

SONGS FROM ANTHOLOGIES

The Innkeeper and the Patrons [Wq 201]

THE PATRONS

1. Brothers, long live our brother,
this good, dear innkeeper,
who pours the noble juice of the grape
not sparingly for us today!

THE INNKEEPER

2. Bring some wine, O youth,
which glows like your cheeks,
is fiery and upon the tongue
is lovelier than a song by Uz!

THE PATRONS

3. Let us sing Uz's songs
to delight our brother!
If he doesn't bring all the wine he has,
he'd better bring none at all!

THE INNKEEPER

4. Take your glasses, worthy brothers,
pour yourselves the juice of the grape!
Sing the best German songs;
drink the best German wine!

A PATRON/ALL THE PATRONS

5. Long live our beloved host;
long live the noble man
who has given us this wine
and still has more to give!

ANOTHER PATRON/ALL THE PATRONS

6. Fiery, like your lovely youth,
which glows with youthful fervor,
it seems to me, and on the tongue
more delightful than a song by Uz.

A THIRD PATRON/ALL THE PATRONS

7. Long live our beloved host;
long live the noble man
who has given us such wine
and still has more to give!

ALL THE PATRONS

8. Indeed, long may he live! Indeed long may he live!
Indeed, may he live long; live well!
Since he provides wine like this,
brothers, therefore may he live well.

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Springtime [Wq 202/A]

Joy, you delight of gods and men, playmate of innocence,
come forth to my song, down from yonder hill
or out from that valley, where Springtime embraces you,
come, come from the meadow of the lilies and from the fragrant
groves!

Who is this, who emerges there from the fragrant fields,
lovely as modest Moon and sublime as Earth?

O! it is she, come in answer to my plea.

See, ambrosial flowers swarm out shimmering from her footstep!

Thence she comes, the sister of Springtime.

Now joy spreads its gentle wings, and bears me
high into the clouds. I see nature grow green here beneath me.

On the wings of joy, drawn near to your throne,

I sing, o Creator, your praise. Nature mixes with mine

her hymns, harmonious sounds arise to you from the grove,

and out of the valleys a flower-laden incense as for a holy offering.

Sing with me, you children of creation, sing praise to the love
that gave us birth; tell its praises, seraphic heaven.

You who glide forth there over the flowers, crystalline source,
rustle it to the blossoms, from one wave to the other.

Let everything that breathes praise the Lord and rejoice in Him.

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The Prerogative [Wq 202/B/1]

1. You brothers, do not tangle with fools;
they have sworn an oath
which they uphold, and remain stupid.
They will wear out your scorn,
and remain pleased with themselves.
That is their prerogative.
2. Everybody has his own pleasure,
and is sure that others envy him for it;
the fool thinks so too, since he is stupid.
Would you take his joy from him?
Should he be ashamed of his own nature?
He has his prerogative.
3. Nothing forces fools to pay deference to you;
they are compelled to despise you,
since you are clever, and they are stupid.
These gentlemen know how to live
and praise those who consider them important;
that is their prerogative.
4. Whenever you see fatuous people approaching,
turn aside, bow, and leave;
they don't give way, since they are stupid.

Could you expect that of fools?
Yes, if only they weren't idiots!
That is their prerogative.

5. It's no use bleaching a crow [literally: Moor],
it's no use scolding a fool;
the crow stays black, the fool remains stupid.
It's not my job to improve him;
I leave the fools alone, and laugh.
That is my prerogative.

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The Countryside [Wq 202/B/2]

1. Beloved country, your translucent heaven,
pristine and soft, sweeping over the quiet meadows,
shields me from the noise and bustle
of the vast city, where discontent surrounds me.
2. How joyfully, from the silvery waves,
the dawn rises on the moist horizon!
The grey forest, brightened by day and merriment,
reveals its treetops already sunned aloft.
3. The lark, in musical flocks, ascends
from sheltered groves with a sweet cry,
not fearing the danger of deceptive snares,
not fearing death from firearms.
4. Full of charm the blooming shore
of the Oker beckons, here softly rustling.
On the bank the laughing naiad dances,
her flying tresses tossed by the motion and the wind.
5. The wild bush, dusted with buds,
admires itself in the crystal-clear stream,
which flows along, troubled by no storm,
as pure and quiet as silver in the foundry.
6. Perching, meanwhile, on cliffs full of pasture
is the bearded goat, gnawing the bushes;
while without a care the shepherd recounts his love and joy
to the empty rocks upon his raspy pipe.
7. O solitude, if only I might dedicate myself to you!
You reign here in the peaceful quiet grove!
Why must I live in the noise of cities?
Here I could be happy like this shepherd.

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Belinda [Wq 202/B/3]

1. That Damon never moves Belinda,
though blessed with understanding and virtue—
this surprises you?
What use are his good qualities to him?
He lacks too much to possess her:
he is not rich.
2. That Stax enjoys her favor,
from whose mouth no word delights—
this surprises you?

Stax is certainly stupid; yet if were he even dumber,
he would still be lucky:
for Stax is rich.

3. That Belinda doesn't choose better
and values money over merit—
that surprises you?
Nowadays this preference dominates all;
therefore note this method of pleasing:
be stupid and rich.

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The Philanderer [Wq 202/C/1]

1. Should I fall in love? In love?
I am not so foolish, my friends.
My heart has always remained free;
I make it my duty to be fickle.
Indeed I might often appear to be in love,
yet to beg for love's favor, to fret,
whine, weep like a girl;
could such outrages be excusable?
2. The power of divine Cythera
is boundless, is everywhere;
she brings happiness and honor to the heart,
how could I be insensitive to it?
I willingly follow her gentle promptings
when the goddess promises pleasure to me;
yet if she would employ cruelties
then I do not respect her divinity.
3. Hammonia [Hamburg] has a thousand beauties
to choose from daily;
I hurry, laughing, to Clymene,
if Dorinda looks at me darkly.
Even she must quickly yield to Lucinda,
with the heavenly thoughts and heavenly smile;
who slyly, through half-hidden signals,
lets me know of her affection.
4. Yet quickly these bonds are broken
if proud Doris accepts me;
proud Doris yields to Lisette,
if she is not too demanding of me.
The fantastic Nerina
charms me in a moment as well,
and Phyllis, lovely of face,
and Chloe's gaze, accustomed to conquest.
5. Thus, as the charm of carnations fades,
the butterfly flits to the violet,
then you, glowing in a gentle fire,
o rose! kisses, yet does not dally;
soon the sweet fragrant jasmine,
soon the regal lily chooses,
soon you, rustling lupine,
never faltering in his task of pleasure.
6. Just the same I seek to please myself,
no present moment binds me;

soon shall little Flora win,
soon Julia's white hand shall attract me;
soon the country maid Clorinda
will draw me in through innocent charms;
with this sweet child I could almost
dally two long, long weeks.

