

“To Joy”

Oh friends, no more of these sounds!  
Let us sing more cheerful songs,  
More full of joy!

Joy, bright spark of divinity,  
Daughter of Elysium,  
Fire-inspired we tread  
Thy sanctuary!  
Thy magic power reunites  
All that custom has divided;  
All men become brothers  
Under the sway of thy gentle wings.

Whoever has created  
An abiding friendship,  
Or has won  
A true and loving wife,  
All who can call at least one soul theirs,  
Join in our song of praise!  
But any who cannot must creep tearfully  
Away from our circle.

All creatures drink of joy  
At nature's breast.  
Just and unjust  
Alike taste of her gift;  
She gave us kisses and the fruit of the vine,

A tried friend to the end.  
Even the worm can feel contentment,  
And the cherub stands before God!  
Gladly, like the heavenly bodies  
Which He set on their courses through the splendor of  
the firmament;  
Thus, brothers, you should run your race,  
As a hero going to conquest.

You millions, I embrace you.  
This kiss is for all the world!  
Brothers, above the starry canopy  
There must dwell a loving Father.  
Do you fall in worship, you millions?  
World, do you know your Creator?  
Seek Him in the heavens!  
Above the stars must He dwell.

“An die Freude”

O Freunde, nicht diese Töne!  
Sondern laßt uns angenehmere  
anstimmen und freudenvollere!

Freude, schöner Götterfunken,  
Tochter aus Elysium,  
Wir betreten feuertrunken,  
Himmlische, dein Heiligtum!  
Deine Zauber binden wieder,  
Was die Mode streng geteilt;  
Alle Menschen werden Brüder,  
Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.

Wem der große Wurf gelungen,  
Eines Freundes Freund zu sein,  
Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,  
Mische seinen Jubel ein!  
Ja, wer auch nur eine Seele  
Sein nennt auf dem Erdenrund!  
Und wer's nie gekonnt, der stehle  
Weinend sich aus diesem Bund.

Freude trinken alle Wesen  
An den Brüsten der Natur;  
Alle Guten, alle Bösen  
Folgen ihrer Rosenspur.  
Küsse gab sie uns und Reben,  
Einen Freund, geprüft im Tod;  
Wollust ward dem Wurm gegeben,  
Und der Cherub steht vor Gott!

Froh, wie seine Sonnen fliegen  
Durch des Himmels prächt'gen Plan,  
Laufet, Brüder, eure Bahn,  
Freudig, wie ein Held zum Siegen.

Seid umschlungen, Millionen.  
Diesen Kuß der ganzen Welt!  
Brüder! Über'm Sternenzelt  
Muß ein lieber Vater wohnen.  
Ihr stürzt nieder, Millionen?  
Ahnest du den Schöpfer, Welt?  
Such' ihn über'm Sternenzelt!  
Über Sternen muß er wohnen.

“Ode to Joy”

*Text by Tracy K. Smith*

O friend, my heart has tired  
Of such darkness.  
Now it vies for joy.

Joy, bright God-spark born of Ever  
Daughter of fresh paradise—  
Where you walked once now walk rancor,  
Greed, suspicion, anger, fright.  
Joy, the breeze off all that's holy,  
Pure with terror, wild as flame.  
Make us brothers, give us comfort,  
Bid us past such fear and hate.

If you've loved another's beauty  
If you've craved the warmth of flesh,  
If your spirit is invested  
In another's sense of worth,  
Lift your voice to touch my voice now,  
Let our song bring joy to earth.  
Lift your voice to touch my voice now,  
Let our song bring joy to earth.

Joy like water, milk of mothers.  
Kind and wicked all deserve  
Joy's compassion freely given,  
Joy which can't be sold or earned.  
In the depths of blackest soil  
In the lightless atmosphere  
In the atom and the ether,  
Animating all that is.

Let us feel it, let us heed it,  
Let us seek its deepest kiss.  
Let us live our brief lives mining  
That which joy alone can give.

Battered planet, home of billions,  
Our long shadow stalks your face.  
All we've fractured, all we've stolen,  
All we've sought blind to your grace.

Earth, forgive us, claim us, let us  
Live in humble thanks and joy.  
Let our hearts wake from our stupor,  
Let us praise you in one voice.