

**HYMNS
AND POEMS
OF
SWEDEN**

TRANSLATIONS

O F

S W E D I S H H Y M N S

A N D

P O E M S

B Y L I N A S A N D E L L

A N D O T H E R S

Translated By

E. Einar Kron
608 Forest Avenue
Jamestown, New York 14701

DEDICATED
TO
THREE WONDERFUL DAUGHTERS:
ARLINE, CAROLYN, AND JANET
AND
TO
SIX GRANDCHILDREN

PREFACE

Lina Sandell, one of the most prolific and well loved of the many nineteenth century hymn writers in Sweden, is no doubt best known, especially among Americans of Swedish descent, as the author of "Children of the Heavenly Father" (Tryggare Kan Ingen Vara). She wrote over 650 hymns and poems, many of which are favorites of church-going people.

Lina Sandell, whose full name was Carolina, Vilhelmina Sandell Berg, was the daughter of a pastor In Fröderyd, born 1832. When she accompanied her father on a trip to Stockholm at the age of 26, she had the tragic experience of seeing her father drown in Lake Vättern at Hästholmen. Due to a sudden lurching of the boat in which they were traveling, he fell into the water. In her deep grief she found comfort in writing hymns. This experience also gave her a deeper faith, as evident in many of her hymns. She married a merchant and temperance speaker from Stockholm, C. Oscar Berg, and lived to be 70, passing away in 1903.

In this little booklet translations of a number of her hymns are offered to the public, along with a number of translations of Swedish hymn writers, and poets. Among them are Carl O. Rosenius, August Storm, Karl-Ewert, Berta Anderson, Herman Säterberg, August Bohman, Stina Anderson, W. Stenhammar and others.

Six stanzas of the poem "Tryggare Kan Ingen Vara" were translated years ago by Ernest W Olson. With these we are including the translation of four additional stanzas.

We publish this booklet with the prayer that it may be of inspiration and enrichment, not only to those familiar with the Swedish hymns, but also many others, who are not familiar with the songs of Lina Sandell and other Swedish poets.

E. Einar Kron
Fall 1982
Jamestown, New York

As I my daily work pursue

Om dagen vid mitt arbete

As I my daily work pursue I often think of Thee,
Who bears the heat and labor of each day's work for me;
Who faithful unto death went the way of Calvary's cross,
And freed my sinful spirit from an eternal loss.

What otherwise were heavy and were hard for me to bear
Your grace and love, O Jesus, makes easy; every care
I leave with Thee, my Savior, and every task I do,
I do it for my Jesus, for He will see me through.

And if it's empty, desolate while traveling life's way,
With Jesus in my heart I lack naught by night or day.
He knows just what I need that I might be happy here,
And in life's changing fortunes His rocklike strength is near.

He is the living water true that satisfies my thirst,
No earthly love can equal His love, who loved me first,
His love can never fail me as human love can do,
Where can one find His equal, whose grace is ever new,

His goodness and compassion great encompass me always,
His promise sure and faithful He keeps in many ways,
His love can never fail me, it is my hope and stay,
When flesh and world and devil from Him would lead away.

A place of refuge at the cross I have to calm my fears,
Then Christmas comes in Lent, and in winter spring appears;
When worldly threats alarm me, I run and refuge seek
In Him, my Rock and Fortress, find strength when I am weak.

Lina Sandell

The blessings that God on me showers

Jag kan icke räkna dem alla

The blessings that God on me showers
Are more than I ever can count.
They fall as the dew on the flowers,
And gleam as the spray in a fount.
The blessings that God on me showers
Are more than I ever can count.

As stars in innumerable number
Do shine in their beauty so bright,
The heavens they do not encumber,
But gleam in the darkest of night.
As stars in innumerable number
Do shine in their beauty so bright.

I can't count the blessings He gives me,
So thankful fore'er I will be.
The proof of God's love — He forgives me,
What wonders of grace He grants me!
I can't count the blessings He gives me,
So thankful fore'er I will be!

Lina Sandell

Childhood faith

Barnatro

Do you still believe in heart,
Nor from childhood faith depart?
Can you pray as in the days of long ago:
"Lord, who loves the children all,
Keep me, guard me, though I'm small"?
Aged mother will rejoice with heart aglow!

