

Capel y Boro  
Sun 9 May 2021, 11am

**Wales and Germany:  
Together in faith,  
words, prayers, hymns  
and music**

**Novalis and Elfed  
Goethe and T Gwynn  
Jones and Gwenallt**

**Martin Luther,  
Dietrich Bonhoeffer,  
Catherine Winkworth**



**Opening music:**  
**Wir pflügen und wir streuen den  
Samen auf das Land**  
(We plough the fields and scatter)  
(Matthias Claudius)

**Intrada**

**Franz Schubert**  
**Der Tod und das Mädchen**  
(Death and the Maiden)  
(Matthias Claudius)  
Christa Ludwig (mezzo-soprano);  
Gerald Moore (piano)

**I Thesalonians 4:13-18**  
*The coming of the Lord*

**When morning gilds the skies**  
(Beim frühen Morgenlicht)  
(Translated by Edward Caswall,  
Tune Joseph Barnby *Laudes Domini*)

**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**  
*translated by T Gwynn Jones*  
**Excerpt, Faust**  
*The pact with Mephistopheles*

**Matthew 4:1-11**  
*The Temptation of Jesus*

**Ein nerth a'n cadarn dŵr yw  
Ddu**  
(A safe stronghold our God is still)  
(Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott)  
(Martin Luther *cyf.* Lewis Edwards,  
Tune Martin Luther, *Ein feste Burg*)

**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**  
*translated by Gwenallt*  
**Hwyrigan y Crwydryn**  
(Wandrer's Nachtlied II)

**Franz Schubert**  
**Wandrer's Nachtlied II**  
(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)  
Andrew Garland (baritone)  
Warren Jones (piano)

**Diolchwn oll i Ddu**  
(Now thank we all our God)  
(Nun danket alle Gott)  
(Martin Rinkhart *cyf.* J T Lewis  
from English translation by  
Catherine Winkworth, tune  
Johann Crüger / J S Bach)

**A talk by John Jones on  
Novalis**

**Os cafy'r Iesu'n rhan**  
(Wenn ich ihn nur habe)  
(Novalis *cyf.* Elfed, tune Sir Arthur  
Sullivan *Propior Deo*)

**Franz Schubert**  
**Hymne II:**  
**Wenn ich ihn nur habe**  
(If only I have him)  
(Novalis)  
Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau  
(baritone);  
Gerald Moore (piano)

**Franz Schubert**  
**Marie**  
(Novalis)  
Elizabeth Watts (soprano);  
Roger Vignoles (piano)

**Novalis**  
**Nachthymne**  
(Hymn to the night)

**A talk on Catherine  
Winkworth who brought  
German hymns to Britain**

**O sacred head sore wounded**  
(O haupt voll Blut und Wunden)  
(Paul Gerhardt *trans.* Robert  
Seymour Bridges)

**Dietrich Bonhoeffer**  
**Prayers from prison, 1943**

**Gweddi'r Arglwydd**

**Praise to the Lord, the Almighty,  
the King of creation**  
(Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen  
König der Ehren)  
(Joachim Neander, *trans.* Catherine  
Winkworth, tune *Lobe den Herren*)

**Blessing and  
Closing music:**  
**Richard Wagner**  
**Tristan and Isolde,  
Act 2, love duet**  
Siegfried Jerusalem (Tristan);  
Waltraud Meier (Isolde);  
Bayreuth Festival Orchestra/  
Daniel Barenboim  
Heiner Müller, Director, 1995

**Opening music:**  
**Wir pflügen und wir streuen  
den Samen auf das Land**  
(We plough the fields and scatter)  
(Matthias Claudius)



Matthias Claudius, writer of *We plough the fields and scatter* and *Death and the Maiden*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=exNNJUY\\_r4Q](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=exNNJUY_r4Q) (up to 0:46)

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### Intrada

Ysbryd y tragwyddol Dduw,  
disgyn arnom ni;  
Ysbryd y tragwyddol Dduw,  
disgyn arnom ni: plyg ni, trin ni,  
golch ni, cod ni:  
Ysbryd y tragwyddol Dduw,  
disgyn arnom ni.

*Spirit of the eternal God, descend upon us; Spirit of the eternal God, descend upon us:  
fold us, treat us, wash us, raise us:  
Spirit of the eternal God, descend upon us.*

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### Good morning and welcome

to our Capel y Boro service which continues our Romantics theme and this week looks at the influence of the German Romantic movement on Wales. We will pay homage to Romanic giants of Germany such as Goethe and Novalis but also look at their influence on the like of Gwenallt, Elfed and T Gwynn Jones. And if Turner was the giant of Romantic visual arts in the UK then Caspar David Friedrich was the artistic titan of romanticism in Europe.



Caspar David Friedrich *Wanderer above the Sea of Fog* c. 1818 © Kunsthalle Hamburg, Hamburg, Germany

Here is his classic *Wanderer above the Sea of Fog*, the primacy of the individual is there but set against the elements and the wider spiritual universe. The picture that perhaps best sums up the spirit of Romanticism.

This year is *Wales in Germany* year and there are lots of Welsh activities across arts and sciences and business going on in Germany including Sir Bryn Terfel singing Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* in Munich and National Dance Company Wales on tour in Germany. Whilst in Wales National Theatre Wales will be staging in June *Faust + Greta*, inspired by T. Gwynn Jones's Welsh translation of Goethe's classic *Faust*, and we will have a passage from T. Gwynn Jones's Welsh translation later.

