

The Life and Legacy
of
Martin Hans Franzmann
Lutheran Poet, Scholar, and Professor
January 29, 1907 - March 28, 1976

In remembrance of the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation
from Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary
June 10, 1936

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Church History 373
April 21, 1986

Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary Library Rich Gurgel
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Mequon, Wisconsin

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

There are many people who gave a great deal of assistance with the writing of this paper. First of all, I would like to thank Prof. and Mrs. Westerhaus for all their advice and help.

I would also like to thank all those who gave me their time and permitted a personal interview: Professors Albrecht, Gawrisch, Jeske, Lawrenz, and Scharf, and Pastor Werner Franzmann. The information given in those interviews was the heart of the information found in the paper.

In addition, the letters received gave needed information. I would like to thank Doctors Klann, Roehrs, and Spitz for their insights into Martin's life from the standpoint of a colleague. Special mention and thanks go to Mrs. Martin Franzmann. Much of the information which she offered about her husband could be found nowhere else.

Finally, thanks go to my wife, Sue. Her love and support, at the times when the press of time made me less than lovable, also helped make this paper possible.

With all that in mind, one thing still needs to be stated:

Soli Deo Gloria

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1.....	The Early Years
Chapter 2.....	The Greek Days
Chapter 3.....	Heading for Confrontation
Chapter 4.....	Analysis
Appendix A.....	Chronology
Appendix B.....	Franzmann Bibliography
Appendix C.....	Early poetry and selected prose
Appendix D.....	Hymns

Chapter 1

Description is perhaps as far as we can go in seeking to catch something as intangible as genius in any mesh of words.

Martin Franzmann
NWC Graduation Oration

Chapter 1

The Early Years

I. Lake City

On January 29, 1907, the Lord blessed the home of William and Elsie (Griebeling) Franzmann with the gift of a healthy son and the Church with a poet and scholar -more about the poet and scholar later. His background and home-life was that which has been familiar to many of our synods workers - the life of the parsonage. At Martin's birth, his father was pastor in Lake City, Minnesota - a small Midwestern community on the banks of the Mississippi, half-way from St. Paul to La Crosse. Lonliness should never have been a problem in the Franzmann home since Martin's family included 5 brothers and 3 sisters.

From young on Martin displayed a fascination for books. As "fate" would have it, this interest was coupled with all the visual acuity of a nocturnal winged mammal. He would become so absorbed in his reading that he would completely lose track of time and conditions. His brother noted this frequent plea from mom and dad, "Martin, turn the light on!" Not only was he an avid reader, but his retention of the material was remarkable. In this, he was said to resemble his father.

The other details of his youth, no doubt, would fit the description of almost any young lad growing up in the Minnesota of the early 1900's. Although he was not blessed

with natural athletic gifts, he did participate in many activities with his brothers and neighborhood children. He was a strong swimmer and also enjoyed bike riding. In winter, he joined in the uniquely upper-midwest sport of frozen ditch ice hockey.

From early in his life Martin had the desire to follow in his father's footsteps. His brother Werner described his father as one who displayed a joy for the work of the ministry. That has always been one of the greatest recruitment tools the Spirit uses, and the Spirit caused the desire to serve to grow in Martin. It was this desire that sent Martin off to Watertown in the fall of 1920.

II. Watertown

Watertown would be a place Martin could call home for a good deal of his life from 1920 to 1946. The details of his student life at Northwestern Prep have escaped the writer and his sources. Not much more can be stated about these years except the fact that he played cello in the NWC orchestra at least for part of the time. One notable exception to this dark spot of information is the appearance of his poetry in The Black and Red. The poetic gift which Martin possessed, which later would enrich the hymnody of the Lutheran church, received its first public exposure through the school magazine. It says something about his outstanding poetic ability that the poems of a quartaner in the prep department would consistently grace the title page of the magazine of the college department. Twelve out of the twenty issues of

The Black and Red during his quarta and tertia years bore his poetry on the front page.

His literary abilities also graduated with him to the college department in 1924. Poetry wasn't his only ability in this area. Martin possessed a keen sense of humor, and this also is clearly evident in his writings during his college career. This sense of humor would be a characteristic noted by almost all who knew him well. Already in his first year in the college department he was gaining recognition. Together with Siegfried Fenske he published a "freshie" humor magazine called "Frosh Bosh." His work also continued to appear in The Black and Red throughout his college years. From his sophomore year on Martin was a member of the editorial staff of the magazine. Sophomore year he was editor of Campus and Classroom, the campus humor column. Much of this was done in poetry, although it cannot be determined if this was original or stolen. Here is a brief sample of some of that column. "There's two ways of representing the student body in this column: (1) As they are, and (2) as they ought to be. If you represent them as they are, everybody's shocked; if you represent them as they ought to be, everybody's bored. And the censor must be considered. This is a job like a bed of roses and barbed-wire only there aren't any roses." In his junior year he was the Locals editor. This normally would have been a rather dry assignment of printing such highly dramatic topics as who went to the football game last weekend

and who went visiting with E. Scharf to Fond du Lac. Yet Martin never seemed to do anything without imparting his unique touch. During his tenure the Locals column became a Campus and Classroom in exile. He wasn't even above including a reference to himself in his column. "Martin Franzmann '28 entertained his cousin, Bob Gust, with heavy malteds, October second and third." Finally, in his senior year, he became editor-in-chief.

The Black and Red wasn't his only contribution to life on campus. He also participated in the literary societies which gave bi-weekly programs in the winter and spring of the year. The two rival societies were the Philomathean and the Phi Gamma Rho. The students who wanted to participate were randomly distributed into the two societies. In his senior year he was president of the Philomathean society. In the reviews of this evening entertainment in The Black and Red, it was not unusual to have Martin's presentation singled out for special tribute. "The highlights of the program were M. Franzmann's original speech, 'The Purple Cow...'" Unfortunately this piece of oratory has not been recorded for posterity. We hear of another talent from The Black and Red of May 1925 which lists this follows in bit of news, "Martin Franzmann '28 was almost unanimously elected cheerleader by the student body. Mart's got the gift!" Exactly what that "gift" was is left up to the imagination of the reader. Martin was also elected as vice-president of the orchestra for the 1925-26 school year. Martin also held one other

office during his school days. He was vice-president of the senior class. As for athletics, beyond helping (Prof.) Erwin Scharf to learn the rudiments of swimming in the Rock River, there is no record of any participation.

Still one more contribution to campus life must be mentioned, for in his senior year Martin played an important role in the making of history at NWC. Prof. Kiessling had just recently arrived on campus, and, with the help of Franzmann and Scharf, directed the first full-length dramatic play put on by Northwestern. "She Stoops To Conquer" was performed before a full house on April 27, 1928. Martin was the assistant dramatic coach, taking over for Prof. Kiessling whenever his other duties prevented him from attending the rehearsals. Martin spent a great deal of time working with the cast to make sure everything went as planned. The ingenue received special attention from the student assistant. In fact, Erwin Scharf "encouraged" Mart to discuss the play more fully by even escorting her to her place of residence. Alice Bentzin was no doubt very grateful for the special consideration shown to her by the student assistant. The Co-Ed editor of The Black and Red duly noted that Alice seemed to have gained something from this extra attention. "If Alice Bentzin isn't wearing a fresh rose, she is wearing a fresh carnation, and if it isn't that, it's some other flower! Alice does not own a floral shop nor does she work in one, and consequently her flowers arouse much curiosity." The author is here making an assumption, but

perhaps Mrs. Alice Franzmann could shed some more light on this extravagant display of flora.

By the way, he also did attend classes in his spare time. And in fact, in his first two years it was devoting too little of this spare time to his class work that almost found him enjoying the waters of the Mississippi rather than the Rock. His students at Concordia and Northwestern would perhaps be shocked to know that he almost failed Greek during his sophomore year and did for a time have a failing grade in Physics! It was only after he stayed on campus for his Easter break in 1926 that he really began to apply the obviously tremendous gifts he had. This will help us to understand a comment he made in the first Black and Red to appear after that vacation. "Easter vacation has left us flat with nothing but Spring-fever and ennui as a remembrance." From this point on, his scholarly endeavors were marked by outstanding achievement. The proof of this can be found on June 13, 1928, when Martin presented the English oration at the commencement exercises. The topic was very appropriate --"The Genius of Shakespeare."

Chapter 2

I often think back with pleasure to my "Greek days" at Northwestern. Life was less hectic and less complicated then.

Martin Franzmann
in a letter to Prof. Jeske
March, 1965

Chapter 2

The Greek Days

I. Northwestern

(the second time around)

The years from Martin's college graduation until graduation from Seminary (1928-1936) are the hardest to trace. He spent time in Europe (Greece in particular), Milwaukee, Watertown, Chicago, Cleveland, and Thiensville. Even his brother Werner and wife Alice did not agree in all the details of how Martin spent these years.

After graduation from Northwestern in June of 1928, Mart had intended to take off a year to work in Milwaukee. But the Lord had other plans for his young and talented servant. The suspension of Prof. Sauer because of his fellowship with a pastor involved in the Protes'tant controversy left a vacancy on the Northwestern faculty. Martin was called to fill this spot on the faculty. During the next two school years Martin taught English and Greek at his alma mater. During these two years, he also began his work on a further degree at the University of Chicago. Exactly when he studied there during these years and what courses he took have not been unearthed by the author. Mrs. Franzmann remarked that the subject for his doctorate studies was the "Legal Language and Imagery In Greek Tragedy." Although he continued those studies off and on over several years, he never received a

degree from the University of Chicago. Another interesting sidelight on this period in his life can be found on the pages of the Northwestern Lutheran of December 22, 1929. Martin was on the call list for Northwestern, which would have made his position permanent. One cannot help but wonder what change in the course of his life would have been effected if he had received and accepted the call. Obviously the Lord had other plans for his servant.

II. Traveling Far and Wide

On September 30, 1930, Martin Hans Franzmann enrolled at Seminary in Thiensville. Martin only spent one year at Seminary this first time around. During the school year of 1931-1932 he studied again at the University of Chicago. He must have distinguished himself from the crowd, since in 1932 he was awarded the Daniel L. Shorey traveling fellowship. He is one of only three Northwestern students (Walter Wente, and Ralph Gehrke are the others) who have received this award. This fellowship funded a study trip to Greece, where, amidst the remnants of the historical context he valued so highly, he furthered his education into the history and language of ancient Greece.

But there were more than studies waiting for him when he returned to the United States. Only a month after his return to his homeland, he finished what he started his senior year at Northwestern. He was conquered by his leading lady on July 6, 1933. Alice Bentzin was now Alice Franzmann.

