



POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

GERMANY

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EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.

CRABBE.

VOL. II.



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CONTENTS.

RATISBON (REGENSBURG)	PAGE
INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP	<i>R. Browning</i> 1
THE TORTURE-CHAMBER AT RATISBON	<i>W. A. Butler</i> 3
RHINE, THE RIVER.	
THE RHINE	<i>From the German</i> 6
THE NIBELUNGEN HÖRD	<i>From the Nibelungenlied</i> 7
A HAMLET ON THE RHINE	<i>F. Freiligrath</i> 10
THE RHINE	<i>Lord Byron</i> 15
THE NIBELUNGER'S TREASURE	<i>K. Simrock</i> 17
RHINE SONG	<i>F. Hemans</i> 18
IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE	<i>W. Wordsworth</i> 20
THE GERMAN RHINE	<i>N. Becker</i> 20
BEWARE OF THE RHINE	<i>K. Simrock</i> 21
THE GUARD ON THE RHINE	<i>From the German</i> 22
RHINE-WINE	<i>M. Claudius</i> 23
A DAY-DREAM ON THE RHINE	<i>W. Thornbury</i> 25
RHINELAND	<i>G. Browning</i> 28
ON THE RHINE	<i>W. L. Bowles</i> 29
THE LEGENDS OF THE RHINE	<i>B. Harte</i> 30
ON A PAIR OF ANTLERS	<i>J. T. Fields</i> 32
THE RHINE	<i>H. Heine</i> 33
THE RIGHT WORD	<i>A. von Stolterfoth</i> 33
ON THE RHINE IS MY HEART	<i>W. Müller</i> 35
RHENISH WINE SONG	<i>G. Herwegh</i> 35
WINES OF THE RHINE	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 37
THE STEAMER ON THE RHINE	<i>H. G. Bell</i> 42
A THOUGHT FROM THE RHINE	<i>C. Kingsley</i> 42
THE RHINE	<i>B. W. Procter</i> 43
THE RHINE	<i>M. Sabiston</i> 44
ROLANDSECK	<i>T. Campbell</i> 47
LIEBENSTEIN AND STERNENFELS	<i>H. Heine</i> 48

RHINE, THE RIVER (*continued*).

THE LORELEI	<i>H. Heine</i>	50
THE LORELEI	<i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	51
THE LORELEI	<i>R. E. E. Warburton</i>	52
VAUTSBERG, THE CASTLE	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	55
THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE	“	62

RIESENGBIRGE.

THE SORROW OF THE GERMAN WEAVER-BOY	<i>F. Freiligrath</i>	66
---	---------------------------------	----

RUDESHEIM.

A RHINE LEGEND	<i>E. Geibel</i>	68
--------------------------	----------------------------	----

RÜGEN, THE ISLAND.

VINETA	<i>W. Müller.</i>	70
------------------	---------------------------	----

ST. GOAR.

A JEWISH FAMILY	<i>W. Wordsworth</i>	71
---------------------------	--------------------------------	----

SAXE-GOTHA.

MASTER HUGUES OF SAXE-GOTHA	<i>R. Browning</i>	73
---------------------------------------	------------------------------	----

SIEBENGBIRGE.

THE KING OF THE SEVEN HILLS	<i>J. Matzerath</i>	79
---------------------------------------	-------------------------------	----

SONNENBERG.

IMPROMPTU	<i>F. A. Kemble</i>	81
---------------------	-------------------------------	----

STET HAVEN (STETTINER-HAFF).

KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	81
--------------------------------------	-----------------------------------	----

STRALSUND

GALLANT SCHILL	<i>E. M. Arndt</i>	83
ON THE GRAVE OF MAJOR SCHILL	<i>G. Croy</i>	86
THE GOOD SHIP VALDEMAR	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	87

STRASBURG.

TAULER	<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	89
THE TESTAMENT OF ST. ARBOGAST	<i>T. D'A. Metcæe</i>	93
THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	95
IN THE CATHEDRAL	“	98
THE STRASBURG CLOCK	<i>Anonymous</i>	100
GERMAN NURSERY SONG	<i>From the German</i>	102

TEGERNSEE.

TEGERNSEE	<i>W. von der Voelkweide</i>	103
---------------------	--	-----

TEUTOBURGER WALD.

IN THE TEUTOBURGER FOREST	<i>F. Freiligrath</i>	103
THE TEUTOBURGER BATTLE	<i>J. V. Scheffel</i>	107

THARAW.

ANKE VON THARAW	<i>S. Duch</i>	109
---------------------------	--------------------------	-----

THURINGIA.

- THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS *Robert, Lord Lytton* 111

TÜBINGEN.

- THE WATER SPRITE *A. J. Kerner* . . . 112
 DEPARTURE " . . . 113

ULM.

- FLOWERS OR FRUIT? *E. E. Ford* . . . 114

USÉDOM, THE ISLAND.

- GREEDINESS PUNISHED *F. Rückert* . . . 115

WEIMAR.

- ON SEEING THE GOETHE-SCHILLER MONU-
 MENT AT WEIMAR *G. Browning* . . . 117
 THE BURIAL OF SCHILLER *H. F. Gould* . . . 117
 THE BUSTS OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER *W. A. Butler* . . . 119
 IN WEIMAR *W. Allingham* . . . 122

WEINSBERG.

- THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG *G. A. Bürger* . . . 125

WESTPHALIA.

- THE FLAX-SPINNER'S SONG *From the German* . 129
 A SUMMER SONG *F. Freiligrath* . . . 130

WIESBADEN.

- THE CHILD AND HIND *T. Campbell* . . . 132

WINDECK, THE CASTLE

- THE LADY OF CASTLE WINDECK *L. A. von Chamisso* 137

WINTERTHAL.

- THE DESERTED MILL *A. Schnezler* . . . 139

WÖBBELIN.

- KÖRNER AND HIS SISTER *F. Hemans* . . . 142

WORMS.

- THE NIBELUNGEN *From the Nibelungenlied* 144
 THE GARDEN OF ROSES *From the Heldenbuch* 148
 THE RICHEST PRINCE *A. J. Kerner* . . . 152

WÜRTEMBERG.

- WÜRTEMBERG *From the German* . 153

WÜRTZBURG.

- WALTER VON DER VOGELVEIDE *H. W. Longfellow* . 154

XANTEN (SANTEN, SANCTEN).

- SIEGFRIED *From the Nibelungenlied* 157

APPENDIX.

BACHARACH

BACHARACH WINE *M. J. Preston* . . . 159

ILM, THE RIVER.

TO THE MOON *J. W. von Goethe* . . . 161

LEIPSIG.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG *K. T. Körner* . . . 163

RIVERS OF GERMANY.

THE RIVERS *F. von Schiller* . . . 165

SWABIA.

THE SWABIAN MAIDEN *C. F. D. Schubart* . . . 168

WALCHEN SEE.

SONNET *R. C. Trench* . . . 169

WETZLAR.

SORROWS OF WERTHER *W. M. Thackeray* . . . 170

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SONG OF LOUIS *From the German* . . . 171

THE RHYME OF SAINT ANNO " . . . 172

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG " . . . 173

THE WATCHMAN *F. Dingelstedt* . . . 176

THE EMIGRANTS *F. Freiligrath* . . . 177

BALLAD *H. Heine* . . . 179

CONSOLATION *F. von Eichendorff* . . . 180

THE GERMAN MUSE *F. von Schiller* . . . 181

THE TWO COFFINS *A. J. Kerner* . . . 182

THE MOON DIAL *R. Reinick* . . . 183

FREDERICUS REX *W. Häring (W. Alexis)* . . . 184

THE POSTILION *N. Lenau* . . . 185

ON THE WALHALLA *A. H. Hoffmann* . . . 188

THE COUNT'S SOWING *M. J. Preston* . . . 188

THE BLACK KNIGHT *J. L. Ulland* . . . 190

ENVIABLE POVERTY *B. Dalei* . . . 192

WAR-SONG *J. W. L. Gleim* . . . 193

THE PROTEST *G. Herwegh* . . . 195

WHITHER *W. Müller* . . . 196

TRAVELLING " . . . 197

C. IRISTKINDLEIN *F. Ruckert* . . . 198

MISCELLANEOUS (*continued*).

GAUDEAMUS	<i>Student Song</i>	202
AN OLD AUTUMN SUNSET AT HEIDELBERG	<i>J. Weiss</i>	203
LENORA	<i>G. A. Bürger</i>	204
THE GERMANS TO THEIR EMPEROR	<i>From the German</i>	214
LUTZOW'S WILD CHASE	<i>K. T. Körner</i>	215
THE WILD HUNTSMAN	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	217
JEREMIADS	<i>F. von Schiller</i>	225
PICTURES OF GERMANY	<i>H. Heine</i>	227





GERMANY.



Ratisbon (Regensburg).

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoléon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect, —
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him !” The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheaths
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes :
“You're wounded !” “Nay,” his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said :
“I'm killed, sire !” And, his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning.

THE TORTURE-CHAMBER AT RATISBON.

DOWN the broad, imperial Danube,
As its wandering waters guide,
Past the mountains and the meadows,
Winding with the stream, we glide.

Ratisbon we leave behind us,
Where the spires and gables throng,
And the huge cathedral rises,
Like a fortress, vast and strong.

Close beside it stands the town-hall,
With its massive tower, alone,
Brooding o'er the dismal secret,
Hidden in its heart of stone.

There, beneath the old foundations,
Lay the prisons of the state,
Like the last abodes of vengeance,
In the fabled realms of Fate.

And the tides of life above them
Drifted ever, near and wide,
As at Venice, round the prisons,
Sweeps the sea's incessant tide.

Never, like the far-off dashing,
Or the nearer rush of waves,
Came the tread or murmur downward,
To those dim, unechoing caves.

There the dungeon clasped its victim,
And a stupor chained his breath,
Till the torture woke his senses,
With a sharper touch than death,

Now, through all the vacant silence,
Reign the darkness and the damp,
Broken only when the traveller
Gropes his way, with guide and lamp,

Peering where, all black and shattered,
Eaten with the rust of time,
Lie the fearful signs and tokens
Of an age when law was crime.

Then the guide, with grim precision,
Tells the dismal tale once more,
Tells to living men the tortures
Living men have borne before.

As he speaks, the death-cold cavern
With a sudden life-gush warms,
And, once more, the Torture-Chamber
With its murderous tenants swarms.

Yonder, through the narrow archway,
Comes the culprit in the gloom,
Falters on the fatal threshold,
Totters to the bloody doom.

Here the executioner, lurking,
Waits, with brutal thirst, his hour,

Tool of bloodier men and bolder,
Drunken with the dregs of power.

There the careful leech sits patient,
Watching face and hue and breath,
Weighing life's fast-ebbing pulses
With the heavier chance of death.

Eking out the little remnant,
Lest the victim die too soon,
And the torture of the morning
Spare the torture of the noon.

Here, behind the heavy grating,
Sits the scribe, with pen and scroll,
Waiting till the giant terror
Bursts the secrets of the soul ;

Till the fearful tale of treason
From the shrieking lips is wrung,
Or the final, false confession
Quivers from the trembling tongue !

But the gray old tower is fading,
Fades, in sunshine, from the eye,
Like some bird whose distant pinion
Dimly blots the morning sky.

So the ancient gloom and terror
Of the ages fade away,
In the sunlight of the present,
Of our better, purer day !

William Allen Butler.

Rhine, the River.

THE RHINE.

FORTH rolled the Rhine-stream strong and deep
Beneath Helvetia's Alpine steep,
And joined in youthful company
Its fellow-travellers to the sea.

In Germany embraced the Rhine,
The Neckar, the Mosel, the Lahn, and the Main,
And strengthened by each rushing tide,
Onward he marched in kingly pride.

But soon from his enfeebled grasp
The satraps of his power,
The current's flowing veins unclasp, --
He moves in pride no more.

Forth the confederate waters broke
On that rebellious day,
And, bursting from their monarch's yoke,
Each chose a separate way.

Wahl, Issel, Leek, and Wecht, all, all
Flowed sideways o'er the land,
And a nameless brook, by Leyden's wall,
The Rhine sank in the sand.

From the German. Tr. Ancn.

THE NIBELUNGEN HOARD.

AND now the men of Kriemhild before the mountain stood,
 And some too of her kinsmen; the hoard, as best they could,
 Down to the sea they carried: there in good barks 't was laid,
 Thence o'er the waves, and lastly up the Rhine conveyed.

The tale of that same treasure might well your wonder raise;
 'T was much as twelve huge wagons in four whole nights and days
 Could carry from the mountain down to the salt-sea bay,
 If to and fro each wagon thrice journeyed every day.

It was made up of nothing but precious stones and gold;
 Were all the world bought from it, and down the value told,
 Not a mark the less thereafter were left, than erst was scored.
 Good reason sure had Hagan to covet such a hoard.

And thereamong was lying the wishing-rod of gold,
 Which whoso could discover, might in subjection hold
 All this wide world as master, with all that dwell therein.
 There came to Worms with Gernot full many of Albric's kin.

* * *

When they had brought the treasure thence to King
 Guuther's land,
 And had their charge delivered into fair Kriemhild's
 hand,
 Crammed were the towers and chambers wherein the
 same they stored.
 Ne'er told was tale of riches to match this boundless
 hoard.

* * *

Now she had gained possession, so liberal was the dame,
 That foreign knights unnumbered into the country came.
 All praised her generous virtues, and owned they ne'er
 had seen
 Lady so open-handed as this fair widowed queen.

To rich and poor together began she now to give;
 Thereat observed Sir Hagan, "If she should chance to
 live
 Some little season longer, so many should we see
 Won over to her service, that ill for us 't would be."

Thereto made answer Gunther, "The hoard is hers alone;
 How can I check her giving? she gives but from her
 own.
 Scarce could I gain forgiveness for my offence of old.
 I care not how she scatters her jewels and her ruddy
 gold."

* * *

Then said the good Sir Gernot, "Ere this pernicious
 mine
 Confound us any further, better beneath the Rhine

Sink it altogether, and tell no mortal where."

Then sadly went fair Kriemhild to her brother Giselher.

She wept and said, "Dear brother, pray take some
thought of me;

Of my person and possessions thou shouldst the guar-
dian be."

Then spake he to his sister, "I will, whate'er betide,
Soon as we come back hither, for now we hence must
ride."

King Gunther and his kinsmen they forthwith left the
land.

The very best among them he took to form his band.
There stayed behind but Hagan; fierce hate and malice
still

He bore the weeping Kriemhild, and sought to work
her ill.

Ere back the king came thither, impatient of delay
Hagan seized the treasure, and bore it thence away.
Into the Rhine at Lochheim the whole at once threw he!
Henceforth he thought t' enjoy it, but that was ne'er
to be.

He nevermore could get it for all his vain desire;
So fortune oft the traitor cheats of his treason's hire.
Alone he hoped to use it as long as he should live,
But neither himself could profit, nor to another give.

From the Nibelungenlied. Tr. W. N. Lettsom.

A HAMLET ON THE RHINE.

ROMANCE! I greet thee! Lo, thy eyry bold!
 Its slender turrets in the air uptowering,
 Its crumbling porches, mossy ruins old,
 Its castle, firm and rugged to behold,

How doth it wrap my soul with sway o'erpowering!
 Hail once again! I tread in pensive dream
 Thy fairest refuge on the Rhine's fair stream.

Thou still art here! In weeds of cloister plain,
 Through colored panes thou gazest on me sadly,
 Outlawed thou art by Reason and her train,
 Alas! the wisdom of this age were fain

To banish thee forevermore most gladly!
 In river strongholds, tottering and decayed,
 Thou hidest tremblingly, O wondrous maid!

In churches, ah! so desolate and bare,
 Yon is the place where loud thy soul is wailing!
 In empty churches, thou, with streaming hair,
 Dost weeping kneel with many a broken prayer,
 And fervent clinging to the altar's railing,
 Within whose shadow's ever sacred calm
 Dost seek devout a sanctuary's balm!

Yet thou art she, whom oft in days of yore
 A nation's best with rapt delight praised loudly,
 Whom Ludwig Tieck's white palfrey ofttimes bore,

Who, through the wood of poesy, before
 Didst dash, — Brentano, Arnim following proudly ;
 Glows bright the forest, silver-springs around,
 And like a dream the Fairy Horn doth sound.

