

Creator of all things, true source of light and  
wisdom, origin of all being, graciously let a ray  
of your light penetrate the darkness of my  
understanding. Take from me the double darkness  
in which I have been born, an obscurity of sin  
and ignorance. Give me a keen understanding,  
a retentive memory, and the ability to grasp  
things correctly and fundamentally. Grant me the  
talent of being exact in my explanations and

the ability to express myself with thoroughness

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and charm. Point out the beginning,

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direct the progress, and help in the completion.

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I ask this through Christ our Lord. Amen.

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16 Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly,

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teaching and admonishing one another in all

---

wisdom, singing psalms and hymns and spiritual

---

songs, with thankfulness in your hearts to God.

---

17 And whatever you do, in word or deed,

---

do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus,

---

giving thanks to God the Father through him.

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Oh, childhood, oh glorious dream-filled time,

---

When the world was sunny and hopeful and kind!

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How often while miserable, lonely with grime

---

When I'm drinking I do so in order to find

---

A way back to the wonderful kingdom of dreams,

---

Full of palaces, castles and glory,

---

Where each of my friends is a beacon who

---

beams

---

And where wild nymphets dance oh so freely.

---

No obstacles to my happiness stand,

---

No blockage to travelling free. –

---

What matter the limits today in this land?

---

No, my childhood comes back to me. –

---

I'm tired and I wish once again to reside

---

In that town, in the heather to sleep.

---

To dream of chambers golden and wide,

---

And eternal youth ever to keep.

---

Oh, let me now slumber as sunset draws nigh

---

Once more as in days of my youth!

---

Oh, sing now, thou fir tree, oh thrush now do

---

sigh,

---

For I am once more just the child of my truth.

---

I then lean my head against a tree in the glen,

---

Release fear and fight from my chest.

---

Oh, murmur thou birches, oh whisper amen –

---

And sing me to eternal rest.

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I am tired, I am dulled by the factory,

---

I would go to my home in brown earth,

---

to my cabin by the Blodsten bog,

---

to the peace of the coves of my birth.

---

I would live on bread and water,

---

if only I could soon exchange

---

the city lights and hubub for the night

---

where the peaceful hours range.

---

I wish my way to the dale at Pajso,

---

to the grassy bog at So,

---

where the dark green depths of the forest

---

round the mossy fields do grow,

---

where the sedge grass stands in the meadow

---

where the springs purl white as milk

---

and the roots of the flora are woven

---

into fabric as fine as silk.

---

I long for the valley at Kango

---

where red heather adorns the earth

---

and its flames burn in silent resistance

---

to the threat of autumnal death –

---

where the lovely, spritely butterflies

---

hover on dust-covered wings

---

and the bumblebee laden with pollen

---

to the plants does firmly cling.

---

I wish to be back with poor people

---

who live by the sweat of their brow,

---

who labor in summer and battle

---

cold and misery in winter like now . -

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I wish to be back where the clouds skim

---

through the sky where the stars also shine

---

and where wilderness rivers gush at whim

---

keeping time with these new songs of mine.

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