The Hymns of Luther.
Dr. Martin Luther's
Deutsche Geistliche Lieder

THE HYMNS OF
MARTIN LUTHER
SET TO THEIR ORIGINAL MELODIES

With an English Version

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TRANSLATION in part from R. Massie.

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Harmony by A. Haupt, 1869.

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INTRODUCTION.

A fit motto for the history of the Reformation would be those words out of the history of the Day of Pentecost, "How hear we, every man in our own tongue wherein we were born . . . . the wonderful works of God!" The ruling thought of the pre-reformation period was not more the maintenance of one Holy Roman Church than of one Holy Roman Empire, each of which was to comprehend all Christendom. The language of the Roman Church and Empire was the sacred language in comparison with which the languages of men's common speech were reckoned common and unclean. The coming-in of the Reformation was the awakening of individual life, by enforcing the sense of each man's direct responsibility to God; but it was equally the quickening of a true national life. In the light of the new era, the realization of the promise of the oneness of the Church was no longer to be sought in the universal dominance of a hierarchical corporation; nor was the "mystery" proclaimed by Paul, that "the nations were fellow-heirs and of one body," to be fulfilled in the subjugation of all nations to a central potentate. According to the spirit of the Reformation, the One Church was to be, not a corporation, but a communion—the communion of saints; and the unity of mankind, in its many nations, was to be a unity of the spirit in the bond of mutual peace.

The two great works of Martin Luther were those by which he gave to the common people a vernacular Bible and vernacular worship, that through the one, God might speak directly to the people; and in the other, the people might speak directly to God. Luther's Bible and Luther's Hymns gave life not only to the churches of the Reformation, but to German nationality and the German language.
Concerning the hymns of Luther the words of several notable writers are on record, and are worthy to be prefixed to the volume of them.

Says Spangenberg, yet in Luther’s life-time, in his Preface to the *Cithara Lutheri*, 1545:

“One must certainly let this be true, and remain true, that among all Master-singers from the days of the Apostles until now, Luther is and always will be the best and most accomplished; in whose hymns and songs one does not find a vain or needless word. All flows and falls in the sweetest and neatest manner, full of spirit and doctrine, so that his every word gives outright a sermon of his own, or at least a singular reminiscence. There is nothing forced, nothing foisted in or patched up, nothing fragmentary. The rhymes are easy and good, the words choice and proper, the meaning clear and intelligible, the melodies lovely and hearty, and in summe all is so rare and majestic, so full of pith and power, so cheering and comforting, that, in sooth, you will not find his equal, much less his master.” *

The following words have often been quoted from Samuel Taylor Coleridge:

“Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible. In Germany the hymns are known by heart by every peasant; they advise, they argue from the hymns, and every soul in the church praises God like a Christian, with words which are natural and yet sacred to his mind.”

A striking passage in an article by Heine in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for March, 1834, is transcribed by Michelet in his Life of Luther:

“Not less remarkable, not less significant than his prose works, are Luther’s poems, those stirring songs which, as it were, escaped from him in the very midst of his combats and his necessities like a flower making its way from between rough stones, or a moonbeam gleaming amid dark clouds. Luther loved music; indeed, he wrote treatises on the art. Accordingly his versification is highly harmonious, so that he may be called the Swan of Eisleben. Not that he is by any means gentle or swan-like in the songs which he composed for the purpose of exciting the courage of the people. In these he is fervent, fierce. The hymn which he composed on his way to Worms, and which he and his companions chanted as they entered that city,†

* Quoted in the *Christian Examiner*, 1860, p. 240; transcribed by the Rev. Bernhard Pick in “Luther as a Hymnist,” p. 23; Philadelphia, 1875.
† The popular impression that the hymn “Ein’ feste Burg” was produced in these circumstances is due, doubtless, to a parallel in the third stanza, to the famous saying imputed to Luther on the eve of the
is a regular war-song. The old cathedral trembled when it heard these novel sounds. The very rooks flew from their nests in the towers. That hymn, the Marseillaise of the Reformation, has preserved to this day its potent spell over German hearts."

The words of Thomas Carlyle are not less emphatic, while they penetrate deeper into the secret of the power of Luther's hymns:

"The great Reformer's love of music and poetry, it has often been remarked, is one of the most significant features in his character. But indeed if every great man is intrinsically a poet, an idealist, with more or less completeness of utterance, which of all our great men, in these modern ages, had such an endowment in that kind as Luther? He it was, emphatically, who stood based on the spiritual world of man, and only by the footing and power he had obtained there, could work such changes on the material world. As a participant and dispenser of divine influence, he shows himself among human affairs a true connecting medium and visible messenger between heaven and earth, a man, therefore, not only permitted to enter the sphere of poetry, but to dwell in the purest centre thereof, perhaps the most inspired of all teachers since the Apostles. Unhappily or happily, Luther's poetic feeling did not so much learn to express itself in fit words, that take captive every ear, as in fit actions, wherein, truly under still more impressive manifestations, the spirit of spheric melody resides and still audibly addresses us. In his written poems, we find little save that strength of one 'whose words,' it has been said, 'were half-battles'—little of that still harmony and blending softness of union which is the last perfection of strength—less of it than even his conduct manifested. With words he had not learned to make music—it was by deeds of love or heroic valor that he spoke freely. Nevertheless, though in imperfect articulation, the same voice, if we listen well, is to be heard also in his writings, in his poems. The one entitled *Ein' Feste Burg*, universally regarded as the best, jars upon our ears; yet there is something in it like the sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes, in the very vastness of which dissonance a higher unison is revealed to us. Luther wrote this song in times of blackest threatenings, which, however, could in no sense become a time of despair. In these tones, rugged and broken as they are, do we hear the accents of that summoned man, who answered his friends' warning not to enter Worms, in this wise:—'Were there as many devils in Worms as these tile Diet of Worms: "I'll go, be there as many devils in the city as there be tiles on the roofs." The time of its composition was in the year 1529, just before the Diet of Augsburg. If not written in his temporary refuge, the noble "Burg" or "Festung" of Coburg, it must often have been sung there by him; and it was sung, says Merle d'Aubigné, "during the Diet, not only at Augsburg, but in all the churches of Saxony."

* This much-quoted phrase is from Richter. It is reported as an expression of Melanchthon, looking on Luther's picture, "Fulminans erat singula verba tua."
roofs, I would on'; of him who, alone in that assemblage before all emperors and principalities and powers, spoke forth these final and forever memorable words,—"It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Till such time as either by proofs from holy Scripture, or by fair reason or argument, I have been confuted and convicted, I cannot and will not recant. Here I stand—I cannot do otherwise—God be my help, Amen." It is evident enough that to this man all popes, cardinals, emperors, devils, all hosts and nations were but weak, weak as the forest with all its strong trees might be to the smallest spark of electric fire."

In a very different style of language, but in a like strain of eulogy, writes Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, in the third volume of his History of the Reformation:

"The church was no longer composed of priests and monks; it was now the congregation of believers. All were to take part in worship, and the chanting of the clergy was to be succeeded by the psalmody of the people. Luther, accordingly, in translating the psalms, thought of adapting them to be sung by the church. Thus a taste for music was diffused throughout the nation. From Luther's time, the people sang; the Bible inspired their songs. Poetry received the same impulse. In celebrating the praises of God, the people could not confine themselves to mere translations of ancient anthems. The souls of Luther and of several of his contemporaries, elevated by their faith to thoughts the most sublime, excited to enthusiasm by the struggles and dangers by which the church at its birth was unceasingly threatened, inspired by the poetic genius of the Old Testament and by the faith of the New, ere long gave vent to their feelings in hymns, in which all that is most heavenly in poetry and music was combined and blended. Hence the revival, in the sixteenth century, of hymns, such as in the first century used to cheer the martyrs in their sufferings. We have seen Luther, in 1523, employing it to celebrate the martyrs at Brussels; other children of the Reformation followed his footsteps; hymns were multiplied; they spread rapidly among the people, and powerfully contributed to rouse it from sleep."

It is not difficult to come approximately at the order of composition of Luther's hymns. The earliest hymn-book of the Reformation—if not the earliest of all printed hymn-books—was published at Wittenberg in 1524, and contained eight hymns, four of them from the pen of Luther himself; of the other four not less than three were by Paul Speratus, and one of these three, the hymn *Es ist das Heil*, which caused Luther such delight when sung beneath his window by a wanderer from Prussia.* Three of Luther's con-

* Merle d'Aubigné, History of the Reformation, Vol. III.*
tributions to this little book were versions of Psalms—the xii, xiv, and cxxx—and the fourth was that touching utterance of personal religious experience, *Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g’mein.* But the critics can hardly be mistaken in assigning as early a date to the ballad of the Martyrs of Brussels. Their martyrdom took place July 1, 1523, and the “*New Song*” must have been inspired by the story as it was first brought to Wittenberg, although it is not found in print until the *Enchiridion*, which followed the *Eight Hymns*, later in the same year, from the press of Erfurt, and contained fourteen of Luther’s hymns beside the four already published.

In the hymn-book published in 1525 by the composer Walter, Luther’s friend, were six more of the Luther hymns. And in 1526 appeared the “*German Mass and Order of Divine Service*,” containing “the German Sanctus,” a versification of Isaiah vi. Of the remaining eleven, six appeared first in the successive editions of Joseph Klug’s hymn-book, Wittenberg, 1535 and 1543.

It is appropriate to the commemorative character of the present edition that in it the hymns should be disposed in chronological order.

The *tunes* which are here printed with the hymns of Luther are of those which were set to them during his lifetime. Some of them, like the hymns to which they were set, are derived from the more ancient hymnody of the German and Latin churches. Others, as the tunes *Vom Himmel hoch, Ach Gott vom Himmel*, and *Christ unser Herr zum Jordan kam*, are conjectured to have been originally secular airs. But that many of the tunes that appeared simultaneously and in connection with Luther’s hymns were original with Luther himself, there seems no good reason to doubt. Luther’s singular delight and proficiency in music are certified by a hundred contemporary testimonies. His enthusiasm for it overflows in his Letters and his Table Talk. He loved to surround himself with accomplished musicians, with whom he would practise the intricate motets of the masters of that age; and his critical remarks on their several styles are on record. At least one autograph document proves him to have been a composer of melodies to his own words: one may see, appended to von Winterfeld’s fine quarto edition of Luther’s hymns (Leipzig, 1840) a fac-simile of the original draft of *Vater Unser*, with a melody sketched upon a staff of five lines, and then cancelled, evidently by a hand practised in musical notation. But per-
haps the most direct testimony to his actual work as a composer is found in a letter from the composer John Walter, capellmeister to the Elector of Saxony, written in his old age for the express purpose of embodying his reminiscences of his illustrious friend as a church-musician.

"It is to my certain knowledge," writes Walter, "that that holy man of God, Luther, prophet and apostle to the German nation, took great delight in music, both in choral and in figural composition. With whom I have passed many a delightful hour in singing; and oftentimes have seen the dear man wax so happy and merry in heart over the singing as that it was well-nigh impossible to weary or content him therewithal. And his discourse concerning music was most noble.

"Some forty years ago, when he would set up the German Mass at Wittenberg, he wrote to the Elector of Saxony and Duke Johannsen, of illustrious memory, begging to invite to Wittenberg the old musician Conrad Rupff and myself, to consult with him as to the character and the proper notation of the Eight Tones; and he finally himself decided to appropriate the Eighth Tone to the Epistle and the Sixth Tone to the Gospel, speaking on this wise: Our Lord Christ is a good Friend, and his words are full of love; so we will take the Sixth Tone for the Gospel. And since Saint Paul is a very earnest apostle we will set the Eighth Tone to the Epistle. So he himself made the notes over the Epistles, and the Gospels, and the Words of Institution of the true Body and Blood of Christ, and sung them over to me to get my judgment thereon. He kept me three weeks long at Wittenberg, to write out the notes over some of the Gospels and Epistles, until the first German Mass was sung in the parish church. And I must needs stay to hear it, and take with me a copy of the Mass to Torgau and present it to His Grace the Elector from Doctor Luther.

"Furthermore, he gave orders to re-establish the Vespers, which in many places were fallen into disuse, with short plain choral hymns for the students and boys; withal, that the charity-scholars, collecting their bread, should sing from door to door Latin Hymns, Anthems and Responses, appropriate to the season. It was no satisfaction to him that the scholars should sing in the streets nothing but German songs. . . . The most profitable songs for the common multitude are the plain psalms and hymns, both Luther's and the earlier ones; but the Latin songs are useful for the learned and for students. We see, and hear, and clearly apprehend how the Holy Ghost himself wrought not only in the authors of the Latin hymns, but also in Luther, who in our time has had the chief part both in writing the German choral hymns, and in setting them to tunes; as may be seen, among others in the German Sanctus (Jesaia dem Propheten das geschah) how masterly and well he has fitted all the notes to the text, according to the just accent and concenct. At the time, I was moved by His Grace to put the question how or where he had got
this composition, or this instruction; whereupon the dear man laughed at my simplicity, and said: I learned this of the poet Virgil, who has the power so artfully to adapt his verses and his words to the story he is telling; in like manner must Music govern all its notes and melodies by the text.”

It seems superfluous to add to this testimony the word of Sleidan, the nearly contemporary historian, who says expressly concerning “Ein’ feste Burg” that Luther made for it a tune singularly suited to the words, and adapted to stir the heart. If ever there were hymn and tune that told their own story of a common and simultaneous origin, without need of confirmation by external evidence, it is these.

To an extent quite without parallel in the history of music, the power of Luther's tunes, as well as of his words, is manifest after three centuries, over the masters of the art, as well as over the common people. Peculiarly is this true of the great song Ein' feste Burg, which Heine not vainly predicted would again be heard in Europe in like manner as of old. The composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries practised their elaborate artifices upon it. The supreme genius of Sebastian Bach made it the subject of study. And in our own times it has been used with conspicuous effect in Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, in an overture by Raff, in the noble Festouverture of Nicolai, and in Wagner's Kaisermarsch; and is introduced with recurring emphasis in Meyerbeer's masterpiece of The Huguenots.

It is needless to say that the materials of this Birth-day Edition of Luther's Hymns and Tunes have been prepared in profusion by the diligence of German scholars. But very thankful acknowledgments are also due to English translators, who have made this work possible within the very scanty time allotted to it. Full credit is given in the table of contents for the help derived from these various translators. But the exigencies of this

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* This interesting and characteristic document was printed first in the Syntagma Musicum of Michael Praetorius, many of whose harmonies are to be found in this volume. It has been repeatedly copied since. I take it from Rambach, “Ueber D. Martin Luthers Verdienst um den Kirchengesang, oder Darstellung desjenigen was er als Liturg, als Liederdichter und Tonsetzer zur Verbesserung des öffentlichen Gottesdienstes geleistet hat. Hamburg, 1813.”