Days long since past ! Adown the shore strode I, —
 Not Volker saw the Rhine more limpid racing, —
 A steamboat on its way went rushing by,
 The wheel ploughed deep, and threw the foam on high,
 Upon the deck one of thy priests was pacing ;
 The youngest sure, — and yet already now
 Gray are the locks that float round Uhland's brow !

We recognition waved ; my lonely town
 He soon passed by, o'erlooking the swift river ;
 Upon us twain the Lorelei gazed down, —
 Upon my lips a cry of joy I drown,
 But in my eyes hot tears all trembling quiver ;
 A mournful song into my memory came,
 "Three Students crossed the Rhine," — this was its
 name !

Yes, this the Rhine, whose wave doth hide the gold
 Whereon old Uhland's eyes with pleasure glistened
 And yon himself ! — Romance, ah ! there behold
 The inspired lip that truly could unfold,
 With magic word, thy glamour as he listened ;
 Yon is the eye that in the enchanted ring,
 Beside the Witch-Elm, bathed in thy clear spring !

That he was passing — ah ! how well you knew !
 From crag and chink, forth through the dewy
 morning

You gazed on him ; — a sunny smile there flew,
Just as the vessel rounded into view,

O'er thy wan features' sad, resignéd mourning !
With mournful pleasure thou on bended knee
Upon thy river thine own bard didst see !

Yonder he fled, thy youngest, truest knight !

The last smoke fades in air, the ship retreating ;
Gone too thy smile ; the hills no more stand bright ;
Thy last brave champion, who for thee doth fight, —
And on a steamer ! — strange my heart is beating ! —
Mediaeval inspiration borne away
By a new age's all-resistless sway !

A simile ! It entered full my soul,

And would not thence again, my will defying !
The melancholy hence that o'er me stole !
Thou pale one, hushed and silent be thy dole !

An iron age ! 't is for thee, harsh and trying.
Heedless it undermines thy tottering throne,
Alas ! not with its steamers' keel alone !

Thy empire, lady, has departed long ;

The world has changed ; where, now, are thy do-
minions ?

Another spirit than thine rules firm and strong ;
It throbs in life, and flames out into song,

None e'er before it fluttered thus its pinions !
I also serve and wish it victory glad, —
But why wage war with thee, thou exile sad ?

Thou, whose proud banner but from mouldering wall
Doth lonely float, through the dull air slow-sailing,
Thou the dethroned!—with agitated soul
Down at thy feet, I humbly, sadly fall,
A solemn witness of thy widow's wailing!
A child, all feverish, of this era new,
Yet for the past piously mourning too!

Not as a boy!—Only one hour, and lo!
Stretched at thy feet, I'll join thee in thy sorrow!
The spirit fresh that through these times doth blow,
I've promised it; it has my word and vow,
My blade must flash yet in the fight to-morrow!
Only one hour!—But that devoted quite
To thee alone, and to thy glory bright.

There, take me to thee! Take me in thy hold!
Hail, battlements, high in the air up-towering!
Hail, crumbling porches, mossy ruins old!
Hail, castle stern! Thou falcon's eyry bold!
How do ye wrap my soul with sway o'erpowering!
Yon doth the Pfalz in fiery sunset shine,
The clouds seem castles,—yes! this land is thine!

A church!—I enter it as in a dream;
The windows, richly stained, are deeply glowing;
The foliaged pillars throw a haughty gleam,
And through the gloomy cloister's arches dim,
Careless and wild, a garden small is showing;
Blending its azure and its verdure gay
With the cathedral's ever sombre gray.

And, softly trembling, nods the shadow light
 Of waving boughs, upon the church-wall playing;
 You is the tomb of lady and of knight,
 Their figures, carved in marble, stand upright,
 Their hands are raised aloft, as if for praying;
 Gently resigned their pallid faces beam,
 The peace of death o'er both doth brightly stream.

A sacred lull! — Bustle and trade far gone!
 Romance! behold, my mourning fast is fleeting!
 That joy and peace divine, which is not known
 To this new age, alas! — to thee alone!
 Here I can feel it in my bosom beating;
 Earth fades away, and heaven in blissful arms
 Doth fold me close, — hushed are all world's alarms!

Enough! enough! such haven not for aye!
 Back to the present! Great is life's attraction!
 But what this spot into my heart doth lay
 May 't flame forever! In my pulses may
 It throb unceasing, hallowing every action!
 May 't give me gladness, strength, and courage free,
 When the loud day shall hoarsely summon me!

Thus will my service of the time be pure!
 O exiled maid! with thee I would be grieving;
 I came thy shrine to wet with teardrops, sure,
 And lo! thou gav'st me power to endure;
 Thy peace doth fill me; calmed, behold me leaving!
 Thou shedd'st thy light around me, I depart! —
 An exile, — but e'en now a queen thou art!

Farewell to-day! The sunset's molten gold
 Doth flood the aisle; deep-toned the bells are ringing!
 Church-banners flutter o'er me half unrolled, —
 Ye ever wise, whom all things must be told,
 Who therefore ask, what now I have been singing! —
 Doth glow the eternal lamp, and incense roll —
 Call it a requiem for Brentano's soul!

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. K. F. Kroeker.

THE RHINE.

AWAY with these! true Wisdom's world will be
 Within its own creation, or in thine,
 Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
 There Harold gazes on a work divine,
 A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
 And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
 From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
 All tenantless, save to the crannyng wind,
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
 There was a day when they were young and proud,
 Banners on high, and battles passed below;
 But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
 And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have
But history's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full
as brave.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolored Rhine beneath its ruin run.

But thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure forever,
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict, — then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters were to know
Earth paved like heaven; and to seem such to me
Even now what wants thy stream? — that it should
Lethe be.

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
 But these and half their fame have passed away,
 And slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks;
 Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
 Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday,
 And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
 Glassed with its dancing light the sunny ray;
 But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream
 Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

Lord Byron.

THE NIBELUNGER'S TREASURE.

IT was an ancient monarch
 Ruled where the Rhine doth flow,
 And naught he loved so little
 As sorrow, feud, and wee:
 His warriors they were striving
 For a treasure in the land;
 In sooth they near had perished
 Each by his brother's hand.

Then spake he to the nobles:
 "What boots this gold," he said,
 "If with the finder's life-blood
 The price thereof is paid?
 The gold, to end the quarrel,
 Cast to the Rhine away;
 There lie the treasure hidden,
 Till dawns the latest day!"

The proud ones took the treasure,
 And cast it to the main;
 I ween it all hath melted,
 So long it there hath lain:
 But, wedded to the waters
 That long have o'er it rolled,
 It clothes the swelling vineyards
 With yellow gleam, like gold.

O, that each man were minded,
 As thought this monarch good,
 That never care might alter
 His high, courageous mood!
 Then deeply would we bury
 Our sorrows in the Rhine,
 And, glad of heart and grateful,
 Would quaff his fiery wine.

Karl Simrock. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

RHINE-SONG.

SINGLE VOICE.

IT is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving,
 I see the bright flood shine, I see the bright flood
 shine:
 Sing on the march, with every banner waving, —
 Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine! Sing, brothers, 'tis
 the Rhine!

CHORUS.

The Rhine! the Rhine, our own imperial River!
 Be glory on thy track, be glory on thy track!

We left thy shores, to die or to deliver;

We bear thee Freedom back, we bear thee Freedom
back!

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail! hail! my childhood knew the rush of water,
Even as my mother's song, even as my mother's
song;

That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong, and heart and
arm grew strong!

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on! — brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Poured out by sons of thine, poured out by sons of
thine,

Where sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
Like thee, victorious Rhine! like thee, victorious
Rhine!

SINGLE VOICE.

Home! home! — thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting;
Thy path is by my home, thy path is by my home:
Even now my children count the hours till meeting;
O ransomed ones, I come! O ransomed ones, I come!

CHORUS.

Go, tell the seas that chain shall bind thee never,
Sound on by hearth and shrine, sound on by hearth
and shrine!

Sing through the hills, that thou art free forever, —
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine! Lift up thy voice, O
Rhine!

Felicia Hemans.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

AMID this dance of objects sadness steals
 O'er the defrauded heart, while sweeping by,
 As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
 Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green earth reels :
 Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
 The venerable pageantry of time,
 Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,
 And what the dell unwillingly reveals
 Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied
 Near the bright river's edge. Yet why repine ?
 To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze, —
 Such sweet wayfaring, — of life's spring the pride,
 Her summer's faithful joy, — that still is mine,
 And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

William Wordsworth.

THE GERMAN RHINE.

NO, no, they shall not have him,
 Our free-born German Rhine,
 Though, like the famished raven,
 They, croaking, for it pine !
 So long in verdant vesture
 He peacefully doth glide,
 So long a plashing boat-oar
 Shall cleave his rippling tide !

No, no, they shall not have him,
 Our free-born German Rhine,

So long there still refresheth
 Our heart his fiery wine ;
 So long the mountains firmly
 Shall stand from out his stream,
 So long a lofty steeple
 Shall from his mirror beam !

No, no, they shall not have him,
 Our free-born German Rhine,
 While free men and fair maidens
 Shall seek the marriage shrine ;
 So long beneath his waters
 A single fish there dives,
 So long among his singers
 A single lay there lives.

No, no, they shall not have him,
 Our free-born German Rhine,
 Till, buried 'neath his waters,
 The latest man hath lien !

Nicolaus Becker. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

BEWARE OF THE RHINE.

BY the Rhine, by the Rhine, dwell not by the Rhine,
 My son, I counsel thee fair ;
 Too beauteous will be that life of thine,
 Too lofty thy courage there.

Seest the maidens so frank, and the men all so free,
 A noble assembly so bright,

With thy soul all aglow, there 's the dwelling for thee ;
There seem all things fitting and right.

From the stream how they greet thee, the towers in
their might,
And the ancient cathedral town,
When thou climbest aloft to the dizzying height,
To gaze on the waters down.

In the river upriseth the nymph from the vale,
And if once she hath on thee smiled,
And if Lorelei sings, with her lips so pale,
My son, thou 'rt forever beguiled.

The glamour of sight and of sound will combine,
Till with shuddering delight thou shalt burn ; —
Thou 'lt sing of thy home "By the Rhine, by the
Rhine!"

To thine own thou wilt never return!

Karl Simrock. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

THE GUARD ON THE RHINE.

THERE comes a call like thunder's peal,
The breakers' roar, the clank of steel ;
The Rhine! the Rhine! the glorious Rhine!
Who will protect the river's line?
Dear Fatherland, be comfort thine,
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not pine.
Firm stands thy shield, the Guard, the Guard on the
Rhine.

By hundred thousands forth they stream,
 Their eyes like flashing lightnings gleam,
 The German, honest, strong, and brave;
 These will the sacred landmark save,
 Dear Fatherland, etc.

To heaven they raised their gleaming eyes,
 The heroes saw them from their skies,
 And swore, with yearning for the strife,
 "Dear is the free Rhine as our life!"
 Dear Fatherland, etc.

Loud rings the oath, the waters flow,
 In the free breeze the banners blow;
 The Rhine! the Rhine! unfettered Rhine!
 All Germany will guard its line.
 Dear Fatherland, etc.

From the German. Tr. Anon.

RHINE-WINE.

WITH laurel wreath the glass's vintage mellow,
 And drink it gayly dry!
 Through farthest Europe, know, my worthy fellow,
 For such in vain ye'll try.

Nor Hungary nor Poland e'er could boast it;
 And as for Gallia's vine,
 Saint Veit, the Ritter, if he choose, may toast it,—
 We Germans love the Rhine.

Our fatherland we thank for such a blessing,
And many more beside ;
And many more, though little show possessing,
Well worth our love and pride.

Not everywhere the vine bedecks our border,
As well the mountains show,
That harbor in their bosoms foul disorder ;
Not worth their room below.

Thuringia's hills, for instance, are aspiring
To rear a juice like wine ;
But that is all ; nor mirth nor song inspiring,
It breathes not of the vine.

And other hills, with buried treasures glowing,
For wine are far too cold ;
Though iron ores and cobalt there are growing,
And chance some paltry gold.

The Rhine, the Rhine, — there grow the gay planta-
tions !
O, hallowed be the Rhine !
Upon his banks are brewed the rich potations
Of this consoling wine.

Drink to the Rhine ! and every coming morrow
Be mirth and music thine !
And when we meet a child of care and sorrow,
We'll send him to the Rhine.

Matthias Claudius. Tr. J. Macray.

A DAY-DREAM ON THE RHINE.

O FOR a kingdom rocky throned
Above the brimming Rhine!
With vassals who should pay their toll
In many sorts of wine;
Above me naught but the blue air,
And all below the vine.

I'd plant my throne where legends say,
In nights of harvest-time,
King Charlemagne, in golden robe
(So runs the rustic rhyme),
Doth come to bless the mellowing crops,
While the bells of heaven chime,

(Children have heard them!) and a bridge
Of gold leaps o'er the stream
For the king to cross. A maiden once
Saw its bright arches gleam;
The priests they burnt her for that sight,
Calling it "Satan's Dream."

Churches should in my valleys hide,
Old towers rise on each hill;
The forge, the farm-house, and the inn
Should cluster round the mill,
And past them all the river broad
Would flow at its own sweet will.

My stream at noon of fairy gold
Should crimson turn ere night,
Then by the magic of the moon
Change to quicksilver bright.
At dawn each little wave should be
Mantled with purple light.

I'd dwell where Charlemagne looked down,
And, turning to his peers,
Exclaimed, "Behold, for this fair land
I've prayed and fought for years."
Then all the Rhine towers shook to hear
The earthquake of their cheers.

That day the tide ran crimson red
(But not with Rhenish wine);
Not with those vintage streams that through
The green leaves gush and shine;
'T was blood that from the Lombard ranks
Rushed down into the Rhine.

'T was here the German soldiers flocked,
Burning with love and pride,
And threw their muskets down to kiss
The soil with French blood dyed.
"The Rhine, dear Rhine!" ten thousand men,
Kneeling together, cried.

O, fairest of the many brides
Wedded to Father Sea,

That from thy cold home in the snow
Trippest so merrily,
As if in eager haste of love
To plight thy fealty ;

Thy handmaids are the little streams,
That to thee flock and throng,
Each with her own small dower of vines,
Each with her special song ;
Each like a vein of blood, the more
To make thee stark and strong.

Fair daughter of the crownéd Alps
In aspiration bold,
No frost can bind thy fervent flood,
That never doth grow old,
Unchecked by summer's golden fire,
Or by fierce winter's cold.

O special favorite of God,
Eternal beauty cling
Around thy banks ; let all thy vines
Together praise and sing,
And o'er thee angels bend and pause
With sheathed and reverent wing.

Sweet river ! where the laughing hills
Thy majesty do greet,
And echoes call from rock to rock,
All through the noonday heat.
In earliest dusk the gathering stars
Above thee love to meet

When lovers in the ferry-boat
 Forget the passing tide,
 And, closer drawn, cling lip to lip,
 What though the river's wide,
 And silver clouds no secrets tell
 To the towers on either side;

When church-bells o'er the water speak
 Of God unto the hill,
 Where ruined castles on the cliff
 Speak of God's anger still,
 How strong his arm, how swift his shaft, —
 Who may resist his will?

Yes, here upon this haunted Rhine
 My kingdom I will found,
 No spectre knight, or goblins blue,
 My purpose shall confound;
 I'll bring the Golden Age again
 To this old feudal ground.

Walter Thornbury.

RHINELAND.

I LOVE that deep, dark river,
 The swiftly flowing Rhine;
 I love it for its legends,
 I love it for its wine;

I love it for its maidens
 With neatly plaited hair,

And merry sparkling lovelit eyes
That seem to laugh at care.

I love it for its forests
Of firs and silver pines,
Its mountains crowned with ruins,
Its richly laden vines.

I love it for its true hearts
United in one band,
The band of love and brotherhood
That rules the Fatherland.

George Browning.

ON THE RHINE.

T WAS morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
(Hung with the blushes of the bending vine)
Streamed the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted; varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open and the rocks retire;
Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire
Mid the bright landscape's tract unfolding slow.
Here dark with furrowed aspect, like despair,
Hangs the bleak cliff, there on the woodland's side
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

William Lisle Bowles.