Our service is a celebration of Germany and Wales through its arts but also its faith, hymns and prayers. When we celebrate Harvest Festivals many congregations no doubt sing the favourite seasonal hymn *We plough the fields and scatter* which we heard at the start of our service. But not many of the singers may be aware that this seemingly integral part of a British – or at least an Anglican – Harvest Festival service is in fact a translation of a German hymn, *Wir pflügen und wir streuen*, with words taken from a poem by the eighteenth-century German Romantic poet Matthias Claudius. The English translation first appeared in 1861 in a collection entitled *A Garland of Songs: or an English Liederkranz* compiled by Charles S Bere, a Devon clergyman. Bere was apparently something of a Germanophile: in a preface he speaks admiringly of

the role played by vocal music in German homes and communities and expresses the hope that his English collection of secular and religious songs will encourage a similar culture among his compatriots. The translator, modestly described as “a lady ... who wishes to be nameless”, was Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817-1878). Among her other contributions to the collection is a version of *Stille Nacht* beginning ‘Holy Night, peaceful night’.

German hymns had been making their way into English for a long time before Bere and Campbell collaborated on their *Garland*. The Latin-German carol *In dulci jubilo* and Luther's *Ein' feste Burg* appeared in English versions as early as the sixteenth century, and John Wesley made some translations from German in the eighteenth century. But the nineteenth century was the golden age of German-English hymn translation. For example, most of us know *Ein' feste Burg* best in Thomas Carlye's translation as ‘A safe stronghold’ (or in another nineteenth-century American translation as ‘A mighty fortress’), and we will sing that along with other German hymns in translation during the service. But first let's stay with the writer of the German original version of *We plough the fields and scatter*, he is the poet Matthias Claudius, and as well as this popular harvest hymns he is known to us as the writer of one of Franz Schubert's greatest song texts *Death and the Maiden* which also inspired one of the Austrian composer's most popular string quartets incorporating a theme from the song. We are going to hear the song now sung by the legendary

German mezzo soprano Christa Ludwig, who died in April aged 93. Here she is in 1961 singing *Death and the Maiden* with pianist Gerald Moore, who introduces the song for us first:

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### Franz Schubert

#### *Der Tod und das Mädchen*

(*Death and the Maiden*)

(Matthias Claudius)

Christa Ludwig (mezzo-soprano);

Gerald Moore (piano)



Egon Schiele *Death and the Maiden*, 1915

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vKh4JsWvsPw>



Christa Ludwig

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### I Thesalonians 4:13-18

*The coming of the Lord*

Yr ydym am ichwi wybod, gyfeillion, am y rhai sydd yn huno, rhag ichwi fod yn drallodus, fel y rhelyw sydd heb ddim gobaith. Os ydym yn credu i lesu farw ac atgyfodi, felly hefyd bydd Duw, gydag ef, yn dod â'r rhai a hunodd drwy lesu. Hyn yr ydym yn ei ddweud wrthyh ar air yr Arglwydd: ni fyddwn ni, y rhai byw a adewir hyd ddyfodiad yr

Arglwydd, yn rhagflaenu dim ar y rhai sydd wedi huno. Oherwydd pan floeddir y gorchymyn, pan fydd yr archangel yn galw ac utgorn Duw yn seinio, bydd yr Arglwydd ei hun yn disgyn o'r nef; bydd y meirw yng Nghrist yn atgyfodi yn gyntaf, ac yna byddwn ni, y rhai byw a fydd wedi eu gadael, yn cael ein cipio i fyny gyda hwy yn y cymylau, i gyfarfod â'r Arglwydd yn yr awyr; ac felly byddwn gyda'r Arglwydd yn barhaus. Calonogwch eich gilydd, felly, â'r geiriau hyn.

*But we do not want you to be uninformed, brothers and sisters, about those who have died, so that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope. For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have died. For this we declare to you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, will by no means precede those who have died. For the Lord himself, with a cry of command, with the archangel's call and with the sound of God's trumpet, will descend from heaven, and the dead in Christ will rise first. Then we who are alive, who are left, will be caught up in the clouds together with them to meet the Lord in the air; and so we will be with the Lord for ever. Therefore encourage one another with these words.*

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### When morning gilds the skies,

My heart awaking cries:  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Alike at work and prayer  
To Jesus I repair:  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

To Thee, my God above,

I cry with glowing love,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
The fairest graces spring  
In hearts that ever sing,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Does sadness fill my mind?  
A solace here I find,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Or fades my earthly bliss?  
My comfort still is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this, while life is mine,  
My canticle divine,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Be this th' eternal song  
Through all the ages long,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pCsC0CUH34I>

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### Johann Wolfgang von

**Goethe** (1749-1832) was a German poet, playwright, novelist, scientist, statesman, theatre director, critic, and amateur artist. His works include plays, poetry, literary and aesthetic criticism, and treatises on botany, anatomy, and colour. He is considered to be the greatest German literary figure of the modern era. And he was hugely influential. His epic drama

*Faust*, was completed in stages. It is about the erudite Faust who is highly successful yet dissatisfied with his life, which leads him to making a pact with the Devil at a crossroads, exchanging his soul for unlimited knowledge and worldly pleasures. The first part was published in 1808 and created a sensation. He finished *Faust Part Two* in the year of his death, and the work was published posthumously. It was translated into Welsh in 1922 by T Gwynn Jones, a leading Welsh poet famous for his poem about Strata Florida *Ystrad Fflur*.



