



The Psalms

Jakob Lorber



A preface to the Psalms

The following came through J. Lorber, on Easter Sunday, March 27, 1842:

Write once a short psalm, as if out of you.

Why then should I be worth less in this time than in the time of David? –

Therefore you shall write Me several more psalms; but – as if out of you.

But will I be cited speakingly, there set always ahead: Thus says the Lord;

or : Thus said the Lord.

But you will already find the psalm in you at all times.

And so write!

Amen!

Psalm I

To sing to the Lord in the morning

1. Praised, yes, over and over praised be You, our holy and most loving Father!
2. It shows the earth, the stars, the moon and the sun, how great You are, oh Holy Father, how glorious, how good and how gracious and loving You are!
3. Oh, therefore I will praise and glorify You beyond measure; for You alone are worthy of the only greatest praise of people on earth, and of all the angels of heaven.
4. The little worm in the dust praises You, the fly praises You, the sparrow on the roof rejoices about You, full of grateful joy!
5. The eagle and all the animals of the woods praises You; they sense You in the darkness of the nights – You, most kind Father; You, Creator; You mighty, eternal God!
6. And the earth and all it's seas and fire and winds, they know the great and mighty God, and - that He has created them for His own glory and His infinite glory only!
7. And the heavens in the eternal light of the endless love of the Holy Father are full of His eternal honor and greatest goodness, and testify of His infinite power.
8. And the angels, they sing with bliss fullest hearts: Oh holy, oh holy, oh holy are You, dear Father; - how good, oh how good it is to be with You!
9. Oh, so praise and extol then you, too, my soul, called into existence for eternal life and love, oh praise and extol the Holy Father in Jesus, who has given you most mercifully the childhood on the cross. –
10. And you also, my body, if already once is given to death - you temporal carrier of eternal life from God, you too praise and extol the Father, the holy One, the good One; for you will not remain in the bosom of the earth forever, and shall once be transfigured for me to an everlasting immortal garment! –
11. For so says the Lord: "This temple which you are breaking down, I will completely rebuild in three days!" –
12. Oh body, you my body, behold, you are the temple of the Holy Spirit. Though you be broken, fear not; for He who destroys you, does not destroy you to death, but rather that you may be transfigured for me to the most glorious eternal garment, in the bosom of the most holy Father's eternal love! –
13. And so be praised my sweetest, dearest Jesus and Holy Father, out of all my powers of the soul, and so also of the body; but it is I, the Spirit, who write such things here, humbly, to Your sole honor, oh Jesus, You Holy Father!

Psalm II

To sing to the Lord in distress

1. Oh You My God, You my dearest Father! How wonderful You are, how mild and how gentle, and are full of the greatest patience.
2. Behold, oh most mild, most holy Father, the night of this earth has become even dull; the people, they rage and rummage like foxes and wolves and pigs and bears, hyenas and lions around in the same. –
3. Only rarely a brother respects his brother, because he is "a brother" to him. Oh, how far people have gone back from the most holy and living goal!
4. They have lost the highest, the greatest, the best! - But almost no-one here cares about the eternal life anymore; and You, Holy Father, how are You so completely extinct in the hearts of countless blind brothers and sisters!
5. And so, then, greed is the ruling spirit, although everyone may always experience in himself that the earthly lamp of the greatest life goes out at the grave.
6. Oh you times, you worst, darkest times! The „Father ", the Holy Father, the eternal God, you have been able to displace from so many hearts! –
7. And have filled these hearts with rubbish from Satan, and all the most void things of this so dark kingdom of the world and of death out of it! –
8. Oh you most dear Father, have mercy, have mercy on us! For otherwise we will all soon perish.
9. For, behold, men have become effeminate, and let their heads be crushed by women, and lie and crawl like serpents, trampled in half by the feet of women.
10. Oh God, oh holy God, can you look patiently at such infernal iniquities on earth even longer? The man has become a creeping adder!
11. Oh when will Your redemptive hour, Your holy hour, come to make this earth free from this densest night, which already lasts so long, from the night of all death?
12. And when will You finally take the prince of lies and wickedness captive? How long will You allow him to catch and kill the people of the earth?
13. Oh Father, oh most holy, most loving Father! Put an end, put an end for once - to the maddest activities of Satan, otherwise we are lost!
14. Remember, remember the greatest need of this earth; hear this supplication, this anxious wailing;

15. Dear Father! Deliver, deliver us all from this most bitter evil of the to me seeming eternal night! But Your holy will be done always. Amen.

Psalm III

To sing to the Lord in great sadness

1. Most Mighty Lord, You who are always full of grace out of endless love and mercy to us, look mercifully down upon us poorest sinners!
2. It is sad, even terrible to live in this so dark and malicious world, as one ought honestly shy away from confessing Your living inner word!
3. Man favors a worldly hustle and bustle of all imaginable kinds, and gives praise - to the promoters of fashions, of luxury, of worldly splendor, and of all that which only ever possible is able to strengthen selfishness.
4. But woe to the honest, peaceful man who always dares to raise his heart only to You, and withdraws from the maddest world in order to follow the inner holy call from You, dear Holy Father!
5. Oh Father, oh most loving Holy Father, have mercy on us; You, sweetest Jesus, oh come, oh come for once after all - to judge the most sinful world, yes, to judge the dark hearts of the brothers - to you, dear Holy Father!
6. Oh earth, oh earth, you dark dwelling place of abomination, how will you persist before the eyes of Him, Who has wanted to wash and purify you with his own holiest blood to the sun of the suns? Who entered you dark one, you dead one, so Fatherly patiently with His own feet?
7. Oh you ears, you evil ears of the world, in which the holiest mighty name only sounds ridiculous, oh woe unto you, woe unto you! When He will come to argue with you! I will not give away a leaden heller for a thousand pounds of worldly gold then!
8. But when will you come, you terribly joyful day? - Oh do not hesitate, do not hesitate so long, you already long awaited holy release of the abominations of the earth, you first, you youngest of the holy days of the earth!
9. How many times will you, worthy sun, give to the most beautiful earth the lovely, glorious rays from you, until that day will come on earth, when for the first time the darkest countries of the earth's creation will suck the milder rays from you; oh say it, oh say it, holy sun, or lament and weep with me.
10. And you treacherous moon, you faithful companion of the dark misery of the earth, how long will you still change your deceitfully stolen light? Retreat, retreat! For otherwise you will soon be devoured from our earth's most dense and deadly night!

11. And you stars, you fiery flowers of heaven, when will you cover the sinful ground of the earth with your glorious light, so that then the free ones of the holy Father on your fields of the most peaceful light may recognize themselves as eternal brothers?

12. Oh Father, most holy Father, oh let, oh let your most holy words soon come into finite holy fulfillment, otherwise we perish! Your holy will be done on earth, therefore, as in heaven always for ever. Amen.

