

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 heavenly sanctuary!
Thy magic power reunites
All that custom has divided;
All people 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,
Follow their trail of roses
She gave us kisses and the fruit of vines.

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 course,
As a hero going to victory.

You millions, I embrace you.
This kiss is for all the world!
Brothers, above the starry canopy
There must dwell a loving Creator.
Do you sense the Creator, you millions?
Seek Him in the heavens!

Above the stars must He dwell.