Johann Heinrich Wilhelm Tischbein  
*Goethe in the Roman Campagna, 1787*  
© Städel Museum, Frankfurt

## Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

translated by T Gwynn Jones  
**Excerpt, *Faust***

*The pact with Mephistopheles*

*Faust, Part One* takes place in multiple settings, the first of which is Heaven. The demon Mephistopheles makes a bet with God: he says that he can lure God's favourite human being (*Faust*), who is striving to learn everything that can be known, away from righteous pursuits. When Mephistopheles tells Faust to sign the pact with blood, Faust complains that Mephistopheles does not trust Faust's word of honour. In the end, Mephistopheles wins the

argument and Faust signs the contract with a drop of his own blood.

### **Faust:**

Pa sgrifen, bedant wyt, a wna dy dro?  
Onid adwaeni ddyn, a'i air efô?  
Ac onid digon bod fy ngair i ti  
Hyd byth, âr peth a wnelwyf i, yn gyson?  
A fydd rhyw amod yn fy rhwymo i,  
A'r byd i gyd mewn stormydd yn ymryson?  
Ond yn ein calon, trig yr ysfa hon, -  
A phwy yn rhwydd o'i gfael a'n rhyddhâi?  
Dedwydd y bo ffyddlondeb yn ei fron  
Nid gofid iddo aberth ar a wnâi.  
Ond memrwn, a'i ysgrifen, a'i sêl gron,  
Drychiolaeth yw, gwyleiddiai bawb lle bâi;  
A'r gair yn trengi ym mlaen y pin yn llwyr,  
Trig yr awdurdod yn y croen a'r cŵyr!  
Pa beth a fynni gennyf, ysbryd cas,  
Ai pres ai marmor, croen, ai papur glas?  
Beth a gymeraf - pwyntil, pluen, cŷn?  
Rhof iti ddewis wrth dy chwaeth dy hun....

....Nac ofna ddim y torraf cyfamod!  
Addewais y defnyddiwn bob rhyw ddawn  
Sydd ynof – dyna'n unionoedd yr amod;  
Ymchŵyddais innau, nes fy mod yn awr,  
Fy hun yn un o'th deulu di;  
Fe'm sennwyd gan yr ysbryd mawr  
A chlôwyd Natur rhagof i  
Fe ddrylliwyd cadwyn myfyrdodau,

A chas I minnau bob gwybodau;  
Boed inni yn nyfnder nwydau'r cnawd  
Dawelu'n tanbaid flysiau i gyd!  
Mewn annhreiddiadwy fentyll hud,  
Boed pob rhyfeddod ar ein rhawd.

### **Faust:**

*What a script, you are a pedant, who will do your turn?  
Didn't he know a man, and his word with him?  
And is it not enough that my word is to you  
Ever the thing that I do, constantly?  
Will some condition bind me,  
And the whole world in storms in contention?  
But in our heart, this craving, -  
And who easily got hold of us and freed us?  
Happy be it in his breast  
He did not regret sacrificing what he did.  
But parchment, and its writing, and its round seal,  
Damn it is, everyone shone where he was;  
And the word disappears completely at the front of the pin,  
Abandon authority in skin and wax!  
What do I want, nasty spirit,  
Is it brass or marble, skin, or blue paper?  
What do I take - tab, feather, chisel?  
Let me choose your own tastes....*

... .No fear I break the covenant!  
I promised that we would use every kind of talent  
In me - that's exactly the condition;  
I waited, until I am now,  
I am one of your family;  
I was sung by the great spirit  
And Nature locked me  
A chain of meditation was broken,  
And I hate all knowing;  
May we be in the depths of the passions of the flesh

*Cheers to all our cravings!  
In an indestructible magic mantle,  
May all wonders be on our beat.*



T Gwynn Jones (anonymous artist);  
National Library of Wales

*T Gwynn Jones was a poet, scholar, literary critic, novelist, translator, and journalist he did important work in Welsh literature, Welsh education, and the study of Welsh folk tales in the first half of the twentieth century. He was also an accomplished translator into Welsh of works from English, German, Greek, and Irish.*

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### Matthew 4:1-11

*The Temptation of Jesus*

Then Jesus was led up by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. He fasted for forty days and forty nights, and afterwards he was famished. The tempter came and said to him, 'If you are the Son of God, command these stones to become loaves of bread.' But he answered, 'It is written,

"One does not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes from the mouth of God.'" Then the devil took him to the holy city and placed him on the pinnacle of the temple, saying to

him, 'If you are the Son of God, throw yourself down; for it is written,

"He will command his angels concerning you",  
and "On their hands they will bear you up,  
so that you will not dash your foot against a stone."

Jesus said to him, 'Again it is written, "Do not put the Lord your God to the test."  
Again, the devil took him to a very high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and their splendour; and he said to him, 'All these I will give you, if you will fall down and worship me.'

Jesus said to him, 'Away with you, Satan! for it is written, "Worship the Lord your God, and serve only him."  
Then the devil left him, and suddenly angels came and waited on him.

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### Ein nerth a'n cadarn dŵr yw Duw,

ein tarian a'n harfogaeth;  
o ing a thrallod o bob rhyw  
rhydd gyflawn waredigaeth.  
Archelyn dyn a Duw  
llawn o gynddaredd yw,  
ei lid a'i ddichell gref  
yw ei arfogaeth ef;  
digymar yw'r anturiaeth.

