und der nach einem Lorbeerzweig,
Und so wird von verschied'nem Glanze
Getäuscht ein jeder, keiner reich.

Hat Er sich euch nicht kund gegeben?
Vergasst ihr, wer für euch erblich?
Wer uns zu Lieb' aus diesem Leben
In bitterer Qual verachtet wich?

**Habt ihr von Ihm denn nichts gelesen,
Kein armes Wort von ihm gehört?
Wie himmlisch gut Er uns gewesen,
Und welches Gut Er uns bescheert?**

**Wie Er vom Himmel hergekommen,
Der schönsten Mutter hohes Kind?
Welch' Wort die Welt von Ihm vernom-
men,
Wie viel durch Ihn genesen sind?**

**Wie er von Liebe nur bewege
Sich ganz uns hingegen hat,
Und in die Erde sich gelege
Zum Grundstein einer Gottesstadt?**

**Kann diese Botschaft euch nicht rühren,
Ist so ein Mensch euch nicht genug,
Und öffnet ihr nicht eure Thüren
Dem, der den Abgrund für euch schlug?**

**Lasst ihr nicht alles willig fahren,
Thut gern auf jeden Wunsch Verzicht;
Wollt euer Herz nur Ihm bewahren,
Wenn Er euch seine Huld verspricht?**

**Nimm du mich hin, du Held der Liebe!
Du bist mein Leben, meine Welt;
Wenn nichts vom Irdischen mir bliebe,
So weiss ich wer mich schadlos hält.**

**Du giebst mir meine Lieben wieder,
Du bleibst in Ewigkeit mir treu;
Anbetend sinkt der Himmel nieder,
Und dennoch wohnest du mir bei.**

(English Version.)

**I KNOW not what I could desire
Wert thou, dear being, only mine;
Wert thou to crown my soul with glad-
ness,
And still be near and call me thine.
The vexed crowd to and fro are hurrying,
With eager glance they search around;
They call themselves the wise, the pru-
dent,
And yet this treasure have not found.**

One thinks his hand the prize now grasp-
ing—

Lo! what he hath is naught but gold;
Another earth and sea exploring,
Has for a name his quiet sold.

One for the crown of victory striveth,
One for the poet's wreath of bay,
And thus the ever-changing glitter
Attracting all doth each betray.

To you hath he himself revealed not?
Can you forget who died for you?
Who for your sakes from life departed—
Yea, scorn and bitter anguish knew?
Have ye not read, have ye not listened?
Of him, from him, ne'er heard a word?
How he brought down divinest mercy,
What endless good on us conferred?

How from high heaven he descended,
The exalted son of mother blest?
What tidings to the earth he carried—
How many healed by him find rest?
How by pure love drawn down, he offered
Himself for us, a victim free?
Low laid in earth, of God's own temple
The eternal corner-stone to be?

**And shall not such a message move you?
Is not this man sufficient found?
Your doors to him will ye not open
Who passed for you hell's dismal bound?
Will ye not then lose all things gladly,
Forego with joy each idle thought,
Your hearts for him alone reserving
Whose grace is promised you unbought?**

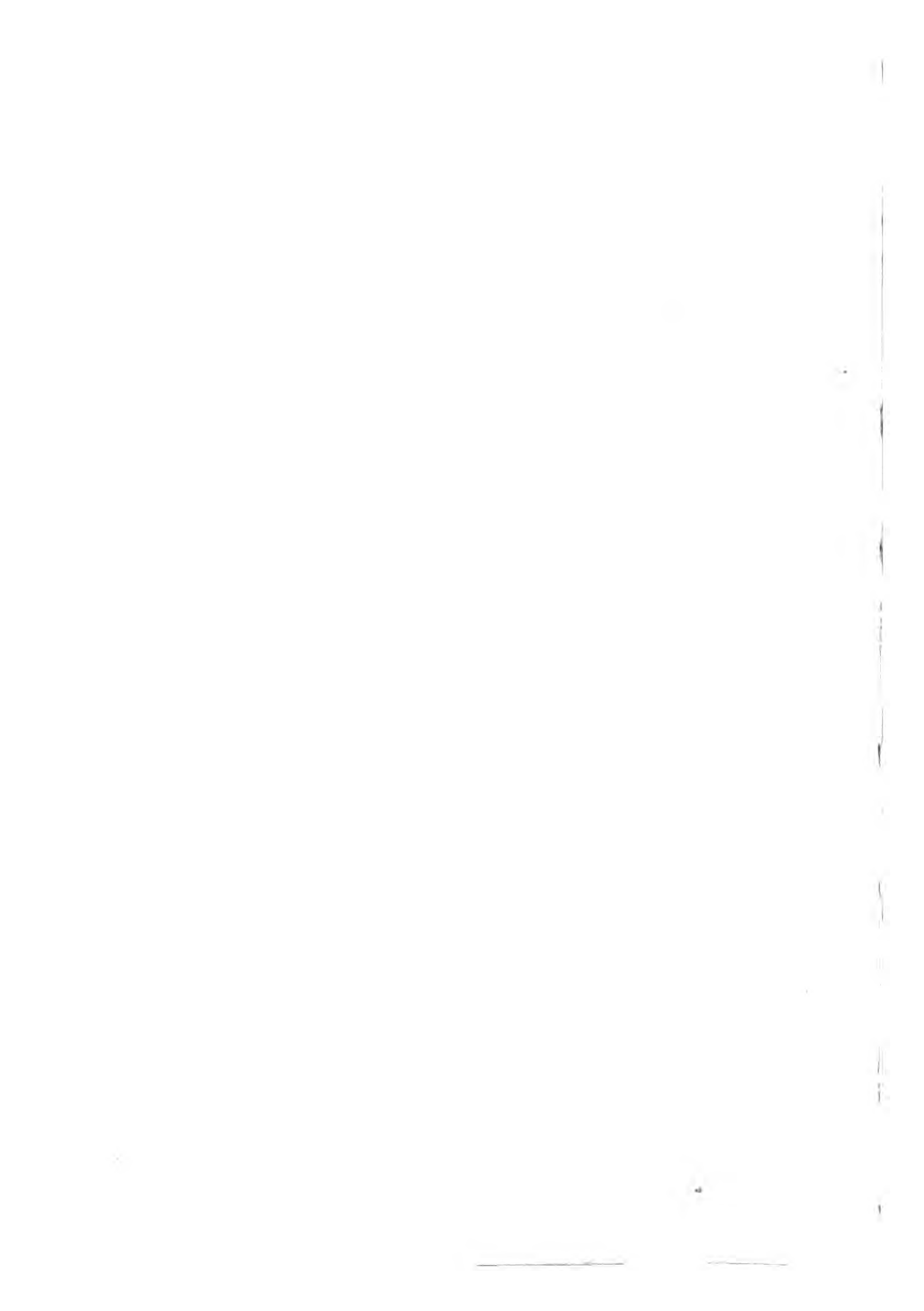
**Lift thou me up, thou gentle Saviour!
Thou art my world, my life is thine;
Though naught of earthly hope were left
me,**

**I know my recompense divine.
Thou all my love with love returnest;
Thy truth forever shall endure;
The heavens bow down in adoration;
Thou dwellest still within me sure.**

H. Lowe in "Lyra Mystica."



THE COMFORTER.