Psalm IV

To sing to the Lord in the time of temptation

1. Look but graciously down, oh holy and most loving Father, from Your most luminous Heavenly Heights upon us, Your laborious, powerless, mortal and sinful born children!
2. We plead and pray to you: oh most loving Father, spare us all from every temptation, and make us free from the bonds of the deadly evil of sin!
3. So we pray to you daily; oh hear but once the pathetic cries of thy dying children, and do not allow that the Father's most bitter enemy should strangle us before you would come to our most active help!
4. A thousand of them fall down in droves into the depths of the depths of eternal death in a few minutes, captured by your worst enemy; oh Father, You Holy Father, will You never save us from this infinitely pernicious plague and greatest need?
5. Oh most loving Father! So take but once captive the killing power of this prince of death, and bind him forever with your most powerful chains of eternal, endless love, and bind him forever with Your most powerful chains of eternal, endless love, to a place best suited for him; and thereby prevent that he never catches us and pull down into the depths of the depths of eternal death!
6. Oh Holy, most loving Father, You did not create us for death, nor for Satan, neither redeemed us for destruction; but for eternal life you have bled on the cross to open the gates of eternal life to us, Your children!
7. Therefore, oh Jesus, You Holiest Mediator, take from our hearts the test that is difficult to pass, and give us a purer sense for it, and the already long promised Spirit of Your love and grace and mercy, yes, Your promised Holy Spirit!
8. Dear Father, in Jesus, the Ruler in love, mercy and grace, You have surely spoken the eternal truth: The spirit is certainly willing; but weak is the flesh!
9. Oh, so take then the weakness from our flesh and let the eternal immortal spirit strengthen in it; and finally let him become lord and constant master in this so weak house, the strong and ought to be powerful spirit!
10. For what use are works and teachings to us, if we are not able to awaken the spirit with it, therefore the dark tests haunt us daily, and rob the healthy little mustard seed treacherously from our heart.
11. If this then always has to happen for and for, when will the tiny seed grow into a mighty tree then, so that under it's branches and twigs the birds of the sky would like to come together to dwell there?

12. But hear, now hear, you my somber soul, and you also, my eternal spirit; for thus says the Lord:

13. "Oh, do not lament and weep, you children who have recognized Me in your hearts as the true and holy, most loving Father; for not I have embraced you with the chains of bondage, dear little children, but the world and you yourselves have done this to you!

14. Who gave you laws then? The world? Or you? Or I, your Father? Now behold, the test that lies in the law, as also the devastating death; but you shall not languish there under the yoke of the hard and dead law! That is why I even came into the world, to free you from the law, in whose place the only love was given to you. Now follow the love! So you are free from all temptations. So is it with Me in earnest. Amen"

Psalm V

To sing to the Lord quite comforting on the day of temptation

1. And hear now further, you my still sad soul, what all the most loving, merciful, Holy Father says:
2. „Poor children, by your own indebted blindness! Who has ever breathed such a thing into your hearts as if I were letting - quite according to Satan's own arbitrariness - countless people become his sure and deadly prey!
3. Oh prove to Me in all My words and holy teachings such a thing, and I want to recant it as soon as possible, which would only ever sound as if I were a capricious God and an unfaithful Father, to whom everything is the same, whether countless people and children lose their lives in the spirit, or whether they win it forever in the spirit of the purest love out of Me.
4. But you will hardly ever find such a thing in the Holy Book, in the Book of Love and all Mercy from it, yes, in the Book of the only truest eternal life!
5. It is indeed infallibly true that the spiritual life must be practiced diligently before it is suitable for eternal duration and suitable for a most perfect freedom.
6. But such circumstances are not a temptation by which the spiritual life must become ever firmer and firmer, but, however, fatherly and divine trial lessons originating from holy eternal love, by which the languishing human must be strengthened here for the eternal future duration of life!
7. What good would it then do Satan, if he would also like to seduce all the people? How would and could he win in the most vain battle with Me?
8. Oh the silly folly! Who then is a Master of all life and death? Is it then I, or is such the Satan? At the end of the things of the testing world, yes, there it will probably show itself how much I, as the only Master of all beings and things,
9. At the end of the things of the testing world, yes, there it will certainly show itself how much I, as the only Lord of all beings and things, have only to create and order in the kingdom of life and death, and how all the effort of Satan was a completely futile one.
10. Truly, you can believe this: Of all the blasphemies, which were ever committed against Me on earth by the stupid beings and humans and children, none is greater and worse than these, where to Me, as the most holy loving Father, even worse things, as a worst tyrant, are said to be My own!

11. Oh behold, therein lies Satan buried, that I, as the most loving Father, that is, from the mouth of teachers and priests and false prophets are shown as a terrible tyrant to the human children and beings.

12. Oh read but once through the four Gospels with a thoughtful heart, and then show Me the passage in which it reads as if I had committed you all to Satan!

13. And I will show you and open the other sense, and all of you will see very brightly that the Holy Father does not prove and practice mankind to death, but out of endless love and mercy to eternal life!

14. But when the voluntary humans beat and ruffle themselves as brothers, shall I perhaps bear the guilt there, while I have created mankind so freely and more than perfect in the spirit out of Me, and I am thus always so over long-suffering, patient, full of love and mercy and grace?

15. What more do you want then? See, I care and lead and guide humanity to the sacred goal of eternal life through all the for you unfathomable ways! What more do you want? Behold, I even leave freedom in legal bounds to Satan. Say, what more do you want? Behold, I sure never judge anyone to death, but certainly only all time to eternal life in all freedom. Say, what more do you want?

16. Have I ever condemned someone to eternal death? Where is the one, who is the one to whom I would have closed My heart? Where is then the prodigal son, whom I would never like to accept most joyfully, if he only turns to Me in his heart? Say, what more do you want?

Psalm VI

To sing to the Lord for His great goodness and mercy

1. Oh Lord, You are kind and full of mercy, and gracious and full of the greatest patience; oh you eternal, holy, most loving Father! Therefore I will praise You at all times, day and night.
2. Even in the sick state of the body, if anything presses and pulls and tears the nerves, the fibers, the muscles, and other parts of it, so that all seeing and hearing ceases, I will yet praise and glorify You, Holy Father, therefore through all these evils to eternal life You test me and purify me and bring me forth!
3. Oh most holy, most loving Father, You are in everything for us and to us alone the eternal, endless love, and taught and teach us nothing, than alone only love, the holiest, eternal love - from You and in You, oh most holy, most loving Father.
4. Therefore also I, poor and sinful man, will praise and glorify You always and forever; for You alone are worthy to be praised and glorified by all the angels and people and suns and earths and all the creatures that recognize You as the holy Creator.
5. The grass indeed praises You, and the trees are full of Your glory; and all the mountains, they steam and smoke to worthily praise, oh God, Your greatness and power; and the flowers of meadows and fields and mountains and valleys and gardens, how do they diligently scatter towards You, Holy Father, very fragrant psalms through all the winds.
6. And so also the lovely little birds, swaying themselves on the little branches of the trees, what wonderful, lively, purest songs they sing from their feathered throats; and each of all these songs is rich in the most glorious praise and glory for You only, oh holy, most loving Father!
7. Yes, everything I look at is full of Your endless honor, and full of Your greatest glory.
8. Oh holy, most loving Father! So let then also me poor sinner, praise and glorify You evermore, and love You out of all my powers of spirit, soul, and mortal body.
9. And always give me so much of these powers that through them, I would then become and remain capable to do according to Your most holy will, out of the sole power of Your love in You, to Your praise, honor and eternal glory, holy, most loving Father.
10. I indeed think about it and therefore, and with all my walking and turning and standing, I seek to live only for you; but what is all this against that which I owe to you, oh most gracious Father, for a sole minute of life?

11. But when I think about it again, and say to myself: And if I could praise You with all the most melodious harps of the highest angels, my praise would not be closer to Your dignity than now, when I sound a poor love to You like the speechless little children.