† Quoted in Rambach, p. 215.

‡ In more than one of his cantatas, especially that for the Reformationsfest.
volume were peculiarly severe, inasmuch as the translation was to be printed over against the original, and also under the music. Not even Mr. Richard Massie's careful work would always bear this double test; so that I have found myself compelled, in most cases, to give up the attempt to follow any translation exactly; and in some instances have reluctantly attempted a wholly new version.

The whole credit of the musical editorship belongs to my accomplished associate, Mr. Nathan H. Allen, without whose ready resource and earnest labor the work would have been impossible within the limits of time necessarily prescribed. In the choice of harmonies for these ancient tunes, he has wisely preferred, in general, the arrangements of the older masters. The critical musician will see, and will not complain, that the original modal structure of the melodies is sometimes affected by the harmonic treatment.

And now the proper conclusion to this Introduction, which, like the rest of the volume, is in so slight a degree the work of the editor, is to add the successive prefaces from the pen of Luther which accompanied successive hymn-books published during his life-time and under his supervision.

LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.
Luther's First Preface.

That it is good, and pleasing to God, for us to sing spiritual songs is, I think, a truth whereof no Christian can be ignorant; since not only the example of the prophets and kings of the Old Testament (who praised God with singing and music, poesy and all kinds of stringed instruments) but also the like practice of all Christendom from the beginning, especially in respect to psalms, is well known to every one: yea, St. Paul doth also appoint the same (1 Cor. xiv.) and command the Colossians, in the third chapter, to sing spiritual songs and psalms from the heart unto the Lord, that thereby the word of God and Christian doctrine be in every way furthered and practised.

Accordingly, to make a good beginning and to encourage others who can do it better, I have myself, with some others, put together a few hymns, in order to bring into full play the blessed Gospel, which by God's grace hath again risen: that we may boast, as Moses doth in his song (Exodus xv.) that Christ is become our praise and our song, and that, whether we sing or speak, we may not know anything save Christ our Saviour, as St. Paul saith (1 Cor. ii.).

These songs have been set in four parts, for no other reason than because I wished to provide our young people (who both will and ought to be instructed in music and other sciences) with something whereby they might rid themselves of amorous and carnal songs, and in their stead learn something wholesome, and so apply themselves to what is good with pleasure, as becometh the young.

Beside this, I am not of opinion that all sciences should be beaten down and made to cease by the Gospel, as some fanatics pretend; but I would fain see all the arts, and music in particular, used in the service of Him who hath given and created them.

Therefore I entreat every pious Christian to give a favorable reception to these hymns, and to help forward my undertaking, according as God hath given him more or less ability. The world is, alas, not so mindful and diligent to train and teach our poor youth, but that we ought to be forward in promoting the same. God grant us his grace. Amen.
INTRODUCTION.

Luther's Second Preface.

To the Funeral Hymns: "Christliche Gesänge, Lateinisch und Deutschn, zum Begräbnis. Wittenberg, Anno m. d. xli."

DR. MARTIN LUTHER TO THE CHRISTIAN READER.

St. Paul writes to the Thessalonians, that they should not sorrow for the dead as others who have no hope, but should comfort one another with God's word, as they who have a sure hope of life and of the resurrection of the dead.

For that they should sorrow who have no hope is not to be wondered at, nor indeed are they to be blamed for it, since, being shut out from the faith of Christ, they must either regard and love the present life only, and be loth to lose it, or after this life look for everlasting death and the wrath of God in hell, and be unwilling to go thither.

But we Christians who from all this have been redeemed by the precious blood of the Son of God, should exercise and wont ourselves in faith to despise death, to look on it as a deep, sound, sweet sleep, the coffin no other than the bosom of our Lord Christ, or paradise, the grave nought but a soft couch of rest; as indeed it is in the sight of God, as he saith in St. John, xi., "our friend Lazarus sleepeth;" Matthew ix., "the maid is not dead but sleepeth."

In like manner also St. Paul, 1 Cor. xv., doth put out of sight the unlovely aspect of death in our perishing body, and bring forward nought but the lovely and delightful view of life, when he saith: "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor (that is, in a loathsome and vile form); it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body."

Accordingly have we, in our churches, abolished, done away, and out-and-out made an end of the popish horrors, such as wakes, masses for the soul, obsequies, purgatory, and all other mummeries for the dead, and will no longer have our churches turned into wailing-places and houses of mourning, but, as the primitive Fathers called them, "Cemeteries," that is, resting and sleeping places.

We sing, withal, beside our dead and over their graves, no dirges nor lamentations, but comforting songs of the forgiveness of sins, of rest, sleep, life and resurrection of the departed believers, for the strengthening of our faith, and the stirring up of the people to a true devotion.

For it is meet and right to give care and honor to the burial of the dead, in a
manner worthy of that blessed article of our creed, the resurrection of the dead, and to the spite of that dreadful enemy, death, who doth so shamefully and continually prey upon us, in every horrid way and shape.

Accordingly, as we read, the holy patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, and the rest, kept their burials with great pomp, and ordered them with much diligence; and afterwards the kings of Judah held splendid ceremonials over the dead, with costly incense of all manner of precious herbs, thereby to hide the offense and shame of death, and acknowledge and glorify the resurrection of the dead, and so to comfort the weak in faith and the sorrowful.

In like manner, even down to this present, have Christians ever been wont to do honorably by the bodies and the graves of the dead, decorating them, singing beside them and adorning them with monuments. Of all importance is that doctrine of the resurrection, that we be firmly grounded therein; for it is our lasting, blessed, eternal comfort and joy, against death, hell, the devil and all sorrow of heart.

As a good example of what should be used for this end, we have taken the sweet music or melodies which under popish rule are in use at wakes, funerals and masses for the dead, some of which we have printed in this little book; and it is in our thought, as time shall serve, to add others to them, or have this done by more competent hands. But we have set other words thereto, such as shall adorn our doctrine of the resurrection, not that of purgatory with its pains and expiations, whereby the dead may neither sleep nor rest. The notes and melodies are of great price; it were pity to let them perish; but the words to them were unchristian and uncouth, so let these perish.

It is just as in other matters they do greatly excel us, having splendid rites of worship, magnificent convents and abbeys; but the preachings and doctrines heard therein do for the most part serve the devil and dishonor God; who nevertheless is Lord and God over all the earth, and should have of everything the fairest, best and noblest.

Likewise have they costly shrines of gold and silver, and images set with gems and jewels; but within are dead men's bones, as foul and corrupt as in any charnel-house. So also have they costly vestments, chasubles, palliums, copes, hoods, mitres, but what are they that be clothed therewithal? slow-bellies, evil wolves, godless swine, persecuting and dishonoring the word of God.

Just in the same way have they much noble music, especially in the abbeys and parish churches, used to adorn most vile, idolatrous words. Wherefore we have undressed these idolatrous, lifeless, crazy words, stripping off the noble music, and putting it upon the living and holy word of God, wherewith to sing, praise and honor the same, that so the beautiful ornament of music, brought back to its right use, may serve its blessed Maker and his Christian people; so that he
shall be praised and glorified, and that we by his holy word impressed upon the heart with sweet songs, be builded up and confirmed in the faith. Hereunto help us God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Yet is it not our purpose that these precise notes be sung in all the churches. Let each church keep its own notes according to its book and use. For I myself do not listen with pleasure in cases where the notes to a hymn or a responsorium have been changed, and it is sung amongst us in a different way from what I have been used to from my youth. The main point is the correcting of the words, not of the music.

[Then follow selections of Scripture recommended as suitable for epitaphs.]
Luther's Third Preface.

To the Hymn-book printed at Wittenberg by Joseph Klug, 1543.

There are certain who, by their additions to our hymns, have clearly shown that they far excel me in this matter, and may well be called my masters. But some, on the other hand, have added little of value. And inasmuch as I see that there is no limit to this perpetual amending by every one indiscriminately according to his own liking, so that the earliest of our hymns are more perverted the more they are printed, I am fearful that it will fare with this little book as it has ever fared with good books, that through tampering by incompetent hands it may get to be so overlaid and spoiled that the good will be lost out of it, and nothing be kept in use but the worthless.

We see in the first chapter of St. Luke that in the beginning every one wanted to write a gospel, until among the multitude of gospels the true Gospel was well-nigh lost. So has it been with the works of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, and with many other books. In short, there will always be tares sown among the wheat.

In order as far as may be to avoid this evil, I have once more revised this book, and put our own hymns in order by themselves with name attached, which formerly I would not do for reputation's sake, but am now constrained to do by necessity, lest strange and unsuitable songs come to be sold under our name. After these, are arranged the others, such as we deem good and useful.

I beg and beseech all who prize God's pure word that henceforth without our knowledge and consent no further additions or alterations be made in this book of ours; and that when it is amended without our knowledge, it be fully understood to be not our book published at Wittenberg. Every man can for himself make his own hymn-book, and leave this of ours alone without additions; as we here beg, beseech and testify. For we like to keep our coin up to our own standard, debarring no man from making better for himself. Now let God's name alone be praised, and our name not sought. Amen.
Luther's Fourth Preface.

To Valentine Bapst's Hymn-book, Leipzig, 1545.

The xcvi Psalm saith: "Sing to the Lord a new song; sing to the Lord, all the earth." The service of God in the old dispensation, under the law of Moses, was hard and wearisome. Many and divers sacrifices had men to offer, of all that they possessed, both in house and in field, which the people, being idle and covetous, did grudgingly or for some temporal advantage; as the prophet Malachi saith, chap. i., "who is there even among you that would shut the doors for naught? neither do ye kindle fires on my altars for naught." But where there is such an idle and grudging heart there can be no singing, or at least no singing of anything good. Cheerful and merry must we be in heart and mind, when we would sing. Therefore hath God suffered such idle and grudging service to perish, as he saith further: "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts, neither will I accept an offering at your hand: for from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered in my name and a pure offering; for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts."

So that now in the New Testament there is a better service, whereof the psalm speaketh: "Sing to the Lord a new song; sing to the Lord all the earth." For God hath made our heart and mind joyful through his dear Son whom he hath given for us to redeem us from sin, death and the devil. Who earnestly believes this cannot but sing and speak thereof with joy and delight, that others also may hear and come. But whoso will not speak and sing thereof, it is a sign that he doth not believe it, and doth not belong to the cheerful New Testament but to the dull and joyless Old Testament.

Therefore it is well done on the part of the printers that they are diligent to print good hymns, and make them agreeable to the people with all sorts of embellishments, that they may be won to this joy in believing and gladly sing of it. And inasmuch as this edition of Valtin Bapst [Pope] is prepared in fine style, God grant that it may bring great hurt and damage to that Roman Bapst who by his accursed, intolerable and abominable ordinances has brought nothing into the world but wailing, mourning and misery. Amen.
I must give notice that the song which is sung at funerals,

"Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben,"

which bears my name is not mine, and my name is henceforth not to stand with it. Not that I reject it, for I like it very much, and it was made by a good poet, Johannes Weis* by name, only a little visionary about the Sacrament; but I will not appropriate to myself another man's work.

Also in the De Profundis, read thus:

Des muss dich fürchten jedermann.

Either by mistake or of purpose this is printed in most books

Des muss sich fürchten jedermann.

Ut timearis. The Hebrew reading is as in Matthew xv.: "In vain do they fear me teaching doctrines of men." See also Psalms xiv. and liii.: "They call not on the Lord; there feared they where no fear was." That is, they may have much show of humiliation and bowing and bending in worship where I will have no worship. Accordingly this is the meaning in this place: Since forgiveness of sins is nowhere else to be found but only with thee, so must they let go all idolatry, and come with a willing heart bowing and bending before thee, creeping up to the cross, and have thee alone in honor, and take refuge in thee, and serve thee, as living by thy grace and not by their own righteousness, etc.

* Luther's mistake for Michael Weyss, author of a Moravian hymn-book of 1531.
A Preface to All Good Hymn-Books.

By Dr. Martin Luther.

From Joseph Klug's Hymn-Book, Wittenberg, 1543.

Lady Murich Speaketh.

Of all the joys that are on earth
Is none more dear nor higher worth,
Than what in my sweet songs is found
And instruments of various sound.
Where friends and comrades sing in tune,
All evil passions vanish soon;
Hate, anger, envy, cannot stay,
All gloom and heartache melt away;
The lust of wealth, the cares that cling,
Are all forgotten while we sing.
Freely we take our joy herein,
For this sweet pleasure is no sin,
But pleaseth God far more, we know,
That any joys the world can show;
The Devil's work it doth impede,
And hinders many a deadly deed.
Se fared it with King Saul of old;
When David struck his harp of gold,
So sweet and clear its tones rang out,
Saul's murderous thoughts were put to rout.

The heart grows still when I am heard,
And opens to God's Truth and Word;
So are we by Elisha taught,
Who on the harp the Spirit sought.

The best time of the year is mine,
When all the little birds combine
To sing until the earth and air
Are filled with sweet sounds everywhere;
And most the tender nightingale
Makes joyful ever wood and dale.
Singing her love-song o'er and o'er,
For which we thank her evermore.

But yet more thanks are due from us
To the dear Lord who made her thus,
A singer apt to touch the heart,
Mistress of all my dearest art.
To God she sings by night and day,
Unwearied, praising Him alway;
Him I, too, laud in every song,
To whom all thanks and praise belong.

Translation by

Catharine Winkworth.

A Warning by Dr. Martin Luther.

Viel falscher Meister ißt Lieder tichten
Sie dich füer und lern sie recht richten
Wo Gott hin baut sein Kirch und sein wort
Da will der Tensel sein mit trug und mord.
Wittenberg, 1543; Leipzig, 1545.

False masters now abounds, who songs indite;
Beware of them, and learn to judge them right:
Where God builds up his Church and Word, hard by
Satan is found with murder and a lie.

Translation by R. Massie.
I. Run freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein.

Dear Christians, One and All rejoice.

A Song of Thanksgiving for the great Benefit which God in Christ has manifested to us.

First Melody, Wittenberg, 1524. Harmony by H. Schein, 1627.

Dear Christians, one and all rejoice, With exultation springing,
And with united heart and voice And holy rapture singing,
Proclaim the wonders God hath done, How his right arm the victory won; Right dearly it hath cost him.

Second Melody, Wittenberg, 1535. Harmony by M. Praetorius, 1610.

Dear Christians, one and all rejoice, With exultation springing,
And with united heart and voice And holy rapture singing,
Proclaim the wonders God hath done, How his right arm the victory won; Right dearly it hath cost him.
Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein.

Dear Christians, One and All rejoice.

1. Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein,
   Und lasst uns fröhlich springen,
   Daß wir getrost und all in ein
   Mit Lust und Liebe singen:
   Was Gott an uns gewendet hat,
   Und seine süße Wunderthaf,
   Gar thier hat er's erworb'en.

2. Dem Teufel ich gefangen lag,
   Im Tod war ich verloren,
   Mein' Sünd' mich qualet Nacht und Tag,
   Darin war ich geboren,
   Ich sei auch immer tiefer d'ein,
   Es war kein gut's am Leben mein,
   Die Sünd' hat mich bejessen.

3. Mein' gute Werck' die galten nicht,
   Es war mit ihn verworben;
   Der freil Wilt' hastet Gottes Gricht,
   Er war Zum Gott'n erforben;
   Die Augst' mich zu vergeweissen trieb,
   Daß nichts denn Sterben bei mir blieb,
   Zur Hölle muß ich sinfen.

4. Da jammert's Gott in Ewigkeit
   Mein Glied über Maßen,
   Er dacht' an sein' Barmherzigkeit,
   Er wollte mir helfen lassen;
   Er wandt' zu mir das Vaterherz,
   Es war bei ihm sündnach kein Scherz,
   Er ließ sein Bestes kosten.

5. Er sprach zu seinem lieben Sohn:
   Die Zeit ist hier zu 'barmen,
   Fähr' hin mein's Herzens werte Kron'
   Und sei das Heil dem Armen,
   Und hilf ihm aus der Sünden Noth,
   Erwürgt' für ihn den bitter Tod
   Und las' ihn mit dir leben.

1. Dear Christians, one and all rejoice,
   With exultation springing,
   And with united heart and voice
   And holy rapture singing,
   Proclaim the wonders God hath done,
   How his right arm the victory won;
   Right dearly it hath cost him.

2. Fast bound in Satan's chains I lay,
   Death brooded darkly o'er me;
   Sin was my torment night and day,
   Therein my mother bore me.
   Deeper and deeper still I fell,
   Life was become a living hell,
   So firmly sin possessed me.

3. My good works could avail me naught,
   For they with sin were stained;
   Free-will against God's judgment fought,
   And dead to good remained.
   Grief drove me to despair, and I
   Had nothing left me but to die,
   To hell I fast was sinking.

4. God saw, in his eternal grace,
   My sorrow out of measure;
   He thought upon his tenderness—
   To save was his good pleasure.
   He turn'd to me a Father's heart—
   Not small the cost—to heal my smart
   He gave his best and dearest.

5. He spake to his beloved Son:
   'Tis time to take compassion;
   Then go, bright jewel of my crown,
   And bring to man salvation;
   From sin and sorrow set him free,
   Slay bitter death for him, that he
   May live with thee forever.
I wonders God hath done, How his right arm the vict'ry won: Right dearly it hath cost him.

SECOND MELODY, Wittenberg, 1535. Harmony by M. Praetorius, 1610.

Dear Christians, one and all rejoice, With exultation springing, And with united heart and voice And holy rapture singing, Proclaim the wonders God hath done, How his right arm the vict'ry won; Right dearly it hath cost him.

SECOND MELODY, Wittenberg, 1535. Harmony by M. Praetorius, 1610.

Dear Christians, one and all rejoice, With exultation springing, And with united heart and voice And holy rapture singing, Proclaim the
DEAR CHRISTIANS, ONE AND ALL REJOICE.

6 Der Sohn dem Vater g'horjam ward,
Er kam zu mir auf Erden,
Son einer Jungfrau rein und zart,
Er sollt' mein Bruder werden.
Gar heimlich führst er sein' Gewalt,
Er ging in meiner armen Halt,
Den Teufel wollte' er fangen.

7 Er sprach zu mir: halst' dich an mich,
Es soll dir jetzt gelingen,
Ich geh' mich selber ganz für dich,
Da will ich für dich ringen;
Denn ich bin dein und du bist mein,
Und wo ich bleib', da sollst du fein,
Uns soll der Feind nicht scheitern.

8 Vergießen wird er mit mein Blut,
Dazu mein Leben rauchen,
Das fehlt' ich alles dir zu gut,
Das halt' mit feinem Glauben.
Den Tod vorzüglich das Leben mein,
Mein' Unschuld trägt die Sünde dein,
Da bist du selig worden.

9 Den Himmel zu dem Vater mein
Fah' ich von diesem Leben,
Da will ich sein der Meister dein,
Den Geist will ich dir geben,
Dir dich in Trübsaum trosten soll
Und lehren mich erkennen wohl,
Und in der Wahrheit leiten.

10 Was ich gethan hab' und gelehrt,
Das sollst du thun und lehren,
Damit das Reich Gottes werd' gemehrt
Zu Lob' und seinen Ehren;
Und hüt' dich vor der Menschen Schäf,
Davon verdiret der edle Schäf,
Das laß' ich dir zur Leiche.

6 The Son delighted to obey,
And born of Virgin mother,
Awhile on this low earth did stay
That he might be my brother.
His mighty power he hidden bore,
A servant's form like mine he wore,
To bind the devil captive.

7 To me he spake: cling fast to me,
Thou'lt win a triumph worthy;
I wholly give myself for thee,
I strive and wrestle for thee;
For I am thine, thou mine also;
And where I am thou art. The foe
Shall never more divide us.

8 For he shall shed my precious blood,
Me of my life bereaving;
All this I suffer for thy good;
Be steadfast and believing.
My life from death the day shall win,
My righteousness shall bear thy sin,
So art thou blest forever.

9 Now to my Father I depart,
From earth to heaven ascending;
Thence heavenly wisdom to impart,
The Holy Spirit sending.
He shall in trouble comfort thee,
Teach thee to know and follow me,
And to the truth conduct thee.

10 What I have done and taught, do thou
To do and teach endeavor;
So shall my kingdom flourish now,
And God be praised forever.
Take heed lest men with base alloy
The heavenly treasure should destroy.
This counsel I bequeath thee.
I. Ach Gott, vom Himmel sieh' darein.

Look down, O Lord, from Heaven behold.

PSALM XII.—“Salvum me fac, Domine.”

FIRST MELODY, Wittenberg, 1524.

Harmony by A. Haupt, 1869.

SECOND MELODY, Wittenberg, 1543.

Harmony by A. Haupt, 1869.
Ach Gott, vom Himmel sieh' darein.
Look down, O Lord, from Heaven behold.

1 Ach Gott, vom Himmel sieh' darein
Und laß' dich des erarmen,
Wie wenig sind der Heil'gen sein,
Verlassen sind wir Armen:
Dein Wort man läßt nicht haben wahr,
Der Glaub' ist auch verloren gar
Bei allen Menschenkindern.

Look down, O Lord, from heaven behold,
And let thy pity waken!
How few the flock within thy fold,
Neglected and forsaken!
Almost thou'lt seek for faith in vain,
And those who should thy truth maintain
Thy Word from us have taken.

2 Sie lehren eine falsche List,
Was eigen Wiz errindert,
Ihr Herz nicht eines Sinnes ist
In Gottes Wort gegründet;
Der wählet dies, der Andere das,
Sie trennen und ohn' alle Maas
Und gleichen schon von außen.

With frauds which they themselves invent
Thy truth they have confounded;
Their hearts are not with one consent
On thy pure doctrine grounded;
And, whilst they gleam with outward show,
They lead thy people to and fro,
In error's maze astounded.

3 Gott will ausrotten alle Lahr,
Die falschen Schein und lehren;
Dazu ihr' Jung' folg offenbar
Spricht: Trost, wer will's uns wehren?
Wir haben Recht und Macht allein,
Was wir segen das gilt gemein,
Wer ist der uns soll meistern?

God surely will uproot all those
With vain deceits who store us,
With haughty tongue who God oppose,
And say, "Who'll stand before us?
By right or might we will prevail;
What we determine cannot fail,
For who can lord it o'er us?"

4 Darum spricht Gott, Ich muß auf sein,
Die Armen sind verschört,
Jhr Seufzen dringt zu mir herein,
Ich hab' ihr' Klag' erhört.
Mein heiliges Wort soll aus dem Plan,
Getrost und frisch sie greifen an
Und sein die Kraft der Armen.

For this, saith God, I will arise,
These wolves my flock are rending;
I've heard my people's bitter sighs
To heaven my throne ascending:
Now will I 1 up, and set at rest
Each weary soul by fraud opprest,
The poor with might defending.

5 Das Silber durch's Feuer siebenmal
Bewärt, wird lauter funken:
Am Gottes Wort man warten soll
Dergleichen alle Stunden:
Es will durch's Kreuz bewärt sein,
Da wird dein' Kraft erkannt und Schein
Und leucht's stark in die Lande.

The silver seven times tried is pure
From all adulteration;
So, through God's word, shall men endure
Each trial and temptation:
Its worth gleams brighter through the cross,
And, purified from human dross,
It shines through every nation.

6 Das wollest du, Gott, bewärtre rein
Für diesem argen O'blechte,
Und laß uns dir bekehren sein,
Das sich's in uns nicht flechte,
Der getröst' Kauf' sich umher stadt,
Wo diese lose Leute sind
In keinem Volk erhoben.

Thy truth thou wilt preserve, O Lord,
From this vile generation;
Make us to lean upon thy word,
With calm anticipation.
The wicked walk on every side
When, 'mid thy flock, the vile abide
In power and exaltation.
III. Es spricht der Unweisen Mund wohl.

The Mouth of Fools doth God confess.

**PSALM XIV.**—*Dixit insipiens in corde suo, Non est Deus."

**MELODY, Wittenberg, 1525.**

Harmony by M. Praetorius, 1610.

1 Es spricht der Unweisen Mund wohl:
   Den rechten Gott wir meinen;
   Doch ist ihr Herz Unglaubens voll,
   Mit That sie ihn verneinen.
   Ihr Weisen ist verderbet zwar,
   Fur Gott ist es ein Grauel gar,
   Es that ihr're Keiner kein gut.

1 The mouth of fools doth God confess,
   But while their lips draw nigh him
   Their heart is full of wickedness,
   And all their deeds deny him.
   Corrupt are they, and every one
   Abominable deeds hath done;
   There is not one well-doer.
2 The Lord looked down from his high tower
   On all mankind below him,
   To see if any owned his power,
   And truly sought to know him;
   Who all their understanding bent
   To search his holy Word, intent
   To do his will in earnest.

3 But none there was who walked with God,
   For all aside had slidden,
   Delusive paths of folly trod,
   And followed lusts forbidden;
   Not one there was who practiced good,
   And yet they deemed, in haughty mood,
   Their deeds must surely please him.

4 How long, by folly blindly led,
   Will ye oppress the needy,
   And eat my people up like bread?
   So fierce are ye, and greedy I
   In God they put no trust at all,
   Nor will on him in trouble call;
   But be their own providers.

5 Therefore their heart is never still,
   A falling leaf dismays them;
   God is with him who doth his will,
   Who trusts him and obeys Him;
   But ye the poor man's hope despise,
   And laugh at him, e'en when he cries,
   That God is his sure comfort.

6 Who shall to Israel's outcast race
   From Zion bring salvation?
   God will himself at length show grace,
   And loose the captive nation;
   That will he do by Christ their King;
   Let Jacob then be glad and sing,
   - And Israel be joyful.
IV. Aus tiefer Not schrei' ich zu dir.

Out of the Deep I Cry to Thee.

PSALM CXXX.—"De profundis clamavi ad te."

FIRST MELODY, 1525.  
Harmonized by JOH. SEB. BACH.

SECOND MELODY, 1544.  
Harmonized by A. HAUPF, 1869.

{Out of the deep I cry to thee; O Lord God, hear my crying;} For if thou
{Incline thy gracious ear to me, With prayer to thee applying.} For if thou

fix thy searching eye On all sin and iniquity, Who, Lord, can stand before thee?

{Out of the deep I cry to thee; O Lord God, hear my crying;} For if thou
{Incline thy gracious ear to me, With prayer to thee applying.} For if thou

fix thy searching eye On all sin and iniquity, Who, Lord, can stand before thee?
Out of the Deep I Cry to Thee.

1 Out of the deep I cry to thee;
   O Lord God, hear my crying:
   Incline thy gracious ear to me,
   With prayer to thee applying.
   For if thou fix thy searching eye
   On all sin and iniquity,
   Who, Lord, can stand before thee?

2 But love and grace with thee prevail,
   O God, our sins forgiving;
   The holiest deeds can naught avail
   Before thee none can boast him clear;
   Therefore must each thy judgment fear,
   And live on thy compassion.

3 For this, my hope in God shall rest,
   Naught building on my merit;
   My heart confides, of him possest,
   His goodness stays my spirit.
   His precious word assureth me;
   Whereon my soul abideth.

4 And though I wait the livelong night
   And till the morn returneth,
   My heart undoubting trusts his might
   Nor in impatience mourneth.
   Born of his Spirit, Israel
   In the right way thus fareth well,
   And on his God reposeth.

5 What though our sins are manifold?
   Supreme his mercy reigneth;
   No limit can his hand withhold,
   Where evil most obtaineth.
   He the good Shepherd is alone,
   Who Israel will redeem and own,
   Forgiving all transgression.
V. Ein neues Lied wir heben an.
By Help of God I fain would tell.

A Song of the Two Christian Martyrs burnt at Brussels by the Sophists of Louvain in the year MDXXII [July 1, 1523].

Melody, 1525. Harmony by M. Praetorius, 1610.

{ By help of God I fain would tell A new and wondrous story, }
{ And sing a marvel that tell To his great praise and glory, }

At Brussels in the Netherlands He hath His banner lifted, To show his wonders by the hands Of two youths, highly gifted With rich and heav'nly graces.
Ein neues Lied wir heben an.

By Help of God I fain would tell.

1 By help of God I fain would tell
   A new and wondrous story,
   And sing a marvel that befell
   To his great praise and glory.
   At Brussels in the Netherlands
   He hath his banner lifted,
   To show his wonders by the hands
   Of two youths, highly gifted
   With rich and heavenly graces.

2 One of these youths was call'd John,
   And Henry was the other;
   Rich in the grace of God
   was one,
   A Christian true his brother.
   For God's dear Word they shed their blood,
   And from the world departed
   Like bold and pious sons of God;
   Faithful and lion-hearted,
   They won the crown of martyrs.

3 The old Arch-fiend did them immure,
   To terrify them seeking;
   They bade them God's dear Word abjure,
   And fain would stop their speaking.
   From Louvain many Sophists came,
   Deep versed in human learning,
   God's Spirit foiled them at their game
   Their pride to folly turning.
   They could not but be losers.

4 They spake them fair, they spake them foul,
   Their sharp devices trying.
   Like rocks stood firm each brave young soul
   The Sophists' art defying.
   The enemy waxed fierce in hate,
   And for their life-blood thirsted;
   He fumed and chafed that one so great
   Should by two babes be worsted,
   And straightway sought to burn them.
5 BY HELP OF GOD I FAIN WOULD TELL.