Alice had been teaching in the LC-MS in Cleveland, Ohio,

at St. Peter 's , where Pastor Arthur Katt was the pastor. Pastor Katt would eventually be Martin's brother-in-law, marrying his sister, Helen. America had now entered the years of the depression and the newlyweds would need some steady income. Pastor Katt made the gracious offer of a \$1000 salary if both Martin and Alice would teach school. To this the Franzmanns readily agreed, and so began Martin's career in the Missouri Synod. The subject matter certainly differed greatly from his later years at Concordia since Martin taught grades 1-4.

As best as can be determined, Martin spent the next year again teaching in Cleveland. The next definite date available is his second entrance into a class at Thiensville. The date for that is September, 1935. Since no source lists anything different for 1934-1935, it seems rather safe to assume that it was another year spent teaching children for whom even English was Greek. It would have been interesting to hear this scholar, and later head of the exegetical department of Concordia Seminary, teaching the rudiments of English to 7-10 year olds!

In the fall of 1935 it was back to the other side of the desk and one final year at Seminary. If you are counting, that only makes two years at Seminary. To my knowledge, he is the only student of our institution who was allowed to waive the middler year. It was here at Seminary that Martin again put to use his literary abilities. During his senior year he and Prof. Albrecht collaborated on the production of

the "liturgy" for G.A. Although not considered as a timeless contribution to our Lutheran heritage, from all indications it was the source of a good deal of "evangelical" humor. The leading characters in the production were the members of the seminary faculty in all their humanity. No wonder the author still hasn't seen a copy which Prof. Albrecht said that he had. The following spring Mart graduated with the Seminary class of 1936, some of whom he may have once had in class.

III. Northwestern

(the third and last time around)

The retirement of Professor Huth at Northwestern at the end of the 1936 school year set the stage for last stint of Martin's life in Watertown. Upon graduation from the Seminary he was given a permanent call to teach at Northwestern in the field of the classics. Here he resumed his work of teaching the language he loved at the school that always remained close to his heart.

This love for the Greek language he also passed on to his students at NWC. At the same time, a good deal of respect and admiration for the young professor also developed. Several of the professors presently teaching at Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary had Prof. Franzmann in the classroom. From Professors Gawrisch and Jeske comes the picture of a very demanding, yet very fair pedagogue. Professor Jeske stated, "You worked harder for him than for any other professor, but you [almost] enjoyed doing it." Although he was not a real strong "people person" (Prof.

Gawrsich described him as "friendly yet reserved"), the students still were drawn to him and his classes. Once when he was teaching what seemed to be a rather dry Latin course, the whole class chose his elective. No doubt his great command of language and his picturesque manner of speaking had something to do with his popularity. The list of the classes he taught in addition to Greek and the Latin elective included, philosophy, poetry, and a prep art class.

As was mentioned, his students were drawn to him, yet there was still some distance maintained. Here we can mention something that seems to play a larger role later in his ministry. Prof. Franzmann never served as a parish pastor in his years in the ministry. The only experience ever mentioned was some vacancy work which he did at St. Luke's in Watertown. The Lord gives different gifts to different people, and some of the gifts of the parish pastor were not strong points for Martin. As mentioned before, he was not what one would call a strong "people person." Certainly he wasn't the ivory tower genius who secludes himself in his study away from the rabble below, but as a close friend confided, he wasn't someone who would feel comfortable at the sick bed or in some of the many other situations that call for the informal interpersonal relationships inherent in the pastoral ministry. Also, although his material was outstanding, the visual side of his presentation was not what attracted his hearers. When conducting chapel devotions or preaching a sermon, he

regularly read his message and rarely would look at the congregation. The attention that his message still received testifies to the power of his message - which, in his theological work, was the power of the Spirit in the Word. He mastered his material, and, as literature, he presented it masterfully.

IV. Off To Missouri

Since Martin had a love for the classics, a love for Northwestern, and the respect and admiration of his students, why would he ever leave? He was serving a valuable ministry for his Lord and for his synod. There must have been a compelling reason to pull him away from Watertown and lead him to St. Louis. The only problem that remains is determining what the reason was. Here opinions differ and emotions play a strong role. The opinions fall into two basic categories. Many believe he left completely because of the merits of the call and the opportunities for service. Those who hold the other opinion do not deny that this was a strong force, but they add another impetus which may have played a major role in tipping the scales in favor of accepting the call to St. Louis. The necessity for this decision was begun when Martin was placed on the call list by Pastor Katt, the pastor for whom he had taught in 1933-35. The call came in the summer of 1946 while Martin was again studying at Chicago.

First of all the theological reasons. Werner states this reason most precisely. "The idea of being wholly in the

field of theology appealed to him." Mrs. Franzmann also adds, "He took the call where he thought (was told) he could help many more young men with his ability to teach and write." Professor Lawrenz also received a letter from Martin at this time mentioning a letter that he had received from President Behnken of the Missouri Synod. This letter had, in Martin's mind, presented some compelling reasons for him to accept the call. We need to also keep in mind that since this was 1946, some disturbing trends were already surfacing in Missouri. This was another motivating force behind Martin's reason for taking the call. He did not differ with our position in any area, yet just because of that he felt that he could be a positive voice and influence in some of the problems which Missouri was having. Finally, after having given the call a great deal of prayerful thought, Martin had a private meeting with President Kowalke of NWC. In this meeting Martin laid out the reasons which he believed were compelling him to accept the call. President Kowalke said he would not try to hold Martin at Northwestern if there were solid reasons for his leaving. This was the summer of 1946. By September of that year, Martin was in St. Louis.

Yet, this paper would be less than honest and forthright if no mention was made of a significant series of events about 2-3 years prior to the call. This event began with a disagreement between the Business Manager, Mr. Bilse, and the Dean, Pastor E. Berg. Prof. Berg had arrived at Northwestern for the 1938-39 school year. The Bilses had begun their work

in July, 1940. The dispute arose over control of some matters in the dormitory. For some reason, this dispute polarized the faculty, with the majority, including President Kowalke, siding with Bilse, and a small minority, including Martin, taking the side of Berg. The dispute caused such a stir that a committee (including future professors Lawrenz and Habeck) was called in to seek a solution. The dispute took place shortly before Prof. Lawrenz took the call to Seminary, perhaps in 1943 or early 1944. Professor Berg left Northwestern less than two years later. It must have been a rather unpleasant affair also for Martin, since he was among the minority supporting Professor Berg. Did this lead to a rather isolated feeling for Martin - one that would perhaps only increase with the leaving of Berg? This goes beyond objective history, but one more thing is significant. Almost all who knew Martin, including his brother Werner, mention his dislike of controversy. Martin was not one who gloried in the heat of a battle. Even as a student, his schoolmates noticed this tendency. It lies in the realm of speculation, but one with considerable support of acquaintances and subsequent history, that a contributing factor in the acceptance of the call to St. Louis was the chance to put behind him an unpleasant situation. If that was true, he was heading for more of the same. Yet once more it should be clearly stated. There is no reason whatsoever to doubt that the primary reason for accepting the call was a consideration of where he could best serve the Lord. The unfortunate

) outcome of this decision would not be apparent for years.

Chapter 3

We live not, Lord, by bread alone;
Without Thy blessing bread were stone.
For bread and for Thy kindly Word
We thank and praise Thee, God, our Lord.

Martin Franzmann
Grace Before Meat in
Pray for Joy

Chapter 3

Heading For Confrontation

I. Work at Concordia and in Missouri

The years in St. Louis were busy and productive for Martin. His skill in the Greek language eventually led him to be chosen as the head of the exegetical department at Concordia, St. Louis. And as his influence grew at Concordia, so also he gained respect and admiration throughout the synod. In 1958 Concordia Seminary Springfield awarded him an honorary D.D. degree. Some of the synodical positions he held were: Member of Synodical Advisory Committee on English Bible Versions, 1950-1956; Bad Boll Commissioner, 1949, 1953, 1956; Secretary of the Synodical Conference, 1952-1956; Commission of Theology and Church Relations, 1962-1969. Especially the last two offices brought him into direct contact with Wisconsin. And it also brought him into direct conflict with his native synod.

Yet his major work was not the many posts he held. As a professor at the largest conservative theological seminary in the United States, his basic task was shaping the future generation of pastors who would lead Missouri. The impression he made on his students and the message he left with them is the primary measuring stick with which we can judge his work. It shouldn't surprise us that his students at Concordia mention some of the same outward characteristics which his Northwestern students noticed. Although at first

he might have seemed to be rather distant, the more they got to know him the more they felt his concern and warmth. His humility was also evident, as there was nothing of the "Herr Professor" attitude apparent in him. They also mentioned that in chapel and in sermons it was the content that riveted one's attention, not the visual style or grace. The rich content of his message can still be felt today through his devotional book Alive with the Spirit, and in his book of sermons for special occasions, Ha! Ha! Among the Trumpets. Martin also produced another devotional book which was not available in our library, New Courage for Daily Living, a book of devotions based on the epistle to the Colossians. One of his students from the Milwaukee area stated three reasons why he held Prof. Franzmann in such high regard: (1) his theology, (2) his scholarship, (3) and his integrity as a human being.

The high regard in which he was held by his students, was matched by the respect and admiration of his colleagues at Concordia. All three who responded to my inquiries mentioned his meek Christian spirit - his congeniality and agreeable nature. In the words of Dr. L. W. Spitz, "He was always the gentleman and the scholar."

His books also served to extend his influence beyond the classroom and gained for him many students who never met him face to face. The complete list of his books can be found in appendix B at the end of this paper. His works will not be critiqued as such in this paper, but they will continue to be

mentioned when they relate to the subject under discussion.

II. In the Midst of Conflict

This man who was the perfect gentleman, and who preferred to stay apart from controversy, was thrown into the most controversial time in the history of the LC-MS. Here is what brought him face to face with the Wisconsin Synod. He was the leading spokesman for many of the doctrinal discussions which took place during the break-up of the Synodical Conference. When he left Northwestern, it was stated that he did not leave because of any doctrinal disagreement with Wisconsin. For our consideration, the most important part of the Concordia years was how closely he held to these convictions.