12. Oh, then I will be happy, and praise and glorify You, Holy Father, by every thought that rises me from the depth of the spirit, because You, Holy Father, are so exceedingly good and most loving; therefore eternal praise to You, oh holy Father, from all of us.
Amen.

Psalm VII

To sing to the Lord on the receipt of a spiritual gift, which is the true daily bread of life

1. Oh holy and most loving Father! Behold, if we receive from You daily the most invaluable holy bread of eternal life in such rich abundance; how shall, how can we give thanks for this, oh You Holy Father, we poor, we dark sinners?
2. The gift is great, is wonderfully powerful and exceedingly strong, is holy and full of love and the holiest light, and therefore also full of all life from You; oh holy, most loving Father, how can, how should we thank You for this, we poor, we wretched sinners?
3. For although we have already received so much from You, our hearts are still dark and envious, and full of mistrust against You and Your Word, and against our often closest and most faithful brethren, and all this - for fear of the world.
4. Oh Holy Father, how shall, how can we truly thank You for being so gracious to us all, when our hearts are still so worldly unfair and so full of all worldly sense and activities?
5. With such broken hearts, still full of many a garbage of the world, behold, oh Holy Father, it is difficult to thank You in the spirit of the inner living truth, since because of that, our hearts also lack the main thing for worthy thanksgiving, yes, the first main thing: the humility, without which thanksgiving is an abomination of our hearts before You, oh You Holy Father.
6. Therefore redesign soon, yes, quite soon, yes, immediately our sinful hearts anew, and yet free them once completely from all the ancient filth of the most deadly world, so that we would be able to thank You, Holy Father, for such infinite holy gifts in this still earthly life with purer hearts and purer senses, which we now, still so unworthy of you, receive from you in such richest measure.
7. For who can give thanks to you in death, and who in hell can praise and extol you? But since our hearts are still filled with many a garbage of the deadliest world, and therefore also still full of hell, which is there as a mighty still-ruling selfishness in us; oh you Holy Father, there we are indeed still in death and held captive by many snares of hell.
8. How can the unholy thank the Holy for the holy? And how the unclean, the dark sinner of the earth You, eternal love and purest light, then well praise and extol and glorify with his most unfair voice?
9. For to praise and honor and extol and glorify, means to dignifiedly adorn your divine being on earth, thus as in heaven the same is always adorned by all the angels and

purest spirits; oh how can we do such things as adorn and embellish You in all the night of our sins?

10. Hence, oh most loving Father! Redesign our hearts soon, yes, quite soon, yes, immediately! And free them once completely from all the ancient filth of the deadliest world, so that we might be able to thank You Holy Father in this still earthly life with purer hearts and senses for this infinite holy gift, which we now receive from You, oh Holy Father, so earnestly and still so unworthily.

11. But for now, most Holy Father, since we all still stand there all too unworthily to offer You a purer and more worthy thanks for the holy gift, graciously receive this repentant confession and our powerlessness as if such were a thanks from us sinners for the holy gift, as it is only always offered by purer beings, praising and extolling You?!

12. Can I also not praise and extol You suitably, oh holy Father, thus let yourself be lovingly embraced by all my strength, by me, poor sinner, You holy, most loving Father! Your holy will be always done. Amen.

Psalm VIII

To recite to the Lord to cure bodily diseases

1. Oh Lord, You are kind and full of patience, and full of love and grace and mercy: So look down mildly from Your most sublime divine throne on me little worm, suffering and rolling back and forth in the dust of the earth in a very sick and painful way.
2. See, an annoying evil torments me very annoyingly, and makes the body unhelpful and completely incapable, this anyway annoying shell of the spirit, so I cannot do anything and work that would be useful for eternal life and salvation.
3. Already all patience is beginning to leave me, since You, dear Father, do not seem to hear me, the sufferer, now, when I call upon You from my deepest needs.
4. Oh do not hesitate, do not hesitate, most loving, Holy Father, and help me poor, me weak, me suffering sinner, otherwise I will truly perish in spirit and in my suffering soul, if You do not help me soon out of the affliction of the body.
5. It was certainly my own fault, and I myself contracted the disease of the body, because I did not live according to the holy order, which You most loving Father so faithfully gave us through Moses at the holy Sinai as the only guideline for the life of the spirit as well as of the body.
6. Yes, it was a great mistake by me, but now I cannot do it any differently, no longer undo the evil deeds I have done, not take away from myself now the burning, killing sin. Therefore then, be merciful to me, most loving Father, and take the sin away from me, and make me live again for better deeds; yes, for love and order, grant the health of the body to me, the sick, the languishing, suffering worm in the dust before You!
- 7 Oh health, you only purest source of the joys of life, when will you become completely my own again? When will you balsamic golden drop drip from the Holy Grace of the Heavenly Father, and bring me healing and strengthening to this my torn life in the world?
- 8 Oh, you linger, you heavenly cloud, may you never bring me, carried by holy winds, the strengthening, holy, healing drops of the balm of grace from above, from the holy Father?
- 9 Oh pain, oh double pain, depart, depart from me, and do not torment me poor one so long and so strongly, and give me space to pray and to ask for relief from above, from the holy, most loving Father, so that I may strengthen in the faith that He only, the holy Father, will surely soon help me out of the agony and the fear that I suffer in this torn body?

10 Oh Father, you most holy, most loving Father, hear, hear for once my fearful plea, and make me healthy again; for I can certainly not love, not praise and glorify you, holy Father, according to dignity and right and suitably in the sick, torn body.

11 Oh Jesus, most mighty Name, You have indeed made the dead rise from the grave; oh then speak to me also a mighty word, and I will quite surely recover from all the evil of the body, as well as of the soul and the spirit, through your all-merciful mighty word?

12 But should I well no longer be worthy of Your holy grace, no longer worthy of the divine help from You: oh then still be attentive of my sinful soul, and of my strongly wavering spirit, and give me patience in the carrying of the cross which You have mildly imposed on me for the acquittance of sins, and so then Your holy will be done, oh Jesus, always Your holy will. Amen.

Psalm IX

To sing to the Lord in the heart after an enjoyed pleasure of life

1. Oh God, You Almighty, Holy, Most Loving Father! How gracious and how full of mercy are You, and good even to the wicked sinner.
2. In all the midst of the world's sinful hustle and bustle, You let us experience many a glorious joy, so that even the foolish sinner shall experience it and feel very deeply in the heart how good and how most loving You are.
3. But - where is that sinful taster of life's pleasures who, after enjoying life's pleasures, would duly offer a befitting praise to You Holy, You Most Loving Giver?
4. Oh people, oh people, how can you forget the Holy Giver in the midst of uplifting joys?
5. When noble and sublime, and loving you kindly, at your side walks a hospitable friend, a lively sister, full of grace and joy, when you rejoice in the lovely way and then refresh yourself at the hospitable table of the friend, and suck deeply, breathing in mighty draughts the flavoring love of the lovely sister into your blissful heart.
6. Listen brother! How is it possible that after so blissfully enjoying the joy of life, you can ever forget the most Holy, Friendliest Giver of such heavenly gifts?
7. Oh you dear brother, consider, consider that the meager earth does not offer such uplifting joys of life, but a most loving, most Holy Father even breathes them most kindly into our sinful hearts, and makes them capable for higher pleasures of life.
8. If you never are able to deny such things, if every fiber of life says it to you with joy and delight:
9. A God, an almighty, Holy Father, lets blow from all the stars, from all the luminous spaces, from all the suns and all the zones of the earth even friendly winds, in order to refresh you and to make capable for always only still higher joys your otherwise dull life, your rigid unbending heart.
10. Oh then fall down to the earth, and say in the heart: You Holy, Most Loving Father! You have now soaked me, a sinner, before You and the earth with heavenly joy.
11. With delight of the angels of heaven You have now filled my heart; all the stars of the heavens glowed in brighter light, the airs of the earth harmoniously blew around my cheerful face.
12. From the eyes of the lovely sister, You have let me, a very poor sinner, be looked upon so mildly and gently by her guardian spirit; how beams from the same so much an immortal spirit, full of the sweetest most blissful love.