IV.

WENN in bangen trüben Stunden
Unser Herz beinah verzagt,
Wenn, von Krankheit überwunden,
Angst an unserm Innern nagt,
Wir der Treugeliebten denken,
Wie sie Gram und Kummer drückt,
Wolken unsern Blick beschränken,
Die kein Hoffnungsstrahl durchblickt:

O dann neigt sich Gott herüber,
Seine Liebe kommt uns nah;
Sehnen wir uns dann hinüber,
Steht sein Engel vor uns da,
Bringt den Kelch des frischen Lebens,
Lispelt Muth und Trost uns zu,
Und wir beten nicht vergebens
Auch für die Geliebten Ruh.

(English Version.)

WHEN in hours of fear and failing,
All but quite our heart despairs;
When, with sickness driven wailing,
Anguish at our bosom tears;

When our loved ones we remember ;
All their grief and trouble rue ;
And the clouds of our December
Let no beam of hope shine through ;

Then, oh then! God bends him o'er us ;
Then his love grows very clear ;
Long we heavenward then—before us
Lo, his angel standing near !
Fresh the cup of life he reaches ;
Whispers courage, comfort new ;
Nor in vain our prayer beseeches
Rest for the beloved too.

G. Macdonald.

CONSOLATION.

V.

WER einsam sitzt in seiner Kammer,
Und schwere bittre Thränen weint,
Wem nur gefärbt von Noth und Jammer
Die Nachbarschaft umher erscheint;

Wer in das Bild vergangner Zeiten
Wie tief in einen Abgrund sieht,
In welchen ihn von allen Seiten
Ein süßes Weh hinunter zieht;—

Es ist, als lägen Wunderschätze
Da unten für ihn aufgehäuft,
Nach deren Schloss in wilder Hetze
Mit athemloser Brust er greift;

Die Zukunft liegt in öder Dürre
Entsetzlich lang und bang vor ihm;
Er schweift umher, allein und irre,
Und sucht sich selbst mit Ungestüm:—

Ich fall' ihm weinend in die Arme;
Auch mir war einst wie dir zu Muth:
Doch ich genas von meinem Harme,
Und weiss nun, wo man ewig ruht.

Dich muss, wie mich, ein Wesen trö-
sten,
Das innig liebte, litt und starb;
Das selbst für die, die ihm am wehsten
Gethan, mit tausend Freuden starb.

Er starb, und dennoch all Tage
Vernimmst du seine Lieb' und ihn,
Und kannst getrost in jeder Lage
Ihn zärtlich in die Arme ziehn.

Mit ihm kommt neues Blut und Leben
In dein erstorbenes Gebein,
Und wenn du ihm dein Herz gegeben,
So ist auch seines ewig dein.

Was du verlorst, hat er gefunden;
Du triffst bei ihm, was du geliebt,
Und ewig bleibt mit dir verbunden,
Was seine Hand dir wiedergiebt.

(English Version.)

WHO in his chamber sitteth lonely,
And weepeth heavy, bitter tears;
To whom in doleful colors only,
Of want and woe, the world appears;

Who of the past, gulf-like receding,
Would search with questing eyes the core,
Down into which a sweet woe, pleading,
From all sides wiles him evermore;—

'Tis as a treasure past believing
Heaped up for him all waiting stood,
Whose hoard he seeks, with bosom heav-
ing,
Outstretched hands and fevered blood;

He sees the future, arid, meager,
In horrid length before him lie;
Alone he roams the waste, and, eager,
Seeks his old self with restless cry:—

Into his arms I sink, all tearful:
I once, like thee, with woe was wan;
But I am well, and whole, and cheerful,
And know the eternal rest of man.

Thou too must find the one consoler
Who inly loved, endured, and died—
For those who wrought him keenest dolor,
With thousandfold rejoicing died.

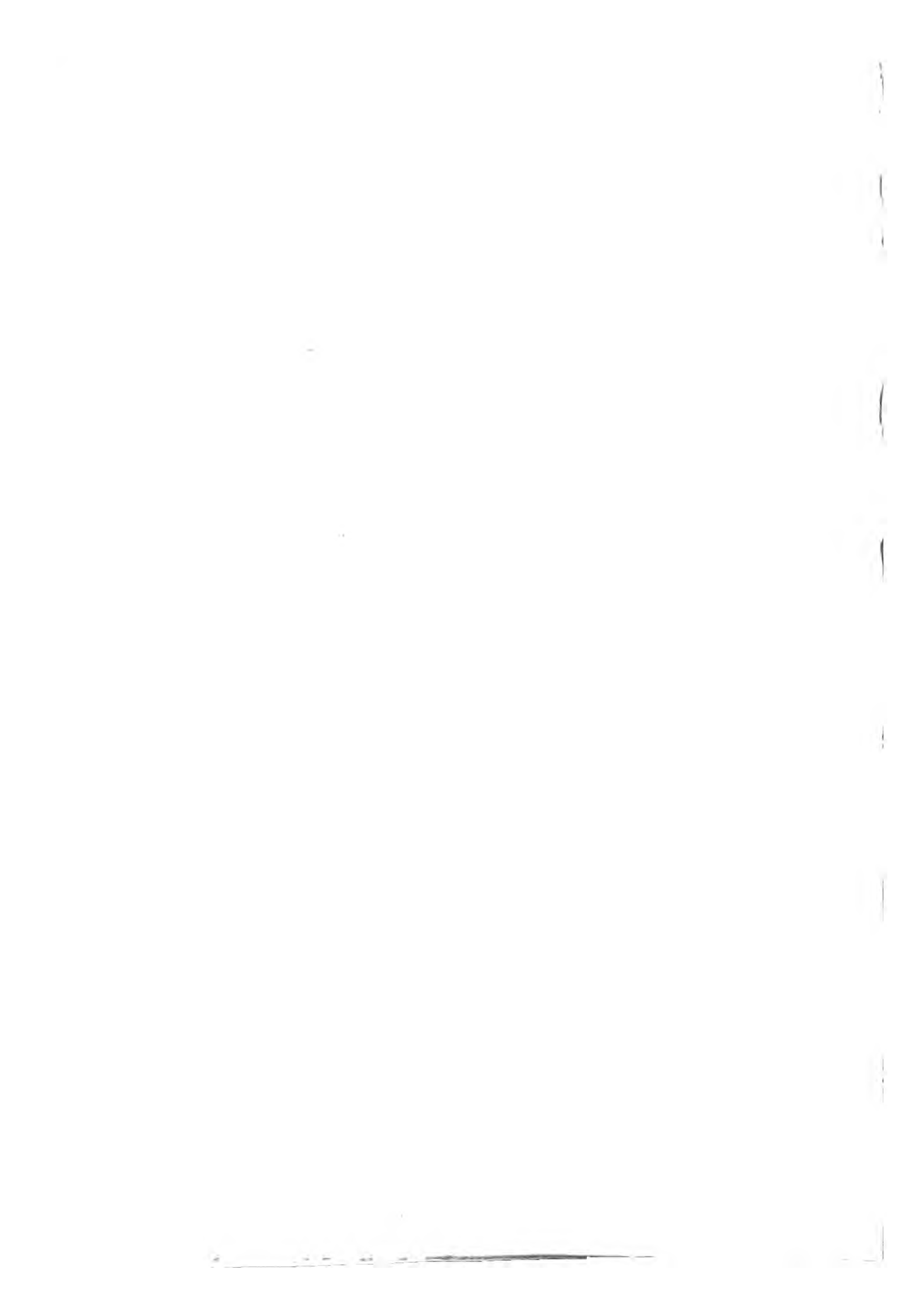
He died—and yet, fresh every morrow,
His love and him thine eyes behold:
Reach daring arms, in joy or sorrow,
And to thy heart him, ardent, fold.

