

Der Scheiter- häufen

Worte
großer Ketzer



Trotz Feuer und Bann sind die Freiheitsrufe
der großen Deutschen unsterblich!

Kurt Eggers (ed.)

The pyre

THE SCHEITERHAUFEN

Words of great heretics

published by
KURT EGGERS

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A FIRE SAYING

You, my brothers, take
the torches
And shine into the darkness!
Throw into the rotten world of lies The
flame of enthusiasm 1 Dispel with light
and fire
Those haunted figures,
The magicians and jugglers
In the shadows xauberten,
To frighten the souls of the
desperate frighten!
Throw fire into the beams,
On which the bats hung! The
bright glow of the sun heralds
freedom young day.
And in the early splendour of the dawn
All shadows flutter,
They lay agonisingly on the herx.
The sun ray
Blunts every spell.
You, my brothers,
Sing the songs
Our brave faith,
that has grown out of life itself1 Sing us
songs of certainty certainty,

That we are chosen to win!
Reach up,
You, my Führer,
And dares the rebellion,
Who breaks the shackles
To the To hell with the litany of sins!
To hell with the litany of hell To hell
with the devil himself! 8The strong
hearts
Do not tremble before fate.
The pyre's blood-red
flame does not eat
alone
Feed their lives,
Lie in the storm fell,
It also shines brightly
Into the dark chambers of
superstition deep. You, my
brothers,
Throw the 9balled charge
into the dull walls, So that
the sun becomes visible
again 1
Listen to the signals
of Our battle, lie
our destiny
To the history turns!
Hear the fanfares

Our revolution,
Who leads us to Germany To
hell with the executioners of our
soul!
Zwingburgen zeichnet
With the Red Rooster
You, my [☐]rude,
forwards
☐ view of the destination,
At our price
Salvation to the Fatherland
You, my brothers,
!

*On Heroes' Memorial Day *94**

Kuri Eggers

AND SHE MOVES D OCH!

That the sun stands
And the earth goes,
Weiss now everyone.
Even a few years ago
Did the Pope find out
That the earth goes, goes, goes
And the sun is up.

Galileo had to,
Because he only knew knew,
Revoke this.
Before the holy father
Bat he took it off, then he stepped
Up and shouted: "She's going, going,
going
And the sun stands!"

And with our quarrelling
Is it like before Zeiten
Also now.
Also applies to crimes
What we speak today, Lfennoch
□ is it is true, true, true today
and forever.

Hoffmann von Faliersleben

Ü ur a People in
WaAen Speaks a good
word,
Can create a Germany
without fratricide.

Water, water, water In
the people's fist, That all
priests, all Junkers dread!

WaHen, no wisdom
Male resolve Stir your
wings Lleutscher
□ Genius!

Georg fferiregh

You Germans, level mountain and
valley For your chariots of fire,
One You can see on streets without
number
Chasing you through the countries
This vapour is also sacrificial vapour
- Don't think I hate it Lloch
First paves the way for freedom in
strife and battle!

When all the world lost heart ,
The feud xu begins,
Come forward, my people, to the peoples,
Let your lifeblood flow!
Give us the man who wears the panier
fler new time ,
And through Europe we break
the freedom a lane!

*George
Herwegh*

BAD CONSOLATION

You will see a beautiful life,
And eternally, eternally it remains yours;
They will build you golden castles,
Only - do you have to die?

You will reach the stars
And place you in their ranks,
Swing from world to world,
Only - you must have died first!

You will, a free Brutus, Nfit Brutuses
still in the
Association, All your chains
will fall,
Only - you to die first!

When sinners roast in hell,
So you go to heaven
You will be kissed and not betrayed,
Only - you must have died first.

Whether the Ost blows his sails,
What's the use of the rotten, lecken Kahn?
What hiG the bird close to the sun,
i2len dead an eagle drQ up2

Geovg Herwegh

THE MONKEY'S CHOICE

King Constantine

The chair in Rome has been awarded so
much:

Spear, crown and cross, that's what you'll get.
direct.

¶a the angel cried aloud: "O woe, for the
second woe, for the third woe!

Otherwise Christendom stood so
beautifully in

Breeding:

It has now dropped poison,

¶The honey became a gall: That will be
much talked about one day." All
princes now live in honour,

But the highest no longer has power: Clie

election of the priests has accomplished
this. Blessed be you, sweet God!

The priests want to pervert lay law:

The angel has told us true.

*Walther v. d,
Vogelweide*

UBLE FOLLOWING

We all complain and yet we don't know what
was wrong,
Since our father gave us, the Pope,
soiürchter-
confused.

Now he is truly fatherly to us

ahead:
We follow him and do not deviate a single
step
from its track.

Now realise, world, what I like so much
about it

dislike:
Stingy ex, they are all stingy with it,
If he lies, they lie with him all his lies, And
if he deceives, they deceive with him as he
does

bears.
Who is he who rebukes this word with
justification? So the new Judas comes,
like the old one

there, xu trap.

Wn!ther v. d. Vogelueide

You have the whole German world,
The faithful xum Eleutschen
Empire,
unapologetically declares war:
So long, war be granted you! I
accept the gauntlet, I am always
there, now come ! As long as God's
sun shines,
Friend of the empire, enemy of the priests!

I am glad that you without ceasing
to give me your Resentment and
hatred, Lla you, as you me You not
afraid to speak out. I remain in my
serene peace
And sa9e further nothing to it:
As long as God's sun shines,
The empire friend, the priests enemy 1

The The enemy of the kingdom is also my
enemy: Curse you who do not mean it
honestly! I remain faithful with heart and
hand,
I remain loyal to my country.
However you ostracise me, damn you, I
tell you priests altogether.
As long as God's sun shines,
The empire's friend, the peacocks' enemy!

Hoffmann t'on Fallersleben

Every separation of scientific teachings and knowledge from life, every conflict between life and the universal nature causes confusion and disaster and falsifies the standards. Only in the unity of teaching and life, of life and nature, do you stand on the ground of truth, your truth, and remain certain of human dignity and the sovereignty of will.

Let no one assail your conscience, let no one deceive you with the art of words and scholarly dazzle, let no one befog you with a worldly vapour, let no one lead you a strange way, let no one degrade your native soil - beware!

Nothing is true which contradicts the meaning of your life, nothing is sanctified which is contrary to your own nature, nothing is moral - allow this word, which is so murderously misused by all those addicted to oppression and hypocrites - which demands exceptions to natural order and lawfulness. There are not two truths, for there are not two kinds of nature.

With the force of unity, strike down those who would come to you with individualisms and their own rules and statutes, the murderer's dagger against reason and freedom of thought in hypocritical guise.

With the force of unity. He who divides this world and the hereafter wants to rule over this world, he who separates the divine and the natural wants to weaken so that his own power may have the advantage. Since then, everything in history has been geared towards this: will to power, but will in this debauchery: millions of earners and thirsters for thousands of possessors and enjoyers, millions of subjects for hundreds of masters, the whole of Christendom a flock for one shepherd, the vice-god in the Vatican.

Michael Georg Conind

CHRISTIAN LOVE OF NEIGHBOUR

We pray to the divine omnipotence to disgrace the madness of Ludwig of Bavaria, to smash his pride to the ground, to crush him by the force of his rights and to deliver him into the hands of his enemies. He falls into an abyss when he least believes it. If he goes out, let the curse pursue him, and if he goes in, let the curse pursue him. Let the Lord strike him with folly and blindness and rage. Let the heavens rain down lightning on him. Let the Almighty God and his Holy Zorw, whose church he wants to destroy, burn over him, jetxt and eternally. Let the whole world take up arms against him, let the earth open and devour him alive. Let his name die in the first place. His Andenlten fade away. All elements are his enemy. His dwelling becomes a desert.

