

**HORAE GERMANICAE:
A VERSION OF
GERMAN HYMNS**

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Horae Germanicae: A Version of German Hymns by Henry Mills

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HENRY MILLS

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HORÆ GERMANICÆ :

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VERSION

OF

GERMAN HYMNS.

BY HENRY MILLS.



AUBURN:

H. & J. C. IVISON, GENESEE STREET.

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1845.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1916, in
the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern District
of New York.

A. C. B. R. N. :
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Translator would premise : —

Hymns 28, 46, 81, and 121, were written before he could venture on an imitation of the German *double rhyme* ; and therefore fail to exhibit that trait of their originals. All the rest give the precise form of the German stanza.

As to the character of the version — it is so *free* as to furnish no apology for harshness or obscurity in its language : and yet sufficiently *close* to exclude him from all claim to merit for the thought.

It is offered as “ *a specimen* ” of an almost boundless store of German hymns ; and should it also prove an acceptable “ *manual for the closet*,” his highest hopes respecting it will be answered.

Auburn, N. Y., November, 1845.

L'ENVOY.

Go forth, little book ! — I to others now leave thee ; —
Go seek among strangers in future thy friends :
If worthy, — the worthy will kindly receive thee ;
If worthless, — neglect is thy worthy amends.

Throughout all thy growth, I have taught thee with pleasure,
What Germans have chanted, in English to tell ;
Amid graver cares, and in seasons of leisure,
I've lov'd thee ; — and, loving, now bid thee Farewell !

And, for snice the most feeble, should God ever use thee,
One joy to impart, or one amumer restrid ; —
Though others, in scorn, should all favor refuse thee, —
My toil and my pleasure will not be in vain.

H Y M N S

FROM THE GERMAN.

1. THE GOD OF NATURE.

- 1 Thou Great First Cause ! when, of thy skill
And might, the traces viewing,
I see too how thy love is still
The good of all pursuing,
Astonish'd at thy matchless ways,
How can I render worthy praise, —
My God, my Lord, and Father !
- 2 The Earth, where'er I turn my eye,
Reveals her Maker's glory ;
Through day and night the shining sky
Of praise repeats its story ;
Who for the Sun there fix'd his place ?
Who clothes him with majestic grace ?
The starry hosts — Who leads them ?

- 3 Who rules the fickle raging winds ?
 The clouds, in rain distilling ?
 And Who the lap of Earth unbinds,
 Our stores with plenty filling ?
 Great God, thy praises shall abide,
 And, with thy goodness, reach as wide
 As wide creation reaches,
- 4 Praise thee the sunshine and the storm ;
 Thy praise the ocean raises :
 " Come ! " — says the meanest reptile form,
 " Sing, to my Maker, praises ! "
 " Me " — says the tree in bloom array'd,
 " Me " — says the grain, " thy God has made,
 " Sing praises to our Maker ! "
- 5 'Tis Man, — a body, of thy hand
 The marvelous formation ;
 'Tis Man, — a soul to understand
 Thy wonders of creation ;
 'Tis Man, — who to himself supplies
 Best proof that thou art good and wise, —
 Who best should sing thy praises.
- 6 Now pay thy honors to his name,
 My soul, his glories telling ;
 Thy Father and thy God proclaim,
 The world's glad anthem swelling ;
 Let all our race, with one accord,
 Love, trust, and serve our common Lord :
 Who can refuse to serve him !

2. THE GOD OF GRACE.

- 1 JEHOVAH is my light, his grace revealing,
 In Him alone perfection finds a place,
 The soul's best joys are in Jehovah dwelling,
 Jehovah is the fount of holiness.
 This *light* to me can endless wonders show,
Perfection! — 'tis to this my hopes aspire,
 While *joys of soul* but quicker: my desire
 That I for *holiness* to Him may go.
- 2 Jehovah — Who can comprehend his being?
 Here human thought is lost in wild'ring maze:
 But from his word I much may learn, there seeing
 How strangely wise and good are all his ways.
 In these, Who had his mind and purpose known?
 Or was his counselor, his course to guide?
 Proud Reason, hush! — that sea is far too wide,
 Too deep for thee. — His plans are all his own.
- 3 Jehovah, — Source of life to all that's living!
 For mortal eye thy glories are too bright;
 Yet through my pilgrimage thy light receiving,
 May I rejoice beneath thy watchful sight,
 Thyself art light, — and light is thine abode,
 Thou hatest him who in the darkness hides,
 But him thou lovest who in light abides —
 O let thy brightness shine on all my road!
- 4 Jehovah, God with me! — till life is ended,
 Be all my days in thy communion pass'd;
 My soul, till then, by thy kind eye attended,
 Thou wilt to endless glory bring at last.