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MELODIES  
OF THE  
FATHERLAND



REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D. D.



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**Abstract.** This paper examines the relationship between the ethical dimensions of corporate social responsibility (CSR) and the business case for CSR. It argues that the business case for CSR is not a simple, linear relationship, but rather a complex, multi-faceted one. The business case for CSR is not a simple, linear relationship, but rather a complex, multi-faceted one. The business case for CSR is not a simple, linear relationship, but rather a complex, multi-faceted one.

**Keywords:** business case for CSR, ethical dimensions of CSR, stakeholder theory, corporate social responsibility, business ethics

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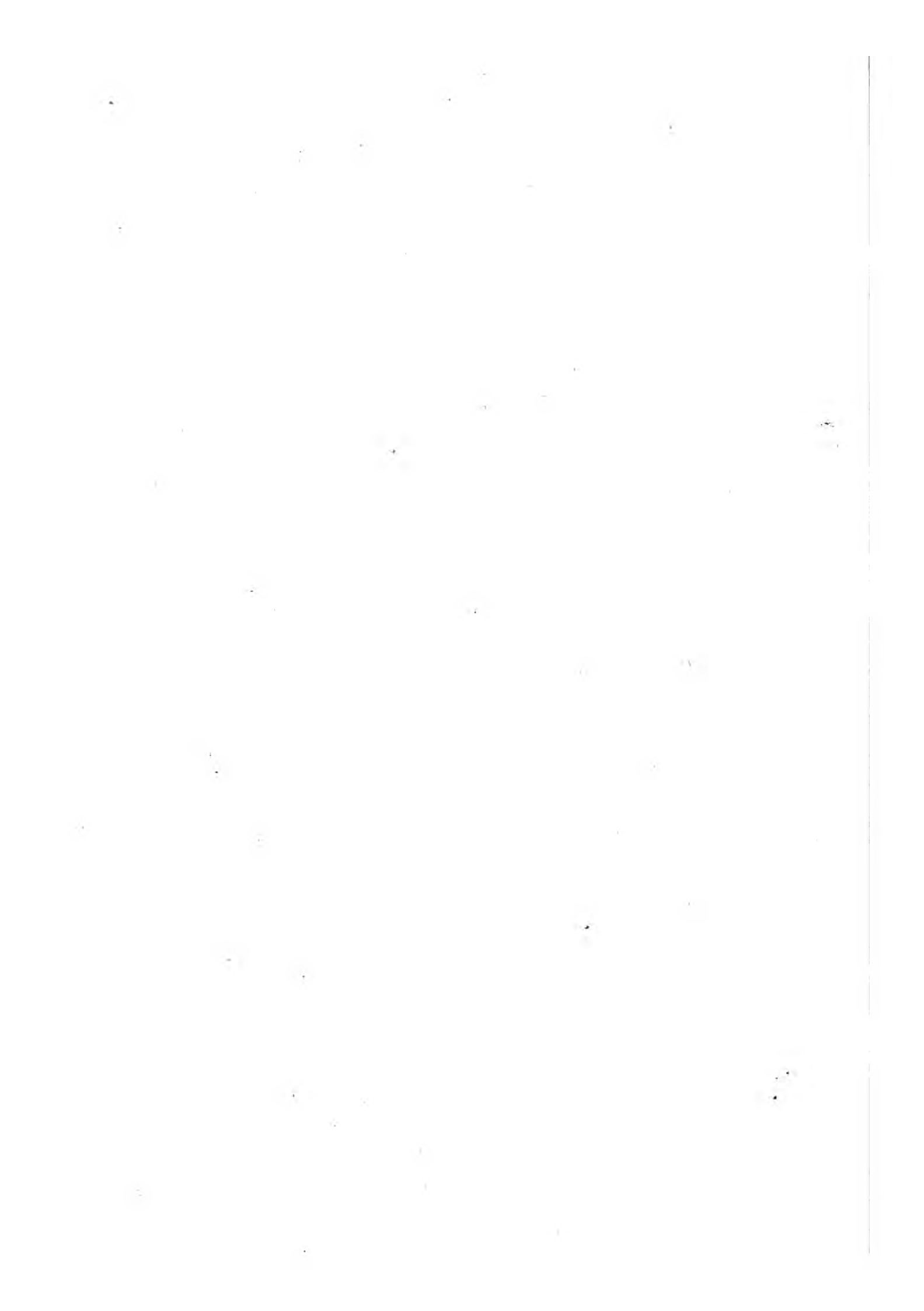
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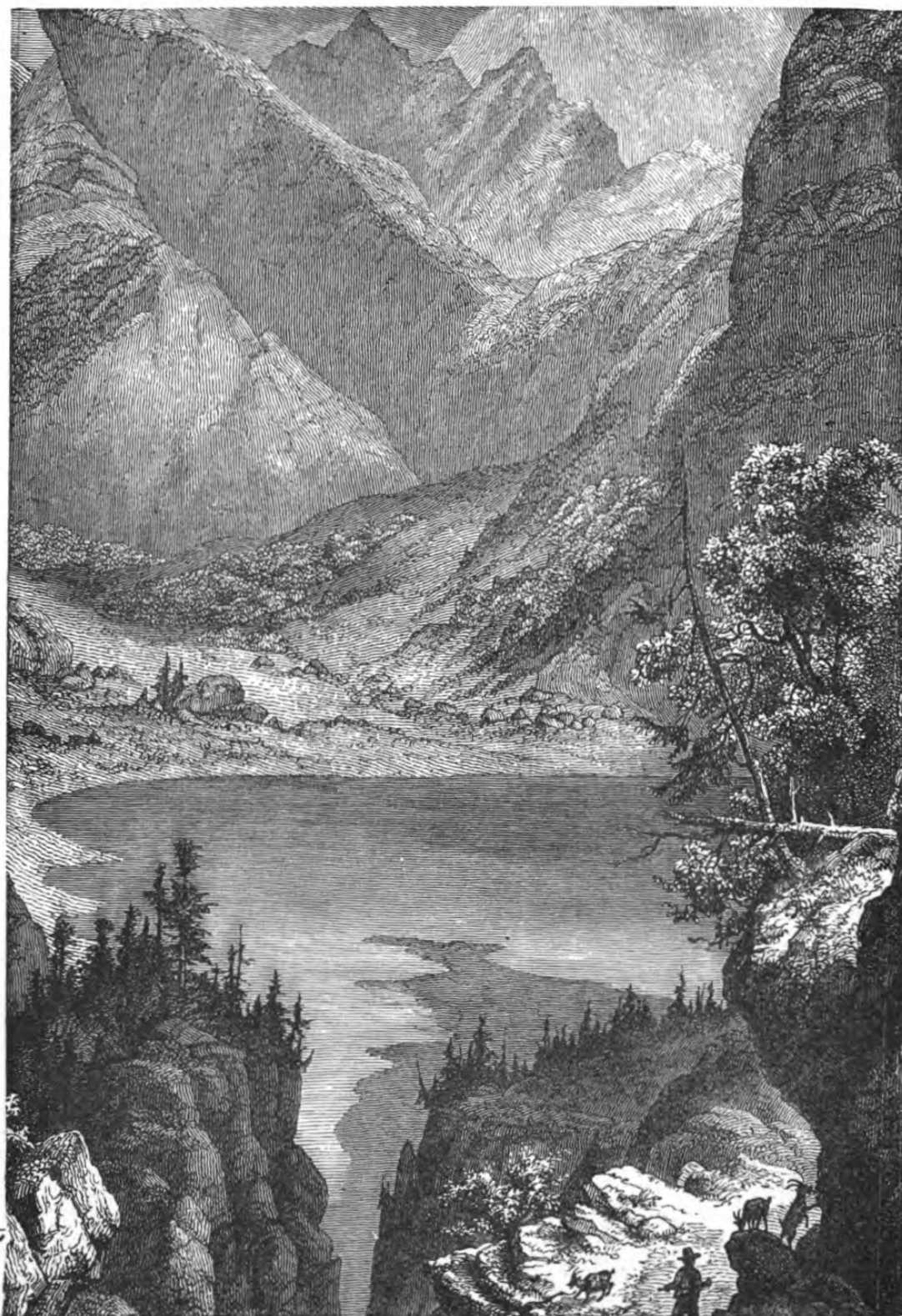
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“ My native mountains lift their head :  
Their snow-clad summits rise.”—p. 110.

MELODIES

FATHERLAND.

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# MELODIES

OF THE

# FATHERLAND.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

BY THE

REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D.,

*Rector of St. Olave's, Southwark,*

AUTHOR OF THE "LYRA EVANGELICA," ETC.

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TO  
MY CONGREGATION,  
AS  
AN OFFERING OF LOVE,  
I DEDICATE  
THESE POEMS.

ST. OLAVE'S RECTORY, S.F.

*New Year's Day, 1883.*









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## *THE GLORY OF THE FATHERLAND.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

A FAITHFUL heart will find its home at length,  
And fashion all its own great world of toil;  
Strong in its root, the tree will feel its strength,  
And firmly fasten on the kindly soil;  
So he who roots himself in solid ground,  
With noble heart and with a ready hand,  
Will do life's deeds, and in life's fruits abound,  
And with his joy make glad his Fatherland!





*PRELUDE.*


**T**HOUGHTS and musings deep  
and strong,  
Meditations oft and long ;  
Music varied day by day,  
As we tread the chequered way ;  
Ofttimes changing hour by hour,  
April sun and April shower ;  
Pastime of my days of rest,  
Glad escape when heart-opprest ;  
Refuge when by care pursued,  
Fellowship in solitude ;  
Thoughts of other hearts and minds,  
Gathered out of many kinds,  
Which, when passed through furnace heat,  
Hammered out by measured beat,  
Forged anew, and wrought by art,  
On the anvil of the heart,

In their new and fresh design,  
Although foreign, yet are mine ;  
Seeds and flowers, by others sown,  
Now transplanted, are my own ;  
My own joy, and my own grief,  
Find expression and relief ;  
Mingled joys and mingled tears,  
Common hopes and blended fears ;  
All the bright domestic bliss,  
All the homely happiness ;  
All the joy the members share,  
All the pure affection there,—  
Comfort, peace, and solace giv'n,  
Nearest to the joys of heav'n !

O'er the wild, and o'er the waste,  
While with weary feet we haste,  
All along the desert sand,  
These fair Songs of Fatherland,  
Interspersed like shady trees,  
Plaintive, pensive "Melodies"—  
Offer to the heart opprest  
Shelter and a welcome rest ;

And, exhausted though I be,  
Fleeting thus from tree to tree,  
As a bird of weary wing,  
Where alighting, there I sing ;  
Gladly, too, I bear my part,  
And " translating " in my heart,  
Out of weakness am made strong,  
In the sympathy of song !

Thus in sweet communion blest,  
Many a stranger, as a guest  
Entertained, my bosom shares,  
Sometimes angels unawares ;  
Blessèd thoughts around are shed  
From the living and the dead,—  
Thoughts that spring from far, and come,  
Finding here a welcome home—  
Sweet and bitter, smile and tear,  
Joy and sorrow, hope and fear,  
Night and morning, darkness, light,  
Shadow, sunshine, faith and sight !





## *LIFE AND DEATH.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF OTTO VON LOEBEN.)

“Todesblüthe ist das Leben ;  
Lebensblüthe ist der Tod.”

O LIFE, thy bud doth ripen fast  
For Death beneath the tomb ;  
Thy blossom, Death, breaks forth at last  
In Life's eternal bloom !





I.

“*KRANKENWACHT;*” OR, *WATCH BY A  
SICK-BED.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

*The clock strikes Ten :*

**Y**E weary ones have watched and wept  
The livelong day—’tis time ye slept ;  
Retire to rest, ’all, all but one,  
The mother—she and she alone  
Must watch the livelong night and weep  
While others take their rest in sleep ;  
And by the sick child’s little cot  
It is a mother’s anxious lot  
To sit and think and watch alone,  
To hear the breathing and the moan,  
And to the Great Physician pray,  
And wait all night, and long for day.

'Tis silent now, the whole house sleeps ;  
Nought but the little mouse that creeps  
And rustles in the wainscot wall—  
No other sound, save in the hall  
(While that fond mother sits alone)  
The ticking clock's low monotone ;  
Fitful the gleam the night-lamp sheds,  
While 'neath its shadow thus she  
pleads :—

Alone, yet not alone, my God !  
For Thou art with me, and the load  
Of my sad heart is laid on Thee,  
With all this wrestling agony ;  
My weary head finds gentle rest  
While leaning on Thy tender breast ;  
Thy covering wings are my defence ;  
Around me is Thy Providence ;  
And after tumults of the day,  
The stars send forth their cheering ray ;  
And in the watches of the night,  
Shepherd Divine, Thou art my light !