*Pope Johnnn's BanJlwh against the Caùer Louis IV, the Bavarian. (*3- 4- *346)*

The doctrines of the Christian religion may be what they will, the people cling to them by habit, just as they do to certain external customs; whoever attacks them with vigour outrages them. So what must be done? To maintain morality and also, if necessary, to improve it, to enlighten the men in state offices who have influence on governments, to pour scorn and ridicule on superstition with full hands, to mock the doctrines of faith, to destroy false zeal and thus lead the minds to a general toleration. What does it matter which cult the people adhere to?

By studying history, one is led to the conclusion that from Constantine the Great onwards the whole world was insane.

Frederick the Grosse

I'm not one of those people who turn the other cheek when they've been slapped in the face.

I call this tendency to believe in tales, prophets and even in dreams an infallibility.

So think these priestly scoundrels, who almost always have God, kings and men at their best. These driven rogues are always ready to sacrifice everything to their interests, they are such despicable flatterers who, when they have the ear of kings, sow the edges of the abyss with flowers and hide the sad truth from their eyes.

Hriedrich dex GYosse

By the gods!

It is not my will that all Christians should be killed and mistreated. But I find that in order and command it herewith: That all who have remained faithful to the faith of their fathers be granted a privilege.

Christianity is not capable of forming statesmen, nor of instilling masculine courage or patriotism.

- It is just as incapable of doing this as his mother, Judaism!

A general like Alexander or a Caesar shows me the Jews, let alone the Christians!

Emperor Julian

Ä'Elect boys among you and have them taught the "Holy Scriptures". If they, having become men, should prove to be even a little more capable than the slaves, you may me a fool and a madman.

Through the foolishness of the Christians, everything has nearly perished. Only the grace of the gods can still bring us salvation.

Christianity, because of its abominable principles of life, is a religion for barons, publicans, tax collectors and like!

ÄuRightly one must hate the wise among you, but pity the simple-minded, who as your followers have fallen so deeply into corruption that they betrayed the eternal gods and went over to a dead Jew. *Emperor*
/ulion

@\$/*what we fight against in Christianity? That it wants to break the strong, that it wants to discourage their courage, to exploit their bad moods and tiredness, to turn their proud security into unrest and distress of conscience, that it knows how to make the noble instincts poisonous and sick, until their strength, their will to power turns backwards, turns against itself, - until the strong from the excesses of self-contempt and self-abuse.

As long as the morality of Christianity is not perceived as a capital offence against life, its defenders have a good game.

The New Testament is the gospel of a completely unprejudiced kind of human being; its claim to have more value, indeed to have all value, is indeed something outrageous - even today .

The time is coming when we will have to pay for been Christians for xtwo millennia.

Nietzsche

The whole world still believes in the "Holy Spirit" or is under the after-effects of this belief: when you open the Bible, it is to "edify" yourself, to find a finger of comfort in your own, personal, great or my distress, in short, you read yourself into it and out of it. That it also describes the story of one of the most eloquent and intrusive souls and a head that is as superstitious as it is insane, the story of the Apostle Paul, who knows, not counting some scholars² But without this strange story, without the confusions and storms of such a head, such a soul, there would be no Christianity, we would hardly have learnt of a Jewish sect of mine, whose master died at creux.

Ä\$/ en denies Christianity⁷ What does it mean "world"? That one is a soldier, that one is a judge, that one is a patriot, that one defends oneself; that one holds on to one's honour, that one wants an advantage, that one is proud

The Christian is only a Jew of "freer" knowledge.

Do I still have to say that there is only one figure in the entire New Testament who must be honoured? Pilate, the Roman governor. He doesn't persuade himself to take a Jew seriously. One Jew more or less, what's the point ? . The noble mockery of a Roman, before whom the word "truth" is unashamedly abused, has enriched the New Testament with the only word that has value, that is its criticism, its condemnation: "What is truth!" .. .

(believe means not-wanting-to-know, what is true.

IÄeiden are all those who say yes to life, for whom "God" is the word for the great yes to all things.

Üla's Christianity is a rebellion of everything that is down on the ground against that which is up: the gospel of the "lowly" makes low

I don't understand how a German could ever feel Christian .

Nistsschø

)To free someone from an error does not mean to take something away from him, but to give it: for the realisation that something is wrong is precisely a truth. No error, however, is harmless, but sooner or later each one will cause harm to the one who harbours it.

It would really be a most useful study if, with the greatest impartiality and coldness, an impartial, accurate and correct comparison were between the advantages gained by religions and the disadvantages brought about by them.

Religious documents contain miracles to authenticate their content; but there comes a time when they have the opposite effect.

Schopenhauer

I would advise the gentlemen of Revelation not to talk so much about Revelation nowadays, otherwise it could easily be revealed to them what Revelation actually is. -

A happy life is impossible; the highest that man can attain is a heroic life. Such a life is led by the one who, in some way or other, fights for what is good for all, with excessive difficulty, and is victorious in the end, but is poorly rewarded or not rewarded at all.

Ü)he ^{gZ} sees man in all his weakness; the lawyer in all his wickedness; the theologian in all his stupidity.

Schopenhauer

Preoccupation with ideas of immortality is for the "noble" classes, and especially for women, who have nothing to do. A capable person, however, who already thinks of being something proper here, and who therefore has to strive, fight and work every day, leaves the future world to its own devices and is active and useful in it.

The older I get, the more I trust in the law that the rose and the lily bloom.

The Catholics don't get along among themselves, but they always stick together when it to a Protestant. They are like a pack of dogs that bite each other, but as soon as a deer appears, they are immediately united and it en masse.

Goethe

*S

The fairy tale of Christ is the reason that the world can still stand for 2000 years and no one really comes to their senses, because it takes so much strength of will, of reason, of concept to defend it than to dispute it .

If only the doctrine of Christ wasn't such a crap thing that drives me crazy as a human being, as a limited, needy *thing*, then I would also love the object.

There is a lot of stupidity in the church's statements. But it wants to rule, and so it must have a narrow-minded mass that cowers and is inclined to allow itself to be ruled. The high, richly endowed clergy fears nothing more than the enlightenment of the lower masses.

Goethe

The Later receives from the church
million.

It was of the utmost importance to the priests'
ambition that the words heresy and rebellion
should confused.

Few people realise that it high time to do
something for art, but everyone can that
religion cannot remain as it is.

I have been studying St Bernard these days
and was very pleased to make his
acquaintance; it would be difficult to find a
second such worldly-wise spiritual scoundrel
in history.

Schiller

The death of dogma is the birth of
Moral.

Xnrit

ÜThe pagan view of the world is the view of nature, which is why I prefer it for poetry. The Christian view is based on suppositions. It is therefore conditional and limited in nature. Who knows whether it will still be valid in three hundred years' time. The pagan one will be valid as long as the world stands and people are people. Gvillporzer

If the state sovereign rights to the pope and the pope to the state, then, of course, if these sovereign rights are to be exercised over the same people - according to Jesus, no one can serve two masters - there is nothing left but to cut these people (which, in fact, is no longer really a matter of life since Porcia's saying) into two parts, one of which belongs to the pope, the other to the emperor. The state relies on the minds of its subjects and, in touching ignorance of the source of human actions, is content with the actions: it will soon find the opus operatum extremely useless . *Lngnvde*

The Protestant priest, as soon as he feels strongly inclined, is just as inclined to theocracy as the Catholic; and it is more difficult deal with him because he has no pope over him.