REFRAIN:

Childhood faith, childhood creed,
A golden bridge to heaven you are indeed!

You perhaps have wandered round
All the earth nor fortune found,
Sought in foreign lands your gladness to increase,
You have wept, for home you long
When you hear a well-known song
That brings memories of home and pleasant peace.

You'll be blessed as before,
If you open your heart's door,
Blessings of your childhood years it will impart.
There'll be joy in heaven, too.
You'll rejoice, to God be true,
You can sing with jubilation in your heart.

Einar Westling

Children of the Heavenly Father

Tryggare kan ingen vara

Children of the heav'nly Father
Safely in His bosom gather;
Nestling bird nor star in Heaven
Such a refuge e'er was given.

God His own doth tend and nourish;
In His holy courts they flourish;
From all evil things He spares them;
In His mighty arms He bears them.

Neither life nor death shall ever
From the Lord His children sever;
Unto them His grace He showeth,
And their sorrows all He knoweth.

Though He giveth or He taketh,
God His children ne'er forsaketh;
His the loving purpose solely
To preserve them pure and holy.

Lo, their very hairs He numbers,
And no daily care encumbers
Them that share His ev'ry blessing
And His help in woes distressing.

Praise the Lord in joyful numbers:
Your Protector never slumbers.
At the will of your Defender
Ev'ry foeman must surrender.

Heavenly Father, I do praise Thee,
I rejoice that Thou hast saved me;
Riches of Thy grace I've tasted,
Grant Thy blessings are not wasted.

Praise to Christ, the Lamb, the dearest,
Who in every need is nearest,
And who shed His life blood for us,
Thanks to Him, we sing in chorus.

Praise the Spirit, the kind-hearted,
May He ne'er from us be parted;
He gives praise, or He reproves us,
From the Word He ne'er removes us.

Then when earthly bonds we sever,
And leave tears behind forever,
Bring us to our final haven,
Be with us fore'er in heaven!

Lina Sandell

Verses 01-06 translation: Ernst W. Olson

Verses 07-10 translation: E. Einar Kron

Hide not your face

Herre, fördölj ej ditt ansikte för mig

Hide not your face from me, Lord, let me now see,
Comfort me, bless me, and when I call hear me!
You are my faithful, compassionate Redeemer,
Aren't you coming soon, aren't you coming soon?

Yet I've not come to my heavenly homeland,
Here but a guest and sojourner I still stand.
You are my faithful, compassionate Redeemer,
Will you not come soon, will you not come soon?

Here with great longing, as if on a strange strand,
I do look up to that heavenly homeland.
You are my faithful, compassionate Redeemer,
Are you coming soon, are you coming soon?

While you delay, guard my heart most securely,
Hallow its joys, ease its sorrows most surely.
You are my faithful, compassionate Redeemer,
Aren't you coming soon, aren't you coming soon?

Help me, Lord, now to hold fast to this one thing,
That I may fear you only, and to you cling.
You are my faithful, compassionate Redeemer,
Will you not come soon, will you not come soon?

Multiply my faith, and free me from discord,
Give what you will, but at last give a crown, Lord!
You are my faithful, compassionate Redeemer,
Are you coming soon, are you coming soon?

Lina Sandell

An hour with Jesus

En liten stund med Jesus

An hour that's spent with Jesus, how much it means to me!
It gives to me a life-view that's new and bright to see;
When I grow tired and weary with all that troubles me,
An hour that's spent with Jesus brings changes, I agree.

An hour that's spent with Jesus, when I'm beset by sin,
When doubt would cause great havoc, His word brings peace within.
An hour that's spent with Jesus, and lo! The burden's gone!
It's lifted from my shoulders and totally withdrawn.

An hour that's spent with Jesus, drives worries from my heart,
It turns my gaze on Jesus, and earthly cares depart.
At times it turns my thinking to what's reality,
That which indeed continues when all shall changed be!

An hour that's spent with Jesus, it gives to me great peace;
When loveless critics judge me makes inward peace increase;
When thoughtless persons harm me, and I'm filled with remorse,
An hour that's spent with Jesus heals all the man-made sores.

