

**Translated from N.F.S. Grundtvig**  
**DDS 206 Tune: DDK 365**

*By Alan Gaunt*

*Påskeblomst! hvad vil du her?*

Easter flower! why are you here?  
common flower with no refinement,  
scentless, graceless and austere!  
who would want you for a present?  
Who would ever feel well-dressed,  
wearing you upon their breast?  
Really, do you think a bird could  
sing about you in the greenwood?

Your green tendril never shows  
In high summer, and you never  
wear the fragrance of the rose,  
or the lily's blade of silver.  
In harsh winter storms, you're found  
shooting up on barren ground.  
They alone rejoice, discerning  
signs of hope in your returning.

Easter flower! what have we heard?  
Is it true, our proclamation?  
Are our sermons not absurd?  
Can we quit death's domination?  
Did he rise, as it is said?  
Will his word rise from the dead?  
can life spring to endless dawning,  
from its shroud, on Easter morning?

If the dead do not arise,  
we are left without a story;  
each one quickly fades and dies,  
leaving not a trace of glory;  
left forgotten in the mould,  
with the wax unmelted, cold;  
not, like candles brightly blazing,  
standing on the grave and praising

Easter flower! this draught I sup,  
from your golden cup, so potent,  
wonderfully lifts me up,  
gives miraculous refreshment.  
From it, cockcrow, morning song  
have, it seems to my mind, sprung,  
waking up the dead this morning,  
in a rose-red Easter dawning.

Christ is risen from the dead,  
So you say by your returning;  
each Good Friday looks ahead,  
promising an Easter morning.  
Though his grave is boldly sealed,  
guarded well by sword and shield;  
they are chaff his breath sends flying,  
who reprieved us by his dying.

**Translated from N.F.S. Grundtvig**  
**DDS 142 Tune: DDK 159**

*By Alan Gaunt*

*Øjne, I var lykkelige*

Eyes, you were so highly favoured,  
 seeing here on earth God's Son;  
 Ears, what richness you once savoured,  
 when you listened to the one,  
 on whose tongue, as his word called you,  
 God's own truth and grace enthralled you.

Kings and prophets through the ages  
 longed to see your day appear;  
 sighing hearts and singing angels  
 prophesied the golden year,  
 when God's light and life victorious,  
 would dispose of death and darkness.

Blissful Christians, still invited, /Joyful  
 knowing grace is ever new;  
 gathered in the Church, delighted,  
 we are favoured children too:  
 eyes still seeing, ears still hearing;  
 he, with God's word, still appearing.

He, through life and light imparted  
 by his Spirit and his word,  
 comforts all the broken-hearted;  
 still, at font and table heard,  
 Jesus Christ who ends our sadness,  
 is alive and brings us gladness.

Though the world does not perceive him,  
yet he stands before faith's eyes,  
every moment we receive him,  
by whose word we realise  
light appears in death's dark spaces,  
paradise in desert places

Though born blind, the poor heart woken,  
now can see his godly rays;  
now the soul once dead and broken,  
living in the Spirit's blaze,  
born again, surveys with wonder  
God's own Kingdom in its splendour.

Eyes you are so highly favoured,  
seeing here on earth, God's Son,  
ears, what richness you have savoured,  
who have heard the holy one.  
Heart, you trust the word, well knowing  
here the tree of life is growing.

After the literal translation of A. M. Allchin  
in N. F. S. Grundtvig, *An Introduction to his Life and Work*  
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## Translated from N.F.S Grundtvig

DDS 280 Tune: DDK 243

*By Alan Gaunt*

*Kirken den er et gammelt hus...*

Ancient and sure, the Church will stand  
 even though towers are falling; /towers may be  
 towers come crashing to the ground, /though towers  
 bells go on pealing and calling:  
 hear, young and old in your distress,  
 hear, souls weighed down with weariness,  
 yearning for rest and salvation.

Houses we build do not contain  
 God in his holy perfection;  
 earth's holiest place will not retain  
 more than its palest reflection.  
 And yet God builds a dwelling place,  
 wondrously raised by heaven's grace  
 out of this earth's dust and ashes.

We are God's house and church today,  
 living stones, chosen, well-founded;  
 under the cross, baptised, we stay  
 built up in faith, firmly grounded.  
 Were we, on earth, no more than two,  
 God would still build, and still renew  
 his life and dwelling place in us.

Meeting our king here face to face,  
 finding, with Peter, 'God with us,'  
 we would not change the humblest place,

not for the world and its treasures.  
God keeps his word and, ever near  
within our hearts, is speaking here,  
present as Lord of creation.

Houses called churches, built on earth,  
honour our Lord, who embraces  
children like us who, from our birth,  
love to come home to these places.  
Here such delightful things are heard,  
he seals his covenant with his word,  
gives us the Kingdom of Heaven.

Here, at the font, our lives were claimed,  
here at his table he feeds us,  
here we have heard his word proclaimed,  
here his love's mystery leads us.  
Present today as yesterday,  
God's Son reminds us he will stay  
ever our Christ and Redeemer.

God grant, wherever through the year,  
summoned by bells, we are praying,  
that, in their pealing, people hear  
this word that Jesus is saying:  
'The world does not see me, but you,  
you see that all I say comes true:  
my peace is with you for ever.'

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With the help of a literal translation by Enid Luff  
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## From N.F.S. Grundtvig DDS 131

The Danish 'after a Greek song'

*By Alan Gaunt*

*Med sin alabaster-krukke...*

With her jar of alabaster,  
 full of precious perfumed nard,  
 shamed and inly sighing, 'Master,  
 Lord, have mercy; save me, Lord!'  
 With her broken heart this sinner,  
 marred the pharisee's fine dinner,  
 with the pure one sitting there.

Sinful woman, blushing, flagrant,  
 suddenly she smashed the jar,  
 poured the nard, too sweetly fragrant  
 precious perfume, on the Lord;  
 then in floods her tears came teeming,  
 over both the Lord's feet streaming;  
 then she dried them with her hair.

Like that woman, I come feeling  
 in my heart such deep distress;  
 like the sinful woman, stealing  
 to the table of your grace,  
 blushing, pale, in agitation,  
 my soul shares her situation,  
 sighing, 'Lord, have mercy, save!'

So, like heaven to earth inclining  
in your dust-formed body here, (incarnation)  
bend down now to my heart's pining,  
hear my penitential prayer!  
Mary's son, sublime perfection,  
do not chill me with rejection,  
shelter me in your own love.

All my sins, your condemnation:  
fathomless perplexity!  
Let the grace of your salvation  
drown their deep immensity.  
I, by this, made bold before you,  
will, forgiven much, adore you  
with eternal tender love.

22 June 1999