Bismarck

Ülie new era needs more than old names, titles and perqaments:
She needs fresh action and strength.

Gneisenau

In our country, there can never be genuine harmony between science and the church, as was the case in India: between a chronistic and absolutist belief system borrowed from Judaism and the questioning, enquiring instincts of the Germanic personality, this is an impossibility.

H. St Chamberlain

If you believe and confess that the Fatherland is to be a prosperous, free, infallible Germany; if you believe and confess that the Germans are always to be pious, free, brave and righteous men - then faith will give birth to the new age, and our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will bless as their saviors and upholders those who, even in the darkest days, did not despair that a German morning-red would rise again. And now we have seen the horror blush and wanted to doubt in the early morning mists that the sun would not penetrate?

Ernst Moritz Arndt

)Beneath the cloak of Christian fervour hid rabble-rousing pride, grovelling massiveness, shameful lust, stupid folly.

Herder

APPEALS TO THE GERMAN NATION

How much longer will we, who have never been defeated by brave and strong peoples, bow to the impudent will and lying fables of the dark men?

Isn't it an unbearable disgrace that our Germany, the queen of nations, should be subject to anyone at all, let alone the miserable PfaEen?

With our money, an enormous number of criminal creatures in Rome live splendidly and happily.

If we want to worry about whether and how we squander our money, then we have enough rivers and rivers nearby, for example the Main, the Rhine and the Elbe and other rivers, where we can throw the money in to make it ganz disappear,

than that it becomes the cause of the downfall of so many people in the whole world, because with it we feed the shamelessness in Rome so much that it grows bigger and bigger and pours down to here.

I'm not thinking about anything other than abolishing the whole monk thing altogether.

Never, as long as I am in my right mind, do I want to deviate a finger's breadth from what I have sworn to myself.

I will remain free because I am not afraid of death!

Ulrich von Hutten

TO THE THE GERMAN NATION

Who in the whole country dares to
side for the freedom of the people?

I will never cease fighting until the
Fatherland is freed from its captivity under
the merciless masters, the hardest and most
scolding of all; and Germany is gradually
coming to herself and to recognise the to
recognise the one that had put it to sleep.

All the other robbery that plagues Germany
sinks to insignificance once you realise how
great the robbery of the priests is.

I will not stop calling for a fight for
freedom, and I constantly reproach my
compatriots for their unmanly patience,
even at the risk of making myself hated
by them.

The Dark Ones, that kind of people

The people whose greatest right is the greatest wrong must be stomped out and exterminated so that the fatherland can be freed from this enormous pressure.

☐ lie dark men, who have done so much mischief, shall also with mischief.

There has never been a more honest and compelling reason than the war against the clergy.

If anything has offended them, they frown, turn up their lips and turn up their noses and shout: "Into the fire into the fire!" A fearful pack of people, used to talking about everything but doing nothing!

€/Ivich ron Üutteti

TO THE GERMAN NATION

When people departed from the way of the fathers, faith declined along with the sciences, and the most pernicious of all plagues, superstition, set in, darkening the true cult of the deity through its night.

When in the world will Germany
Open your eyes at last?
When will it realise that Rome is im-
mer
betraye
d? Either it remains as it now, German-
country, the empire,
A ridiculous, cheap robbery for the
PfaEen, or the German empire will one
day take up łzrule on earth itself.

It has not been my intention to instigate unrest in the □ t- eutsr hen Reich, but I think, daPtir xu ensure with all diligence and vigour that by eradicating and eliminating those who disturb our peace and the general peace, I łeutschland comes back to peace and freedom .

□

Ulrich rcn ffuttea

Take courage , you Germans ! Let us go to
judge ourselves only !
Let us believe that a courageous, honest life
brings immortality! Yes, blessed and holy,
Are only the only ones,
Not the the holy father,
No, who bexeuen their own deeds. And
The gates of heaven are
never opened by keys that the
Pope, the deceiver,
Rattling shows the people and praises the
fearful quantity !

I attacked all Roman encroachments and
acts of violence with all my strength even
earlier than Luther, and I still do so today,
because I considered it right to harm the
fatherland everywhere and at all times by
publicising the truth and protecting the
law.

It is not enough if we merely tear splinters
from the overconfident Roman edifice of
deception based on our blindness. We are, I
should hope, strong

and numerous *enough* to lay Iäand on the main pillars and move its foundations.

Ulviel von Hutten

For Protestants it can be one thing *whether* a pope is in Rome or not, but for the friend of the Fatherland it is not one thing whether it is day or night in Germany. Patriotism has no religion, no more than history. It is about truth and freedom; and both are connected. We are allies under the protection of the same laws, we are compatriots of a common fatherland, sons of one family, we are brothers, at least we can and should be. What righteous man would not rather his oarsman sighted than blind, not rather free than bound, whether in chains or with silken cords? □

Carl Friedrich Moser

THE TOMB OF THE BARD

Under oaks alone buried me, sons
and grandchildren. -
A hill me heaps around one behind
at the court,
Select the highest out, perhaps, that
then a thunderstorm
ol me dedicates the obituary to me
ziemt
Me the heir and son of the
altgerma-
nish earth. -
Blackthorn cherish my grave and brome
beergerank and Roses
Impermeable for today, for tomorrow,
for future,
□ 12let it not be profaned from the foot
of these apostles.

Christian Wagner

FROM THE PRIESTS

As corpses they thought to live, schxs'arz they swallow their corpses; even from their speeches I still smell the foul flavour of chambers of the dead.

Nietzsche

As long as the priest is still considered a higher kind of cleric, this denier, slanderer, poisoner of life by profession, there is no answer to the question: What is truth? Truth has already been turned on its head when the conscious advocate of nothingness and negation is regarded as the representative of "truth".

What a theologian perceives as true must be false: it is almost a criterion of truth.

Üla's prayer was invented for people who never actually have thoughts of their own accord and for whom an uplifting of the soul is unknown or goes unnoticed.

Nietzsche

The way in which a theologian, whether in Berlin or in Rome, interprets a "word of scripture" or an experience, a victory of the patriotic army, for example, under the higher illumination of the Psalms of David, is always so bold that a philologist thereby at all walls runs up all the walls.

And what is he supposed to do when pies and other cows from Swabia make up the miserable everyday life? everyday life and parlour smoke of their existence with the "fingers of God" into a miracle of "grace", of "providence", of "experiences of salvation"! The most modest effort of spirit to not to not to say of decency, should bring these interpreters to bring, themselves of the utterly childish and unworthy of such a misuse of divine perfection. With a With even the smallest amount of piety in our bodies, a God who cures of the common cold at the right time, or who tells us to get into the carriage at a moment when a big rainstorm is breaking out, should be such an absurd God that he would have to be abolished, even if he existed.

Nietzsche

Ü?in Bauer did not take off his hat
when the the the people blessing was
given. As the' bishop discovered him
discovered him and and startled
him with the church bus, he shouted: "Is
the blessing good?
That's how it goes through my hat!"

Christian *Wernicbe*

The prior let us go from there,
Go to a barrier;
And showed us a piece of the
Manager,
Which Jacob once saw in a dream.

*Leopold i*viedv. Günther von Göckingk*

Catholic and ascetic, you like to plague
yourself. Only the beloved will not abstain
And, heretically, the body of the Lord, She
savours under double guises.

Grill parzer

Oh, Nönnchen, you stay chaste,
so many a Knight of
love, So thank the Lord aloud,
And silently the monastery
lattice!