A. Scripture

On Scripture the findings are heartening, yet with one disclaimer. First, as far as his personal convictions concerning Scripture, his statements remain strong throughout his career at Concordia. This can be seen by a series of quotes taken from selected years in his work in St. Louis. "We have in Scripture God speaking once, at a certain point in history, by men; and God speaking once for all." (CTM, 1948, p. 598) "When the Church speaks of Verbal Inspiration, it is taking seriously the fact that the Holy Spirit does not annihilate or reduce to insignificance what is human but transfigures and employs it." (CTM 1954, p. 746) "For 'Scripture' and 'Word of God' belong together, and it is our conviction that they cannot be too tightly bracketed." (CTM,

1956, 803) "What of 'verbally inspired, infallible Word'? This is Biblical and Lutheran and not to be surrendered." (CTM 1969, p. 244). We can also add that our present WELS statement on Scripture is the joint work of J. P. Meyer and Martin Franzmann.

Now the disclaimer. Although I believe all the evidence points to the fact that he never embraced the historical-critical methodology, yet there are two things in regard to Scripture and interpretation that led to difficulty for those who worked with him and studied under him. One was his fault; the second, the fault of others. First of all, he made statements which were rather unguarded - which could be interpreted two ways. In the introductory tape of The Art of Exegesis he makes this statement. "I confess that I do not have much faith, and it grows less as I grow older, in things like form criticism, and redaction criticism, and other behind the beyond techniques." How much is not much? And if "faith" in this is growing less, how much did he once have? The overwhelming majority of statements such as we had in the previous paragraph suggest a Biblically favorable answer to our questions. But statements such as these are fuel for the fire of the "moderates," who could say the same thing and mean something else. Some of his later writings also adopt some of the terminology of negative criticism, again leaving him open for misunderstanding. "Certainly there are variations in the accounts of the gospels; and certainly each gospel has its own accent and its individual kerygmatic

thrust." (1965, CTM, p. 511) Not only can his words be misleading but he has lost some of the clarity and beauty of his own personal style when he begins to adopt the terminology of the negative critic.

The other problem in the area of Scripture was not his fault, but the fault of those who carried his conclusions to illogical ends. Martin Franzmann laid great stress on a historical exegesis. To him it was absolutely vital to the understanding of the text to know the historical background behind those inspired words. The Word of the Lord Grows, his New Testament survey, is devoted almost entirely to this cause. He did not stress this in order to relativize truth, to say what was true then isn't true for us today. His goal was to see the living Word of God in the living context in which it was written. But some of his students and colleagues took this a step farther. In a letter to another seminary student here at school, John Tietjen stated that he had learned the historical-critical method from Franzmann, among others. Yet there is nothing recorded to support that or is there a hint of this stated by any other of his acquaintances. When Martin Scharlemann at a fall faculty retreat in 1957 stated that the Bible "contains errors," Robert Prues stated that, "The reaction from men like Franzmann...and many others was almost violent." (this is from a letter written to Joel Pless of which the author has a copy) What Tietjen did learn from Franzmann was a solid historical-grammatical emphasis in exegesis. What he did not

learn from Franzmann was to let that historical study set itself over the Word - that was the illegitimate offspring of Tietjen's own reason. Franzmann saw this danger. "This mode of interpretation can be misused and has often been misused, as every good gift of God has been misused. The Spirit's sovereign freedom in confiscating any and every facet of human experience and history for His purposes can be (and has been) misinterpreted as a servile borrowing; thus the Scriptures come to be viewed as a product of their environment, as one more product of the human spirit and not the product of the Spirit." (CTM 1965, p.527) Despite this danger, he felt that the alternative was no better, for to fail to pursue a study of the background of the text was retreating from seeing all that the Spirit had given us in the Word. To fail to do this research was to make exegesis shallow. "The preacher flees from the New Testament to his catechism or his dogmatics. If his conscience bothers him because he has, as it were, substituted a dogmatic map for the kerygmatic landscape of the New Testament, he can always take comfort in the fact that he has preached a 'solid doctrinal sermon, and that is what the people need.'" (CTM 1965, p. 532)

Franzmann saw very clearly that the danger to Scripture did not come from studying its historical context. That true use of history is a vitally useful tool of exegesis. The danger lies in the handmaiden ruling the mistress. "There is a tremendous fallacy involved in the hyphenation historico-

critical, at least when 'critical' is understood as it usually is - in the sense that the interpreter steps, as it were, out of his baptism and scrutinizes the words of God 'objectively,' and puts their validity as God's revelation under question. Is this not an attempt to determine a priori what ways the God of history can go and should go? Is not this a regression behind one's baptism to the Adamite man, without fear of God, without trust in him...?" (CTM 1957, p. 805) Those who studied and learned from him historical-grammatical exegesis profited. Others went beyond his teaching and plunged into error.

B. Fellowship

Unfortunately in the area of fellowship our judgment will of necessity be more harsh. For although at times he makes many Scriptural statements that are sound, yet in his application of them his consistency fades. At other times we find statements that are off from the start. His view is really a compromise between the "moderate" influence and the "conservative" viewpoint. He holds to the unity of Scripture as the basis for total unity in fellowship, but he hopelessly divides the different forms of expressing fellowship - granting limited expressions of fellowship where Scripture makes no distinction. One reads a book such as his Grace Under Pressure with some sadness. In this book he and co-author F. Dean Lueking present the case for meekness in ecumenical realtions. Here Martin has joined himself with an author who speaks highly of the World Council of Churches.

Before we jump to the problems, let's take a look at some statements that are Scripturally sound. "The apostolate is vigorously polemical, to the point of being savage (Ga 5:12), and will risk any enstrangement for the truth's sake, not callously or harshly, but in sorrow (Ga 4:16)." (CTM 1956, p346) Again, "We seek unity not on our terms but on our Lord's, and that is an act of love." (CTM 1957, p. 809)

When it comes right down to it, he was not always willing to "risk any enstrangement for the truth's sake." In an article on the LC-USA jointly produced with Alfred Fuerbringer this becomes painfully evident. In the Concordia Theological Monthly of September 1965, that article speaks positively of joining this organization. This cooperative group supposedly would be doing everything possible so that "existing differences are not ignored or glossed over." (p. 220) Yet the work of LC-USA certainly entered into areas that profoundly affected fellowship. For on the very next page they list part of the purposes and objectives of LC-USA. "To further the witness, the work, and the interests of the participating bodies." (p. 221)

It is a sad note that the document that finally created the impasse between Missouri and Wisconsin was penned under Martin's leadership. It was written by a commission of which he was the chief spokesman and writer. This document is "The Theology of Fellowship - Part Two." It is a document that displays more a love of reason than Scripture. It was here that Martin neglected his duties as exegete. "Public prayer

at civic functions is justifiable as the public witness of the church's intercession for all sorts and conditions of men and of the Christian's readiness to participate in every work that promotes the weal of mankind. Such prayer, must, of course, be an uncompromised witness of the hope that is in us." That sounds nice. But it is hard to imagine that Martin could really accept this as Scriptural truth. It is still this and statements similar to it that stand as a dividing wall between the LC-MS and WELS.

III. Exit: Stage England

In the summer of 1969, at the age of 62, Martin and Alice left behind St. Louis and Concordia and headed for England. The circumstances that surrounded this exit are remarkably similar to those that surrounded his leaving Northwestern to come to Concordia. Once again he was in a divided faculty, with emotions running high. Once again he would have been in the minority, this time because of his views on Scripture. Did the desire to leave the fray behind him play into his decision to leave Concordia? There is one strong indication that this did play a part in the decision. Just shortly before he left, he attended the Denver convention of the LC-MS. In a debate over doctrine, Martin presented his views. As Professor Lawrenz remembered, he spoke very well. Soon after he spoke on the floor, he came up to say good-bye to Professors Vogel and Lawrenz, and President Naumann. Some of his last words to this group of observers were, "They don't listen to me any more." Because

of his prominent place on the St. Louis faculty and synod Commission on Theology, many of the conservatives had written him off as a liberal. But the true liberals also knew that he was not among their number. This situation could have given him an "odd man out" feeling. We can also recall that this was only about five years before the major confrontation at Concordia. Perhaps this could have influenced his decision. Here again we have entered the realm of speculation. But finally, much of history is speculation.

Some, more "concrete" reasons for leaving are stated by Mrs. Franzmann and others. Although Mrs. Franzmann adds the cryptic remark that he accepted the call "after a struggle with the powers that be in St. Louis," she also writes that Martin took the call to help out the young group in England. His colleague Dr. Spitz expresses that same purpose, "He left Concordia and went to England because they needed him over there." Another colleague, Dr. Walter Roehrs, adds another piece of evidence. He was "a confirmed anglophile. He had determined to retire to England long before he moved there." Martin's wide traveling on lecture tours had taken him to England previously. He and Alice had toured England only two years before their departure. On that trip, he visited the very place which called him to serve. It was on these trips that his love for England must have grown. No matter what his reason was, it was off to England and the last major shift in his ministry before he was transferred from the Church militant to the Church Triumphant.

The school that called him was The Westfield House of Study, Cambridge University. This was the training institution for the Ev. Lutheran Church of England, a group affiliated with the LC-MS. Often there would be just one or two students enrolled, and Martin would teach just about everything. Werner recalls that he even taught Hebrew. The historic surroundings of Cambridge must have been an exciting atmosphere for the poet and scholar. British scholars at Cambridge also began to take some note of this American poet and scholar. Martin taught here until his retirement at the end of 1971. Martin and Alice then moved to Wells in Somersetshire. In 1974, they moved back to Cambridge.

IV. Family

In addition to all the service he gave the Church in the classroom and with his pen, Martin was also a devoted husband and father. Alice and Martin were married for over 42 years. The Lord blessed their marriage with three children: John, Peter, and Alice. John is presently serving as a Lutheran pastor in Evansville, Indiana. Sad to say, the initials of the synod to which he belongs are AELC. John graduated from Concordia and has a doctor of divinity degree. Peter now lives in St. Louis and works as a marriage counselor. Alice lives in England and is married to Ian Fletcher. An interesting sidelight to this is that both John and Peter are graduates of Northwestern (John '59, and Peter '62). This is another testimony of Martin's love for his alma mater and the Wisconsin Synod.

V. Home

On Laetare Sunday, March 28, 1976, Martin Franzmann faced the final confrontation of death - we are confident that in his Lord he won. It was fitting that the Lord would take him to himself on "Joy" Sunday - the man who had brought such joy to others through his humor and poetry, the man who had written the prayer book, Pray for Joy. Not much is known about any illness that might have preceded. Alice would write that he "shuffled around the house" towards the end. One other fact(?) is reported by Dr Spitz. He reports that "his body was cremated and his ashes spread beneath the waves." The fact that no one else mentions anything about this when speaking of his death makes it seem somewhat doubtful.