From him new life-blood will be driven
Through thy dry bones that withering
 pine;
And once thy heart to him is given,
Then is his heart forever thine.

What thou didst lose, he found, he hold-
 eth;
With him thy love thou soon shalt see;
And evermore thy heart infoldeth
What once his hand restores to thee.

G. Macdonald.

REFUGE.



VI.

ES giebt so bange Zeiten,
Es giebt so trüben Muth,
Wo alles sich von weiten
Gespenstisch zeigen thut.

Es schleichen wilde Schrecken,
So ängstlich leise her,
Und tiefe Nächte decken
Die Seele zentnerschwer.

Die sichern Stützen schwanken;
Kein Halt der Zuversicht;
Der Wirbel der Gedanken
Gehorcht dem Willen nicht.

Der Wahnsinn sieht und locket
Unwiderstehlich hin;
Der Puls des Lebens stocket,
Und stumpf ist jeder Sinn.

Wer hat das Kreuz erhoben
Zum Schutz für jedes Herz?
Wer wohnt im Himmel droben,
Und hilft in Angst und Schmerz?

Geh zu dem Wunderstamme,
Gieb stiller Sehnsucht Raum;
Aus ihm geht eine Flamme
Und zehrt den schweren Traum.

Ein Engel zieht dich wieder
Gerettet auf den Strand,
Du schaust voll Freuden nieder
In das gelobte Land.

(First Version.)

THE times are all so fearful!
The heart so full of cares!
To eyes that question tearful
The future spectral stares.

Wild terrors creep and hover
With foot so ghastly soft!
The soul black midnights cover
Like mountains piled aloft.

Firm props like reeds are waving;
For trust is left no stay;
The thoughts, with whirlpool-raving,
No more the will obey.

Frenzy, with eye resistless,
Decoys from Truth's defense;
Life's pulse is flagging listless,
And dull is every sense.

Who hath the cross upheaved,
To shelter and make whole?
Who lives from sight received,
That he may help the soul?

Haste to the tree of wonder;
Give silent longing room;
Outgoing flames asunder
Will cleave the phantom-gloom.

Draws thee an angel tender
In safety on the strand;
Lo! at thy feet in splendor,
Outspreads the promised land.

G. Macdonald.

(Second Version.)

THERE are dark hours of sadness,
Dark hours of hopeless pain,
When thoughts akin to madness
Flash wildly through the brain,

When nameless anguish presses
The heart beyond control,
And deepest gloom possesses
The faint and trembling soul;

When every prop seems taken
From life's receding shore,
And the mind, tempest-shaken,
Obeys the will no more,

* * *

But who, from yonder heaven,
Pities each earthly woe!
Who yonder cross has given
For every grief below!

Thine arms around it twining,
To hope and prayer give room,
For there a flame is shining,
To light thy path of gloom;

An angel form advances,
And leads thee to that strand,
Whence thy delighted glances
May see the promised land.

From "Evenings with the Sacred Poets"
With omission of the 4th stanza.

THE HOUR OF BLISS.

VII.

UNTER tausend frohen Stunden,
So im Leben ich gefunden,
Blieb nur eine mir getreu:
Eine, wo in tausend Schmerzen
Ich erfuhr in meinem Herzen,
Wer für uns gestorben sei.

Meine Welt war mir zerbrochen;
Wie von einem Wurm gestochen
Welkte Herz und Blüthe mir;
Meines Lebens ganze Habe,
Jeder Wunsch lag mir im Grabe,
Und zur Qual war ich noch hier.

Da ich so im Stillen krankte,
Ewig weint' und wegverlangte,
Und nur blieb vor Angst und Wahn:
Ward mir plötzlich, wie von oben,
Weg des Grabes Stein geschoben,
Und mein Innres aufgethan.

Wen ich sah, und wen an seiner
Hand erblickte, frage keiner;
Ewig werd' ich dies nur sehn,
Und von allen Lebensstunden

**Wird nur die, wie meine Wunden,
Ewig heiter offen stehn.**

(First Version.)

OF the thousand hours of gladness
Which I found amid life's sadness,
One doth still supreme abide;
One 'mid thousand sorrows glowing,
Taught my heart its highest knowing:
Who for us hath lived and died.

All my world was broken lying;
As from gnawing canker dying,
Heart and blossom pined away;
All my life's possessions cherished
Every wish in dust had perished,
But to torture came the day.

As I thus in silence sickened,
Longed for death as sorrows thickened,
And but stayed from frantic fear;
Then on sudden as from heaven,
The stone from off the grave was riven,
And all within was bright and clear.

Whom I saw, and whom beholden
By his side in vision golden,
Ask not: for it still I see;
But of all life's hours of joyance,
That hour shall from all destroyance,
Ever fair and open be.

W. Hastie.

(Second Version.)

