

## Ode „To he Joy“

**O friends**, not those tones!

But let's start more pleasant

And happier!

**Joy**, beautiful spark of the gods,

Daughter from Elysium,

We enter, drunk with fire,

Heavenly, your sanctuary.

Your spells bind again,

What the fashion strictly shared,

All people become brothers,

Where your gentle wing rests.

**Who** managed the big hit,

to be friend of a friend,

Whoever has won a devoted wife,

mix in his cheers!

Yes - who only one soul

his name is on the earth's surface!

And who could never, steal

weeping out of this covenant!



Gefördert durch



Erasmus+  
Schulbildung

**Joy** is the name of the strong feather

in eternal nature.

Joy, joy pushes the wheels

in the big world clock.

Flowers lure them from the germs,

Suns from the firmament,

Spheres she rolls in the rooms,

that does not know the seer's pipe.

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Text according to: <https://lyricstranslate.com/en/europahymne-die-freude-european-anthem-joy.html>, 18.01.2019



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