---

*The clock strikes Eleven :*

My God, Thy mighty aid I seek,  
For I am faint and I am weak.  
Ah, see my child in fever lie,  
Be Thou, my Friend and Saviour, nigh !  
The cheek aglow, the breathing quick ;  
Come, Great Physician of the sick !  
Sustaining power and strength Thou art  
Of feeble faith and fainting heart !

Omnipotent ! enthron'd in heavenly light,  
Above the stars, above earth's darkest night !  
From Thine august, eternal throne above,  
Thou dost look down in gentleness and love ;  
Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power and might,  
Guiding by day, and ruling in the night ;  
Thou lovest most amid the dark and storm  
The wonders of Thy glory to perform ;  
Now, from Thy starry house, at this still hour,  
Send forth Thy messengers of love and power ;  
They come to scatter Thy sweet dews around,  
Upon the thirsty land and parchèd ground ;



With sleep refreshing, and on golden beams  
Of heav'n's own light, in blessèd holy dreams,  
They come, angelic messengers of God,  
Upon the ladder of their heavenly road,  
And bid the sinking world awake, arise  
To joy and new communion with the skies !  
Thou God of power, Thou God of glorious might,  
O cast one loving glance, this weary night,  
Into this chamber, on this little bed ;  
One cooling drop of Thy sweet mercy shed  
Upon the burning temples of my child !  
Amid delirium and the fever wild,  
Amid his troubled dreams and strange alarms,  
O loving Saviour, shield him in Thine arms !

*The clock strikes Twelve :*

Hark ! 'tis the midnight hour—that awful stroke !  
My child in terror and alarm has 'woke ;  
The bell sounds shrill, and mournful is the hour,  
As it is tolled from out the belfry tower ;  
Solemn and still the death-watch hovers nigh,  
Awful the night-wind as it passes by,

As though the spirits of the dead had come  
To claim my darling, and to call him home !

O God, I tremble at this loneliness ;  
No friend or human help is in this place ;  
The awful midnight, with its darkened brow,  
Peers through the casement like some deadly foe ;  
I hear the footsteps of the waking dead,  
They seem to hover round this little bed.  
My God ! oh can it be that e'en this night  
The darkness comes that takes from me my light ?—  
The kiss of death to snatch my babe away,  
And as a corpse upon his cradle lay ?  
Child of my heart, may God protect thee still !  
Thou mighty God, I yield me to Thy will !  
Oh, what is man ?—a quivering aspen-leaf,  
A gentle breath, a cut and gathered sheaf,  
Ever and ever hovering o'er his head  
The rustling plume and spirit of the dead.  
Omnipotent ! 'tis by Thy love and care  
That I, and this my child, protected are ;  
Defend us, Lord, from every evil thing,  
Hide, as a hen her brood, beneath Thy wing.

*The clock strikes One :*

The lamp burns low and with a sickly light ;  
Mine eyelids droop, for 'tis a long, long night :  
Come, come, weak heart ! uprouse thyself from care,  
And try the grand experiment of prayer.

*She prays :*

Lord Jesu Christ, to Thee in prayer I seek,  
The heart is willing, but the flesh is weak !  
Thou, the Good Shepherd, didst Thy vigils keep  
So oft and oft for Thy belovèd sheep ;  
And on the mountain-top hast often prayed,  
While night-winds circled round Thy sacred head ;  
In that dark hour, in dread Gethsemane,  
Didst bear for us Thy bitter agony ;  
Thine Eye that doth nor sleep nor slumber know,  
From Thy bright heav'n above watch here below !  
O give me now the utmost strength I need,  
To serve and please Thee both in will and deed ;  
Shed forth the unction of Thy grace abroad  
In my poor, dried, decaying heart, my God !  
Stir up anew the flame of holy love  
To burn more bright and seek its source above

---

Lord Jesu Christ, display Thy might in me,  
That I may watch this lonely hour with Thee !

*The clock strikes Two :*

Come, darling child, be good, drink up  
This medicine draught, this bitter cup !  
I know 'tis bitter to the taste,  
But turns to sweetness at the last ;  
Refuse it not, be brave, my boy,  
For sorrow oft doth turn to joy !

Thus to my life, my God, dost Thou  
Present the bitter cup of woe ;  
My flesh cries out, " Oh, let it pass !"  
" Thy will be done !" my spirit says.  
Ah yes, for now I surely know,  
Whate'er eternal love may do,  
For our eternal good is sent,  
And in the truest love is meant.  
So have I now in patience quaffed  
This bitter cup, this nauseous draught,  
And lo, at Marah's stream we meet,  
Where God doth make the bitter sweet ;

So e'en the sorrows that befall  
Are turned to blessings in us all !

*The clock strikes Three :*

The streak of morning gilds the dawning skies,  
The cock-crow bids the waking sleepers rise,  
A gentle breeze blows with its genial breath,  
That tells of life, and now no more of death ;  
Soon shall we see the rising of the sun,  
And this long dreary night of care is done !

Life stirs at last, and here and there is heard the  
welcome sound  
Of friend and neighbour going forth upon their daily  
round ;  
The night-lamp, in its socket, dies at rising of the  
dawn,  
The greater light that rules the day hath through the  
casement shone.  
My prayer is heard, and lo, my child, my darling,  
calmly sleeps ;  
The prayed-for Providence has come, and now in  
safety keeps ;

---

The burning brow of fever heat is damp with gentle dew,  
And He Who is our Life and Hope doth life and hope  
renew.

With joyous heart I lift mine eyes ; with thankful  
heart indeed

I give the praise to Thee, my God, Thou Helper in  
my need ;

Thou, Who art true, dost ne'er forsake the souls that  
are Thine own ;

Thou givest joy where sorrow was—light in the dark-  
ness sown ;

Though tears endure the livelong night, yet joy the  
morning brings ;

The Sun of Righteousness doth rise with healing in  
His wings !

*The clock strikes Four :*

Loud calls the watchman at the door :

In Jesu's Name, ye sleepers rise,

The morning gilds the eastern skies ;

Arise, ye children of the night,

And put ye on the robes of light ;

And with your loudest notes upraise

To God your joyous songs of praise !



II.

*HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF PAUL GERHARDT.)

**W**ITH notes of joy and songs of praise,  
To God we now draw near,  
The Source and Author of our days,  
Our Guide from year to year.

We live and move and journey on,  
And hasten on our way,  
Through ending years, and years begun,  
Advancing day by day.

Through anguish sore, and sorrow, pain,  
Through fearfulness and woe,  
Through wars that shake the earth again,  
We onward bravely go.

---

As by a faithful mother's care,  
When days of trial come,  
He guards His earthly children here,  
And leads them safely home.

And on our Heavenly Father's breast,  
And in His bosom laid,  
His trembling sheep find welcome rest :  
" 'Tis I, be not afraid ! "

The weary, burdened pilgrims bless,  
The erring ones restore,  
Thou Father of the fatherless,  
Thou Helper of the poor !

We further supplicate Thy will,  
And voice of prayer employ :  
'Mid all our sorrows be Thou still  
The Source of all our joy !

Heal Thou the sick, and help the sad,  
Give thoughts of blessed peace ;



The souls that are cast down make glad  
With holy joyfulness !

And more than all Thy gifts in worth  
Be Thy good Spirit giv'n,  
To beautify our souls on earth,  
And guide us safe to heav'n !

Whate'er we do, where'er we go,  
Thou Life of life be near ;  
And more than all we ask, bestow,  
And bless this glad New Year !





III.

*MORNING.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF C. J. P. SPITTA.)

**S**EE from the east the golden Morn  
Chase darkness from the dawning skies ;  
Its rising beams the earth adorn,  
Revealing Nature to our eyes—  
The woods, the hills, the valleys bright—  
With roseate hues of morning light.

Shine in my heart, lift up my head,  
Then shall the darkness flee away ;  
Fold back the curtains of my bed,  
And let me see the dawn of day :  
Jesu, with light my spirit fill,  
Fashioned according to Thy will !

O let me walk this day in light,  
And in the warmth of love divine,

With life renewed, as in Thy sight,  
And in the path Thou dost assign ;  
And to my great Creator's praise  
Be all my works and all my ways !

I do not ask Thee to remove  
All sorrow from my chequered way,  
But only for that faith and love  
To bear it meekly day by day ;  
For " all things " only work for good  
To those who love their Father, God.

I ask not, Give me quiet rest,  
But only this, To do Thy will ;  
A childlike, trusting heart is best,  
Drawn ever upward, nearer still ;  
From earth and earthly things set free,  
Nor happy else but, Lord, in Thee.

I ask not Thou shouldst quickly end  
The anguish of this earthly life,  
But as I need Thee, deign to send  
Thy help to aid me in the strife ;

---

And grant me, by Thy grace within,  
Each day I live to die to sin.

Thou art my Morning Star, my Sun,  
O lead me in the sunlit way ;  
My life's true Morning now begun,  
And shining to the Perfect Day ;  
Glad to behold, when death is nigh,  
The sunset in the evening sky !





IV.

*EVENING.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF C. J. P. SPITTA.)

**Q** THOU Who didst my burden share  
Throughout this day, and solace care,  
Now at the hour of eventide,  
At day's decline, with me abide !  
As Thou hast been my strength by day,  
So in the evening be my stay ;  
And, soft reclining on Thy breast,  
O let me share Thy peaceful rest !

This little chamber is my own,  
And here, in quiet peace, alone,  
I listen to Thy gracious word,  
And hold communion with Thee, Lord.  
Speak me some word of evening bliss,  
Thy benediction brings me peace ;

---

My weary spirit, Lord, renew  
With cooling drops of evening dew !

Without Thee, Lord, the eventide  
Leaves me so cold, unsatisfied ;  
But in Thy presence it is rest,  
A holy vigil, and a feast ;  
With richest blessings I am filled,  
My busy, troubled heart is stilled,  
And happy, happy shall I be  
If I can end the day with Thee !

Then, after all the noise and din,  
Come, Thou rich Guest, and dwell within ;  
From sin and sorrow let me cease,  
Vouchsafe me joy and rest and peace ;  
Heal Thou my pained and weary soul,  
Make Thou my wounded spirit whole ;  
Amid the darkness be my light,  
And let me rest with Thee to-night !





V.

*LUTHER'S MONOLOGUE BEFORE GOING  
TO THE ASSEMBLY.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF THEODOR KÖRNER.)

*The Bells ring :*

**H**ARK ! the bells are ringing,  
Princes throng the way ;  
Firmly stand, thou champion  
Of thy Lord, to-day !  
For the truths thou teachest  
From thy heart proceed,  
Light amid the darkness,  
Help in time of need.

Bind men's hearts together,  
Flag of peace unfurl'd,  
Break the bonds asunder  
Of a prostrate world ;

---

Taught by Thy great Spirit,—  
    Taught the truth of God,  
Now the strife beginneth,  
    Striving unto blood !

In the courts of princes  
    Must the fight be won,  
While men's hearts are waiting  
    And the world looks on :  
O for faith and patience,  
    O for strength to fight,  
O for grace to triumph  
    As in God's own sight !

My soul, take courage, help is nigh,  
    The angels smile on me,  
A cherub yonder lifts on high  
    The sign of victory ;  
Though all should fail, and all should fear,  
    God will His aid afford,  
And stand beside me, ever near,  
    In His unchanging Word.



Hark ! yet a second time the bell !  
The issue now must say  
If human dogmas shall prevail,  
Or God shall win the day ;  
Before the princes I appear,  
Great God, Thy aid supply ;  
Accept of me just this one prayer,  
Then let me live or die !

*He kneels and prays :*

Low in the dust, and resting there,  
O listen to my suppliant prayer ;  
My heart's true faith is firm and strong,  
In spite of all this threatening wrong ;  
Yet who can say what may befall,  
But Thou Who hast created all ?  
O Father, help me yet again,  
And hearken to my cry of pain ;  
Thy servant and Thy soldier, Lord,  
Would teach to all the world Thy Word ;  
I cannot stand as in Thy sight  
If courage fail me in the fight.

---

Oh, if I cannot win the day,  
If hell should still oppose my way,  
Let welcome death conclude the strife,  
For in Thy Hand is endless life ;  
Thine is the kingdom and the power,  
And praise and glory, evermore !

*He rises and proceeds upon his way :*

Now am I strengthened for the strife,  
Whate'er the issue be ;  
What God ordains, or death or life,  
Is welcome now to me.

Yet still I hear a voice within--  
"Courage," it seems to say,  
"'Tis of the Lord, and thou shalt win  
The fierce and hard-fought day !"

I gladly rise and meet the foe,  
No fears can now alarm,  
And God is mine, where'er I go  
He shields me with His arm.

And trusting in His mighty power,  
I speak His faithful word,  
And spread His light in this dark hour,—  
The light of Truth restored.

Not of myself, but in His might,  
And in His holy Name,  
And with His promised aid, I fight,  
And put my foes to shame.