THE LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

BEETLING walls with ivy grown,
 Frowning heights of mossy stone;
 Turret, with its flaunting flag
 Flung from battlemented crag;
 Dungeon-keep and fortalice
 Looking down a precipice
 O'er the darkly glancing wave
 By the Lurline-haunted cave;
 Robber haunt and maiden bower,
 Home of love and crime and power, —
 That 's the scenery, in fine,
 Of the Legends of the Rhine.

One bold baron, double-dyed
 Bigamist and parricide,
 And, as most the stories run,
 Partner of the Evil One;
 Injured innocence in white,
 Fair but idiotic quite,
 Wringing of her lily hands;
 Valor fresh from Paynim lands,
 Abbot ruddy, hermit pale,
 Minstrel fraught with many a tale, —
 Are the actors that combine
 In the Legends of the Rhine.

Bell-mouthed flagons round a board;
 Suits of armor, shield, and sword;

Kerchief with its bloody stain ;
Ghosts of the untimely slain ;
Thunder-clap and clanking chain ;
Headsman's block and shining axe ;
Thumb-screws, crucifixes, racks ;
Midnight-tolling chapel bell,
Heard across the gloomy fell, —
These, and other pleasant facts,
Are the properties that shine
In the Legends of the Rhine.

Maledictions, whispered vows
Underneath the linden boughs ;
Murder, bigamy, and theft ;
Travellers of goods bereft ;
Rapine, pillage, arson, spoil, —
Everything but honest toil,
Are the deeds that best define
Every Legend of the Rhine.

That Virtue always meets reward,
But quicker when it wears a sword ;
That Providence has special care
Of gallant knight and lady fair ;
That villains, as a thing of course,
Are always haunted by remorse, —
Is the moral, I opine,
Of the Legends of the Rhine.

Bret Harte.

ON A PAIR OF ANTLERS,
BROUGHT FROM GERMANY.

GIFT from the land of song and wine, —
Can I forget the enchanted day,
When first along the glorious Rhine
I heard the huntsman's bugle play,
And marked the early star that dwells
Among the cliffs of Drachenfels!

Again the isles of beauty rise;
Again the crumbling tower appears,
That stands, defying stormy skies,
With memories of a thousand years,
And dark old forests wave again,
And shadows crowd the dusky plain.

They brought the gift that I might hear
The music of the roaring pine, —
To fill again my charmed ear
With echoes of the Rodenstein, —
With echoes of the silver horn, —
Across the wailing waters borne.

Trophies of spoil! henceforth your place
Is in this quiet home of mine; —
Farewell the busy, bloody chase,
Mute emblems now of "auld lang syne,"
When Youth and Hope went hand in hand
To roam the dear old German land.

James Thomas Fields.

THE RHINE.

HILLS and towers are gazing downward
 In the mirror-gleaming Rhine,
 And my boat drives gayly onward,
 While the sun-rays round it shine.

Calm I watch the wavelets stealing,
 Golden gleaming, as I glide;
 Calmly too awakes the feeling
 Which within my heart I hide.

Gently greeting and assuring,
 Bright the river tempts me on;
 Well I know that face alluring!
 Death and night lie further down!

Joy above, at heart beguiling, —
 Thou 'rt my own love's image, Flood!
 She too knows the art of smiling,
 She can seem as calm and good.

Heinrich Heine. Tr. C. G. Leland.

THE RIGHT WORD.

DEEP 'neath the Rhine's green billow
 A golden treasure lies,
 Knew'st thou the spell of magic
 'T would at thy voice arise;

That magic word which holdeth,
With but a single sound,
The mighty torrent's surges,
As if in fetters bound.

Deep in the valley buried
A sword all-conquering lies,
And he who can possess it
Against the world may rise.
One word must first be spoken,
The earth then opes, and lo!
From out her rocky chambers
The steel will brightly glow.

And there on yonder mountains,
Deep in the shaft profound,
By dwarfs and gnomes well guarded,
There may a key be found;
It opens every portal,
Forever 't is thy own,
Know'st thou 'mong words unnumbered
That one right word alone.

How have I mused already
In vain so long, so long,
Till, word by word commencing,
It ended in a song!
But still as yet lie hidden
That treasure, key, and sword,
And what I sang so often
Was never the right word.

Adelheid von Stolterfoth. Tr. A. Baskerville.

ON THE RHINE IS MY HEART.

ON the Rhine is my heart, where affection holds
 sway!

On the Rhine is my heart, where encradled I lay,
Where around me friends bloom, where I dreamt away
 youth,

Where the heart of my love glows with rapture and
 truth,

O, where I have revelled in song and in wine:
Wherever I go is my heart on the Rhine!

All hail, thou broad torrent, so golden and green,
Ye castles and churches, ye hamlets serene,
Ye cornfields, that wave in the breeze as it sweeps,
Ye forests and ravines, ye towering steeps,
Ye mountains e'er clad in the sun-illumed vine!
Wherever I go is my heart on the Rhine!

I greet thee, O life, with a yearning so strong,
In the maze of the dance, o'er the goblet and song,
All hail, beloved race, men so honest and true,
And maids who speak raptures with eyes of bright
 blue!

May success round your brows e'er its garlands en-
 twine!

Wherever I go is my heart on the Rhine!

On the Rhine is my heart, where affection holds sway!
On the Rhine is my heart, where encradled I lay,

Where around me friends bloom, where I dreamt away
 youth,
 Where the heart of my love glows with rapture and
 truth!
 May for me your hearts e'er the same jewels enshrine,
 Wherever I go is my heart on the Rhine!

Wolfgang Müller. Tr. A. Baskerville.

RHENISH WINE SONG.

WHERE such a fire still lives to fame,
 Where such a wine still vomits flame,
 There never shall the German's name,
 No, never cease to reign.
 A toast! a toast! the Rhine,
 And were't but for the wine,
 E'er German shall remain.

Take down the musket from its stand,
 Take up the rapier in the hand,
 Whene'er the foe for Gallie land
 Shall seek the Rhine to gain
 Strike, brothers, for the Rhine!
 Our ancient father Rhine
 E'er German shall remain.

The right and left bank of thy wave,
 How false it sounds! Thus speaks the knave.
 No, not a drop, shall, like a slave,
 E'er turn the Frenchman's mill again!
 Drink, brothers, drink! the Rhine,

And were 't but for the wine,
E'er German shall remain.

Its grapes' red blood ne'er grace his board,
Be ne'er by German maid adored
The man who will not wield his sword
To rout the hostile train.

Charge, charge the battle-line!
'T is for the Rhine! The Rhine
E'er German shall remain.

O purest gold! O noble wine!
No hireling slave shall call thee "Mine!"
And would ye Franks behold the Rhine,
First hear our song's refrain:

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Rhine,
And were 't but for the wine,
E'er German shall remain.

Georgs Herwegh. Tr. A. Baskerville.

WINES OF THE RHINE.

FRIAR CLAUS *in the Convent cellar.*

I HAVE heard it said that at Easter-tide,
When buds are swelling on every side,
And the sap begins to move in the vine,
Then in all the cellars, far and wide,
The oldest, as well as the newest, wine
Begins to stir itself, and ferment,
With a kind of revolt and discontent

At being so long in darkness pent,
And fain would burst from its sombre tun
To bask on the hillside in the sun ;
As in the bosom of us poor friars,
The tumult of half-subdued desires
For the world that we have left behind
Disturbs at times all peace of mind !
And now that we have lived through Lent,
My duty it is, as often before,
To open awhile the prison-door,
And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone,
And has stood a hundred years or more,
Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,
Trailing and sweeping along the floor,
Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,
Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave,
Till his beard has grown through the table of stone !

It is of the quick and not of the dead !
In its veins the blood is hot and red,
And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak
That time may have tamed, but has not broke !
It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,
Is one of the three best kinds of wine,
And costs some hundred florins the ohm ;
But that I do not consider dear,
When I remember that every year
Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome.

And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,
 The old rhyme keeps running in my brain:
 At Bacharach on the Rhine,
 At Hochheim on the Main,
 And at Würzburg on the Steia,
 Grow the three best kinds of wine!

They are all good wines, and better far
 Than those of the Neckar or those of the Ahr.
 In particular, Würzburg well may boast
 Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,
 Which of all wines I like the most.
 This I shall draw for the Abbot's drinking,
 Who seems to be much of my way of thinking.

Fills a flagon.

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and sings!
 What a delicious fragrance springs
 From the deep flagon, while it fills,
 As of hyacinths and daffodils!
 Between this cask and the Abbot's lips
 Many have been the sips and slips;
 Many have been the draughts of wine,
 On their way to his, that have stopped at mine;
 And many a time my soul has hankered
 For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,
 When it should have been busy with other affairs,
 Less with its longings and more with its prayers.
 But now there is no such awkward condition,
 No danger of death and eternal perdition;
 So here's to the Abbot and Brothers all,
 Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul!

He drinks.

O cordial delicious ! O soother of pain !
It flashes like sunshine into my brain !
A benison rest on the Bishop who sends
Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends !

And now a flagon for such as may ask
A draught from the noble Baeharach cask,
And I will be gone, though I know full well
The cellar's a cheerfuller place than the cell.
Behold where he stands, all sound and good,
Brown and old in his oaken hood ;
Silent he seems externally
As any Carthusian monk may be ;
But within, what a spirit of deep unrest !
What a seething and simmering in his breast !
As if the heaving of his great heart
Would burst his belt of oak apart !
Let me unloose this button of wood,
And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

Sets it running.

See ! how its currents gleam and shine,
As if they had caught the purple hues
Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,
Descending and mingling with the dews ;
Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood
Of the innocent boy, who, some years back,
Was taken and crucified by the Jews,
In that ancient town of Baeharach ;
Perdition upon those infidel Jews,
In that ancient town of Baeharach !

The beautiful town, that gives us wine
With the fragrant odor of Muscadine!
I should deem it wrong to let this pass
Without first touching my lips to the glass,
For here in the midst of the current I stand,
Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the river,
Taking toll upon either hand,
And much more grateful to the giver.

He drinks.

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,
Such as in any town you may find,
Such as one might imagine would suit
The rascal who drank wine out of a boot.
And, after all, it was not a crime,
For he won thereby Dorf Hülfelsheim.
A jolly old toper! who at a pull
Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full,
And ask with a laugh, when that was done,
If the fellow had left the other one!
This wine is as good as we can afford
To the friars, who sit at the lower board,
And cannot distinguish bad from good,
And are far better off than if they could,
Being rather the rude disciples of beer
Than of anything more refined and dear!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE STEAMER ON THE RHINE.

A SKETCH.

SOME sat in silence with a vacant air ;
 Some portly ladies slumbered here and there ;
 Five gentlemen drank beer ; and other two
 With greasy whiskers gobbled up a stew ;
 One read the "Times" ; and one was on the rack
 Because his trunk was left at Andernack ;
 The steward went about with cakes and ices,
 And German sausages in dumpy slices ;
 Some pug-nosed dogs lay in some spinsters' laps ;
 Some soldiers strutted in some odd-shaped caps ;
 Promiscuous groups, stretched listless 'neath the awning,
 Were smoking, knitting, munching grapes, and yawning ;
 The breathing landscape swept in glory by, —
 "When will they give us dinner?" was the cry ;
 Green summer smiled upon the vine-clad hills, —
 The tourists counted up their little bills ;
 Old church, and older castle, lovely both, —
 "Thank Heaven! at last they lay the tablecloth!"

Henry Glassford Bell.

A THOUGHT FROM THE RHINE.

I HEARD an eagle crying all alone
 Above the vineyards through the summer night,
 Among the skeletons of robber towers, —
 The iron homes of iron-hearted lords,

Now crumbling back to ruin year by year, —
 Because the ancient eery of his race
 Is trenched and walled by busy-handed men,
 And all his forest-chace and woodland wild,
 Wherefrom he fed his young with hare and roe,
 Are trim with grapes, which swell from hour to hour
 And toss their golden tendrils to the sun
 For joy at their own riches: so, I thought,
 The great devourers of the earth shall sit,
 Idle and impotent, they know not why,
 Down-staring from their barren height of state
 On nations grown too wise to slay and slave,
 The puppets of the few, while peaceful love
 And fellow-help make glad the heart of earth,
 With wonders which they fear and hate, as he
 The eagle hates the vineyard slopes below.

Charles Kingsley.

THE RHINE.

WE 've sailed through banks of green,
 Where the wild waves fret and quiver,
 And we 've down the Danube been,
 The dark, deep, thundering river!
 We 've threaded the Elbe and Rhone,
 The Tiber and blood-dyed Seine,
 And have watched where the blue Garonne
 Goes laughing to meet the main:
 But what is so lovely, what is so grand,
 As the river that runs through Rhine-land?

On the Rhine-river were we born,
 Midst its flowers and famous wines,
 And we know that our country's morn
 With a treble-sweet aspect shines.
 Let other lands boast their flowers,
 Let other men dream wild dreams,
 Let them hope they 've a land like ours,
 And a stream, like our stream of streams :
 Yet what is half so bright or so grand
 As the river that runs through Rhine-land ?

Are we smit by the blinding sun
 That fell on our tender youth ?
 Do we, coward-like, shrink and shun
 The thought-telling touch of Truth ?
 On our heads be the sin, then, set !
 We 'll bear all the shame divine :
 But we 'll never disown the debt
 That we owe to our noble Rhine !
 O, the Rhine ! the Rhine ! the broad and the grand,
 Is the river that runs through Rhine-land !

Bryan Waller Procter.

THE RHINE.

THE Rhine, the far-famed, castled Rhine,
 The mirror-stream of chivalry !
 What legends hang about its course,
 From Mount St. Gothard to the sea !

Most famous of historic streams,
Its banks have long been classic ground ;
From the dim ages of the past,
In story and in song renowned.

The Rhine, — the legendary Rhine !
What tales so wondrous e'er were told
As those of its fiend-haunted wilds,
Its lovely nymphs, and knights of old !

River of battle and romance,
Chivalric Rhine ! to it belong
The records of the historic page,
The legend, and the poet's song.

It drinks the cool, clear glacier-stream,
'Neath azure skies and Alpine snows ;
A brook, a torrent, and a lake,
It rushes on, and greater grows.

It winds by many a castled rock,
And many a dark and dreadful steep,
Where grim old ruins o'er its flood
Their watch like jealous guardians keep.

The Rhine, — the wild, romantic Rhine, —
The wondrous, spectre-haunted stream !
Its sight brings back the distant past :
I gaze upon it, and I dream.

I see these castles as they stood
Many a hundred years ago :

I hear the challenge and reply,
As mail-clad horsemen come and go.

I see dark forests stretching far,
Where trees no longer have a place ;
I listen to the hunting-horn
Of stout old Rhinegraves in the chase.

I hear the merry laugh and shout
Of many a joyous party bent
On the high sport of falconry,
Or bound to some great tournament.

How fair the ladies whom I see
On pillioned palfreys gayly ride !
How brave and courteous are the knights
Who canter proudly by their side !

O for the days when noble deeds
Alone gained grace in beauty's eyes, —
When men held honor more than life,
And fame, not wealth, the sought-for prize !

O for the days of chivalry, —
Of tournament and glittering throng,
And masque and pageantry and feast,
And lady-love and minstrel song !

O for a life-long summer day
To gaze on yonder glorious stream,
And give my wandering fancy play
In many a visionary dream !

ROLANDSECK.

THE BRAVE ROLAND.

THE brave Roland! — the brave Roland! —
 False tidings reached the Rhenish strand
 That he had fallen in fight;
 And thy faithful bosom swooned with pain,
 O loveliest maid of Allémayne!
 For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,
 In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale?
 For her vow had scarce been sworn,
 And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
 When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung, —
 'T was her own dear warrior's horn!

Woe! woe! each heart shall bleed, shall break!
 She would have hung upon his neck,
 Had he come but yester-even!
 And he had clasped those peerless charms
 That shall never, never fill his arms,
 Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave, Roland the true,
 He could not bid that spot adieu;
 It was dear still midst his woes,
 For he loved to breathe the neighboring air,
 And to think she blessed him in her prayer,
 When the Halleluiah rose.

There 's yet one window of that pile,
 Which he built above the nun's green isle;
 Thence sad and oft looked he
 (When the chant and organ sounded slow)
 On the mansion of his love below,
 For herself he might not see.