13. And how really well have You, Holy Father, tuned the heart of a kind brother. How did he endeavor, imitating the angels of heaven, to serve me poor sinner with everything, with which he could only ever increase the joy of life for me.

14. Oh Father, all this and unnamable other things You have prepared for me, the sinner, so much and so blissfully.

15. So then, accept graciously from me, a poor sinner before You, my worthless gratitude before You for such glorious gifts, as something yet; and let me always praise and glorify You, Holy Father, You most loving Giver alone. Thanks be to you and the honor, glory and love of me poor sinner for this eternally. Amen.

Psalm X

To sing to the Lord on a cloudy day

1. However dull there may be a day from the earliest morning until the latest evening; an image, yes, a most glorious image it remains nevertheless for a heart that only loves You, oh Holy Father.
2. What could be more faithful to present the present sad and sorrowful time to our sensual eyes than just such a real gloomy day, since the glorious light from the sun must work its way through all the masses and masses and layers and layers only laboriously and endlessly broken and completely torn, to grant comfort to yet a few on the ground of the faithless earth.
3. Who does not know the endless masses and layers of clouds for the heart, for the spirit and for the spiritual life, which now everywhere cloud the heavens of living faith even most densely?
4. Therefore, you gloomy day are to me welcome, welcome, a hospitable friend; for you preach the purest truth to the little ones and the big ones without fear and without consideration, so that they are to see how now their hearts are well constituted.
5. But if we want to illuminate and show each other how love and faith stand, no one dares to come out with the purest truth, because he must always take into account and always consider with whom he is speaking.
6. Oh you times, you times, how hard it is to argue with you now! The brothers no longer recognize each other, and neither wants to hear the other, while every one thinks himself more than his brother, and no-one trusts the other. And if even the wiser would like to proclaim something to the less wise, he must always pay attention to a thousand considerations; otherwise he has found the judge in his brother.
7. And if such has happened, then woe to the poor, the wiser brother; for then he too is ruthlessly condemned to legal punishments, either with threatening words, yes, not seldom even in deed.
8. For the flattering lies, only for these are always given ample premiums; but for a purest truth, no-one wants to pay the most disdainful heller.
9. That is why you are so dear to me, oh most gloomy day, in that you proclaim the purest truth completely without consideration and show in the clearest mirror, which is formed there from the masses and masses of densest clouds, to the wisest eye at least, how there is constituted now all the most deceptive world.
10. Oh You holy, most loving Father! How shall I thank You for such sublime grace that You have let me recognize such a faithful prophet in this day that seems most unkind to me?!

11. Now I will certainly not call any of the gloomy days unkind anymore; for they are messengers from You and proclaim with a clearly audible voice to the most sinful earth, what she indeed carries for generations, how many resemble the dullest day here and some seek the sun of life, but they are always unable to find it's position due to the dullness.

12 But although we can see, as if by an inner light, how things stand now for mankind on earth, such an admonishing messenger is always welcome to us, for he tells us more in a second than we are able to show ourselves with difficulty in many tedious hours.

13 So take then, Oh Most Holy Father, also the most heartfelt thanks for this. For You are always the purest love, and everything You give us is good; so also such a gloomy clouded day. Oh let more often the earth become just such days; they are indeed very faithful guardians and teachers of the people, who find nothing but only the world beautiful. I thank you, oh most Holy Father, therefore also for the gloomy day. Amen, Amen

Psalm XI

To sing to the Lord in the poverty of the spirit

1. Gloomy and weak my spirit lies down, and the soul, a bodily garment for the eternal spirit, is torn by miserable futile concerns of the world.
2. Oh how thirsty and weak is the eternal spirit in me still! He, who should live forever, is sick, even very sick, since the flesh has snatched from him his soul, his garment, and thereby also snatched from him the most necessary food, even the most meager nourishment for eternal life, the love to God, yes, the love to the most holy Father in heaven.
3. Oh what a terrible poverty! The spirit, the immortal spirit, as the source of love, the measure of God in me has dried up, has become almost completely lifeless. How great is the poverty in me.
4. For I hear the words, living words of eternal life no more; like an external senseless sound they now glide past my ears deafened by worldly things. Harmonious sounds that once filled my eye with tears, and made the heart in the body leap with joy, they pass me, the blunt one, by like everyday chatter.
5. The tear of poverty, the hot, the burning tear of the suffering pleading brother, this sanctuary of God in the eye of the brother - it no longer moves me; only with a cold, unfeeling heart do I give him a meagerly measured gift in the extreme case.
6. I am also left completely numb and dull by an honestly winking better love at me from a sister, however lovely! For my feeling is dead, yes, the innermost fiber of the heart has become completely dead in me.
7. And Your countless daily miracles, dear holy Father, they pass by even very unnoticed before my blinded spirit; the most glorious rising of the sun is like the wandering night to me.
8. Even the terrible roaring and raging of death, the daily dying of the brothers, the wailing death knell, the lamenting songs at the coffin and grave of killed brothers and sisters have become to me an everyday completely unnoticed spectacle, which neither deserves the applause nor a well-founded rebuke from my impoverished spirit.
9. Oh you terrible greatness of poverty of spirit in me: When, oh when will I get rid of you, and when will an abundant life of love live in me again?
10. Oh my Jesus! You eternally almighty Master of life, You holy, most loving Father! Have mercy on me for once and awaken in love the spirit in me that is inclined to death, so that again I would like to feel a more abundant becoming life in me yet.

11. Oh my Jesus, my Holy Father! Awaken but once to full life the spirit that has sunk into the greatest poverty and weakness - and let You be found once by me, oh Holy Father!

12. For in such poverty it is probably never possible to lift oneself up to You and give honor and praise to You alone, because the mute, almost deadening spirit is completely incapable of it; therefore then transform my filthy heart! And also want to commemorate of the daily bread to eternal life, so I will soon arise again with completely renewed strength to praise You, Holy Father, with an immortal tongue in the mouth of the reborn spirit. Your holy will be done always forever. Amen.