Chapter 4

He was a Christian gentleman, one whose teaching and preaching, whose life, whose being, whose poetry, whose elegance and eloquence had been given shape because of the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

William J. Schmelder
at Memorial Service
for Martin Franzmann
Concordia Seminary, St. Louis
April 2, 1976

Chapter 4

Analysis

I. Positive and Negative

Martin Franzmann played a large role on the stage of 20th century American Lutheranism. The reviews on his performance vary greatly. Some in our synod would judge him rather harshly for the part he played in the area of fellowship - a part which was a contributing factor in the dissolution of the Synodical Conference.

Before we jump on that bandwagon, there is something that must be taken into consideration. Martin Franzmann was not working in his strength when he was in the heat of controversy. He was a poet at heart, first and foremost - a man of gentle temperament. He wasn't a fighter by nature. When Missouri threw him headlong into the inter-synodical fray, he was out of his element. Several who knew him well felt that he would have stayed with us in his fellowship views if Missouri had not put him into the forefront of the battle. He was faced with a dilemma that he could not solve. He attempted to steer a middle course among the conservatives and moderates in Missouri on the one hand, and Wisconsin on the other. In this he failed. He failed because he neglected to apply faithful exegesis to the Scripture passages involved. Perhaps he was tempted to use this less than faithful exegesis since it seemed like the only way to try to satisfy all concerned. Obviously this was a weakness

on his part. Yet by knowing the situation behind the final results, one is led to judge him less harshly. This shrinking back from controversy could also be found in the struggle for the authority of Scripture at St. Louis. Although here he stated the truth of Scripture, yet he did not take action against the error that was being tolerated all around him. Professor Jeske relates a confrontation that Martin had with Dr. Becker. Dr. Becker once asked Martin what he was doing about the false doctrine that was being plainly taught all around him. Martin replied that he had been called to teach and not to exercise church discipline. Obviously this was an evasive answer, an answer that betrayed this weakness again. Meekness is a gift of God, and a spirit which aids in inter-church relations when consistently coupled with an equally great love for the truth. By the power of the Spirit Martin Franzmann had a love for the truth of all of Scripture throughout his ministry, but at some crucial times he allowed his meek spirit to betray him.

Another great gift also at times caused him trouble. As a gifted and natural poet, Martin had a command of the English language. His ability to coin a phrase made his lectures stimulating and his poetry moving. He had a flair for the dramatic in his expression. But in times of controversy, this flair for the dramatic hurt him and others. When in discussion with the Wisconsin Synod over fellowship, he came up with the term "the cutting edge of fellowship." Now, what did he mean by that? Professor Lawrenz notes that

he often "coined words without carefully defining the concept that the phrase expressed." The phrase he coined in the fellowship debates painted a captivating picture, but it was used by the moderates to support their practices. Professor Jeske recounts another remembrance that Dr. Becker had of Martin. To express his implicit confidence in Scripture he exclaimed, "I trust the Scriptures like I trust my wife." A catchy phrase, but ambiguous at best. The moderates could see in this the comparison of a wife who is loved despite her faults. When he made use of this flair for the dramatic together with sound historical-grammatical exegesis, great things were accomplished. But at other times this flair only served to cloud, not enlighten, an issue.

One other factor played into the controversy - particularly in the area of fellowship. Martin never had any experience as a parish pastor. It is especially in the life of the congregation that fellowship practices play their vital role. From his classroom he had a much more narrow view of the issue. Practices that were reasonable on paper, proved much more difficult to work out in the day to day activity of the parish. Since these practices differed from the Scriptural principles, it is no wonder that they led to trouble in their execution.

Enough negative! Martin Franzmann's positive contributions to the Church are what inspired this paper. The most apparent and striking contribution is his sacred poetry. One cannot sing his hymns without being transported

by their imagery and enriched by their message. In the author's opinion, the most striking of all of his hymns is "Thy Strong Word Did Cleave The Darkness." This hymn was first used at a commencement service of Concordia Seminary. Although he was a musician of some ability, none of the tunes that presently appear with his texts are his own. Sorry to say, a few of the tunes that have fastened themselves to his poetry are rather awkward. Three of his works, "Rise Again, Ye Lion-Hearted," "With High Delight," and "Isaiah in a Vision Did of Old" are translations. Although they are translations, they certainly have none of the clumsy lines of many hymns that were translated from the German. These translations may even be more remarkable than his original poetry, since he was working with the material of another author. Of the other eight hymns in print, the texts of seven are entirely his own work. The last one, "O Thou, Who Hast of Thy Pure Grace," is a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer. Instead of trying to list some of the most beautiful lines of Martin's hymns, the texts of all of his sacred poetry can be found in appendix D. The reader can decide for himself what are the most striking and thought provoking lines. One only hopes/wishes that a large majority of his hymns would find its way into the new/revised hymnal. Here, his influence would be felt for generations.

His other influence is not as outwardly apparent, but could be just as valuable. His emphasis on solid historical-grammatical exegesis may yet bear fruit in the Missouri

Synod. His students learned from him to put themselves at the feet of Christ and listen to his Word. Those in Missouri who have felt his influence are now in the middle years of their ministry. If they consistently apply these principles to the doctrine of fellowship, they may even go their teacher one better. Through his books and other writings, we also can benefit from him in this way. After all, it wasn't his visual technique that kept the attention of his students, it was the message. That message can live in the printed page as well. While one must skim from his works the errors spoken of before, yet there is rich material for the student of Scripture. We on the WELS also study Scripture from the historical-grammatical approach. We do not study the background history of the people and language in order to sit in judgment of Scripture. We study the historical background because God's inerrant and inspired revelation was given to us with that background of the history of the men he used. To remain ignorant of this historical context would mean that we are failing to do thorough exegesis and are standing in the way of the message. While Martin Franzmann at times overemphasized the tension between dogmatics and exegesis, his warning about retreating behind dogma is valid. The new generation of clergy in our synod, born after the controversy in the Synodical Conference, can easily be tempted to let a knowledge of dogmatic principles be our knowledge of Scripture without turning to the source of Scripture and wrestling with the Word itself. We are not engaging in a

search for new truth but are rather involved in honest study so that, by the Spirit's working through that Word, we come to a firm conviction of God's unchanging truth. This was the goal of Martin Franzmann's emphasis on historical study. Those who ignore his emphasis and rely on the formulations of others will stagnate. Those who misuse this emphasis and place themselves over Scripture are on their way to destroying both God's Word and their faith.

II. In Conclusion

All middle year, the bespectacled gaze of Martin Franzmann was fastened on me. His graduation picture hung in the room in which I spent most of my class hours. As I looked about my new room this senior year, I noticed that someone else had taken a trip upstairs as well. There is something about his appearance that challenged me to find out who he is - the look in his eyes is compelling. Those eyes are still looking at me. But now, they're the eyes of a friend.

APPENDIX A

CHRONOLOGY

1907 born on January 27 in Lake City, Mn.
1920 began studies at Northwestern Prep
1924 began studies etc. at NWC
1928 graduated from NWC, June 13
1928-1930 emergency teacher at Northwestern
1928-1930 studied part-time at Univ. of Chicago
1930-1931 took junior year at Seminary
1931-1932 studied at University of Chicago
1932-1933 continued study and travel (Greece) after receiving Daniel L. Shorey scholarship
1933 married to Alice Bentzin, July 6
1933-1935 taught grade school at St. Peters, LC-MS, Cleveland, Ohio.
1935-1936 finished schooling at Seminary
1936 June 10, Seminary graduation
1936-1946 professor at Northwestern
1946-1969 professor at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis
1949; 53, 56 Bad Boll Commissioner
1950-1956 LC-MS advisory Committee on English Bible Versions
1952-1956 Secretary of the Synodical Conference
1956 Honorary D.D. degree from Concordia, Springfield
1959 son John graduates from NWC
1962-1969 Commission of Theology and Church Relations
1962 son Peter graduates from NWC
1969-1971 Preceptor at Westfield House of Study, Cambridge University, Cambridge, England
1972 Retirement
1976 Death, March 28, Laetare Sunday
1976 Funeral, March 30, Cambridge, England
1976 Memorial service at Concordia, St. Louis, April 2

APPENDIX B

Bibliography of the Works of Martin Hans Franzmann

(Articles and poetry are arranged chronologically by periodical)

The Black and Red (all poetry and selected prose in appendix C)

A * indicates poetry

Volume	XXVI	#6	(Nov, 1922)	"Autumn"* p.154
		#7	(Dec, 1922)	"Heil'ge Nacht"* p.181
		#8	(Jan, 1923)	"The Old and the New"* p.213
		#9	(Feb, 1923)	"To the Mississippi"* p.243
		#10	(March, 1923)	"Fruehlingstraum"* p.271
Volume	XXVII	#1	(April, 1923)	"Beginning and End"* p.1
		#3	(June, 1923)	"The Morning"* pp.66-67
		#6	(Nov, 1923)	"Day-Dreams"* p.166
		#7	(Dec, 1923)	"A Railroad Carol"* p.198
		#10	(March, 1924)	"Balshazzar"* pp.310-311
Volume	XXVIII	#1	(April, 1924)	"Song for the Weary"* p.1
		#3	(June, 1924)	"When We Go Forth"* p.61
		#5	(Oct, 1924)	"October"* p.127
		#7	(Dec, 1924)	"Christmas"* p.187-188
Volume	XXIX	#1	(April, 1925)	"Ye Who Are About To Learn" p.5-7 Campus and Classroom pp.26-29
		#2	(May, 1925)	Campus and Classroom pp.67-69
		#3	(June, 1925)	Campus and Classroom pp.116-119
		#4	(Sept, 1925)	"For the Sake of a Plot" pp.120-123 Campus and Classroom pp.143-145
		#5	(Oct, 1925)	Campus and Classroom pp.177-180
		#6	(Nov, 1925)	"A Sonnet"* p.181 "Be Thyself" pp.193-194 Campus and Classroom pp.209-212
		#7	(Dec, 1925)	Campus and Classroom pp.244-247
		#8	(Jan, 1926)	"Vita Monastica" pp.259-260 Campus and Classroom pp.279-283
		#9	(Feb, 1926)	"River Dam, Mississippi"* p.284 Campus and Classroom pp.317-321
		#10	(March, 1926)	Campus and Classroom pp.365-369
Volume	XXX	#1	(April, 1926)	"On Smiles" pp.4-6 Locals pp.23-24
		#2	(May, 1926)	Locals pp.68-70
		#3	(June, 1926)	"Mark Antony to a Dull Mistress"* p.93 Locals pp.114-115
		#4	(Sept, 1926)	"Vale Pick and Shovel"* p.119 "Keep Off The Grass"* pp.128-130 Locals pp.144-146
		#5	(Oct, 1926)	"Three Green Candles"* p.150 "Apollo in Spectacles" p.164 Locals pp.177-180