Joh. Fried. Christ. Hauck

A Christian stands at the gates of heaven,
St Peter does not let him in. A
cohort of baptised Jews storms
in!

Grill parzer

ÄÄ'what kind of shepherd is this,
□by violence and
cunning, some of the
sheep are shorn, some of the
sheep are eaten!
Partly eats the sheep!
Lawyers, Arxts, priests,
Are all three eager to
To purge the people,
To your wallet, body and conscience!

Friedr. v. Logau

*\$/ on old mouldy groves of philosophers,
theologians pick up the fallen fruits of
reading and sow them. - These most
grössten, narrowest, eqoists make God the
serving brother of the penitential parishes to
which they have been vocalised, and on the
way to Filial they believe that the solar
eclipse has come so that they sweat less and
ride more shadily - and so they sweep the
hearts and heads with their wigs, as in
Ireland the servants sweep the stairs.

Jean Paul

ÄÄ*if you already ninety-nine pounds
believes,
Why not the whole hundredweight?

Ludwig Anzengruber
tov Vn/ehlbnrheitsevlärung of the Pa pst

Let every freedom rob you,
Don't put up a fight,
You keep the Christian faith:
Sleep, what do you want more ?

Whether Catholic shorn, whether Protestant
table parted -
No matter what: you always get the
journeymen
in the hair.

Once again to raise us, To the
joy of life,
Let us tear the sword of the paths
from the breast of mankind!
Between hunters and The fierce
battle is raging, Until peace Peace on
the last stormed temple Temple

Georg Herwegh

Öü9ners make good priests.

Ü's is not rather good,
Beat all the priests to death.

Old German Spri hWOric

Üler Dunkelmann, the /esuit Meet me
at Every step I take;
I'm only stinking of cheese and
salvation, I'm deceived, - but how can
I save myself from the odour from
Peter's chair, I poor lamb in this
puddle!!!

Georg Herwegh

Wherever you go, deep!
Fi runten is the Quelle!
Let the dark men scream:
"It's always down there - hell!"

Nietzsche

But peacocks knew how to move, Who
lead everything wide into the bad,
They find everything there and here
As stupid and as absurd as they are. I
also want to encounter the same, am
under Under cover, let it rain; For
against the obscure frocks, Who
harm me, I cannot lack Ulrich
Hutten, Franz von Sickingen.

Goethe

Absurd Priest! if you were not
In unnatural silted up,
Who would have cut off your own
eyesight from the primal light?
You donkey, will to humility humility me
Admonish the humblest!
Listen to the fool's pride around
you And
Pawnshop y-ahnen 1

Goethe

Young whores, old nuns
Had otherwise already won a lot,
When, well advised by priests, you
in the did miracles in the
monastery.

Jetxt is about Country and people
Through Europe's noble expanse!
Courtly lions are prancing, AH-.n,
dog' and bears are dancing - new
sorrowful magic flutes - pack of
whores, xultimate prophets.

Goethe

Üliese dull pastoralists Let us
boldly outwit them!
With the devil that they fabulate, We
want to frighten them ourselves, Come
with spikes and forks And with embers
and rattlesocks We make noise at
night through the narrow rocky
stretches.

z and owl
Howl into our round howl!

Goethe

I have never argued with you,
Philistine paws, envious brood!
Naughty you are like the British,
Who you don't pay so well for a
long time.

Goethe

Üb the Emperor is our master?
Precisely because we would like to be
His capable riders in honour,
Do we not want to be his flock, Do we
not want to be led by pastors and
Schranzen
Around let lead and transplant.

Schiller

Ä\$/°as you take also the cold priest
with
you, you fools, when you in need of favour?
And choose a reconciler
The God-forsaken who cannot love!

Hölderlin

I am an old raven, a real
cripple of sin,
Who ate his sins, like the rust of
the Swibbel.

O Jesus, take me by the ear ear,
Throw me the bone of grace And
throw me, a sinner, into your
heaven of grace.

O Salemsjäger, hetx from below
Me a sow of sin with Dogs of mercy.
Put on me your grace sponge, so I am
deliciously dressed.

O Lord, we are carrion before you
A pestilence, a raven's food, A
drudgery of sins!

Aw the BreslaueT hymnal

What wants then the dust flaunt a lot?
Why does he make such great dust?
Comes walking in pride? Why does
he lift up his bonnet?
Isn't he a Madenaas?
A blown from dust Glass?
Maggots will, let him boast, Soon
grind him to dust again.

O\rde you are, walking on earth.
Live on earth and will one day
have to become earth again
In the dark earth valley;
You are at home in the faeces;
Dung comes from you, rotx and mucus,
Dung comes from you after life; What
do you want rise up 7

*From the Altmark and Pvigsitsh
Hymnal left years z89*

THE "OUR FATHER" AGAINST THE
MARQUIS OF SANTA CRUCE
IN
BRUSSELS

"Father our" the one searches in
Brussels,
"Your name" be cursed at and ,
"Your will" is not worth the slightest thing.
Neither in heaven nor on earth.
You steal from us our daily bread, Our
women and children suffer hardship. You
may not anyone's guilt, Lenn your hatred
and envy

Life.

"Our Father" in your heavenly
deliverance us from this hell-raiser,
Let him run all the way to Spain, There
may he burn at the stake .

From the Netherlands X633

A NEW SONG AGAINST THE PFAFFEN

The Pope, the father of the
fathers, Is chosen for us by
chosen by God.

He redeems us evildoers,
no one remains lost.
You are so freely chosen,
Your people unharmed,
The Hell is lost,
If you turn the tables.

He has many hands, The
monks and the priests, they
beg very nimbly,
Not to sing and paRen at .
You always want to sleep
Until the sun ,
Your work has been done by God
If you turn the tables.

3.

They do not collect money in piles, gold
guilders or crowns,
And don't like to drink at all,

They eat broad beans.
I will gladly spare them, That
was desired by me desired,
The Lord will reward them,
If you turn the tables.

They have no sinecures,
Neither here nor in other places,
She is kept free from sin No
stain can frighten her. I want her
praise awaken her
praise,
You do nothing wrong, no one
Laxin them stain them, if you
turn the spit .

5-

Prince and you chief priests,
Will you keep your honour,
You are from God who wants
to save you for a long time
With all who were servants to you,
With scribes, servants and horses.
God's 'ijfort you shall know,
If you turn the tables.

From the Netherlands around x600

Üler Pope, the red Babylonian Hnr'
Causes uproar all over the world.
With silver and gold she brings the xuwege
And forces many great lords. - He is
the cause of all wars, the child of
the devil, the end-Christ.

The sighing of many poor,
The infant' at mother breast,
God has mercy on the orphans. He has
no desire to murder them.
The Pope with the Romanists,
Thinks he has luck on a string To murder
his Christians,
The red Babylonian Hur'.

Should you be called father?
You bloodthirsty dog,
That is how I Eternal peace is
unhealthy for you. Your sanctity is
stirring, your lust for murder does
not subside, you do not want peace
You know no virtue PHicht.

The Indulgence you have
snatched, The The whole world
deceived, Germany you cheated,

Jetxt is no Mercy from
you. I love the vices of the
sodomites, which you, Pope,
practise frivolously,
□ dear perverts and amorites
You probably like Herxen.

If we were like that,
If we had grace and favour with you, we
would follow your teachings!
Ou live the infernal art.

Germany, you have to join the ranks
If you can't help yourself, if you let the
Pope disown you, you'll be like the
cow,
Who will never give milk, gold,
grain and provisions,
This costs her her life at the
hands of the butcher.