To arms, to arms ! Amen, amen !  
I boldly take my way,  
The Truth shall wage the fight, and then  
Shall win the hard-fought day !





VI.

*HOURS OF SORROW.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

' **T**IS not amid the ecstasies  
Of joy, my joyful songs arise ;  
The beauty of the glorious spring,  
'Mid vernal gifts, I seldom sing :  
While pleasures last, and bounties fill,  
The tardy voice of song is still ;  
When joys are lost in rending pain,  
They are renewed in songs again.

Not till the winter comes in view  
I conjure up the rose's hue ;  
Not till the dark and wintry day  
I fully prize the skies of May ;  
Not when the loved are by my side,  
But when the dearest ones have died,

I ponder then what made me glad,  
And think of all the joys I had.

So does the nightingale upraise  
On stormy nights her notes of praise :  
'Tis not until the sun gone down  
We see the rays of silvery moon :  
The harp sends forth melodious note  
As o'er its strings the hand has smote ;  
The wave, when lashed yet more and more,  
Casts precious jewels on the shore.

The vintage fruit, the wines of God,  
Must in the wine-press' wrath be trod ;  
The harvest yields its golden store  
To flail and fan of threshing-floor ;  
The sweet wild rose-bud that adorns  
Has grown upon a hedge of thorns ;  
The spur compels the prancing steed  
To nobler charge and swifter speed.

The truest joys are ripest grown,  
If in the lap of sorrow sown ;

---

The heart's pale grief brings forth the best,  
Her children rise and call her blest ;  
The brightest stars of heav'n shine forth  
When darkness covers all the earth ;  
Angels of God that most are prized  
Appear in mourning robes disguised.

When thus they come, thus darkly clad,  
Let not your troubled heart be sad ;  
For if, being welcomed, long they stay,  
They will their milder glance display ;  
And when they go, will leave behind  
The richest blessings of their kind,—  
Blessings so pure, without alloy,  
That sorrow turns to truest joy.

Then welcome, welcome, seeds of pain !  
As sheaves of joy, come, come, again !  
Eternal Love ! how blest art Thou,  
To try me thus in grief and woe !  
Bend, O my soul, count all but loss,  
To bear the weight of His dear Cross,  
Where weary, laden souls find ease,  
Where grow the fruits of righteousness !



VII.

*DEPENDENCE.*

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

**M**Y spirit casts itself in prayer  
On Thee the Source divine ;  
It can be happy only there,  
On that dear heart of Thine.

I strive to love Thee, O my God,  
I strive to do Thy will ;  
Yet in my struggle after good  
I need Thy presence still.

I feel the fetters of a slave,  
The bonds without, within ;  
Lord, be my Helper, strong to save,  
And make me free from sin !



VIII.

*HOPE AND PROMISE.*

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

**M**Y cares and sorrows soon shall end,  
My sighs ere long shall pass away ;  
To cheer my spirit, heaven will send  
A thousand sunbeams of the day.

The seed that I have sown in tears  
Shall rise in sheaves of harvest—blest ;  
Instead of thorns, the fruit appears,  
And after storm and battle—rest.

There is a goal to every strife ;  
If e'er a crown thy head adorns,  
Remember Him who is our Life,  
Who wore in death His crown of thorns.



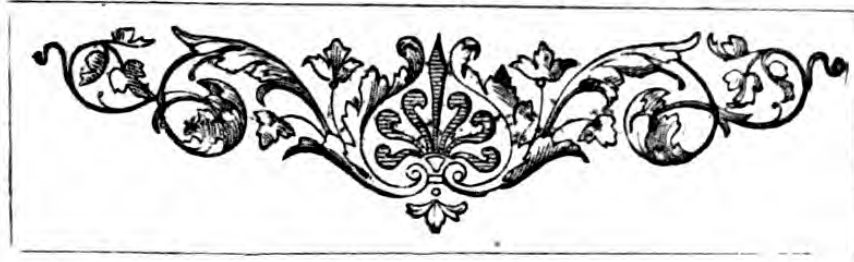
The path to heaven is by the cross,  
    And we must walk therein, nor stray,  
Whate'er the sorrow or the loss,  
    E'en though our *blood* should mark the way.

Whoso would pass the palace gates,  
    And Salem's glorious courts behold,  
Must know that tribulation waits  
    To purge from dross the precious gold.

And those who stand before the throne  
    Have washed their robes and made them  
    white,  
And, having fought and nobly won,  
    Are crowned with glory and with light.

Then bear thy fetters, till the day  
    For freedom shall have fully come ;  
The storm shall then have rolled away,  
    And God will call His children home !





IX.

*THE POWER OF PRAYER.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

**C**ANST thou tell me of a rod  
Which doth, like a key, unlock  
Treasures, as the man of God  
Brought forth water from the rock?

'Tis the mystic power of prayer,  
Life prolongs and death prevents,  
Wakes the thunders in the air,  
Sways and curbs the elements.

If in faith we use this rod,  
It commands both spear and sword ;  
E'en the sceptre of our God  
Bends obedient to its word.

Young and old can wield this power,  
Yea, a child can turn this key,  
And command the plenteous shower  
Like the fulness of the sea.

Happy they, who with this rod,  
Wandering through the desert place,  
Seek and find in Thee, their God,  
Waters in the wilderness.

With this rod of prayer, the sun  
Will not smite thee on thy way ;  
Streams of living waters run,  
Strength proportioned to thy day.

Firmly grasp it in both hands,  
Strive with might, as Moses strove ;  
Through its power, thy faith commands  
Mountains, and they shall remove.

Shouldst thou smite, and shouldst thou fail,  
Smite again with mightier shock,  
Till the power of prayer prevail  
O'er the smitten, riven rock !



X.

*ASSURANCE OF FAITH.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG SCHNABEL.)

**S**PEAK, O speak ! for why this longing,  
Why this vague and hopeless grief ?  
Through thy tears, and up to heaven,  
Look, and thou shalt find relief.

If thy heart be sorely smitten,  
Wounded with the wounds of hate,  
If thy peace be sunk in sorrow,  
Dreary, dark, and desolate ;

If thy spring-time, passing from thee  
Blossomless, no fruit unfold,  
And thy life, unjoyed, unenvied,  
Merges into autumn cold,

Look in faith, look up to heaven,  
    Love reigns there in endless sway,  
Golden joys of grace and glory  
    Soothe the sufferings of to-day.

Then the things around us passing,  
    All the sorrow, all the strife,  
'Mid the sounds of Heav'n's own music  
    Will be changed to endless life.

Wish not back the hours of sunshine,  
    They are now this long time past ;  
All their joys were only transient,  
    Seek the joys that *alway* last !





XI.

*THE FALLING STAR.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH VON SELLET.)



FALLING star shot through the sky,  
A glowing pencil marked its flight ;  
I asked myself its meaning—Why  
This gliding, glancing, falling light ?

The stars that deck the dark profound  
In wreaths of glory in the sky,  
Are, like the holy angels, crowned  
With golden light and majesty.

These are the twinkling eyes of light,  
Most welcome on the darkest road,  
The faithful watchers of the night,  
The sleepless sentinels of God.

When man, oppressed with weight of care,  
And all-unknowing of his way,  
Looks up in faith, and asks in prayer,  
A star may turn his night to day.

That falling star, then, come from heav'n,  
Bright angel of God's host may be,  
Through vast expanse and darkness driv'n,  
The messenger of God to thee !





XII.

*EVENING SONG OF THE TRAVELLER.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF ERNST M. ARNDT.)

**T**HE sunlight has departed,  
Both field and wood are still,  
And brightly in the darkness  
The stars their course fulfil ;  
Thus on the soul's still silence,  
Amid its darkest night,  
There falls a ray of glory  
From Him Who reigns in light.

How great would be our sorrow,  
How weary, lone, and sad,  
If no bright joy were sent us  
To make our spirits glad !



Man would be nought but shadow,  
A sand upon the shore,  
A falling leaf that withers,  
A dream that is no more !

Our life moves ever onward,  
Has nor repose nor rest,  
Drives all in flight before it,  
By constant change possest ;  
Tost like the foam of ocean,  
That knows no friendly strand,  
Like spray upon the waters,  
Or grains of drifted sand.

Come Thou, Who bringest gladness,  
Who rulest o'er the night,  
While morning stars are singing,  
Rejoicing in Thy light ;  
Come, with Thy ray of glory  
The warmth of love impart,  
And draw my spirit upward,  
And cheer my poor cold heart !

---

Come, as on wing of angels,  
Father, reveal Thy Face,  
Thou art our only Refuge,  
And Thou our Hiding-place ;  
The strength of man is weakness,  
And vain his choicest store ;  
O God, be our Defender  
Both here and evermore !





XIII.

*BETHANY.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF J. P. LANGE.)

'**M**ID the ocean deep and wide,  
Where the storms and tempests come,  
God in nature doth provide  
Here and there an island home.

Thus the Saviour in His woe,  
In mid-ocean of His grief,  
Found a resting-place below,  
Found a haven of relief.

Like an island in the sea  
To the tempest-tossed, dismayed,  
So to Christ was Bethany,  
'Neath the olives' peaceful shade.

---

When the angry billows wrought,  
When the wrath of man opprest,  
Then from time to time He sought  
In its home His peaceful rest.

With true hearts that nestled there,  
Hearts to which the Light had come,  
In that tranquil house of prayer,  
Did the Saviour find a home.

Thence proceeding forth again,  
Storms and tempests, dark and dim,  
Toss upon the angry main,  
Waves of death encompass Him.

Brothers, tremble not for fear,  
Surging seas are not His grave ;  
On the rock, behold Him there,—  
Rising high above the wave !

'Mid the billows' angry shock,  
In the deepest, darkest night,  
Stands His Word, as on a rock,  
Steadfast in its ceaseless light.

By His Providence hath He  
Many an island bright and blest  
Planted in life's troubled sea,  
For refreshment and for rest.

When our anchor we have cast  
In the ocean of His love,  
We shall find our home at last  
In our Fatherland above !





XIV.

*DECISION.*

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

**B**E *hot or cold*; elect and choose thy part,  
Be not of double or of lukewarm heart;  
Who feels great joy doth feel great sorrow too,  
For joy reacts, and soon is changed to woe;  
Fierce light, deep shade, and, after strain and stress,  
The sweat of toil is turned to weariness:

Be hot or cold!

*Go on or stand*; but waver not in doubt,  
Like wave of ocean dashed and tossed about,  
Or as a vessel on a stormy sea.  
Know'st thou thy goal? then let it certain be;  
Know'st thou it not? then seek and learn and find;  
Go on or stand—be not of double mind:

Go on or stand!





XV.

*“ TAKE CHRIST WITH THEE.”*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.)

**T**AKE with thee Christ upon thy way,  
In faith and trust, from day to day ;  
Push off from shore, fear not the shock  
Of jutting crag or hidden rock ;  
And should thy craft, upon the wave,  
Be toss'd about, yet He can save ;  
And should the billows dash and roar  
About thy vessel more and more,  
Still be thou calm, for He is near,  
And He will save from death and fear ;  
And when the raging waves o'erwhelm,  
If not as yet He grasps the helm,  
Yet courage ! and thyself confide  
To Him, your Ruler and your Guide ;



However high the billows swell,  
If Christ be with thee, all is well ;  
Though lightnings flash and thunders roll,  
He will protect thy weary soul ;  
Thy bark shall o'er the billows ride,  
For Christ, the Lord, is by thy side ;  
And He can bid thy fears away,  
Whom winds and stormy seas obey ;  
But be thou watchful unto prayer,  
Cast all thy anxious thought and care  
On Him, thy Lord, Who sure will come  
And take the helm, and guide thee home.  
At His command, and at His will,  
The storm shall cease and waves be still ;  
The wild and angry, foaming deep  
Is at His whisper lulled to sleep ;  
And far above the stormy seas  
He spreads His Bow of endless Peace !





XVI.

*WEEP NOT!*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.)

**W**EEP not ! for God, our God, doth live ;  
Thou troubled heart, He will forgive :  
To Him, as to a Father, flee,  
When this ill world tormenteth thee ;  
Be patient, let thy heart be still,  
And bravely suffer all His will,  
And He will grant thee, after pain,  
The comfort of His grace again !

Weep not ! for God has often thought  
Of thee, when others have forgot ;  
And He hath long ago designed  
All for thy good, for He is kind ;

Yea, heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
E'er comes the hour or dawns the day  
When He shall cease to guard and guide  
The souls for whom His Son hath died !

Weep not ! for God abides in light,  
Though He Himself be hid from sight ;  
And He doth see when thou dost bear  
The weary burden of thy care :  
O let thy faith be firm and strong,  
And though thy night of tears be long,  
Yet, in the morn, the sun's bright ray  
Will shine again upon thy way !