Volume	XXX	#6 (Nov, 1926)	Locals pp.209-212
		#7 (Dec, 1926)	"Who Weds A Goddess"* p.218 Locals pp.244-247
		#8 (Jan, 1927)	Locals pp.279-283
		#9 (Feb, 1927)	"Return"* p.316 Locals pp.317-321
		#10 (March, 1927)	"On Filling Your Head" pp.330-331 Locals pp.365-369
Volume	XXXI	#1 (April, 1927)	"Proem" pp.14-15
		#2 (May, 1927)	"Hellas"* p.37 "What a Humble Lot We Are" p.50
		#3 (June, 1927)	"Northwestern Credo" pp.86-87
		#4 (Sept, 1927)	"Seven Ways to Use a Sundial" pp.113-114 "Cynicism" p.121
		#6 (Nov, 1927)	"Apology for Greek Syntax"* p.169 "Concerning Class Numbers" p.181
		#8 (Jan, 1928)	"For Small Children" pp.247-248 "Drunken Sailor"* p.248 "In Praise of Cramming" pp.248-249
		#9 (Feb, 1928)	"The Sprinter"* pp.300-301
		#10 (March, 1928)	"To Any Genius"* p.303 "Confession" p.313 "Senior"* p.315
Volume	XXXII	#3 (June, 1928)	"The Genius of Shakespeare" pp.60-63

The Northwestern Lutheran

Volume	30	#13 (Ju 27, 1943)	"Final Concert and Graduation at Northwestern" p.198
		#18 (Sp 5, 1943)	"The Convention Proceedings" pp.279-285
Volume	31	#17 (Au 20, 1944)	"We Look Before and After" p.172
Volume	32	#25 (De 9, 1945)	"Dr. John Henry Ott" pp.292-293
Volume	33	#9 (Ap 28, 1946)	"Christian Poetry" pp.134-135
		#10 (Ma 12, 1946)	"Christian Poetry II" pp.154-155
		#11 (Ma 26, 1946)	"Christian Poetry III" pp.172
		#12 (Ju 9, 1946)	"Christian Poetry IV" pp.182-183

Concordia Theological Monthly

Volume	18	#6 (June, 1947)	"Return to Primacy of Exegesis" pp.449-450
		#12 (Dec, 1947)	"Beggars Before God" pp.889-898
Volume	19	#8-10 (Au-Oct, 48)	"Essays in Hermeneutics" pp.595- 605, 641-652, 738-746
Volume	20	#12 (Dec, 1949)	"Augustana II: Of Original Sin" pp.881-893
Volume	21	#2 (Feb, 1950)	"Reconciliation and Justification" pp.81-93
		#3 (March, 1950)	"Thou Art The Man" pp.215-217

		#7 (July, 1950)	"Classics At the Senior College" pp.522-526
Volume	22	#3 (March, 1951)	"Quick and Powerful" pp.161-169
		#12 (Dec, 1951)	"The Apostolic Psha!" pp.908-911
Volume	23	#3 (March, 1952)	"The Speaking Christ in His Royal Office" (trans. of article by Lic. Theo. Gottfried Voigt) pp. 161-175
		#10 (Oct, 1952)	"Three Aspects of the Way of Christ and the Church" pp.705-720
		#12 (Dec, 1952)	"Der Baum ist nicht dick sondern gruen" pp.1922-1924
Volume	24	#2 (Feb, 1952)	"Marks of the Theologian" pp.81- 93
		#12 (Dec, 1953)	"Christ, the Hope of Glory" pp. 881-900
Volume	25	#7 (July, 1954)	"A Ransom for Many: Satisfactio Vicaria" pp.497-515
		#10 (Oct, 1954)	"The New Testament View of Inspiration" pp.743-748
Volume	26	#1 (Jan, 1955)	"Critique of the RSV of the Epistle of James" pp.48-52
		#10-11 (Oc-No, 55)	"The Christian Hope and our Fellow Man" pp.764-771, 831-841
Volume	27	#5 (May, 1956)	"Inclusiveness and Exclusiveness of the Gospel" pp.337-351
Volume	28	#3 (March, 1957)	"The Apostolate: Its Enduring Significance in the Apostolic Word" pp.174-197
		#9 (Sept, 1957)	"New Lexicon. Review of W.F. Arndt and F.W. Gingrich, <u>A Greek- English Lexicon of the New Testament</u> " pp.654-659
		#11 (Nov, 1957)	"The Nature of the Unity We Seek" pp.801-809
Volume	29	#5 (May, 1958)	"Thou Whose Glory None Can See" p.342
Volume	30	#8 (Aug, 1959)	"The Word of the Lord Grew" pp. 563-581
Volume	31	#1 (Jan, 1960)	Editorial p.4
		#3 (March, 1960)	"The Posture of an Interpreter" pp.149-164
		#10-11 (Oc-No, 60)	"Studies in Discipleship" pp. 607-625, 670-689
Volume	32	#3 (March, 1961)	"The Royal Banners Forward Go: Lenten Study of Matthew 21:28-43; 22:1-14" pp.157-161
Volume	33	#1 (Jan, 1962)	"The New Year and All Things" pp. 5-7
Volume	35	#4 (April, 1964)	"The Lutheran Council in the United States of America" pp. 219-227

Volume 36	#9	(Sept, 1965)	"The Hermeneutical Dilemma: Dualism in the Interpretation of Holy Scriptures" pp.502-533
Volume 38	#1	(Jan, 1967)	"On Change in Theology" pp.5-9
	#9	(Sept, 1967)	"Approved Workman: In Memoriam John Theodore Mueller" pp.499-500
Volume 40	#4	(April, 1969)	"Seven Theses on Reformation Hermeneutics" pp.235-246

The Lutheran Witness

Volume 66	#4	(April, 1947)	"So We Preach" p.152
Volume 67	#6	(June 1948)	"Quick to Hear, James 1:19-21" p.191f
Volume 71	#2	(Feb, 1952)	"The Young Man Who Fled" pp.3-7
Volume 72	#1	(Jan, 1953)	"Diapason of Joy" pp.3-13
	#4	(April, 1953)	"If We Walk in the Light" p.19
			"Missouri and the Lutheran World Federation" p.148
Volume 73	#1	(Jan, 1954)	"Towards the Mark" p.5.
Volume 74	#6	(June, 1955)	"The Old Fire and the New" p.207
Volume 75	all	(1956)	Series of articles, each devoted to a "word of life"
Volume 76	#12	(Dec, 1957)	"Who Cares?" p.584f
Volume 78	#3	(March, 1959)	"The Resurrection of the Dead: 1 Corinthians 15" p.128f
Volume 80	#11	(Nov, 1961)	"Sure but not Complacent" p.572f
Volume 81	#3	(March, 1962)	"Why So Many Bibles?" p.134f

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(in chronological order)

- "Sermon on the Installation of a Theological Professor (Mt 5:3)"
Concordia Pulpit 1950 Concordia, pp.368-374
- "The Fourth Sunday After Easter (James 1:16-21)" Sermonic Studies: The Standard Epistles Concordia, 1957
- The Word of the Lord Grows: A First Historical Introduction to the New Testament Concordia, 1961
- Follow Me: Discipleship According to St. Matthew Concordia, 1961
- New Courage for Daily Living: Devotions for Adults Concordia, 1963
- Ha! Ha! Among the Trumpets: 16 Sermons for Various Occasions
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- Grace Under Pressure: The Way to Meekness in Ecumenical Relations
 (co-author F. Dean Lueking) Concordia, 1966
- Romans Concordia Commentary Series Concordia, 1968
- Pray for Joy Concordia, 1970
- The Concordia Bible with Notes Concordia, 1971
- The Revelation to John Concordia, 1976
- Preaching Notes on the Gospel According to Luke Concordia, 1976
- Concordia Self-Study Commentary (co-author with Walter H. Roehrs)
 Concordia, 1979

Sacred Poetry

(the text and hymnal locations for each of his published hymns can be found in appendix D)

"In Adam We Have All Been One"
"Isaiah in a Vision Did of Old" (translation)
"O Fearful Place, Where He Who Knows Our Heart"
"O God, O Lord of Heaven and Earth (also arranged SATB, organ and trumpets, by Jan Bender Augsburg, 1969)
"O Kingly Love, That Faithfully"
"O Thou, Who Hast of They Pure Grace"
"Preach You the Word"
"Rise Again, Ye Lion Hearted" (translation)
"Thy Strong Word Did Cleave the Darkness"
"Weary of All Trumpeting" (found in Currents in Theology, Aug, 1975)
"With High Delight" (translation)

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Appendix C

YE WHO ARE ABOUT TO LEARN

Byron once wrote a poem describing the pleasures of swimming and in the beauties of underwater regions. And although a swimmer in the Rock River is more likely to encounter river-mud and catfish than the coral palaces and mermaids of which Byron speaks, he will, upon reading the poem, feel an impulse to be swimming or, if he is not a swimmer, to be learning. For besides being one of the best and most healthful means of exercise, swimming is one of the keenest pleasures we have ever experienced. Despite the fact that we are speaking on teaching swimming, it

must be admitted that swimming is much more easily and more frequently learned than taught.

There are three generally acknowledged or at least generally practised methods of teaching swimming. The first of these might be termed the brutally experimental, the second the demonstrative, and the third the scientific method.

The first method, which we have called the brutally experimental, is exceedingly simple. It consists merely of taking the pupil to the end of the dock, where the water is deep, and throwing him in. Results are fairly certain. He will either die of heart failure or learn to swim. That the pupil in most cases learns to swim may be accounted for by the fact that a human being would sooner live than die. This method finds little favor with fond mamas and should not be encouraged.

The second method, the demonstrative, is also very simple. In this method the instructor allows the pupil to sit on the beach and admire his (the instructor's) prowess in the water. After watching his instructor for a goodly while the pupil may enter the water and try to imitate the skill of his instructor. The instructor sits in the warm sand and enlarges humorously upon his pupil's deficiencies, with a running commentary of vague, gratuitous advice. This method rarely brings results and merits neither encouragement nor further discussion.

The third method, the scientific, is somewhat more elaborate and requires much more time and patience than the preceding two. It is, however, undoubtedly the best, and its results are certain.