She died! — he sought the battle-plain;
 Her image filled his dying brain,
 When he fell and wished to fall:
 And her name was in his latest sigh,
 When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
 Expired at Roncevall.

Thomas Campbell.

LIEBENSTEIN AND STERNENFELS.

THE HOSTILE BROTHERS.

YONDER, on the mountain-summit,
 Lies the castle wrapped in night;
 In the valley gleam the sparkles,
 Struck from clashing swords in fight.

Brothers they who thus in fury
 Fierce encounter hand to hand;
 Say, what cause could make a brother
 'Gainst a brother turn his brand?

Countess Laura's beaming glances
 D'ld the fatal feud inflame,

Kindling both with equal passion
For the fair and noble dame.

Which hath gained the fair one's favor?
Which shall win her for his bride?
Vain to scan her heart's inclining;
Draw the sword, let that decide.

Wild and desperate grows the combat,
Clashing strokes like thunder fly;
Ah! beware, ye savage warriors!
Evil powers by night are nigh!

Woe for you, ye bloody brothers!
Woe for thee, thou bloody vale!
By each other's swords expiring,
Sink the brothers, stark and pale.

Many a century has departed,
Many a race has found a tomb,
Yet from yonder rocky summits
Frown those moss-grown towers of gloom;

And within the dreary valley
Fearful sights are seen by night:
There, as midnight strikes, the brothers
Still renew their ghastly fight.

Heinrich Heine. Tr. Anon.

THE LORELEI.

A WITCH who, in the form of a lovely maiden, used to place herself on the remarkable rock, called the Lurleyberg, overlooking the Rhine, and, by her magic songs arresting the attention of the boatmen, lured them into the neighboring whirlpool.

I KNOW not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine,
The mountain-peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair:

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above,

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run :
And this, with her magic singing,
The Lore-lei has done !

Heinrich Heine. Tr. Anon.

THE LORELEI.

A RHINE LEGEND.

YONDER we see it from the steamer's deck,
The haunted Mountain of the Lorelei, —
The o'erhanging crags sharp-cut against a sky
Clear as a sapphire without flaw or fleck.
'T was here the Siren lay in wait to wreck
The fisher-lad. At dusk, as he passed by,
Perchance he 'd hear her tender amorous sigh,
And, seeing the wondrous whiteness of her neck,
Perchance would halt, and lean towards the shore ;
Then she by that soft magic which she had
Would lure him, and in gossamers of her hair,
Gold upon gold, would wrap him o'er and o'er,
Wrap him, and sing to him, and set him mad,
Then drag him down to no man knoweth where.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE LORELEI.

WHERE the Rhine pursues its track
By the walls of Bacharach,
There a bright-eyed sorceress dwells,
Hearts bewitching with her spells.

By her magic charms perplexed,
Bravest men are sorely vexed,
Knight nor peasant rescue find
Whom her love-enchantments bind.

Her the bishop bade appear,
Judgment from the church to hear;
But could not her doom decree,
Of so fair a form was she !

Movingly to her he said,
"Lorelei, misguided maid!
What hath tempted thee to ply
Damméd craft of sorcery ?"

"Holy Bishop! let me die,
Weary of my life am I;
In my glance there lurketh death,
Whom I look on perisheth !

"Stars of flaming light these cync!
Magic wand this arm of mine !

Bind me to the burning stake,
This my wand of magic break."

"Thy sad sentence must be stayed
Till thou hast confession made ;
Why, e'en now those flaming eyne
Burn into this heart of mine.

"Lorelei! this powerless hand
Dare not break thy magic wand,
Or, with pity for thy sake,
Truly my own heart would break."

"Why those bitter words to me,
Sporting with my misery ?
Bishop! more I need thy prayer
That God's mercy I may share ;

"Let me die, since naught can move
My sad heart again to love ;
Let thy lips my doom decree :
Death no terror has for me !

"Me my lover has betrayed,
Left me a forsaken maid,
Wandering on some foreign shore,
To return again no more.

"Eyes by nature soft and bright,
Cheeks where blended hues unite,
Voice of sweet and sorrowing tone,
My enchantments, — these alone !

“Nor can I their influence fly.
Anguish-stricken, I must die;
When my features I survey,
Sorrow wastes my heart away.

“Ere I die thy blessing give,
That with Jesu I may live;
Why must I on earth abide,
Severed from my lover’s side?”

Three knights at his bidding wait:
“Bear her to the cloister straight.”
“Lorelei! God’s mercy still
Guard thy brain from further ill!

“Thou, in garb of nun bedight,
Robe of black, and veil of white,
There to prayer and penance given,
Win thy way from earth to heaven!”

Now the mounted knights, all three,
Ride forth to the numery;
Sadly on, with tearful eye,
In the midst rode Lorelei.

“Let me now, I pray thee, knight,
Stand upon yon rocky height,
Once again my sight would fall
On my lover’s castle wall;

“Once again my longing eyne
Look into the depth of Rhine:

Then, within the cloister gate,
I on God will ever wait."

Where that rock from out the deep
Like a wall rose straight and steep,
Climbing up from stone to stone,
On the top she stood alone.

Said the maid, "A bark I spy,
On the Rhine-stream floating by;
He whom I, returning, see
Must, I trow, my lover be!

"Now, my heart is light and free,
My lost lover, it is he!"
From the mountain's rocky bank
Plunging, in the Rhine she sank!

R. E. Egerton Warburton.

VAUTSBURG, THE CASTLE.

Courtyard of the Castle. HUBERT standing by the gateway.

HUBERT.

HOW sad the grand old castle looks!
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks
Upon the turret's windy top
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;
Here in the courtyard springs the grass,
So few are now the feet that pass;

The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
 Come hopping down the steps of stone,
 As if the castle were their own;
 And I, the poor old seneschal,
 Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.
 Alas! the merry guests no more
 Crowd through the hospitable door;
 No eyes with youth and passion shine,
 No cheeks grow redder than the wine;
 No song, no laugh, no jovial din
 Of drinking wassail to the pin;
 But all is silent, sad, and drear,
 And now the only sounds I hear
 Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,
 And horses stamping in their stalls!

A horn sounds.

What ho! that merry, sudden blast
 Reminds me of the days long past!
 And, as of old resounding, grate
 The heavy hinges of the gate,
 And, clattering loud, with iron clank,
 Down goes the sounding bridge of plank,
 As if it were in haste to greet
 The pressure of a traveller's feet!

Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.

WALTER.

How now, my friend! This looks quite lonely!
 No banner flying from the walls,

No pages and no seneschals,
No warders, and one porter only!
Is it you, Hubert?

HUBERT.

Ah! Master Walter!

WALTER.

Alas! how forms and faces alter!
I did not know you. You look older!
Your hair has grown much grayer and thinner,
And you stoop a little in the shoulder!

HUBERT.

Alack! I am a poor old sinner,
And, like these towers, begin to moulder;
And you have been absent many a year!

WALTER.

How is the Prince?

HUBERT.

He is not here;
He has been ill: and now has fled.

WALTER.

Speak it out frankly: say he's dead!
Is it not so?

HUBERT.

No; if you please;
A strange, mysterious disease
Fell on him with a sudden blight.

Whole hours together he would stand
 Upon the terrace, in a dream,
 Resting his head upon his hand,
 Best pleased when he was most alone,
 Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone,
 Looking down into a stream.
 In the Round Tower, night after night,
 He sat, and bleared his eyes with books;
 Until one morning we found him there
 Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon
 He had fallen from his chair.
 We hardly recognized his sweet looks!

WALTER.

Poor Prince!

HUBERT.

I think he might have mended;
 And he did mend; but very soon
 The priests came flocking in, like rooks,
 With all their crosiers and their crooks,
 And so at last the matter ended.

WALTER.

How did it end?

HUBERT.

Why, in Saint Rochus
 They made him stand, and wait his doom;
 And, as if he were condemned to the tomb,
 Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.
 First, the Mass for the dead they chanted,
 Then three times laid upon his head
 A shovelful of churchyard clay,

Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,
“This is a sign that thou art dead,
So in thy heart be penitent!”
And forth from the chapel door he went
Into disgrace and banishment,
Clothed in a cloak of hoddan gray,
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,
Whose sound should be a perpetual knell
To keep all travellers away.

WALTER.

O, horrible fate! Outcast, rejected,
As one with pestilence infected!

HUBERT.

Then was the family tomb unsealed,
And broken helmet, sword and shield,
Buried together, in common wreck,
As is the custom, when the last
Of any princely house has passed,
And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast
A herald shouted down the stair
The words of warning and despair, —
“O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!”

WALTER.

Still in my soul that cry goes on, —
Forever gone! forever gone!
Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,
Like a black shadow, would fall across
The hearts of all, if he should die!
His gracious presence upon earth

Was as a fire upon a hearth ;
 As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
 The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
 Strengthened our hearts ; or, heard at night,
 Made all our slumbers soft and light.
 Where is he ?

HUBERT.

In the Odenwald.
 Some of his tenants, unappalled
 By fear of death, or priestly word, —
 A holy family, that make
 Each meal a Supper of the Lord, —
 Have him beneath their watch and ward,
 For love of him, and Jesus' sake !
 Pray you come in. For why should I
 With out-door hospitality
 My prince's friend thus entertain ?

WALTER.

I would a moment here remain.
 But you, good Hubert, go before,
 Fill me a goblet of May-drink,
 As aromatic as the May
 From which it steals the breath away,
 And which he loved so well of yore ;
 It is of him that I would think.
 You shall attend me, when I call,
 In the ancestral banquet-hall.
 Unseen companions, guests of air,
 You cannot wait on, will be there ;

They taste not food, they drink not wine,
But their soft eyes look into mine,
And their lips speak to me, and all
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall
Is full of looks and words divine!

Leaning over the parapet.

The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts
We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river
Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margin,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent!
Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,
The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at his beloved face!
O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE *standing on the terrace at evening.*
The sound of bells heard in the distance.

PRINCE HENRY.

WE are alone. The wedding guests
 Ride down the hill, with plumes and cloaks,
 And the descending dark invests
 The Niederwald, and all the nests
 Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

ELSIE.

What bells are those, that ring so slow,
 So mellow, musical, and low ?

PRINCE HENRY.

They are the bells of Geisenheim,
 That with their melancholy chime
 Ring out the curfew of the sun.

ELSIE.

Listen, beloved.

PRINCE HENRY.

They are done !
 Dear Elsie ! many years ago
 Those same soft bells at eventide
 Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
 As, seated by Fastrada's side

At Ingelheim, in all his pride
He heard their sound with secret pain.

ELSIE.

Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee!

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou knowest the story of her ring,
How, when the court went back to Aix,
Fastrada died; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day,
Till into one of the blue lakes,
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring drawn from her hand;
And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated shore,
Nor left the land for ever more.

ELSIE.

That was true love.

PRINCE HENRY.

For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

ELSIE.

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be?
Wilt thou so love me after death?

PRINCE HENRY.

In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine !
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath
The calm, blue waters of thine eyes
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,
And, undisturbed by this world's breath,
With magic light its jewels shine !
This golden ring, which thou hast worn
Upon thy finger since the morn,
Is but a symbol and a semblance,
An outward fashion, a remembrance,
Of what thou wearest within unseen,
O my Fastrada, O my queen !
Behold ! the hill-tops all aglow
With purple and with amethyst ;
While the whole valley deep below
Is filled, and seems to overflow,
With a fast-rising tide of mist.
The evening air grows damp and chill ;
Let us go in.

ELSIE.

Ah, not so soon.
See yonder fire ! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.

PRINCE HENRY.

Oft on this terrace, when the day
Was closing, have I stood and gazed,
And seen the landscape fade away,
And the white vapors rise and drown
Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,
While far above the hill-tops blazed.
But then another hand than thine
Was gently held and clasped in mine ;
Another head upon my breast
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest,
Why dost thou lift those tender eyes
With so much sorrow and surprise ?
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,
Was that which in my own was pressed.
A manly form usurped thy place,
A beautiful, but bearded face,
That now is in the Holy Land,
Yet in my memory from afar
Is shining on us like a star.
But linger not. For while I speak,
A sheeted spectre white and tall,
The cold mist climbs the eastle wall,
And lays his hand upon thy cheek !

They go in.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Riesengebirge.

THE SORROW OF THE GERMAN WEAVER BOY.

RÜBEZAHN, familiar to English readers as Number-nid, had his haunts among the Riesengebirge in Silesia, and was the especial friend and patron of the poor. The Legend of Rubezahl is one of the most touching and beautiful of the German popular stories.

“GREEN grow the budding blackberry hedges;
 G What joy! a violet meets my quest;
 The blackbird seeks the last year’s sedges,
 The merry chaffinch builds her nest;
 The snow has from each vale receded,
 It only clothes the mountain’s brow.
 I from my home have stolen unheeded;
 This is the place; I’ll venture now:

Rubezahl.

“Hears he my call? I’ll boldly face him:
 He is not bad. Upon this stone
 My pack of linen I will place him;
 It is a right good, heavy one,
 And fine: yes, I’ll uphold it ever,
 I’ th’ dale no better’s wove at all.
 He shows himself to mortal never;
 So courage, heart! once more I call:

Rubezahl!

“No sound! Adown the wood I hasted,
 That he might help us, hard bestead.
 My mother’s face, so wan and wasted;
 Within the house no crumb of bread.

To market, cursing, went my father;
 Might he but there a buyer meet!
 With Rübezahl I'll venture rather;
 Him for the third time I entreat:

Rübezahl!

“For he so kindly helped a many,
 My grandmother oft to me has told;
 Yes, gave poor folks a good luck-penny,
 Whose woe was undeserved, of old.
 So here I am: my heart beats lightly,
 My goods are justly measured all,
 I will not beg, will sell uprightly.
 O that he would come! Rübezahl!

Rübezahl!

“Suppose these goods should suit his taste,
 And he should order more to come:
 We could his wish fulfil with haste,
 We've plenty more as fine at home.
 Suppose he took them, every piece;
 Ah! would his choice on them might fall!
 What's pawned I would myself release:
 That would be glorious! Rübezahl!

Rübezahl!

“I'd enter then our small room gayly,
 And cry; 'Here, father, 's gold in store!'
 He would not curse; that he wove daily
 A hunger-web, would say no more.
 Then, then again would smile my mother
 And serve a plenteous meal to all;
 Then would rejoice each little brother—
 O that he would come! Rübezahl!

Rübezahl!”

Thus spake the little weaver lonely,
 Thus stood and cried he, weak and pale.
 In vain ; the casual raven only
 Flew o'er the old guome-haunted dale.
 Thus stood he while the hours passed slowly,
 Till the night-shadows dimmed the glen,
 And with white quivering lips said lowly,
 Amid his tears, yet once again,
“ Rübzahl ! ”

Then softly from the greenwood turning,
 He trembled, sighed, took up his pack,
 And to the unassuagéd mourning
 Of his poor home went slowly back.
 Oft paused he by the way, heart-aching,
 Feeble, and by his burden bowed.
 Methinks the famished father's making
 For that poor youth, even now, a shroud.
Rübzahl !
Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. M. Howitt.



Rudesheim.

A RHINE LEGEND.

BY the Rhine, the emerald river,
 How softly glows the night !
 The vine-clad hills are lying
 In the moonbeams' golden light.

And on the hillside walketh
A kingly shadow down,
With sword and purple mantle,
And heavy golden crown.

'T is Charlemagne, the emperor,
Who, with a powerful hand,
For many a hundred years
Hath ruled in German land.

From out his grave in Aachen
He hath arisen there,
To bless once more his vineyards,
And breathe their fragrant air.

By Rudesheim, on the water,
The moon doth brightly shine,
And buildeth a bridge of gold
Across the emerald Rhine.

The emperor walketh over,
And all along the tide
Bestows his benediction
On the vineyards far and wide.

Then turns he back to Aachen
In his grave-sleep to remain,
Till the New Year's fragrant clusters
Shall call him forth again.

Then let us fill our glasses,
And drink, with the golden wine,
The German hero-spirit,
And its hero-strength divine.

Rügen, the Island.

VINETA.

PEALING from the ocean's deep foundations,
Faint and hollow sound the evening bells,
And its strange and wondrous revelations
Of the fair old wonder-city tells.

Deep beneath the gleaming surface sunken,
Ruins of that city still remain,
On its turrets sparks of golden splendor
From the mirror glimmer back again.