Ni ellir dim o allu dyn:  
mewn siomiant blin mae'n  
diffodd;  
ond drosom ni mae'r addas Un,  
a Duw ei hun a'i trefnodd.  
"Pwy yw?" medd calon drist:  
ein Ceidwad Iesu Grist,  
Tywysog lluoedd nef,  
ac nid oes Duw ond ef;  
y maes erioed ni chollodd.

*A safe stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
The ancient prince of Hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell;  
Strong mail of craft and power  
He weareth in this hour;  
On earth is not his fellow.*

*With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon were we down-ridden;  
But for us fights the proper Man,  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye, "Who is this same?"  
Christ Jesus is His Name,  
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;  
He, and no other one,  
Shall conquer in the battle.*

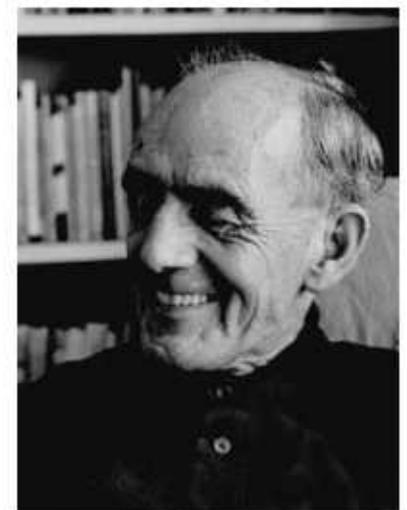
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LXitsK44dbg> (0:22- 2:00)

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### Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

translated by **Gwenallt**  
**Hwyrigan y Crwydryn**  
(Wandrer's Nachtlied II)

Uwchben y bannau  
A brig y coedlannau  
Ni chlywi di ond distawrwydd y  
bedd;  
Tawel yw adar y tir,  
Aros, dro, a chyn hir  
Fe gei dithau heddi.



Gwenallt

This is one of Goethe's simplest but most profound poems "Wanderer's Song of the Night" or "Wandrer's Nachtlied." Gwenallt's Welsh translation is of the poem that was also set to music by Franz Schubert (below with the equivalent German text and English translation.)

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### Franz Schubert

#### Wandrer's Nachtlied II

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Andrew Garland (baritone);

Warren Jones (piano)

Über allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh',  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelein schweigen im  
Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.

Over every mountain-top  
Lies peace,  
In every tree-top  
You scarcely feel  
A breath of wind;  
The little birds are hushed in the  
wood.  
Wait, soon you too  
Will be at peace.

English Translation © Richard Stokes

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zmNmosrot8E>

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### Diolchwn oll i Dduw

Â'n lleisiau a'n calonnau,  
Llawenydd yr holl fyd,  
A Thad y trugareddau;  
Ei fendith ar ein taith,  
Ei nawdd, a'i ofal maith,  
O'n mebydd hyd yn awr,  
Yw ffrwyth ei gariad mawr.

Boed Ef yn agos byth

A beunydd i'n bendithio;  
Calonnau llawen gawn  
A'i heddwch i'n cysuro;  
Rhagflaened ni â'i ras  
I ochel pechod cas,  
A'n harwain yn ei law  
Yn iach i'r byd a ddaw.

I Dduw, yn Dad, yn Fab  
Yn Ysbryd Glân, diolchwn;  
Efe yw'r unig Dduw,  
Ac Ef yn awr addolwn;  
Yn Un tragwyddol Dduw,  
lôr nef a daear yw,  
Fel hyn yr oedd, y mae,  
A byth fydd yn parhau.

Now thank we all our God,  
With heart and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things has done,  
In whom this world rejoices;  
Who from our mothers' arms  
Has blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed;  
And free us from all ills,  
In this world and the next!

All praise and thanks to God  
The Father now be given;  
The Son and Him who reigns  
With Them in highest Heaven;  
The one eternal God, whom  
Earth and Heaven adore;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8xVQ\\_3W7hBg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8xVQ_3W7hBg)

### A talk by John Jones on Novalis (1772–1801)



Novalis (Georg Philipp Friedrich Freiherr von Hardenberg), 1799

To continue our theme of Romanticism, there's a hymn in *Caneuon Fydd* by Novalis, an 18th century German poet and philosopher of early German Romanticism, in a translation by Elfed, the former minister of King's Cross chapel.

Born into an aristocratic family in Saxony, Novalis' early household was strictly Pietist, that is to say observant Protestants. He studied Law at the University of Jena, near Leipzig, which was governed by the poet Goethe, as it was the university belonging to the Duchy of Saxe Weimar, where he became acquainted with the poet and playwright Friedrich Schiller, the author of *Don Carlos* and *William Tell*, who was a professor of Philosophy there at the time.

Because of his family's commercial interests in mining, Novalis enrolled at the Mining Academy in Freiberg in 1797 where he studied a wide range of disciplines such as electricity, chemistry and mineralogy and became a director of a salt mine in Saxony. He also met many of

the formative figures of early German Romanticism in and around Jena including Goethe, Schelling and Schlegel.