Everyone remembers the fable
As it is written A butcher in
a barn has four hundred
sheep.
They were all deceived, words
of wisdom, But it was all in
vain,
The butcher only slaughter.

*From a fight song uni the year+*546*

Ä'\$/ How long will you let yourself
be beguiled, you German nation?
Will you not teach the world to
understand the priests?
This is what puts on your back
A bloody monarchy,
Everyone has to bend down,
All are servants and none are free.

Let not so soon the manly
German deed pass away, You
shall look for honour that has
so many deeds.
What nobody wants to get over,
The German has *done* it
Do not be bound to the yoke, you
have the reward of the ox.

You German dogs want to bite
Your own fatherland?
You want to feather your nest shit on
Unknown to priests?
Will you help them to do so
Wider God's honour and
right? Pay attention you
young Guelphs
And you, you German servant.

From a battle song about the year Z p6

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE EARTHLY GOD

, you people, take heed, you
people be ready now.
The Pope will tell you how to do it, that
you are his servants.

I am, he says, the O Serchrist,
to whom to whom all
beings are subservient, for heaven's
sake on earth, there is no other
God after me.

3-

You shall make me make
me images Of gold and silver and
stone alone, You shall worship in
superstition,
And no longer believe in a god.

My Name you shall honour,
Fire and sword shall be your defence.
honour.
¶ann you may quietly in God's name
curse,
Let no man count it against you.

5-

You don't need to xti six days,
Efrum offer Peiertag the PfaHen,
You can honour me in the churches,
The whole nation will not refuse.

6.

Father, mother shall curse you curse,
To to seek my papal kingdom,
Great riches shall ye consume,
Wife and children needs you not to
nourish.

Murder, manslaughter, fornication,
Falsehood and Theft, what's the matter,
Never mind, I can forgive you everything,
You only have to be good Catholics.

8.

And if you a desire,
His neighbour's house, his wife, his goods:
Bring money, and I will set you free, for
money will make your souls free.

9-

O Man, you see how my world is so
good and and Christian.
And who will govern like this in the future
Like me, it is not listed.

Aw the Netherlands at x600

ROM

Twice you ruled the nations:
Your eagle flew out from the Capitol
And bore your commandment of power from
pole to pole,
Followed by the stride of your legions.

Then you saw your father
enthroned, In his breast of truth monopoly,
In his mouth the woe of souls and
Well,
In his hand so earth and sky
crowns.

For the third time you will not see the world
A vain
old man in the cathedral of the priesthood
madly grasps at the deity of the world
On the right;

What once dazzled is now a phantom,
It's daytime and remains so despite all the
gloom
Powers,
but you became the city of the dead, O
Rome!

Karl Gerob

Send a fresh breath of sunshine,
good heavens, send it soon! Or else
this rumour will end up blighting
the whole forest!

Emanuel Get bel

JESUIT INNOCENCE

May Lopola's Spirit create from
free Christians only servants who
like cadavers, to Him
zur Hand like dead women:
Lamb-friendly are in any case
lie Jesuits all, all.

May they separate families, May
those he loved yesterday, The
Novice never call today
Father, mother, brothers, sisters:
The Jesuits are all, all of them.

The casuists also teach this,
How the end justifies the means,
How to break oaths with lists,
SchulAos share in guilt: The Jesuits
are lamblike in every case, all them.

If a man, famous in the order, dares
to approve the outrage; assassins who
murder tyrants,

To praise Henry's murderer himself:
Lamb-faced are in every palle The
Jesuits olle, all.

When the I-eaters of the Tiara press
souls even today; If, tempted, the
child Mortara falls prey to their
guile: Lamb-fearing in any case
The Jesuits are all, all

May they, wherever they nest,
behave like the ancients, 'Piald
like foxes full of lists
Soon to shift like wolves hideous:
Lamblike sicid in every case The
Jesuits all, all.

Although the black rummagers
pondered the storm of the imperial
oak; But who can banish the saints
from the young German empire?
young German empire? In
any case, the /esuites are all, all.

Adolf Stöber

AN HUTTENS GRAVE

Ufnau! Our Saviour is dead, for the
German people; This island would be a
German Mecca if no German woman had
carried him.

The Hutt it is and I choose him
To my heart's first 2telden, My world's
sea be thy lake, O Zurich! Let me be told
of its stars.

¶er Hutten it is, whether the despots
despise you the plagues of the
people; you you daily court the
dead, Ach! and forget your
best.

IL weeps that hieroglyph
In the Oxean many a lost tear
And did not suspect the depth of
wonder Of the pure German
Hippocrene.

The Hutt it is, ye men, approach the hill
of the exile! The It's the Hutt, you
women, pray, And get to know him, the
exiled one!

THE PRIEST

In solemn temple gloom, At
the altar, with the wine, Lla
stands the pale priest And
puts a poison in it.

"The doubts and the fights,
The inner fleeing and mockery,
That I may at last subdue it, I
tempt thee, O God!

Is it blood of your blood ? Is it
flesh of your body? I share in
high spirits

It's off to man and woman.
Your lightning can shatter me,
Because I subdued myself; I
can't deify you with my
freveAafter hand!"

The morning has come,
The holy ministry begins,
The pious approach quietly,
First his own child.

He gives her wine and bread
without trembling, looking at
her with a festive look, and

Eight her her young life
freezes in the quickest death.

He looks coldly at the Yote,
Angry 9en sky then:

"I am still a messenger, but
without a master from now
on!

The sky and the earth, I
find them beautiful enough
For of a Becoming God,
And yet it is Luq and deception!

You men and you women I
see around me, I must trust
you one last thing before I go.
With lust and charm and shimmer
All around you the world
beckons; Do what you will, but
never what pleases
your God!"

His eye is now fixed on
the Saviour's image:
"You man of eternal gentleness,
beautiful was your dream, your
deeds! That your word should not
deceive us, death you suffered
without wavering:
I accuse you of lying;
Look!" He spoke and drank and sank.

Friedrich Hebbel

THE SCHIMMELREITER

Hush, hush my brother! Go on to the other
side, there comes the nightly mould

Yes reiteT1
see! Yes, behold! Let
God have mercy, He even carries his head
under his arm!

"What did you just say, you white riders?"
So the grey rider asks them,
"Heal them my sanctity,
That's how I deal with them as a frightening
image."

So did you, high one, you devotee,
become the spooky grey rider in revenge?
"The gait of the
Fate, that I
had to give way to the crucifix."

"But not for long, not long, drives
away he
cheerful, hiin I you ghostly the mould
rider,
As the people believe in my deity again,
I'll set my head as a head again.

Then, O united one, and rider of the
faithful, Throw thyself down from the
throne of the rider of Vodan, And yeat
from his long-settled house
read the whole foreign rabble out".

Chvistori Wagner

HEIDENLIED

How the heathens lived,
So marvellous and so happy,
Clas was a people of silks,
We are a people of straw. Sometimes
an ox kidnaps a beautiful child - but
believe me, the heathens were not as
blind, not half as blind as we are.

The heathens, 'tis a pity,
To such ingenuity,
They were called four straight
And took fiinf for crooked.
And virginity came to an end as soon as
the maid gave birth to a child, because
the New Testament
Was not yet written.

They did what they liked, The
cheekiness was enormous,
They won when they fought,
Even without uniform.
They had no police
And drank wine rather than beer,
How the heathen were free, The
heathen - but their1

And from Achill and Hector,
As it says in Homerus,
Until the last rector of the
University.

There was no book in
Athens, O terrible depravity,
One was one
became clever from walking and
from the air.