5 Their monkish garb from them they take,
And gown of ordination;
The youths a cheerful Amen spake,
And showed no hesitation.
They thanked their God that by his aid
They now had been denuded
Of Satan's mock and masquerade,
Whereby he had deluded
The world with false pretences.

6 Thus by the power of grace they were
True priests of God's own making,
Who offered up themselves e'en there,
Christ's holy orders taking;
Dead to the world, they cast aside
Hypocrisy's sour leaven,
That penitent and justified
They might go clean to heaven,
And leave all monkish follies.

7 They then were told that they must read
A note which was dictated;
They straightway wrote their fate and creed,
And not one jot abated.
Now mark their heresy ! " We must
In God be firm believers;
In mortal men not put our trust,
For they are all deceivers ;"
For this they must be burned !

8 Two fires were lit; the youths were brought,
But all were seized with wonder
To see them set the flames at naught,
And stood as struck with thunder.
With joy they came in sight of all,
And sang aloud God's praises;
The Sophists' courage wadd small
Before such wondrous traces
Of God's almighty finger.

9 The scandal they repent, and would
Right gladly gloss it over;
They dare not boast their deed of blood,
But seek the stain to cover.

9 Der Schimpf sie nun gereuet hat,
Sie wollen's gern schon machen;
Sie thurn nicht rühmen sich der That
Sie bergen faß die Sachen,

5 Sie raubten ihn'n das Klosterkleid,
Die Weil' sie ihn'n auch nahmen;
Die Knaben waren des bereit,
Sie sprachen fröhlich: Amen!
Sie banden ihrem Vater, Gott,
Das sie los sollen werden
Des Truetsels Larvenpiel und Spott,
Darin durch falsche Bitten
Die Welt er gar betreuget.

6 Da schilt Gott durch sein Gnad' also,
Das sie recht Priester worden;
Sich selbst ihm mussten opfern da
Und geh'n im Christen Orden,
Der Welt ganz abgestorben sein,
Die Hedelei ablegen,
Zum Himmel kommen frei und rein,
Die Münderei auslegen
Und Menschen Land sie lassen.

7 Man schrieb ihn'n für ein Priestlein klein,
Das tieß man sie selbst leisen,
Die Stück' sie zeigten alle dreyin,
Was ihr Glaub' war gewiesen.
Der höchste Pritium tiefster war:
Man muß allein Gott glauben,
Der Mensch leucht und treut immerdar,
Dem soll man nichts vertrauen;
Deß mußten sie verbrennen.

8 Zwei große Feur sie zün't'en an,
Die Knaben sie der brachten,
Es nahm groß Wunder Zeerermann,
Das sie solch' Pein veracht'en,
Mit Freuden sie sich gaben dreyin,
Mit Gottes Lob und Singen,
Der Muth ward den Sophisten klein
Für diesen neuen Dingen,
Da sich Gott ließ jo merken.
They feel the shame within their breast,
And charge therewith each other;
But now the Spirit cannot rest,
For Abel 'gainst his brother
Doth cry aloud for vengeance.

Their ashes will not rest; world-wide
They fly through every nation.
No cave nor grave, no turn nor tide,
Can hide th' abomination.
The voices which with cruel hands
They put to silence living,
Are heard, though dead, throughout all lands
Their testimony giving,
And loud hosannas singing.

From lies to lies they still proceed,
And feign forthwith a story
To color o'er the murderous deed;
Their conscience pricks them sorely.
These saints of God e'en after death
They slandered, and asserted
The youths had with their latest breath
Confessed and been converted,
Their heresy renouncing.

Then let them still go on and lie,
They cannot win a blessing;
And let us thank God heartily,
His Word again possessing.
Summer is even at our door,
The winter now has vanished,
The tender flowerets spring once more,
And he, who winter banished,
Will send a happy summer.
VI. Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland.

Saviour of the Heathen, known.

From the Ambrosian Christmas Hymn, "Veni, Redemptor, Gentium."

Melody derived from the Ambrosian original, 1525.


Saviour of the heathen, known As the promised virgin's Son;

Come, thou wonder of the earth, God ordained thee such a birth.

1 Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland,
   Der Jungfrauen Kind erkannt,
   Daß sich wunder alle Welt,
   Gott solch Geburt ihm bestellte.

   Saviour of the heathen, known
   As the promised virgin's Son;
   Come thou wonder of the earth,
   God ordained thee such a birth.

2 Nicht von Mann's Blut noch von Fleisch,
   Allein von dem heil'gen Geist
   Ist Gott's Wort worden ein Mensch,
   Und blüht ein Frucht Weibes Fleisch.

   Not of flesh and blood the son,
   Offspring of the Holy One,
   Born of Mary ever-blest,
   God in flesh is manifest.

3 Der Jungfrau Leib schwanger ward
   Doch blieb Menschheit rein bewahret,
   Leucht hiefur manch Tugend schon,
   Gott da war in seinem Thron.

   Cherished is the Holy Child
   By the mother undefiled;
   In the virgin, full of grace,
   God has made his dwelling-place.
SAVIOUR OF THE HEATHEN, KNOWN.

4 Lo! he comes! the Lord of all
Leaves his bright and royal hall;
God and man, with giant force,
Hastening to run his course.

5 To the Father whence he came
He returns with brighter fame;
Down to hell he goes alone,
Then ascends to God’s high throne.

6 Thou, the Father’s equal, win
Victory in the flesh o’er sin;
So shall man, though weak and frail,
By the indwelling God prevail.

7 On thy lowly manger night
Sheds a pure unwonted light;
Darkness must not enter here,
Faith abides in sunshine clear.

8 Praise be to the Father done,
Praise be to the only Son,
Praises to the Spirit be,
Now and to eternity.

4 Er ging aus der Kammer sein,
Dem Kön’ligen Saal so rein,
Gott von Art und Mensch ein Held
Sein’n Weg er zu laufen eilt.

5 Sein Lauf kam vom Vater her
Und kehrt wieder zum Vater,
Fuhr hinunter zu der Höll’
Und wieder zu Gottes Stuhl.

6 Der du bist dem Vater gleich,
Fuhr hinaus den Sieg im Fleisch,
Das dein ewig Gottes Gewalt
In uns das krank Fleisch enthalt.

7 Dein’ Krüppen glänzt hell und klar,
Die Nacht gieht ein neu Licht dar,
Dunkel muß nicht kommen d’rein
Der Glaub’ bleibt immer im Schein.

8 Lob sei Gott dem Vater g’han,
Lob sei Gott dem ein’gen Sohn,
Lob sei Gott dem heil’gen Geist,
Immer und in Ewigkeit.
VII. Christum wir sollen loben schon.

Now praise we Christ, the Holy One.

From the Hymn "A solis ortus cardine."

The Original Latin Melody. Harmony by M. Praetorius, 1609.

1 Now praise we Christ, the Holy One,
The spotless virgin Mary's Son,
Far as the blessed sun doth shine,
E'en to the world's remote confine.

1 Christum wir sollen loben schon
Der reinen Magd Marien Sohn,
So weit die liebe Sonne leuchtet
Und an aller Welt Ende recht.

2 Der selig Schöpfer aller Ding,
Jog an ein's Knechts Leib gering,
Dass er das Fleisch durch's Fleisch erwürfe,
Und sein' Geschöpf nicht all's verdörre.

2 He, who himself all things did make,
A servant's form vouchsafed to take,
That He as man mankind might win,
And save His creatures from their sin.

3 Die göttlich Gnade vom Himmel groß
Sich in die feuchte Mutter goss;
Ein Kindlein trug ein himmel's Pfand,
Das der Natur war unbekannt.

3 The grace of God, th'Almighty Lord,
On the chaste mother was outpoured;
A virgin pure and undefiled
In wondrous wise conceived a child.
Now praise we Christ, the Holy One.

4 The holy maid became th' abode
And temple of the living God;
And she, who knew not man, was blest
With God's own Word made manifest.

5 The noble mother bare a Son,
For so did Gabriel's promise run,
Whom John confess and leapt with joy,
Ere yet the mother knew her boy.

6 In a rude manger, stretched on hay,
In poverty content he lay;
With milk was fed the Lord of all,
Who feeds the ravens when they call.

7 Th' angelic choir rejoice, and raise
Their voice to God in songs of praise;
To humble shepherds is proclaimed
The Shepherd who the world hath framed.

8 Honor to thee, O Christ, be paid,
Pure offspring of a holy maid,
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Till time in time's abyss be lost.
VIII. Gelobet sei't du, Jesu Christ.

All Praise to Jesus' hallowed Name.

The first stanza an ancient German Christmas Hymn. Six stanzas added by Luther.

All praise to Jesus' hallowed name, Who of virgin pure became True man for us! The angels sing As the glad news to earth they bring...... Hal-le-lu-jah!

1 Gelobet sei't du, Jesu Christ, Das du Menich geboren bist von einer Jungfrau, das ist wahr, Des freuet sich der Engel Schaar. 

Krivoleis.

1 All praise to Jesus' hallowed name Who of virgin pure became True man for us! The angels sing As the glad news to earth they bring. 

Hallelujah!

2 Des ew'gen Haters einzige Kind Jesu man in der Krippen sitzt, In unser armes Fleisch und Blut Verkleidet sich das ewig Gut. 

Krivoleis.

2 Th'eternal Father's only Son For a manger leaves his throne. Disguised in our poor flesh and blood See now the everlasting Good. 

Hallelujah!
3 He whom the world could not inwrap
   Yonder lies in Mary's lap;
   He is become an infant small,
   Who by his might upholdeth all.
   Hallelujah!

4 Th' eternal Light, come down from heaven,
   Hath to us new sunshine given;
   It shineth in the midst of night,
   And maketh us the sons of light.
   Hallelujah!

5 The Father's Son, God everblesb,
   In the world became a guest;
   He leads us from this vale of tears,
   And makes us in his kingdom heirs.
   Hallelujah!

6 He came to earth so mean and poor,
   Man to pity and restore,
   And make us rich in heaven above,
   Equal with angels through his love.
   Hallelujah!

7 All this he did to show his grace
   To our poor and sinful race;
   For this let Christendom adore
   And praise his name for evermore.
   Hallelujah!
IX. Christ lag in Todesbanden.

Christ was laid in Death’s strong Bands.

"Christ ist erstanden."—[Gebessert. D. Martin Luther.]

Melody derived from that of the older hymn, 1525.

With loud songs of Hallelujah!

Harmony by Wm. Steendale Bennett and Otto Goldschmitt, 1865.

1 Christ lag in Todesbanden
For our transgressions given.
None o’er Death could victory win;
Fur unser’ Sünd’ gegeben;
O’er all mankind he reign’d.

2 Den Tod, Mörder, zwingen kann’t
Risen, at God’s right hand he stands
Das mächt’ste unter Sünd’
Und hat uns bracht das Leben;
And brings us life from heav’n.
Kein’ Unschuldische sein haben.

1 Christ was laid in Death’s strong bands
For our transgressions given.

Risen, at God’s right hand he stands
And brings us life from heaven.

Therefore let us joyful be
Praising God right thankfully
With loud songs of Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

2 None o’er Death could victory win;
O’er all mankind he reign’d.

’Twas by reason of our sin;
There was not one unstained.
CHRIST WAS LAID IN DEATH’S STRONG BANDS.

Thus came Death upon us all,  
Bound the captive world in thrall,  
Held us 'neath his dread dominion.  
Hallelujah!

3 Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
To our low state descending,  
All our sins away hath done  
Death's power forever ending.  
Ruined all his right and claim  
Left him nothing but the name,  
For his sting is lost forever.  
Hallelujah!

4 Strange and dreadful was the fray,  
When Death and Life contended;  
But 'twas Life that won the day,  
Holy Scripture plainly saith,  
Death is swallowed up of Death,  
Put to scorn and led in triumph.  
Hallelujah!

5 This, the Paschal Lamb, the Christ,  
Whom God so freely gave us,  
On the cross is sacrificed  
In flames of love to save us.  
On our door the blood-mark;—Faith  
Holds it in the face of Death.  
The Destroyer can not harm us.  
Hallelujah!

6 Therefore let us keep the feast  
With heartfelt exultation;  
God to shine on us is pleased,  
The Sun of our salvation.  
On our hearts, with heavenly grace,  
Beams the brightness of his face,  
And the night of sin has vanished.  
Hallelujah!

7 Eat th’ unleavened bread to-day,  
And drink the paschal chalice;  
From God’s pure word put away  
The leaven of guile and malice.  
Christ alone our souls will feed;  
He is meat and drink indeed.  
Faith no other life desireth.  
Hallelujah!
Come, God Creator, Holy Ghost.

From the Hymn, “Veni, Creator Spiritus,” ascribed to Charlemagne.

Melody, derived from the Latin original, 1543.

Harmony by Johann Sebastian Bach.

From the Cantata, “Gott der Hoftnung erfülle euch.”

Come, God Creator, Holy Ghost, And visit thou these souls of men;
Fill them with graces, as thou dost, Thy creatures make pure again.

1 Come, God Creator, Holy Ghost,
And visit thou these souls of men;
Fill them with graces, as thou dost,
Thy creatures make pure again.

2 For Comforter thy name we call,
Sweet gift of God most high above,
A holy unction to us all
O Fount of life, Fire of love.

3 Our minds illumine and refresh,
Deep in our hearts let love burn bright;
Thou know’st the weakness of our flesh;
And strengthen us with thy might.

4 Thou with thy wondrous sevenfold gifts
The finger art of God’s right hand;
The Father’s word thou sendest swift
On tongues of fire to each land.

5 Drive far from us our wily foe;
Grant us thy blessed peace within,
That in thy footsteps we may go,
And shun the dark ways of sin.

6 Teach us the Father well to know,
Likewise his only Son our Lord,
Thyself to us believing show,
Spirit of both, aye adored.
COME, GOD CREATOR, HOLY GHOST.

7 Gott Vater sei Lob und dem Sohn,
Der von den Toten auferstanden;
Dem Tröster sei daffel' gethan
In Ewigkeit alle Stand'.

7 Praise to the Father, and the Son
Who from the dead is risen again;
Praise to the Comforter be done
Both now and ever. Amen.

XI. Jesus Christus unser Heiland, der den Tod.
Jesus Christ, who came to save.

A Song of Praise for Easter.

Melody in KLUG, 1535, and BAPST, 1543.
Originally Hypo-Dorian.

Harmony after JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH,
Condensed from a Choral-Vorspiel.

Jesus Christ who came to save, And overcame the grave, Is now arisen, And sin hath bound in prison. Kyri' eleison!