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### Film, Novalis quotes

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lvpcrQ\\_jnEo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lvpcrQ_jnEo)

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During this time Novalis wrote his major poetic works, including *Hymns to the Night*, a set of six lyrical poems that have been described as largely autobiographical, statements about his philosophy and points of view. They're interpretations of life and death, symbolized by the night. The Hymns display his universal concept of religion with an intermediary, the idea that there is a third party between the human and God, namely Jesus. In 1800, Novalis began showing signs of illness, suspected tuberculosis, and died a year later at the age of 28.

The hymn tune, *Propior Deo*, by the composer Arthur Sullivan of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, is usually coupled with the words *Nearer thy God to Thee*. Here it is with words by Elfed and Novalis:

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### Os caf yr Iesu'n rhan

o dan bob croes,  
a rhodio yn ei hedd  
hyd ddiwedd oes,  
anghofiaf boenau'r daith,  
pob gwaith fydd yn fwynhad;  
caf brofi'r hedd sydd fy  
yn nhŷ fy Nhad.

Ond cael yr Iesu'n rhan  
daw'r cyfan im;  
pob bendith ynddo gaf,  
ni chollaf ddim:

ni raid im fynd ar ôl  
mwynhad daearol fyd,  
cans yn ei gariad ef  
mae nef o hyd.

Lle bynnag caf fi ef  
fy nghartref yw;  
a deuaif drwy ei ras  
i ddinas Duw:  
fy mrodyr yn yr ŵyl  
a fydd ei annwyl rai;  
byth, byth ni welir un  
o'r teulu'n llai.



Elvet Lewis by Walter Stoneman, 1949  
© National Portrait Gallery, London

*If I find Jesus parted  
under every cross,  
and walk in his peace  
until the end of life,  
I will forget the pains of the journey,  
every work that will be enjoyable;  
I can experience the peace that is  
above  
in my Father's house.*

*But getting Jesus involved  
comes to me;  
every blessing in him will I  
receive, I will not lose anything;  
I need not pursue  
earthly enjoyment, for  
in his love  
there is still heaven.*

*Wherever I find him is  
my home;*

*and I will come by his grace  
to the city of God:  
my brothers in the feast  
shall be his beloved ones;  
never, never will any  
of the family be seen less.*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aw8\\_2nqtm0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aw8_2nqtm0)

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### Franz Schubert

#### Hymne II:

#### Wenn ich ihn nur habe

(If only I have him)

(Novalis)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau

(baritone); Gerald Moore (piano)

Wenn ich ihn nur habe,  
wenn er mein nur ist;  
wenn mein Herz bis hin zum  
Grabe  
seine Treue nie vergißt:  
Weiß ich nichts von Leibe,  
fühle nichts als Andacht, Lieb und  
Freude.

Wenn ich ihn nur habe,  
Laß ich alles gern,  
Folg an meinem Wanderstabe  
Treugesinnt nur meinem Herrn;  
Lasse still die Andern  
Breite, lichte, volle Strafen  
wandern.

Wo ich ihn nur habe,  
Ist mein Vaterland,  
Und is fällt mir jede Gabe,  
Wie ein Erbtheil in die Hand,  
Längst vermißte Brüder  
Find ich nun in seinen Jüngern  
wieder.

*If I only have Him,  
if He is only mine;  
if my heart up to the grave  
never forgets His constancy:  
I will know nothing of distress,  
I will feel nothing but devotion, love  
and joy.*

*If I only have Him,  
I gladly leave everything else  
and with my wandering staff,  
simply follow my Lord with loyal  
thoughts:  
I am content to let others  
travel the broad, bright, and busy  
paths.*

*If I only have Him  
I am in my homeland:  
and every gift falls  
like a legacy into my hand:  
long-lost brothers  
I now find again in His followers.*



Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau

*Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore perform Novalis's hymn "Wenn ich ihn nur habe" in the song setting by Schubert - the same poem that was also made into the Welsh hymn we heard before it by Elfed Lewis.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z2ufa6ZLm-U>

## Franz Schubert

### Marie

(Novalis)

Elizabeth Watts (soprano);

Roger Vignoles (piano)

*Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern,  
Maria, lieblich ausgedrückt,  
Doch keins von allen kann dich  
schildern,  
Wie meine Seele dich erblickt.*

*Ich weiss nur, dass der Welt  
Getümmel  
Seitdem mir wie ein Traum  
verweht  
Und ein unnennbar süsser  
Himmel  
Mir ewig im Gemüte steht.*



Raphael *Madonna of the Goldfinch*  
Uffizi, Florence

*I see you in a thousand pictures,  
Mary, sweetly portrayed;  
yet none of them can depict you  
as my soul has seen you.  
I only know that since then  
the world's tumult has drifted away  
from me  
like a dream, and an ineffably sweet  
heaven  
is forever in my heart.*

*Novalis wrote many religious poems  
and here is another one, set again  
as a short song by Schubert, called  
"Marie" or "Mary." It is a calming  
depiction of the Madonna and Child  
as a sort of talisman or comforter.*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=omhRmC\\_ZrzI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=omhRmC_ZrzI)

## Novalis's religious

**perspective** remains a subject of debate. Novalis's early rearing in a Pietist household affected him through this life. The impact

of his religious background on his writings are particularly clear in his two major poetic works. *Hymns to the Night* contains many Christian symbols and themes and we will hear one shortly. And, Novalis's *Spiritual Songs*, which includes the one we heard sung by Fischer-Dieskau and translated by Elfed, were posthumously published in 1802 and incorporated into Lutheran hymnals. Novalis called the poems "Christian Songs." One view of Novalis's work is that it maintains a traditional Christian outlook. The early biography of Novalis by his friend and employer Just describes Novalis as a person who kept the Pietist faith of his childhood until his death. Novalis's brother Karl writes that during his final illness, Novalis would read the works of the theologians Nicolaus Zinzendorf and Johann Kaspar Lavater, as well as the Bible.