Weep not ! for God doth hear thee plead  
Thy earnest prayer in time of need,  
And He will help and He will bless,  
And will be near when cares oppress ;  
And when thy sorrow draweth nigh,  
He hears thy great and bitter cry ;  
For none who, in their grief and pain,  
Have ever sought, have sought in vain !

---

Weep not ! for God, our God, doth love,  
And though the world should faithless prove,  
And lay its snares to hurt and harm,  
And spread its terrors to alarm,  
Yet they who in the Lord confide,  
Though foes assault on every side,  
Shall bear the storm, survive the shock,  
For they are founded on a rock.

Weep not ! for God doth surely care  
What kind of burden thou dost bear :  
What canst thou want, and why torment  
Thy weary soul with discontent ?  
Cast all thy care on Him who knows  
Thy griefs, thy sorrows, and thy woes ;  
Though foes be many, friends be few,  
Yet He remaineth faithful, true.

Weep not ! for God doth grace bestow,  
And comfort, when thy tears o'erflow,  
And those deep sorrows that we have  
Shall all be buried in the grave ;

Soon shall our sighs and griefs be o'er,  
When we have passed through death's dark door ;  
And, having sobbed ourselves to sleep,  
Shall be at rest, and cease to weep !





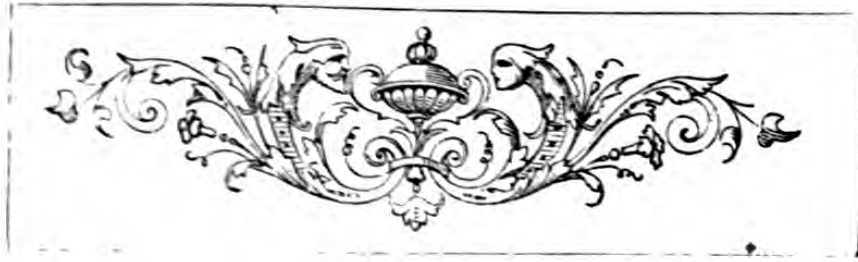
XVII.

*FAITH WITHOUT LOVE.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF FRANZ HORN.)

**W**HERE Faith is not, there is no Love,  
They are a wedded twain ;  
And without Love our Faith to prove,  
Be sure our Faith is vain.  
Then, wouldst thou rob thyself the most,  
And double loss imply ?  
For, losing one, they both are lost,  
Together live or die !





XVIII

*GETHSEMANE!*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

**S**AY, what that solemn judgment-hall,  
Where He, the suffering Lord of all,  
Alone, beneath the shades of night,—  
A Hero in the sharpest fight,—  
Through alternating hope and fear,  
As moonbeams shine and disappear,  
Did bear in His pure heart below  
The burden of all human woe?—

Gethsemane!

Say, what that scene of truest love,  
Where He, the Son of God, did prove,  
By all the pangs He suffered still,  
Obedience to His Father's will;

---

And worst of all His sorrows, this —  
His cheek received the Judas-kiss ;  
The Man of Sorrows, Child of Woe,  
Though spotless as the virgin snow?—  
Gethsemane !

Say, what this refuge for opprest  
And weary spirits seeking rest,  
And sore dismayed because they sought  
In this vain world, and found it not,—  
A refuge where, in forest glade,  
And 'neath the olives' peaceful shade,  
In agonizing sweat of blood,  
They find their rest and peace in God?—  
Gethsemane !

Say, what this school of humble prayer,  
The lowly dust of sorrow, where  
The pleadings of a son arise,  
My soul its " Abba Father " cries,  
And angels, on the rustling wing,  
The sacred cup of mercy bring,



And nerve me for the coming fight,  
All through this dread and awful night?—  
Gethsemane !

Say, what the glorious entrance in  
To Eden's bowers, once lost by sin,—  
The door that after fierce-fought strife  
Hath opened into endless life ;  
No cherubim with flashing sword,  
But Jesus, with His gentle word  
And look of mercy and of grace,  
Bids welcome to His holy place?—  
Gethsemane !

O lowly glade, Gethsemane !  
Fain would my spirit rest in thee !  
Beneath the shadow of thy trees  
My weary soul finds rest and ease ;  
And, when the dread and darkness come,  
I seek in thee my welcome home ;  
And, through the agony of blood,  
Hold sweet communion with my God,—  
Gethsemane !



XIX.

*TEARS!*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.)

**H**OW oft extremes of grief and joy  
Can neither song nor speech employ,  
But find expression and relief  
In *tears*—alike of joy and grief!

Thus speechless tears together flow,  
Of brightest joy and deepest woe,  
Till, in the ocean of God's Love,  
They meet and blend in heav'n above!





XX.

*GOLGOTHA—CALVARY.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF J. P. LANGE.)

**U**PON the mountain dark and drear,  
Where blanched and bleached  
the mouldering bones  
Of blood-stained criminals appear,  
The dreary place of skeletons,—  
There was Thy dwelling-place that day,  
There Thy ignoble earthly throne,  
Toiling along that "Sacred Way,"  
Immortal King, Eternal Son !

No flame of love hath burnt more bright,  
No martyr-death more dear to God,  
While men beheld the mournful sight,  
The Saviour shedding forth His blood ;

And yet from all that moving throng  
Who, passing by, did gaze on Thee,  
There was not one to check that wrong,  
Or help Thee in Thine agony.

In deep compassions of Thy breast,  
With tokens fair of peace and love,  
Thou didst resign Thy heavenly rest,  
Descending from Thy throne above ;  
And bearing all our sin and woe,  
And sharing all our grief and loss,  
Thou didst abide with us below,  
And suffer on the shameful Cross.

*With* sinners Thou didst bleed and die,  
*For* sinners Thou didst bear Thy pain,  
The Son of God, lift up on high,  
The Sinless 'twixt the sinful twain.  
'Twas Adam's race that thrust Thee forth,  
Thy brother's arm that laid Thee low,  
Thy blood is crying from the earth,  
As Cain his brother Abel slew.

It was our sin that thither led,  
Our guilt the burden Thou didst bear,  
That by Thy blood thus freely shed  
We might, dear Lord, Thy glory share ;  
Thou, tost by this tempestuous night,  
Nor couldst Thou from the darkness flee,  
For, in their terror and their might,  
The fears of death encompassed Thee.

'Tis hard to think how Thou, dear Lord,  
Deserted by Thy Father's love,  
Shouldst cry aloud the sevenfold word,  
'Mid darkness in the heav'n above.  
The sun hath hid itself in gloom,  
The sky is clothed in dark eclipse,  
The rocks are rent, as though the doom  
Had come in dread Apocalypse.

True Pilgrim of the mournful Cross,  
Full ransom of our sin hast paid ;  
Thou hast endured the shame and loss,  
And in our place Thy blood was shed ;

---

I pray Thee, Saviour, be Thou mine,  
For Thou didst make my sin Thy own ;  
And I shall be for ever Thine,  
And stand before Thy Father's throne.

Now brighter than the brightest star  
That beams in darkest vault of night,  
Shines forth Thy glorious Cross from far,  
All nations see its welcome light ;  
And hosts of angels round the throne  
Sing praise to Him Who shed His blood,  
Who came to seek and save His own,  
And reconciles the world to God.





XXI.

*THE CHRISTIAN'S CROSS.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF C. J. P. SPITTA.)

**T**HE sign of faith, and love's true token,  
Is that dear Cross which now I bear ;  
Its matchless worth can ne'er be spoken,  
A priceless ornament and rare.

It is a load I lift with pleasure,  
Whate'er the anguish or the pain,  
And bear it as the heart's best treasure ;  
All else is loss, but this is gain.

However sore may be the sorrow,  
Yet still the Hand that wounds can heal ;  
And faith gives promise that To-morrow  
Will all the blessèd fruit reveal.

'Tis brief the period of probation,  
And in this pledge of His dear Love  
Is promise of the full salvation,  
Reserved for us in Heaven above.



XXII.

*COME, HOLY SPIRIT!*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF JULIUS PABST.)

**S**PIRIT of Light, come down, we pray,  
From yonder Heaven so fair, so bright,  
And may we walk, from day to day,  
In joy of that celestial Light :

Come, Holy Spirit !

Spirit of Truth, we pray, come down,  
And to each bosom enter in,  
That in the light of Truth each one  
May see his own deceit and sin :

Come, Holy Spirit !

Spirit of Grace, bind up the heart,  
For sure its wounds have need of Thee,  
When conscience feels the bitter smart,  
And all the pain and agony :

Come, Holy Spirit !



Spirit of Life, and God of Love,  
Still lead us on our patient way,  
Far from the sin with which we strove,  
And on the path of peace, each day :  
Come, Holy Spirit !

Spirit of Wisdom, come, declare  
Thyself in us, and us in Thee ;  
Inspire us with the daily prayer  
For Thy good gifts, eternally :  
Come, Holy Spirit !

Protecting Spirit, in Thy strength,  
Lead us at last to victory ;  
All Satan's works destroy at length,  
And let the Church of God be free :  
Come, Holy Spirit !

Spirit of Blessing, come, and pour  
The gifts of Thy abounding grace ;  
Then shall we see Thee, and adore  
The glory of our Father's face :  
Come, Holy Spirit !



XXIII.

*THE MOUNTAIN OF PRAYER.*

“Jesus watches, Jesus prays.”

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

**A**NOTHER day of work was done,  
Another eve had come,  
And Jesus, on the mountain-top,  
Had sought His midnight home ;  
From early morn His toil had been,  
The Shepherd with His sheep,  
And now His midnight rest is spent  
In prayer, and not in sleep.

His spirit rises to His God,  
And, on His Father's breast,  
Withdrawing from the dust of earth,  
He seeks His lofty rest ;

And, 'neath the silence of the night,  
    Bathing His soul in prayer,  
While breezes murmur soft and sweet,  
    He holds communion there.

'Twas earthly need and human sin,  
    These tumults of man's woe,  
That thus had rent His spirit sad,  
    And pierced it through and through ;  
But now be still, ye earth-born cares,  
    Comfort to Him be giv'n ;  
Shine calmly down, ye stars of light,  
    While He communes with Heav'n !

All the whole day His faithful words  
    Had taught the faithful few,  
Yet had He many things to say  
    Of all the things He knew :  
But finite minds as yet are slow  
    These higher truths to bear ;  
Then hear, thou boundless infinite,  
    Ye highest heavens, give ear !

Ye angels, listen to that voice,  
The voice of God's dear Son ;  
Rejoice, angelic choirs, rejoice,  
He is with God—alone :  
Assemble, all ye nightly host,  
And worship from afar ;  
Angels His chosen witnesses,  
And every twinkling star !

In deepest slumber of the night  
The world in darkness lay,  
And dreamed upon its sleeping-bed  
The passing scenes of day,—  
Its transient pleasure and its pain,  
Its sorrow and its woe :  
Sleep on, O world, and take your rest,  
Else rise and let us go !

Is any lonely child of God  
Still watching for the light ?  
Does sorrow ever chase away  
Sweet slumber in the night ?

God give thee rest ! A Shepherd's care  
Will every need fulfil ;  
For Jesus watches, Jesus prays,  
And He will keep thee still.

He hath, indeed, fulfilled His course,  
But still, in blessed hope,  
He points us to His resting-place,  
The distant mountain-top ;  
He watches still, and still He prays,  
He pleads for sinners there,  
Ascended up to highest Heaven,  
The Mountain-top of Prayer !





XXIV.

“*MARAH, MARAH!*”

EXOD. xv. 23—25.

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

**T**IS Marah, 'tis bitter !” did Israël cry,  
“Who e'er could this bitterness drink?  
So near to the stream, must we lie down and die  
Of thirst and of want, at the brink?”

But Moses, their leader, cried out to the Lord,  
Who showed him a branch of a tree,  
Which he cast in the waters, obeying His word,  
Causing bitterness sweetness to be.

'Tis Marah, 'tis bitter ! my soul often cries,  
When the briny dark waves overflow,  
And my heart, for the taste of the bitterness, sighs,  
And refuses to drink of the woe.

I cried to my God, and He showed me a Tree ;  
And Marah, to them that believe,  
Though salt as the depths of the bitterest sea,  
The thirsty can drink it and live.

Thou knowest, my soul, that a splint of the wood,  
The Cross of the Saviour that died,  
A pang of His sorrow, a drop of His blood,  
That poured from His hands and His side—

Can fully assuage all the bitterest ills  
That blend in our life's troubled sea,  
Imparting a sweetness that fathoms and fills  
The ocean of mercy for me.

Go, think on the Cross that is mighty to save,  
Go, think of the Saviour's bright crown ;  
Obedient to death, He went down to the grave,  
And now He ascends to the throne.

Sure, this is the way—tribulation and woe,  
Through bitters appointed in love ;  
Who suffering now with the Saviour below,  
Shall reign with the Saviour above.