An hour that's spent with Jesus, what strength it gives, what power;
Gives help to walk the right path, God's will to do each hour,
Gives courage for the journey; if suff'ring comes my way
It grants me strength to bear it, foretaste of endless day.

So grant to me, my Savior, at times when I'm alone,
An hour that's spent with Jesus, in quiet of my home,
Within my heart's a longing, it reaches deep within —
Eternity with Jesus! — How great, for there's no sin!

Lina Sandell

I am a guest and pilgrim

Jag är en gäst och pilgrim

I am a guest and pilgrim,
As those who've gone ahead,
On earth I have no homeland,
My home's in heaven instead.
In heaven with my Father
In glory and in light,
I'll live in joy forever
In splendor e'er so bright.

CHORUS:

Home, home, dearest home,
There is no place on earth here
As dear as this sweet home.

There dwells my Savior Jesus,
Who died on Calvary's tree,
Who bore my sins so gladly
That I might be set free;
If joy would be like flowers
Strewn on my pathway here,
Still I would long to reach it,
My home in heaven so dear.

Sweet-smelling, fragrant flowers
May be on every hand,
Sweet warbling birds in numbers
May sing throughout the land,
Dear, loving friends may greet me
With warmth and joy and cheer,
But still my heart is longing
For that blessed home so dear.

Lina Sandell

I have in heaven a friend

Jag har i himlen en vän så god

I have in heaven, a Friend so good,
He has redeemed me, with His own blood,
From Satan, and this world of sin;
He always hears when I make request,
A crown He's promised, the very best,
Which I may wear there, with joy and zest,
When I eternal life shall win.

I see His picture in Bible clear,
He is so patient, He is so near,
He is of all the very best;
He is a hero as no one else.
For me He conquered, the Bible tells,
I'll conquer also, He in me dwells,
O'er fear I'll win, then enter rest.

I'll sing for Jesus, so glad and free,
A glorious home He's prepared for me,
Where I may dwell eternally;
Both poor and needy I here may dwell,
My carnal flesh may to sin impel,
But there no foe can ray joy dispel,
When I with white-clad hosts will be.

A Sabbath rest there in heav'n will be,
Where all believers His face shall see,
After battle, rest will be mine.
There are no sorrows, there is no care,
There is no suffering, no death is there,
But only good health and life to spare,
No end to peace, so great, benign.

There I'll behold Him, my Friend so good,
Who while on earth here, did shed His blood,
Redemption won, so all is well;
There songs of joy are most clearly heard,
A stream of gladness all hearts have stirred,
It stays forever, told in His word,
Eternally with Him we'll dwell.

Nils Frykman

In this quiet evening hour

I den stilla aftonstund

In this quiet evening hour,
Jesus, Lord, be near me,
May your peace give me new power,
And your promise cheer me.
Let me listen to your word,
May it always here be heard,
And my deepest soul be stirred,
Here among your faithful.

Gather now my thoughts to see
That I may be conscious
How forgiveness comes so free
Through Christ's blood so precious.
So in faith I come to you,
Knowing that your word is true,
With your fullness me renew,
All I need now grant me.

Joy and sorrow both I've met
As this day has lengthened,
Some have given me regret,
Much my heart has strengthened,
You so kind to me have been,
Understand all that's within,
Guide me so I may not sin,
Lord, have mercy on me!

Though I am so poor and weak,
May I sing with gladness,
Day by day I always seek
Thus to turn from sadness.
I have trusted, Lord, in you,
You are faithful all day through,
You have helped me hitherto,
In the future also.

Lina Sandell

Jesus has died

Jesus för världen givit sitt liv

Jesus has died that I might be free,
Ransom He purchased on Calvary's tree,
Grant me the vision I sorely need,
Faith that redemption's for me indeed.

Love that is gracious, wonderful, true,
Jesus has shown in loving me too,
Granted salvation, priceless and free,
His I may be through eternity.

Take me, o Lord, and make me Thy child,
Free me from evil and Satan's wiles,
Teach me to live that I may serve Thee,
Help me to share of what's given me.

