

Jesu Bruuds Glæde i hendes Immanuel og brudgom

Bjørn Christian Lund (1764)

No. 16

Mel. Die Thränen des Immanuel's etc.

Naar jeg gethsemene her faaer
I øye og dens frugt,
Jeg i et paradiis da gaaer,
Og lugter livsens lugt.

Et syn jeg seer i haven der,
Som er betydelig,
Guds Lam, som mine synder bær,
Et syn, som rører mig.

Jeg seer Guds egen kiære Søn,
Der paa sit ansigt faldt
Paa jorden ned i suk og bøn,
Jeg seer hans døds gestalt.

Om natten han, da andre er
I deres hvile sød,
Gaaer sørgende, forlegen der,
Og føler helved-nød.

Han i hans jammer-dage der,
Om natten ofte gik,
Og græd og bad for mig i sær,
Til han bøn høring fik.

Nu seer jeg min Immanuel
Sin sidste nat at gaae,
Der høyst-bedrøvet i sin siel,
For mig forløst at faae.

The joy of Jesu's bride in her Immanuel and bridegroom

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When here Gethsemane my eyes
May glimpse, likewise its fruit,
I wander in a paradise
And smell life's tender shoot.

In that fair garden I now see
A sign of import rare,
God's Lamb that bears my sins for me,
A sight beyond compare.

God's own dear Son I see fall down
Until his face does drape
In prayer and sighs upon the ground,
I see his deathly shape.

At night, while others are at rest
And sweetly sleeping lie,
He walks there grieving, sore oppressed,
Hell's pangs him mortify.

On nights when woe would him dismay
To walk there he preferred,
And just for me would weep and pray
Till his request was heard.

And my Immanuel I see
With grief-torn soul who sought
On his last night to set me free,
For my redemption fought.

Han her tilsidst i møde kom
Al verdens synd og nød,
Ja, helved-pine, qval og dom,
Guds vrede, evig død.

Min Ven, den byrde paa sig tog,
Og skiælvede derved,
Han dybe hierte-sukke drog,
Og faldt paa jorden ned.

Hans kinder blegner, tungen ved
Hans gummer hænger fast,
Han synker udi afmagt ned
Ved denne tunge last.

Han strider med den bittre død,
Sig klager ynkelig,
Han som en orm udi sin nød,
Paa jorden krymper sig.

Han af det dybe raaber til
Sin Fader grædende,
Om han sig ey forbarne vil,
Og til hans jammer see.

Han gaaer til hans disciple hen,
Sin nød dem klager for,
Men gaaer bedrøvet bort igien,
Og ingen trøst der faaer.

Jeg seer dig da i dødens nat,
O min Immanuel,
At gaae alleene og forladt,
Og stride for min siel.

Paa dine rosens-kinder randt
De bittre taarer ned,

To him did lastly bow the knee
World's woe and sin most dire,
Yea, hell's pain, judgment, agony,
Eternal death, God's ire.

My Friend assumed that dreadful yoke
And shook in every cell,
With heavy sighs his heart did choke
And to the ground he fell.

His cheeks grow pale, and to his gums
His tongue seems tightly sewed,
Quite drained of strength he now becomes
Beneath this heavy load.

Against his bitter death he fights,
With many an anguished groan,
Just as a serpent twists and writhes
That on the earth lies prone.

From deep abyss he starts to plead
His father tearfully
To show him mercy and to heed
His piteous misery.

To his disciples he now turns,
And tells of his sad plight,
But sadly leaves when he discerns
No solace is in sight.

I see you too in death's dark night,
O my Immanuel,
Alone, forlorn you bravely fight
To save my soul from hell.

And down your rosy cheeks aflame
The bitter tears did course,

Og da min død du overvandt
Udbrast din blodig sved.

Hvor ønskede jeg mit hjerte var
For dig i den gestalt,
Beständig stillet som et kar,
Hvori de draaber faldt.

Jeg seer dig søde Siæle-ven!
I graad og taarer der,
I blodig sved at flyde hen,
For mig du havde kjær.