---

'Tis Marah, 'tis bitter ! in anguish I cry,  
Who e'er can this bitterness drink ?  
Lord, if Thou art willing, O let it pass by,  
Nor leave me in Marah to sink !

O welcome the Cross of the Saviour that died,  
O welcome the Stem of the Tree,  
That, cast in the wave of the bitterest tide,  
Turns all into sweetness for me !







XXV.

*PASSING AWAY.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.)

**H**OW sad, how lone, the past doth seem,  
How soon the Spring hath found its  
grave ;

The boyish play, the youthful dream,  
Have died like foam upon the wave—  
Passing away, passing away !

How all the proud designs of man,  
When youth knew nothing of despair,  
And brightest hopes of life began,  
Are now among the things that were—  
Passing away, passing away !





XXVI.

*THE HOLY TRINITY.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF WILHELM HAMMER-  
SCHMIDT.)



FATHER, God of love and grace,  
Who goest forth before our face,  
E'en on the steep ascent of care  
Thou hast not left us to despair ;  
In mercy draw our souls opprest,  
And fold them to Thy tender breast :  
Eternal Father, throned above,  
Be with us in Thy grace and love !

O Thou blest Son of God Most High,  
Who didst for sinners bleed and die,  
And conquer in that battle-field,  
'Tis by Thy stripes that we are healed ;

O let Thy mercy and Thy grace  
Be our strong shield and hiding-place :  
O Jesu, grant us this our plea—  
Be One with us, and we with Thee !

O Holy Spirit, in Thy might,  
Illumine our hearts and give us light ;  
O sanctify our heart and will,  
And all Thy promised grace fulfil ;  
And in Thy truth and in Thy love  
Conduct us safe to heaven above :  
O Healing Comforter, abide  
Within our hearts, and be our Guide !





XXVII.

*A JOYFUL MESSAGE.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.)

**A**FTER all the dreary Winter,  
Welcome back, returning Spring !  
Now the sap revives the branches,  
And our hearts, reviving, sing ;  
Hope is beaming o'er the meadows,  
Dawning on the blossoming trees ;  
Blessèd dreams of joy are wafted,  
Borne upon the gentle breeze.

Thus, my soul, whate'er oppresses,  
Boldly from thy fetters rise,  
Like the bird restored to freedom,  
Soaring upward to the skies :  
He who from the thorny briar  
Makes the blushing rose appear,

He both can and will awake thee,  
In new strength, from all thy fear.

Is thy path still dark and dreary ?  
Is it conscience doth oppress ?  
O believe, His grace is mighty,  
And His mercy fathomless :  
Open then thy heart's affections,  
Lest some blessing should be lost ;  
Enter in, Thou loving Spirit,  
With the fire of Pentecost !





XXVIII.

*ANGELS.*

ADDRESSED TO A LITTLE CHILD.

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF RUDOLPH LÖWENSTEIN.)

**Y**ES, I will tell thee, dearest child,  
About the angels pure and mild ;  
Their faces are so bright and fair,  
Like spring-time of the earth and air ;  
Their clear blue eyes with radiance shine,  
While flowers their golden hair entwine ;  
And on swift wing, in rapid flight,  
Like silver moonbeams of the night,  
About our path, about our bed,  
Good angels hover o'er our head.

Then hear again, my child, my love,  
How still and gently angels move :

Still as the snow that falls in spray,  
Still as the moonbeam's silent ray,  
Still as the growth of flower and seed,  
Still as the fragrance of the mead,  
Still as the fall of leaf or star,  
Still as the light that shines from far ;  
*So* still, through earth and air and sky,  
*So* gently, do the angels fly.

Lend still thine ear, while yet I show  
Why the good angels come and go :  
They come to all the poor that pray,  
And bring them bread from day to day ;  
They soothe the mother's aching head  
Beside her infant's little bed ;  
When woes befall a good man's home,  
Where tears are shed and sorrows come,  
Thither the angels haste and speed,  
In hour of stress and day of need.

And wouldst thou see those angels fair ?  
Thou canst not here, my child, but there ;

---

And if thou livest pure and good,  
Some bright, fair angel sent of God  
Will guard thee, guide thee, day by day,  
The onward, upward, heavenly way :  
Whither he beckons, follow on,  
To that new Life, true Life begun :  
There holy angels thou shalt see,  
And thou thyself an angel be !







XXIX.

[*COMFORT OF THE NIGHT.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF GOTTFRIED KINKEL.)

**C**ALM and still the queenly Night is sleeping,  
Crowned with a crown of stars, in bright array ;  
Soothing the sad, her watchful vigil keeping,  
She heals the wounds and sorrows of the Day !





XXX.

*“IN SPITE OF FEAR!”*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF F. A. KRUMMACHER.)

**T**HOUGH fears afflict the human breast,  
And heavy be our load,  
Yet there remains a perfect rest  
For all the host of God.

Though but a little band below,  
We journey on in peace,  
The narrow thorn-set path we go,  
To Heaven's own blessedness.

And through the grave and gate of death  
We look to yonder Home,  
Up to the hills, with eye of faith,  
From whence our help doth come.

And as the happy flock pursues  
Its parched and weary way,  
The desert blossoms as the rose,  
Rejoicing day by day.

And from the cloudy wings outspread  
Descends refreshing rain,  
And rich supplies of heavenly bread  
Are scattered o'er the plain.

And from the rock the rivers flow  
Throughout the desert sand,  
And stars on high look down below  
Upon the pilgrim band.

Thus is it still—apart, alone,  
By divers paths we tend,  
In heart and mind and spirit one  
On to our journey's end ;

On to our Father's House on high,  
A pilgrim band we come,

---

Where, brighter than the sun-lit sky,  
Our Fatherland, our Home.

And there, upon our Father's breast,  
And all our sorrows o'er,  
We find at length the promised rest,  
And joy for evermore !





XXXI.

*FEAR NOT!*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH OSER.)

**T**HE winds blow fierce, the waves run high,  
They roar and rave with mighty shock ;  
Yet fear thou not, the Lord is nigh,  
He is thy Rock !

'Tis night and darkness, dread and drear,  
No star above shines calm and bright ;  
Yet fear thou not, for God is near,  
He is thy Light !

With feeble strength and trembling knee,  
Beneath thy cross, a weary load,  
Yet fear thou not, for God shall be  
Thy Staff and Rod !





XXXII.

*JESUS, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.*

ST. MARK. X. 13, 14.

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

**H**OW brightly beamed the Saviour's face  
As He beheld the infant crowd,  
As bright as beam the sunset rays,  
Encircled by a golden cloud !

O let them come to Me, He said,  
These youthful heirs of heaven above ;  
He took them—in His bosom laid,  
The children of His Father's love.

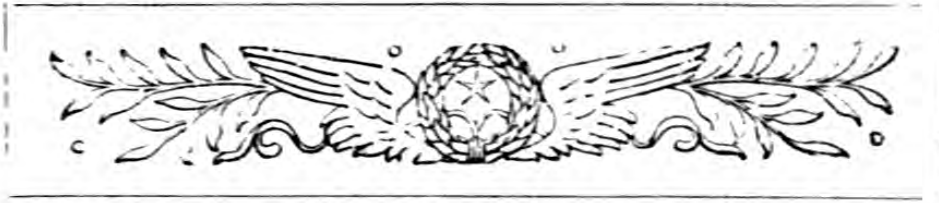
“ Forbid them not ”—nor hate nor guile,  
That pierced His heart on other days,  
But only innocence the while,  
And babes and sucklings utter praise.

The sinner's need, the sick one's pain,  
Lay heavy daily on His breast,  
But joys of childhood brought again  
A sense of peace and heav'nly rest.

And mothers round the Master stand,  
Their children to His care are giv'n,  
To take them back from His own Hand,  
The new-born pledge of God and Heav'n.

And oh, what inward joy that day—  
They scarce as yet can comprehend,  
Who in the very dawn of day  
Had found, in Christ, the children's Friend !





XXXIII.

*KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND?*

HEB. xiii. 14.

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.)

**K**NOW'ST thou the Land where the  
roses bloom,  
Where the blight and the mildew never come ;  
Where the fruits of Eden ever grow,  
And the air breathes soft on the pilgrim's brow ;  
And the peaceful palm mounts upward high,  
And hides its head in the azure sky ?  
Dost thou know it? Thither so,  
With thee, dear one, I will go !

Know'st thou the House where many a star  
Looks down on the golden floor from far,



Where angels stand, and in worship fall,  
In the bright and lofty banquet hall?  
Come, child of God, for the Voice says, Come!  
And enter in, 'tis your Father's Home!  
Dost thou know it? Thither so,  
With thee, pilgrim, I will go!

Know'st thou the Mount and its cloudy way,  
Narrow for pilgrims, and few are they?  
And as we climb, and yet climb the while,  
Lo! the serpent's guilt and the serpent's guile;  
But, 'mid all the peril, there still is One  
Who guides us safe, and beckons us on!  
Dost thou know it? Thither, so,  
With Thee, Father, I will go!





XXXIV.

*GOD'S OWN TIME.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF C. J. P. SPITTA.)

“ **M**Y times, O Lord, are in Thy hand,”  
This must the answer be,  
When, anxious and distressed, I stand,  
And would deliverance see :  
Who bears his woe, and fights with sin,  
And bravely waits, shall bravely win.

When sorrows throng and sorely press,  
No rest by night or day ;  
When tribulation and distress  
Block up my onward way,  
I still would cling to Thine own Word,  
And meekly suffer, gracious Lord !

I must be emptied out for Thee,  
Drained of sin's deadly wine,  
And, though hard discipline it be,  
Must all my will resign ;  
And then, in every thing beside,  
The Lord Himself will be my guide.

When day by day, and every hour,  
Bereaved of comfort, we,  
He sends to us the Comforter,  
Our joy and strength to be :  
He knows our sorrow, feels our grief,  
And straightway sends us sweet relief.

Then dost thou ask, When will He come ?  
Let faith on Him repose ;  
He will conduct His people home,  
He all the future knows :  
Resign to Him thy way, thy will,  
Suffer, believe, and trust Him still !

O for that last and final hour,  
The end of all our woe ;

---

O for the strong delivering power  
From Death, the last great foe ;  
No suffering more, and no more strife,  
For Death is swallowed up of Life !





XXXV.

*EVENING PEACE.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF HOFFMANN VON  
FALLENSLEHEN.)

**T**IS evening ; and the sunset glow,  
On wood and field, from darkening west  
Descends upon the plains below,  
And bathes the world in welcome rest.

But hark ! the murmur of the stream,  
That from the mountain side runs down,  
And, like a restless, troubled dream,  
Flows ceaseless on, and ever on.

*I*t hath no sunset of its day,  
Nor eventide to give it rest ;  
No voice to sing its lullaby,  
Or soothe it on a loving breast.

But thou, sad heart, though troubles flow  
Like water floods that will not cease,  
Thy God will grant the sunset glow,  
And call thee home for rest and peace !



XXXVI.

*“SALVATION IS COME TO THIS HOUSE.”*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF C. J. P. SPITTA.)



BLESSED house, where Thou, dear Lord,  
The soul's true Friend, art loved, adored ;  
Where all the guests that thither come  
Abide as in their Father's home ;  
All hearts are centred, Lord, in Thee,  
All eyes look up Thy face to see,  
All lips are moving in one prayer,  
And all await Thy Presence there !

O blessèd house, where love doth bind  
Father and mother in one mind ;  
Who, heirs together of one life,  
And, without variance, without strife,

In heart and mind and spirit one,  
Through weal or woe, in shade or sun,  
In days of evil or of good,  
Are both agreed to walk with God !

O blessèd house, where on Thy breast  
The little ones are laid to rest ;  
To whom Thou dost, as Father, Friend,  
More than a mother's love extend ;  
Where children at Thy feet rejoice,  
And listen to Thy gentle voice ;  
And glad hosanna-songs upraise,  
And learn with joy to lisp Thy praise !

O blessèd house, where man and maid  
For willing service are arrayed ;  
In every work desiring still  
To act according to Thy will ;  
As unto God, and not to man,  
Pursuing each his daily plan ;  
Faithful in things both great and small,  
And serving God in each, in all !

---

O blessèd house, where Thou dost share  
Its joy, its sorrow, and its care ;  
Where Thou, its kind Physician, Friend,  
Dost with Thy healing power descend ;  
Till each, when life's great work is o'er,  
Shall enter in, go out no more ;  
Where all our Father's children come,  
To that great, glorious, endless Home !







XXXVII..

*COURAGE !*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.)



WHY, troubled heart, this weary haste  
To cast thy heavy load away ?

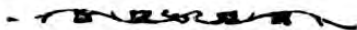
As thou hast borne the burden past,  
So bear thy portion of to-day !