OF a thousand hours me meeting
And on life's path gayly greeting,
One alone hath kept its faith;—
That wherein—ah, sorely grieved!—
In my heart I first perceived
Who for us hath died the death.

All my world to dust was beaten;
As a worm had through them eaten,
Withered in me heart and bloom;
All my life had sought and cherished,
In the grave had from me perished;
Anguish only was my doom.

While I thus, in silence pining,
Ever wept, my life resigning,
And but waste and woe descried;
All at once the night was cloven,

From my grave the stone was hoven,
And my inner doors thrown wide.

Whom I saw, and who the other,
Ask me not, my friend, my brother!—
Sight to fill eternal eyes!
Lone in all life's eves and morrows,
This one moment, like my sorrows,
Shining open ever lies.

G. Macdonald.

HOLY SORROW.

VIII.

WEINEN muss ich, immer weinen:
Möcht' er einmal nur erscheinen,
Einmal nur von ferne mir.
Heil'ge Wehmuth! ewig wahren
Meine Schmerzen, meine Zähren;
Gleich erstarren möcht' ich hier.

Ewig seh ich ihn nur leiden,
Ewig bittend ihn verscheiden:
O dass dieses Herz nicht bricht,
Meine Augen sich nicht schliessen;
Ganz in Thränen zu zerfliessen,
Dieses Glück verdient' ich nicht.

Weint denn keiner nicht von allen?
Soll sein Name so verhallen?
Ist die Welt auf einmal todt?
Werd' ich nie aus seinen Augen
Wieder Lieb' und Leben saugen?
Ist er nun auf ewig todt?

Todt,—was kann, was soll das heissen?
O so sagt mir doch, ihr Weisen,
Sagt mir diese Deutung an.

Er ist stumm, und alle schweigen;
Keiner kann auf Erden zeigen,
Wo mein Herz ihn finden kann.

Nirgend kann ich hier auf Erden
Jemals wieder glücklich werden,
Alles ist ein düstrer Traum.
Ich bin auch mit ihm verschieden;
Läg' ich doch mit ihm in Frieden
Schon im unterird'schen Raum.

Du, sein Vater und der meine,
Sammle du doch mein Gebeine
Zu dem seinigen nur bald.
Grün wird bald sein Hügel stehen
Und der Wind darüber wehen,
Und verwesen die Gestalt.

Wenn sie seine Liebe wüssten,
Alle Menschen würden Christen,
Liessen alles andre stehn;
Liebten alle nur den Einen,
Würden alle mit mir weinen,
Und im bittern Weh vergehn.

(English Version.)

WEEP I must—my heart runs over:
Would he once himself discover—

Only once from far away!

Holy sorrow! still prevailing

Is the weeping, is the wailing:

Would I here were turned to clay!

Evermore I see him crying,

Ever praying, ever dying:

Will this heart unending beat?

Will my eyes in death close never?

Weeping all into a river

Were a blessedness too sweet!

Is there none with me lamenting?

Dies his name in echoes fainting?

Is the peopled world struck dead?

Shall I from his eyes, ah! never

More drink love and life forever?

Is he now and always dead?

Dead! What means it—sound of dolors?

Tell me then, I pray, ye scholars—

What imports the symbol dim.

He is dumb, and all turn fro me;

No one on the earth can show me

Where my heart might look for him.

Earth no more while I am in it
Can provide one happy minute;
All is but a dream of woe.
I too am with him departed:
Would I lay with him still-hearted
In the region down below!

Hear, oh, hear, his and my Father!
Speedily my dead bones gather
Unto his—oh, soon, I pray!
Grass will soon his low mound cover
And the wind will wander over,
And the form will fade away.

If his love they but perceived,
Suddenly had all believed,
Letting all things else go by;
Lord of love him only owning,
All with me would fall bemoaning,
And in bitter weeping die.

G. Macdonald.

EASTERTIDE.

A translation of the first three and last stanzas is also given by the late J. F. Hurst in his translation of K. Hagenbach's "History of the Church of the 18th and 19th Centuries," New York, 1869, Vol. II, p. 283, commencing:

**"To every one I say:
He's risen and lives now;
He moves in our midst,
And with us e'er doth go."**

IX.

ICH sag' es jedem, dass er lebt
Und auferstanden ist,
Dass er in unsrer Mitte schwebt
Und ewig bei uns ist.

Ich sag es jedem; jeder sagt
Es seinen Freunden gleich,
Dass bald an allen Orten tagt
Das neue Himmelreich.

Jetzt scheint die Welt dem neuen Sinn
Erst wie ein Vaterland;
Ein neues Leben nimmt man hin
Entzückt aus seiner Hand.

Hinunter in das tiefe Meer
Versank des Todes Graun,
Und jeder kann nun leicht und hehr
In seine Zukunft schau'n.

Der dunkle Weg, den er betrat,
Geht in den Himmel aus,
Und wer nur hört auf seinen Rath
Kommt auch in Vaters Haus.

Nun weint auch keiner mehr allhie,
Wenn eins die Augen schliesst;
Vom Wiedersehn, spät oder früh,
Wird dieser Schmerz versüsst.

Es kann zu jeder guten That
Ein jeder frischer glühn,
Denn herrlich wird ihm diese Saat
In schönern Fluren blühn.

Er lebt, und wird nun bei uns sein,
Wenn alles uns verlässt!
Und so soll dieser Tag uns sein
Ein Weltverjüngungs-Fest.

(First Version.)

HE lives! he's risen from the dead!
To every man I shout;
His presence over us is spread,
Goes with us in and out!

To each I say it; each apace
His comrades telleth too—
That straight will dawn in every place
The heavenly kingdom new.

Now to the newborn sense appears
The world a fatherland;
A new life men receive with tears
Of rapture from his hand.

Deep into soundless gulfs of sea
Death's horror sinks away;
And every man with holy glee
Can face his coming day.

The darksome road that he hath gone
Leads out on heaven's floor;
Who heeds the counsel of the Son,
He finds the Father's door.

Weeping no longer shall endure
For them that close their eyes;
For, soon or late, a meeting sure
Shall make the loss a prize.

And now to every noble deed
Each heart can fresher glow;
For many a fold the scattered seed
In lovelier fields will blow.

**He lives, he sits beside our hearths,
Though all friends else had ceased;
Therefore this day shall be the earth's
Rejuvenescence-feast.**

G. Macdonald.

(Second Version.)