7. Thus I am seen to constantly wander,
as I truly feel the pleasure of love;
from one prospect to another
I rush, O happy fate!
Yet alas! Elmira appears,
as powerful as you, Cythera;
who can escape Elmira's charms?
Freedom, good night forever!

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Phyllis [Wq 202/C/2]

1. I will indulge in love no longer,
I will flee it, scorn it.
It fills the heart with fear and anxiety,
brings brief joy, long misery.
A fool may indulge himself in love;
I will flee it, scorn it.
2. Much rather would I be true to a keg;
sheer joy and delight flow from it.
Wine brings friendship and strengthens the heart,
creates lasting pleasure, no pain.
To you, Bacchus, I dedicate my songs—
but Phyllis comes; I love again.

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To Love [Wq 202/C/3]

Daughter of nature, gracious love,
your promptings alone bring us delight.
Attraction and reciprocation provide for all
the ingratiating art of pleasing others.

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Christmas Song [Wq 202/C/4]

1. He comes, he comes, the great hero
full of divine, strong power.
His arm destroys, his gaze lights up
the midnight of death.
2. Who comes, who comes; who is the hero
full of divine, strong power?
It is the Messiah. Sing praise, world,
your salvation is brought to you.
3. To you, Incarnate One, we sing
worship, praise, and gratitude!
At your manger may
the world's hymn of praise resound!

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On the Sufferings of the Redeemer [Wq 202/C/5]

1. Lift up your wings, o soul,
from the tumult of the world!
There, where rage holds its sacrifice,
hasten to that hill!
You heavens, what a man is this!
How the hatred of his enemies falls upon him,
full of hellish, wild joys!
He who raised the dead,
disfigured with wounds, must
suffer a criminal's death.
2. Patiently he beholds his own blood
gush in flowing streams;
he pleads for the sinners, who, full of rage,
pour it forth in triumph.
See him now veiled in deepest night.
He calls, he calls: "It is fulfilled!"
And now bows down his head.
Rejoice, O my soul!
He who grew pale upon the Cross here
has given you the right to heaven once more.
3. The Lord has carried your crimes,
borne the punishment for your sake.
O soul, how your sin has
struck down the innocent one!
Through him the Father receives you.
The miracle of his goodness
no mortal song can rightly exalt,
yet he gladly hears our songs.
Worship, praise, and gratitude to the Lord,
who has given us his salvation!

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Laments of a Shepherdess [Wq 202/C/6]

1. Where have you gone from my heart,
O indifference, once so cherished?
Alas, now I feel the same pain
that in Thyrsis I often mocked.
Ever untouched by his songs,
I called his sorrow a dreamed-up pain.
And now I shed the same tears
of melancholy and tenderness.
2. Since that enchanted hour
when I saw young Damon,
him, adorned with such rare charms,
his image was constantly with me.
I will reveal my passion to him;
cruel torture, I dare not!
How weak my heart is to name it,
and yet how imperative the obligation!
3. What is like the bloom of his cheeks,
the high spirit in his gaze?
To be embraced by his beloved arm,
to live with him, what happiness!

O love, behold my tears;
in my anguish, which gnaws me,
let me hear just once from Damon's lips
what Thyrsis said to me so often.

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Ode on the Presence of His Imperial Highness in Rome
[Wq 202/C/7]

1. You must honor God and the Emperor
with thanks and tears of joy,
dedicating your hearts, desires, and oaths to him.
Majesty and blessing smiles
upon you in his aspect.
He comes; his arrival is rejoicing.
Take his name as your motto.
He lives as the representation of heaven.
He rules, to be the world's good fortune.
2. The powers of reverence, loyalty, and truth
are united in the activity
of exalting him with admiration.
With reverent delight
you can behold in his paternal glances
the champion and sacred guardian.
Praise him until the end of time!
Follow him into sheer golden ages,
and Joseph shall be your prosperity!

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On the Resurrection of the Redeemer [Wq 202/C/8]

1. Triumph! Triumph and praise and thanks
to him, who defeated the power of death
and raised up our dust.
He prevailed; he prevailed!
Night surrounded him, and dissipated
in the bright dawn.
Tremble! Offer, arrogant mockers,
to our Savior, to his teaching,
offer worship, praise, and honor!
2. Hail to us! Triumph, the grave is empty!
Firm as a rock in the ocean stands
the word that he has spoken.
O blessed is he who trusts in him!
He has built the temple anew,
which blind rage has destroyed.
Hell! Fall down now before the conqueror!
God's knight, who has arisen,
puts your pride to shame.
3. Empty is the pit that held him.
Greetings to you, my future grave,
you dwelling of solemn silence.
In only a few days it shall be,
oh, when you shall envelop my bones
within your shadowy veil.

Joy! Joy! These limbs
will rise again;
I will behold my Savior!

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Ode on Communion Day [Wq 202/C/9]

1. Day which the Lord made for me,
be blessed, day of joy!
You illumine the night of anguish
and restore me in sorrow.
Oh, how has my heart within me
so often sighed after you!
2. Stubbornly resisting his call,
I have grieved my God.
He who created me for happiness,
who has loved me so constantly.
I have strayed from the path
that his word has showed me.
3. He, whose law I have brashly scorned,
whose power I have misjudged,
alas, I am no longer worthy
to be called his child.
I deserve the condemnation and death
that his word reserves for sinners.
4. Nevertheless the Highest takes me
to him again as his child.
Today as a father he forgets
his wrath and my sins;
through his commandments' hand
he grants me the sweet pledge of grace.
5. Day of delight, holy meal,
I will remember you always;
in Jesus' death agony
I will sink my soul utterly;
I will dedicate my life to him alone
who died for me.

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Song of Praise [Wq 202/C/10]

1. As long as I breathe, God,
I will spread your praise abroad.
You gave me this life
and its sweetness.
And if my whole heart,
if my actions do you honor,
you will crown me with happiness,
which no ages can destroy.
2. What am I, Lord of the world,
that you give so much to me?
What is the child of dust,
God! that you consider him?
How seldom has the radiance
that adorns your creation

led my deeply erring heart
back to you!

3. A rich measure of goodness
has been meted out for me;
yet to receive your grace
and forget your mercy
was habitual, O God!
My breast was stirred,
more than by your divine word,
by the voice of contemptible pleasure.
4. And yet you took me in,
when I repented my fault,
full of mercy once more,
and blessed me anew.
Here, by the grave's midnight,
may my gratitude be offered to you,
and one day before your throne,
God of compassion.

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At the Grave of the Deceased Craftsman Hohlfeld [Wq 202/C/11]

1. As you, like the fragrance of incense embers,
waft through the air towards heaven,
my mourning song rushes upwards to reach you,
there, where you satisfy your curiosity.
2. Where you take your fill, gazing
on the infinity of space,
as into the traces of the Creator's universe
in an instant you have arrived.
3. Fortunate man, departed, see how
we weep over your flight,
like a mother, who with heavy, bitter effort
had borne her son on her shoulders,
4. bearing him to the edge of a desert,
arrived with him at an oasis,
and then watched him die suddenly, while she
drew water from the spring with both hands.
5. Alas! Our hope saw the husk,
that you were leaving, newly revived,
just as after a dreadful storm, amid half calm,
a ship strains for the nearby shore ...
6. and at the harbor suddenly sinks,
so suddenly your house of dust sank
into the mournful grave, which absorbed our tears,
and remained deaf to our laments.
7. Your best two friends, bereft,
call to you; the world calls to you,
where you were needed, and beneath humble garb
revealed true wisdom.
8. Full of praise for your great virtue
are all who knew you;

the young artisans, yet to be born,
will speak of your works.

9. As soon as a youth feels in himself
these sparks which welled up in you,
he will think of you and, intoxicated with noble hopes,
will follow your admirable path.

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Reaping Song [Wq 202/C/12]

1. You who crown yourself with ears of grain,
blond Ceres, be thanked!
To you, who encompass all of this,
the reaper's harvest song shows gratitude.
We, and those who bind the sheaves,
all call forth: "Thank you!"
2. Lean not, you cheerful reapers,
upon your crooked scythe,
for the sheaf-binder lurks;
and the harvest-king says:
whoever rests upon his crooked scythe
the reaper-woman will bind up!
3. You cooling breeze, do not abandon
the reaper in the field;
flutter refreshingly around his temple,
while he fells the sheaves;
flutter refreshingly in his hair
amid the heat in the harvest field.
4. Cricket, hopping all around us,
sing out your bright song!
And you, great harvest keg,
your ferment is most welcome!
Never be empty, harvest keg,
when the reaper looks inside!
5. Soon the bright moon will shine from the hill
upon you, bare field,
and from all the sheaves will mount
a sweet fragrance towards heaven.
But we go with song
over the stubble, over the field.
6. You who crown yourself with ears of grain,
blond Ceres, be thanked!
The first harvest-fruits flame as offering
up to your throne of clouds.
And the harvester and the reaper
call as one: Thank you!

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Song of the Passion [Wq 202/C/13]

1. What? Fairest, heart's beloved,
you go to Golgotha?
And you bleed, alas, and are grieved?
You stand there, drained of blood?

2. Indeed, your weary soul laments
and feels its own suffering;
and trembles, shakes, struggles and despairs,
troubled unto death.
3. The wild frenzy of evil
already seizes the innocent man,
and Judas, Judas rushes forth,
betrays, and kisses him.
4. Ha! This wild mob of killers
rejoices—bind them,
so that from true heroism
no monster might escape.
5. And may an eternal black night
swallow up this horde,
and before it can cause harm, break
their wicked arm.
6. And hurl him down into the abyss,
the murderous friend.
Cursed be the traitor's grave;
cursed, whoever weeps for him.
7. Yet, listen! Heaven calls and speaks:
sword, strike my Son!
You tears, cover my face!
My heart already bleeds.
8. And killers—painful sight!
And killers bind him.
The disciples flee.—Speak, my heart,
will you not also run away?
9. And Caiaphas, though he seems
to sit in holy judgment,
is not a priest—an enemy of man,
an ancient evil spirit.
10. And Caiaphas condemns him.
—O you, Sanhedrin!—
Innocence itself is borne away,
—and you—you remain silent?
11. The mob's desire, Pilate's sentence
is already pronounced upon him,
who bore scorn and reed and thorns
and oozed blood all over.
12. At a full run they hurry
with him towards Golgotha
and crucify, torment and hang him up;
he hangs there bloody.
13. And those criminals on either side
scorn my beloved friend.
Thus dies my Savior, thus falls the hero,
for whom my eye weeps.
14. Take him down. Let me see him;—
you murderers! Give him here.
O anguish!—It is too much for me!—
He dies; he is no more.

15. Yet how pale his face is!
Night conceals him.
He doesn't see me, doesn't hear me;
he dies, he is gone.
16. Great in death, still my delight
and my beloved.—Yet,
in this tender warm breast,
beloved, you still live!
17. To you I dedicate this memorial;
you remain my highest good.
Anoint him, the hero, with tears;—
with tears?—No! with blood.
18. Through blood he has betrothed me;
in blood he became mine.
Persecuted and tortured to bleeding,
I will be his follower.
19. You, whom I see painfully dying,
whom I saw bloodied;
you I follow to Gethsemane,
and then to Golgotha.

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Bacchus and Venus [Wq 202/D]

1. Cupid is my song!
Beautifully is he wreathed.
How his eye laughs,
his cheeks glow!
Behold, how proudly
he carries his bow!
Surely indeed
he has felled a great hero.
Bacchus' tigers
pull his chariot near.
In all the world
was there ever a child like him?
2. But Bacchus slinks
sadly and despoiled
through the vines,
his handsome head hanging.
Bacchus drinks no more,
only sighs: "Paphia!"
Surely indeed he loves
Venus Cypria!
Cupid laughs and parades
about in triumph.
In all the world,
was there ever a child like him?
3. But Paphia
slinks into Bacchus' grove,
laments her pain,
drinks Cyprus wine,
sighs only: "Bromius!",
sighs: "Idalia!"

Surely indeed
Venus Cypria loves him.
Cupid is my song!
I will sing of none other!
In all the world
was there ever a child like him?

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Communion Song [Wq 202/E/1]

1. Trembling, yet full of tender joy,
I come, Lord, at your command
and think upon your suffering
and upon your martyrdom!
Redeemer, you who died for me,
won an eternal salvation for me,
ah, might I worthily approach
and here embrace life!
2. Since you, Holiest One, have mercifully
laid the burden of my sins upon yourself
for my salvation's sake,
and have atoned upon the Cross,
therefore God, the Judge,
does not place me before judgment now;
therefore he will forgive my trespasses
and not avenge them.
3. Lord, this I believe, and sense
joy and confidence.
God will never, despite my sins,
place me before judgment now!
Surely, through your death, I am
fully reconciled with God,
and, if I die in faith,
will be heaven's heir!
4. Let me come before your presence,
to renew your remembrance!
Let me today, with your faithful followers,
be the witness of your death!
Lord, I gaze towards Golgotha,
where your God saw you sacrificed,
I see you in your blood,
witnessing that you suffered for my sake!
5. Might I, Jesus, not in vain
draw near to your cross;
might I receive this meal of life
not to my own censure!
Ah, may it steady and strengthen me,
Redeemer, my trust in you!
Ah, may my will be guided
to fulfill your law, Lord.
6. This resolution I have
never again to profane myself,
Jesus, let it be strong
within my soul until the grave!
In the face of the dangerous threat

of becoming what I once was,
I tremble despairingly, and feel
already from afar the power of sin.

7. If, with enticements, it threatens
to lead me away from your paths,
let me earnestly consider
what a death was Jesus' death!
God, before whom in judgment
he stood abandoned, let me not
see him still forsaken by you,
and still despised for my sins!
8. If I wander in error,
come to me, O Merciful One,
show me how I behave unjustly;
strengthen me, for I am weak!
And patiently bear with
my weakness, my guilt!
Say: "You shall find mercy;
I, I remove your sins!"
9. I will be eternally grateful to you,
since you are so merciful.
Only let me never again waver,
my Savior, Jesus Christ!
Help me, so that I might be true
and firm in my resolution,
to avoid every sin and its delights
until my death!

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Joyful Expectation of Death [Wq 202/E/2]

1. The last of my days,
perhaps, is not distant.
Oh, then my laments will become
a song of praise to the Lord!
My entire lifespan is complete:
I draw near to the throne,
and God will set the crown
of the victor upon me.
2. As inheritor of his kingdom
Jesus has declared me.
Why should I fear to die,
as he taught me to die?
Death is my reward!
So that I may become immortal,
I soar away from the earth,
I who am his heir.
3. Not me, only my body,
will the murky pit enclose.
My father, who calls me,
raises me to a greater purpose.
Through death he calls me.
Death pulls the sinful limbs,
the inert body downward;
myself it leads to God.

4. I, escaped from danger,
walk forth from the battle.
High above all suns
my faith raises me,
where I will walk in the ranks
of the angels, my brothers.
In their lofty songs
I will join in, an angel myself.
5. From his throne God gazes
with mercy down upon me,
to whom, in his Son,
he gave the right of kinship.
In his infinitude
are all my joys,
the aftermath of my sorrows;
in him bliss itself!
6. The bodies of his faithful
are seeds sown by God.
The time of joy will come,
when the crop stands ripe.
Then the day of harvest
will be a new eternal life
given to my ashes as well,
which lay deep in death.
7. I stand in covenant with you,
Lord, Prince of my life,
who one day the hour
of death will send to me!
Sustain me in constant readiness,
in the faith of your followers;
let the hour come then,
which will release them and me!
8. Then, free from anguish, I will walk
the dark path of death;
after a short slumber an eternal morning
shall break forth for me.
Happily for me, it is not distant,
the last of my days!
It approaches, and my laments
will become hymns to the Lord!

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Encouragement toward Constancy [Wq 202/E/3]

1. God has crowned you with joy
after your difficult struggle.
You went through shame and sorrow
to your glory.
Your death was a triumph for you!
Your battle was fought out,
your arrogant enemy subdued;
now you journey up to God.
2. I, Lord, your pilgrim, journey
to you, my leader.
And yet I stumble and fall,

for I am weary and weak.
You lead me also through struggle,
through anguish and through sorrows
to my future joys,
to your glory.

3. As you overcame, all-powerfully,
the terror of death,
as you, to taste it utterly,
Lord, stood in judgment:
so strengthen me as well
to walk through the dark valley,
for in that dark vale
your faithful will behold you.
4. When one day, at the grave
I will have completed my struggle
and fought well
for my blessing,
how I will rejoice then!
How full of delight will I
gaze upon my crown,
being worthy of it!
5. I wait for your blessing;
I await my death.
Joyfully I see it approach,
my helper out of suffering.
It ends my journey,
and you take up my soul,
which I commit to you, Lord,
into your heaven!
6. Therefore I wait here and struggle
until my hour appears.
And you stand by my side,
my Savior and my friend!
You who love me eternally,
you comfort me in sorrow
and nourish me with joy,
even when you afflict me.
7. With joyful confidence
I am already permitted, from the battlefield,
to behold the peaks of Salem,
to see the reward of my faith.
If during the battle
my arm sinks down exhausted,
this strengthens and lifts it up again:
My reward from you is great!
8. Sustain these thoughts in me!
Great will be my reward from you!
So shall I never waver
from you, O Son of God!
Thus I will remain true to you
who gave yourself for me,
so that soon a better life
will be my eternal inheritance.

Translation © 2017 by Pamela Dellal

The Christian's Happiness [Wq 202/E/4]

1. My faith is the peace of my life
and leads me to your heaven,
O you in whom I believe!
Ah, grant me constancy, Lord,
so that mortality never steals
this comfort from my soul!
Stamp it deeply upon my heart:
what a blessing it is to be a Christian!
2. For mortal beings you have
won the right to your eternity
through your death.
Now I am no more dust and ashes,
no more the eternal prey of death:
you have died for me!
For me, redeemed by you,
the death of this body is reward.
3. I am redeemed and I am a Christian;
my heart is peaceful and forgets
the pain of this life.
I bear what I must bear
and am full of high confidence:
I do not suffer in vain.
God himself measured my lot out for me:
here brief pain, there eternal rest.
4. What are you, sorrows of this world,
to me, who regards my future eternity
with contentment?
Soon God will call me, and forever
reward and refresh me,
since I trust in him here.
Soon, soon my pain will fade away,
and my heart will taste the joys of heaven.
5. Though I am weak, yet I carry
the shameful yoke of sin no more
during my time on earth.
Virtue for me is sweet duty.
Yet I feel it, I am not yet
what I shall be henceforth.
My comfort is this: God has patience
and does not punish me according to my guilt.
6. You who conquered death for me,
you, Intercessor, have plucked me
out of the fear in which I lay!
To you, to you I owe my peace;
you healed my wounds,
you quieted my conscience.
And if I yet fall along my path,
you will straighten me up again.
7. Praised be God! I am a Christian!
And his mercy and truth
towards me as well are not in vain.
My piety increases;
I feel the daily improvement

of my heart and of my life.

I feel that the power of the Spirit
creates a new man in me.

8. Thanks to you, O Father, thanks and praise!
You taught me to firmly believe in,
and willing practice, Christianity.
To you, God, my teacher, praise and glory!
I love it more and more, and know
that I will always love it.
Now and for all my life to come
I bring you, Highest, praise and thanks.

Translation © 2017 by Pamela Dellal

Easter Song [Wq 202/E/5]

1. Who is it, with heavenly light
transfigured, with triumph in his face,
walks out of that pit of death?
It is he, O mankind;
it is he, the conqueror of death,
who victoriously stands up from the dust!
His open grave is empty!
Lying around him there
are his enemies!
Praise to him and thanks!
He, he defeated
death, and with it the host of hell!
2. You are he, who stood surety for me,
the Prince of life, the sacrifice,
who took the power from death!
You, you are he, in whom I trust,
whom one day I will behold on the throne,
from which you came to us sinners!
You fought not for yourself;
you triumphed, Lord, for me,
for me, an outcast.
Through your death
God has reconciled
the entire sinful world with himself.
3. Should I not approach with thanks?
To you, deliverer of your faithful,
should I not dedicate to you my song of praise?
You have fought to the death
and, dying, subdued my enemy,
your triumph, Prince of victory, is mine!
Honor, praise, and thanks be to you!
You helped me out of death,
conqueror!
My song of praise,
my fervent thanks,
lifts itself up eternally, God, to you!
4. Pray to him, the vanquisher
of death, pray to him, you sinners,
in devout humility!
Throw yourselves down before him with me,

- my brothers whom he has saved,
and tell abroad what he has done for us!
Let all believe! His word
is a commandment from God for us!
Comrades!
He struggled alone!
Enter with him
into heaven before God!
5. When we shall one day taste our death,
where then will be all its terror?
Where is its sting? What is it?
Jesus lives! And our limbs
the victor's omnipotence will revive again,
our graves will be empty as well!
We are his sanctuary;
He will not leave his own here
in the dust.
He comes and calls:
Abandon the pit,
stand up, sleepers; follow me!
6. Day of life, day of delight,
on which God's sun dawns over us
after the long night!
Oh, what will we experience,
when night and darkness fade away,
and suddenly our eyes awaken!
Accomplisher, lead
us to this day,
us, your own!
You walked
the path of death before us.
We follow you into your peace.
7. The hero, before whom Hell trembled,
who saw death himself and now lives,
now lives and reigns in eternity!
To you God has given victory and life,
to you his world
and all his glory!
In all your bliss
your redeemed have a share
through faith!
The light of faith
will never be extinguished for us!
Thus we will behold your salvation eternally!
2. Prejudice and darkness
fill our souls;
our vision is uncertain,
our convictions fail.
But your understanding never strays
from pure truth.
Whatever you think is light,
righteousness, and clarity.
3. Hurl yourself, mortal race,
thankfully at his feet!
His truth and justice
he will make known to you.
The word of the Lord rings forth abroad,
to convert the world.
Believe it joyfully, follow him gladly,
you people who hear it!
4. God, whatever your word promises us,
will and must occur;
neither can your threats
pass by unfulfilled.
Have not thousands already
who came before us,
undergone your punishment, your reward,
to your greater glory?
5. Soul, would you not confidently
believe in God?
Should folly, should ridicule
rob you of your comfort?
That which created heaven,
the truth—can it lie?
Can it hypocritically betray
those who trust it?
6. Silence reason, which
opposes God,
which opposes his spirit that
teaches you his mystery!
Laugh at the scoffer, who boasts
of knowing more than God:
one day, perhaps too late, he will
have to believe in God!
7. Earth and heaven will pass away:
God, your word will remain.
Blasphemers, who disdain it,
will not drive it away.
Kings are dust before you,
along with their armies.
In heaven you laugh at them
when they puff themselves up.
8. You are truth! Nothing shall
ever part me from you;
the world, full of deceit,
cannot frighten me.
Though for your word's sake I must
suffer shame and trouble,

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The Lord's Word is Truthful [Wq 202/E/6]

1. You, who yourself are truth,
God, to whom I sing,
God, who no intellect can fathom,
source of all things!
All truth comes from you
to humanity.
It illumines us, when we
ourselves do not hinder its light.

yet you will reward me for it there,
God, with honor and joy.

Translation © 2017 by Pamela Dellal

Song of the Fatherland [Wq 202/F/1]

1. I am a German maiden!
My eye is blue and my gaze gentle,
my heart is noble and proud and good.
2. I am a German maiden!
My blue eye looks angrily on him,
my heart hates him, who rejects his fatherland!
3. I am a German maiden!
No other country would I choose
as fatherland, were I free to choose any!
4. I am a German maiden!
My lofty eye also looks with scorn,
with scorn on him, who differs with this choice!
5. You are no German youth!
If you are guilty of this lukewarm quibble,
you don't deserve the fatherland, if you don't love it as I do!
6. You are no German youth!
My entire heart despises you
who rejects the fatherland, you stranger and you fool!
7. I am a German maiden!
My good, noble, proud heart beats
high and loud at the sweet name of the fatherland!
8. So one day it will beat at the name
of that youth alone, who is as proud as I
of the fatherland, and is good, noble, and a German!

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The Peasant. To little Rose [Wq 202/F/2]

1. Already May attracts
the swallows here,
and everything in the village is cheerful.
Upon breezy hills
and meadows appear
the loveliest flowers and plants.
2. See, little Rose, my field
is gloriously arrayed,
already the stalks shoot out grain;
with spirited sounds
the songs of the lark
and the quail can be heard within!
3. See, down by the brook,
the sheep leisurely
wandering through flowery surroundings,
whiter than the plum tree
in the garden,
blooming from bottom to top!

4. All this is mine,
and, little Rose, yours as well,
as soon as we pledge our troth to each other;
then for us, as quickly
as pearly drops in the fountain,
the leaping days will pass.

Translation © 2017 by Pamela Dellal

The Sleeping Woman [Wq 202/G/1]

1. Lulled by nightingale song
she sleeps, the queen of beauty!
The queen's throne blooms with freshness,
the west wind wafts fragrant tribute by.
2. Smile gently! With lofty angel faces
the day's activities have appeared to you.
Happily stretch out your lovely hands,
as they extend their palms to you.
3. Yet was there a trembling longing?
Did love smile upon these rosy cheeks?
And am I, am I the dreamy image,
wept over, which hovered before you now?
4. Oh, then fall silent, you choir of nightingales,
so that no noise disturbs the lovely dream!
Or choose the sound by which, in thrall,
the weak little woman might fly ever closer.

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Lyda [Wq 202/G/2]

1. Your sweet image, O Lyda,
hovers constantly before my gaze.
However tears obscure it,
since it is not you yourself.
I see it, when evening
falls around me; when the moon
shines on me, I see it and weep,
since it isn't you yourself.
2. By the flowers of that valley,
which I would gather for her,
by those myrtle branches,
which I would pluck for her,
I conjure you, vision,
rise up and transform yourself!
Transform yourself, vision,
and become Lyda herself!

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To Sleep [Wq 202/H]

1. Beloved sleep, you friend of my heart,
how I rush into your arms!
With you I forget my accustomed pains
and taste long-lost rest.

2. And if the desired slumber is interrupted
by grief, which fills my soul,
then Luna will comfort me, who veils
her suffering in dark clouds.
3. Then I will think about the bliss of love,
and soon I will experience it in dreams.
Oh, that I could remain sunk within always!
Seldom does it bless us so beautifully.
4. If I awaken early, I look around me
joyfully for the dear fugitive.
Would he one day make me happy in Daphne's arms,
I would sleep through an Elysium.

Translation © 2017 by Pamela Dellal

Drinking Song for Freedom [Wq 202/I/1]

1. Adorn your hat with oaken leaves!
Arise and drink the wine,
which fragrantly sparkles at us;
Father Rhine has provided it!
2. Is there one capable of service
and yet his hand trembles
to heave mace, lance, and sword
when it is of use to the fatherland?
3. Away with the coward, away from here!
Let him croak for teething biscuits,
suckle like a beast on princes,
and babble, blaspheming God!
4. And let him polish his lord's shoes
and to his lord give up
his wife and daughter,
and wear the sash and star!
5. This night is for us, for us it is,
for us the noble drink!
It was fermented, as France's might
sank down in H6ochst6adt's valleys.
6. Therefore, brothers, arise; adorn your hats!
And quaff and quaff the wine
that sparkles at us fragrantly;
Father Rhine provided it to us!
7. The lofty glow of freedom dawns for us!
Our hands do not tremble!
We do not grudge our father's blood;
the fatherland needs it!
8. Hermann belongs to us
and Tell, Switzerland's hero,
and every free German man!
Who can count the grains of sand?
9. The bridegroom awoke us long since,
with a wild cry of pain!
The prince's brash procurer took
his young bride from him.

10. In the quiet night we heard the whimpering
of the widow's lament!
Pillage and the raging conflict
struck down her husband and son.
11. We heard the moans from
the orphan's blanched mouth, nearly starved!
His last crust of bread was taken
and given to the prince's dog!
12. Aroused to vengeance, to vengeance aroused
is the free German man!
Trumpet and drum, call to the battle!
Wave, banners, wave before!
13. Though an ocean surge before us,
forth! They are unmanned,
the soldiers, and fight only for money
and not for the fatherland.
14. Forth—the ocean is a joke to us!
And sing with a glorious tone:
“A mighty fortress is our God!”
and Klopstock's battle song.
15. God's angel hovers there
upon the clouds of gunpowder,
gazes furiously at the enemy host
and terrifies them away from the battle!
16. They flee! The curse of the natives
pursues them with lightning!
And the sword slashes their backs
with the shame of cowardly wounds!
17. The Rhine, in crimson waves,
tosses the riff-raff away,
and spits them out, and sucks them in,
exulting upon its bank.
18. The vineyard in the vale of corpses
waters its crop with blood!
Then we will drink at the joyful feast,
in triumph, the blood of tyrants!

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Selma [Wq 202/I/2]

1. She loves! The chosen one loves me!
An angel came from her
in an evening whisper and uttered
to me the gentle sighs.
For me, o Selma, your heart
full of sweet torment quakes in silence,
and beautiful tears of yearning fill
the light of your blue eyes!
2. Lend me, o lightning, the wings of flame,
lend me, storm, your wings!
Thither over river and valley and hill,
I fly enraptured to her.
And were Death to howl from a thousand rivers,

Death from a thousand cliffs:
I shall, I shall kiss the tears
and fly through Death.

Translation © 2014 by Ruth B. Libbey

Selma [Wq 202/J]

1. Hasten, O May, with your bridal song!
Hurry and redden my girl's cheek
and the roses for the wedding wreath!
Everything reels; my breath fails me.
The ground burns under my feet!
Hurry, I will outfly your radiance!
2. Our souls were created in a myrtle vale
by God from a beam of dawning light:
they are as alike as antiphonal strophes,
as two kisses, striving for each other,
which trembling delightfully on hot lips
twist, incandescent, into a single kiss.

Translation © 2017 by Pamela Dellal

Fishing Song [Wq 202/K/1]

1. Who resembles us,
happy fishermen in the boat?
We know how to catch
the slippery fish.
We sit and float
on a winged path;
we dance and don't
lift up our feet.
2. Soon humming breezes
breathe in our ear;
soon foamy waves
lift us up.
Then, crashing on crags
and rocks,
they shake the ribs
of the rocking boat.
3. But we rustic fellows
laugh at this,
and guide the tricky
little fish into the net.
The bosom of the sea,
as fearsome as it appears,
we trust, as if it was
surfaced with planks.
4. We journey out
with the setting moon,
and come home
with our boat gleaming.
Our nets,
set at early morning,
provide living treasure
and money in the evening.

5. Then snug huts
shelter us overnight,
until once more
the twinkling little stars awaken.
Thus it goes, and never
other than well;
a fisherman always
has a contented spirit!

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Table Song [Wq 202/K/2]

1. Healthy and high-spirited,
we enjoy the good things
that our great Father provides.
Oh praise him, brothers, praise
the Father, who nourishes us
and refreshes us with the joy of wine!
2. He calls down: "It shall be!"
And blessing swells the earth,
the fruit tree and the orchard blossoms.
He lives and stirs in pastures,
in waters and in breezes,
and milk and wine and honey flow as well.
3. Then all the people gather:
the horse and reindeer herders
at the frigid pole, buffeted by snow;
the reaper of worthy stalks;
the savage, who wears palm fronds
and breadfruit leaves against the sun.
4. But God looks down from heaven
over their joyful bustle
from sunrise to sunset:
for his children gather,
and their collective stammering
utters thanks to him in a thousand tongues.
5. Praise his name,
and strive to imitate him,
him, whose mercy can never be fathomed,
who blesses all worlds,
reigns over good and evil,
and allows his sun to shine!
6. With tender mercy
extend your hand to the poor,
whatever people or faith they might be;
we are, neither more nor less,
all God's children,
and we should delight in each other as brothers.

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Song [Wq 202/L/1]

1. I walked beneath the alders, along the cooling brook,
and thought of much, and much more after.
My heart felt so easy and so good,
yet my eyes were full of tears.
2. From the murmuring clouds emerged the image
of my beloved, amiable and gentle.
Then I dropped to the bank in the tufted moss;
my tears poured down into their depths.
3. Now I lay in the shade by the cooling brook
and thought of much, and much more after.
The nightingale sang, and the brook gurgled;
I thought of one thing, and of only one.
4. Already the clouds flamed in reddened light,
already browner shadows sank into the vale,
already the moon trembled through the alders by the brook;
I thought of one thing, and of only one.
5. Now I stumbled away with tear-stained face
and looked back at the brook and the alders.
They disappeared; the beloved face did not,
which forever and ever fills my soul.

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The Milkmaid [Wq 202/L/2]

1. Milkmaid, quickly take the bucket!
Have you finished milking?
Look, the stars shine brightly
and the full moon peeks so glaringly
out of the puffy clouds.
2. Lie and chew in peace
your healthy fodder!
Everything, you good innocent cow,
you provide: milk and cheese,
cream and sweet butter!
3. Peacefully through the field ring
muffled cowbells,
the dog barks in the village,
and the chirp of the quail shrills
in the dewy rocks.
4. Milkmaid, sing with a happy cry!
Beware of anyone who doesn't sing!
Listen to the lovely echo
there in the wood and the alder vale,
broiling with fog.
5. "Little daughter, be careful,
come home to me soon!"
says Mother. "At night
the devil's wild hunt swarms
with the storm's racket.
6. "A horned black man
often arrives helter-skelter!
With a glowing eye he'll ogle you,

grasp you with his claws, and then
toss you over his shoulder!"

7. Milkmaid, go out early and late,
in spite of wise mothers!
Whoever walks on good paths
and pauses at crossroads,
should not tremble before goblins!
8. Indeed, a rogue often seizes me
around the neck,
but his face is ruddy
and he doesn't use claws to
nicely scratch my back.
9. This one is called—prick up your ears!
Wilhelm and so forth;
indeed his blue eyes flash,
but at least until today
he hasn't worn any horns!

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On the Opening of the Lodge [Wq 202/N/1]

1. Flow gently through the clouds that conceal you,
unveiled into the sanctuary,
blessed truth!—And may your radiant awe
be the grave of superstition.
2. Bestow on us from the uncorrupted spheres,
pure virtue, your omnipotent gaze!
Come, to destroy the impious reign of blasphemy,
bring the golden age back again!
3. Truth, no longer concealed by any mist,
virtue, effective through desire,
now have illumined our temple;
happy is he who is a Mason.
4. Now to work, fast-bound brothers!—
Seek after truth; remain true to virtue!
For first each of our members feels
in full the joy of Masonry.

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Greetings at Assembly Time [Wq 202/N/2]

1. The sun may continually depart
and withhold its beams from us:
for us a dazzling light still remains.
The evening dew sinks down;
the temple glows, you brothers,
more beautifully than the sun ever shined upon us.
2. We behold the symbols of mortality,
and holy feelings pervade
our hearts, filled with friendship.
The oath of eternal loyalty
rings forth in the temple anew;
the incense mingles with the clouds.

3. How the signs of love beam
in the ties of steadfast devotion
and rest upon the manly breast!
Thus in the blue distance
we gaze at the twinkling stars in heaven,
and feel exalted joy.
4. The artificial delights of fools
no brother envies
who reveres friendship according to worth.
Receive it, O sensitive youth;
the science of joyful virtue
is now taught in the Lodge!
5. When will heaven grant
that our persecutors realize
how much injustice they do us?
They allow themselves to be misled by error;
we close our gates to hypocrites,
but not to the honest man.

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On the Feast of St. John [Wq 202/N/3]

1. Brothers, today be rightly pleased,
drink and play, sing and laugh.
See, the spirit of concord sings,
which forms us into true brothers,
which now allows us, fraternally,
to celebrate the Feast of St. John.
Swear to each other, brothers, hand in hand,
the holy covenant of most loyal friendship!
2. Never shall the evil spirit of division
poison here a single brother's heart,
consider only, that you are called brothers;
this can instill inner peace.
Then drink! The flow of wine
destroys harmful displeasure.
Swear to each other, brothers, hand in hand,
the holy covenant of most loyal friendship!
3. Then may the dark haze of enmity
never stain our sun's light;
never shall our holy art
be marred by wrath, a servile emotion.
The powerful strength of our labor
quickly drives away the passions.
Swear to each other, brothers, hand in hand,
the holy covenant of most loyal friendship!
4. Brothers, then reverently celebrate
the lofty festival of our union!
Even though not played at its best,
oh, sentiment strikes the lyre;
in weaker tones of joy as well
the son of St. John yet is known.
Swear to each other, brothers, hand in hand,
the holy covenant of most loyal friendship!

5. Love inspires us all the same;
do not hearts already beat faster?
Now let all turn to the Chairman,
asking him, as his labor's children,
chairman, does it please you,
this gathering of brothers here?
Oh, then swear it, hand in hand,
the holy covenant of most loyal friendship!
6. Say, who is this wine for?
Oh, for concord and for love!
Let it sound out everywhere,
oh, so may your desires be purified.
And for the greater pleasure of the feast
sing, inspired with a full heart:
Swear to each other, brothers, hand in hand,
the holy covenant of most loyal friendship!

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Antiphonal Song [Wq 202/N/4]

THE CHAIRMAN

1. Here, engaged for labor,
dedicate, worthy brothers,
worshipful songs
to him who supports our structure.

CHORUS OF BROTHERS

2. Indeed, in jubilant song
and in happy choruses
let the warmest thanks
from all the brothers be heard.

FIRST SUPERINTENDENT

3. Look at the temple's pillars
and sense your responsibilities.
Follow wisdom!—Only it can
sustain Masons.

CHORUS OF BROTHERS

4. Indeed, we follow its traces,
seeking after its teachings.
The law of wisdom alone
shall the Mason hear.

SECOND SUPERINTENDENT

5. Beauty shall exalt the building;
simplicity gave it value;
through nature alone shall it be beautiful,
without false adornment!

CHORUS OF BROTHERS

6. Indeed, according to nature's rules
and following its divisions,
a Freemason alone
is driven to build beautifully.

THE CHAIRMAN

7. Now, all-powerful Architect,
bless our deeds!

You have awakened us to light;
give strength to our building!

CHORUS OF BROTHERS

8. Indeed, the Almighty's strength sustains
our structure.—It stands.
It will still stand when the world,
decaying, passes away.

GENERAL CHORUS

9. Thank the blessed fortune,
where in the Masonic order
the reasoned happiness of true humanity
has become our reward!

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On the Feast of St. John [Wq 202/N/5]

1. From St. John I come here;
he was a loving man;
he loved as faithfully, as well
as anyone could love.
2. If you would be sons of St. John,
then love as he did.
Nature impresses this duty upon you;
indeed, it is not difficult.
3. You have that in your hearts
that speaks "love, love."
It quiets each first pang,
and behold—it doesn't last.
4. The wound that a brother beholds
is as good as healed,
since his breast, which glows with fire,
already shares our pains.
5. When then, through a brother's duty
the trouble of a brother is lessened,
then (infidels don't believe this)
it becomes so easy for both of us.
6. Beneficent nature created
us as brothers, one and all,
in a chosen number
to bring about happiness.
7. And therefore it gave us the power
to enact sympathy,
while every other passion
must be subdued in the heart.
8. Evidence of this is our gate,
which Cupid has never breached;
since a chorus of men alone
sing of charity here.
9. Oh, follow the holy calling
of the Masons of this world,
which created it for our happiness,
which sustains it and us.

10. When, dying, our gaze longs
for our brother's hand,
when for the last time reaches
the breaking bond of longing,

11. then let our last word be:
"Brothers, be not troubled:
we will love each other yonder,
as we loved each other here."

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Song [Wq 202/N/6]

1. Brothers, our pillars stand
firmly in bright sunlight.
Earth and heaven may pass away,
but our pillars will not.
2. Cheerfully the Lodge has witnessed already
the swift flight of many years;
oh, may she endure and never
dread an end to her serenity.
3. Watching by the ancient lamp,
she always finds every son;
virtue smiles in her eyes,
finding him today upon the throne.
4. So our light will be renewed,
and we observe with prophetic gaze;
build, brothers, and rejoice
at your mother's happiness.
5. In triumph the silent
beauty stands there, unrecognized:
rejoice out of full hearts—
she knows us and is known!

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On the Betrothal Feast of our Chairman [Wq 202/N/7]

1. Sing today inspired, brothers,
sing today in full choir!
Joy, mount newly within;
shine forth out of every delight!
Mingle in the happy feast,
which pleases the Chairman's heart!
To which Mason is love not precious,
which brings happiness to the world?
2. See, how in the glow of love
he sinks upon his beloved's breast,
yet even so he does not drink
from the chalice of forgetfulness of us;—
as he tore himself from his hour of bliss
with his beloved,
and still fulfills his prior commitment
to remain faithful!
3. Chairman, in the temple accept from us
the tribute of our warm friendship;

receive thanks for your example
of how one should choose wisely!
Indeed, you sought out a noble soul,
a clever spirit and an independent mind;
and according to your example
each should choose his lady Mason.

4. A true Mason should trust no friend
without flaw,
and see no idealized angel
even in the best woman.
Both choices we might regret;
Lessing once taught this:
for paltry flatteries
are not worthy of Masons.
5. He should remain manly also in love,
tender without sensibility;
for him, nothing should be excessive,
nothing should be ecstasy.
He will be cautious to promise
his never-false heart,
and to betray his oath of love
would never be a light thing for him.
6. To establish his wife's well-being,
to be the head of his household,
to overcome the burden of cares,
to strew flowers on the path
they walk; to teach her,
and when she speaks wisely,
to willingly listen to her:
this is the duty of a Mason.
7. And if he now becomes a father,
she will wish him not to forget
how to our holy order
he owes a brother.
Wisdom and virtue are the teachings
that he will impart in upbringing;
to destroy prejudice
the boy shall be called early in life.
8. He will learn to tame passions
in his youth,
and then, to welcome him,
all the brothers will stand ready.
In order to experience happiness,
he will ask to become a son of the Masons,
and will swear in his father's hands
to be faithful to true wisdom.
9. Flattery is for little spirits,
not for a thoughtful Mason;
Now accept, fortunate Chairman,
the duty of our pure offering.
Brothers, let the password be given,
bearing this supplication up above:
Long may our Chairman live
with his dear lady Mason!

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“You, Who in the Secure Sanctuary” [Wq 202/N/8]

1. You, who in the secure sanctuary
have bound yourselves to wisdom,
and your happiness and reputation
have found in your temple;
here in the bosom of quiet joys
you protect your precious destiny
and make yourselves free and great.
2. The desire that called you here
was a gift from heaven;
you fled, burning with presentiment,
from the bustling crowd.
You came without falsehood and swore,
and saw and listened and experienced;
yet consider as well, what oath you took!
3. To those who rank you among fools,
who condemn you to mockery,
who put down your virtuous judgment
and deride our covenant:
oh, if you sensed how much you were missing,
you would approach repentant and would be chosen,
and would become, as we are, inspired.
4. Then at last you would feel, filled with delight,
the joy of the Mason bond,
the enviable epitome
of a golden pastoral state.
Chosen brothers, among you
every brother is great and rich;
all brothers are alike.
5. We are made strong by the conviction
to establish truth;
and whatever was hidden from us up to now,
wisdom teaches us to find.
As long as the heavenly spheres revolve,
as long as people other people behold,
our work shall last.
6. The Mason is no outcast,
his duty makes him sociable;
and whoever receives the kiss from us
lives pleasantly in the world.
Though his flight bears him towards heaven,
his human heart still remains within him,
which senses human pain.
7. Distant only from the foolish throng
of compulsive seekers,
freedom sets our table
and fills our goblets.
Here, in the presence of innocence,
drink, brothers, happy in the way of Masons:
may he live long, who has become one!

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Drinking Song at Table [Wq 202/N/9]

1. Drink, drink from this fresh wine!
We will fill every glass.
The vain delusion of earthly status
is for us nothing more than toys and fancies.
Drink all, drink with long draughts
and let us delight as gods!
2. Though the whole world, frenzied,
may pervert itself in bloody battles,
we are free of conflict and division
in both hemispheres.
Drink all, drink with long draughts
and let us delight as gods!
3. Far from care or trouble,
in the strict rules of our order
the whole world sees how with wine and kiss
the sacrament of virtue is observed by us.
Drink all, drink with long draughts
and let us delight as gods!
4. Although accusing us of many faults
the world might then speak evil of us,
nevertheless with good deeds, goodness, and mercy
we will avenge ourselves on people's misconceptions!
Drink all, drink with long draughts
and let us delight as gods!

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“Lofty as the Eagle’s Boldest Flight” [Wq 202/N/10]

1. Lofty as the eagle’s boldest flight
and full as David’s song,
as powerful as Greek Pindar’s blows,
and as wise as Solomon.
2. So shall your song of praise always be;
otherwise it is worthless smoke,
otherwise it is far too small an offering to you,
you royal art!
3. You have entrusted your treasure
to the cradle of the world,
and have built Enoch’s city, Jabal’s tent,
and Noah’s ark.
4. You conceived the tower of Babel
as a wonder;
in your pyramids on the Nile
were intelligence and magnificence.
5. Now Europe murmurs your fame
from the Tagus to the Belt;
nevertheless your sanctuary remains
a riddle for the world.

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“For You, You Lovely Ones” [Wq 202/N/11]

1. For you, you lovely ones,
shall it ring forth,
the contest song of the Masons!
To all you sisters
it shall resound,
our fraternal gratitude.
Through you we are
united here,
through you achieved what we have accomplished.
2. Do not be daunted
that the Lodge’s darkness
is barred to you!
The impetus to work,
the everlasting strength,
flows from your gaze into us.
Only you revive,
only you uplift,
only you embellish it.
3. In a quiet household
the reward of purest love
brings you joy;
the hour of rest
your mouths dedicate
to innocent joys,
to the happiness of the Mason
whose fate has chosen him
to be so fortunate!
4. So, you brothers,
sing the songs with a single voice
for our good sisters!
They are dear to us;
in the brightest flame
let it be known to them!
Inspired by them,
we are chosen
to joyfully approach wisdom.

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The Quiet Happiness of Masonry [Wq 202/N/12]

1. Let others proudly thirst for honors;
the greatest rank is slavery.
The closest favorite of great princes
is still their slave—never free.
2. Let others heap up Croesus’ riches;
do they really enjoy their money?
When they drown in greed for gold,
what use are they to themselves or the world?
3. Let others lull themselves in pleasure;
they are entirely slaves to their lusts.
They never feel a simple delight,
and only pain follows their enjoyment.

4. The Mason, always content in himself,
creates his own and other people's happiness,
feels his heaven already present
and thankfully blesses his fate.
5. The heavens are troubled—yet the murky
path never frightens the Mason.
He endures—and when there is sunshine,
he gathers and enjoys it.
6. He shares his sorrows with his brothers,
which, shared, he feels only half as much,
and tastes every joy redoubled,
since his brothers feel it with him.
7. O brothers! What are thrones and riches,
what the mogul's treasure, pomp, and glory,
when I compare them with the bond
that in the Masonic apron makes us joyful?
8. Let fools, with their earthly treasures,
merely seem to delight in displeasure;
may our rule be our only delight,
may it be triply sacred to us!

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