Awake, arise, at once begin

The fight for freedom—noble strife ;  
There's more to seek, and more to win,  
Than transient love of this short life !

Though with a bleeding heart opprest,  
Still haste thee forward on thy way ;

The bird that sings with wounded breast  
Pours forth the sweetest melody !





XXXVIII.

*COMMUNION HYMN.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH A. LAMPE.)



HEALING ROCK, O Lamb of God,  
For my offence Thy streams o'erflow'd ;  
Thy sorrows are the precious seed  
Of living fruit, for time of need ;  
Beside that stream, from out that Rock,  
I find sweet pasture with Thy flock !

Thy Body is the living Bread,  
Thy Blood, to cleanse my sin, was shed ;  
Thy Cross, my staff, on which I stay  
My weary footsteps day by day :  
O Fount of life, O Stream of grace,  
Thou Rock, my shield and hiding-place !

This holy Table Thou dost bless,  
Thus furnished in the wilderness ;  
Surrounded by Thy grace and love,  
We are refreshed from heav'n above ;  
For in Thy sacrifice, O Lord,  
Thou hast fulfilled Thy promised word !

How oft and oft, my God, hast Thou  
Wept o'er my fall, my broken vow ;  
My sin is great, my faith is small,  
Yet, Saviour, notwithstanding all,  
Thou art my refuge and my shield,  
And in Thy blood my wounds are healed !

Thus strengthened by this heav'nly food,  
I still press on to Thee, my God ;  
From Egypt and from darkness led,  
To feed on Thee, the Heav'nly Bread :  
Come, Lord, conform us to Thy will,  
And all Thy love to us fulfil !





XXXIX.

*HOME-SICK.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO.)



LET me sleep ; and wake me not  
While blissful visions come  
Of that dear place, that hallow'd spot,  
My own loved native home.

This foreign speech, this alien tongue,  
I ne'er can understand ;  
None of these scenes to me belong,  
A stranger in the land.

Around me lies a dreary waste ;  
And to my tear-dimm'd eye  
The heav'n itself seems overcast,  
A joyless, cheerless sky.

Amid the tumult and the din,  
And sounds that reach my ear,  
A still, small voice speaks from within,  
Which I alone can hear.

In sleep I find a sweet relief,  
And rest from weary pain ;  
And, in compassion for my grief,  
Dreams waft me home again.

My native mountains lift their head,  
Their snow-clad summits rise,  
As morning leaves its early bed,  
And mounts those sunny skies.

The hills, the woods, the poplars tall,  
The valleys and the streams,  
The glacier and the waterfall,  
Come back to me in dreams.

And on the heights, from rock to rock,  
The shepherd's horn is wound ;  
He summons thus his scattered flock,  
And wakes the echoes round.

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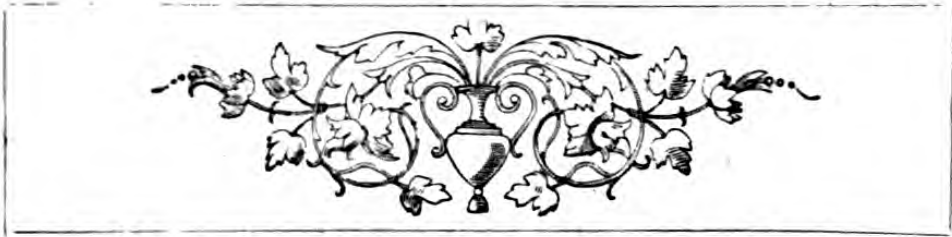
'Tis long since from my home I came,  
From that dear house, alone ;  
My father built it, and our name  
Is graven on the stone.

And 'neath the name a gentle prayer,  
“ God bless this hearth and home,  
And all the dear ones dwelling here,  
And all who go and come ! ”

Alas, I left the homely nest,  
I sowed, and now I reap,—  
A lonely orphan seeking rest,  
And waking but to weep.

Then let me sleep ; and wake me not  
While blissful visions come  
Of that dear place, that hallow'd spot,  
My own dear native home !





XL.

*LIFE JOY.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.)

**L**ET anxious cares of earth begone,  
Look up, behold the dawn of day ;  
Despair comes from the Evil One,  
But Faith bids all our fears away.

Learn then— 'tis joy of joys to know—  
That thou art God's own child of love ;  
For if not happy here below,  
How canst thou share the joys above ?





XLI.

*RESIGNATION.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT.)

**I**N Thee, my God, I live and move,  
And have my being from Thy love ;  
O let Thy wisdom guide my will,  
Thy darkest ways are wisdom still.

Thou rulest with a rod of love,  
And all Thy works Thy goodness prove ;  
How can I doubt, how could I fear,  
While Thou, my loving God, art near ?

From all eternity, my God,  
Thou hast appointed all my good ;  
Hast weighed the burden I must bear,  
And mingled many a blessing there.



If in my lot no ill be sent,  
Grant me a chastened mind, content ;  
But if my path should troubled be,  
Vouchsafe some balm to comfort me.

In mercy Thou dost send us woe,  
Thou sendest joy in mercy, too ;  
If sorrow hath not sin to bear,  
Thou givest patience, not despair.

If Thou shouldst make my journey sad,  
If I should lose the joys I had,  
Yet Thou will grant me, if I pray,  
The strength proportioned to my day.

It may be soon the call shall come,  
How welcome, if it call me home !  
From sin, from sorrow, and from strife,  
Through Death I enter into Life !





XLII.

*“LORD, THOU ART GREAT!”*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF JOHANN. G. SEIDL.)

“**L**ORD, Thou art great !” this is my cry  
When morning dawn ascends the sky,  
Expanding like a budding rose,  
While man, with youthful vigour glows,  
And with new morning strength endued,  
Tastes yet again life’s charms renewed :  
How canst Thou more Thy might display  
Than in bright dawning of the day ?

“ Lord, Thou art great !” I cry again,  
When noon is charged with storm and rain,  
When all the sky is overcast,  
And on the storm-clouds hurrying past

With lightning-letters Thou dost write,  
Across the heav'ns, Thy power and might :  
Where, Lord, more solemn is Thy form  
Than in the awful midday storm ?

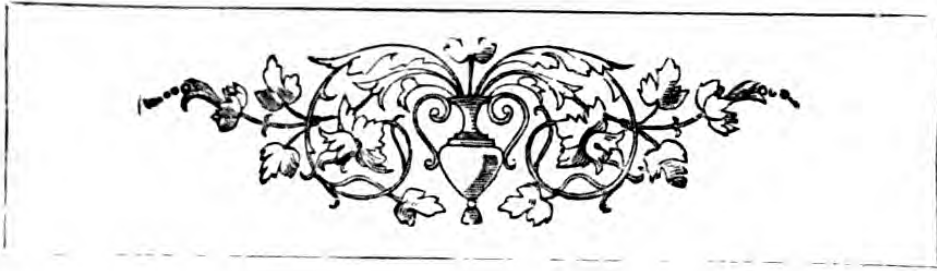
“ Lord, Thou art great ! ” at eve I cry,  
When day doth close its weary eye ;  
The woodlands whisper in sweet song,  
And roll their echoes all along ;  
A sadness all my bosom fills,  
The stillness of the silent hills :  
When more ought anxious cares subside,  
Than in the calm of eventide ?

“ Lord, Thou art great ! ” when stilly night  
Is studded with the stars of light ;  
When sable midnight covers all  
As with a dark funereal pall ;  
Or when the moon hath mounted high,  
And sails along the cloudy sky :  
O whither can we better flee  
Than where the darkness hideth Thee ?

---

“ Lord, Thou art great ! ” is still my cry,  
Yea Greatest Thou, in earth and sky ;  
Thou ledest us through smiles and tears,  
Through strange surprises and through fears ;  
In each and all, my Lord, I see  
A sign that beckons—“ Follow Me ! ”  
“ Lord, Thou art great ! ” I sing aloud,  
I too am great, if found in God !





XLIII.

*A SONG IN THE NIGHT.*

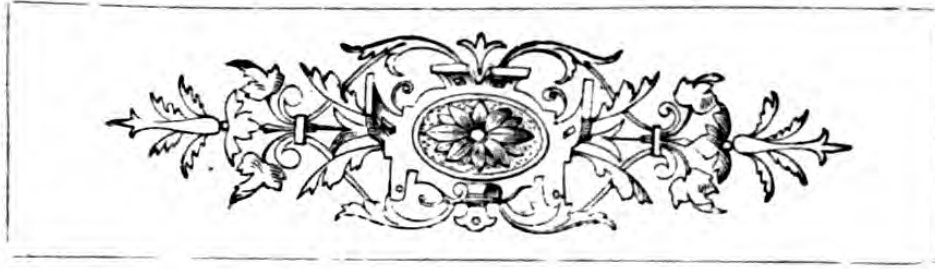
(AFTER THE GERMAN OF JOHANN W. GOETHE.)

**G**THOU Who art the Lord from heav'n,  
And canst all pain remove,  
Come, soothe the sorrow earth has giv'n  
With comfort of Thy love.

And when our hearts are doubly sad,  
And bowed with bitter grief,  
'Tis Thine to make them doubly glad,  
And bring them sweet relief.

I'm weary of the toilsome road,  
Too weary e'en for rest ;  
Then come, sweet Peace, make thine abode,  
Thy home, within my breast !





XLIV.

*GUIDANCE.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF ALEXANDER KAUFMANN.)



IFE is a tangled maze :  
The path in which I go  
Is chequered by so many ways,  
And is so full of woe.

The question oft doth rise—  
Is this the safest road ?  
Is this the path to yonder skies,  
The narrow way to God ?

Is that a mist that shrouds  
From me those stars of light ?  
Or waters fair, or only clouds,  
That glisten in my sight ?

A darkness dims my view,  
All in confusion lies,  
The good, the ill, the false, the true,  
Seem blended in mine eyes.

I see a glimmering gleam,  
Yet cannot surely know  
Whether it be a friendly beam,  
Or false, and fraught with woe.

Yet do I trust my God,  
He steers my bark in peace,  
I dip my oar, and cast my load  
Upon His Sovereign grace.

E'en now I see the light,  
The morning rays arise ;  
The darken'd heav'n grows fair and bright,  
As sunshine gilds the skies.

I summon all my strength,  
I bend with all my might,  
If I may apprehend, at length,  
Thy glory and Thy light !



XLV.

*ENCOURAGEMENT.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF J. P. LANGE.)

**S**URE, the Lord thy God hath spoken,  
Why then filled with sore dismay ?  
He hath ne'er His promise broken,  
He will turn His wrath away ;  
On the Cross of Christ relying,  
Through the blood that He hath shed,  
Thou shalt face thy foes, defying  
Satan's power, for sin is dead.

In the Name of Jesus seeking,  
Thou to God art reconciled ;  
Thou shalt hear thy Father speaking  
Words of comfort to His child ;



Fully, freely, all-forgiven,  
Glad His smiling face to see ;  
Looking ever up to heaven,  
Hasten on, yet patiently.

Up, my soul, in hope awaking,  
Rise, release thee from thy load,  
Vain, reproachful world forsaking,  
Seek and find thy rest in God ;  
He hath called thee and invited,  
Spread a table in thy sight ;  
How His love thou hast requited,  
Lurking still in gloomy night !

If His tender heart avail thee,  
Thou hast found the chiefest good,  
No bright star shall ever fail thee,  
Sailing on Time's rapid flood ;  
All the past is scarce worth gaining,  
Childish things for childhood's age ;  
What remains is worth attaining,  
Heav'n's eternal heritage.

---

O faint heart, not yet forsaken,  
Lift to heav'n thy tearful eyes ;  
By misfortune overtaken,  
God is great and God is wise ;  
Though the lightning rend asunder,  
Yet thy faintest, feeblest prayer,  
Mid the voice of loudest thunder  
He that intercedes can hear.

If upon thy weary travel  
Darkness o'er thy path is shed,  
Yet be still, till He unravel,  
By His hand, the tangled thread ;  
Till the light of morn up-springing,  
By His gift thy path adorn,  
In His own deep purpose bringing  
Roses from the prickly thorn.

Nought is lost, if life be duty :  
Though the world should pass away  
And the blooming flowers of beauty  
Disappear by slow decay ;

Though the hours, thus swiftly flying,  
Vanish with Time's ebbing flood,  
Yet the spirit is undying,  
It is hid with Christ in God.

In that glory, ceasing never,  
All shall yet be well with thee,  
Harping on thy harp for ever,  
Through one vast Eternity ;  
When the things of Time have perished,  
Time itself shall be no more,  
Thou, my soul, shalt still be cherished,  
In His bosom, evermore !





XLVI.

*GOOD COUNSEL.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.)