And the mariner, to whom appeareth
In the evening light its magic glow,
To the selfsame spot forever steereth,
Though the rocks lie threatening below.

From the heart's deep, deep foundations swelling,
Bells are sounding mournfully and low,
Ah! I hear them, wondrous tales revealing,
Of the love it knew so long ago.

Sunken there a world of beauty lieth;
Far below, its ruins still remain,
Golden gleams from heaven are thence reflected
In the mirror of my dreams again.

Then, into the fair reflection falling,
Would I sink within those silent deeps,
And I seem to hear an angel calling
Down to where that wonder-city sleeps.

Wilhelm Müller. Tr. W. W. Story.

St. Goar.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings
 Might bear thee to this glen,
 With faithful memory left of things
 To pencil dear and pen,
 Thou wouldst forego the neighboring Rhine,
 And all his majesty,
 A studious forehead to incline
 O'er this poor family.

The mother, her thou must have seen,
 In spirit, ere she came
 To dwell those rifted rocks between,
 Or found on earth a name;
 An image, too, of that sweet boy,
 Thy inspirations give, —
 Of playfulness and love and joy,
 Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
 How beautiful his eyes,
 That blend the nature of the star
 With that of summer skies!
 I speak as if of sense beguiled;
 Uncounted months are gone,

Yet am I with that Jewish child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
The smooth, transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within ;
The grace of parting infancy
By blushes yet untamed ;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side ;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride ;
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung ;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem !

William Wordsworth.

Saxe-Gotha.

MASTER HUGUES OF SAXE-GOTHA.

HIST, but a word, fair and soft !
 Forth and be judged, Master Hugues !
 Answer the question I 've put you so oft, —
 What do you mean by your mountainous fugues ?
 See, we 're alone in the loft,

I, the poor organist here,
 Hugues, the composer of note, —
 Dead, though, and done with, this many a year, —
 Let 's have a colloquy, something to quote,
 Make the world prick up its ear !

See, the church empties apace.
 Fast they extinguish the lights, —
 Hallo, there, sacristan ! five minutes' grace !
 Here 's a crank pedal wants setting to rights,
 Balks one of holding the base.

See, our huge house of the sounds
 Hushing its hundreds at once,
 Bids the last loiterer back to his bounds
 O, you may challenge them, not a response
 Get the church saints on their rounds !

(Saints go their rounds, who shall doubt ?
 March, with the moon to admire,

Up nave, down chancel, turn transept about,
 Supervise all betwixt pavement and spire,
 Put rats and mice to the rout, —

Aloys and Jurien and Just, —
 Order things back to their place,
 Have a sharp eye lest the candlesticks rust,
 Rub the church-plate, darn the sacrament lace,
 Clear the desk velvet of dust.)

Here 's your book, younger folks shelve!
 Played I not off-hand and runningly,
 Just now, your masterpiece, hard number twelve?
 Here 's what should strike, — could one handle it
 cunningly.
 Help the axe, give it a helve!

Page after page as I played,
 Every bar's rest where one wipes
 Sweat from one's brow, I looked up and surveyed
 O'er my three claviers, you forest of pipes
 Whence you still peeped in the shade.

Sure you were wishful to speak,
 You, with brow ruled like a score,
 Yes, and eyes buried in pits on each cheek
 Like two great breves as they wrote them of yore
 Each side that bar, your straight beak!

Sure you said, — "Good, the mere notes!
 Still, couldst thou take my intent,

Know what proeured me our Company's votes, —
 Masters being lauded and sciolists shent,
 Parted the sheep from the goats!"

Well then, speak up, never flinch!
 Quick, ere my candle's a snuff,
 Burnt, do you see? to its uttermost inch, —
 I believe in you, but that's not enough.
 Give my conviction a clinch!

First you deliver your phrase,
 Nothing propound, that I see,
 Fit in itself for much blame or much praise, —
 Answered no less, where no answer needs be;
 Off start the Two on their ways!

Straight must a Third interpose,
 Volunteer needlessly help, —
 In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose,
 So the cry's open, the kennel's a-yelp,
 Argument's hot to the close!

One dissertates, he is candid, —
 Two must discept, — has distinguished!
 Three helps the couple, if ever yet man did:
 Four protests, Five makes a dart at the thing wished, —
 Back to One, goes the case bandied!

One says his say with a difference, —
 More of expounding, explaining!
 All now is wrangle, abuse, and vociferance, —

Now there's a truce, all's subdued, self-restraining, —
Five, though, stands out all the stiffer hence.

One is incisive, corrosive, —

Two retorts, nettled, curt, crepitant, —

Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive, —

Four overbears them all, strident and strepitant, —

Five . . . O Danaides, O Sieve!

Now, they ply axes and crowbars, —

Now, they prick pins at a tissue

Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's

Worked on the bone of a lie. To what issue?

Where is our gain at the Two-bars?

Est fuga, volvitur rota!

On we drift. Where looms the dim port?

One, Two, Three, Four, Five, contribute their quota, —

Something is gained, if one caught but the import, —

Show it us, Hugues of Saxe-Gotha!

What with affirming, denying,

Holding, risposting, subjoining,

All's like . . . it's like . . . for an instance I'm trying . . .

There! See our roof, its gilt moulding and groining

Under those spider-webs lying!

So your fugue broadens and thickens,

Greatens and deepens and lengthens,

Till one exclaims, — “But where's music, the dickens?”

Blot ye the gold, while your spider-web strengthens,

Blackened to the stoutest of tickens!”

I for man's effort am zealous.

Prove me such censure's unfounded!
Seems it surprising a lover grows jealous, —

Hopes 't was for something his organ-pipes sounded,
Tiring three boys at the bellows?

Is it your moral of Life?

Such a web, simple and subtle,
Weave we on earth here in impotent strife,
Baekward and forward each throwing his shuttle,
Death ending all with a knife?

Over our heads Truth and Nature, —

Still our life's zigzags and dodges,
Ins and outs weaving a new legislature, —
God's gold just shining its last where that lodges,
Palled beneath Man's usurpature!

So we o'ershroud stars and roses,

Cherub and trophy and garland.
Nothings grow something which quietly closes
Heaven's earnest eye, — not a glimpse of the far land
Gets through our comments and glozes.

Ah, but traditions, inventions,

(Say we and make up a visage)
So many men with such various intentions
Down the past ages must know more than this age!
Leave the web all its dimensions!

Who thinks Hugues wrote for the deaf? .

Proved a mere mountain in labor?

Better submit, — try again, — what 's the elf?
 'Faith, it 's no trifle for pipe and for tabor, —
 Four flats, — the minor in F.

Friend, your fugue taxes the finger.
 Learning it once, who would lose it?
 Yet all the while a misgiving will linger, —
 Truth 's golden o'er us although we refuse it, —
 Nature, through dust-clouds we fling her!

Hugues! I advise *meá pavná*
 (Counterpoint glares like a Gorgon)
 Bid One, Two, Three, Four, Five, clear the arena!
 Say the word, straight I unstop the Full-Organ,
 Blare out the *mode Palestrina*.

While in the roof, if I 'm right there, —
 . . . Lo, you, the wick in the socket!
 Hallo, you sacristan, show us a light there!
 Down it dips, gone like a rocket!
 What, you want, do you, to come unawares,
 Sweeping the church up for first morning-prayers,
 And find a poor devil at end of his cares
 At the foot of your rotten-planked rat-riddled stairs?
 Do I carry the moon in my pocket?

Robert Browning.

Siebengebirge.

THE KING OF THE SEVEN HILLS.

IN ancient times, beside the Rhine, a king sat on his throne,
And all his people called him "good," — no other name is known.

Seven hills and seven old castles marked the land beneath his sway;
His children all were beautiful and cheerful as the day.
Oft, clad in simple garments, he travelled through the land,
And to the poorest subject there he gave a friendly hand.

Now when this good old king believed his latest hour was nigh,
He bade his servants bear him to a neighboring mountain high:

Below he saw the pleasant fields in cloudless sunlight shine,
While through the valleys, brightly green, flowed peacefully the Rhine;

And pastures, gayly decked with flowers, extended far away;
While round them stood the mighty hills in darkly-blue array;

And on the hills along the Rhine seven noble castles
frown,
Stern guardians! on their charge below forever looking
down.

Long gazed the king upon that land; his eyes with
tears o'erflow, —
He cries, "My own loved country! I must bless thee
ere I go!

"O fairest of all rivers! my own, my noble Rhine!
How beauteous are the pastures all that on thy margin
shine.

"To leave thee, O my land! wakes my bosom's latest
sigh,
Let me spend my breath in blessing thee, and so,
contented, die.

"My good and loving people all! my land! farewell
forever!
May sorrow and oppression come within your borders
never!

"May people, land, and river, all, in sure protection
lie
Forever 'neath the guardianship of the Almighty's eye!"

Soon as the blessing was pronounced, the good old
king was dead,
And the halo of the setting sun shone all around his
head.

That king was always called "the good," — no other
 name is known ;
 But his blessing still is resting on the land he called
 his own.

Joseph Matzerath. Tr. R. Harrison.

Sonnenberg.

IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF THE SONNENBERG.

THOU who within thyself dost not behold
 Ruins as great as these, though not as old,
 Canst scarce through life have travelled many a year,
 Or lack'st the spirit of a pilgrim here.
 Youth hath its walls of strength, its towers of pride,
 Love, its warm hearth-stones, hope, its prospects wide,
 Life's fortress in thee, held these, one and all,
 As they have fallen to ruin, or shall fall.

Frances Anne Kemble.

Stet Haven (Stettiner-Haff).

KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD.

ON the gray sea-sands
 King Olaf stands,
 Northward and seaward
 He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl,
Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,
The harbor lies dead,
As a corse on the sea-shore,
Whose spirit has fled !

On that fatal day,
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl : " Follow me !
I your pilot will be,

For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea !”

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait,
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate !

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails ;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Stralsund.

GALLANT SCHILL.

FORTH from Berlin a brave hero did ride,
And troopers six hundred after him hied ;
Six hundred troopers of gallant mood,
Who all were athirst for the Frenchman’s blood. —
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard !

And there were marching, these riders beside,
A thousand soldiers of courage tried ;
O soldiers, may Heaven bless each blow
That ’s destined to lay a Frenchman low. —
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard !

Thus forth wends the brave, the gallant Schill;
 To fight the Frenchman it is his will.
 Nor for king nor for emperor combats he,
 But for fatherland and for liberty. —
 O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

At Dodendorf did those soldiers good
 Dye the fat earth with the Frenchmen's blood.
 Two thousand men by their swords were slain,
 To trust to their heels the rest were fain. —
 O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

Then stormed they Dömitz, that fortress strong,
 And cast out the Frenchman's rascal throng:
 To Pomerania they then passed o'er,
 Where no Frenchman shall cry his "qui vive" more. —
 O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard.

To Stralsund the troops came thundering on!
 O Frenchmen, like birds could ye but be gone!
 O, could ye feathers and pinions find,
 For Schill is coming, who rides like the wind. —
 O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

Into the city he thundered amain,
 Where Wallenstein once kept his watch in vain, —
 Where slept in the gate the Twelfth Charles so sound;
 But towers and wall are now razed to the ground. —
 O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard!

O, woe to ye Frenchmen! How death doth mow!
 The swords of the riders, how ruddy they glow!

How boils in the troopers their German blood !
To slaughter the Frenchmen it seemeth them good. —
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard !

O, woe to thee, Schill, thou hero free,
What treacherous toils are laid for thee !
On land they are flying, but from the main
Comes creeping the traitorous serpent, the Dane. —
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard !

O Schill, brave Schill, thou hero stout,
Why rodest not thou with the troopers out ?
Thy courage why hide 'neath the rampart's shade ?
In Stralsund now shall thy grave be made. —
O Schill, thy sword smiteth hard !

O Stralsund, Stralsund, thou heavy town !
The bravest spirit in thee went down !
A ball his gallant heart hath torn,
And knaves of the hero made jest and scorn. —
O Schill, thy sabre smote hard !

For a saucy Frenchman he cried aloud,
“ Like a dog we 'll bury this hero proud !
Like a thief whose body on gallows and wheel
Hath made for the kite and the raven a meal ! ” —
O Schill, thy sabre smote hard.

They carried him out when all was dumb,
Without sound of life, without beat of drum. —
No music of cannon or gun they gave,

Wherewith to salute the soldier's grave. —

O Schill, thy sabre smote hard!

From off his shoulders they cut his head;
His corpse in a worthless grave they laid.
Till the judgment day he his rest must take:
God grant he may then to joy awake. —

O Schill, thy sabre smote hard!

The pious and gallant heart sleeps on,
With no stone to tell of the deeds he's done;
But, though no honor-stone hath he,
His name shall never forgotten be. —

O Schill, thy sabre smote hard!

When saddles the trooper his steed so light,
When swingeth the trooper his sword so bright,
He cries in anger, "Sir Schill, Sir Schill,
On the Frenchman revenge thy wrongs I will!" —

O Schill, thy sabre smote hard.

Ernst Moritz Arndt. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

ON THE GRAVE OF MAJOR SCHILL,

BURIED ON THE GLACIS OF STRALSUND.

STRANGER! this heap is all the grave
Of one who died as die the brave!
And never bosom's nobler tide
Stained flood or field, than when he died.

Stranger ! no stone might dare to tell
His name, who on this red spot fell.

These steps are steps of German men,
Who, when the tyrant's in his den,
Come nightly here, with solemn tread,
To vow their vengeance o'er the dead.
Dead ! — No ! that spirit's lightening still !
Stranger ! thou seest the grave of Schill !

George Croly.

THE GOOD SHIP VALDEMAR.

AT Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side ;
And through the cabin windows streamed
In ripples of golden light, that seemed
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends,
Old skippers brown and hale,
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm and storm and gale.

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The cabin windows have grown blank
As eyeballs of the dead ;
No more the glancing sunbeams burn
On the gilt letters of the stern,
But on the figure-head ;

On Valdemar victorious,
Who looketh with disdain
To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to side,
And reunite again.

“It is the wind,” those skippers said,
“That swings the vessel so ;
It is the wind ; it freshens fast,
’T is time to say farewell at last,
’T is time for us to go.”

They shook the captain by the hand,
“Good luck ! good luck !” they cried ;
Each face was like the setting sun,
As, broad and red, they one by one
Went o’er the vessel’s side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose,
Serene o’er field and flood ;
And all the winding creeks and bays
And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,
The sky was red as blood.

The southwest wind blew fresh and fair,
As fair as wind could be ;

Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
 With all sail set, the Valdemar
 Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
 As one who walks in dreams ;
 A tower of marble in her light,
 A wall of black, a wall of white,
 The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast
 The lights begin to burn ;
 And now, uplifted high in air,
 They kindle with a fiercer glare,
 And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,
 The sea is all around ;
 Then on each hand low hills of sand
 Emerge and form another land ;
 She steereth through the Sound.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Strasburg.

TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
 Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
 Pondering the solemn Miraele of Life ;

As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unscen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning and noon and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak and poor and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said,
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But all my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid

His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,

Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs : for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is ;
And that which is not, sharing not his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake
I find in it submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher ; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drag it, shrieking, into light :
" What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell ? "

" Then," said the stranger, cheerily, " be it so.
What Hell may be I know not ; this I know, —
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord :
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity ; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes ; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man

Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said :
“ My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew.”

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. “ Behold ! ” he said,
“ The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon ;
But what is dark below is light in Heaven.”

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE TESTAMENT OF ST. ARBOGAST.

ST. ARBOGAST, the bishop, lay
 S On his bed of death in Strasburg Palace,
 And, just at the dawn of his dying day,
 Into his own hands took the chalice;
 And, praying devoutly, he received
 The blesséd Host, and thus addressed
 His Chapter, who around him grieved,
 And, sobbing, heard his last request.

Quoth he, "The sinful man you see
 Was born beyond the Western sea,
 In Ireland, whence, ordained, he came,
 In Alsace, to preach, in Jesus' name.
 There, in my cell at Hagueneau,
 Many unto the One, I drew;
 There fared King Dagobert one day,
 With all his forestrie array,
 Chasing out wolves and beasts unclean,
 As I did errors from God's demesne;
 The king approached our cell, and he
 Esteemed our assiduity;
 And, when the blessed St. Amand died,
 He called us to his seat, and sighed,
 And charged us watch and ward to keep
 In Strasburg o'er our Master's sheep.