1 Jesus Christus unser Heiland,
Der den Tod überwand,
Ist auferstanden,
Die Sünd' hat er gefangen.

Kyri' eleison!

2 Der oh'n Sünden war geboren,
Trug für uns Gottes Zorn,
Hat uns versöhnet,
Das Gott und sein' Huld gönner.

Kyri' eleison!

3 Tod, Sünd', Leben und Gnaden,
All's in Händen er hat,
Er kann errichten
Alle, die zu ihm treten.

Kyri' eleison!

1 Jesus Christ, who came to save,
And overcame the grave,
Is now arisen,
And sin hath bound in prison.

Kyri' eleison!

2 Who without sin was found,
Bore our transgression's wound.
He is our Saviour,
And brings us to God's favor.

Kyri' eleison!

3 Life and mercy, sin and death,
All in his hands he hath;
Them he'll deliver,
Who trust in him forever.

Kyri' eleison!
XII. Komm, heiliger Geist, Herre Gott.

Come, Holy Spirit, Lord our God.

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus, gebessert durch D. Martin Luther." The last two stanzas added by Luther's hand.

The original Latin Melody.

Harmony after Erythraeus, 1603.

Come, Holy Spirit, Lord... our God, And pour thy gifts of...

O Lord, thou by thy heavenly light Dost gather and in....

grace... abroad; Thy faithful people... fill... with faith... unite Through all... the world... a... holy

blessing, Love's fire... their hearts possessing.

nation, To sing... to thee with [Omit......] exultation, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Come, Holy Spirit, Lord our God.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Lord our God,
And pour thy gifts of grace abroad;
Thy faithful people fill with blessing,
Love’s fire their hearts possessing.
O Lord, thou by thy heavenly light
Dost gather and in faith unite
Through all the world a holy nation
To sing to thee with exultation,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2 O holiest Light! O Rock adored!
Give us thy light, thy living word,
To God himself our spirits leading,
With him as children pleading.
From error, Lord, our souls defend,
That they on Christ alone attend;
In him with faith unfeigned abiding,
In him with all their might confiding.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3 O holiest Fire! O Source of rest!
Grant that with joy and hope possess,
And in thy service kept forever,
Naught us from thee may sever.
Lord, may thy power prepare each heart;
To our weak nature strength impart,
Onward to press, our foes defying,
To thee, through living and through dying.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Note.—The first stanza is found in a service-book of the church of Basel, of the year 1514. The irregularities of the German versification may be explained in part by the two-fold authorship, in this and other hymns.
That Men a godly Life might live.

Melody (from an old German Processional), Wittenberg, 1525. Harmony by M. Praetorius, 1609.

1. That man a godly life might live, God did these ten commandments give
By his true servant Moses, high
Upon the mount Sinai. Have mercy, Lord.

2. I am thy God and Lord alone,
No other God besides me own;
On my great mercy venture thee,
With all thy heart love thou me.
Have mercy, Lord.

3. By idle word and speech profane
Take not my holy name in vain;
And praise not aught as good and true
But what God doth say and do.
Have mercy, Lord.

4. Hallow the day which God hath blest,
That thou and all thy house may rest;
Keep hand and heart from labor free,
That God may so work in thee.
Have mercy, Lord.
THAT MEN A GODLY LIFE MIGHT LIVE.

5 Give to thy parents honor due,
   Be dutiful and loving too;
   And help them when their strength decays;
   So shalt thou have length of days.
   Have mercy, Lord.

6 Kill thou not out of evil will,
   Nor hate, nor render ill for ill;
   Be patient and of gentle mood,
   And to thy foe do thou good.
   Have mercy, Lord.

7 Be faithful to thy marriage vows,
   Thy heart give only to thy spouse;
   Keep thy life pure, and lest thou sin
   Keep thyself with discipline.
   Have mercy, Lord.

8 Steal not; oppressive acts abhor;
   Nor wring their life-blood from the poor;
   But open wide thy loving hand
   To all the poor in the land.
   Have mercy, Lord.

9 Bear not false witness, nor belie
   Thy neighbor by foul calumny;
   Defend his innocence from blame,
   With charity hide his shame.
   Have mercy, Lord.

10 Thy neighbor's wife desire thou not,
    His house, nor aught that he hath got;
    But wish that his such good may be
    As thy heart doth wish for thee.
    Have mercy, Lord.

11 God these commandments gave, therein
    To show thee, son of man, thy sin,
    And make thee also well perceive
    How man for God ought to live.
    Have mercy, Lord.

12 Help us, Lord Jesus Christ, for we
    A Mediator have in thee;
    Without thy help our works so vain
    Merit naught but endless pain.
    Have mercy, Lord.
XIV. *Jesus Christus unser Heiland, der von uns.*

Christ, who freed our Souls from Danger.

"Improved" from the Communion Hymn of John Huss, "Jesus Christus, noster Salus."

Melody in Waller, 1525.


1. Christ, who freed our souls from danger, And hath turn'd a-way God's anger,
   Suffered pains no tongue can tell, To redeem us from pains of hell.

2. That we never might forget it,
   Take my flesh, he said, and eat it,
   Hidden in this piece of bread,
   Drink my blood in this wine, he said.

3. Whoso to this board repaireth,
   Take good heed how he prepareth;
   Death instead of life shall he
   Find, who cometh unworthily.
CHRIST, WHO FREED OUR SOULS FROM DANGER.

4 Praise the Father, God in heaven,
Who such dainty food hath given,
And for misdeeds thou hast done
Gave to die his beloved Son.

5 Trust God’s Word; it is intended
For the sick who would be mended;
Those whose heavy-laden breast
Groans with sin, and is seeking rest.

6 To such grace and mercy turneth
Every soul that truly mourneth;
Art thou well? Avoid this board,
Else thou reapest an ill reward.

7 Lo! he saith himself, “Ye weary,
Come to me, and I will cheer ye;
Needless were the leech’s skill
To the souls that be strong and well.

8 Couldst thou earn thine own salvation,
Useless were my death and passion;
Wilt thou thine own helper be?
No meet table is this for thee.

9 If thou this believest truly,
And confession makest duly,
Thou a welcome guest art here,
This rich banquet thy soul shall cheer.

10 Sweet henceforth shall be thy labor,
Thou shalt truly love thy neighbor
So shall he both taste and see
What thy Saviour hath done in thee.
XV. Gott sei gelobet und gebenebiet.

May God be praised henceforth and blest forever.

Melody (from a more ancient German Hymn-tune), Wittenberg, 1525.

Harmony by H. Schein, 1627.

May God be prais'd henceforth and blest for-ev-er! Who, him-self both gift and
With his own flesh and blood our souls doth nour-ish; May they grow there-by and

{ giver, Ky-ri-e-le-ison. By thy ho-ly bod-y, Lord,
flour-ish! }

the same Which from thine own moth-er.... Ma-ry.... came; By the drops

thou didst bleed, Help us in the hour of need! Ky-ri-e-le-ison.
Gott sei gelobet und gebenedeiet.

May God be praised henceforth and blest forever.

1 Gott sei gelobet und gebenedeiet,
   Der uns selber hat gepriesen
Mit seinem Fleische und mit seinem Blute,
Das gib uns, Herr Gott, zu gute.
   Kyri' eleison!
Herr, durch dein' teilet Leichnam,
Der von deiner mother Maria kam,
Und das heilige Blut,
Hilf uns, Herr, aus aller Not.
   Kyri' eleison!

2 Der heil'g' Leichnam ist für uns gegeben
   Zum Tod, daß wir dadurch leben,
Richt größer' Güte konnte er uns schenken,
Dabei wir sein soll'n gedenken.
   Kyri' eleison!
Herr, dein Lieb' so groß dich zwungen hat,
Das dein Blut an uns groß Wunder tat
Und bezahlt unser Schuld,
Das uns Gott ist worden hol
   Kyri' eleison!

3 Gott geb' uns allen seiner Gnade Segen,
   Daß wir gehen auf seinen Wegen,
   Zu rechter Lieb' und brüderlicher Treue,
   Daß uns die Spieß' nicht gereue.
   Kyri' eleison!
Herr, dein heil'g' Geist uns nimmer läß
   Der uns geb' zu halten recht Maß,
   Daß dein' arm' Christenheit
Läß' in Fried' und Einigkeit.
   Kyri' eleison!

1 May God be prais'd henceforth and blest forever!
   Who, himself both gift and giver,
With his own flesh and blood our souls
   Doth nourish;
May they grow thereby and flourish!
   Kyri' eleison!
By thy holy body, Lord, the same
Which from thine own mother Mary came,
By the drops thou didst bleed,
Help us in the hour of need!
   Kyri' eleison!

2 Thou hast to death thy holy body given,
   Life to win for us in heaven;
   By stronger love, dear Lord, thou couldst
   Not bind us,
Whereof this should well remind us.
   Kyri' eleison!
   Lord, thy love constrain'd thee for our good
Mighty things to do by thy dear blood;
   Thou hast paid all we owed,
   Thou hast made our peace with God.
   Kyri' eleison!

3 May God bestow on us his grace and blessing,
   That, his holy footsteps tracing,
   We walk as brethren dear in love and union,
   Nor repent this sweet communion.
   Kyri' eleison!
   Let not us the Holy Ghost forsake;
   May he grant that we the right way take;
   That thy poor church may see
   Days of peace and unity.
   Kyri' eleison!
May God unto us gracious be, And grant to us his blessing; Lord,

show thy face to us, through thee Eternal life possessing:

all thy work and will, O God, To us may be revealed, And Christ's salvation

spread abroad To heathen lands unsealed, And unto God convert them.
Es wollt' uns Gott genädig sein.

May God unto us gracious be.

1 May God unto us gracious be,
   And grant to us his blessing;
   Lord, show thy face to us, through thee
   Eternal life possessing:
   That all thy work and will, o God,
   To us may be revealed,
   And Christ's salvation spread abroad
   To heathen lands unsealed,
   And unto God convert them.

2 So danken, Gott, und loben dich
   Die Heiden überalle,
   Und alle Welt die freue sich
   Und sing' mit großem Schalle,
   Das du auf Erden Richter bist
   Und saft die Sünd' nicht walten,
   Dein Wort die Hut und Weide ist,
   Die altes Volk erhalten,
   In rechter Bahn zu walten.

3 Es dankt, Gott, und lobe dich
   Das Volk in guten Dichten;
   Das Land bringt Frucht und besterst sich,
   Dein Wort ist wohl gerathen.
   Uns segnet Vater und der Sohn,
   Uns segnet Gott der heil'gen Geist,
   Dem alle Welt die Ehre thut,
   Fur ihm sich fürchte allermeist,
   Nun sprechet von Herzen, Amen!

4 Thine over all shall be the praise
   And thanks of every nation,
   And all the world with joy shall raise
   The voice of exultation.
   For thou the sceptre, Lord, dost wield
   Sin to thyself subjecting;
   Thy Word, thy people's pasture-field,
   And fence their feet protecting,
   Them in the way preserveth.

5 Thy fold, O God, shall bring to thee
   The praise of holy living;
   Thy word shall richly fruitful be,
   And earth shall yield thanksgiving.
   Bless us, O Father! bless, O Son!
   Grant, Holy Ghost, thy blessing!
   Thee earth shall honor—thee alone,
   Thy fear all souls possessing.
   Now let our hearts say, Amen.
XVII. Wohl dem, der in Gottes Furcht steht.

Happy the Man who feareth God.

PSALM CXXVIII.—“Beati omnes qui timent Dominum.”

FIRST MELODY, 1525. Harmony by Gesius, 1605.

Happy the man who feareth God, Whose feet his holy ways have trod;

Thine own good hand shall nourish thee, And well and happy shalt thou be.

SECOND MELODY, 1537. Harmony by Landgraf Moritz, 1612.

Also known by the title: Wo Gott zum Sand nicht gift sein' Gunst.

Happy the man who feareth God, Whose feet his holy ways have trod; Thine own good hand shall nourish thee, And well and happy shalt thou be.
Wohl dem, der in Gottes Fürcht steht.

Happy the Man who feareth God.

1 Wohl dem, der in Gottes Fürcht steht,
Und der auf seinem Wege geht;
Dein eigen Hand dich nähren soll,
So lebst du recht und gehst dir wohl.

1 Happy the man who feareth God,
Whose feet his holy ways have trod;
Thine own good hand shall nourish thee,
And well and happy shalt thou be.

2 Dein Weib wird in deinem Hause sein
Wie ein' Rebe voll Trauben sein,
Und dein' Kinder um deinen Tisch
Wie Delpflanzen, gesund und frisch.

2 Thy wife shall, like a fruitful vine,
Fill all thy house with clusters fine;
Thy children all be fresh and sound,
Like olive-plants thy table round.

3 Sich so reich Segen hängt dem an,
Wo in Gottes Fürcht lebt ein Mann,
Denn ihm löst der alte Fluch und Zorn,
Den Menschenkindern angebor'n.

3 Lo! to the man these blessings cleave
Who in God's holy fear doth live;
From him the ancient curse hath fled
By Adam's race inherited.

4 Aus Zion wird Gott segnen dich,
Dass du wirst schauen stetiglich
Das Glück der Stadt Jerusalem,
Für Gott in Gnaden angehnem.

4 Out of Mount Zion God shall send,
And crown with joy thy latter end;
That thou Jerusalem mayst see,
In favor and prosperity.

5 Freißen wird er das Leben dein
Und mit Güte stets bei dir sein,
Dass du siehst wirst Kindes Kind
Und das Israel Friede fütt.

5 He shall be with thee in thy ways,
And give thee health and length of days;
Yea, thou shalt children's children see,
And peace on Israel shall be.
XVIII. Mitten wir im Leben sind.
Though in Midst of Life we be.

Melody, 1525.

Harmony by Erythraeus, 1608.

Though in midst of life we be... Snares of death surround us;
Where shall we for succor flee... Lest our foes confound us? To thee, alone, our Saviour. We mourn our grievous sin which hath... Stirred the fire of thy fierce wrath. Holy and gracious God! Holy and mighty God! Holy and all merciful Saviour! Thou eternal God. Save us, Lord, from sinking In the deep and bitter flood. Kyrie eleison.
Mitten wir im Leben sind.

Though in Midst of Life we be.

1 Mitten wir im Leben sind
   Mit dem Tod umfängen,
   Wen sich'n wir der Hilfe thu',
   Daß wir Gnad' erlangen?
   Das bist du, Herr, alleine.
   Uns reuet unier' Müßethat,
   Die dich, Herr, ergünnet hat.
   Helliger Herre Gott,
   Helliger, starker Gott,
   Helliger, barmherziger Helland,
   Du ewiger Gott!
   Lass uns nicht versinken
   In der bitteren Todesnot.
   Kyrieleison!

