Samuel de Lange was a Dutch organist and composer born in Rotterdam. After early studies with his eponymous father and others, he went on an extended concert tour of Europe in 1858 with his younger brother Daniël, a cellist. The brothers returned in 1862 to Rotterdam where Samuel became a music teacher, choir director and organist. He played an influential part in the Dutch Bach renaissance, organizing and conducting orchestral concerts as well as playing keyboard instruments in solo and chamber music. Later in his career he lived, taught organ and conducted in Cologne, The Hague and Stuttgart. He composed in a wide range of genres, and is unique among composers for his attraction to Heine's sea poems. All but two of his eleven Heine settings are of poems from the two Nordsee cycles. This one was published in the first decade of the 20th century.

As originally published in Heine's *Reisebilder* in 1826, this poem had a second section reflective of Heine's ambivalence concerning his recent conversion to Christianity. Its bitter, venomous tone contrasts starkly with the first section's religiosity, and skewers pious Christian hypocrisy to such devastating effect that the ensuing public outcry led the poet to withdraw it. Lange set to music only the first part, as published in Heine's *Buch der Lieder* of 1827. The second section begins at the triple stars. The English translation is by Louis Untermeyer, from his *Poems of Heinrich Heine : three hundred and twenty-five poems* (New York, Henry Holt, 1917).

Frieden	**Peace**
Hoch am Himmel stand die Sonne, Von weißen Wolken umwogt, Das Meer war still, Und sinnend lag ich am Steuer des Schiffes, Träumerisch sinnend - und, halb im Wachen Und halb im Schlummer, schaute ich Christus, Den Heiland der Welt. Im wallend weißen Gewande Wandelt' er riesengroß Über Land und Meer; Es ragte sein Haupt in den Himmel, Die Hände streckte er segnend Über Land und Meer; Und als ein Herz in der Brust Trug er die Sonne, Die rote, flammende Sonne, Und das rote, flammende Sonnenherz Goß seine Gnadenstrahlen Und sein holdes, liebseliges Licht, Erleuchtend und wärmend, Über Land und Meer.	The sun stood high in the heavens Swathed in white clouds; The sea was still. I lay in the helm of the vessel, Dreamily musing … When, half awake And half asleep, I saw the Christ, The Saviour of the world. In a white, waving garment He walked, tall as a giant, Over land and sea. His head rose into the heavens, His hands were stretched in blessing Over land and sea; And, like a heart in his breast, He carried the sun, The great, red, burning sun. And that flaming heart, that fiery splendor, Poured all its hallowed sunbeams, And all its tender, compassionate light, Wide-spread and warming, Over land and sea.
Glockenklänge zogen feierlich Hin und her, zogen wie Schwäne An Rosenbändern, das gleitende Schiff, Und zogen es spielend ans grüne Ufer, Wo Menschen wohnen, in hochgetürmter, Ragender Stadt.	Clear and happy bells were ringing, Drawing on the gliding vessel; Drew, like swans with ropes of roses, Lightly to a fair, green harbor Where men lived in a lofty, towering Sky-scraping city.
O Friedenswunder! Wie still die Stadt! Es ruhte das dumpfe Geräusch Der schwatzenden, schwülen Gewerbe, Und durch die reinen, hallenden Straßen Wandelten Menschen, weißgekleidete, Palmzweigtragende, Und wo sich zwei begegneten, Sahn sie sich an, verständnisinnig,	Wonder of peace! How quiet the town! The cries and the clamor were hushed; The clatter of trade was over. And, through the clean-swept, echoing streets, Men in white raiment wandered Carrying palm-branches. And where two met in that city, They gazed at each other with understanding,

Und schauernd, in Liebe und süßer Entsagung, Küßten sie sich auf die Stirne, Und schauten hinauf Nach des Heilands Sonnenherzen, Das freudig versöhnend sein rotes Blut Hinunterstrahlte, Und dreimalselig sprachen sie: "Gelobt sei Jesu Christ!" * * * Hättest du doch dies Traumbild ersonnen, Was gäbest du drum, Geliebtester! Der du in Kopf und Lenden so schwach, Und im Glauben so stark bist, Und die Dreifaltigkeit ehrest in Enfalt, Und den Mops und das Kreuz und die Pfote Der hohen Gönnerinn täglich küssest, Und dich hinaufgefrömmelt hast Zum Hofrath und dann zum Justizrath, Und endlich zum Rathe bei der Regierung, In der frommen Stadt, Wo der Sand und der Glauben blüht, Und der heiligen Sprea geduldiges Wasser Die Seelen wäscht und den Thee verdünnt-- Hättest du doch dies Traumbild ersonnen, Geliebtester! Du trügest es, höheren Ortes, zu Markt, Dein weiches, blinzelndes Antlitz Verschwämme ganz in Andacht und Demuth, Und die Hocherlauchte, Verzückt und wonnebebend, Sänke betend mit dir auf's Knie, Und ihr Auge, seelig stralend, Verhieße dir eine Gehaltzulage Von hundert Thalern Preußisch Courant, Und du stammeltest händefaltend: "Gelobt sei Jesu Christ!"	And, thrilling with love and a sweet abegnation, Kissed each other on the brow. And both looked up At the glowing heart of the Saviour That joyfully sacrificed its red blood In streams of ruddy light. And they, thrice-blest, would cry, “Praise be to Jesus Christ!” * * * If such a conception would have been granted to you, What would you have given, Dearly belovèd brother! You who are so weak in the head and the loins And so strong in the faith! You who worship the Trinity so religiously And kiss the cross and the pup and the paw Of your noble protectress daily. You who talked yourself into the council And a place on the bench And, at last, to a part in the governing Of that virtuous city, Where dust and faith arise, And the long-suffering Spree, with its holy waters, Washes the souls and dilutes the tea of the faithful-- Had you but conceived this vision, Dearly belovèd, You would have taken it to market and offered it in high places. Your white, simpering features Would melt with devotion; And the high and mighty lady, Enraptured and trembling with bliss, Would sink, praying, on her knees beside you. And her eyes, beaming with happiness, Would promise you an increase of salary Of a hundred sterling Prussian dollars. And you would fold your hands and stammer, "Praise be to Jesus Christ!"