"Mitre of gold we never sought,
 Cope of silver to us was naught,

Jewelled crook and painted book
 We disregarded, but, perforce, took.
 Ah! oft in Strasburg's cathedral
 We sighed for one rude cell so small,
 And often from the bishop's throne
 To the forest's depths we would have flown,
 But that our duty to Him who made us
 His shepherd in this see forbade us.

“ And now ” — St. Arbogast spoke slow,
 But his words were firm, though his voice was low, —
 “ God doth require his servant hence,
 And our hope is his omnipotence.
 But bury me not, dear brethren, with
 The pomp of torches or music, with
 Such idle and unholy state
 Should ne'er on a Christian bishop wait;
 Leave cope of silver and painted book,
 Mitre of gold, and jewelled crook,
 Apart in the vestry's darkest nook;
 But in Mount Michael bury me,
 Beneath the felon's penal tree, —
 So Christ our Lord lay at Calvary.
 This do, as ye my blessing prize,
 And God keep you pure and wise!”
 These were the words — they were the last —
 Of the blessed Bishop Arbogast.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Night and storm. LUCIFER, *with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.*

LUCIFER.

HASTEN! hasten!
 O ye spirits!
 From its station drag the ponderous
 Cross of iron, that to mock us
 Is uplifted high in air!

VOICES.

O we cannot!
 For around it
 All the Saints and Guardian Angels
 Throng in legions to protect it;
 They defeat us everywhere!

THE BELLS.

Laudo Deum verum!
 Plebem voco!
 Congrego clerum!

LUCIFER.

Lower! lower!
 Hover downward!
 Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
 Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
 Hurl them from their windy tower!

VOICES.

All thy thunders
 Here are harmless !
 For these bells have been anointed,
 And baptized with holy water !
 They defy our utmost power.

THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro !
 Pestem fugo !
 Festa decoro !

LUCIFER.

Shake the casements !
 Break the painted
 Panes, that flame with gold and crimson ;
 Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
 Swept away before the blast !

VOICES.

O, we cannot !
 The Archangel
 Michael flames from every window,
 With the sword of fire that drove us
 Headlong, out of heaven, aghast !

THE BELLS.

Funera plango !
 Fulgura frango !
 Sabbata paugo !

LUCIFER.

Aim your lightnings
 At the oaken,

Massive, iron-studded portals!
 Sack the house of God, and scatter
 Wide the ashes of the dead!

VOICES.

O, we cannot!
 The Apostles
 And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
 Stand as warders at the entrance,
 Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

THE BELLS.

Excito lentos!
 Dissipo ventos!
 Paco eruentos!

LUCIFER.

Baffled! baffled!
 Inefficient,
 Craven spirits! leave this labor
 Unto Time, the great Destroyer!
 Come away, ere night is gone!

VOICES.

Onward! onward!
 With the night-wind,
 Over field and farm and forest,
 Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
 Blighting all we breathe upon!

They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.

CHOIR.

Nocte surgentes
 Vigilemus omnes!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

CHAUNT.

Kyrie Eleison!
Christe Eleison!

ELSIE.

I am at home here in my father's house!
These paintings of the Saints upon the walls
Have all familiar and benignant faces.

PRINCE HENRY.

The portraits of the family of God!
Thine own hereafter shall be placed among them.

ELSIE.

How very grand it is and wonderful!
Never have I beheld a church so splendid!
Such columns, and such arches, and such windows,
So many tombs and statues in the chapels,
And under them so many confessionals.
They must be for the rich. I should not like
To tell my sins in such a church as this.
Who built it?

PRINCE HENRY.

A great master of his craft,
Erwin von Steinbach; but not he alone,
For many generations labored with him.
Children that came to see these Saints in stone,

As day by day out of the blocks they rose,
 Grew old and died, and still the work went on,
 And on, and on, and is not yet completed.
 The generation that succeeds our own
 Perhaps may finish it. The architect
 Built his great heart into these sculptured stones,
 And with him toiled his children, and their lives
 Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
 As offerings unto God. You see that statue
 Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled eyes
 Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder.
 That is the image of the master, carved
 By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.

ELSIE.

How beautiful is the column that he looks at!

PRINCE HENRY.

That, too, she sculptured. At the base of it
 Stand the Evangelists; above their heads
 Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets,
 And over them the blessed Christ, surrounded
 By his attendant ministers, upholding
 The iustruments of his passion.

ELSIE.

O my Lord!

Would I could leave behind me upon earth
 Some monument to thy glory, such as this!

PRINCE HENRY.

A greater monument than this thou leavest
 In thine own life, all purity and love!

See, too, the Rose, above the western portal
 Flamboyant with a thousand gorgeous colors,
 The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness!

ELSIE.

And, in the gallery, the long line of statues,
 Christ with his twelve Apostles watching us.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

MANY and many a year ago, —
 To say how many I scarcely dare, —
 Three of us stood in Strasburg streets,
 In the wide and open square,
 Where, quaint and old, and touched with the gold
 Of a summer morn, at stroke of noon
 The tongue of the great Cathedral tolled,
 And into the church with the crowd we strolled
 To see their wonder, the famous Clock.
 Well, my love, there are clocks a many,
 As big as a house, as small as a penny;
 And clocks there be with voices as queer
 As any that torture human ear, —
 Clocks that grunt, and clocks that growl,
 That wheeze like a pump, and hoot like an owl,
 From the coffin shape with its brooding face
 That stands on the stair (you know the place),
 Saying, “Click, cluck,” like an ancient hen,
 A-gathering the minutes home again,

To the kitchen knave with its wooden stutter,
Doing equal work with double splutter,
Yelping, "Click, clack," with a vulgar jerk,
As much as to say, "Just see me work!"
But of all the clocks that tell Time's bead-roll,
There are none like this in the old Cathedral;
Never a one so bids you stand
While it deals the minutes with even hand:
For clocks, like men, are better and worse,
And some you dote on, and some you curse;
And clock and man may have such a way
Of telling the truth that you can't say nay.

So in we went and stood in the crowd
To hear the old clock as it crooned aloud,
With sound and symbol, the only tongue
The maker taught it while yet 't was young.
And we saw Saint Peter clasp his hands,
And the cock crow hoarsely to all the lands,
And the Twelve Apostles come and go,
And the solemn Christ pass sadly and slow;
And strange that iron-legged procession,
And odd to us the whole impression,
As the crowd beneath, in silence pressing,
Bent to that cold mechanic blessing.

But I alone thought far in my soul
What a touch of genius was in the whole,
And felt how graceful had been the thought
Which for the signs of the months had sought,
Sweetest of symbols, Christ's chosen train;

And much I pondered, if he whose brain
 Had builded this clock with labor and pain
 Did only think, twelve mouths there are,
 And the Bible twelve will fit to a hair ;
 Or did he say, with a heart in tune,
 Well-loved John is the sigh of June,
 And changeful Peter hath April hours,
 And Paul the stately, October bowers,
 And sweet or faithful or bold or strong,
 Unto each one shall a month belong.

But beside the thought that under it lurks,
 Pray, do you think clocks are saved by their works ?

Anonymous.

GERMAN NURSERY SONG.

O STRASBURG, O Strasburg ! thou city wondrous
 fair !

How many a buried soldier is lying 'neath thee there !
 How many a fair and gallant one is now lying low,
 Who left his father and mother so long, long ago !
 He left them, he left them, but help it how could he ?
 In Strasburg, in Strasburg, soldiers there must be.
 The mother and the sister they sought the captain's
 door :

“ Ah, captain, dearest captain, let me see my son once
 more.”

“ For gold on gold I cannot give your son to you
 again, —

Your son, — and he must perish on the broad and distant
 plain ;

On the broad and the distant, the distant field must die,
Where o'er him many a dark-brown maid so mournfully
shall sigh."

From the German. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Tegernsee.

TEGERNSEE.

THEY told me much of Tegernsee :
How great its hospitality.

Then turned I more than one mile from the highway.

— Truly I am a curious man,

That I myself so little plan,

And far too much let other people dictate my way.

— I'll scold them not ; God bless and make us better !

They gave me water.

Thus, foolish plotter,

I turned from the Monk's table simply wetter.

Walther von der Vogelweide. Tr. A. E. Kroeger.

Teutoburger Wald.

IN THE TEUTOBURGER FOREST.

THESE ancient hills I see once more,
And that old grove of beech-trees green,
And, falling o'er yon rocky slope,

That dear old fountain's sparkling sheen.
 The ancient grove, the ancient heath,
 Their gentle murmurs still repeat,
 And those old friends, by rill and mead,
 The blooming flowers my footsteps greet.

So bloomed they, when forth into life
 I wandered from these hills away ;
 So lifted they their little heads,
 And softly whispered to me, "Stay!"
 But from the cliff and through the copse
 I clambered down the mountain-side,
 Where Ems and Lippe to the sea
 My way through Senne's plains did guide.

So went I forth! — To think that since
 That day near fifty years have flown!
 'T was here! — I look in wonder round;
 At home, yet stranger here, unknown!
 I went, a brown and ruddy boy;
 With locks of iron gray, I come,
 And laden with sad years, to rest
 A moment in the woods of home!

As poor old Rip van Winkle once,
 That forest-roving, careless wight,
 Up in the mountains' wild ravine,
 With ghosts a frolic had one night, —
 A night that lasted twenty years, —
 His way then to the village took,
 A bearded dreamer, dazed with grief,
 In ragged dress, with vacant look ;

Who, still a young man, when he went,
An old and feeble man was found;
Unknown, and strange, and almost shunned,
With timid glance he looked around,
To see names, faces, ways all new,
And (thought too strong for that weak mind)
Where he a monarchy had left,
A young republic there to find! —

So I return, oppressed with care; —
Who knows, alas, this stranger here? —
Hark, hark! A welcome hundred-fold,
From rock and hill and vale, I hear!
The kindly flowers nod their heads,
The gracious trees their branches shake,
And O, the best, the best of all,
The friends that press, my hand to take!

Thanks, thanks, ye dear and good and true,
Who ne'er could falter or deceive!
Thanks to the old friends and the new!
A grateful heart's best thanks receive!
And ye, who peep like roses forth,
Among these bearded men, and tall,
Westphalia's maidens, and her wives, —
My hearty thanks once more to all!

No, not like that old dreamer, I
Return from exile long and sad;
I were not worthy of such love,
If I that thought in earnest had!

Besides, what he, returning, found
(Which helped, no doubt, his heart to cheer),
A stanch republic, for your pains,
You have not yet established here!

And now I rest, with tranquil soul,
Upon a rock, in this old wood,
And dream, and think, since forth I went,
How much hath fortune sent of good!
The sum I reckon of my life,
Of all my efforts, my success,
And say, "I have not lived in vain,
And thankfully my fate I bless!"

By his own people to be loved,
O dearest aim of poet's heart!"
A wreath, that lights upon my brow,
As angry thunder-clouds now part!
Have I deserved it? Dare I say?
Your love would fain these garlands weave!
In my right hand I proudly hold
What I with grateful heart receive!

And now my goblet joyously,
Filled to the very brim, I clasp,
E'en as my heart with love is filled,
And hold it high, with fervent grasp,
And cry to all the regions round,
The provinces on every hand,
Loud cry, from this old mountain's brow,
"I thank thee, thank thee, Fatherland!"

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. F. Townsend.

THE TEUTOBURGER BATTLE.

WHEN the Romans, rashly roving,
Into Germany were moving,
First of all, — to flourish partial, —
Rode mid trumpets the field marshal,
Sir Quinctilius Varus.

But in the Teutoburgian Forest
How the north-wind blew and chorussed;
Ravens flying through the air,
And there was a perfume there
As of blood and corpses.

All at once, in sock and buskins
Out came rushing the Cheruskins,
Howling, "Gott und Vaterland!"
They went in with sword in hand,
Against the Roman legions.

Ah, it was an awful slaughter,
And the cohorts ran like water;
But of all the foe that day,
The horsemen only got away,
Because they were on horseback.

O Quinctilius! wretched general,
Knowest thou not that such our men are all?
In a swamp he fell, — how shocking!
Lost two boots, a left-hand stocking,
And, besides, was smothered.

Then, with his temper growing wusser,
 Said to Centurion Titiusser,
 "Pull your sword out, — never mind,
 And bore me through with it behind,
 Since the game is busted."

Scævola, of law a student,
 Fine young fellow, — but imprudent
 As a youth of tender years,
 Served among the volunteers, —
 He was also captured.

E'en his hoped-for death was baffled,
 For ere they got him to the scaffold
 He was stabbed quite unaware,
 And nailed fast *en derrière*
 To his Corpus Juris.

When this forest fight was over
 Hermann rubbed his hands in clover;
 And to do the thing up right,
 The Cheruscans did invite
 To a first-rate breakfast.

* * *

Now, in honor of the story,
 A monument they'll raise for glory.
 As for pedestal, — they've done it;
 But who'll pay for a statue on it
 Heaven alone can tell us.

Joseph Victor Scheffel. Tr. C. G. Leland.

Tharaw.

ANKE VON THARAW.

THIS song of Simon Dach, though apparently written in a tone of great tenderness, is in fact a satire upon a lady who proved untrue to him. In after life he could not forgive himself for having taken this poetical revenge. On his death-bed, after a violent spasm of pain, he exclaimed: "Ah! that was for the song of Anke von Tharaw."

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life and my goods and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression and sickness and sorrow and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall, —

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold
wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known, —

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart and one mouth and one
hand?

Some seek for dissension and trouble and strife:
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love;
Thou art my laubkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

Simon Dach. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

Thuringia.

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS.

THIS is the land, the happy valleys these,
Broad breadths of plain, blue-veined by many a
stream,
Umbrageous hills, sweet glades, and forests fair,
O'er which our good liege, Landgrave Herman, rules.
This is Thuringia: yonder, on the heights,
Is Wartburg, seat of our dear lord's abode,
Famous through Christendom for many a feat
Of deffest knights, chief stars of chivalry,
At tourney in its courts; nor more renowned
For deeds of prowess than exploits of art,
Achieved when, vocal in its Muses' hall,
The minstrel-knights their glorious jousts renew,
And for the laurel wage harmonious war.
On this side spreads the chase in wooded slopes
And sweet acclivities; and, all beyond,
The open flats lie fruitful to the sun
Full many a league; till, dark against the sky,
Bounding the limits of our lord's domain,
The Hill of Hürsel rears his horrid front.

Robert, Lord Lytton.

Tübingen.

THE WATER SPRITE.

IT was in the balmy glow of May,
The maidens of Tübingen danced so gay.

They danced, and danced right merrily,
In the verdant vale, round the linden-tree.

A youthful stranger, proudly arrayed,
Soon bent his steps to the fairest maid.

To the jocund dance the maid he led,
A sea-green wreath he placed on her head.

“Fair youth, O, wherefore so cold thy arm?”
In the depths of the Neckar it is not warm.

“Fair youth, O, why is thy hand so white?”
The wave is ne'er pierced by the sun's bright light.

With the maiden he dances far from the tree,
“O youth, let me go, my mother hails me!”

He danced with her to the Neckar's shore,
She trembling cried, “O youth, no more!”

He slung his arms round the maid, and cried,
“Fair maiden, thou art the water-sprite's bride!”

He danced with her down into the wave,
“O, save me, dear father,—O mother, save!”

To a crystal hall he conducted the maid,
“Farewell, ye sisters in the green glade!”

Andreas Justinus Kerner. Tr. A. Baskerville.

DEPARTURE.

THROUGH the gloomy streets I loiter lonely;
Hushed the town, as if the folks were dead;
There's a distant sound of murmuring waters,
And the pale moon shines bright overhead.

Long, ah, long before that house I linger;
There doth she, my dearest darling, dwell,
Knows not that her true one, mute and mournful,
Like the pale moon, looks his fond farewell.

Long I spread my arms, with speechless yearning,
Toward my dearest, dearest darling's home,
And at length I cry: Farewell, dear city!
Fare thee well, thou peaceful, peaceful home!

And thou little chamber overhead there,
Sight that made so oft my bosom swell,
Little window that my love looked out from,
And thou door she passed through, — all, farewell!