**I SAY to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again;
That he is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.**

**And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.**

**Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland,
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from his hand.**

**The tears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart now light and brave
May face the things to be.**

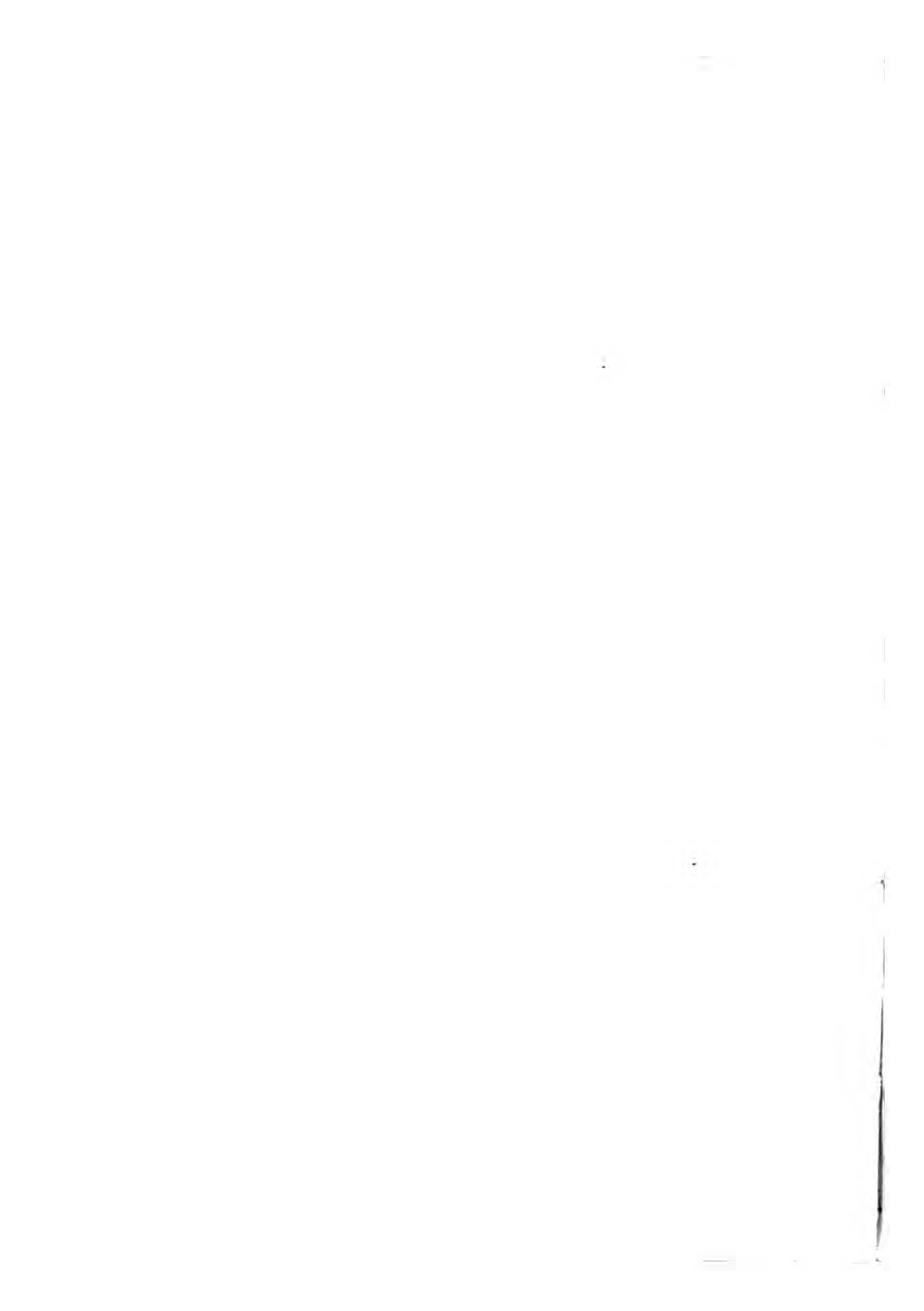
The way of darkness that he trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to his word
Shall reach his Father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his beloved sleep,
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

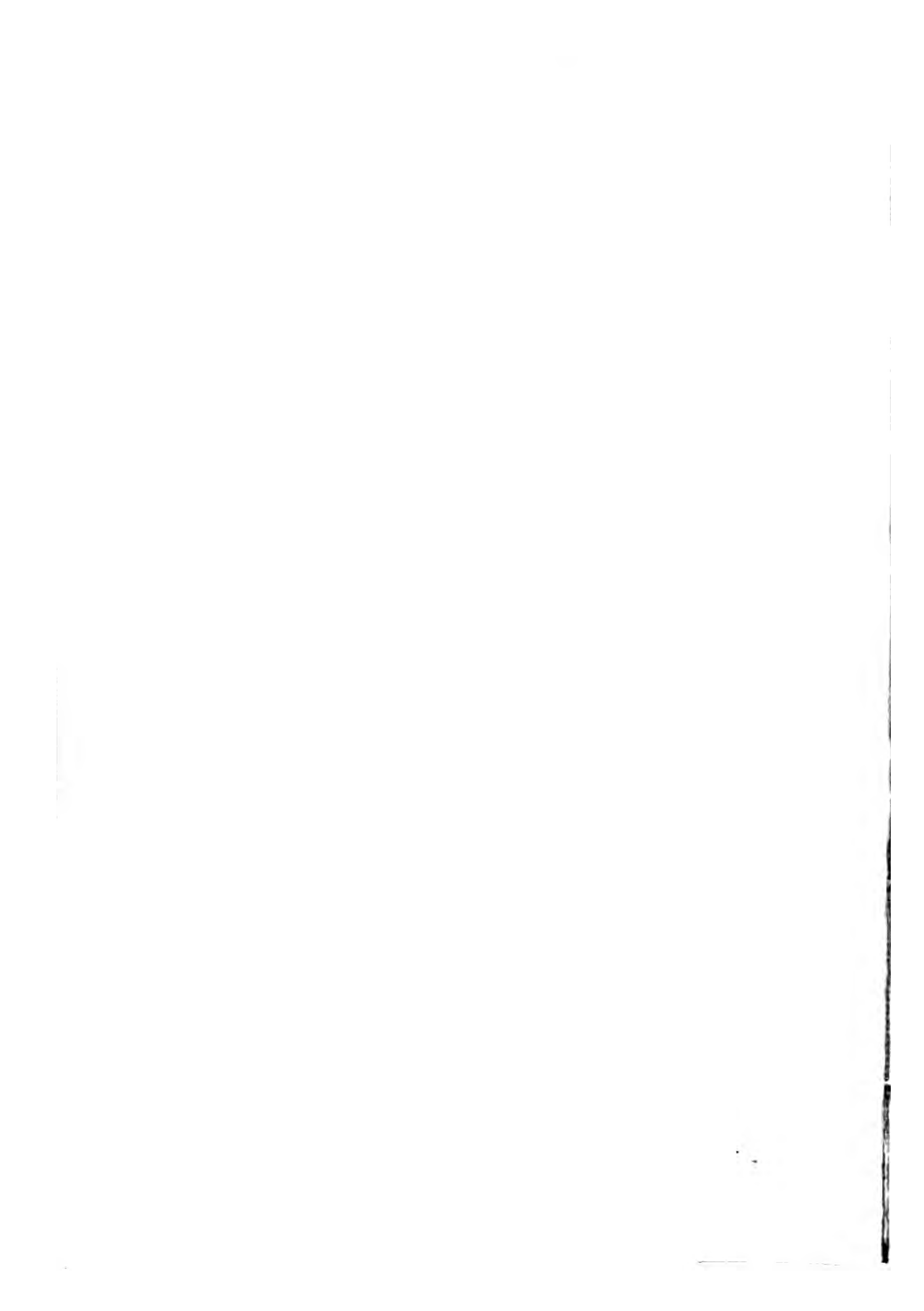
Now every heart each noble deed
With new resolve may dare,
A glorious harvest shall the seed
In happier regions bear.