Psalm XII

To sing to the Lord when Babel's machinations threaten the free spirit

1. Oh Lord! Look but once down into the darkest, most tragic hustle and bustle and screaming and cursing of the people, see how the servants of Baal make every effort to strike and burn mankind, the poor, the weak, with iron night.
2. Oh Father, Your eternal endless love and mercy, Your name, Your most holy name, is trampled underfoot most badly; the most vapid prayers are sold, and sacrifices are made to sickly dogs for the most disdainful pay!
3. Oh You Most Holy Father! Can you patiently watch such things still any longer? Elijah, the great prophet, once had to slaughter all the dark, sacrilegious servants and priests of Baal, and now you let them freely commit all the sacrilege that the great city of Babylon once badly committed.
4. Why, oh why must such things happen then? Have You then for deceit and for wickedness of man against man set mankind on this very dark earth? Should brothers deceive, condemn and curse brothers? Is this then the love of the neighbour, the brother to the brother, that such a servant of Baal shall condemn the brothers, who do not follow him, to the eternal death of hell?
5. No, no, you can never want that, You, eternal holy Father! For this You, eternal Love, did not bleed on the cross, and did not ask while dying, the omnipotence of the Godhead in You for mercy and forgiveness for those, that now such a brother wanting to be spiritual in your most holy name should condemn the brothers by the thousand in droves to the eternal death of hell.
6. And condemn only because one does not want to testify to his divine honor by believing without doubt what he commands to believe and act out of the darkest chamber of deceit for one's own worldly good.
7. Oh Father! Holy Father, put for once an end to the really long, long-running deception of brothers against brothers. Let the spirit actively blow through with love for once; let Your Holy Spirit be recognized by the dark brothers, so that they may also see that You have not called them to be deadly judges, but to be loving and gentle guides of the brethren to You, dear Father!
8. Oh do not let me call and cry to You in vain, dear Holy Father! Enlighten and warm the hearts of the brothers against brothers, destroy from the bottom those seats and chairs on which the brothers have condemned the brothers to the death of hell;
9. and now let Your eternal love and mercy become the eternal judge in every heart, of whatever people and brothers.

10. Oh let the diligent servants of Baal arise into equally diligent servants of love, and take away the grayish covering of the darkest self-deception from all the eyes of the servants of Baal, let them once see the holy, freest light of Your divine love and gentleness and grace and mercy, so that they may once stop cursing and instead bless all the people and brothers on earth.

11. Hear, oh most loving Father, for once my cries and screams, and free us from the long-lasting bonds of hell on earth! Your holy will always only be done. Amen

Psalm XIII

To sing to the Lord in the evening of the day

1. Sunk, sunk down is the glorious sun, down into the sea; under all the treacherous billows and eddies the shining mother of the day hid herself.
2. The careful bearer of so many children, she blesses, even if already hidden, still long after she sank down into eerie depths, the loosest children of the dark earth by her quite glorious rays of the twilight of the evening.
3. Still quite long lasts the blessing of the mother of the day, and peaceful little clouds in the golden illuminated evening give sometimes still so delightfully abundant gifts of the shining blessing of the glorious mother down into the dark valleys of the earth.
4. Only a few children of the earth notice and respect how this happens, how the holy Father full of love has created the things so beautifully and so well, that they, besides the benefit, shall also refresh and bless the people.
5. Who only wants to pay attention to the radiant blessing of the setting sun, the glorious glory of the evening, how would his heart be filled with the sweetest bliss of the heavens; with holy love for God his heart would be filled. But no-one wants to respect the holy order of the holy most loving Father and Savior of mankind.
6. That is why the sun of life has sunk, sunk down into the eerie depths of the seas, the treacherous waves and eddies and swirls of the dark times; because no-one wants to pay attention anymore because of mere worldly worries, what there the holy rays, the last the sunken sun of life still offer.
7. Therefore, hear it brothers and sisters! You who still notice the rays, the last rays of the evening in your heart, all of you remember the holy evening when the Father walked with the two brothers to Emmaus and finally blessed them there after He has broken the bread.
8. Oh remember, oh remember, brothers and sisters, of every evening, remember this so holy evening, and cry out with the two mourning pilgrims to Emmaus: oh abide, oh abide with us, Holy Father! For behold, it has already become evening in our hearts.
9. And then the Holy Father will bless you and say: "Oh little children, be calm and do not be afraid; for I will remain with you until the end of the world." And when that will come, the last of the days of earthly life, then the Holy Father will awaken you to eternal life in Him.
10. Oh, so watch out, brothers and sisters, of the evening, yes, we all respect the most glorious image of the sun that has set, so that one day a new - an eternal morning of eternal life might arise for us in the lap of the Holy Father in heaven. Oh Holy Father, hallowed be Your name; Your holy will, your holy will be always done. Amen

Psalm XIV

To sing to the Lord in the contemplation of the ever-increasing surging tide of sin, of the night, and of all it's inherent abominable deceit

(According to the 93rd Psalm, 4th v. of David)

1. The waves of the sea are great and quite dreadful, they roar; but the Lord is greater still there in the height!
2. The mighty storms rush and rage already very close past my spiritualized ear; but closer to the ear than all the nocturnal storms, sounds the trumpet of the heavens, the bright, the clear - to announce to man's earth the true, the eternal peace.
3. The states, the peoples, the powers of the earth, they cry out and write and reckon mightily, the mountains already quake strongly here and there with fearful expectation of the things that are very soon to come there.
4. But there is still one up there who cries and writes and reckons, who is mightier than the states, the peoples and all the powers of the earth: the time has trickled, I come, a mighty judge, to give you filthy darkest earth the reward in the puddle and all your mighty children with you.
5. Oh, the voice is more powerful, stronger and mightier than all the worldly raging and roaring and shouting and writing and calculating and activities of the seas, the storms, the states, the peoples and all the defiant mighty of the earth!
6. Oh, only tear and destroy, you treacherous, mightily surging stream your banks, destroy the divine seeds at the field of the Word from God in the few human hearts. Oh become the sea, drown the mountains and then drive high above all the heavenly clouds your all-life-suffocating raging waves.
7. But never will you reach the glorious stars, whose endless fire blazes there in the eternal endless space, faithfully waiting for the slightest sign of the One up there, to then fall down like a quickest thought on you most abominable dwelling of abominations in a moment, and faster than a drop consumes itself at the glowing iron, destroying you forever.
8. Oh people, oh brothers, how can you still trust and believe the lie, the whore, who has blinded and deceived you so often?
9. How can you put the stamp of divine truth on the most blatant foolishness? Oh take note and pay attention to the thoughts and actions of the whore, who creeps nightly through the streets and alleys of the earth, so that she still catches someone, who then courts with her, and finally pays for the eternal shame cultivated with him.

10. Oh take then note and respect it! and you must easily and immediately see what kind of spirit the teaching is full of, which pulls down the divine, holy and true and good out of the most shameful lust for power and greed most impudently and most abominably into the darkest muddy ground, and most shamefully sells hell for heaven.

11. Oh Lord! You Almighty Friend of noble spirits and people, blow away, blow away yet once the wicked deceivers and slayers of mankind on earth!

12. Let us never be captured by the dragon of hell, suffocate him very soon in the puddle of death, so that he no longer torments us any more and further and longer continue catching the children of the earth with infernal claw. Oh Father, You most loving, Holy Father, hear this cry of lamentation for once and let us never call to You in vain: oh Father! Do not lead us into temptation anymore, but make us clean from the greatest evil for once! Your holy will be done always forever. Amen.

