

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Hans Sachs**

**- poems -**

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## **A Fair Melody: To Be Sung By Good Christians**

Awake, my heart's delight, awake  
Thou Christian host, and hear  
These tones that lovely music make,  
God's Word most pure and clear,  
That now is sweetly sounding,  
While dawn is piercing through the night  
Through God's dear love abounding.

The prophets' message now at last  
Our ears may hear again,  
Locked up therewith in silence fast  
Long had the Gospel lain;  
But now we hear their voices,  
And many an anxious burdened soul  
In freedom now rejoices.

For conscience lay oppressed and bound  
By bans and men's commands,  
Soul-traps and nets were all around;  
But now our German lands,  
Behold the sun is risen,  
And those foul shapes were ghosts and lies,  
And dare to burst their prison.

Christ sends us many messengers  
His gospel to proclaim,  
And all the realm of darkness stirs  
To work them death or shame,  
And quench the Truth in error;--  
O Christendom, thou Bride of God,  
Fear not for all their terror!

Trust thou in flattering tongues no more,  
Though many they may be;  
All human teachings dread thou sore,  
Though good they seem to thee;  
But put thy whole affiance  
In God's good-will and holy Word,  
There is our one reliance.

There yield thy heart and soul entire,  
What it commands is good;  
Where it forbids let no desire  
E'er stir within thy blood;  
Where it allows, maintain thou  
Thy Christian freedom as Paul saith,  
Yet from offence refrain thou.

The Word will save thee from the smart  
Of sin and pains of hell,  
If thou believe it with thy heart  
No evil there can dwell;

'Twill make thee pure and holy,  
And teach thee that in Jesus lies  
Our hope and comfort solely.

Blest be the day and blest the hour  
When thou didst see revealed  
The Word of God in all its power,  
The soul's true strength and shield;  
Let nought to thee be dearer  
In heaven or earth, no creature-love  
E'er to thy heart be nearer.

O Christendom, here give thou heed,  
By no false lore perplexed,  
Here seek and find true life indeed  
For this world and the next;  
For he who dies believing  
In Christ alone, shall live with Him,  
His heavenly joys receiving.

Hans Sachs

## The Mediator

O Christ, true Son of God most high,  
Thy name we praise for ever;  
Whoe'er to Thee for help doth cry  
Shall find Thee fail him never;  
'Tis Thou wilt plead,  
Thou intercede  
With God, for us who need Thy prayers so sore:  
Thy bitter strife  
Hath wrought us life,  
And Thine be thanks and praise for evermore!

To Thee the Father giveth now  
All power in earth and heaven;  
Sin, Satan, Death to Thee must bow,  
All fetters Thou hast riven,  
Bade fear to cease,  
And made our peace,  
That now to God we dare our hearts outpour:  
Thy bitter strife  
Hath wrought us life,  
And Thine be thanks and praise for evermore!

Fulness of grace is in Thy Word;  
The Life, the Truth, the Way  
To life eternal art Thou, Lord;  
To Thee alone we pray,  
Who didst appear  
A servant here  
To bear the sin that crushed the world before:  
Thy bitter strife  
Hath wrought us life,  
And Thine be thanks and praise for evermore!

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## Why Art Thou Thus Cast Down, My Heart?

Why art thou thus cast down, my heart?  
Why troubled, why dost mourn apart,  
O'er nought but earthly wealth?  
Trust in thy God, be not afraid,  
He is thy Friend who all things made.

Dost think thy prayers He doth not heed?  
He knows full well what thou dost need,  
And heaven and earth are His;  
My Father and my God, who still  
Is with my soul in every ill.

Since Thou my God and Father art,  
I know Thy faithful loving heart  
Will ne'er forget Thy child;  
See I am poor, I am but dust,  
On earth is none whom I can trust.

The rich man in his wealth confides,  
But in my God my trust abides;  
Then laugh ye as ye will,  
I hold this fast that He hath taught,--  
Who trusts in God shall want for nought.

Yes, Lord, Thou art as rich to-day  
As Thou hast been and shalt be aye,  
I rest on Thee alone;  
Thy riches to my soul be given,  
And 't is enough for earth and heaven.

What here may shine I all resign,  
If the eternal crown be mine,  
That through Thy bitter death  
Thou gainedst, O Lord Christ, for me--  
For this, for this, I cry to Thee!

All wealth, all glories, here below,  
The best that this world can bestow,  
Silver or gold or lands,  
But for a little time is given,  
And helps us not to enter heaven.  
I thank Thee, Christ, Eternal Lord,  
That Thou hast taught me by Thy word  
To know this truth and Thee;  
O grant me also steadfastness  
Thy heavenly kingdom not to miss.

Praise, honour, thanks, to Thee be brought,  
For all things in and for me wrought  
By Thy great mercy, Christ.  
This one thing only still I pray,  
Oh cast me ne'er from Thee away

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