He lives, his presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast
A world renewed to life!

C. Winkworth in "Lyra Germanica," 2d
series, 1858.



ALL IN ALL.



X.

WENN ich ihn nur habe,
Wenn er mein nur ist,
Wenn mein Herz bis hin zum Grabe
Seine Treue nie vergisst:
Weiss ich nichts von Leide,
Fühle nichts, als Andacht, Lieb' und
Freude.

Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Lass' ich alles gern,
Folg' an meinem Wanderstabe
Treugesinnt nur meinem Herrn;
Lasse still die Andern
Breite, lichte, volle Strassen wandern.

Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Schlaf' ich fröhlich ein;
Ewig wird zu süsser Labe
Seines Herzens Flut mir sein,
Die mit sanftem Zwingen
Alles wird erweichen und durchdringen.

Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Hab' ich auch die Welt;
Selig, wie ein Himmelsknabe,
Der der Jungfrau Schleier hält.

Hingesenkt im Schauen,
Kann mir vor dem Irdischen nicht grauen.

Wo ich ihn nur habe,
Ist mein Vaterland,
Und es fällt mir jede Gabe
Wie ein Erbtheil in die Hand;
Längst vermisste Brüder
Find' ich nun in seinen Jüngern wieder.

(First Version.)

IF only I have thee,
If only mine thou art,
And to the grave
Thy power to save
Upholds my faithful heart,—
Naught can my soul annoy,
Lost in worship, love and joy.

If only I have thee,
I gladly all forsake.
To follow on
Where thou hast gone,
My pilgrim staff I take;

Leaving other men to stray
In the bright, broad, crowded way.

If only I have thee,
If only thou art near,
In sweet repose
My eyes shall close,
Nor death's dark shadow fear;
And thy heart's flood through my breast,
Gently charm my soul to rest.

If only I have thee,
Then all the world is mine;
Like those who gaze
Upon the rays
That from the glory shine,
Rapt in holy thought of thee,
Earth can have no gloom for me.

Where only I have thee,
There is my fatherland;
For everywhere
The gifts I share
From thy wide-spreading hand;
And in all my human kind,
Long-lost brothers dear I find.

From Schaff, "Christ in Song."

(Second Version.)

IF only he is mine—
If but this poor heart
Nevermore in grief or joy,
May from him depart,
Then farewell to sadness,
All I feel is love, and hope, and gladness.

If only he is mine
Then from all below,
Leaning on my pilgrim-staff,
Gladly forth I go
From the crowd who follow
In the broad, bright road, their pleasures
false and hollow.

If only he is mine,
Then all else is given;
Every blessing lifts my eyes
And my heart to heaven.
Filled with heavenly love,
Earthly hopes and fears no longer tempt
to move.

There, where he is mine,
Is my fatherland,

And my heritage of bliss,
Daily cometh from his hand.
Now I find again
In his people love long lost, and mourned
in vain.

Miss Borthwick in "Hymns from the
Land of Luther" (omitting the 3d stanza).

(Third Version.)

IF I have only him,
If he alone is mine,
If e'en beyond the grave his faith
My heart shall not resign,
Of sorrow naught I prove,
Naught feel but glad devotion, joy and
love.

If only he be mine
All else I gladly leave;
On pilgrim-staff still follow true
And to my Master cleave;
Let others fondly stray
Along the broad, frequented, flowery way.

If I have none but him
Joyful to sleep I go;

**Ever a sweet restoring stream
His blood for me doth flow,
Whose mild compelling might
All things must soften, and in peace unite.**

**If I have none but him
The universe is mine ;
Blest as a child of heaven that holds
The Virgin's veil divine,
Wrapt in sacred thought
No more by earthly cares am I distraught.**

**Where only he is mine
My fatherland I see,
And every boon is on me poured
As birth-right full and free:
Long sought-for brothers then
In his disciples I behold again.**

H. Lowe in "Lyra Messianica."

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

XI.

WENN alle untreu werden,
So bleib' ich dir doch treu;
Dass Dankbarkeit auf Erden
Nicht ausgestorben sei.
Für mich umfing dich Leiden,
Vergingst für mich in Schmerz;
Drum geb' ich dir mit Freuden
Auf ewig dieses Herz.

Oft muss ich bitter weinen,
Dass du gestorben bist,
Und mancher von den Deinen
Dich lebenslang vergisst.
Von Liebe nur durchdrungen
Hast du so viel gethan,
Und doch bist du verklungen
Und keiner denkt daran.

Du stehst voll treuer Liebe
Noch immer jedem bei,
Und wenn dir keiner bliebe,
So bleibst du dennoch treu.
Die treuste Liebe sieget;
Am Ende fühlt man sie,
Weint bitterlich und schmieget
Sich kindlich an dein Knie.

Ich habe dich empfunden;
O lasse nicht von mir;
Lass innig mich verbunden
Auf ewig sein mit dir.
Einst schauen meine Brüder
Auch wieder himmelwärts
Und sinken liebend nieder,
Und fallen dir ans Herz.

(First Version.)

THOUGH all men faith had banished,
Still true I'd prove to thee,
That gratitude quite vanished
From earth might never be.
For me hast thou borne sorrow,
For me death's bitter smart;
Then gladly would I offer up
To thee one constant heart.

That thy dear life should perish
My burning tears deplore,
While many thou wouldst cherish
Forget thee evermore.
Only by love's compulsion
So greatly hast thou done,

Yet art thou passed from earth away
And no one thinks thereon.

