

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN

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Hymns from the German by Frances Elizabeth Cox

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FRANCES ELIZABETH COX

**HYMNS FROM
THE GERMAN**

HYMNS FROM THE
GERMAN.



TRANSLATED BY
FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

"Awake up, my glory: awake, lute and harp."



SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

RIVINGTONS,
WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON;
HIGH STREET, OXFORD;
TRINITY STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

1864.



Preface.

GERMANY, since the time of the Reformation, has always had its sacred poets; yet their beautiful hymns were till of late unknown in England, except to the few who read them in the original.

This small selection, now re-published in a slightly enlarged edition, was perhaps the first attempt to make them known to English readers. Some of its former contents are here replaced by hymns of more value.

Most of these were pointed out to the Translator as "national treasures" by the late Baron Bunsen, on whose authority the names and dates of the authors are given, and from whose large collection the hymns, with one excep-

tion, are taken. That entitled "Gethsemane," recently translated for *Lyra Mystica*, is from a Treves hymn-book. The proximity of the German, which, as in the first Edition, is printed on corresponding pages, will betray that in this instance, as also in three or four others, the metre has been changed. In this hymn especially it was difficult to retain the short line and double rhyme in English verse, with sufficient reverence for the solemn theme.

The originals will, it is hoped, recommend this volume to young students of German, who may wish to become acquainted with some of the hymns of Gerhard, Angelus, and others, without searching through collections which mostly comprise several hundreds.

VERBODEN TOEGANG

HYMNS,
GERMAN AND ENGLISH.

1878



LIEDER.

Morgensied.

Lobet den Herrn alle seine Werke an allen Orten seiner
Herrschaft:

Lobe den Herrn meine Seele.

WIE schön leuchtet der Morgenstern
Vom Firmament des Himmels fern!
Die Nacht ist nun vergangen,
All Creatur macht sich herfür
Des edlen Lichtes Pracht und Zier
Mit Freuden zu empfangen:
Was lebt, Was schwebt
Hoch in Lüften, Tief in Klüften,
Läfst zu Ehren
Seinem Gott ein Danklied hören.

Drum, o mein Herz, dich auch aufricht,
Erheb dein Stimm und säume nicht
Dem Herrn dein Lob zu bringen.
Denn, Herr, Du bist's, dem Lob gebührt,
Des Ruhm niemals vollendet wird,
Den man läfst innig klingen



HYMNS.

Morning Hymn.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye Works of His, in all Places of His Dominion : praise thou the Lord, O my Soul.

Ps. ciii. 22.



OW lovely now the morning-star
In twilight sky bright gleams afar,
While Night her curtain raiseth ;
Each creature hails, with ravished sight,
The glories of returning light,
And God its Maker praifeth :
Both far, And near,
All things living Thanks are giving,
There high soaring,
Here through earth's wide field adoring.

Then haste, my Soul, thy notes to raise,
Nor spare in thy Redeemer's Praise
To pour thy due Oblation ;
For glory, Lord, to Thee belongs,
Thy Praise resounds in grateful songs,
With pious emulation :

Mit Fleiß Dank, Preis,
Freudenfaßen, Daß von weiten
Man kann hören
Dich, o meinen Heiland, ehren.

Ich lag in stolzer Sicherheit,
Sah nicht, mit was Gefährlichkeit
Ich diese Nacht umgeben :
Des Teufels List und Büberei,
Die Höll, des Todes Tyranei
Stund mir nach Leib und Leben,
Daß ich Schwerlich
Wär entkommen Und entnommen
Diesen Banden,
Wenn Du mir nicht beigefanden.

Allein, o Jesu, meine Freud
In aller Angst und Traurigkeit,
Du hast mich heut befreiet,
Du hast der Feinde Macht gewehrt,
Mir Schutz und sanfte Ruh beschert,
Des sei gebenedeiet !
Mein Muth, Mein Blut
Soll nun singen, Soll nun springen,
All mein Leben
Soll Dir Dankeslieder geben.

O mein Herr, süßer Lebenshort,
Laß ferner deine Gnadenport
Mir heut auch offen bleiben :
Sei meine Burg und festes Schloß,
Und laß kein feindliches Geschloß
Daraus mich immer treiben :