**I**F Joy should come to be thy guest,  
Be sure to give her welcome rest ;  
She comes with beauty in her train,  
To make thee glad, and banish pain ;  
But when her charms are brightest, yet  
Remember this, and ne'er forget,  
That she is fickle in her play,  
And oft takes wing and flies away.  
And if the storm of life should break,  
And woe and sorrow overtake,  
Then courage, brother, patient be  
To bear the cross thus laid on thee :  
The Heart that knoweth all can feel ;  
The Hand that wounds doth also heal !



XLVII.

*SONG OF THE GREENWOOD.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT.)

**W**HEN Spring descends upon the hills,  
The melting snow fills up the rills ;  
When first the bud is on the tree,  
And first the flower adorns the lee ;  
When from the valleys far below  
The winter rain, and frost, and snow,  
Have passed away,—then, all around,  
From height and depth, the welcome sound—  
How bright, how gay, how wondrous grand,  
The Springtime smiling o'er the land !





XLVIII.

*SPRING.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.)

**T**HE year speeds on to glorious Spring,  
So mild, so purely bright ;  
And Time and Death will some day bring  
The dawn of life and light.

Be comforted ! that life is thine,  
'Tis made, 'tis meant, for thee ;  
The spring of happiness divine  
Thine eyes shall surely see.

Time ended, then does heaven begin,  
The land of God's own love ;  
The seed implanted here within  
Is perfected above !



XLIX.

*SUMMER DAYS.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.)



PEACEFUL days, skies blue and fair,  
The forest gleams in golden light ;  
The meadow-flowers perfume the air,  
And roses bloom in beauty bright ;  
And o'er the fields, from summer skies,  
The breath, the breeze of Paradise.

The world is joy, and glory, too :  
So, art thou young ? then love to-day ;  
Or, art thou old ? forget thy woe,  
And pluck the rose-buds while you may  
In hallowed thought upon the past  
The joys of youth may always last !





L.

*THE LEGEND OF THE MOSS-ROSE.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF HELMINE VON CHEZY.)

**S**PREAD out along the woodland heath,  
The tender turf of moss, beneath,  
Soft as a carpet, lay ;  
Though plain its nature, simply plann'd,  
Its tiny form was wondrous grand  
In leaf and branching spray.

The woods were green, the roses red,  
The moss, complaining, sighed and said,  
“ I have no charms like thine ;  
Though footsteps come, and footsteps go,  
No beaming smile, and welcome glow,  
Upon my pathway shine ! ”



But lo, in cool of evening shade,  
The Christ passed through that mossy glade ;  
His face was worn and sad,  
And, weary by the noontide heat,  
The tender moss beneath His feet  
Refreshed and made Him glad.

Parched in the desert since the dawn,  
Scorched by the sand and burning sun,  
But now no more opprest,  
He saith, " My loving Father's hand  
Hath smoothed My path, and gently plann'd  
This blessèd peace and rest !

" What mind so dark as not to know  
The tiny moss was formed to show  
God's mighty power and skill ?  
Thou tender plant, though hidden, see,  
Our Father's love hath thought of thee,  
Then yield thee to His will ! "

Scarce uttered were the words He spoke,  
When from the moss a blossom broke,  
As from a grassy tomb ;

He called it by its name, "Moss-rose ;"  
And now in every land it blows,  
Grand in its lovely bloom !

Its fragrant breath had breath'd so sweet,  
Its rosy lips had kiss'd His feet,  
And brought a rich reward :  
If lowly like the moss, and pure,  
When trodden most, thou art most sure  
To blossom for thy Lord !





LI.

*AUTUMN.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.)

**I** SAW the yellow tints appear,  
The air was still, and calm the sky,  
I felt a deadly awe draw near,  
And scarce could tell the reason why.

While through the desert fields I roam,  
The withered leaves, like dust, are driv'n ;  
'Tis thus, alas ! our joys become  
The sport of every wind of heav'n.

The promise of thy Spring is fled,  
The Summer fruits are past and gone,  
The frozen ground with ice is spread,  
And thou are left—forsaken one !

---

But hark ! a sudden voice is heard,  
A lovely sonnet in the air ;  
And lo, aloft, a passing bird,  
On flight to sunny lands, was there !

I heard the flapping of its wings,  
As of an angel sent to bless ;  
I felt the joy such comfort brings  
To hearts that, else, were comfortless.

And in that song, so clear, so high,  
The wingèd guest reminded me,  
That I, on swifter wing, may fly,  
In nobler flight, my God, to Thee !





LII.

*AUTUMN SONG.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF OSCAR VON REDWITZ.)

**I** HEARD a gentle breathing voice, as from  
the forest trees,

“Why art thou so cast down and sad?” came borne  
upon the breeze ;

*We* do not weep, we do not sigh, nor sorrow for the  
blight,

Although the Autumn takes away our leaves of golden  
light.

When God deems well, and sees it good, His Provi-  
dence bereaves,  
He gives and takes away our fruit, puts forth and  
sheds our leaves ;

---

It is His hand inflicts the wound our hearts so keenly  
feel,  
And yet again applies the balm our stricken souls to  
heal !”

And from the rippling brook I heard a gentle, still  
small voice,

“Why weepest thou? why thus despair? why canst  
thou not rejoice?

*I* have to wend through clefts and rocks, pass thorns  
upon my way,

And yet at last I reach the light and joyous beams of  
day.

“And far more golden is the light, when, breaking  
forth anew,

I look upon the darkness past, and burst again to  
view ;

Thus far more blessèd is the joy that follows anxious  
fears ;

And far more glad the beaming eyes once dimmed by  
blinding tears !”

And from the grove of evergreen, ever and aye the  
same,  
High welcome sounds of joy were heard, and cheering  
voices came,—  
“ Faint heart, take courage, and be glad, *our* leaf is  
always bloom,  
Whether the summer rise or fall, or winter go or  
come ! ”

So, too, however dark the woe, however deep the pain,  
Though all thy joys should fade away, and never come  
again,  
Thy Saviour's love, in deepest woe, in darkest hour, is  
seen,  
Eternal light, undying bloom, a holy evergreen !





LIII.

*WINTER.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF C. J. P. SPITTA.)

**T**IS winter ; and the wide domain  
Of Nature, in its darkness, dies ;  
As some fair, lovely corpse has lain,  
And in its tomb, enshrouded, lies.

Fair flowers that did her breast adorn,  
A mother's care doth safely keep,  
Until the Resurrection morn  
Shall wake her children from their sleep.

Thy splendour and thy glory fled,  
O earth, how sorely, sadly marred !  
And hark, the voices of the dead  
In deep and solemn tones are heard :



No gifts of earth can long endure,  
Her choicest treasures fade away ;  
'Tis only Heav'n that can ensure  
The glories of the endless Day.

From earth to heav'n lift up thine eyes,  
And seek not here to find thy home ;  
Still on and on thy journey lies,  
Ere yet thy journey's end doth come ;

All earthly things are nought but this—  
A robe of dust for thee to wear :  
In Heav'n is true and lasting bliss,  
Thy treasure and thy heart be there !

Sure earth hath nothing of her own,  
No lasting joy doth she possess ;  
Then seek her not, seek Heav'n alone,  
Its joy, its peace, its happiness ;

And when the Easter Morn comes round,  
In resurrection from the tomb,  
Then shall earth's fairest flowers abound,  
Immortal in their fadeless bloom !



LIV.

*THE SOUL'S WINTER SONG.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.)

**T**HE summer sun has passed away,  
The winter comes with chilling blight,  
And yet the flower feels no decay,  
Through many a dark and starless night ;

For in its sweet and fragrant cup,  
It has received the sun's bright beams,  
And dews of heav'n are treasured up,  
Exhaling fragrant, blissful dreams.

Thus thou, my heart, bedewed in love,  
Baptized afresh beneath the cloud,  
Though dark the firmament above,  
The spring of all thy joys is God !



LV.

*ICE FLOWERS.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF G. VOGT.)

**L**O, on the window, bright and clear,  
Embossed are frosted flowers ;  
They quickly blossomed, born of air,  
During the midnight hours.

But warmer is the atmosphere,  
Within the room, by day ;  
Ere long the fancy flowers that were  
Begin to melt away.

'Thus all thy earth-born joys, my heart,  
Like frost that disappears,  
While yet 'tis early morn, depart  
In drops of bitter tears !



LVI.

*HYMN FOR ADVENT SEASON.  
WINTER JOY.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF MAX VON SCHENKENDORF.)

**T**HE days are dark and dreary,  
The nights are long and cold,  
Yet Heav'n is never weary,  
Its might is as of old.

And when we see it shining,  
Although so far away,  
Then God is sure designing  
The better, brighter Day.

Once on that Day appearing,  
Of which our fathers told,  
Behold the Magi nearing,  
With frankincense and gold.

The spring-time and the sowing,  
And summer, all are o'er,  
Yet balmy waves are flowing  
Of Love for evermore.

From Jesu's heart descending  
The words Himself hath told ;  
And joy and grief are blending,  
As in the time of old.

O Light of Light, outshining,  
Our eyes look up to see ;  
And for Thy Advent pining,  
We wait, dear Lord, for Thee !





LVII.

*BEHOLD, O WORLD, THY LIFE!*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF PAUL GERHARDT.)

**B**EHOLD, O World, thy Life, thy Lord,  
Thy King, by heaven and earth adored,  
Who, bound upon the sacred tree,  
Lays down His life, and all for thee,  
And suffers, in thy stead forlorn,  
The scourge, the mocking, and the scorn!

Draw near ; behold the face bedewed  
With tears and with the sweat of blood,  
The hands, the feet, the wounded side  
Of Christ, the Lord, the Crucified ;  
Exhaustless sorrow, no relief—  
Sigh follows sigh, and grief on grief!

Lord, who hath caused this bitter woe,  
The fount of tears to overflow ?

And who hath scourg'd Thee, and, with shame,  
Thus roughly dealt with Thy dear Name ?  
'Tis I, whose sins are numbered more  
Than sands upon the ocean-shore !

Thou dost Thyself my burden share,  
Yea, *all* my burden Thou didst bear ;  
Didst take my curse, and didst bestow  
The blessing, and its comfort, too :  
The diadem Thy brow adorns  
Was wove by me—a Crown of Thorns !

In solemn vow, and earnest plea,  
I consecrate myself to Thee ;  
My body, soul, and spirit raise  
Their living sacrifice of praise ;  
And when I die, I still shall prove,  
Through all Eternity, Thy love !

How deep, how great, these sins of mine,  
Thus to provoke the wrath divine ;  
How sore the anger of my God,  
The sentence of His chastening rod,

---

When, Lord, this angry, surging sea  
Rolled all its billows full on Thee !

Then, if assailed by evil tongue,  
Or if oppressed by cruel wrong,  
O let me wipe each bitter tear,  
And bear it, Lord, as Thou didst bear ;  
And find at length, upon Thy breast,  
The solace of Eternal Rest !







LVIII.

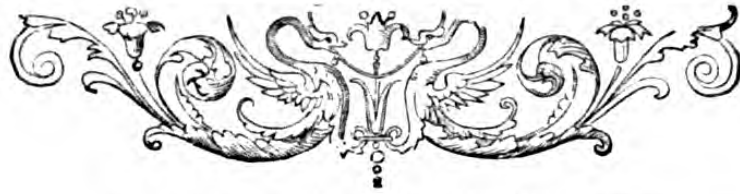
*A PRAYER.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF EDUARD MÖRIKE.)

**L**ORD, send me what Thou wilt,  
Whether of weal or woe ;  
I am content, whate'er it be,  
If from Thy hand it flow.

Fill not my cup too full  
Of gladness or of grief ;  
But let the wholesome medicine bring  
The joy of sweet relief !





LIX.

*DREAMS.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF R. E. EBERT.)

**T**HANK Thee, God, for every dream,  
Or good or ill it be ;

Sorrow or joy, or bright or dark,

I know it comes of Thee ;

For when Thou comest in the night

To hearts alarmed, dismayed,

Then, as of old, Thy Voice is heard—

“ ’Tis I, be not afraid ! ”

If Thou dost send me dreams of gloom,

Of danger, sorrow, need,

Of hate, or strife, or even death,

I thank Thee still indeed ;

For when I wake, and look around

My fears are quickly healed ;

’Twas but a fancy, but a dream

My sleeping hours revealed.

And if in sleep, things beautiful  
Come and appear to me,  
The loved, who years ago have died,  
The friends I long to see ;  
If, resting by the rippling tide,  
Or climbing Alpine height,  
Or, borne on airy wings above,  
I take my dreamy flight—

And then awake, and find too late,  
Things are not what they seem,  
Yet the remembrance clings to me  
Of that sweet, lovely dream ;  
For I have seen and lived right through,  
As though reality,  
Such scenes of life as are not giv'n  
To waking eyes to see.

