Found (Gefunden)

Into the woodland,
Alone I went.
Seeking nothing,
My sole intent.

In the shadows I saw
A flower grow,
Shining like starlight,
Its bright eyes aglow

I went to pick it,
It gently said:
Must I be broken,
Withered, and dead?

So I dug it up with all
Its roots and rich loam,
Carried it to the garden
Of my lovely home.

And planted it again
In a quiet place;
There it spreads out its flowers
Blooming with grace.

Wanderer's Night Song (Über allen Gipfeln)

Thou that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending
Come, ah, come into my breast!

May Song (Mailied)

How gloriously
Nature gleams for me!
How the sun sparkles!
How the field laughs!

Blossoms burst
From every bough
And a thousand voices
From every bush

And delight and rapture
From every breast.
O earth, O sun!
O joy, O bliss!

O love, O love!
So golden fair
As morning clouds
On yonder hills!

You bless with glory
The fresh field,
In a mist of blossom
The teeming world.

O maiden, maiden,
How I love you!
How you look at me!
How you love me!

The skylark loves
Song and air,
And morning flowers
The hazy sky,

As I with warm blood
Love you,
Who give me youth
And joy and heart

For new songs
And new dances.
Be happy always
As in your love for me!

Autumn Feelings (Herbstgefühle)

Flourish greener, as ye clamber,
Oh ye leaves, to seek my chamber,

Up the trellis'd vine on high!
May ye swell, twin-berries tender,
Juicier far,—and with more splendour

Ripen, and more speedily!
O'er ye broods the sun at even
As he sinks to rest, and heaven

Softly breathes into your ear
All its fertilising fullness,
While the moon's refreshing coolness,

Magic-laden, hovers near;
And, alas! ye're watered ever

By a stream of tears that rill
From mine eyes—tears ceasing never,

Tears of love that nought can still!

Great God, with Wonder and with Praise
The Excellency of the Bible, Isaac Wats

Great God, with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power and grace
Shine brighter in thy Book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good Word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy Word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfy'd;
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

James 1:2-8 (NKJV)

My brethren, count it all joy when you fall into various trials, knowing that the testing of your faith produces patience. But let patience have its perfect work, that you may be perfect and complete, lacking nothing. If any of you lacks wisdom, let him ask of God, who gives to all liberally and without reproach, and it will be given to him. But let him ask in faith, with no doubting, for he who doubts is like a wave of the sea driven and tossed by the wind. For let not that man suppose that he will receive anything from the Lord; he is a double-minded man, unstable in all his ways.