We hold that the simple thrashing of the arms and legs known as the dog-paddle is best suited for teaching a boy to swim. It is primarily a natural motion, and although wasteful of energy and devoid of grace it has an undeniable advantage—it makes the boy feel at home in the water. After confidence and assurance have been gained, the acquirement of speed and grace is only a matter of time and application.

For distance the breast-stroke, in which the hands are brought together under the chin and are thrown back until on a line with the shoulders, accompanied by a frog-like motion of the legs, is perhaps the best. It is slow, even, and rhythmic, and breathing is easy and natural.

For speed the Australian crawl is a favorite. The head is almost wholly submerged; the arms are moved in a rotary, thrashing motion, the body rolls from side to side with each stroke; leg motion is restricted entirely in the lower leg.

For grace and ease swimming on the side is, in our opinion, the best method. The motions of the arm are those of a man climbing a ladder; the under arm is in advance of the other. The legs are drawn up and kicked backward alternately. The head, en-

tirely submerged save for one eye and the nose, offers no dead-weight. The body, cutting the water like the prow of a ship, offers the least possible resistance.

Strength, grace, confidence, these three, are the prime requisites of a good swimmer, and the greatest of these is confidence. Its importance cannot be overemphasized. Mary Baker Eddy was right—if you believe it, it's SO.

SEVEN WAYS TO USE A SUNDIAL

Our latest campus acquisition, standing in classic simplicity in the lush-green meads that surround these our learned halls, has been the object of considerable discussion, coming into student conversation almost as much as the new co-eds or the kitchen girls. Naturally, we cannot here discuss the new co-eds or the new kitchen girls; but we feel that we can with propriety add our two cents' worth on the subject of the sundial.

It might be well, in the first place, to make it perfectly clear that it is a sundial. Several new arrivals to our sun-cure patio have been subjected to considerable embarrassment when, maddened by the scorching rays of the fierce Wisconsin sun, that even strong men have learned to fear, they have rushed up to its inviting white column, only to find that the greatest solvent known was not forthcoming.

But what roused us into editorial loquacity was the fact that it has been severely strictured on the score of being impractical and practically useless. To the low-souled Philistines who originated such bourgeois cavillings we might reply with the poet that "beauty is its own excuse for being." But we shall do more than that; we shall meet them on their own ground and endeavor to prove in the following seven theses that it is an eminently useful and highly practical piece of bric-a-bric.

First of all we wish to point out that a considerable percentage of the town students and of the faculty use the walk immediately adjoining the sundial on their way to classes in the morning. It must be a source of great comfort and satisfaction to them to be able to ascertain the correct (astronomical) time as they pass by and to adjust their peripatetic activities accordingly. The objection that the dial cannot be read on rainy days does not hold; a man is in a hurry on a rainy day anyway; and no deficit or over-plus of time will make him change his pace.

Then it has the additional advantage of providing an effective foil to the gymnasium, making that pile look positively immense by contrast with its fragile delicacy. This argument may not appeal to the tough-minded realists whom we are addressing, and for that reason we shall not stress it strongly.

Our intelligent readers will already have seen what an elegant hitching post the dial would make, should the occasion arise. No horse, no matter of what noble Arabian strain, need feel ashamed to submit to such restriction. We do not wish to go on record as a violent opponent to the Eighteenth Amendment, still we cannot help pointing out that in the gladsome summer days, when the student body is diaspora, inebriates of the better class will find it

an excellent support in the almost universal absence of adequate lamp-posts. This is our fourth point.

You all know what innumerable photographs and snap-shots have been taken with the sprinter's statue as a background. Here at last is something that will relieve the Sunday afternoon congestion about that justly famous and popular sculpture. The sundial, in its classic white simplicity, is just the type that goes well with a blue serge suit and a modest smile on a photograph.

Those who have inspected the dial closely will have noted that the plate is made of bronze. Should public sentiment ever reach the point where it unanimously condemns the dial as such, this plate could be melted and cast into a bust of the senior class-president, of Booker T. Washington, of Will Rogers or even (this is said with blushes) of the editor of the **Black and Red**. This idea has the added advantage that it does not incapacitate the structure for the other uses above mentioned.

And finally, to close with something that, we feel, is above and beyond all criticism, a sentiment that applies for practically everything except old razor blades and the mystic white elephant of Burma, something that the simple may grasp and the wise may appreciate, that the young may admire and the aged approve of, in a word, it can be sold "und das Geld den Armen gegeben."

Mart Franzmann.

HEIL'GE NACHT.

Heil'ge Nacht! Die Glocken lauten:
Ohne Dich waer'n wir verloren.
Heil'ge Nacht! Von allen Seiten
Hoert man: Gott ist Mensch geboren.

Heil'ge Nacht! Der Sterne Funkel
Leuchtet helle aus der Hoeh'
Und die Schatten, blaeulich dunkel,
Fallen zitternd auf den Schnee.

Heil'ge Nacht! Aus allen Huetten
Hoert man "Stille Nacht" erklingen.
Fromme Leut' nach frommen Sitten
Alte Weihnachtslieder singen.

Heil'ge Nacht! Auch in den Gassen
Freuen sich die Jung' und Alten.
Ueberall, auf Land und Strassen
Laesst Gott Fried' and Freude walten.

Martin Franzmann.

DAY-DREAMS

To see strange sights in distant lands,
Such sights as one can ne'er forget—
Graves royal wrought by million hands,
The mosques, bazaars, the minaret;
Eastern suns in fire that set;
Eastern drugs that dreams beget;
Cities where East and West have met.

In my good ship to sail away;
To cross wide space of surging seas;
To lounge upon the deck all day;
To feel the salty-wet sea breeze;
To sip my wine and take mine ease
On southern shores 'neath green palm trees.

Of such it is that dreams are made.
The world contains such things, 'tis said.
But I, I have not felt nor seen;
But for my dreams they had not been.

Martin Franzmann, Prep. '24.

SONG FOR THE WEARY.

Wait till the winter is over,
Wait till the springtime is come.
The bee will come home to the clover,
And peace to your heart will come home.

When winds blow Araby spices,
And the river runs silver and blue,
You will find that a little suffices
To make your dreams come true.

Though the winter was sleety and dreary,
And love had little room,
Your heart will forget to be weary
When the roses bloom.

—M. F., Prep., '24.

THREE GREEN CANDLES—

Three green candles, burning fair,
A polished floor, a curving stair,
A fragile table, vase of jade,
And, gleaming dully where it hung,
Splashed upon a silk sarong,
One gilt dragon in the shade—
The three green candles, on the floor,
Made golden pathways to the door.
The table cast off bits of light;
The vase shown greenly in the night;
The gilded dragon dreamt of seas
In other lands and centuries.

It was some subtle sort of sin,
Alert for me to enter in.

—Martin Franzmann

HELLAS

O land of Homer, Sophocles,
Of Hesiod, Euripides,
Alcaeus, Sappho, Heracles,
And some not quite as great as these—
That haply you might light upon
In Weltgeschichte, Volume One—
But as I said, O Grecian land,
I find it hard to understand
How men could find the time to play,
To rest, and pass the time of day
And love, and dance, and drink their wine.
Or even take time out to dine,
When every time they wished to say
Some commonplace the proper way,
They had to page all through and through
Kaegi One or Kaegi Two.

Martin Franzmann.

MARK ANTONY TO A DULL MISTRESS

I must put roses in your hand
Before you ever understand.
And love must be concretely told
In instances of wine and gold;
And all that I may ever tell
Is the exact and tangible.
My phrases must be crisp as wood
Or ever I am understood.
The stars are far beyond you: stars
For you are ends of glowing bars,
Set by some god of early date,
To keep sky's architecture straight:
And therefore I must bluntly tell
That this is final, cool farewell.

Mart Franzmann.

FRUEHLINGSTRAUM

In Traeumen fuehl' ich schon den Hauch des Lenzes wehen.
In Traeumen seh' ich schon die Veilchen blueh'n.
Und wollig-weisse Wolken seh' ich am Himmel gehen;
Seh' Wald und Weide duftend, frisch und gruen.

Und ob mich schon die Winde rauh und kalt umblasen,
Sie hindern dennoch meine Traeume nicht.
Ich sehe nur die gruenen, blumenreichen Rasen,
Glitzernd mit Tau im frischen Morgenlicht.

Ich hoer' den Sang der Voegel wie aus weiter Ferne,
Ich fuehl' das Glueck der lauen Fruehlingsnacht,
Die Nacht von dunkelblauem Himmel, goldner Sterne—
So traenum' ich fort von holder Fruehlingspracht.

Martin Franzmann.

CHRISTMAS

We all remember them, those early Christmas days,
When bells ring out with simple, loving lays,
And Christmas nights when, as the churchbells cease,
The after-ring hangs like an incense, bearing peace.

The sun glints diamond-patterned in the snow,
The lean trees shiver, creaking to and fro,
The hard-packed snowpaths crunch neath passing feet,
And all is coldly bright and clear and sweet;
And from the latticed steeple-lofts the churchbells say

Christ was born,
Christ was born,
Christ was born to-day.

The moon cuts slanting cold-blue shadows on the white
Lying in drifted peace this Holy Night.
The lights of home gleam golden through the dark,
Against the moon the elms stand gauntly stark;
And from the church the bells spell out again,

Peace on earth,
Peace on earth,
Peace on earth, good will toward men.

Those olden, childhood Christmas days are past;
But through the march of striding years their song will last
Ringing their olden peaceful message down
Faintly, as lights shine from a valley town,
Those silver mellow bells that say

Christ was born,
Christ was born,
Christ was born to-day.

—M. F.

AUTUMN.

pleasant time, the year grown old,
Still has a boyish heart:
His cheeks are ruddy and his hair is gold.
He lingers smiling, as though loath to part.

The trees in gold and crimson gleam
Like castles in the fairy store
Of childhood years. The stream
Reflects their golden glory.

The corn stands in the shock;
The granary, the well filled bin,
And richly laden larder mock
The winter coming in.

M. Franzmann.

OCTOBER

When the gay lights of autumn are golden and red,
And the sun rises late and goes early to bed,
When the blackbirds wheel southward and swoop o'er the corn,
When the blue mists of autumn blur the hill-tops at morn,
When the wind has a touch of the winter to come,
My heart feels a longing for the lamplights of home.

In the grateful dusk of the late afternoon,
In the calm, golden shower of the late harvest moon,
In the great starlit glory of cold, silent night,
When the poplar-leaves quiver with silver delight,
In the smell of the earth of freshly turned loam,
My heart feels the call of the prairie and home.

—M. F.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Where are they now—the dreams, the hopes that made the
last New Year seem bright and glorious?