Lina Sandell

My childhood home

Barndomshemmet

There where grain fields blithely blowing in the breezes,
And beyond, the dark green forest gleams so tall,
Stands the red and cozy cottage that so pleases,
In my childhood 'twas my home, and I recall
There in summer on green pastures shone the bright sun,
When an eighteen year old, there was my dear home.
Memories of those days through my mind so oft run,
They're most beautiful, the best, where'er I roam.

REFRAIN:

From the land that's in the west to home in Sweden
Oft my thoughts return, I truly must confess,
Though so many hours and days have flown by since then,
Childhood home I've not forgotten, none the less.

Now I'm old and live in memories' deep valley,
I do think of childhood home I left behind,
That which captured childhood thoughts so very ably,
Now stands out so very life-like in my mind.
In my home I did receive all that I needed,
Now I'm grown and understand what they taught me,
For my parents taught me well, and them I heeded,
Now they're gone, and from this earthly life they're free.

And my sweetheart, there was no one fully like her
in my life she always shone as my bright sun,
Now she sleeps, for death did come and take her,
I'm so lonely in this world since she has gone,
As I grasp my staff to travel to my homeland,
As mirage this land I seek is never near,
Nay, out here I'll die and here my grave stand
far from childhood home and all whom I hold dear.

Karl-Ewert

O blessed land

O sälla land

O blessed land, for which our hearts are yearning,
As here on troubled paths we often go,
O blessed land, our eager hearts are turning
Its peace and joy forevermore to know.

O blessed land, where hearts are never broken
By sorrows, trials, and earth-related cares,
O blessed land, where words of truth are spoken,
No tempter's voice entices or ensnares.

O blessed land, where we shall be forever
With friends, whose faith has often been displayed,
O blessed land, where nothing can us sever
From those with whom we suffered oft and prayed.

O blessed land, where sin can never harm them,
The valiant souls, who fought so bravely here,
O blessed land, where nothing can alarm them,
For God shall wipe away their every tear.

O blessed land, where Jesus will be standing,
With vision new His face we shall behold,
O blessed land, horizons e'er expanding,
peace be ours, complete and manifold.

O blessed land, where everything is holy,
As Zion's harps their music sweet proclaim,
O blessed land, where both the high and lowly
Fall down before the Lamb, who's e'er the same.

O blessed land, where joy is never ending,
The Lord is there, and there's no need of sun,
O blessed land, where many voices blending
Proclaim in song, the vict'ry has been won'.

Lyrics: Lina Sandell
Music: Oscar Ahnfelt
Tune: O sälla land

I look not back

I look not back; God knows the fruitless efforts,
The wasted hours, the sinning, the regrets.
I leave them all with Him who blots the record,
And graciously forgives, and then forgets.

I look not forward; God sees all the future,
The road that, short or long, will lead me home,
And He will face with me its ev'ry trial,
And bear for me the burdens that may come.

I look not round me; then would fears assail me.
So wild the tumult of earth's restless seas,
So dark the world, so filled with woe and evil,
So vain the hope of comfort and of ease.

I look not inward; that would make me wretched;
For I have naught on which to stay my trust.
Nothing I see save failures and shortcomings,
And weak endeavors, crumbling into dust.

But I look up — into the face of Jesus,
For there my heart can rest, my fears are stilled;
And there is joy, and love, and light for darkness,
And perfect peace, and ev'ry hope fulfilled.

Lyrics: Annie Johnson Flint
Music: Oscar Ahnfelt
Tune: O sälla land

Spread your wide wings

Bred dina vida vingar

Spread your wide wings above me, may I in you abide,
O Jesus, keep me safely whatever may betide;
My all in all you can be, my guide and counsel too,
Your grace so kindly grant me, continue all life through.

Forgive me all that I've sinned, and cleanse me in your blood;
Give me a spirit holy, a will to do what's good;
Bless father, mother, others, brothers and sisters too,
May we now rest securely all night, trusting in You.

(Alternate ending)

In your care safely keep us both great and small this night,
May all have rest most peaceful till comes the morning light.

Lina Sandell

Thanks, my God

Tack min Gud för vad som varit

Thanks, my God, for all that has been.
Thanks for all You do bestow,
Thanks for all the years that have been,
Thanks for minutes, as they flow.
Thanks for spring days, warm with sunshine,
Thanks for fall days, dark and drear,
Thanks for tears, forgotten oft time,
Thanks for peace, my heart to cheer.