On the other hand, during the decades following Novalis's death, German intellectuals, such as the author Karl Hillebrand and the literary critic Hermann Theodor Hettner thought that Novalis was essentially a Catholic in his thinking. Another view of Novalis's work is that it reflects a Christian mysticism. After Novalis died, the Jena Romantics wrote of him as a seer who would bring forth a new gospel: one who lived his life as one aiming toward the spiritual while looking at death as a means of overcoming human limitation in a revolutionary movement toward God. In this more romantic view, Novalis was a visionary who saw contemporary Christianity as a stage to an even higher expression of religion where earthly love rises to a

heavenly love as death itself is defeated by that love.



Caspar David Friedrich *The Monk by the Sea*, 1808–10 © Alte Nationalgalerie, Berlin, Germany

The artist Caspar David Friedrich – we saw his *Wanderer in the fog* at the start of the service – was influenced by Novalis's aesthetic theories 's and Mike has another picture for us of his this is his *Monk by the Sea*. It was painted between 1808 and 1810 in Dresden. For its lack of concern with creating the illusion of depth, *The Monk by the Sea* was Friedrich's most radical composition. The broad expanses of sea and sky emphasize the meagre figure of the monk, standing before the vastness of nature and the presence of God.

This confrontation of an individual against the elements and God is pivotal to Novalis, whose works also influenced Richard Wagner. The opera *Tristan und Isolde* contains strong allusions to Novalis' symbolic language especially the dichotomy between the Night and the Day that animates his *Hymns to the Night*. Later, we will end our three-week foray into the Romantics with our closing music, *Tristan und Isolde*, the revolutionary 1859 high Romantic opera that with its daring harmonics and advances in drama and music theatre is on the cusp of modernism. And we will go to Wagner's own theatre in Germany Bayreuth to hear

Waltraud Meier and Siegfried Jerusalem in the love duet from *Tristan und Isolde* conducted by Daniel Barenboim. So keep that in mind now as you read Novalis's *Hymn to the Night* – and you may be able to detect the influence of this poem on opera's great nocturnal love duet.

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### Novalis *Nachthymne*

(*Hymn to the night*)

I shall pass over,  
and all pain  
will be a stab  
of pleasure.  
In a short while  
I shall be freed  
and lie enraptured  
in the bosom of love.  
Eternal life  
will surge powerfully within me;  
I shall gaze down on you  
from above.  
Your radiance will fade  
on yonder hill,  
shadow will bring  
a cooling wreath.  
Beloved, draw me  
powerfully in,  
that I may fall asleep  
and love.  
I feel the rejuvenating  
tide of death,  
my blood is changed  
to balm and ether.  
By day I live  
full of faith and courage;  
at night I die  
in the sacred fire.

English Translation  
© Richard Wigmore

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### A talk on Catherine Winkworth who brought German hymns to Britain



Catherine Winkworth

Perhaps the most active nineteenth-century translator and promoter of German hymns in Britain was Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878). Winkworth was not only a translator but also a social reformer and a pioneering advocate of women's higher education, but here we must restrict ourselves to her collection of hymn translations, *Lyra Germanica*, which first appeared in 1855. Winkworth moved in intellectual Christian circles where contemporary German theology was much admired. The hymns in *Lyra Germanica* – over a hundred in all – were translated from a collection compiled by the ambassador and scholar Karl Josias von Bunsen (Winkworth's sister Susanna also translated one of Bunsen's prose works on theology). Winkworth followed up the success of her first series of translations with a second series and a study of German devotional lyrics, *Christian Singers of Germany*.

Although only a small percentage of the many hymns Winkworth translated are in general use today, those that remain some of the most familiar and

recognisable German hymns in Britain. The latest edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* (now simply called *Ancient and Modern*) includes six of her translations, perhaps the best known being *Now thank we all our God* ('Nun danket alle Gott') and *Praise to the Lord* ('Lobe den Herrn'). Other German hymns in the collection include *When morning gilds the skies* ('Beim frühen Morgenlicht') translated by Edward Carswell and *O sacred head sore wounded*, a translation of Paul Gerhardt's 'O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden' both of which we hear in today's service at Capel y Boro.

So who was Catherine Winkworth? Well, she was born in 1827 at 20 Ely Place, Holborn on the edge of the City of London. She was the fourth daughter of Henry Winkworth, a silk merchant. In 1829, her family moved to Manchester, where her father had a silk mill and which city figured in the Industrial Revolution. Winkworth studied under the Rev. William Gaskell, minister of Cross Street Chapel, and with Dr. James Martineau, both of them eminent British Unitarians. She subsequently moved with the family to Clifton, near Bristol. Her sister Susanna Winkworth (1820–1884) was also a translator, mainly of German devotional works.

Catherine Winkworth spent a year in Dresden, during which time she took an interest in German hymnody. Around 1854, she published her book *Lyra Germanica*, the collection of German hymns which she had chosen and translated into English. A further collection followed in 1858. During 1863, she published *The Chorale Book*

*for England*, which was coedited by the composers William Sterndale Bennett and Otto Goldschmidt. In 1869 she followed this with *Christian Singers of Germany*.