Psalm XV

To sing to the Lord in the day of visitation

1. Oh Lord! As You have given me, very specially constituted, my being, so You teach me and guide me and lead me, according to Your most holy will, to walk in the way of the righteous.
2. How delicious and praiseworthy it is to walk this path, which You, Father, You most Holy Father, as Creator and Lord of all life, show us, Your creatures, Yourself, so that on such a path full of divine light and life, as weak creatures, we may most blessedly attain eternal life full of freest power from You, oh Most Holy Father
3. But as You, oh most holy Father and Creator of angels and humans, have created here over the earth of our temporal walk such an innumerable variety of flowers and grasses and trees and shrubs, since none is like the other in color, shape and smell and taste, and yet each corresponds most perfectly to that most holy purpose which You have set for it.
4. Oh, most holy Father, You will also faithfully help us humans who, as if on the floating, wavering earth from death to death as Your redeemed, walk here mourning and hoping, to reach and let us surely find the former eternal holy purpose which You Yourself have set and shown us.
5. As I see and always experience, one human life is certainly not like another; for almost everyone there acts and walks as if he had his very own Creator and God, whose inner secret beckoning he seemed to follow;
6. But the earth and all it's divine creation calls out to me: "Oh foolish inquirer and searcher in things and ways which God has arranged before one of the countless suns has shone in the endless space, see, even on the one and same tree, not one leaf is like the other in abundance! How will you then remodel the freest created humanity?"
7. When I heard such things from all the earthly creation like an endless choir of many voices to the most amazing praise of the eternally creating Father, who is holy, immeasurably holy, there I become full of the most blissful joy and, like a most blissful spirit already risen from the grave, I join in the great harmonic jubilant chord of all endless creation, and sing:
8. „Oh holy, eternally all-wisest, most loving Father! How good, yes, how exceedingly good You must be, that You can show me, the still mortal wanderer on this perishable earth, so clearly, how endlessly many paths full of light and eternal truth You have created, on which we here, as budding children and weak pupils of life, could never miss the paths to You, oh Most Holy Father.
9. The angels, the suns and worlds, and all the powers of the heavens and worlds praise You as their almightiest, most gracious, wisest Creator; for You are their only Lord and their only God!

10. Oh then, most Holy Father, let me also, even if only as an insignificant worm in the dust before You, praise and glorify You, as You have created me out of Your most holy order for Your infinite praise and glory."

11. For what can I, what else should I give you, Oh Father in heaven, it is all yours, what I have and am; but praise and glorify, oh most holy Father, with acting and walking and words according to such a holy order, which you have given me therefore and so only, that I can, that I must - because this holy order in me is exactly the divine freedom of the eternal immortal spirit, which You have given me out of Yourself, that therefore through it, I can recognize the eternal Holy Father in you.

12. I have recognized and found You, Holy Father, and have recognized and found the holy order of eternal love in my immortal spirit, which You have given me out of Yourself, however special it may be before the spirit of other people and brothers.

13. So will I also praise and extol You, oh holy Father, as I have found You, in the way allotted to me, in the spirit of the order that You have given me. And so be, oh Father, full of goodness and love and wisdom in spirit and truth, praised and extoled your Holy Name in eternity. Amen.

Psalm XVI

To sing to the Lord while contemplating the great glorious nature on a mountain, in the free endless space hall of God

1. As a little worm from the dust of nothingness exploringly climbs the thorny trunk of a thistle with a really laborious, hesitant move; so have I, sinful wanderer, climbed with great difficulty the mighty trunk and the summit of those great plants of the earth, which do not last like a dayfly from today to tomorrow, which have already defied a thousand and a thousand years.
2. Man well calls these very mighty plants of the earth "mountains"; but I call what flowed from the hand of my God only 'plants'; for we, as the freest living beings, are ourselves nothing else but plants and branches in the vineyard of the Lord and in the field, where He has sown the wheat in us as the seed for eternal life.
3. So also suns and worlds and mountains are only plants, for whose existence He has scattered the strong seed through all the endless spaces;
4. and has in the same divine way then also safely cared for the matured worlds, and has in the fiery depths of the earth's first well laid very strong seed full of lifting fire, from which then in times and times of the most fiery storms, the mountains grew out of the smoking ground of the earth.
5. There may have been scenes in the becoming of the giants on this now calmer earth which we inhabit, of never to be described manner, of which the inquiring mind has never dreamed.
6. But greatness and so also non-greatness at the becoming scenes of the things according to our human sense, all this is one in the eyes of the great Originator; for it is the same to Him to create the seed for suns and worlds, like these from which we spy the infusoria arising by the decillions in a dewdrop.
7. And so I am standing here on the top of such a quite old world-plant, and while looking around me at the many first plants of the earth rising up into the ether, I can see their fiery mighty becoming quite vividly in front of my senses.
8. And when I have lost myself deeper into the primeval scenes of the growth of the great plants in my mind and everything becomes so quiet around my listening ear, oh then I cringe in the spirit and pray:
9. "Oh Father! You great, You Holy Father! Hallowed be Your holy name; for it is indeed You who have let germinate there these so mighty mountains as the first growths from Your very powerful seed full of fire from Your almighty will from the trembling subservient ground of the earth.

10. Oh place also in this my powerless being such a powerful seed full of fire of Your living eternal love, so that also from me, even if under many a raging storm, such firm and lasting fruits may always grow, like these, which stretch there their holy tops up to You as mighty witnesses of Your infinite power, love, wisdom and strength.

11. Oh Father! How glorious and great are all Your works, how great is the delight of that soul, which always well takes care of it;

12. Oh, then, let me always pay attention to it with all my senses, for Your holy works are worthy to be respected at all times and to learn from them, in bliss' fullest joy, to recognize You, Most Holy Father, ever more and ever more deeply!

13. The angels, the suns, the worlds, the mountains and all creatures praise you; let then also this, my very least praise with the praise of the mountain, on which I now stand praying, ascend to You, oh Holy Father; To you alone be praise, honor and glory eternal! Amen.

Psalm XVII

To sing to the Lord in the morning of the day

1. The stars in the sky still glow solemnly, the evening is still surrounded with the nightly darkness, darkened the north like the south; but as I turn my eye to the morning, the longing chest lifts and the lungs draw deeper draughts from the air blowing from the begetter of the coming day.

2. Oh, it makes me feel so good and so light around the heart, when the eye begins to suck the first, the most tender rays of the nascent day.

3. There I think in such an hour of the earliest morning: 'Oh people, oh brothers, whom is still held captive by the sorrowful brother of death, the sinful sleep - arise, arise! To shy away from the holy scenes of the morning, as everything rushes towards it; the little clouds, they move with visible joy towards the glorious morning.

4. The birds, the lively singers, how they swell their feathered breast, to greet the coming day and to praise the Holy Father of Light, Whom they do not know, thus like man; but their sacred intuition never lets them rest, they feel the love, the holiness of the Creator, and praise and extol it through their unspeakable joy.

5. The little flowers of the gardens and fields and meadows arise and scatter very fragrantly from their most delicate calyxes in countless clearest little clouds the offerings of thanks and praise up to the stars, who, like departing friends, still look down on the earth from the ever brighter sky, blessing them here and there.

6. Man only - man only, can still sleep and dream of death, where all the innumerable multitudes with the most delightful breasts hasten to the coming streams of life.

7. The little clouds, the flowers and countless armies of animals and little beasts, they hurry awakened by the first of the rays of the golden morning, not knowing where from and where to, in order to praise and extol out of all their powers the Creator, the holy Father, Whom they are only able to suspect, but not to recognize.

8. The people, being children of the Holy Father, endowed with the highest of the graces of life, endowed with an immortal spirit, do not want to await the Holy Father happily in the coming day, do not want to praise and glorify the holy, most loving Giver of eternal life.

9. Oh, be ashamed, children; sleep is dearer to you - the brother of death - than all the only too glorious rushing streams of life from the morning on the nascent day!