With what high courage then entered we the lists.
And now, as round the old year softly fold the mists
Of dim forgottenness, how humbly do we leave them, de-
jected, unvictorious.

But see—another year, great gift of God, with promise large
and manifold

Upon bright vistas of New Hope doth ope his portals wide,
And there upon the sea of Chance the ships of Promise ride
to bear us to the land of incense and of gold.

Martin Franzmann.

A RAILROAD CAROL

The snow is falling, falling slow
And it's growing dark outside.
And the leagues of snow we still must go
Are very, very wide.

The puffing engine chucks its way,
Through windy, storm-swept miles.
Each heart is happiness today,
And every face is smiles.

For weary miles mean nothing now,
For we are going home.
Now rest in peace the tongues of Greece,
And the languages of Rome.

I can hear the church bells ringing.
I can hear the children sing.
Sing on your happy singing,
And ring, ye church bells, ring.

M. Franzmann, Prep., '24.

BELSHAZZAR

It was Babylon's king, grown fat in his pride,
Who gathered his lordlings from far and from wide,
And his wives and his concubines many and fair
At Babylon gathered to feast with him there.

And the vessels for which Nebuchadnezzar had fought,
From the temple of God to the banquet were brought.
There was wincing and dining and gay minstrelsy
And the fat king Belshazzar, full happy was he.
The lords all about and the king on his throne
Worshipped idols of brass and idols of stone.
And the gay king Belshazzar, with drinking grown bold,
Filled the cups of Jehovah of silver and gold.
Drunken he lolled on his dais of blue
And mockingly drank to the God of the Jew.

But the lords who applauded, as lordlings will,
And the shrill-laughing women grew suddenly still.
And the concubines, wives, and lordlings all
Gazed on a Hand that wrote on the wall.
And the king, who was flushed as a leaf in October,

Gazed on the Hand and grew suddenly sober.
The brave King Belshazzar grew cold and afeard.
"Mene, Tekel, Upharsin"—the hand disappeared.
"Whosoever shall read this writing for me,
The third in my mighty kingdom shall be!"
(The king's voice trembled brokenly
And trembled his hand as an aspen tree.)
He called his Chaldeans, his wise men all,
But none could decipher the script on the wall.

Then called he in Daniel, the prisoner Jew.
"An you are able, interpret this true."
Daniel spoke, and his voice had an echoing ring,
"Thou are weighed in the balance—found wanting, O king.
And thy kingdom and all that is subject to thee,
As God lives, the Medes' and the Persians' shall be."
That night, midst thunder, lightning and rain
Was Belshazzar, king of Chaldeans, slain.

—Martin Franzmann, Prep., '24.

WHO WEDS A GODDESS

Who weds a goddess
His feet shall be swift
For treading cloudlands
And sunsets-rift.

Who weds a goddess,
Again and again
His ears shall be quickened
For the beauty of rain.

Who weds a goddess,
His feet shall be swift—
Shall have pain for a dowry
And tears for a gift.

Mart Franzmann

I hate
Red neckties
And people
Who wear red neckties;
And people
Who give a German answer
To an English question;
Wienerwurst,
And transparent milk.
I hate
Potato salad
And girls who say,
"That was a hot one"
I hate persons
Who smoke long pipes
To be conspicuous.
I hate English cigarettes
And people who smoke them
To be different.
But most of all
I hate
Syrup
On my trousers.

The Sprinter (In February)

It seems a dirty trick indeed—
When he is patently in need—
To leave him in the lurch,
Forever clad in B. V. D.'s,
Crouched upon his hands and knees,
Gazing o'er the campus trees
At the Iowa Lutheran Church.

When all the leaves have fallen down,
When lights blink coldly from the town,
And snow is everywhere,
With snow upon his stony nose,
With snow on all his stony clothes,

In that most inconvenient pose
We see him standing there.

And when the spring is come again,
When all the world is gray with rain,
O many a sparrow then has sat
Upon his noble stony hair,
Has sung about his mistress fair,
And other deeds committed there
Less dignified than that.

One would think such things as these,
Such multiplex indignities,
Repeated year on year
In time would make him cynical
Perverted, cross, and finical,
Cold-blooded and inimical
(Such adjectives—dear! dear!)

But kindest heaven, that protects
The working girl and you;
Can and will, if it elects,
Protect the sprinter too.

BEGINNING AND END

Empires have lived and have flourished and have spread their dominions out wide;
Empires have lived and have flourished and are buried by time's cruel tide.
They were built up with towers that reached to the skies.
They spread their dominions, powerful, wise.
They covered the world with a network of roads;
Their ships came from far lands with rich, fragrant loads.

The kings and the monarchs that ruled at their head
Their ashes are buried, silent and dead.
The towers they built are one with the earth.
Their ships in the sea have found a still berth.
But the songs they have sung and the words they have writ
On the tower of fame enthroned will sit.

For the Empires that die are the birth of the Empires from the ruins that rise.
"The thing that is, it is that which shall be," spake Solomon, the mighty and wise.

Martin Franzmann

TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

When the sun is in the setting and the light is growing low
And the sedges sigh and whisper as the wind-breaths softly blow,
When the last rays of the sunset make the water flowing gold,
You are like a friendly father, like a true friend growing old.

When the wild winds lash the waters and the clouds hang low above,
When the sedge-fowl seeks the shelter and the fisherman the cove,
And when thunders roar and lightning flashes sharp across the sky,
You are like an old man angered, like an anger mounting high.

When the soft gray light of morning, comes a stealing o'er the hill,
And the silvery water-ribbon lies all motionless and still,
You seem a child beginning this business called life,
Unacquainted yet with sorrow or with trouble or with strife.

Mississippi, king of rivers, almost human you appear
To one who lives beside you with an open eye and ear.
You are not mere flowing water, you're a quick and living thing
And the lapping of your waters has a human, friendly ring.
Martin Franzmann.

APOLOGY FOR GREEK SYNTAX

Of many roads that lead to Troy,
Where Helen is, where every one
That e'er had dreamings, man or boy,

Deems his life shall have begun,
I know of none that brings much joy,
That knows not storms and heat of sun,

Cold nights and sirens to decoy
And mountain tops scarce to be won
And dragons waiting to destroy.

But of them all that have begun
Their journey on that road to Troy,
Until those headlands shall be won,
Until they have that golden fleece
There's not a man of them will cease.

Mart Franzmann.

WHEN WE GO FORTH

Remember not our youthful sin,
The follies we have gloried in,
Be with us still, as Thou hast been
When we go forth.

And soften the regretful pain,
The aching wish to do again,
Let us forget the hopes we've slain
When we go forth.

Give Thou Thy peace into each heart
That we may play a manly part.
And with Thy blessing bid us start
When we go forth.

What's done, or well, or ill, is done,
But in what is to be begun
We look to Thee, almighty One,
When we go forth.

—M. F.

DRUNKEN SAILOR

When I have gone in ships down to the sea;
When I shall sail along strange headlands, there
Where all the garish color of the South shall be

Sure opiate and healer of my care;
Where copper-colored girls shall wisely smile at me—
Whose dusky eyes shall make you wanly fair—

When their wild hands shall pass caressingly
Over my eyes and when their dusky hair
In sweet oblivion shall smother me—

O do you think that in that heavy air
And midst those wanton rites, tormentingly
The thought of you shall ever come to me,
And if it come, that I shall ever care?

M. F.

THE MORN

I

The morn is crouching like a tawny pard
Behind the hills of the East.
The leopard leaps—the dew on the sward
Glitters, in splendor increased.
The morn, the leopard that crouches afar
On the hills of the morning gray,
Arises and draws in the golden car
Of the Lion-king of the day.

II

The willow trembles its dew-dripping tresses.
The flower its breast bares to the sun's warm caresses.
The mists rise like wraiths from the sun-sprinkled river.
The leaves like young birds in the morning wind quiver.
The rush of the river like the rippling of laughter
Sings the song of to-day that knows no hereafter.
The wind in the pine-trees with sound softly sonorous
Sings to God of the Morning in deep-reverent chorus.

III

Lord God of the morning, we praise thee, adore thee,
Our treasures, O master, we spread out before thee.
The soft, cool sand by the foam-flecked sea,
Father Creator, thy footstool shall be.
The odor of flowers from meadow and hill
As the incense we offer thy nostrils shall fill.
And in lands that are near and in lands far away
We will chorus thy glory, God of break of the day.

Martin Franzmann.

VALE PICK AND SHOVEL

Farewell smell of fresh-dug clay,
Sweeter than the much-sung hay,
Farewell empty streets and lots,
Farewell Polish patriots,
Farewell muscles taut and tough,
Farewell dirty hands and rough,
Farewell sun and Godsent breeze
(In varying proportions, these.)
Farewell labor grim and dour—
And farewell sixty cents an hour.

—Martin Franzmann '28

RIVER DAM, MISSISSIPPI

O you, who from the headsprings of the north
In youthful gloriousness came pouring forth,
Where endlessly the aisles of pine-trees stand
In green solemnity on either hand,
Who in the youthful, headstrong pride you bore
Have whipped the slender willows on your shore,
Generous of breadth and sinuous in length,
Exulting in your rapid, northborn strength
Compacted of the wildness of your home
In long, free arabesques of flood and foam
O river, must you pause and fall,
Over this human, concrete wall,
In humble passiveness slide through
These great machines that sinews drew
And lose the lusty glory of your pride
To pass so limpid on the other side?
Could you not smash this human gate
With all the strength of pent-up hate,
Scatter the walls, the shafts, the cranks
In huge confusion on your banks
On rush with roaring melody
Forever and forever to the sea?

—MART FRANZMANN

A SONNET

Now Autumn, silent, stalks with pensive pace
Upon brown woodlands and the weary field,
Bringing last glory sun and frost can yield
Before chaste Winter's simple, clean-cut grace.
The whirling west wind cannot yet efface
The glory that was Summer that was Spring,
The brown field silently remembering
The beauty of its tender lush-green space.

There is a solitude in Autumn's breath,
A poignant loneliness beyond recall,
A somber peace beyond all reckoning.
This dying-off is but a transient death,
And hope is bright in garish leaves that fall:
For this is travail that shall bring forth Spring.

MART FRANZMANN '28

RETURN

I've been adrift on parlous, surging seas,
On seas no man has dared to sail before,
Piratic half-breed or conquistador.
My keel has foundered where the oceans freeze
And drifted where the torpid tropic breeze
Lulls man to deep forgetting evermore,
Where lotus blooms, and jungle-creatures roar;
Mid stranger seas and sights more strange than these.