The I-suffer, oh the heathens,
Who are not Christians,
You spin the silks
For many a Christian child. So
long live the heathen pack And
every right heathen knit,
Homerus with the beggar's sack
And their republic!

Geor g f7erwegh

CALL

Tear the Kreuze from the earth!
Let them all become swordsmen,
GoH in Heaven will judge. Let, O
let the verse-welding! Put the iron
on the anvil!
Saviour shall &s be iron.

Your fir trees, your oaks - Have
the green question mark of
German freedom you have
preserved? No, it shall not perish !
But iL cheerful resurrection
Costs a hellish journey.

Tear the crosses from the earth!
Let them all become swords, God
in Heaven will forgive.
When he hears our fire
roaring and his holy iron whizzing,
he may well pronounce a blessing.
blessing.

Let there be no peace before
freedom, let there be no wife for the
man and no golden grain for the
field;

Before freedom
Freedom, before the
victory No infant from the cradle
From the cradle into the
world!

In the cities be only Mourning,
till freedom from the walls Swings
the flags to the land; Till thou,
Rhine, through faithful bows
Thundering, let the last waves
Crunch cursing in the sand.

Tear the crosses from the earth!
Let them all become swords, God
in heaven will forgive. To tyrants
and phiSsters!
The sword also has its priests,
And we want to be priests!

George Herwegh

WHO IS FREE?

He is a free man,
And may he be remembered,
The one who can earn it, freedom in
battle,
The one with his own blade
brings you here,
Its the Mxzin that I sing,
The man is free

O woe to anyone who trusts the franc
And greeted him xu gladly ;
He always brings us our bride,
When he has kissed them full.
There's still powder and lead
in our ranks -
So let us free ourselves,
So we are free

Freedom lives on the .Llon and

Belt

, she drinks from our Rhine,
Freedom shines in the And
shines in the starlight; But it must
be wooed, wherever it may be,
But you have to die for them,
Then you become free!

The German still has a hand
And a strong defence,
Does not step away from the fatherland
Even for the prize here; And
those with us raise such
field cries,
They should all live,
Because they are free!

Many thousands of points, a glow,
Many masters and one blow,
So we wait in good cheer until
the last day;
The unit must devour
The bad two,
Then it should sound thunderous:
Germany is free!

*George
Herwegh*

THE DE LTTSCHEN

I had a strange dream face: There
sat God the Father zω Judgement
And called every nation
Come before his starry throne.

The peoples came in dense clusters,
Just as they were:
The British, Russians and French,
☐fie last, as always, without lots.

Even China and Mongolia, even A
piece of Poland was included. And
when the Lord counted the nations
-
Look! f las German Reich was still missing.

"Where are my
 Germans again?

They still stretch their lazy limbslimbs 7
They could, since I buried them, But
have finally slept off have a
good night's sleep!"

Then he made an angel jump to earth
☐lie dormouse to bring up, The angel
walked about in Germany, Was all
silent, was all mute.

"You Germans, won't you stand up?
Eternity is just beginning!"
The angel blew in bright anger
How great in his heavenly hunter's horn;

But before the Germans get together
Was
found, Judgement Day had long since
disappeared, Had all received its reward
For the Germans is heaven and hell'
deqanqen!

GeOrg Herwegiz

All the priests knew from time immemorial how to make an enclosure around Sinai like Moses, to sanctify their mountain and to forbid the people to ascend it so that the Lord would not crush them in his wrath. The people saw the glory of the Lord only - from behind 1 Man was allowed to approach the altar of the Lord with empty hands, and of the sacrifices the priests had the fattest. After all! If only it had not come from roast kidneys to estates, cathedral prebends, principalities, and finally even to - governorships of God on earth, whereas the groats and creuxes on Protestant altars - eggs, butter, lard, chickens, etc. - are so bare and even the fattened turkeys, which are called consistorial birds in northern Germany. The priests always wear the pectoral of the High Priest Urim Thumim, Truth and Clarity!!! If you really think yourself into the world of the priests, you are inflamed with the holy zeal of Elijah and would like to slaughter the priests as the prophet slaughtered them, 450 piece!!!!

Carl Julius Weber

The sight of of the great nature leads
 into hours where the the man gathers,
 involuntarily to religious ideas, the
 educated and feeling man, like the brute son
 of nature, who is able to seizes,
 everything, what he grasp, a
 fetish and godhood. The sun was the most
 supernatural deity - the light a god - and the
 half-wild sun-worshippers are far more
 reasonable in the eyes of the philosopher than
 our heisgen- and bone-worshippers; not to
 mention the serpent of Epidaurus and the
 Serpent of Epidaurus and of the Romans'
 sacred chickens and geese. What the natural
 Inca said to the fanatical Dominican is
 bordering on the said: "Your God has
 died of died of one mine mine
 o z is the immortal sun!" The
 Irmen's Column (Her- man's Column) of
 the Saxons was so much
 than a picture of the Virgin Mary!

Carl Julius Weber

@\$/*We now know that our world is a speck of the universe, and have therefore returned from the ridiculous arrogance that overthrew the whole order of nature for the sake of a few insects crawling around on this speck. The laws of nature are unchangeable, like the nature of the paths, and therefore 6000 years ago the world was just as it is today.

It is known - the world has learnt that faith in the hands of priests once did more evil in 2800 years, than in 6000 the mind.

In the past, Jena counted seven kinds of rubbish, which even the sensible cited as the Septem Miracula Jenae, and these strange oddities now include all so-called miracles. There is only one miracle left - the world - and at best the spirit of man, and our great-grandchildren in the thousandth limb still wonder at these miracles - wonder enough - study enough and - rack their brains enough in sae- cula saecularum!

Carl Julius Weber

Religion is such a dark word that millions could think nothing of it, even if they wanted to think, and the priests preferred it all the more. The magic power of religion over the human mind is powerful, and the clever ones preferred it even more. From the beginning of society, the priests saw it as the most powerful means of dominating the mind, indisputably the best bridle and bit for crude half-humans in the savagery of the times, and they could have used this addictive means anyway, if only they had not abused it so badly! He who serves the altar should live from the altar - but they turned the Lord's table into a formal trading house and warehouse, and not only lived from it, but profited from it more than Jews, they did it with religion, just as the Flemish did with price, and even the town clock had to be set according to its convenience, not according to the sun. If the sun showed zz, but the church clock only xz, the whole town was only allowed to count lx, until finally many people kept their pocket watches, and the celestial key or St Peter's key (primula veris) became Pirusttee.

CaTl julius Webez

@O



THE NUNTIES

They and their pope shy away from the light that makes them recognisable, they love darkness, hate everything that leads to mar- and would like to make us all, if not stone-blind, at least one-eyed. This is their wish, this has been their endeavour for centuries.

Carl Frederick Moser

THE BEGGING ORDER

However, the cure for evil lay in evil. The beggars did it so badly that they awakened the opposing force. But until it came to this, what did not the noblest thinkers of every age, who wanted to shed light, have to tolerate from the persecution of this true flavour of the church? Every philanthropist's blood must be boiling in every vein when he thinks of the persecutions and popular deceptions of these cowards and of their cabals against better men! -

Carl Julius Weber

You pray for the poor souls in purgatory, and pray masses and prayers for them, and worry and care of them? - My God, let the poor souls be poor souls; you do not make them rich or happy, not cold nor warm; where they are, our our prayers, reach our sobs not there. Here is the Purgatory Here is clamour and struggle, misery and distress, coldness of heart and madness of mind! Here the fire shall burn on your fingernails burn on your fingernails!