10. Wake up, wake up! Oh all you brethren, awake! And rejoice for once at last for the breaking morning to the becoming holy day, in the light of the eternal sun from God! Oh turn no more in the bed of selfishness to the deadly sleep; hear the rustle of the streams of life from the golden morning! The Father, the Holy Father Himself comes to us in sunny

garment, in clouds of heaven, in most holy love! Thus awake for once then, brothers and sisters!

11. Listen, brothers and sisters, the Father is coming, the holy, most loving Father is coming to us Himself on this already so long awaited morning; so awake then, awake from the long, the deadliest night, and receive eternal life in God in the morning of the holy day to come; otherwise your brother, eternal death, will reach you in your sleep!

12. Oh Holy Father, you eternal Sun of life, awaken, awaken for once the sleeping brothers and let them draw life from the holy stream of the eternal morning of love to You, oh You Holy Father! Your holy will be done!!!

Psalm XVIII

To sing to the Lord at all times as the Father of people

1. Oh Holy Father, in Jesus the Lord, and the Creator of the worlds, the suns, humans and angels, my soul praises You, my spirit loves and praises You, and my heart is full of the most fervent longing for You, oh You Holy, most loving Father!

2. Endlessly and eternally innumerable armies of beings praise You, from the most fiery cherub down to the most insignificant mite, for whom even a little moss leaf becomes a world, even a most wonderful, greatest world.

3. Oh, so let You then, most holy Father, also be praised and glorified by me, a greatest sinner before You! Oh, I know well and feel it only too vividly how worthless appears before You, oh You Holy Father, a filthy, death-ridden sinner; but I cannot help myself if my most sinful heart wants to take hold of You as if it were sinless before You, oh You Holy Father; for You are eternally even Yourself, the purest love!

4. Oh for this reason You will surely graciously look upon the deeply sorrowful hearts of sinners when they turn to You through love, and praise and glorify You, Holy Father, in all contrition and humility of the spirit!

5. Oh most loving Father, look graciously down upon us poor sinners and have mercy on us, not minding the sins we have already committed in our weakness; forgive us our debts, and take the sacrifices from our hearts, let praise and glorify You, Holy Father, for it!

6. Hear, oh Holy Father! I have sometimes so sinned before You, but I never felt the remorse for my committed sins stronger than just when I sinned before You.

7. Oh Father! How was then indeed such a thing possible? Just when I have even faithlessly distanced myself from You through sin, there was also my heart, as on few other occasions, seized by a most profound remorse and not seldom wanted to burst out of love for You.

8. Oh the miracle of miracles! How can a sinful heart still approach You, oh Holy Father; how do I want to cry tears of remorse and love in my incarnate hell after all!

9. Oh listen! Oh listen, my sinful heart, a holy voice of the Father, of the holy, most loving Father, which calls to You and in You, and the words, the holy ones, are thus; for thus only He speaks, yes, only He speaks thus as the eternal purest Love:

10. "Oh little children! I seek only that which is lost, and help anew him who is fallen; Therefore repentance and longing love for Me, follow sin very soon!

11. But whom I have helped, he shall then remain in the longing love to Me and - shall never let himself be beguiled by a most worthless world!

12. Otherwise it could surely happen that he would fall so deeply, even deepest into the hell of eternal death, where then never repentance and longing love, as My most faithful hand, would take hold of him and lead him back into eternal life in Me! Understand this, and live and act according to it eternally! Amen"

Psalm XIX

To sing praise to the Lord (and of the postponed Sabbath)

1. Awake! Awake, my still sleeping spirit, yes just hastily, awake; for it has come, come - a glorious day, yea, [it has] come - the holy day of rest of the Lord, the Holy Most Loving Father of mankind.
2. The holy day is still the same, the seventh, which the Lord has chosen for Himself; but people have reversed the days as they have reversed themselves.
3. The holy day has become a day of servile work, and that day, which God Himself most intended for work on earth, while He Himself obviously worked on it, has been changed into a day of rest.
4. But this shall well never distract you, my immortal spirit; The order, the holy order, shall remain for you as the Lord has set it from eternity; For the Lord is not changeable like humans, He knows why He has thus ordered the days since eternity.
5. And so then, my spirit, awaken to the sweet activity of praising and glorifying the Holy Most Loving Father with all your strength in holy tranquility; for He is so good and so lovingly merciful to all His children. Therefore He shall be praised and glorified by you, my spirit.
6. I, poor soul, now feel this as a physical reminder, and therefore call you, my immortal spirit, to awaken.
7. Oh my innermost life, you - love from God, you awaken in me, oh how brightly your eye shines out full of glory into the endless depths of eternal life! I am no longer me, but you are now all in me, oh so praise then with immortal tongue the Holy Father, Who has united us and given us eternal life in Him!
8. Yes, I, spirit, have awakened: Thank you, my likewise immortal soul, because you have awakened me to the activity of praising and glorifying on the day of holy rest, on the eternal holy day of the Lord; I will praise Him with all my strength, and always love and praise the Holy Father in you, my diligent soul!
9. Oh my Holy, Most Loving Father, You eternal Creator of the worlds, of humans, of spirits and angels, and of all the eternally most endless heavens! Even the mite praises and glorifies you, whose puny life counts only minutes in it's fleeting duration!
10. The little worm in the dust praises and glorifies you, and countless armies of very frisky little birds flash through the bluish air, singing praises to you, oh Holy Father!
11. Yes, everything that breathes and lives offers You, oh You holy, most loving Father, in a most unmentionable joy of divine life, a festive sacrifice of most due thanks in it's kind.

12. Only man, the immortal man, can sleep and rest, where all creatures contest to be the first, to praise You most gracious Giver of living, sweetest food; You everywhere mighty Creator, You eternally infinite God!

13. Oh then be loved and praised and glorified by me, the immortal spirit, on this so holy day of the earth, on the day of rest, as always and eternally, because You, O Holy Father, are so good and so exceedingly gracious to me!

14. Oh the most highest glory be to You as the Father in the Son and Your most holy Spirit, since You created me, redeemed me and sanctified me again to eternal life, thus graciously through Your infinite goodness, mercy and eternal love; yes, eternal thanks and praise be to you, Holy Father, for this from me, a sinful spirit! Your holy will be done forever, Amen; hallowed be Your name in us forever. Amen.

Psalm XX

To sing to the Lord at the end of the year

1. Again the earth has completed in even hasty flight the course around the shining mother of the days.
2. The journey is far, and just as great is the mighty circle which the earth, the circling mother of so many creatures and beings, wanders through in three hundred and sixty-five days.
3. Man would have to climb many thousands of years also with most hasty step, until he would complete only once the annual journey of the earth;
4. However, whatever the duration of the time of such a journey may be and how far the circular path extends, the result is certain and absolutely sure, namely that a finite goal is set on every path.
5. Thus the Lord, the almighty Creator of angels and humans, of suns and earths, has done it for the wisest of reasons; they circle and move and work in their given spheres; but all this circling and moving and working is faithfully and wisely set on a goal, here a finite one, and there even an eternal one.
6. From a trivial point the earth begins to circle the far-stretched orbit and always ends it again on the same day.
7. So also the human on the earth begins in the dust the circle of his work and ends it then again in the void dust. The worlds and suns pass away, if they have completed once the farthest circles in the endless space and then become again an atomic void breath! And the people, the big and proud, they become the food of worms and these then finally the food of the void dust.
8. And who can deny it, and say: So it is not! For constant experience teaches us that everything arises from a point or dust and always returns to it [again].
9. And yet man, the even blind inhabitant of the dust, may exalt himself supremely and act as if he were in the eternal center of the eternal omnipotence and divine dominion.
10. You poor inhabitant of the dust, remember at the end of the earth's orbit, at the end of the year, how everything ends its finite orbit with the dusty world, and that at the point of nothingness, where what seemed to you to be the most glorious flight, was begun - then you will see your foolish driving and hunting in the dust, as dust after dust.
11. How foolish would he finally be, who would still want to stay in the swaying boat, if he reached in this a shore and would start activity in it, as if he were a mythical god over waves and floods.