2 Mitten in dem Tod ansieht
   Uns der Höllen Rachen;
   Wer will uns aus solcher Not
   Frei und lebig machen?
   Das hast du, Herr, alleine.
   Es jammert dein' Barmherzigkeit
   Unser' Süß' und großes Leid.
   Helliger Herre Gott!
   Helliger, starker Gott!
   Helliger, barmherziger Helland!
   Du ewiger Gott!
   Lass uns nicht vergingen
   Für die tiefen Höllenglut.
   Kyrieleison!

3 Mitten in der Höllen Angst
   Unser' Klag' uns treiben;
   Wo soll'n wir denn stieben hin,
   Da wir mögen bleiben?
   Zu dir, Herr Christ, alleine.
   Vergessen ist dein' heures Blut,
   Das g'nug für die Sünde thu.
   Helliger Herre Gott!
   Helliger, starker Gott!
   Helliger, barmherziger Helland!
   Du ewiger Gott!
   Lass uns nicht entfallen
   Von des rechten Glaubens Trost.
   Kyrieleison!

1 Though in midst of life we be,
   Snares of death surround us;
   Where shall we for succor flee,
   Lest our foes confound us?
   To thee alone, our Saviour.
   We mourn our grievous sin which hath
   Stir'd the fire of thy fierce wrath.
   Holy and gracious God!
   Holy and mighty God!
   Holy and all-merciful Saviour!
   Thou eternal God!
   Save us, Lord, from sinking
   In the deep and bitter flood.
   Kyrie eleison.

2 Whilst in midst of death we be,
   Hell's grim jaws o'ertake us;
   Who from such distress will free.
   Who secure will make us?
   Thou only, Lord, canst do it!
   It moves thy tender heart to see
   Our great sin and misery.
   Holy and gracious God!
   Holy and mighty God!
   Holy and all merciful Saviour!
   Thou eternal God!
   Let not hell dismay us
   With its deep and burning flood.
   Kyrie eleison.

3 Into hell's fierce agony
   Sin doth headlong drive us:
   Where shall we for succor flee,
   Who, O, who will hide us?
   Thou only, blessèd Saviour.
   Thy precious blood was shed to win
   Peace and pardon for our sin.
   Holy and gracious God!
   Holy and mighty God!
   Holy and all-merciful Saviour!
   Let us not, we pray,
   From the true faith's comfort
   Fall in our last need away.
   Kyrie eleison.
XIX. Nun bitten wir den heiligen Geist.

Now pray we all God, the Comforter.

The first stanza from an ancient German hymn. The other stanzas added by Luther.

echo of the thirteenth Century.

Harmony by A. HAUPP, 1869.

Now pray we all God, the Comforter, Into every heart true faith to pour, And that he defend... us, Yea, till death end us,

When for heav'n we leave this world of sorrow. Have mercy, Lord.

1 Nun bitten wir den heiligen Geist
Um den rechten Glauben allermeist,
Das er uns behüte an unserm Ende,
Wann wir heimfahr'n aus diesem Ende.

2 Du wertes Licht, gib uns deinen Schen,
Lehr' und Jesum Christ kennen allein,
Dass wir an ihm bleiben, dem treuen Heiland,
Der uns erzogen zum rechten Hertenz.

3 Du süße Liebe, schenk uns deine Gunst,
Las uns empfinden der Liebe Brunst,
Dass wir uns von Herzen einander lieben
Und in Frieden auf einem Sinne bleiben.

4 Now pray we all God, the Comforter,
Into every heart true faith to pour
And that he defend us, Till death here end us,
When for heaven we leave this world of sorrow.

Have mercy, Lord.

2 Shine into us, O most holy Light,
That we Jesus Christ may know aright;
Stayed on him forever, Our only Saviour,
Who to our true home again hath brought us.

Have mercy, Lord.

3 Spirit of love, now our spirits bless;
Them with thy own heavenly fire possess;
That in heart uniting, In peace delighting,
We may henceforth all be one in spirit.

Have mercy, Lord.
4 Our highest comfort in all distress!
O let naught with fear our hearts oppress:
Give us strength unfailing O'er fear prevailing,
When th' accusing foe would overwhelm us.
Have mercy, Lord.

XX. Mit Fried' und Freud' ich fahr' dahin.
In Peace and Joy I now depart.

A Song of Simeon, "Nunc Dimittis."

Melody, 1525.

Harmony by M. Praetorius, 1610.

In peace and joy I now depart, At God's disposing;
For full of comfort is... my heart, Soft reposing.

So the Lord... hath promis'd me, And death is but a slumber.

1 Mit Fried' und Freud' ich fahr' dahin,
In Gottes Rille,
Getrost ist mir mein Herz und Sinn,
Sanft und stille.
Wie Gott mir verheisen hat:
Der Tod ist mein Schlaf worden.
2 'Tis Christ that wrought this work for me,
The faithful Saviour;
Whom thou hast made mine eyes to see
By thy favor.
In him I behold my life,
My help in need and dying.

3 Him thou hast unto all set forth,
Their great salvation,
And to his kingdom called the earth—
Every nation.
By thy dear, health-giving word,
In every land resounding.

4 He is the Health and blesstèd Light
Of lands benighted;
By him are they who dwell in night
Fed and lighted.
While his Israel's hope he is,
Their joy, reward and glory.

2 Das macht Christus, mahr Gottes Sohn,
Der treue Heiland,
Den du mich, Herr, hast leben las
Und macht bekannt,
Das er sei das Leben
Und Heil in Reth und Sterben.

3 Den hast du Allen furgestellt
Mit groBen Gnaden;
In seinem Reiche die ganze Welt
Seizen laden
Durch dein thuer helljam Wort,
An allem Ort erschollen.

4 Er ist das Heil und selig Licht
Fur alle Heiden,
Zu leuchten, die sich kennen nicht
Und zu wenden,
Er ist dein's Volks Israel
Der Preis, Chr', Freud' und Monne.
Wilt thou, O Man, live happily.

The Ten Commandments, abridged.

The ten commandments keep, for thus Our God himself bideth us. Kyr' e-lei-son.

1 Wilt thou, O man, live happily, And dwell with God eternally, The ten commandments keep, for thus Our God himself bideth us. Kyr' e-leison!

2 I am the Lord and God! take heed No other god doth thee mislead; Thy heart shall trust alone in me, My kingdom then thou shalt be. Kyr' e-leison!

3 Honor my name in word and deed, And call on me in time of need: Hallow the Sabbath, that I may Work in thy heart on that day. Kyr' e-leison!

4 Obedient always, next to me, To father and to mother be; Kill no man: even anger dread; Keep sacred thy marriage-bed. Kyr' e-leison!

5 Steal not, nor do thy neighbor wrong By bearing witness with false tongue; Thy neighbor's wife desire thou not, Nor grudge him aught he hath got. Kyr' e-leison!
God the Father, with us stay.

Adapted from an ancient German Litany.

Ancient German Melody. Harmony by Landgraf Moritz, 1612.

God the Father, with us stay, Nor suffer us to perish;

All our sins, O take away, Us dying, cheer and cherish.

From the pow'r of hell defend;

This grace to us be granted:—Upon thee to be planted, In heart-felt faith undaunted,

Trusting thee unto the end; With saints of ev'ry nation, Escaping hell's temptation,

Kept by the Lord's salvation. Amen! Amen! Answer send! So sing we all Hallelujah!
Gott der Vater wohn' uns bei.

God the Father, with us stay.

1. Gott der Vater wohn' uns bei
   Und las' uns nicht verberben,
   Mach' uns aller Sünden frei
   Und helf' uns selig sterben.
   Für dem Teufel uns bewahre,
   Halt' uns bei festem Glauben,
   Und auf dich las' uns bauen,
   Aus Herzen Grund vertrauen,
   Die uns lassen ganz und gar;
   Mit allen rechten Christen
   Entfliehen Teufels Lisen,
   Mit Waffen Gott's uns friessen.
   Amen! Amen! das sei wahr,
   So singen wir, Halleluja!

2. Jesus Christus wohn' uns bei
   Und las' uns nicht verberben,
   Mach' uns aller Sünden frei
   Und helf' uns selig sterben.
   Für dem Teufel uns bewahre,
   Halt' uns bei festem Glauben,
   Und auf dich las' uns bauen,
   Aus Herzen Grund vertrauen,
   Die uns lassen ganz und gar;
   Mit allen rechten Christen
   Entfliehen Teufels Lisen,
   Mit Waffen Gott's uns friessen.
   Amen! Amen! das sei wahr,
   So singen wir, Halleluja!

3. Der heil'ge Geist wohn' uns bei
   Und las' uns nicht verberben,
   Mach' uns aller Sünden frei
   Und helf' uns selig sterben.
   Für dem Teufel uns bewahre,
   Halt' uns bei festem Glauben,
   Und auf dich las' uns bauen,
   Aus Herzen Grund vertrauen,
   Die uns lassen ganz und gar;
   Mit allen rechten Christen
   Entfliehen Teufels Lisen,
   Mit Waffen Gott's uns friessen.
   Amen! Amen! das sei wahr,
   So singen wir, Halleluja!

1. God, the Father, with us stay,
   Nor suffer us to perish;
   All our sins O take away,
   Us dying; cheer and cherish.
   From the power of hell defend;
   This grace to us be granted:
   Upon thee to be planted,
   In heartfelt faith undaunted,
   Trusting thee unto the end;
   With saints of every nation,
   Escaping hell's temptation,
   Kept by the Lord's salvation.
   Amen! Amen! Answer send!
   So sing we all Hallelujah!

2. Jesus, Saviour with us stay,
   Nor suffer us to perish;
   All our sins O take away,
   Us dying, cheer and cherish.
   From the power of hell defend;
   This grace to us be granted:
   Upon thee to be planted,
   In heartfelt faith undaunted,
   Trusting thee unto the end;
   With saints of every nation,
   Escaping hell's temptation,
   Kept by the Lord's salvation.
   Amen! Amen! Answer send!
   So sing we all Hallelujah!

3. Holy Spirit, with us stay,
   Nor suffer us to perish;
   All our sins O take away,
   Us dying, cheer and cherish.
   From the power of hell defend;
   This grace to us be granted:
   Upon thee to be planted,
   In heartfelt faith undaunted,
   Trusting thee unto the end;
   With saints of every nation,
   Escaping hell's temptation,
   Kept by the Lord's salvation.
   Amen! Amen! Answer send!
   So sing we all Hallelujah!
XXIII. Wir glauben All' an einen Gott.

We all believe in one true God.

This hymn and tune were intended by Luther to be sung as the Creed during the morning service ("the German Mass"), and remained in such use for a long time.

Melody, 1525.

Harmony from BENNETT and GOLDSCHMIDT's "Choral Book for England," and there ascribed to an ancient source.

We all believe in one true God, Maker of the earth and heaven,

The Father who to us the power To become his sons hath given.

He will us at all times nourish, Soul and body, guard us, guide us,

'Mid all harms will keep and cherish, That no ill shall e'er betide us.
We all believe in one true God,
Maker of the earth and heaven,
The Father who to us the power
To become his sons hath given.
He will us at all times nourish,
Soul and body, guard us, guide us,
'Tmid all harms will keep and cherish,
That no ill shall ever betide us.
He watches o'er us day and night;
All things are governed by his might.

1 Wir glauben All an einen Gott,
    Schöpfer Himmels und der Erden,
Der sich zum Vater geben hat,
    Das wir seine Kinder werden.
Er will uns allzeit ernähren,
    Leib und Seele' auch wohl bewahren,
Allem Unfall will er wahren,
    Kein Leid soll uns widerfahren,
Er wacht für uns, hüt't und mach',
    Es ist Alles in seiner Macht.

2 Wir glauben auch an Jesum Christ,
    Seinen Sohn und unsern Herren,
Der ewig bei dem Vater ist,
    Gleich der Gott von Macht und Ehren,
Von Maria der Jungfräule
    Ist ein wahrer Mensch geboren
Durch den heil'gen Geist im Glauben,
    Für uns, die wir war'n verloren,
Am Kreuz gestorben, und vom Tod
    Wieder auferstanden durch Gott.

3 Wir glauben an den heil'gen Geist,
    Gott mit Vater und dem Sohne,
Der aller Bliiden Trost' heisst
    Und mit Gaben siert sohne
Die ganz' Christenheit auf Erden,
    Hält in einem Stamm gar eben,
Sie alle 'Sünnt' vergehen werden,
    Das Leib's soll auch wieder leben.
Nach diesem Glüd ist bereit
    Und ein Leben in Ewigkeit.

1 And we believe in Jesus Christ,
    Lord and Son of God confessed,
From everlasting days with God,
    In like power and glory blessed.
By the Holy Ghost conceived,
    Born of Mary, virgin mother,
That to lost men who believed
    He should Saviour be and brother;
Was crucified, and from the grave,
    Through God, is risen, strong to save.

3 We in the Holy Ghost believe,
    Who with Son and Father reigneth,
One true God. He, the Comforter,
    Feeble souls with gifts sustaineth.
All his saints, in every nation,
    With one heart this faith receiving,
From all sin obtain salvation,
    From the dust of death reviving.
These sorrows past, there waits in store
    For us, the life for evermore.
The page contains a musical score and a translation of the psalm

**XXIV. Wär' Gott nicht mit uns.**

Had God not come, may Israel say.

**PSALM CXXIV.—“Nisi quia Dominus.”**

Melody, 1525.  
Harmony by M. Praetorius, 1610.

Had God not come, may Israel say, Had God not come to aid... us, Our enemies on that sad day--Would surely have dismayed us; A remnant now, and handful small, Held in contempt and scorn by all, Who cruelly oppress us.
Wär' Gott nicht mit uns.

Had God not come, may Israel say.

1 Had God not come, may Israel say,
   Had God not come to aid us,
   Our enemies on that sad day
   Would surely have dismayed us;
   A remnant now, and handful small,
   Held in contempt and scorn by all
   Who cruelly oppress us.

2 Their furious wrath, did God permit,
   Would surely have consumed us,
   And in the deep and yawning pit
   With life and limb entombed us;
   Like men o'er whom dark waters roll,
   The streams had gone e'en o'er our soul,
   And mightily o'erwhelmed us.

3 Thanks be to God, who from the pit
   Snatched us, when it was gaping;
   Our souls, like birds that break the net,
   To the blue skies escaping;
   The snare is broken—we are free!
   The Lord our helper praised be,
   The God of earth and heaven.
XXV. Jesaia, dem Propheten, das geschah.

These Things the Seer Isaiah did befall.

The German Sanctus. Written for Luther's German Mass, 1526.

Melody, 1526.

Harmony by Erythraeus, 1608.

