

**THE BREAKING CRUCIBLE:  
AND  
OTHER TRANSLATIONS OF  
GERMAN HYMNS**

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The Breaking Crucible: And Other Translations of German Hymns by James W. Alexander

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**JAMES W. ALEXANDER**

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BY

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

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# The Breaking Crucible;

AND OTHER

TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN HYMNS.

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Endlich bricht der heisse Tiegel.

BY F. HARTMANN.

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- 1 Now the crucible is breaking;  
Now my faith its seal is taking;  
Molten gold, unhurt by fire,  
Only thus, 'tis ever given,  
Up to joys of highest heaven,  
For God's children to aspire.
  
- 2 Thus by griefs the Lord is moulding  
Mind and spirit, here unfolding  
His own image, to endure.  
Now he shapes our dust, but later  
Is the inner man's creator;  
Thus he works by trial sure.

- 3 Sorrows quell our insurrection,  
Bring our members to subjection,  
Under Christ's prevailing will ;  
While the broken powers he raises  
To the work of holy praises  
Quietly and softly still.
- 4 Sorrows gather home the senses,  
Lest, seduced by earth's pretences,  
They should after idols stroll,  
Like an angel-guard, repelling  
Evil from the inmost dwelling,  
Bringing order to the soul.
- 5 Sorrow now the harp is stringing  
For the everlasting singing,  
Teaching us to soar above ;  
Where the blessed choir, palm-bearing,  
Harps are playing, crowns are wearing,  
Round the throne with songs of love.
- 6 Sorrow makes alert and daring ;  
Sorrow is our clay preparing  
For the cold rest of the grave ;  
Sorrow is a herald, hasting,  
Of that springtide whose unwasting  
Health the dying soul shall save.



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- 7 Sorrow makes our faith abiding,  
Lowly, childlike, and confiding ;  
Sorrow ! who can speak thy grace ?  
Earth may name the tribulation,  
Heaven has nobler appellation ;  
Not thus honored all our race.
- 8 Brethren those our perturbations,  
Step by step, through many stations,  
Lead disciples to their sun.  
Soon, though many a pang has wasted,  
Soon, though many a death been tasted,  
Sorrow's watch of sighs is done.
- 9 Though the healthful powers were willing,  
All the Master's will fulfilling  
By obedience to be tried,  
Oh ! 'tis still no less a blessing,  
Such a Master's care possessing,  
In his furnace to abide.
- 10 In the depth of keenest anguish,  
More and more the heart shall languish  
After Jesus' loving heart,  
For one blessing only crying :  
" Make me like thee in thy dying,  
Then thy endless life impart."

- 
- 11 Till at length, with sighs all breaking,  
Through each bond its passage taking,  
Lo! the veil is rent in twain!  
Who remembers now earth's treasure?  
What a sea of godlike pleasure  
High in heaven swells again!
- 12 Now, with Jesus ever reigning,  
Where the ransomed home are gaining,  
Bathing in the endless light,  
All the heavenly ones are meeting!  
Brothers, sisters—let us, greeting,  
Claim them ours, by kindred right.
- 13 Jesus! toward that height of heaven  
May a prospect clear be given,  
Till the parting hour shall come.  
Then, from pangs emerging brightly,  
May we all be wafted lightly  
By angelic convoy home!

“O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.”

A Passion Hymn by PAUL GERHARDT.

- 1 O SACRED head ! now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thy only crown ;  
O sacred Head ! what glory,  
What bliss, till now was thine !  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 O noblest brow, and dearest !  
In other days the world  
All feared, when thou appeared'st,  
What shame on thee is hurled !  
How art thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn ;  
How does that visage languish,  
Which once was bright as morn.
- 3 The blushes late residing  
Upon that holy cheek,  
The roses once abiding  
Upon those lips so meek,