According to *The Harvard University Hymn Book*, Winkworth "did more than any other single individual to make the rich heritage of German hymnody available to the English-speaking world." Four examples of translations by her hand are published in *The Church Hymn Book* 1872.

Among the best-known choral works translated by Winkworth are *From Heaven Above to Earth I Come* ("Vom Himmel hoch, da komm ich her", Martin Luther, 1534); *Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying* ("Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme", Philipp Nicolai, 1599); *How Brightly Beams the Morning Star!* ("Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern", Nicolai, 1597); and the Christmas hymn *A Spotless Rose* ("Es ist ein Ros entsprungen", anon, 1599).

Winkworth was also involved deeply in promoting women's education, as the secretary of the Clifton Association for Higher Education for Women, and a supporter of the Clifton High School for Girls, where a school house is named after her, and a member of Cheltenham Ladies' College. She was likewise governor of the Red Maids' School in Westbury-on-Trym in the city of Bristol.

Winkworth translated biographies of two founders of sisterhoods for the poor and the sick: *Life of Pastor Fliedner*, 1861, and *Life of Amelia Sieveking*, 1863.

She has been described as "an early feminist"

Catherine Winkworth died suddenly of heart disease near Geneva on 1 July 1878 and was buried in Monnetier, in Upper Savoy. A monument to her memory was erected in Bristol Cathedral.

So whether at harvest time, Christmas or in the church year generally, an 'English' or Welsh hymn may have an international story to tell thanks to Catherine Winkworth and others.

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**O sacred head, sore wounded** defiled and put to scorn;  
O kingly head, surrounded with mocking crown of thorn  
what sorrow mars thy grandeur?  
Can death thy bloom deflower?  
O countenance whose splendour the hosts of heaven adore!

Thy beauty long desired hath vanished from our sight;  
thy power is all expired, and quenched the light of light.  
Ah me! for whom thou diest,  
hide not so far thy grace: show me, O Love most highest, the brightness of thy face.

In the most bitter passion my heart to share doth cry  
with thee for my salvation upon the cross to die.  
Ah, keep my heart thus moved to stand thy cross beneath,  
to mourn thee, well beloved, yet thank thee for thy death.

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[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R\\_OBjAfVrI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R_OBjAfVrI)

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**Dietrich Bonhoeffer**  
*Prayers from prison, 1943*



Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Dietrich Bonhoeffer (1906-1945), was a German Lutheran pastor, theologian, anti-Nazi dissident, and key founding member of the Confessing Church. His writings on Christianity's role in the secular world have become widely influential, and his book *The Cost of Discipleship* has been described as a modern classic.

Apart from his theological writings, Bonhoeffer was known for his staunch resistance to the Nazi dictatorship, including vocal opposition to Hitler's euthanasia program and genocidal persecution of the Jews. He was arrested in April 1943 by the Gestapo and imprisoned at Tegel prison for one and a half years. Later, he was transferred to Flossenbürg concentration camp.

After being accused of being associated with the 20 July plot to assassinate Adolf Hitler, he was quickly tried along with other accused plotters, including former members of the Abwehr (the German Military Intelligence Office), and then hanged on 9 April 1945 as the Nazi regime was collapsing.

These are the prayers he wrote at Tegel prison at Christmas 1943. The following two weeks' services from Capel y Boro will mark the beginning and end of the *Thy Kingdom Come* global prayer week for 2021 and in each of the two forthcoming services prayer will be our focus so if you would like us to include a prayer it might be personal for a loved one or general, we will be happy to include it or you could read it. As we think about that in the coming week let us pray now with Dietrich Bonhoeffer in Tegel prison in 1943:

Christmas 1943

**MORNING PRAYERS**

O God,  
Early in the morning  
do I cry unto thee.  
Help me to pray,  
And to think only of  
thee.  
I cannot pray  
alone.  
In me there is darkness,  
But with thee there is light.  
I am lonely but thou leavest me  
not.  
I am feeble  
in heart, but thou leavest me not.  
I am restless, but with thee there  
is peace.  
In me there is bitterness, but  
with thee there is patience;  
Thy ways  
are past understanding but  
Thou knowest the way for  
me.  
O heavenly Father,  
I praise and thank thee  
For the peace of  
the night.  
I praise and thank thee for  
this new day.  
I praise and thank thee for  
all thy goodness

and faithfulness throughout my  
life.

Thou hast granted me many  
blessings:  
Now let me accept  
tribulation  
from thy hand.  
Thou wilt not lay on me more  
than I can bear.  
Thou makest all things work  
together for good  
for thy  
children.  
Lord Jesus  
Christ  
Thou wast poor  
and in misery, a captive and  
forsaken  
as I am.  
Thou knowest all man's distress;  
Thou abidest with me  
when all others have deserted  
me;  
Thou doest not forget me, but  
seekest me.  
Thou willest that I should know  
thee and  
turn to thee.  
Lord, I hear thy  
call and follow thee;  
Do thou help me.  
O Holy Spirit,  
Grant me the faith  
that will protect me from  
despair: deliver me from  
the lusts of  
the flesh.  
Pour into my heart such love for  
thee and for men,  
that all hatred and bitterness may  
be blotted out.  
Grant me the hope  
that will deliver me from fear  
and timidity.  
O Holy, merciful God,  
my Creator and Redeemer,  
my Judge  
and my Saviour,  
Thou knowest me and all that I  
do.  
Thou hatest and doest punish  
evil without respect of persons

in this world and the next.  
Thou forgivest  
the sins of them  
that heartily pray for forgiveness,  
Thou lovest goodness and  
rewardest it on this earth. Thou  
lovest goodness and rewardest it  
on this earth  
with a clear conscience, and in  
the world to come  
Livith the crown of  
righteousness.  
Chiefly do I remember all my  
loved ones,  
my fellow-prisoners, and all who  
in this house perform  
their hard service.  
Lord have mercy.  
Restore me to  
liberty,  
and enable me so to live now\*  
that I may answer before thee  
and before the world.