To the grim old walls I sadly turn now,
Often gazing back, with weeping blind,
Till the watchman shuts the gate behind me, —
Knows not that I left my heart behind!

Andreas Justinus Kerner. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Ulm.

FLOWERS OR FRUIT?

IN Ulm's Domkirche high there stands
 An altar carved by master hands ;
 The loveliest forms, of leaf and flower,
 Are wrought in wood, with cunning power.

Twined with the linden tassel-blows
 In one spring wreath, wave bud and rose ;
 The freshness, and fair promise sweet
 Of all June mornings in it meet.

But quaintest emblems, curves as fair,
 The left side of the altar share ;
 A wreath festooned of seed capsules,
 Where loving skill held graver's tools.

The pea-pod and the shepherd's purse,
 The crowned row of the henbane's hearse ;
 The rose-hip and the moonwort's shield,
 The poppy's star-cup from the field.

Which is the fairer garland, say, —
 The beauteous blossoms of a day,
 Or the seed-vessels, which but mask
 Long floral generations? Ask

The craftsman, to what thought his choice
 Of either wreath, his tool gave voice?

Which looks the brighter or the duller,
When wrought in monotone of color?

Which is the sweeter, flower or fruit?
Which is most precious? You are mute, —
The dewy morning, before strife;
The glory of completed life!

Emily E. Ford.



Usédom, the Island.

GREEDINESS PUNISHED.

IT was the cloister Grabow, in the land of Usédom,
For years had God's free goodness to fill its larder
come:

They might have been contented!

Along the shore came swimming, to give the monks
good cheer,

Who dwelt within the cloister, two fishes every year:
They might have been contented!

Two sturgeons, — two great fat ones, — and then this
law was set,

That one of them should yearly be taken in a net:
They might have been contented!

The other swam away, then, until next year came
round,

Then, with a new companion, he punctually was found :
They might have been contented !

So then, again, they caught one, and served him in the
dish,
And regularly caught they, year in, year out, a fish :
They might have been contented !

One year, the time appointed two such great fishes
brought,
The question was a hard one, which of them should
be caught :
They might have been contented !

They caught them both together, but every greedy
wight
Just spoiled his stomach by it, — it served the gluttons
right :
They might have been contented !

This was the least of sorrows, — hear how the cup ran
o'er !
Henceforward, to the cloister no fish came swimming
more :
They might have been contented !

So long had God supplied them of his free grace alone,
That, now it is denied them, the fault is all their own :
They might have been contented !

Friedrich Rückert. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

*Weimar.*ON SEEING THE GOETHE-SCHILLER MONUMENT AT
WEIMAR.

ON the Platz before the theatre
 In the town of Weimar stand
 Goethe, Schiller, — two immortals,
 Idols of their fatherland!
 Germany indeed may point with
 Pride unto that poet pair;
 As in life they by each other
 Stood, so now the wreath they share.
 One the Reaper cut down early,
 Scarcely had shone on him life's prime;
 But the other lived to carry
 On his locks the silver rime.
 Honored by their prince and country
 In the Fürstengraff they lie,
 Side by side their bodies crumble,
 But their works will live for aye.

George Browning.

THE BURIAL OF SCHILLER.

THE solemn, still, and shadowy hour,
 When Saturday in Sabbath dies,
 O'er Weimar hangs, with clouds that lower,
 And veil in black the moon and skies.

Lo! from yon mansion lights appear,
Pale glimmering through the midnight gloom!
A confined form is on the bier,
And thence borne forward to the tomb.

That funeral train, — how sad they go
Behind the cold, unconscious clay;
While sighs and sobs of bitter woe
Sound deep along the silent way!

Now, as the open grave beside
That dismal bier its bearers rest,
A heavier flood of sorrow's tide
Rolls o'er each mourner's burdened breast.

For him who slumbers in the shroud,
With trembling as they lift the pall,
The moon rends off her veil of cloud,
And o'er him lets her lustre fall.

She beams her silvery, soft adieu,
And is again in darkness hid,
As if affrighted, thus to view
The name on that dread coffin-lid.

For 't is her lover, now no more;
Her friend, that they to dust consign!
And ne'er again is she to pour,
Her light for eyes like his to shine!

'T is done! — that mournful, final rite,
Too sacred for the glare of day!

Beneath the curtain folds of night
Earth, earth has closed o'er Schiller's clay!

And hark! the heavens in thunder groan;
They weep in torrents o'er his bed!
Their searching, fiery bolts are thrown,
As if to find and wake the dead!

These funeral honors, so sublime,
Befit him well to whom they 're paid,
And at the birth of holy Time
'T is meet his dust at rest be laid!

His spirit, bright with heavenly fire,
Has burned its way through mortal strife,
And gained its high, intense desire
To solve the mystery of life!

It is the budding month of May;
The passing storm will call the bloom;
A tribute Nature soon will pay,
To dress her deathless poet's tomb.

Hannah Flagg Gould.

THE BUSTS OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

THIS is Goethe, with a forehead
Like the fabled front of Jove;
In its massive lines the tokens
More of majesty than love.

This is Schiller, in whose features,
With their passionate calm regard,
We behold the true ideal
Of the high heroic bard,

Whom the inward world of feeling
And the outward world of sense
To the endless labor summon,
And the endless recompense.

These are they, sublime and silent,
From whose living lips have rung
Words to be remembered ever
In the noble German tongue;

Thoughts whose inspiration, kindling
Into loftiest speech or song,
Still through all the listening ages
Pours its torrent swift and strong.

As to-day in sculptured marble
Side by side the poets stand,
So they stood in life's great struggle
Side by side and hand to hand,

In the ancient German city,
Dowered with many a deathless name,
Where they dwelt and toiled together,
Sharing each the other's fame:

One till evening's lengthening shadows
Gently stilled his faltering lips,

But the other's sun at noonday
Shrouded in a swift eclipse.

There their names are household treasures,
And the simplest child you meet
Guides you where the house of Goethe
Fronts upon the quiet street ;

And, hard by, the modest mansion
Where full many a heart has felt
Memories uncounted clustering
Round the words "Here Schiller dwelt."

In the churchyard both are buried,
Straight beyond the narrow gate,
In the mausoleum sleeping
With Duke Charles in sculptured state.

For the monarch loved the poets,
Called them to him from afar,
Wooded them near his court to linger,
And the planets sought the star.

He, his larger gifts of fortune
With their larger fame to blend,
Living, counted it an honor
That they named him as their friend ;

Dreading to be all-forgotten,
Still their greatness to divide,
Dying, prayed to have his poets
Buried one on either side.

But this suited not the gold-laced
 Ushers of the royal tomb,
 Where the princely House of Weimar
 Slumbered in majestic gloom.

So they ranged the coffins justly,
 Each with fitting rank and stamp,
 And with shows of court precedence,
 Mocked the grave's sepulchral damp.

Fitly now the clownish sexton
 Narrow courtier-rules rebukes;
 First he shows the grave of Goethe,
 Schiller's next, and last — the Duke's.

Vainly midst these truthful shadows
 Pride would flaunt her painted wing;
 Here the monarch waits in silence,
 And the poet is the king!

William Allen Butler.

IN WEIMAR.

IN little German Weimar,
 With soft green hills enfolded,
 Where shady Ilm-brook wanders,
 A great man lived and wrote;
 In life and art and nature
 He conned their "open secret,"
 Of men and hours and fortunes
 He reverently took note.

Upon a verge of Europe,
 Facing the silent sunsets,
 And loud Atlantic billows,
 For me, too, rose his thought,
 Turned to a shape of stars on high
 Within the spiritual sky
 Of many an upward-gazing eye.

And now this new October,
 Within a holy garden,
 Mid flowers and trees and crosses,
 When dusk begins to fall, —
 Where linden leaves are paling,
 And poplar leaves are gilded,
 And crimson is the wild-vine
 That hangs across the wall,
 I see the little temple
 Wherein, with dust of princes,
 The body lies of Goethe,
 And may not move at all.
 He marked all changes of the year;
 He loved to live; he did not fear
 The never-broken silence here.

Slow foots the gray old sexton,
 The ducal town's dead-watcher,
 Attending day and night time
 A bell that never rings;
 The corpse upon the pallet,
 A thread to every finger, —

The slightest touch would sound it,
 But silence broods and clings.
 Beside the room of stillness,
 While yet his couch is warmer,
 This old man hath his bidding,
 Therefrom the key he brings.
 For mighty mortals, in his day,
 He hath unlocked the house of clay, —
 For them, as we are wont to say.

By yellow leafy midwalk
 Slow foots that aged sexton ;
 “*Ja wohl!* I have seen Goethe,
 And spoken too with him.”
 The lamp with cord he lowers,
 And I, by steps descending,
 Behold through grated doorway
 A chamber chill and dim, —
 Gaze on a dark red coffer :
 Full fourscore years were counted,
 When that grand head lay useless,
 And each heroic limb.
 Schiller’s dust is close beside,
 And Carl August’s not far, — denied
 His chosen place by princely pride.

The day had gloomed and drizzled,
 But cleared itself in parting,
 The hills were soft and hazy,
 Fine colors streaked the west
 (Above that distant ocean),

And Weimar stood before me,
 A dream of half my lifetime,
 A vision for the rest :
 The house that fronts the fountain,
 The cottage at the woodside, —
 Long since I surely knew them,
 But still, to see was best.
 Town and park for eyes and feet :
 But all the inhabitants I greet
 Are ghosts, in every walk and street.

William Allingham.

Weinsberg.

THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

WHICH way to Weinsberg? neighbor, say!
 'T is, sure, a famous city:
 It must have cradled, in its day,
 Full many a maid of noble clay,
 And matrons, wise and witty;
 And if ever marriage should happen to me,
 A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

King Conrad once, historians say,
 Fell out with this good city;
 So down he came, one luckless day, —
 Horse, foot, dragoons, — in stern array, —
 And cannon, — more 's the pity!

Around the walls the artillery roared,
And bursting bombs their fury poured.

But naught the little town could scare;

Then, red with indignation,

He bade the herald straight repair

Up to the gates, and thunder there

The following proclamation :

“Rascals! when I your town do take,
No living thing shall save its neck!”

Now, when the herald’s trumpet sent

These tidings through the city,

To every house a death-knell went;

Such murder-cries the hot air rent

Might move the stones to pity.

Then bread grew dear, but good advice

Could not be had for any price.

Then, “Woe is me!” “O misery!”

What shrieks of lamentation!

And “Kyrie Eleison!” cried

The pastors, and the flock replied,

“Lord, save us from starvation!”

“O, woe is me, poor Corydon!

My neck, — my neck! I ’m gone, — I ’m gone!”

Yet oft, when counsel, deed, and prayer

Had all proved unavailing,

When hope hung trembling on a hair,

How oft has woman’s wit been there! —

A refuge never failing;

For woman's wit and Papal fraud,
Of olden time, were famed abroad.

A youthful dame, — praised be her name!
Last night had seen her plighted, —
Whether in waking hour or dream,
Conceived a rare and novel scheme,
Which all the town delighted;
Which you, if you think otherwise,
Have leave to laugh at and despise.

At midnight hour, when culverin
And gun and bomb were sleeping,
Before the camp, with mournful mien,
The loveliest embassy were seen
All kneeling low and weeping.
So sweetly, plaintively they prayed,
But no reply save this was made: —

“The women have free leave to go,
Each with her choicest treasure;
But let the knaves, their husbands, know
That unto them the king will show
The weight of his displeasure.”
With these sad terms the lovely train
Stole weeping from the camp again.

But, when the morning gilt the sky,
What happened? Give attention.
The city gates wide open fly,

And all the wives come trudging by,
Each bearing — need I mention? —
Her own dear husband on her back,
All snugly seated in a sack!

Full many a sprig of court, the joke
Not relishing, protested,
And urged the king; but Conrad spoke:
“A monarch’s word must not be broke!”
And there the matter rested.
“Bravo!” he cried. “Ha, ha! Bravo!
Our lady guessed it would be so.”

He pardoned all, and gave a ball,
That night, at royal quarters.
The fiddles squeaked, the trumpets blew,
And up and down the dancers flew,
Court sprigs with city daughters.
The mayor’s wife — O rarest sight! —
Danced with the shoemaker that night!

Ah, where is Weinsberg, sir, I pray?
’T is, sure, a famous city:
It must have cradled, in its day,
Full many a maid of noble clay,
And matrons, wise and witty;
And if ever marriage should happen to me,
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

Gottfried August Bürger. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Westphalia.

THE FLAX-SPINNER'S SONG.

NOW is the flax so fair and long :
 Ho ! ho ! ho !
 And now the poor man's heart is strong,
 And now ascends his swelling song,
 The grateful heart's o'erflow.

What torments must the flax endure !
 Ho ! ho ! ho !
 They'll dig a pond, and heave it in,
 Then beat and bruise it short and thin ;
 Hallo ! hallo ! hallo !

The flayer, he will break the straw,
 Rack ! rack ! rack !
 The gleaner, he will scrape and glean,
 Till not a single sheaf is seen,
 Then throw it on the pack.

The hatcheler then must make it fine,
 Hash ! hash ! hash !
 He draws it out so fine and fair —
 He forms the woof with speed and care,
 And lays it on the rash.

✱
 And then, when winter comes along,
 Groll ! groll ! groll !

The woofs are set, and man and wife,
 They spin, as if they spun for life,
 They spin full many a roll.

And now the bride will be so gay,
 Ho! ho! ho!
 She'll spin by night, she'll spin by day;
 Her bridal dress she'll spin away,
 Fine as her hair, I know.

Hurrah! hurrah! the flax is good!
 Ho! ho! ho!
 Who does his duty daily, he
 Must always bright and happy be,
 Whether in weal or woe.

The flax rewards our cheerful toil;
 Ho! ho! ho!
 And many a mighty prince's son
 Who wears the linen we have spun,
 Our joy may never know.

From the German. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

A SUMMER SONG.

IN lightning and in summer's rain
 In noon-sun hot and glowing,
 Full gayly, O, Westphalia's grain,
 Art shooting up and growing!
 Old Hellweg's rye, so lithe and strong,
 Seven feet and more thy stems are long,
 How gloriously dost ripen!

“I grow and ripen fast and strong,
The year with gifts is mellow,
To satisfy both old and young
I ripen rich and yellow;
But dost thou not, O wanderer, know
That he who joyfully did sow
Can never cut and reap me?”

“Forth through my swaying cars he went,
In rank and order starting,
With clenched fist and tearful eye
From house and home departing;
Loud summoned by the drum and horn,
He goes to crush his brother's corn
In brother-war unhallowed.

“Who then for this year's harvest-home
Will fetch the girls to foot it?
Alas! Who'll wave the harvest wreath,
Upon the barn who'll put it?
The reaper's name is Death, I wot,
He mows this year with grape and shot;
Well know I who has hired him.

“A little bird sings on the Haar:
'Where Elbe and Main are hieing,
There he, who was a plough-boy here,
All stiff and stark is lying;
His homestead's pride, forth did he go,
A brother's bullet laid him low!
I rustle to the breezes.”

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. K. F. Kroeker.

Wiesbaden.

THE CHILD AND HIND.

COME, maids and matrons, to caress
Wiesbaden's gentle hind;
And, smiling, deck its glossy neck
With forest flowers entwined.

Your forest flowers are fair to show,
And landscapes to enjoy;
But fairer is your friendly doe
That watched the sleeping boy.

'T was after church — on Ascension day —
When organs ceased to sound,
Wiesbaden's people crowded gay
The deer-park's pleasant ground.

There, where Elysian meadows smile,
And noble trees upshoot,
The wild thyme and the camomile
Smell sweetly at their root;

The aspen quivers nervously,
The oak stands stilly bold,
And climbing bindweed hangs on high
His bells of beaten gold.

Nor stops the eye till mountains shine
That bound a spacious view,

Beyond the lordly, lovely Rhine,
In visionary blue.

There monuments of ages dark
Awaken thoughts sublime,
Till, swifter than the steaming bark,
We mount the stream of time.

The ivy there old castles shades
That speak traditions high
Of minstrels, tournaments, crusades,
And mail-clad chivalry.

Here came a twelve years' married pair,
And with them wandered free
Seven sons and daughters, blooming fair, --
A gladsome sight to see.