Ach græder du, jeg græder med,
Du græder jo for mig,
Jeg for din fod mig kaster ned,
Jeg favner, kysser dig.

Lad dine taarer, blod og sved
I mine siæle-saar,
Som livsens balsom flyde ned,
Jeg lægedom da faaer.

Her kand jeg see, at det er sandt,
At du est syndres ven,
Jeg har din blodig sved til pant,
Tag da mit hjerte hen!

Du det dog dyre har fortient,
Du har dit liv og blod
Paa mig forlorne barn anvendt,
Du est min hyrde god.

Det eeneste jeg ønskede mig
Af dig i verden her,
Er at min bolig var hos dig,
I haven stedse der.

And when my death you overcame
Your bloody sweat burst forth.

Oh how I wish my heart for you
For ever could be wrought
A vessel, where those droplets too
When falling might be caught.

I see you, soul's sweet bosom friend!
Dissolved in weeping here,
In bloody sweat that knows no end
For me whom you loved dear.

Ah, if you weep, then so shall I,
Since you but weep for me,
I at your feet prostrate will lie,
And kiss you fervently.

Let all your tears, your sweat and blood
Into my soul's wounds roll,
As soothing balm, as healing flood,
And they shall make me whole.

It is then true what folk allege,
You are the sinners' friend,
Your bloody sweat I have as pledge,
My heart is yours to mend!

Though all of this has cost you dear,
Your life and blood no less,
So I, lost child, need know no fear
And you, good shepherd, bless.

The only thing I'd have you give
Though undeserved to me
Is in that garden I might live
With you eternally.

At din ynkværdige gestalt,
Saa nye og levende,
I aanden mig i øyet faldt,
Som jeg det kunde see.

At alle aftenstunder mig
I hiertet tonede
Din døds, din graads og angst-skrig
Udi gethsemane.

At jeg hver nat mig lagde ned
Udi din blodig arm,
At hiertet af din blodig sved
Var salig, følebar, varm.

At siæl og sind og phantasie,
Til hver en tiid og sted,
Alleene svævede udi
Din blodig kiærlighed.

At jeg hver morgen vaagnede,
Med hiertet henvendt paa
Din blod-sveds dug paa blomsterne,
Hvor den i haven laae.

Min siæl da her paa roser gik,
Var stedse glad og vel,
Sit daglig brød og manna fik
Hos dig Immanuel!

O JEsu lad mit hierte faae
En saadan smag paa dig,
At nat og dag du blive maa
Min siæl umistelig.

Da bliver naadens tiid og stund
Mig sød og angenem,

That your now pitiable frame
Would new and lovely be,
And in my spirit I the same
Would fully get to see.

That every evening I could hear
Within my heart set free
Your screams of death, of tears and fear
Come from gethsemane.

That every night I'd lie apart
Upon your bloody arm,
That from your bloody sweat my heart
Was blessed, open, warm.

That soul and mind and fantasy
In every place and time
Did only float in, constantly,
Your bloody love sublime.

That every dawn I woke anew
With my heart's gaze alway
On flowers bathed in your blood-sweat's dew
That in the garden lay.

My soul on roses would proceed,
Be glad and whole as well,
On daily bread and manna feed
With you, Immanuel!

Oh Jesu mine, may my heart learn
for you to hunger so
that night and day my soul will yearn
you never to forgo!

Then mercy's time and hour shall be
Most sweet and pleasant too,

Til du mig kysser med din mund,
Og tager til dig hjem.

Mit hierte paa det sted du laae
I haven hviid og rød,
Hos dig sit sidste slag skal slaae,
Og hvile i dit skiød.

Jeg kommer som en synder frem
I din retfærdighed,
Da i det nye Jerusalem,
For din den blodig sved.

Until one day your kiss takes me
From this life home to you.

Upon that place my heart you laid
In white-red garden blessed,
With you its final beat shall fade
And at your bosom rest.

And as a sinner I draw nigh,
To righteousness I'm led,
To your Jerusalem on high,
Saved by your bloody sweat.