These things the seer I - sai - ah did be - fall: In spir - it he be - held the
Je - sai - a, dem Pro - phe - ten, das ge - schah, Daß er im Geist den Ger - ren

Lord of all On a high throne, raised up in splendor bright, His gar - ment's
Auf ei - nem ho - ben Thron, in hei - lem Glanz, Sei - ne Klei -

bord - er filled the choir with light. Beside him stood two ser - a - phim which had
des Saum den Chor fü - let ganz. Es fiin - den zween Se - raph bei ihm dar - an,

Six wings, wherewith they both a - like were clad; With twain they hid their shin - ing
Sechs Flü - gel fah er ei - neu je - den han; Mit zween ver - bar - gen sie ihr
face, with twain They hid their feet as with a flowing train, And with the
other twain they both did fly. One to the other thus aloud did cry:

Three times.

"Holy is God, the Lord of Sabbath! His glory
"Heilig ist Gott, der Herr ist Heiligen! Sein Chri die

fills all the trembling earth!" With the loud cry the posts and
gan je Welt es fällt hat!" Von dem Geistere sit tert Schwel und

thresholds shook, And the whole house was filled with mist and smoke.
Sso ist gar, Das Haus auch ganz voll Rauch und Nebel war.
XXVI. Ein’ feste Burg ist unser Gott.

Strong Tower and Refuge is our God.

PSALM XLVI. — "Deus noster refugium et virtus."

Melody, 1529.

Strong tower and refuge is our God, Right good-ly shield and weapon;

He helps us free in ev-ery need, That hath us now o’er-tak-en.

The old... e-vil foe Means us dead-ly woe; Deep guile and great... might

Are his dread arms in fight; On earth is not his e-qual.

Note.—The perfectly regular though rugged versification of the original text (8, 7; 8, 7; 5, 5, 5, 6, 7) has been modified in later editions by an attempt to extend the shorter lines by one syllable. The genuine text is here given, and the English version is conformed to it.
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

Strong Tower and Refuge is our God.

1 Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
   Ein' gute Wohr und Waffen,
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Notth,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.
Der alte böse Feind,
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint:
Groß Macht und viel Lüft,
Sein' grausam Rüstung ist,
Auf Erb ist nicht sein gleichen.

1 Strong tower and refuge is our God,
   Right goodly shield and weapon;
   He helps us free in every need,
   That hath us now o'ertaken.
   The old evil foe,
   Means us deadly woe;
   Deep guile and great might
   Are his dread arms in fight;
   On earth is not his equal.

2 Mit unserer Macht ist nichts gethan,
   Wir sind gar bald verloren,
Es streitet für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott hat selbst erloren.
Fragest du, wer der ist?
Er heißt Jesus Christ,
Der Herr Jehovah,
Und ist kein ander' Gott,
Das Feld muß er behalten.

2 With our own might we nothing can,
   Soon are we lost and fallen;
   But for us fights the righteous man,
   Whom God himself hath callen.
   Ask ye, Who is this?
   Jesus Christ it is,
   Our sole King and Lord,
   As God of Hosts adored;
   He holds the field forever.

3 Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wäre,
   Und voll' und gar verheerter;
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Herr dieser Welt,
Wie saur er sich stellt
Thut er uns doch nicht
Das macht, er ist gerichtet;
Ein Wortlein kann ihn fallen.

3 Though earth all full of devils were,
   Wide roaring to devour us;
   Yet fear we no such grievous fear,
   They shall not overpower us.
   This world's prince may still
   Scowl fierce as he will,
   He can harm us none,
   He's judged; the deed is done;
   One little word can fell him.

4 Dies Wort sie schon lassen stehn,
   Und sein' der Dank dazu haben;
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan
Mit seinem Heil und Leben.
Nehmen sie den Leib,
Gut, Christ, Kind und Welt,
Las' fahren dahin,
Sie haben's sein' Gewinn,
Das Reich muß uns doch bleiben.

4 His Word they still shall let abide,
   And little thank have for it;
   Through all the fight he's on our side
   With his good gifts and Spirit.
   Take they then our life,
   Wealth, fame, child and wife,
   Let these all be gone,
   No triumphs have they won.
   The kingdom ours remaineth.
XXVII. Verleih' uns Frieden gnädiglich.

In these our Days so perilous.

"Da pacem Domine."

Melody, 1543.

Verleih' uns Frieden gnädiglich,
Herr Gott, zu unser'n Zeiten,
Es ist doch ja kein ander' nicht,
Ter für uns strenge streiten,
Denn du, unser Gott alleine.

In these our days so perilous,
Lord, peace in mercy send us;
No God but thee can fight for us,
No God but thee defend us;
Thou our only God and Saviour.
Lord God, thy praise we sing.

Herr Gott, dich loben wir.

Te Deum Laudamus. For two Choirs.

Melody, from the Latin Melody.

Harmony by Landgraf Moritz.

FIRST CHOIR.

SECOND CHOIR.

Lord God, thy praise we sing; Lord God, our thanks we bring;

Herr Gott, dich loben wir, Herr Gott, wir danzen dir!

Father in eternity, All the world worships thee.

Dich, Vater in Ewigkeit, Gott die Welt weit und breit.

Angels all and heavenly host Of thy glory loudly boast;

All Engel und Himmelsheer' Und was deiner Chre'

Both Cherubim and Seraphim Sing ever with loud voice this hymn:

Auch Cherubin und Seraphin Singen immer mit hoher Stimme:
LORD GOD, THY PRAISE WE SING.

FIRST CHOIR.

Holy art thou, our God! Heilig ist unser Gott!

SECOND CHOIR.

Holy art thou, our God! Heilig ist unser Gott!

BOTH CHOIRS.

Holy art thou, our God, the Lord of Sabaoth! Heilig ist unser Gott, der Herr re Bebaoth!

FIRST CHOIR.

Thy majesty and godly might Fill the earth and all the realms of light.

SECOND CHOIR.

Dein' göttlich' Macht und Herrlichkeit Gehet in der Himmel und Erden weit.

The twelve apostles join in song With the dear proph-ets' goodly throng.

The martyrs' noble army raise Their voice to thee in hymns of praise.

The universal Church doth thee Through-out the world confess to be

Der heilig' grosse Boeten Zabl, Und die lieben Propheten all'

Die theu ren Mar-ker all zu mal Lo ben dich, Herr, mit grossem Schall.

Die gan je we  the Christen heit Nahnt dich auf Erden allen Zeit,
LORD GOD, THY PRAISE WE SING.

FIRST CHOIR.

Thee, Fa- ther, on thy high- est throne,
Lid, Gott Ba - ter, im höchsten Thronen,

SECOND CHOIR.

Thy worth-y, true, and well-be-lov'd Son,
Dei - nen rech- ten und ei - ni- gen Sohn,

The Comfort- er, ev'n the Ho - ly Ghost,
Den heiligen Geist und Trö- ster werth

Where- of she makes her con- stant boast.
Mit rech- tem Dienst sie lobt und ehrt.

Thee, King of all glo- ry, Christ, we own,
Du Kö - nig der Ch - ren, Je - su Christ,

Th' e - ter - nal Fa - ther's e - ter - nal Son.
Gott Ba - ters e - wi- ger Sohn du bist.

To save man- kind thou hast not, Lord,
The Vir - gia Ma - ry's womb ab - horred;

Theo o - ver cam - est death's sharp sting,
Be - liev - ers un - to heaven to bring;

At God's right hand thou sit - test, clad
In th' glo - ry which the Fa - ther had;

Thou shalt in glo - ry come a - gain,
To judge both dead and liv - ing men.

Der Jung- frau Leib nicht haft ver - schmächt,
Ru' - lö - set men - schlich Ge - schlecht;

Du halt dem Tod ge - stört sein' Macht
Und all' Chri - ten zum Him - mel bracht;

Du bist zur Rech - ten Got - tes gleich
Mit al' ter Chr' in's Ba - ters Reich;

Ein Méch - ter du zu - fünf - nig bist
All' es das tobt und le - bend ist.
LORD GOD, THY PRAISE WE SING.

FIRST CHOIR.

Thy servants help whom thou, O God, Hast ransomed with that precious blood;
Nun hils uns, Herr, den Dienen dein, Die mit bei'm theuer Blut er-lö-set sein:

SECOND CHOIR.

Grant that we share the heavenly rest With the happy saints eternally blest.
Las uns im himmel hab en Theil Mit den Hei-li-gen in ewigem Heil.

Help us, O Lord, from age to age, And bless thy chosen heritage.
Hilf bei nem Volk, Herr Jesu Christ, Und se ne das dein Erb theil ist;

Nourish and keep them by thy power, And lift them up for evermore.
Wart und pfleg ihr' rer zu al ler Zeit Und beh' sie hoch in ewig' feit.
Lord God, we praise thee day by day,
And sanctify thy name alway.

Täglich, Herr Gott, wir loben dich,
Und ehrn dein Name festlich.

Keep us this day, and at all times,
From secret sins and open crimes;
For mercy only, Lord, we plead;
Be merciful to our great need.
Show us thy mercy, Lord, as we
Our steadfast trust repose in thee.

Bist' uns denn, O treuer Gott,
Sei unsern gnädig, O Herr, recht.
Leigt uns bei ne Wärme, ist fest,
Wie unsere Hoffnung zu dir steht.

In thee, Lord, have we put our trust:
O never let our hope be lost!
Auf dich hoffen wir, lieber Herr;
In Schanden las uns immer mehr.

Both choirs.
From Heaven above to Earth I come.


Melody, 1543.

1 From heaven above to earth I come,
   To bear good news to every home;
   Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
   Whereof I now will say and sing.

2 To you, this night, is born a child
   Of Mary, chosen Mother mild;
   This tender child of lowly birth,
   Shall be the joy of all your earth.

3 'Tis Christ our God, who far on high
   Had heard your sad and bitter cry;
   Himself will your salvation be,
   Himself from sin will make you free.

4 He brings those blessings long ago
   Prepared by God for all below;
   That in his heavenly kingdom blest
   You may with us forever rest.

5 These are the tokens ye shall mark,
   The swaddling-clothes and manger dark;
   There shall ye find the young child laid,
   By whom the heavens and earth were made.
FROM HEAVEN ABOVE TO EARTH I COME.  

6 Now let us all, with gladsome cheer,  
Follow the shepherds, and draw near  
To see this wondrous gift of God,  
Who hath his own dear Son bestowed.

7 Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!  
What is it in yon manger lies?  
Who is this child, so young and fair?  
The blessed Christ-child lieth there!

8 Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,  
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!  
Thou com'st to share our misery,  
What can we render, Lord, to thee?

9 Ah, Lord, who hast created all,  
How hast thou made thee weak and small,  
To lie upon the coarse dry grass,  
The food of humble ox and ass.

10 And were the world ten times as wide,  
With gold and jewels beautified,  
It would be far too small to be  
A little cradle, Lord, for thee.

11 Thy silk and velvet are coarse hay,  
Thy swaddling bands the mean array,  
With which even thou, a King so great,  
Art clad as with a robe of state.

12 Thus hath it pleased thee to make plain  
The truth to us, poor fools and vain,  
The world's honor, wealth and might  
Are naught and worthless in thy sight.

13 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy child,  
Make thee a bed so soft, undefiled,  
Here in my poor heart's inmost shrine,  
That I may evermore be thine.

14 My heart for very joy doth leap,  
My lips no more can silence keep,  
I too must sing, with joyful tongue,  
That sweetest ancient cradle song:—

15 Glory to God in highest heaven,  
Who unto man his Son hath given,  
While angels sing, with pious mirth,  
A glad New Year to all the earth.
XXX. Sie ist mir lieb, die werthe Magd.

Dear is to me the holy Maid.

Founded on the twelfth chapter of the Revelation.


Dear is to me the holy Maid; I never can forget her;
For glorious things of her are said; Than life I love her bet...

That if I should afflicted be, It moves not me; For she my soul will ravish With constancy and love's pure fire, And with her...
Dear is to me the holy Maid,—
I never can forget her;
For glorious things of her are said;
Than life I love her better:
So dear and good,
That if I should
Afflicted be,
It moves not me;
For she my soul will ravish
With constancy and love’s pure fire,
And with her bounty lavish
Fulfil my heart’s desire.

She wears a crown of purest gold,
Twelve shining stars attend her;
Her raiment, glorious to behold,
Surpasses far in splendor
The sun at noon;
Upon the moon
She stands, the Bride
Of him who died:
Sore travail is upon her;
She bringeth forth a noble Son
Whom all the world doth honor;
She bows before his throne.

Thereat the Dragon raged, and stood
With open mouth before her;
But vain was his attempt, for God
His buckler broad threw o’er her.
Up to his throne
He caught his Son,
But left the foe
To rage below.
The mother, sore afflicted,
Alone into the desert fled,
There by her God protected,
By her true Father fed.

1 Sie ist mir lieb, die werte Magd,
Und kann ihr’r nicht vergessen,
Lob’, Ehr’ und Lust von ihr man sagt,
Sie hat mein Herz brechen.
Ich bin ihr helt,
Und wenn ich solt
Groß Unglück han,
Da liegt nichts an;
Sie will mich des ergüßen
Mit ihrer Lieb’ und Treu an mir,
Die sie zu mir will segen,
Und thun all mein Beliebe.

2 Sie trägt von Gold so rein ein’ Kron
Da leuchtent ihn zwölf Sterne,
Ihr Kleid ist wie die Sonne schön
Das glänzet hell und ferne,
Und auf dem Mon’
Ihr’ Küsse flözen
Sie ist die Bräut,
Dem Herrn vertraute,
Ihr ist weh, und muß g’bären
Ein schönes Kind, den edlen Sohn,
Und aller Welt ein’n Herren,
Dem sie ist unterthun.

3 Das thut dem alten Drachen Zorn
Und will das Kind versöhlingen;
Sein Loben ist doch ganz verlor’n,
Es kann ihm nicht gelingen:
Das Kind ist doch
Den Himmler doch
Genommen hin,
Und läßt ihn
Auch Erden hat sehr wühren;
Die Mutter muß gar sein allein,
Doch will sie Gott behüten,
Und der recht’ Vater sein.
XXXI. Vater unser im Himmelreich.

Our Father, Thou in Heaven above.

"Das Vaterunser, kurz und gut ausgelegt, und in gesangsweise gebracht, durch D. MARTIN LUTHER." The Lord's Prayer, paraphrased.

Melody, 1538.  
Harmony by A. HAUPT, 1869.

1 Bater unfer im Himmelreich,  
Der du uns alle heifßt gleich  
Brüder sein, und dich rufen an  
Und willst das Baten von uns hant  
Gieß daß nicht bei allein der Mund,  
Hilf daß es geh von Herzeng Grund.

2 Geheiligd werde der Name dein,  
Dein Wort bei uns hilf halten rein,  
Das auch wir leben heiliglich,  
Nach deinem Namen würdiglich.  
Befült uns, Herr, für falscher Lehr,  
Das arm verführt Gott belehr.