12. Is it different with you, my pompous, yourself-mighty-seeming brother? Oh behold, by no means, you are only a fool and most annoyingly blind, therefore you may not see the most naked truth and never understand that this very swaying world is nothing but an equally swaying barque; this barque can carry you, dusty brother, either to the shore of life and just as well to the dusty loose shore of death, from which you will not easily rise again.

13. Oh, so put then once a lasting end to the dusty hunt and hustle; consider that only One lives and reigns freely above the dust of the worlds, and He let us become dusty so that we should taste the powerlessness of dust for eternal life here, in order to strive ever more mightily after Him and trample the void dust with our feet!

14. And when you will realize this, the void change of times will no longer be a change for you; for you will then stand sublimely in spirit and truth high above the smoking ruins of the good times, and say: "I have reached the shore in the swaying barque, the shore of life, and have found the Holy Father full of love and mercy". So strive like me, all you brothers, for it is noble to dwell in the bosom of the Father!

Psalm XXI

To sing to the Lord in manifold tribulation

1. The times are surging and storming; and brothers are arming themselves for bloody warfare among themselves.
2. The virgin has become faithless of heart; she does not want to love, only to conquer, and then despises all the easily conquered hearts in a male breast that has become effeminate.
3. And among many of the male swans, has she yet come upon a genuine male heart that has not been entranced like a reed by the treacherous gaze of the serpent in the faithless heart of the virgin;
4. Then she cries bitter tears, not out of remorse, but only because of the unsuccessful victory, and that her power does not badly victoriously extend over all male hearts.
5. Oh times, Oh people and customs! The woman only wants to play with male hearts.
6. The man only passes sensual time with the woman; but he only can love himself in the heart of the woman and dig like pigs in her tender flowing flesh.
7. The ruler is no longer a shining brother to the brothers for guidance and leadership of the peoples; he is only a lord all brothers, only a completely dogmatist;
8. A proud sword-powerful lord all alone over goods and life and death of his languishing brothers.
9. The rich, legally authorized swindler of many of the brethren enjoys prestige, praise and honor, and is even carried on the hands of the poor for a meager wage:
10. The poor, on the other hand, are always regarded by the rich with the most scornful looks and are shown the door as parasitic servants. Oh holy Father in heaven, how long will such indeed still last?
11. When will the mountains well resemble the valleys? When will Cain and Abel kiss each other?
12. When will the virgin return to the simple holy dignity of an angel in female form, in order to make the already long mourning male heart happy?
13. And when will the rulers' glory-thirsty desires, the iron pressure on their brothers, the chains of slaves and countless other torments then end?
14. When will the heir to the throne finally become a brother to brothers? When will he teach and guide and lead the brothers like an archangel with wisdom to You, oh Holy Father of all people on earth?

15. And when will the priest take off the shameful mask full of overambitious semblance and deception and proclaim to his brothers the pure living Word of Your Holy Spirit, oh Father in Heaven!

16. "Listen then, you spirit in the living still throbbing heart! I will now announce to you from My fully divine mouth the answer of joy, comfort and truth and love from all the heavens.

17. Oh tell Me, the Father of angels in heaven and people on earth! When will the children stop bickering and quarreling in their parents' home, while they still lack age and education?

18. You say: "As they become old and educated and wiser and purer in thought, in deed, and in will, and all the love in the heart of the soul."

19. "Quite rightly and wisely spoken. But see, if the earth is nothing else than only a roomy room for the children, if taken in a more serious sense; how then can you ask when it will become different on earth?

20. Just the children mature and grow older in the eternal nursing room for the embryos of the angels; and you will see the clearest answer to your wistful question in the brightest light! The infants of the cradle indeed are crying more than the lively ones in the grass of life."

21. Oh holy, most loving Father, now a mighty light has dawned upon me; only with such eyes can all the colorful and loose hustle and bustle of people on earth be viewed in an explicable way. Therefore, oh Father, all honor and love and thanks be to You forever! Amen.

Psalm XXII

To sing to the Lord after overcoming sickness of the body and the soul bound with it

1. Sickness, a burning fire in the mortal flesh, yes, a mighty test of the suffering soul in faith, hope and love, comes, like all heavenly gifts, from the most loving, holy Father in heaven.
2. Which, by this means teaches and faithfully examine the wandering children in this earthly school of life, as with His own most holy hand, washes away much still deadly earthly dross.
3. So that after a - even if sometimes long-lasting - illness, the person may be cleansed from so many stuck sins, like gold ore through the fire, from slag and stones.
4. What an otherwise person in a healthy state would never want to achieve; for when one is healthy in the flesh, one does not notice to what extent the deadly cancer of the world has already penetrated the fibers of life in the most hostile way.
5. How deep into the roots of the inner spiritual life has this most miserable enemy of all life already burrowed like such a polyp with arms and a thousand proboscises?
6. But - there comes just the Lord to the certainly fleshly healthy, but spiritually declining man with His own, most holy, most powerful hand faithfully to the rescue, seizing, tearing out the evil from all the roots of life and only then the complaining man notices to what extent the cancer has already driven it's roots into the inner life.
7. For all those places then burn and piteously ache in the carnal being of man, in which formerly were the deadly roots of the enemy of life.
8. But the most holy Father of life never pays attention to the flesh of man, whether it burns and drips with bloody sweat out of anxiety and fear of earthly death.
9. If He has only saved the life of the spirit, of the soul, what lies there at the flesh, on this even rotten clothing of the soul of the spirit!
10. Is it right according to the most holy will of the Father, then it will easily recover again. And is it not right according to the most holy and wise will of the most holy Master of life, then it will well surely be best that He, in a Fatherly way, most lovingly tears away the cancer together with the rotten and shallow dwelling.
11. Thus He Himself, the greatest, the most holy sufferer showed on the Mount of Olives, when kneeling and praying to the eternal love in the Father in the bloody sweat of fear, He asked: "If You Father, You eternal love want it, oh then take the cup You from me! But not my, but always Your holy will be done."

12. Here the eternal holy Master of life showed Himself, how we should always behave towards the life of the flesh, when suffering creeps it, if we want to preserve the life of the soul, of the spirit.

13. But is such a most holy pattern set for us, we can always rejoice and sing from our childlike, most refreshed heart:

14. "Oh most holy, most loving Father of angels and humans, You eternal Master of life, You gave us life; the body only as a temporal shell of the spirit and tool of the soul.

15. You send us joys and sufferings according to Your pleasure, according to Your all-wisest holiest will; so then Your most holy will be done also at all times! You yourself have taught us to live through words and deeds, and so we then also want to live and always praise and extol you in joys and sorrows; because You are indeed the only Giver of always good gifts. Glory and praise to You forever! Amen.