Thou knowest, Lord, whene'er a woe,  
A bitter woe—a fear  
Had fallen on my spirit sad,  
Greater than I could bear ;

---

And then there came a bitter dream  
Of oh such agony !  
That, for the very pain, I woke,  
The horror waking me—

How then I mused and thought it o'er,  
And saw its grand design—  
To tell me how there could be yet  
A greater grief than mine !  
And in that thought I roused myself,  
And brushed away a tear :  
Thank God, my woe is not so great,  
Nor past my power to bear !

Therefore, I thank Thee for my dreams,  
Or good or ill they be ;  
Sorrow or joy, or dark or bright,  
I know they come from Thee ;  
And that Thou carest for the poor,  
And for the sad, dismayed ;  
My very dreams would tell me this,  
“’Tis I, be not afraid !”



LX.

*LITTLE FRANZ.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF A. FR. VON SCHACK.)

**M**Y little Franz, my darling boy !  
It was but yesterday

He laughed and frolicked in the field,

And frisked in boyish play ;

And in the evening, climbing up,

He rested on my knee,

And, gazing at the stars above,

Asked what their names might be.

“ Good-night ! good-night ! my mother dear,

To-morrow, tell me more ; ”

And off he ran so merrily,

As oft and oft before ;

---

And yet, although but seven years old,  
And fresh from boyish play,  
My little Franz lay dead and cold  
Upon his couch next day !

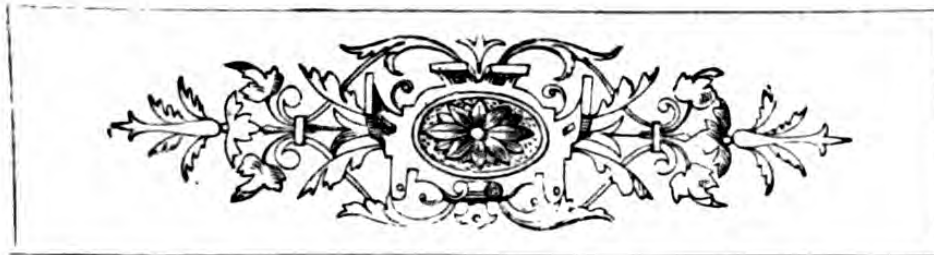
But, oh my tender, timid boy,  
How often hast thou cried,  
When in the dark, and called to me  
To come, sit by your side.  
Now through the veil of death's dark door,  
Through gloom and darkness gone,  
Where strong men trembling stand and fear,  
My boy has passed—*alone* !

Oh, since the sunbeams faded last,  
How far the distant span !  
Farther, yea more a thousand times,  
Than from the child to man :  
But yesterday, in glad delight,  
Upon thy mother's knee,  
But now beyond those stars of light,  
God's angel bright to be !

And all is ended here, my child,  
All lessons and all play ;  
No more can I e'er teach my boy,  
He knows it all to-day :  
Now wiser than the wisest grown,  
Not dark as through a glass,  
But, knowing even as he 's known,  
He seeth face to face !

How small must all things now appear  
To those dear bright, blue eyes,  
As now my little Franz looks down  
From yonder bright, blue skies !  
And we look up in distant gaze,  
But no, we cannot see,  
But only stand in awe, dear child,  
And ever think of thee !





LXI.

*CONTENTMENT.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT.)

**T**HY wounded spirit feels its pain,  
And thou complainest, O my heart,  
And thou art longing, but in vain,  
To be more happy than thou art.

Thou weepest ; God permits thy grief :  
But, in thy sorrow, hast thou thought  
How earthly joys bring no relief,  
How vain the treasures thou hast sought ?

'Tis not the things that we possess  
That give a calm, contented mind ;  
True virtue is true happiness,  
And leaves the truest joys behind.



All that our Father gives is gain,  
Nought He withholds can e'er be loss ;  
Some pleasure blends with every pain,  
Some profit from each bitter cross.

The hand of God in love bestows  
Things worthy of His Fatherhood ;  
Not as we wish, but as He knows,  
Will be for our eternal good.

O sure thou wilt not say, His love  
Will leave thy struggling soul to sink ;  
Nay, for He giveth far above  
All we can either ask or think.

Waste not thy life in vain desires,  
Nor cast thy precious gifts away ;  
Guard well whate'er thy lot requires,  
And make good use of life's short day.

Let faith and duty nerve thy hand,  
Let all thy powers to God be giv'n ;  
Lord, teach me, till I understand  
The path of peace, the way to Heav'n !



LXII.

*NOTHING IN VAIN.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.)

**O**F truth divine that thou hast learnt below,  
Think not that aught is ever learnt in vain;  
For in this earthly life, be sure and know,  
God's way is good, and heav'nly wisdom gain.

Foundations deep within the heart are laid,  
Noblest and best capacities are giv'n,  
The soul is moulded, and the fashion made,  
By which the man is fitted most for heav'n.

So all the lessons thou hast learnt on earth  
Are not in vain, if rightly understood ;  
And from the school of life, thy going forth  
Shall be to spend Eternity with God !





LXIII.

*MEMENTO MORI!*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.)

**F**OR thee awaits the open grave,  
A deep abyss, a narrow bed ;  
Though garland wreaths around it wave,  
And songs are sung, and light things said,  
No trifling song re-echoes there,  
No wisdom spans that bridge of sighs,  
'Tis only wings of faith can bear  
The soul immortal to the skies !





LXIV.

*THE GRAVE.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF JOHANN S. VON SALIS.)

**H**OW deep and still is the narrow bed,  
In the which the sleepers lie ;  
With its sable pall it hides the dead,  
Unseen by the human eye !

The carolling birds are never heard  
Thus deep in the furrowed ground,  
And the wreaths that friendship hath prepared  
Lie parched on the mossy mound.

The widowed bride sheds many a tear,  
But vain is the bitter sigh ;  
And the darken'd grave can never hear  
The grief of the orphan's cry.

O thou weary heart, thou troubled breast,  
In the grave the storm is o'er ;  
But the soul finds peace, and welcome rest,  
In its Home for evermore !



LXV.

*O WHAT SHALL WE BE ?*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF C. J. P. SPITTA.)



WHAT shall we be when, the conflict o'er,  
And the battle won, to be fought no more,  
From the alien land at the last we come  
To the open gate of our endless home ;  
And wipe off the dust from our weary feet,  
And the clammy sweat of the burning heat ;  
When we reach the end, and the joy appears,  
That gladdened our hearts in the vale of tears ?

O what shall we be when the glorious sight  
Breaks forth on the eye, with its dazzling light ;  
And the joy how great, when at last we see  
That our hearts are pure and from sin set free ;  
When the guilt of sin, and the aching pain,  
Shall no more afflict, and no more restrain ;

---

As citizens, bought with the precious blood,  
Our names are inscribed with the saints of God ?

O what shall we be when, with raptured ear,  
The heavenly choir and their songs we hear ;  
When the harpers harp on their harps of gold,  
And adore the Lamb and His Face behold ;  
When the souls redeemed, on the heav'nly shore,  
Sing their psalms of praise, and for evermore ;  
And the Seraphs' song, the " Thrice Holy " cry,  
Ascends to the throne of the Lord most High ?

O what shall we be when the heart of love  
Shall have found its rest in its home above,  
And the soul released for its longed-for flight,  
Shall have soared to the land of golden light ?  
From the eye of faith hath the dimness gone,  
And fled like the mist from the morning sun ;  
And we see the King, with His might endued,  
And set on the throne is the Son of God !

O what shall we be when we hear His call,  
" Ye blessèd ones come," saith the Lord of all ;

And there, at the steps of His throne above,  
We shall see the face of His boundless love ;  
And gaze on the eyes whence the tear-drops ran,  
For the woes of earth, for the sins of man,  
And the wounds, whence the healing fountain flow'd,  
In the sweat of pain, and in streams of blood ?

O what shall we be when, in raiment white,  
We shall live and walk with the saints in light,  
By the waters of life, where the trees arrayed,  
As the " third day's " work, the Creator made,  
Shall blossom and bloom in eternal youth,  
Untouched by the worm with the gnawing tooth ;  
Where no eye grows dim, and no heart grows cold,  
And our age is young, though our years be old ?

O what shall we be when we look beneath  
On the path we trod through the vale of death,  
And shall see the woe, and the burden sore,  
That we once had borne, but shall bear no more ;  
And the glorious light shall the joy reveal,  
And the balm of peace shall our sorrows heal ;  
And the balm of peace shall the harvest prove  
Of our grounded faith and our cherished love ?

---

O what shall we be? for no eye perceives,  
And no ear hath heard, and no heart conceives,  
What it yet shall be, when we understand  
All the peace and joy of the Promised Land :  
Ah, steep is the path that conducts to God,  
But 'tis worth the toil of the weary road ;  
Then, arise with speed, and with gladness haste,  
Till the race is run and the journey past !







LXVI.

*“WE SHALL BE EVER WITH THE LORD.”*

(FROM THE GERMAN.)



BLESSED Voice—that Voice from  
Home,

That on our pilgrim way doth come ;  
As from the deep, dark vault of night  
A moonbeam struggles into sight,  
Thus in the dark this promised word—  
“ We shall be ever with the Lord ! ”

At home with Him, in His dear love,  
The soul from sorrow rests above,—  
The chiefest good, the better part,  
The heart’s true home, is in His Heart ;  
The mansions of His house prepared—  
“ We shall be ever with the Lord ! ”

Gathered to Him, our pilgrimage  
Is to His Salem, stage by stage ;  
O happy hours ! when day by day,  
His Breath refreshed us on our way,  
His Presence doth full joy afford—  
“ We shall be ever with the Lord ! ”

Here all apart, and oft in vain,  
A glance, a word, we seek to gain ;  
Divided now by land or sea,  
Or, farther still, by Death's decree ;  
In Heaven the scattered gems are stored—  
“ We shall be ever with the Lord ! ”

But is there perfect union here ?  
Are all minds pure? are all sincere ?  
'Tis sin that separates in twain,  
The chaff dividing from the grain ;  
That sin destroy ; then speak the word—  
“ We shall be ever with the Lord ! ”

We all do err ; nor yet are free  
From bonds of sin and misery ;

Not yet agreed the same to teach,  
Scarce understand each other's speech ;  
But all are one in this dear word—  
“ We shall be ever with the Lord ! ”

O blessèd Voice that brings relief,  
To staunch our wound and calm our grief,  
That makes the darkened valley bright  
With holy peace and morning light !  
O Light of Heaven on earth outpoured,  
“ We shall be ever with the Lord ! ”





LXVII.

*COMFORT IN ETERNAL LIFE.*

(AFTER THE GERMAN OF CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT.)



FEW more days, a few more years,  
And that great Day of God appears ;  
And all complaints and sighs shall cease,  
When we have reached that home of peace ;  
Here 'tis the battle and the sword,  
Hereafter is the great reward.

Earth yields to every child of grace  
The blessèd fruits of righteousness,  
But still imperfect, for the joy  
Of earth is not without alloy ;  
All human hope, and peace, and rest,  
Are but inconstant at the best.

To-day may have its pain to bear,  
To-morrow bring some worldly care ;  
At times the anguish of the mind  
Doth leave its fatal sting behind :  
And yet again, another's woe  
May sink me in the depths below.

Here virtue bears and suffers long,  
And right is overborne by wrong ;  
Foul envy blights the good man's lot,  
The poor opprest are oft forgot ;  
In vain the perfect good we seek,  
While earth is sad and man is weak.

It is in heav'n I seek my rest,  
Where all are glorified and blest ;  
'There shall I know true virtue's worth,  
As none can know it upon earth ;  
For God is there enthroned above,  
The Source and Object of my love.

There shall I clearly see and know  
All that was darkly guessed below ;

And all the way mysterious tell  
That seemed on earth unsearchable ;  
Unfolding from the tangled skein  
The links of one connected chain.

I'll bow before the Throne of Light,  
Where God reveals Himself to sight ;  
And " Holy, Holy, Holy ! " sing  
To Christ, my Saviour and my King ;  
Where cherubs chant, and seraphs cry,  
" Thrice Holy ! " to the Lord Most High

There blessèd angels I shall see,  
And I, like them, shall holy be,  
Where nought can e'er disturb my rest,  
In sweet communion with the blest ;  
One common life to all is given,  
One heart, one mind, one fold, one heaven.

There shall I meet the friend of yore,  
Who helped me on, in days before ;  
And thank him, yea, a thousand-fold,  
And, most of all, that I behold

That he and I are both received  
In Christ in Whom we both believed.

And there, perhaps, some soul will see  
My face, and gladly welcome me,  
And say it was my hand that sought  
His wandering heart, and homeward brought :  
O God, what praises can I give,  
That I have helped one soul to live !

O what are sorrows here on earth  
Compared to that superior worth  
Which God will yet reveal to sight,  
In realms of everlasting light ?  
There all my woe, my God, shall be  
E'en less than nought compared with Thee !



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