And now, all safe within this harbor wall,
Where comes no storm, where everlasting peace
Falls like a benediction over all,
Beyond the bar I hear the sea-winds call,
Wildly, bewitchingly without surcease:
I've followed once, and once shall be my all.

APPENDIX D

Hymns of Martin Franzmann and their places of publication

In Adam We Have All Been One

WS 759 - Christian Unity

LW 292 - The Church

LBW 372 - Community in Christ

1. In Adam we have all been one,
One huge rebellious man;
We all have fled that Evening Voice
That sought us as we ran.
2. We fled thee, and in losing thee
We lost our brother too;
Each singly sought and claimed his own;
Each man his brother slew.
3. But thy strong love, it sought us still
And sent thine only Son
That we might hear his Shepherd's voice
And, hearing him, be one.
4. O thou who, when we loved thee not,
Didst love and save us all,
Thou great Good Shepherd of mankind,
O hear us when we call.
5. Send us thy Spirit, teach us truth;
Thou Son, O set us free
From fancied wisdom, self-sought ways,
To make us one in thee.
6. Then shall our song united rise
To thine eternal throne,
Where with the Father evermore
And Spirit thou art One.

Isaiah in a Vision Did of Old (translation)

LBW 528 - Praise, Adoration

Isaiah in a vision did of old
The Lord of hosts enthroned on high behold:
His splendid train was wide out-spread until
Its streaming glory did the temple fill.
Above his throne the shining seraphim
With six-fold wings did rev'ence unto him:
With two each seraph hid his glorious face,
And two about his feet did interlace,
And with the other two he soared on high;
And one unto another thus did cry:

"Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts!
His glory filleth all the earth!"
The beams and lintels at their crying shook,
And all the house was filled with billowing smoke.

O Fearful Place, Where He Who Knows the Heart
WS 774 - Church anniversary

1. O fearful place, where he who knows our heart
Lays bare our sins - O Lord, from us depart!
We cannot live where thou, the Holy, art.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
2. O house of God, where angel troops descend
From heaven to man and on his saints attend;
Here let us sing the song that knows no end:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
3. O gate of heaven, where God's almighty Word,
Big with forgiveness, constantly is heard,
And God's elect to shouts of praise are stirred:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
4. O Son of God, who diedst our life to win,
Here in this house we died thy death to sin,
And from the dead with thee have rais-ed been.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
5. Thy servants here took our young life in hand
And taught us all that thy love did command
And made us in thy Spirit's strength to stand.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
6. Thy body given and thy blood outpoured
In bread and wine here we have tasted, Lord;
For this thy gift forever be adored!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
7. O God Almighty, gracious three in One,
In this thy house let praise to thee be done
Until we join in heaven's high unison:
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O God, O Lord of Heaven and Earth
WS 758 - Reformation
LW 319 - Missions
LBW 396 - Witness

1. O God, O Lord of heaven and earth,
Thy living finger never wrote
That life should be an aimless mote,

A death-ward drift from futile birth.
Thy Word meant life triumphant hurled
Through every cranny of thy world.
Since light awoke and life began,
Thou hast desired thy life for man.

2. Our fatal will to equal thee,
Our rebel will wrought death and night.
We seized and used in thy despite
Thy wondrous gift of liberty.
We housed us in this house of doom,
Where death had royal scope and room,
Until thy Servant, Prince of peace,
Breached all its walls for our release.
3. Thou camest to our hall of death
O Christ, to breath our poisoned air,
To drink for us the dark despair
That strangled man's reluctant breath.
How beautiful the feet that trod
The road that leads us back to God.
How beautiful the feet that ran
To bring the great good news to man.
4. O Spirit, who didst once restore
Thy Church that it may be again
The bringer of good news to men,
Breathe on thy cloven Church once more,
That in these gray and latter days
There may be men whose life is praise,
Each life a high doxology
To Father, Son, and unto thee.

O Kingly Love, That Faithfully

WS 757 - Reformation - Hymn of the Week XX
LW 346 - The Gospel Call

1. O Kingly Love, that faithfully
Didst keep thine ancient promises,
Didst bid the bidden come to thee,
The people thou didst choose to bless,

This day we raise
Our song of praise,
Adoring thee,
That in the days
When alien sound
Had all but drowned
Thine ancient, true, and constant melody,
Thy mighty hand did make
A trumpet none could silence or mistake;
Thy living breath did blow for all the world to hear,
Living and clear:

This feast is ready - come to the feast,
The good and the bad,
Come and be glad,
Greatest and least,
Come to the feast!

2. O lavish Love, that didst prepare
A table bounteous as thy heart,
That men might leave their puny care
And taste and see how good thou art,

This day we raise, etc.

3. O seeking Love, thy hurrying feet
Go searching still to urge and call
The bad and good on every street
To fill thy boundless banquet hall.

This day we raise, etc.

4. O holy Love, thou canst not brook
Man's cool and careless enmity;
O ruthless Love, thou wilt not look
On man robed in contempt of thee.

Thine echoes die;
Our deeds deny
Thy summoning:
Our darkling cry,
Our meddling sound
Have all but drowned
That song that once made every echo ring.
Take up again, O take
The trumpet none can silence or mistake,
And blow once more for us and all the world to hear,
Living and clear:
The feast is ready - come to the feast,
The good and the bad,
Come and be glad,
Greatest and least,
Come to the feast!

O Thou, Who Hast of Thy Pure Grace

WS 767 - Prayer

LBW 442 - Prayer

1. O thou, who hast of thy pure grace
Made shine on us a Father's face,
Arise, thy holy name make known;
Take up thy power and reign alone;
On earth, in us, let thy sole will
Be done as angels do it still.

2. O King and Father, kind and dread,
Give us this day our daily bread;
Forgive us, who have learned to bless
Our enemies, all trespasses;
Spare us temptation, let us be
From Satan set forever free.
3. Thine is the kingdom, unto thee
Shall bow in homage every knee;
And thine the power; no power shall be
That is not overcome by thee;
The glory thine, by every tongue
Thy praise shall be forever sung.

Preach You the Word

LW 259 - Ordination, Installation

1. Preach you the Word and plant it home
To men who like or like it not,
The Word that shall endure and stand
When flow'rs and men shall be forgot.
2. We know how hard, O Lord, the task
Your servant bade us undertake:
To preach your Word and never ask
What prideful profit it may make.
3. The sower sows; his reckless love
Scatters abroad the goodly seed,
Intent alone that men may have
The wholesome loaves that all men need.
4. Though some be snatched and some be scorched
And some be choked and matted flat,
The sower sows; his heart cries out,
"Oh, what of that, and what of that?"
5. Preach you the Word and plant it home
And never faint; the Harvest Lord
Who gave the sower seed to sow
Will watch and tend his planted Word.

Rise Again, Ye Lion-Hearted (translation)

TLH 470 - Communion of Saints

1. Rise again, ye lion-hearted
Saints of early Christendom.
Whither is your strength departed,
Whither gone your martyrdom?
Lo, love's light is on them,
Glory's flame upon them,
And their will to die doth quell

E'en the lord and prince of hell.

2. These the men by fear unshaken,
Facing danger dauntlessly;
These no witching lust hath taken,
Lust that lures to vanity.
Mid the roar and rattle
Of tumultuous battle
In desire they soar above
All the earth would have them love.
3. Great of heart, they know no turning,
Honor, gold, they laugh to scorn,
Quench desires within them burning,
By no earthly passion torn.
Mid the lions' roaring
Songs of praise outpouring,
Joyously they take their stand
On th' arena's bloody sand.
4. Would to God that I might even
As the martyred saints of old,
With the helping hand of Heaven,
Steadfast stand in battle bold!
O my God, I pray Thee,
In the combat stay me.
Grant that I may ever be
Loyal, staunch, and true to Thee.

Thy Strong Word

WS 747 - The Trinity-The Creator

LW 328 - The Word of God

LBW 233 - The Word

1. Thy strong word did cleave the darkness,
At thy speaking it was do&e;
For created light we thank thee,
While thine ordered seasons run:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise to thee who light does send!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia without end!
2. Lo, on men who dwelt in darkness,
Dark as night and deep as death,
Broke the light of thy salvation,
Breathed thine own life-breathing breath:
Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.
3. Thy strong word bespeaks us righteous;

Bright with thine own holiness,
Glorious now we press toward glory,
And our lives our hopes confess:
Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.

4. From the cross thy wisdom shining
Breaketh forth in conquering might;
From the cross forever beameth
All thy bright redeeming light:
Alleluia! Alleluia! etc.
5. Give us lips to sing thy glory,
Tongues thy mercy to proclaim,
Throats that shout the hope that fills us,
Mouths to speak thy holy name:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
May the light which thou dost send
Fill our songs with alleluias,
Alleluias without end!
6. God the Father, Light-creator,
To thee laud and honor be;
To thee, Light of Light begotten,
Praise be sung eternally;
Holy Spirit, Light-Revealer,
Glory, glory be to thee;
Men and angels, now and ever
Praise the Holy Trinity.

Weary of All Trumpeting

Currents in Theology and Mission (Volume 2, #4, August 1975)

1. Weary of all trumpeting
Weary of all killing,
Weary of all songs that sing
Promise, non-fulfilling.
We would raise,
O Christ, one song:
We would join in singing
That great music pure and strong,
Wherewith Heav'n is ringing.
2. Captain Christ, O lowly Lord,
Servant King, Your dying
Bade us sheathe the foolish sword,
Bade us cease denying.
Trumpet with Your Spirit's breath
Through each height and hollow:
Into Your self-giving death,
Call us all to follow.
3. To the triumph of Your corss
Summon all men living;

Summon us to live by loss,
Gaining all by giving.
Suff'ring all, that men may see
Triumph in surrender;
Leaving all, that we may be
Partners of Your splendor.

With High Delight Let Us Unite

WS 734 - Eastertide - Hymn of the Week Easter III

LW 134 - Easter

LBW 140 - Easter

1. With high delight let us unite
In songs of great jubilation.
Ye pure in heart, all bear your part,
Sing Jesus Christ, our Salvation.
To set us free forever, he
Is risen and sends to all earth's ends
Good news to save every nation.
2. True God, he first from death has burst
Forth into life, all subduing,
His Enemy vanquished doth lie;
His death has been death's undoing.
"And yours shall be like victory
O'er death and grave," saith he, who gave
His life for us, life renewing.
3. Let praises ring; give thanks, and bring
To Christ our Lord adoration.
His honor speed by word and deed
To every land, every nation.
So shall his love give us above,
From misery and death set free,
All joy and full consolation.