With true love filled, unshaken,
Thou standest each beside;
E'en though by all forsaken,
Faithful dost thou abide.
The truest love must vanquish,
Its power at last complete
Melts the strong heart and childlike clings
Submissive at thy feet.

Thee have I found—O never
Leave me forlorn again!
Bound up in thee forever
Let my whole soul remain.
My brethren, too, thy glory
Might they but once behold,
Soon would they turn and joyful seek
Thy love's protecting fold.

H. Lowe in "Lyra Eucharistica."

(Second Version.)

MY faith to thee I break not,
If all should faithless be,

That gratitude forsake not
The world eternally.
For me sore pains did wring thee—
Thou died'st in anguish sore;
Therefore with joy I bring thee
This heart for evermore.

How oft mine eyes have streamed
That thou art dead, and yet
A many of thy redeemed
Thee all their life forget!
By love possessed and driven,
For us what hast thou done!
Yet is thy body riven,
And no one thinks thereon.

With love that's never shaken,
Thou stand'st by every man;
And if by all forsaken,
Art still the faithful one.
Such love must win the wrestle;
At last they feel, they see;
Bitterly weep, and nestle
Like children to thy knee.

I in my heart have known thee—
Oh do not let me go!

In my heart's heart enthrone thee,
Till one with thee I grow.
My brothers, one day, will waken,
Look heavenward with a start;
Then sinking down, love-shaken,
Will fall upon thy heart.

G. Macdonald in "Exotics," 1876.

(Third Version.)

THOUGH all to thee were faithless,
I yet were true, my Head,
To show that love is deathless,
From earth not wholly fled.
Here didst thou live in sadness,
And die in pain for me,
Wherefore I give with gladness
My heart and soul to thee.

I could weep night and morning
That thou hast died, and yet
So few will heed thy warning,
So many thee forget.
O loving and true-hearted,
How much for us didst thou!
Yet is thy fame departed,
And none regards it now.

But still thy love befriends us,
Of every heart the guide;
Unfailing help it lends us,
Though all had turned aside.
Oh! such love soon or later
Must conquer, must be felt,
Then at thy feet the traitor
In bitter tears shall melt.

Lord, I have inly found thee,
Depart thou not from me,
But wrap thy love around me,
And keep me close to thee.
Once too my brethren, yonder
Upgazing where thou art,
Shall learn thy love with wonder,
And sink upon thy heart.

C. Winkworth in "Lyra Germanica," 1st
series.

EPIPHANY.

XII.

WO bleibst du, Trost der ganzen Welt?
Herberg' ist dir schon längst bestellt.
Verlangend sieht ein jedes dich
Und öffnet deinem Segen sich.

Geuss, Vater, ihn gewaltig aus,
Gieb ihn aus deinem Arm heraus:
Nur Unschuld, Lieb' und süsse Scham
Hielt ihn, dass er nicht längst schon kam.

Treib' ihn von dir in unsern Arm.
Dass er von deinem Hauch noch warm;
In schweren Wolken sammle ihn
Und lass ihn so hernieder ziehn.

In kühlen Strömen send' ihn her,
In Feuerflammen lodre er,
In Luft und Oel, in Klang und Thau
Durchdring' er unsrer Erde Bau.

So wird der heil'ge Kampf gekämpft,
So wird der Hölle Grimm gedämpft,
Und ewig blühend geht allhier
Das alte Paradies herfür.

**Die Erde regt sich, grünt und lebt;
Des Geistes voll ein jedes strebt
Den Heiland lieblich zu empfahn,
Und beut die vollen Brüst' ihm an.**

**Der Winter weicht; ein neues Jahr
Steht an der Krippe Hochaltar:
Es ist das erste Jahr der Welt,
Die sich dies Kind erst selbst bestellt.**

**Die Augen sehn den Heiland wohl,
Und doch sind sie des Heilands voll;
Von Blumen wird sein Haupt ge-
schmückt,
Aus den'n er selbst holdselig blickt.**

**Er ist der Stern, Er ist die Sonn',
Er ist des ew'gen Lebens Bronn;
Aus Kraut und Stein und Meer und Licht
Schimmert sein kindlich Angesicht.**

**In allen Dingen sein kindlich Thun.
Seine heisse Liebe wird nimmer ruhn;
Er schmiegt sich seiner unbewusst
Unendlich fest an jede Brust.**

Ein Gott für uns, ein Kind für sich
Liebt er uns all herzinniglich,
Wird unsre Speis' und unser Trank;
Trensinn ist ihm der liebste Dank.

Das Elend wächst je mehr und mehr,
Ein düstrer Gram bedrückt uns sehr:
Lass, Vater, den Geliebten gehn;
Mit uns wirst du ihn wieder sehn.

(English Version.)

EARTH'S consolation, why so slow?
Thy inn is ready long ago;
Each lifts to thee his hungering eyes,
And open to thy blessing lies.

O Father, pour it forth with might;
Out of thine arms, oh! yield him quite;
Innocence only, love, sweet shame,
Have kept him that he never came.

Oh! hurry him into our arm,
That he of thine may yet breathe warm;
Thick vapors round the infant wrap,
And lower him into our lap.

In rivers cool send him to us;
In flames let him glow tremulous;
In air and oil, in sound and dew,
Resistless pass earth's framework
through.

So shall the holy fight be fought,
So come the rage of hell to naught;
And, ever blooming, round our feet
The ancient Paradise we greet.

Earth rouses, breaks in bud and song;
Full of the Spirit, all things long
To clasp with love the Saviour-guest,
And offer him the mother's breast.

The winter fails. A year new-born
Clasps now the manger's altar-horn;
'Tis the first year of a new earth
Which this child claims in right of birth.

Our eyes they see the Saviour well,
Yet in them doth the Saviour dwell;
With flowers his head is wreathed about,
From which himself looks gracious out.

**He is the star ; he is the sun ;
Life's well that evermore will run ;
From herb and stone, light, sea's expanse,
Glimmers his childish countenance.**

**In every act his childish zest,
His ardent love will never rest ;
He nestles, with unconscious art,
Divinely fast to every heart.**

**To us a God, to himself a child,
He loves us all, self-undefiled ;
Becomes our drink, becomes our food—
His dearest thanks, to love the good.**

**Our misery grows yet more and more ;
A gloomy grief afflicts us sore :
Keep him no longer, Father, thus ;
He will come home again with us.**

G. Macdonald.



THE EUCHARIST.

HYMNE.