Thanks for granted revelation,
Thanks for things not understood,
Thanks for answering each petition,
Thanks for "No" to what's not good.
Thanks for this life's secret treasure,
Thanks for help without surcease,
Thanks for grace beyond all measure,
Thanks for covenant of peace.

Thanks for Your blue vaulted heaven,
Thanks for murky clouds oft seen,
Thanks for sunshine by You given,
Thanks for darkness in between.
Thanks for conflict, testing, trying,
Thanks for hopes by You fulfilled;
Thanks for each day's happy flying,
Thanks for hopes still unfulfilled.

Thanks for wayside roses given,
Thanks for thorns found on each one;
Thanks for open way to heaven,
Thanks for everlasting home;
Thanks for cross and thanks for suffering,
Thanks for heavenly bliss so free,
Thanks for strife and ev'ry off'ring,
Thanks throughout eternity!

August L. Storm

The way is hard

Den port är trång

The way is hard, narrow the gate.
But still it stands ajar,
So enter now, before too late,
There's room, whoe'er you are.

The road to heaven you may take,
Still for you there is room,
In Jesus' name, for Jesus' sake,
You're welcome, so please come.

There thousands stand, in white they're clad,
Of ev'ry race and hue,
By grace alone, wherefore be glad,
A room's prepared for you.

In Jesus' heart there's room for me,
In paradise on high,
The Gospel plainly teaches me,
"To God be thanks", I cry.

To God be thanks that even I
May in that city dwell,
That there throughout eternity
All shall for me be well.

What peace and joy do there await,
Delightful it will be,
Blessed thought for each to contemplate
Heaven's citizen I'll be.

Lina Sandell

Where'er I go

Var jag går

Where'er I go, in mountains, woods, or valleys,
With me goes a Friend, I hear His voice,
Warns me, though invisible, and peace He grants me,
Words of comfort speaks, and I rejoice.
'Tis the shepherd kind, who died to save me,
But He lives in all eternity,
Leads His sheep, and faithfully He feeds them,
He's the shepherd, who sets free.

All that I will need to all eternity,
All in all I have in this my Friend,
All that can distress and now afflict me
Well He knows, and helps me to the end.
Sometimes He upon whom I relied so
Leaves me, but He says: "A little time,
Then a little time and I will not go,"
Then there's joy and peace sublime.

When to Thomas in his doubt the Lord came,
Thomas walked in sorrow and despair,
Jesus hurried, called him and did exclaim:
"See my wounds and come and touch me there."
Thomas' heart did melt as He beheld him,
For he need not touch the sores at all,
Doubt did vanish, joy and love upheld him,
As he on his Lord did call.

Lead me, Lord, you who have known great sadness,
On this road that leads through deserts drear,
May my faith, in sorrow as in gladness,
Trust in you and know that you are near;
May I rest secure, await your greeting,
May I rise, clothed in your garments, free,
Blessed and saved, may I cry at our meeting,
"You're my Lord eternally!"

Carl Olof Rosenius

Who knocks in the peace of the evening

Vem klappar så sakta

Who knocks in the peace of the evening so light
At your heart's door?
Who comes then with healing so pleasant and bright
To cure the heart's sorrow and much more?

Perhaps you have oft heard this knocking before,
A voice calling.
Why do you delay now to open the door
And find life and comfort awaiting?

So often you feel that it's lonesome and drear
In this cold world,
You feel there is nothing that has value here,
Despite the world's rush and its mad whirl.

There are thorns on the roses that here on earth grow,
But the true peace
That Jesus can give has no thorns, you may know,
When days of your earthly life soon cease.

What value in all this earth's honor, you know,
And all fortune?
Compared with the honor of being God's own,
And knowing it puts your heart in tune.

So open today for this friend, don't withhold,
He will give you
Rich treasures far better than silver or gold,
A crown and a kingdom is yours, too!

Lina Sandell

NOTE

The above lyrics are selections from *Hymns and Poems of Sweden* by E. Einar Kron except for “I look not back”, an American hymn with the same melody as Lina Sandell’s “O blessed land”.