Here throw your fires into the masses and let your flames glow 1 Hier with you fought and glowed xu have, is greater merit, greater happiness, and gives you higher right to eternal rest than quietistic, payable prayers for others xu leave, - far from the shot, far from the flames I - -

Oskar Ponissn

The universe, how everything stands for itself and yet is again part and parcel of a larger whole, which again loses itself in an even larger one, and so on and so forth, is a thought of which man can be proud.

Pviedvich J7ebbe(

ODF. TO THE PRUSSIANS

You owe everything to your own values,
You, the god of battle's favourite children,
Laurel-proud overcomers,
All, all your valour; Do not let your
woes rust, Do not let self-
satisfaction exhaust your
manhood, Remain, you Prussians
that you are!

Did not bang in I2ellas' heroic days
Before Athens, the whole Orient,
As a male carriage, joyfully beating
Oing with ruler wisdom hand in
Hand

Asia's waves of people found
Xerxes' hardness was destroyed at
the Greek dam and defences, and his
giant army came to nothing.

But in the shadow of their great deeds
All the lorries shot off into the rut,
Justice was betrayed in vain for profit,
cowardice was loud in the council of men;
Their defence had long since been
robbed by petty perfidy, and the
new hero from the north threw
them laughing into the dust.

Though the lightning flash may dazzle the
eye the deep black of the night, When
through the darkness allerenden His its
abrupt flame trail glistens -

Alas, a mere glimpse separates
coming into being and passing away
from nothing the wonder of its
light fades away.

Flame-powerful on high paths, the sun's
light reigns supreme, streams down eternal
blessings of light, bursts the ice, redeemed
from winter suffering;

And their loud stream of of
graces inspires and sustains
On the most distant paths of creation
All life in the world.

As the fountain of fire of the world's
brightness pours from the heart of
creation, it also remains the strong
source of life, which flows and
overflows without end;

Everything must pale before it:
When the morning clouds are
coloured purple, the stars give
way into the dark space of the
world.

You too, you Prussians, stay strong, Let the
sun be an example to you, Keep the young
glory alive, Don't stop halfway;

Teach the doubters and @erächter:
honour does not remain childless,
Right virtue carries new virtues in its
lap!

Never Heaven's hatred and spite Shall
never let proud empires fall in shame;
Nowhere was it written in the book of
world history So only, not otherwise shall it
happen I

Wave to the Maren Spirit Accomplish,
If blind ignorance fails; So
prosperity and failure - both
are in our hands.

Manly deeds without equal
For the building of the kingdom stone upon
stone; Hear then, heroes! Honour, they
promise: Guardians of your work you must
be!

Restless, restless, storm plumage!
It's not far to the heights either. If
you fail once, you sink down - 'tis the
lot of mortality!

Do not forget also not listen to

Glory:

As you rise in triumph As you ascend in
triumph, Every ornament of humanity
crowns you, If you show mildness of mind
and generosity!

The conquered enemies shall be
more than your courage in the
conflict of your high morality
Awe and admiration shall be.

Frederick the Great

O\$love Do you really, Sir, hand on
the heart, that is the sky with
the bickering, exchanges and
and bloody dealings are concerned,
that we street boys amongst ourselves?

Do you think that when I go for a
walk in my garden near Sans-Souci and see
a swarm of ants crush a swarm of ants,
even even the slightest

thought have, that my way passes
over tiny creatures who toil and labour?

Wouldn't it be ridiculous of these animals
-assuming they could think - to
assume that I know they are there and must
now take their life into consideration .

No, my friend, free yourself from this
self-love, which only deceives you if,
according to it, heaven should have nothing
more to do than constantly take care of
your personal well-being. Rather, memorise
the conviction , that nature is not
concerned about individual beings: but about
the whole species: it, the species, must
not perish. And our final word on all this? A
king need never take any notice of it when he
goes for a walk and tramples on the anthill
that happens to be on the ground.

his way, that he, turned towards the big things that occupy his full attention and which he often cannot even keep his eyes on completely, does not think about ants or watch whether they are crawling around in his gardens and parks .

Prievich *the Great in conversation with de Catt*

. You have connections to heaven that I do not have and can therefore know how your eternal father-in-law favours or disadvantages us. I live as a poor mortal who does not know a dog in paradise, in complete ignorance of it, receive the good that comes my way with joy and bear the present with patience. Nevertheless, allow me to point out to you, a poor late, some difficulties that arise at the very heart of your sublime teaching. The pagans represented fortune blindly, because it is mostly unjust; its characteristics were caprice and inconstancy, both of which are indeed inherent in it. But if you now put providence in the place of fortune, then you must also burden this providence with My injuries, with which the pagans considered their Fortuna, which in my opinion would be a formal blasphemy. I feel the deepest reverence for the divine being and therefore I am very careful not to make a un-

right, fickle behaviour that
could be condemned at the first stereotype.
would condemn would condemn.
For for this reason, dear
sister, I prefer not to believe that the
omnipotent, benevolent being is in the
least about Rather, I
ascribe everything that happens to the
creatures and necessary effects of
incalculable causes, and I bow before this
adorable Being with awe, admitting my
ignorance of his ways, which I do not
know. my ignorance of his ways, which
are revealed to me xu to his divine
wisdom.

Farewell, dear bride of Christ! If you don't
find me orthodox, don't let it occur to you to
have me burnt, and if you see me as a great
heretic, be convinced that I love you with
true tenderness ...

Friedrich the Large
princess *Amalie from Pteussen*
Princess

January -7 O.

. May this scum of humanity, whom they call bishops, become reasonable and tolerant 1 But I fear that it will be as difficult to humanise their paths as it is to teach elephants to speak When I was born, I found the world in the slavery of superstition; when I die, I will it as well. The reason for this is that the people swallow a dozen articles of faith like pills and are only more sensitive to what concerns their freedom and their wallets. They don't realise that the inevitable consequence of being bedded down in dogma is the SMA- verei ., . .

*J°viedvich the Great
on d'Alembert*

Len 7. May 768.

Posterity will not believe it possible what giants the pope dared to excommunicate. He truly deserved that the anointed majesties maltreated him with rotten apples. What he denies them is not worth demanding. A good leg of mutton is juicier than all the divine virgin flesh. I don't know what will become of it. The old rope-twister they're laughing at may how he gets out of the tangle hegot himself into.

*J°riedrich the Great
on d'Alembert*

Potsdam, den -5 November 176g.

I would be in this century rather
Shoe maker as papate. The magic is ver-
flew, but the wretched barker fährt
He is continuing to price his means, which no
one wants to buy, while the most daring are
preparing to overthrow his place. I do not know
which Englishman has set the horoscope on the
Christian religion and calculated its cost to the
end of this century. I would not be sad to live
to see this spectacle, but I do believe that
things will not go so quickly and that the
priests will perhaps continue to serve up their
despised absurdities for a few more centuries
, especially as the enthusiasm of the mob
is backing them up.

Frederick 'the Great
rin d'71!etnbevt

The z. July i26g.

Nlönch, an intrinsically despicable creature, can only enjoy as much respect in a state as the prejudice of the sanctity of his office grants him. Superstition nourishes him, piety honours him and fanaticism canonises him. The cities that have the most monasteries harbour the most superstition and the greatest intolerance. If you destroy these repositories of madness, you spill the poisoned wells of prejudice that circulate old wives' tales and concoct new ones as needed.

*J*viedrich the Great
to d'Alembert*

The Chair of Peter has been founded on the ideal credit of the Vatican Bank; the bills of exchange for the hereafter, however, are losing value; the credit is sinking, and even if the symptoms do not yet to a general bankruptcy, they are at least gradually preparing the public for it. In many places, the number of monks is already being reduced ; these tools of superstition will eventually rust away completely, and the gatekeeper of paradise will be reduced to the position of a parish of Rome. We shall not live to see those beautiful days, but I nevertheless lift up my soul, as Maupertuis teaches, and, foreseeing the beautiful things with the eyes of the spirit, I bless the happy century that will enjoy an advantage not granted to us. And are you still surprised that I am in a good mood, clapping my hands and intoxicated by the sweet prophecies that my imagination whispers to me?

*Frederick the Great,
an d'Alembert*

Potsdam, the 17th July 1763-

A prophet, I told myself, is worth nothing in his fatherland. That is the reason why Catholics are wary of canonising a saint before the companions of his debauchery, his mistresses, pages, doctors and monastic brothers are buried dead and ...

Frederick the Great
on August William of Prussia

TESTAMENT OF K Ö N I G BEFORE THE BATTLE AT ZORNDORP

Orderan my generals of the army how to behave in case I should be shot dead.

In the camp near Küstrin, currently
AugUSI *75-

Should the battle against the Russians be won, as we all hope, the enemy must be pursued with all vigour. Immediately after my death, the army must taken in my nephew's oath, and since my brother Henry is his forefather with unlimited authority, the whole army must respect his orders as much as those of the ruling lord.

I want that after my death **Um-**
stands are made with me. One should

not open me, but take me quietly to Sans-Souci and have me buried in my garden. Lfieses is my last wish, and I hope that all my generals and the army will strictly abide by it.

Friderich

Nota bene: Should the battle be lost, the army must sit down behind Küstrin, take secours from all the other armies and, the sooner the better, attack the enemy again from fresh.

SECRET INSTRUCTION OF THE CONSTITUTION FOR THE CABINET MINISTER COUNT FINCKENSTEIN

Berlin, 20. January -757-

In the critical situation in which of our matters, I must tell you my instructions so that you are authorised to make the necessary decisions in the event of any unfortunate coincidences that lie within the realm of possibility **zu** . Should I be shot dead, then **müs-** business will continue without the slightest disruption or change and without anyone realising that it is in other hands. In this case, the swearing-in ceremonies and homage must be accelerated, both here and in East Prussia and especially in Silesia. If the fate should befall me to fall into enemy hands, I forbid the slightest consideration to be paid to my person and the slightest regard to what I might write from my imprisonment. Should any such misfortune befall me, I will sacrifice myself for the state, and my brother 9e-

who, like all my ministers and generals, is liable to me with his head for the fact that no province, no ransom money is offered for me and that the war is continued by exploiting all advantages, as if I had never lived.

I hope and I can believe that you, Count Finck, will not have need , make use of this instruction; but in the event of misfortune, I authorise you to do so. As proof that this is my deep and unshakeable will after careful and good deliberation, I sign it with my own hand and affix my seal.

Friedrich

THE KING'S TESTAMENT OF 8 JANUARY zJ6g

Our life takes us in rapid steps from birth to death. In this short period of time, it is man's destiny to work for the good of the community of which he is a member. From the day that the direction of affairs fell to me, it was my earnest endeavour, with all the powers which nature gave me, and according to the measure of my feeble understanding, to make the state which I had the honour to govern happy and prosperous. I helped the law and the statutes to reign, brought order and clarity to the finances and maintained manliness in the army, which gave it its superiority over the other troops of Europe .

Having fulfilled these duties to the state, I would to reproach myself forever if I were to neglect the affairs of my family. In order to avert disputes among my relatives that could arise because of my inheritance , I declare in

This solemn certificate my last Will.

Gladly and without complaint I return my breath of life to the benevolent nature that has kindly bestowed it upon me, and my body to the elements of which it is composed. I have lived as a philosopher and want to be buried as such, without ceremony, without solemn pomp. I don't want to be eulogised or embalmed. I was buried in Sanssouci on the elevation of the terraces in a crypt that I had prepared for myself. Prince Moritz von Nassau was buried in the same way in a grove near Kleve. If I die in wartime or while travelling, I shall be buried in the first best place and brought to the designated place in Sans-Souci in winter. To my dear nephew Frederick William, the heir to the throne, I leave the kingdom of Prussia, the provinces, states, castles, plagues, ammunition, armouries, the countries I have conquered or inherited, all the crown jewels (which are in the hands of the Queen and his wife), the gold and silver services that are in the hands of the Queen and his wife, and all the jewellery that is in the hands of the Queen and his wife.

Berlin, my country houses, the library, the coin cabinet, the picture gallery, gardens, etc.

Perner, I leave him the state treasury as he will find it on the day of my death, as the property of the state and solely destined to defend the people or to provide them with relief.

To the Queen, my wife, I the income she enjoys, which is to be increased by x0000 thalers a year, x2 tonnes of wine a year, free wood and the venison for her animals. On this condition, the Queen has undertaken to appoint my nephew as her heir. Furthermore, as there no suitable widow's seat for her, I content to designate Stettin for the sake of friendship. At the same time, I demand of my nephew that he leave her a suitable flat in the Berlin palace and treat her with the reverence due to her as his uncle's widow and as a princess whose virtue has never been denied.

Let's move on to the allodial estate. I have never been stingy or rich so I don't have much to dispose of. The income of the state I have I have always as the Ark of the Covenant as the Ark of the Covenant, which no profane hand to touch waqt.

I love public income is never for my own use. in claimed taken. My personal expenses have never exceeded 200 000 thaler per year. My administration leaves me a quiet knowledge, and I can the public without fear. My nephew Frederick

WiAelm I appoint as universal heir to my allodial estate, on condition that he makes the following bequests.

Should I leave any small debt which death prevents me from paying, my nephew shall be required to it: this is my will.

I warmly commend to my patron the brave officers who fought in the war under my command. I ask him to take special care of the officers in my neighbourhood. He should not send any of away and none of them, if he

old and weak will perish in misery. He will have in them skilful military men and people who have given proof of their intelligence, bravery and loyalty.

I recommend my private secretary to him, as well as all those who have worked in my cabinet. They have practice in business and can enlighten him at the beginning of his government about a great many things that are known to them and that even the ministers do not know.

I also commend to him all those who have been in my service, as well as my valets. I bequeath Zeysing 2000 thalers for his great loyalty and 500 thalers to each of my wardrobes.

servant. I am certain that my inheritance leaves them their salary until they are suitably provided for.

Every staff officer in my regiment, the Battalion Lestwitx and the Gardedukorps .I bequeath a golden memorial coin, which has been minted on the successes and victories achieved by the troops under my leadership. To each of these four ba-

taillone I bequeath two thalers per head and the same amount to each Guards Ducal Corps.

If I enclose a handwritten and signed codicil with this testament before my death, it shall have the same force as this solemn deed.

If any of those I have provided for die before me, the legacy shall be null and void. If I die during the war, my general heir shall be obliged to pay out my inheritance only after peace has been restored. In the course of the war, however, no one shall have the right to make claims on the estate.

I recommend my successor to respect his own blood in his uncles, aunts and all blood relatives. The favour that rules over human destiny decides the firstborn. But just because you are king does not make you better than the others. I advise all my relatives to live in peace with each other. When it comes to putting their personal interests ahead of

Benefit the fatherland and the
advantage
the state.

Until my last breath, my wishes will be for the happiness of the state. May it always be governed with justice, wisdom and strength! May it be the happiest through the leniency of its laws, the best managed in its finances and the most valiantly defended through an army that seeks only honour and noble glory! May it flourish until the end of time!

Berlin, 8 January iJbg.

Friderich