WENIGE wissen
Das Geheimniss der Liebe,
Fühlen Unersättlichkeit
Und ewigen Durst.
Des Abendmahls
Göttliche Bedeutung
Ist den irdischen Sinnen Räthsel;
Aber wer jemals
Von heissen, geliebten Lippen
Athem des Lebens sog,
Wem heilige Glut
In zitternden Wellen das Herz schmolz,
Wem das Auge aufging,
Dass er des Himmels
Unergründliche Tiefe mass,
Wird essen von Seinem Leibe
Und trinken von Seinem Blute
Ewiglich.
Wer hat des irdischen Leibes
Hohen Sinn errathen?
Wer kann sagen,
Dass er das Blut versteht?
Einst ist alles Leib,
Ein Leib,
In himmlischem Blute
Schwimmt das selige Paar.—

O dass das Weltmeer
Schon erröthete,
Und in duftiges Fleisch
Aufquölle der Fels!
Nie endet das süsse Mahl,
Nie sättigt die Liebe sich;
Nicht innig, nicht eigen genug
Kann sie haben den Geliebten.
Von immer zärteren Lippen
Verwandelt wird das Genossene
Inniglicher und näher.
Heissere Wollust
Durchbebt die Seele,
Durstiger und hungriger
Wird das Herz,
Und so währet der Liebe Genuss
Von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Hätten die Nüchternen
Einmal gekostet,
Alles verliessen sie,
Und setzten sich zu uns
An den Tisch der Sehnsucht,
Der nie leer wird.
Sie erkannten der Liebe
Unendliche Fülle,
Und priesen die Nahrung
Von Leib und Blut.

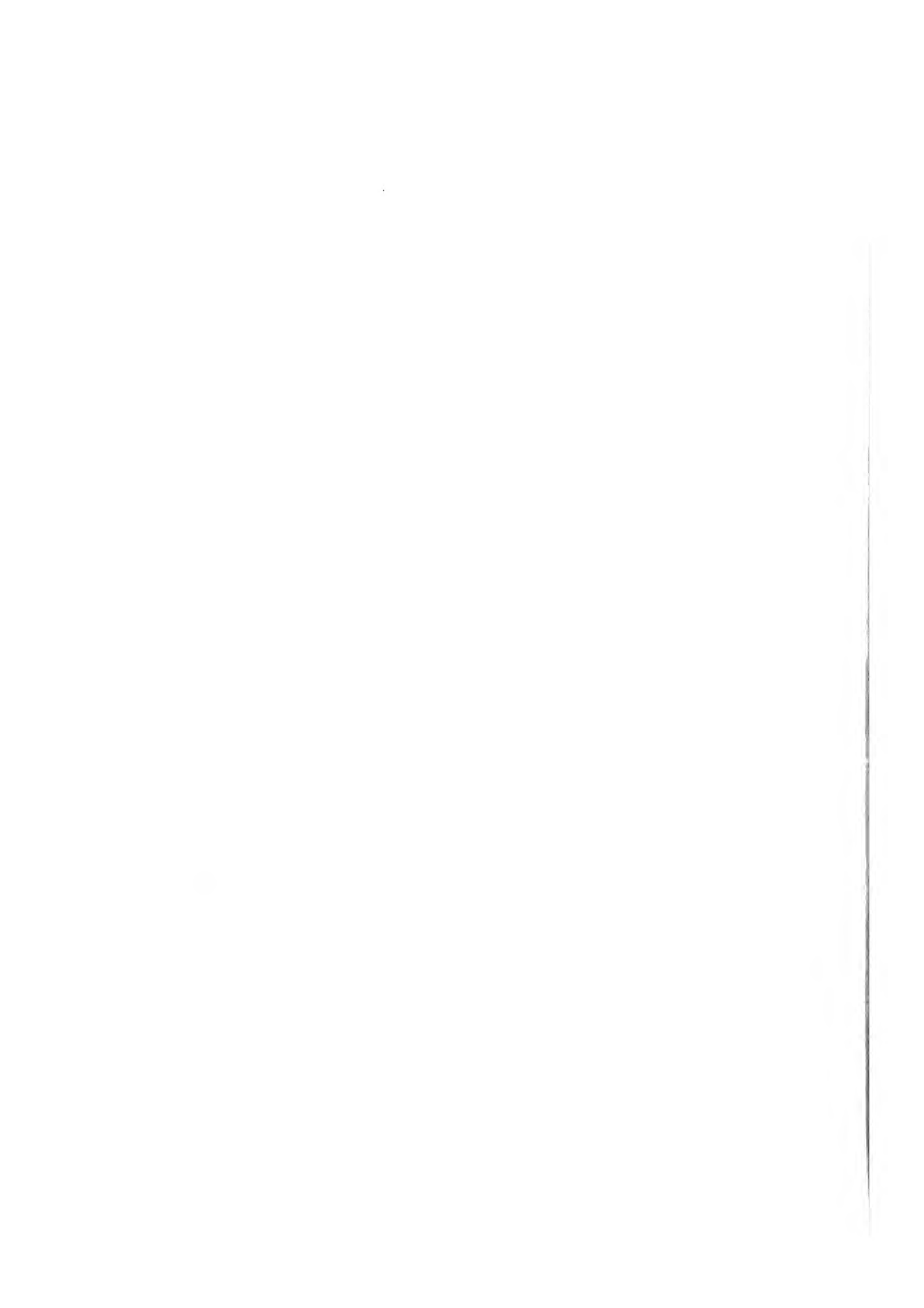
(English Version.)

FEW are there who know
The mystery of loving,
Who feel insatiableness
And eternal thirst.
The eucharist
Has divine significance,
But to earthly senses all an enigma.
Yet who once ever
From dear lips warm and beloved,
Hath drawn life's own breathing;
Who hath felt heart-glow
Of holy feeling in trembling thrills;
Who hath opened his eyes
To measure the heavens'
Unfathomable depths above,
Such one will eat of his body,
And will drink of his blood likewise,
Evermore.
Who has yet found the high meaning
Of the earthly body?
Who can yet say
He understands the blood?
All body is one;
But one
In the blood heavenly,
Swims the most blessed pair.

O that the world-sea
Were reddening now,
And into fragrant flesh
Would burst forth the rock!
Ne'er endeth the meal so sweet,
Never is love satiated;
Ne'er inward nor its own enough,
Can it possess the belovèd.
By lips that are aye tenderer,
Becomes transformed what is enjoyed,
More inwardly and closely.
Warmer the pleasure
That thrills the soul through;
Thirstier and hungrier
Grows the heart:
And so lasteth love's sweet enjoyment,
Eternal to eternity.
If the prudent had once,
But once tasted it,
They would leave everything,
And would sit down with us
Yearning at the table,
Which ne'er is drawn.
They would know then the fulness
Of infinite loving,
Would praise the nourishing
Body and blood.

W. Hastie.





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