1 Our Father, thou in heaven above,  
Who biddest us to dwell in love,  
As brethren of one family,  
And cry for all we need to thee;  
Teach us to mean the words we say,  
And from the inmost heart to pray.

2 All hallowed be thy name, O Lord!  
O let us firmly keep thy Word,  
And lead, according to thy name,  
A holy life, untouched by blame;  
Let no false teachings do us hurt,—  
All poor deluded souls convert.
OUR FATHER, THOU IN HEAVEN ABOVE.

3 Es komm dein Reich zu dieser Zeit
 Und dort hernach in Ewigkeit;
 Der heil'gen Geist uns wohne bei,
 Mit seinen Gaben mancherlei;
 Des Satans Zorn und groß Gewalt
 Jer'rich, für ihm dein' Kirch' erhalten.

4 Dein Will' gescheh', Herr Gott, zugleich
 Auf Erden wie im Himmelreich,
 Gib uns Geduld in Leidenszeit,
 Geborsam sein in Lieb und Leid,
 Wehr und steu're allem Fleisch und Blut,
 Das wider deinen Willen stut.

5 Gib uns heut' unser täglich Brot
 Und was man darz zur Leibes Noth;
 Schüt uns, Herr, für Unfried, Streit,
 Für Studen und für heuer Zeit,
 Daß wir in gutem Friezen stehen
 Der Sorg und Gei'sens müßig gehen.

6 All unfer Schuldb' vergib uns, Herr,
 Daß sie uns nicht betrüben mehr,
 Wie wir auch unfem Schuldigern
 Ihr Schuld und Fehl vergeben gern;
 Zu dienen mach uns all bereit
 In rechter Lieb und Einigkeit.

7 Führ uns, Herr, in Verführung nicht,
 Wenn und der löse Feind anficht
 Zur linken und zur rechten Hand,
 Hilf uns thun starren Widerstand;
 Im Glauben feft und wohlgerüst't
 Und durch des heil'gen Gei'ses Trost.

8 Von allem Unsel und erleös,
 Es sind die Zeit und Tage böß;
 Erleös uns vom ewigen Tod
 Und trost uns in der letzten Noth,
 Beicher uns auch ein felig's End,
 Nimm unfer Seel in deine Händ'.

9 Amen, das ist: es werde wahr;
 Stärk unsern Glauben immerdar,
 Auf daß wir ja nicht zweifeln dran,
 Daß wir hiermit gebeten han;
 Auf sein Wort in dem Namen sein,
 So sprechen wir das Amen sein.

3 Thy kingdom come! Thine let it be
 In time, and through eternity!
 O let thy Holy Spirit dwell
 With us, to rule and guide us well;
 From Satan's mighty power and rage
 Preserve thy Church from age to age.

4 Thy will be done on earth, O Lord,
 As where in heaven thou art adored!
 Patience in time of grief bestow,
 Thee to obey through weal and woe;
 Our sinful flesh and blood control
 That thwart thy will within the soul.

5 Give us this day our daily bread,
 Let us be duly clothed and fed,
 And keep thou from our homes afar
 Famine and pestilence and war,
 That we may live in godly peace,
 Unvexed by cares and avarice.

6 Forgive our sins, O Lord, that they
 No more may vex us, day by day,
 As we forgive their trespasses
 Who unto us have done amiss;
 Thus let us dwell in charity,
 And serve each other willingly.

7 Into temptation lead us not;
 And when the foe doth war and plot
 Against our souls on every hand,
 Then, armed with faith, O may we stand
 Against him as a valiant host,
 Through comfort of the Holy Ghost.

8 Deliver us from evil, Lord!
 The days are dark and foes abroad;
 Redeem us from eternal death;
 And when we yield our dying breath,
 Console us, grant us calm release,
 And take our souls to thee in peace.

9 Amen! that is, So let it be!
 Strengthen our faith and trust in thee,
 That we may doubt not, but believe
 That what we ask we shall receive;
 Thus in thy name and at thy word
 We say Amen, now hear us, Lord!
XXXII. *Von Himmel kam der Engel Schaar.*

To Shepherds, as they watched by Night.

*To Serve as a Christmas Hymn, to the Tune, "Vom Himmel hoch."*

1. To shepherds, as they watched by night,
   Appeared a troop of angels bright;
   Behold the tender babe, they said,
   In yonder lowly manger laid.

2. At Bethlehem, in David's town,
   As Micah did of old make known;
   'Tis Jesus Christ, your Lord and King,
   Who doth to all salvation bring.

3. Rejoice ye, then, that through his Son
   God is with sinners now at one;
   Made like yourselves of flesh and blood,
   Your brother is th' eternal Good.

4. What harm can sin and death then do?
   The true God now abides with you;
   Let hell and Satan chide and chafe,
   God is your fellow—ye are safe.

5. Not one he will nor can forsake
   Who him his confidence doth make;
   Let all his wiles the tempter try,
   You may his utmost powers defy.

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1 Von Himmel kam der Engel Schaar,
   Erzählen den Hirten offenbar;
   Sie sagten ihm: Ein Kindlein zart
   Das liegt dort in der Krippen hart.

2 Zu Bethlehem in David's Stadt,
   Wie Micah das verkündet hat,
   Es ist der Herr Jesu Christ
   Der euer aller Heilant ist.

3 Des sollt ihr billig fröhlich sein,
   Das Gott mit euch ist worten ein;
   Er ist geboren eure Fleisch und Blut,
   Eure Brüder ist das ewig Gut.

4 Was kann euch thun die Sünd' und Tod?
   Ihr habt mit euch den wahren Gott.
   Laßt den Teufel und die Höll' Gott's Sohn ist worden eure Geist.

5 Er will und kann euch lassen nicht,
   Sehet's ihr aus ihm eure Juwelschät;
   Es mögen euch viel steh' an
   Dem sei Trost, der's nicht lassen kann.
TO SHEPHERDS, AS THEY WATCHED BY NIGHT.

6 You must prevail at last, for ye
Are now become God's family:
To God forever give ye praise,
Patient and cheerful all your days.

XXXIII. Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.

Lord, keep us in Thy Word and Work.

A Children's Song against the two arch-enemies of Christ and his Holy Church.

Melody, 1543.
Harmony by Wm. Sterndale Bennett, 1865.

1 Lord, keep us in thy word and work,
Restrain the murderous Pope and Turk,
Who fain would tear from off thy throne
Christ Jesus, thy beloved Son.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, thy power make known,
For thou art Lord of lords alone.
Shield thy poor Christendom, that we
May evermore sing praise to thee.

3 God, Holy Ghost, our joy thou art,
Give to thy flock on earth one heart.
Stand by us in our latest need,
And us from death to glory lead.

NOTE.—To these three stanzas by Luther, three more have been added by a later hand.
XXXIV. Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kam.

To Jordan came our Lord the Christ.

This melody, known also by the title, "Es soll uns Gott genädig sein," is supposed to have been taken from a secular tune of much earlier date.

Harmony by A. Haupt, 1869.

1 Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kam
Nach seines Vaters Willen,
Von Sanct Johann's die Tause nahm,
Sein Werck und Kint zu trüllen.
Da wollt' er stisten uns ein Bad,
Zu waschen uns von Sünden,
Erwäschen auch den bittern Tod
Durch sein selbst Blut und Wunden,
Es galt ein neues Leben.

2 So höret und merket alle wohl,
Was Gott heisst selbst die Tause,
Und was ein Christen glauben soll,
Zu meinen Koper Hauzen:
Gott spricht und will, das Wasser sei
Doch nicht allein schlecht Wasser,
Sein heilig's Wort ist auch dabei
Mit reichem Geist oh'n Wassen,
Der ist allhie der Täusser.

1 To Jordan came our Lord the Christ,
To do God's pleasure willing,
And there was by Saint John baptized,
All righteousness fulfilling;
There did he consecrate a bath
To wash away transgression,
And quench the bitterness of death
By his own blood and passion;
He would a new life give us.

2 So hear ye all, and well perceive
What God doth call baptism,
And what a Christian should believe
Who error shuns and schism:
That we should water use, the Lord
Declareth it his pleasure;
Not simple water, but the Word
And Spirit without measure;
He is the true Baptizer.
TO JORDAN CAME OUR LORD THE CHRIST.

3 Solch's hat er uns beweiset klar,
   Mit Bildern und mit Worte,
   Des Vaters Stimmen offenbar
   Dazelfst am Jordan hörte,
   Er sprach: das ist mein lieber Sohn,
   An dem ich hab' Geschaffen,
   Den will ich euch befohlen han,
   Dass ihr ihn höret alle
   Und folget seinen Leben.

4 Auch Gottes Sohn die selber steht
   In seiner zarten Menschheit,
   Der heilig' Geist hernieter führte
   In Taubenkleid verkleidet;
   Das wir nicht sollen zweifeln d'ran,
   Wenn wir getauft werden,
   All' drei Person getauft han,
   Damit bei uns auf Erden
   Zu wohnen sich ergeben.

5 Sein' Jünger heißt der heare Christ:
   Geht hin all' Welt zu lehren,
   Los sie verlor'n in Sünden ist,
   Sich soll zur Huse lehren;
   Wer glaubet und sich taufet läst,
   Soll d'vordrug selig werden,
   Ein neugeborener Mensch er heiist,
   Der nicht mehr könne sterben,
   Das Himmelreich soll ererben.

6 Wer nicht glaubt dieser großen Gnad,
   Der bleibt in seinen Sünden,
   Und ist verdammt zum ew'gen Tod
   Tief in der Hölle Grunde,
   Nichts hilft sein' eigen' Seligkeit,
   All' sein Thun ist verloren.
   Die Erbsünde macht's zur Nichtigkeit,
   Darin er ist geboren,
   Vermag ihm selbst nichts helfen.

7 Das Aug' allein das Wasser fehlt,
   Die Menschen Wasser geben,
   Der Glaube im Geist die Kraft versteht
   Des Blutes Jesu Christi,
   Und ist für ihm ein' rothe Fluth
   Von Christus Blut gefärbet,
   Die allen Sünden heilen thut
   Von Adam her geerbet,
   Auch von uns selbst begangen.

3 To show us this, he hath his word
   With signs and symbols given;
   On Jordan's banks was plainly heard
   The Father's voice from heaven:
   "This is my well-beloved Son,
   In whom my soul delighteth;
   Hear him." Yea, hear him every one
   Whom he himself inviteth,
   Hear and obey his teaching.

4 In tender manhood Jesus straight
   To holy Jordan wendeth;
   The Holy Ghost from heaven's gate
   In dovelike shape descendeth;
   That thus the truth be not denied,
   Nor should our faith e'er waver,
   That the Three Persons all preside
   At Baptism's holy laver,
   And dwell with the believer.

5 Thus Jesus his disciples sent:
   Go, teach ye every nation,
   That lost in sin they must repent,
   And flee from condemnation:
   He that believes and is baptized,
   Obtains a mighty blessing;
   A new-born man, no more he dies,
   Eternal life possessing,
   A joyful heir of heaven.

6 Who in this mercy hath not faith,
   Nor aught therein discerneth,
   Is yet in sin, condemned to death,
   And fire that ever burneth;
   His holiness avails him not,
   Nor aught which he is doing;
   His inborn sin brings all to naught,
   And maketh sure his ruin;
   Himself he cannot succor.

7 The eye of sense alone is dim,
   And nothing sees but water;
   Faith sees Christ Jesus, and in him
   The lamb ordained for slaughter;
   She sees the cleansing fountain red
   With the dear blood of Jesus,
   Which from the sins inherited
   From fallen Adam frees us,
   And from our own misdoings.
XXXV. Was fürchtest du, Feind Herod, sehr?

Why, Herod, unrelenting foe.

From the Hymn of Cælius Sedulius, of the Fifth Century, "Herodes hostis impie."

Harmony by M. Praetorius, 1609.

Why, Herod, unrelenting foe, Doth the Lord’s coming move thee so? He doth no earthly kingdom seek, Who brings his kingdom to the meek.

1 Was fürchtest du, Feind Herod, sehr,
Das uns geboren kommt Christ der Herr?
Er sucht sein ererblich Königreich,
Ter zu uns bringet sein Himmelsreich.

2 Dem Stern die Weisen folgen nach,
So die Licht zum rechten Licht sie bracht;
Sie zeigen mit den Gaben drei,
Dies Kind, Gott, Mensch, und König sei.

3 Die Tauf im Jordan an sich nahm
Das himmelsche Gottes Lamm,
Durch, der nie sein Sünde that,
Von Sünden uns gewaschen hat.

4 Ein Wunderwerk da neu geschehh;
Sechs seinnern Krüge man da fah
Boll Wasser, das verlor sein Art,
Rather Wein durch sein Wort d’raus ward.

5 Lob, Chr’ und Dank sei dir gesagt,
Christ, geboren von der reinen Magd,
Mit Vater und dem heiliger Geist
Son nun an bis in Ewigkeit.

1 Why, Herod, unrelenting foe,
Doth the Lord’s coming move thee so?
He doth no earthly kingdom seek
Who brings his kingdom to the meek.

2 Led by the star, the wise men find
The Light that lightens all mankind;
The threefold presents which they bring
Declare him God, and Man, and King.

3 In Jordan’s sacred waters stood
The meek and heavenly Lamb of God,
And he who did no sin, thereby
Cleansed us from all iniquity!

4 And now a miracle was done:
Six waterpots stood there of stone;
Christ spake the word with power divine,
The water reddened into wine.

5 All honor unto Christ be paid,
Pure offspring of the holy maid,
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Till time in endless time be lost.
XXXVI. Der du bist Drei in Einigkeit.

Thou, who art Three in Unity.

An imitation from the Gregorian hymn, "O lux beata trinitas."

Original Latin Melody.

Harmony in von Tucher, 18—.

1 Der du bist drei in Einigkeit,
Ein wahrer Gott von Ewigkeit;
Die Sonn' mit dem Tag von uns weicht:
Lass leuchten uns dein göttlich Licht.

2 Des Morgens, Gott, dich loben wir,
Des Abends auch beten für die,
Unser armes Lied rühmt dich
Jetzt und immer und ewiglich.

3 Gott Vater, dem sei ewig Ehr,
Gott Sohn der ist der einz' Herr,
Und dem Troster heiligen Geist,
Son nun an bis in Ewigkeit.

1 Thou who art Three in Unity,
True God from all eternity,
The sun is fading from our sight,
Shine thou on us with heavenly light.

2 We praise thee with the dawning day,
To thee at evening also pray,
With our poor song we worship thee
Now, ever and eternally.

3 Let God the Father be adored,
And God the Son, the only Lord,
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee.