

TRANSLATIONS

We Sing To Him

We sing to Him, whose wisdom form'd the ear,
Our songs, let Him who gave us voices, hear;
We joy in God who is the spring of mirth,
Who loves the harmony of Heav'n and Earth;
Our humble sonnets shall that praise rehearse,
Who is the music of the Universe.
And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing
We consecrate our art,
And offer up with ev'ry tongue a heart.

Lord, what is Man

Lord, what is man, lost man,
That thou shouldst be so mindful of him?
That the Son of God forsook His glory, His abode,
To become a poor, tormented man!
The Deity was shrunk into a span,
And that for me, for me,
O wond'rous love, for me.

Reveal, reveal, Ye glorious spirits,
When ye knew the way the Son of God
Took to renew lost man,
Your vacant places to supply;
Blest spirits tell, tell which,
Which did excel, which was more prevalent,
Your joy or your astonishment,
That man should be assumed into the Deity,
That for a worm, a God should die.

Oh! Oh, for a quill,
Drawn from your wing
To write the praises of eternal love.
Oh! Oh, for a voice like yours, to sing
That anthem here, which once you sung above.
Hallelujah!

Zum neuen Jahr (A poem for the New Year)

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Just as a cherub,
Secretly and softly
Alights on earth
With rosy feet,
So the morning dawned.
Rejoice, you gentle souls, with
A holy welcome!
A holy welcome,
O heart, rejoice as well!
May the New Year begin in Him,
Who moves
Moons and suns
In the blue firmament.
O Father, counsel us!
Lead us and guide us!
Lord, let all things,
Beginning and End,
Be entrusted into Thy keeping!

Gebet (Prayer)

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Lord! send what Thou wilt,
Pleasure or pain;
I am content that both
Flow from Thy hands.
Do not, I beseech Thee,
Overwhelm me
With joy or suffering!
But midway between
Lies blessed moderation.

Neue Liebe (New Love)

English Translation © [Richard Stokes](#)

Can one ever belong to another here on earth
Wholly, as one would wish to be?
Long I pondered this at night and had to answer, no!
So can I belong to no one here on earth,
And can no one be mine?
– From dark recesses in me a bright flame of joy flashes:
Could I not be with God,
Just as I would wish, mine and Thine?
What could keep me from being so today?

A sweet tremor pervades my very frame!
I marvel that it should have ever seemed a marvel
To have God for one's own on earth!

**Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante
(I say that nothing can frighten me)**

English translation by Terri Eickel
It is the smuggler's ordinary refuge.
He is here, I will see him!
And the task that his mother imposed
Without trembling, I will accomplish it.

I say that nothing can frighten me.
I say, alas, that I respond to myself;
But I play the part of the courageous one in vain...
From the bottom of my heart, I die of fear!
Alone in this savage place
All alone I am afraid,
But I am wrong to have fear.
You will give me courage;
You will protect me, Lord!

I am going to see face to face this woman,
Whose cursed guile has ended up
To make a vile person of him that I loved once.
She is dangerous, she is beautiful!
But I do not want to be afraid!
No, no, I do not want to be afraid!
I will speak up before her...ah!
Lord, you will protect me.
Protect me! O Lord! Give me courage!

Prayers from the Ark

The Prayer of the Little Bird

Dear God, I don't know how to pray by myself very well,
But will you please protect my little nest from wind and rain?
Put a great deal of dew on the flowers,
Many seeds in my way.
Make Your blue very high, Your branches lissome;
Let Your kind light stay late in the sky
And set my heart brimming, with such music
That I must sing. Please, Lord. Amen.

The Prayer of the Goldfish

O God, forever, forever
I turn in this hard crystal,
So transparent,
Yet I can find no way out.
Lord, deliver me
From the cramp of this water
And these terrifying things
I see through it, these terrifying things.
Put me back in the play of Your torrents,
In Your limpid springs.
Let me no longer be a little goldfish
In its prison of glass,
But a living spark
In the gentleness of Your reeds. Amen.

The Prayer of the Cat

Lord, I am the cat.
It is not exactly that I have something to ask of You!
No, I ask nothing of anyone
But if You have by some chance,
In some celestial barn, a little white mouse,
Or a saucer of milk,
I know someone who would relish them.
Wouldn't you like someday
To put a curse on the whole race of dogs?
If so, I would say, Amen.

The Prayer of the Lark

I am here! O my God, I am here, I am here!
You draw me away from the earth,
And I climb to You in a passion of shrilling,
To the dot in heav'n where,
For an instant, You crucify me.
When will You keep me forever?
Must You always let me fall
Back to the furrow's dip, a poor bird of clay?
Oh, at least let my exultant nothingness
Soar to the glory of Your mercy,
In the same hope until death. Amen.

The Prayer of the Butterfly

Lord! Where was I? Oh yes!
This flow'r, this sun, thank You!
Your world is beautiful!
This scent of roses...Where was I?
A drop of dew rolls
To sparkle in a lily's heart.
I have to go...Where?
I do not know!
The wind has painted fancies on my wings,
Fancies...Where was I? Oh yes!
Lord, I had something to tell you:
Hmmmmm Amen.

The Prayer of the Dove

The Ark waits,
Lord, the Ark waits on Your will,
And the sign of Your peace.
I am the dove,
Simple as the sweetness that comes from You.
The Ark waits, Lord; it has endured.
Let me carry it, a sprig of hope and joy,
And put at the heart of its forsakenness,
This, in which Your love clothes me,
Grace immaculate. Amen.

He's Got the Whole World in His Hand

He's got the whole world in His hand.
He's got the woods and the waters in His hand,
He's got the sun and the moon right in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

He's got the birds and the bees right in His hand,
He's got the beasts of the field right in His hand
He's got the whole world in His hand.

He's got you and me right in His hand,
He's got ev'rybody in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

Grief

Weeping angel with pinions trailing
And head bowed low in your hands.
Mourning angel with heartstrings wailing
For one who in death's hall stands.
Mourning angel silence your wailing
And raise your head from your hands.
Weeping angel on your pinions trailing
The white dove, promise, stands!

Hold Out Your Light

Hold out your light ye heav'n bound soldiers,
Let your light shine around this world.

Oh, sister, won't you hold out your light?
Let your light shine around this world.
Hold out your light ye heav'n bound soldiers,
Let your light shine around this world.

Oh, brother, won't you hold out your light?
Let your light shine around this world.
Hold out your light ye heav'n bound soldiers,
Let your light shine around this world.

Oh, Christian won't you hold out your light?
Oh, sister, Oh, brother won't you hold out your light?
Let your light shine around this world.