*A prayer Bonhoeffer includes by  
Paul Gerhardt:*

Lord, whatever this day may  
bring,  
Thy Name be praised.  
Amen.  
In my sleep He watches yearning  
and restores my soul  
so that each recurring morning  
love and goodness make me  
whole.  
Were God not there,  
his face  
not near,  
He had not led me out of fear.  
All things have their time and  
sphere:  
God's love lasts for  
ever.

#### EVENING PRAYERS

Lord my God, I thank thee that  
thou  
hast brought  
this day  
to a close;

I thank thee that thou hast given  
me peace  
in body and in soul  
Thy hand has been over me and  
has protected  
and preserved me,  
Forgive my puny faith,  
the ill that I this day have done,  
and help me to forgive  
all who  
have wronged  
me.  
Grant me a quiet night's sleep  
beneath  
thy  
tender care.  
And defend me from  
all the temptations  
of  
darkness.  
Into thy hands I commend my  
loved ones,  
and all who dwell in this house;  
I commend my body and soul.

O God, thy holy Name be  
praised.  
Amen.

*A prayer Bonhoeffer includes by  
Gerhard Tersteegen (1697-1769),  
a German Reformed religious writer  
and hymnist:*

Each day  
tells the other  
my life  
is but a journey  
to great and endless life.  
O sweetness of eternity  
may my heart grow  
to love thee:  
my home is not in time's strife.

#### PRAYERS IN TIME OF DISTRESS

O Lord God,  
Great is the misery  
that has come upon me;  
My cares would overwhelm me,  
I know not what to do.

O God, be gracious unto me and  
help me.  
Grant me strength  
to bear what thou doest send,  
and let not fear  
rule over me.  
As a loving Father, take care of  
my loved ones  
My wife and children.  
O merciful God, forgive me all  
the sins I have committed against  
thee,  
and against my fellowmen.  
I trust in thy grace, and commit  
my  
life wholly  
into thy hands,  
Do with me as seemeth best to  
thee, and as  
is best for me.  
Whether I live or die, I am with  
thee,  
and thou art with me, my God.  
Lord, I wait for thy salvation,  
and for thy Kingdom.  
Amen.

*Another prayer Bonhoeffer includes  
by Paul Gerhardt:*

Every  
Christian in his place  
should be brave and free,  
with the world face  
to face,  
Though  
death strikes, his  
spirit should  
persevere, without fear  
calm and good.  
For death cannot  
destroy  
but from grief brings relief  
and opens gates  
to joy.  
Closed the door of  
bitter pain,  
bright the way  
where we may  
all heaven gain.

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## Gweddi'r Arglwydd

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZzF49HPfQzM>

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### Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!

O my soul, praise him, for he is your health and salvation!  
Come, all who hear; now to his temple draw near,  
join me in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, above all things so wondrously reigning;  
sheltering you under his wings,  
and so gently sustaining!  
Have you not seen all that is needful has been  
sent by his gracious ordaining?

Praise to the Lord, who will prosper your work and defend you;  
surely his goodness and mercy shall daily attend you.  
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do,  
if with his love he befriends you.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!  
All that has life and breath, come now with praises before him.  
Let the Amen sound from his people again;  
gladly forever adore him.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hFV7y3jH8dY>

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## Blessing

Beloved Shepherd of our souls and bodies, you never slumber nor sleep. Spread your holy protection over us and cover us with your mighty wings, that no terrors of the night may disturb

us, and let your divine majesty watch over our minds during the day and while we sleep; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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### Closing music:

**Richard Wagner**

*Tristan and Isolde,*

**Act 2, love duet**

Siegfried Jerusalem (Tristan);

Waltraud Meier (Isolde);

Bayreuth Festival Orchestra/  
Daniel Barenboim

Heiner Müller, Director, 1995



Siegfried Jerusalem and Waltraud Meier as Tristan and Isolde

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IQNcTYVlcEg> (17:20 to 22:40)

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Readers:

### **I Thesalonians 4:13-18**

The coming of the Lord

*Megan Evans*

### **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

translated by **T Gwynne Jones**

**Excerpt, Faust**

The pact with Mephistopheles

*Glyn Pritchard*

### **Matthew 4:1-11**

The Temptation of Jesus

*Joshua Games*

### **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

translated by **Gwenallt**

**Hwyr gan y Crwydryn**

(Wandrer's Nachtlied II)

*Catrin Treharne*

## **A talk by John Jones on Novalis**

*John Jones*

### **Novalis**

**Nachthymne**

(Hymn to the night)

*Mark Salmon*

## **A talk on Catherine Winkworth who brought German hymns to Britain / Dietrich Bonhoeffer**

**Prayers from prison, 1943 /**

**Blessing / Link scripts**

*Neil Evans*

**Producer** Mike Williams

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