

*"A New Song Here Shall Be Begun"*

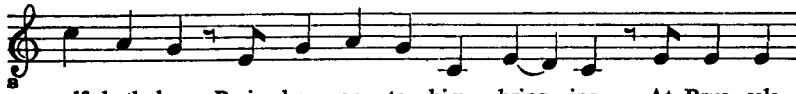
ERFURT 1524



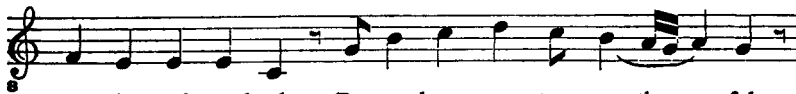
1. A new song here shall be be - gun—



The Lord God help our sing - ing! Of what our God him -



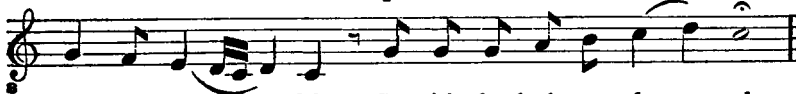
self hath done, Praise, hon - or to him bring - ing. At Brus - sels



in the Neth - er - lands By two boys, mar - tyrs youth - ful



He showed the won - ders of his hands, Whom he with



fa - vor truth - - ful So rich - ly hath a - dorn - ed.

2 The first right fitly John was named,  
So rich he in God's favor;  
His brother, Henry—one unblamed,  
Whose salt lost not its savor.  
From this world they are gone away,  
The diadem they've gained;  
Honest, like God's good children, they  
For his word life disdained,  
And have become his martyrs.

3 The old arch-fiend did them immure  
With terrors did enwrap them.  
He bade them God's dear Word abjure,  
With cunning he would trap them:  
From Louvain many sophists came,  
In their curst nets to take them,  
By him are gathered to the game:  
The Spirit fools doth make them—  
They could get nothing by it.

4 Oh! they sang sweet, and they sang sour;  
Oh! they tried every double;  
The boys they stood firm as a tower,  
And mocked the sophists' trouble.  
The ancient foe it filled with hate  
That he was thus defeated  
By two such youngsters—he, so great!  
His wrath grew sevenfold heated,  
He laid his plans to burn them.

5 Their cloister-garments off they tore,  
Took off their consecrations;  
All this the boys were ready for,  
They said Amen with patience.  
To God their Father they gave thanks  
That they would soon be rescued  
From Satan's scoffs and mumming pranks,  
With which, in falsehood masked,  
The world he so befooled.

Words & Music by Martin Luther,  
as appears in *Luther's Works*, Volume 53,  
*Liturgy and Hymns*, Ulrich S. Leupold, ed.  
(Phila.: Fortress Press, 1965), pp. 214-216.

6 Then gracious God did grant to them  
To pass true priesthood's border,  
And offer up themselves to him,  
And enter Christ's own order,  
Unto the world to die outright,  
With falsehood made a schism,  
And come to heaven all pure and white,  
To monkery be the besom,  
And leave men's toys behind them.

7 They wrote for them a paper small,  
And made them read it over;  
The parts they showed them therein all  
Which their belief did cover.  
Their greatest fault was saying this:  
"In God we should trust solely;  
For man is always full of lies,  
We should distrust him wholly:"  
So they must burn to ashes.

8 Two huge great fires they kindled then,  
The boys they carried to them;  
Great wonder seized on every man,  
For with contempt they view them.  
To all with joy they yielded quite,  
With singing and God-praising;  
The sophs had little appetite  
For these new things so dazing.  
Which God was thus revealing.

9 They now repent the deed of blame,\*  
Would gladly gloze it over;  
They dare not glory in their shame,  
The facts almost they cover.  
In their hearts gnaweth infamy—  
They to their friends deplore it;  
The Spirit cannot silent be:  
Good Abel's blood out-poured  
Must still besmear Cain's forehead.

10 Leave off their ashes never will;  
Into all lands they scatter;  
Stream, hole, ditch, grave—nought keeps them still  
With shame the foe they spatter.  
Those whom in life with bloody hand  
He drove to silence triple,  
When dead, he them in every land,  
In tongues of every people,  
Must hear go gladly singing.

11 But yet their lies they will not leave,  
To trim and dress the murther;  
The fable false which out they gave,  
Shows conscience grinds them further.  
God's holy ones, e'en after death,  
They still go on belying;  
They say that with their latest breath,  
The boys, in act of dying,  
Repented and recanted.

12 Let them lie on for evermore—  
No refuge so is reared;  
For us, we thank our God therefore,  
His word has reappeared.  
Even at the door is summer nigh,  
The winter now is ended,  
The tender flowers come out and spy;  
His hand when once extended  
Withdraws not till he's finished.