Their Wilhelm, little innocent,
The youngest of the seven,
Was beautiful as painters paint
The cherubim of heaven.

By turns he gave his hand, so dear,
To parent, sister, brother;
And each, that he was safe and near,
Confided in the other.

But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,
With love beyond all measure,
And culled them with as keen delight
As misers gather treasure.

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide
Adown a greenwood alley,
By lilies lured, that grew beside
A streamlet in the valley ;

And there, where under beech and birch
The rivulet meandered,
He strayed, till neither shout nor search
Could track where he had wandered.

Still louder, with increasing dread,
They called his darling name ;
But 't was like speaking to the dead, —
An echo only came.

Hours passed till evening's beetle roams,
And blackbird's songs begin ;
Then all went back to happy homes,
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin.

The night came on, — all others slept
Their cares away till morn ;
But, sleepless, all night watched and wept
That family forlorn.

Betimes the town-crier had been sent
With loud bell, up and down ;
And told the afflicting accident
Throughout Wiesbaden's town :

The father, too, ere morning smiled,
Had all his wealth uncoffered ;

And to the wight would bring his child
A thousand crowns had offered.

Dear friends, who would have blushed to take
That guerdon from his hand,
Soon joined in groups, for pity's sake,
The child-exploring baud.

The news reached Nassau's Duke: ere earth
Was gladdened by the lark,
He sent a hundred soldiers forth
To ransack all his park.

Their side-arms glittered through the wood,
With bugle-horns to sound;
Would that on errand half so good
The soldier oft were found!

But though they roused up beast and bird
From many a nest and den,
No signal of success was heard
From all the hundred men.

A second morning's light expands,
Unfound the infant fair;
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands,
Abandoned to despair.

But, haply, a poor artisan
Searched ceaselessly, till he
Found safe asleep the little one,
Beneath a beechen tree.

His hand still grasped a bunch of flowers ;
And (true, though wondrous) near,
To sentry his reposing hours,
There stood a female deer

Who dipped her horns at all that passed
The spot where Wilhelm lay ;
Till force was had to hold her fast,
And bear the boy away.

Hail ! sacred love of childhood, — hail !
How sweet it is to trace
Thine instinct in creation's scale,
Even 'neath the human race.

To this poor wanderer of the wild
Speech, reason, were unknown, —
And yet she watched a sleeping child
As if it were her own ;

And thou, Wiesbaden's artisan,
Restorer of the boy,
Was ever welcomed mortal man
With such a burst of joy ?

The father's ecstasy, the mother's
Hysteric bosom's swell,
The sisters' sobs, the shout of brothers,
I have not power to tell.

The workingman, with shoulders broad,
Took blithely to his wife

The thousand crowns; a pleasant load,
That made him rich for life.

And Nassau's Duke the favorite took
Into his deer-park's centre,
To share a field with other pets
Where deer-slayer cannot enter.

There, whilst thou cropp'st thy flowery food,
Each hand shall pat thee kind,
And man shall never spill thy blood,—
Wiesbaden's gentle hind.

Thomas Campbell.



Windeck, the Castle.

THE LADY OF CASTLE WINDECK.

REIN in thy snorting charger!
That stag but cheats thy sight;
He is luring thee on to Windeck,
With his seeming fear and flight.

Now, where the mouldering turrets
Of the outer gate arise,
The knight gazed over the ruins
Where the stag was lost to his eyes.

The sun shone hot above him;
The castle was still as death;

He wiped the sweat from his forehead,
With a deep and weary breath.

“Who now will bring me a beaker
Of the rich old wine that here,
In the choked-up vaults of Windeck,
Has lain for many a year?”

The careless words had scarcely
Time from his lips to fall,
When the Lady of Castle Windeck
Came round the ivy-wall.

He saw the glorious maiden
In her snow-white drapery stand,
The bunch of keys at her girdle,
The beaker high in her hand.

He quaffed that rich old vintage,
With an eager lip he quaffed;
But he took into his bosom
A fire with the grateful draught.

Her eyes' unfathomed brightness!
The flowing gold of her hair!
He folded his hands in homage,
And murmured a lover's prayer.

She gave him a look of pity,
A gentle look of pain;
And quickly as he had seen her
She passed from his sight again.

And ever from that moment
 He haunted the ruins there,
 A sleepless, restless wanderer,
 A watcher with despair.

Ghost-like and pale he wandered,
 With a dreamy, haggard eye;
 He seemed not one of the living,
 And yet he could not die.

'Tis said that the lady met him,
 When many years had passed,
 And, kissing his lips, released him
 From the burden of life at last.

Ludolf Adelbert von Chamisso. Tr. W. C. Bryant.



Winterthal.

THE DESERTED MILL.

IT stands in the lonely Winterthal,
 At the base of Ilsberg hill;
 It stands as though it fain would fall,
 The dark Deserted Mill.
 Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
 Bide silent all the day;
 Its mildewed walls and windows old
 Are crumbling to decay.

So through the daylight's lingering hours
 It mourns in weary rest ;
But soon as the sunset's gorgeous bowers
 Begin to fade in the west,
The long-dead millers leave their lairs,
 And open its creaking doors,
And their feet glide up and down its stairs,
 And over its dusty floors.

And the miller's men, they too awake,
 And the night's weird work begins ;
The wheels turn round, the hoppers shake,
 The flour falls into the bins.
The mill-bell tolls agen and agen,
 And the cry is, "Grist here, ho!"
And the dead old millers and their men
 Move busily to and fro.

And ever as night wears more and more
 New groups throug into the mill,
And the clangor, deafening enough before,
 Grows louder and wilder still.
Huge sacks are barrowed from floor to floor ;
 The wheels redouble their din ;
The hoppers clatter, the engines roar,
 And the flour o'erflows the bin.

But with the morning's pearly sheen
 This ghastly hubbub wanes,
And the moon-dim faee of a woman is seen
 Through the meal-dulled window-panes.

She opens the sash, and her words resound
 In tones of unearthly power, —
“Come hither, good folks, the corn is ground;
 Come hither and take your flour!”

Thereon strange hazy lights appear
 A-flitting all through the pile,
And a deep, melodious, choral cheer
 Ascends through the roof the while.
But, a moment more, and you gaze and hark,
 And wonder and wait in vain;
For suddenly all again is dark,
 And all is hushed again.

It stands in the desolate Winterthal,
 At the base of Ilsberg hill;
It stands as though it would rather fall,
 The long-deserted Mill.
Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
 Bide silent all the day;
And its mildewed walls and windows old
 Are crumbling fast away.

August Schnetzler. Tr. J. C. Mangan.

Wöbbelin.

KÖRNER AND HIS SISTER.

CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops on the 20th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, "The Sword Song." He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin in Mecklenburg, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity.

GREEN wave the oak forever o'er thy rest,
 Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
 And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
 Thy place of memory as an altar keepest;
 Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
 Thou of the lyre and sword!

Rest, bard! rest, soldier! By the father's hand
 Here shall the child of after years be led,
 With his wreath-offering silently to stand
 In the hushed presence of the glorious dead,—
 Soldier and bard! for thou thy path hast trod
 With Freedom and with God.

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite,
 On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
 And with true hearts thy brethren of the fight
 Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee;
 And the deep guns with rolling peal gave token
 That lyre and sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb: a lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying, —
The gentle girl that bowed her fair young head
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying,
Brother, true friend! the tender and the brave!
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others; but for her,
To whom the wide world held that only spot,
She loved thee! — lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy, — what hath she?
Her own blessed place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother! which had made
The bright earth glorious to her youthful eye,
Since first in childhood midst the vines ye played,
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky.
Ye were but two, — and when that spirit passed,
Woe to the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long! She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast, —
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest.
Too sad a smile! its living light was o'er, —
It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!

Softly she perished : be the flower deplored
 Here with the lyre and sword !

Have ye not met ere now ? — so let those trust
 That meet for moments but to part for years ;
 That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust, —
 That love, where love is but a fount of tears.
 Brother ! sweet sister ! peace around ye dwell !
 Lyre, sword, and flower, farewell !

Felicia Hemans.



Worms.

THE NIBELUNGEN.

IN ancient song and story marvels high are told
 Of knights of high emprise and adventures manifold ;
 Of joy and merry feasting, of lamenting, woe, and fear,
 Of champions' bloody battles, many marvels shall ye
 hear.

A noble maid, and fair, grew up in Burgundy ;
 In all the land about fairer none might be :
 She became a queen full high ; Chrimhild was she
 hight ;
 But for her matchless beauty fell many a blade of might.

For love and for delight was framed that lady gay ;
 Many a champion bold sighed for the gentle may :

Full beauteous was her form, beauteous without com-
pare;

The virgin's virtues might adorn many a lady fair.

Three kings of might and power had the maiden in
their care, —

King Günther and King Ghernot (champions bold they
were),

And Ghisler the young, a chosen, peerless blade:

The lady was their sister, and much they loved the maid.

These lords were mild and gentle, born of the noblest
blood;

Unmatched for power and strength were the heroes
good:

Their realm was Burgundy, a realm of mickle might;
Since then, in the land of Etzel, dauntless did they fight.

At Worms, upon the Rhine, dwelt they with their
meiny bold;

Many champions served them, of countries manifold,
With praise and honor nobly, even to their latest day,
When, by the hate of two noble dames, dead on the
ground they lay.

Bold were the kings, and noble, as I before have said;
Of virtues high and matchless, and served by many a
blade;

By the best of all the champions whose deeds were
ever sung:

Of trust and truth withouten fail; hardy, bold, and
strong.

There was Hagen of Tronek, and Dankwart, Hagen's
brother
(For swiftness was he famed), with heroes many other;
Ortwin of Metz, with Eckewart and Ghere, two mar-
graves they;
And Folker of Alsace; no braver was in his day.

Rumolt was caterer to the king; a chosen knight was
he;
Sir Sindold and Sir Hunold bore them full manfully;
In court and in the presence they served the princes
three,
With many other knights; bolder none might be.

Dankwart was the marshal; his nephew Ortewin
Was sewer to the king; much honor did he win:
Sindold held the cup the royal prince before:
Chamberlain was Hunold: braver knights ne'er hauberk
bore.

Of the court's gay splendor, of all the champions free,
Of their high and knightly worth, and of the chivalry,
Which still they held in honor to their latest day,
No minstrel, in his song, could rightly sing or say.

One night the Queen Chrimhild dreamed her, as she lay,
How she had trained and nourished a falcon wild and
gay,
When suddenly two eagles fierce the gentle hawk have
slain:
Never, in this world, felt she such bitter pain.

To her mother, Dame Ute, she told her dream with
fear :

Full mournfully she answered to what the maid did
speer :

“The falcon whom you nourished, a noble knight is he ;
God take him to his ward ! thou must lose him sud-
denly.”

“What speak you of the knight ? dearest mother, say :
Without the love of champion, to my dying day
Ever thus fair will I remain, nor take a wedded fere,
To gain such pain and sorrow, though the knight were
without peer.”

“Speak thou not too rashly,” her mother spake again ;
“If ever in this world thou heartfelt joy wilt gain ;
Maiden must thou be no more ; leman must thou have :
God will grant thee for thy mate some gentle knight,
and brave.”

“O, leave thy words, lady mother, nor speak of wedded
mate !

Full many a gentle maiden has found the truth too late ;
Still has their fondest love ended with woe and pain :
Virgin will I ever be, nor the love of leman gain.”

In virtues high and noble that gentle maiden dwelt
Full many a night and day, nor love for leman felt ;
To never a knight or champion would she plight her
truth,
Till she was gained for wedded fere by a right noble
youth.

That youth he was the falcon she in her dream beheld,
 Who by the two fierce eagles dead to the ground was
 felled :

But since right dreadful vengeance she took upon his
 foeu ;

For the death of that bold hero died full many a
 mother's son.

From the Nibelungenlied. Tr. H. Weber.

THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

“CHRIMHILD had a garden of roses before the city seven miles in length, surrounded only by a silken thread ; but no one was suffered to enter it without giving battle to the twelve gigantic guardians.” — WEBER, *Teutonic Romances*.

'MONGST the roses Staudenfuss trod with mickle
 pride ;

With rage and with impatience, his foe he did abide ;
 Much he feared no Longobard would dare to meet his
 blade :

But a bearded monk lay ready for the fight arrayed.

“Brother Ilsan, raise thine eyes,” spake Sir Hildebrand,
 “Where, 'mongst the blooming roses, our threatening
 foe does stand :

Staudenfuss, the giant hight, born upon the Rhine,
 Up, and shrive him of his sins, holy brother mine !”

“It's I will fight him,” eried the monk ; “my blessing shall he gain ;

Never 'mongst the roses shall he wage the fight again.”

Straight above his coat of mail his friar's cowl he cast,
Hid his sword and buckler, and to the garden passed.

Among the blooming roses leaped the grisly monk :
With laughter ladies viewed his beard, and his visage
 brown and shrunk ;
As he trod with angry step o'er the flowery green,
Many a maiden laughed aloud, and many a knight, I
 ween.

Up spake Lady Chrimhild, "Father, leave thine ire !
Go and chant thy matins with thy brothers in the
 choir."

"Gentle lady," cried the monk, "roses must I have,
To deck my dusky cowl in guise right gay and brave."

Loudly laughed the giant, when he saw his beard so
 rough :

"Should I laughing die to-morrow, I had not laughed
 enough :

Has the kemp of Bern sent his fool to fight ?"

"Giant, straight thy hide shall feel that I have my
 wits aright."

Up heaved the monk his heavy fist, and he struck a
 weighty blow,

Down among the roses he felled his laughing foe.

Fiercely cried Sir Staudenfuss, "Thou art the devil's
 priest !

Heavy penance dost thou deal with thy wrinkled fist."

Together rushed the uncouth kemps; each drew his
 , trusty blade;
 With heavy tread below their feet they crushed the
 roses red;
 All the garden flowed with their purple blood;
 Each did strike full sorry blows with their falchions
 good.

Cruel looks their eyes did cast, and fearful was their
 war,
 But the friar cut his enemy o'er the head a bloody sear;
 Deeply carved his trusty sword through the helmet
 bright:
 Joyful was the hoary monk, for he had won the fight.

They parted the two champions speedily asunder:
 The friar's heavy interdiet lay the giant under.
 Up arose Queen Chrimhild, to Sir Ilsan has she sped,
 On his bald head did she lay a crown of roses red.

Through the garden roved he, as in the merry dance;
 A kiss the lady gave him, while madly did he prance.
 "Hear, thou lady fair: more roses must I have;
 To my two-and-fifty brothers I promised chaplets brave.

"If ye have not kemps to fight, I must rob thy gar-
 den fair,
 And right sorry should I be to work thee so much
 care."

"Fear not, the battle shalt thou wage with champions
 bold and true:
 Crowns and kisses mayst thou gain for thy brothers
 fifty-two."

Up spake the queen, "Monk Ilsan, see your chaplets
 ready dight;
 Champions two-and-fifty stand waiting for the fight."
 Ilsan rose, and donned his cowl, and run against them
 all;
 There the monk has given them many a heavy fall.

To the ground he felled them, and gave them his benison;
 Beneath the old monk's falchion lay twelve champions
 of renown:
 And full of fear and sorrow the other forty were;
 Their right hand held they forth, begged him their
 lives to spare.

Rathly ran the monk, to the Queen Chrimhild he hied:
 "Lay thy champions in the grave, and leave thy mickle
 pride:
 I have dight them for their death; I did shrive them
 and anoint them:
 Never will they thrive or speed in the task thou didst
 appoint them.

"When again thy roses blow, to the feast the monk
 invite."

The Lady Chrimhild gave him two-and-fifty chaplets
 bright.

"Nay, Lady Queen, remind thee! By the holy order
 mine,

I claim two-and-fifty kisses from your lips so red and
 fiae."

And when Chrimhild, the queen, gave him kisses fifty-
 two,
 With his rough and grisly beard full sore he made her
 rue,
 That from her lovely cheek 'gan flow the rosy blood :
 The queen was full of sorrow, but the monk it thought
 him good.

From the Heldenbuch. Tr. H. Weber.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

ALL their wealth and vast possessions
 Vaunting high in choicest terms,
 Sat the German princes feasting
 In the knightly hall of Worms.

“Mighty,” cried the Saxon ruler,
 “Are the wealth and power I wield :
 In my country’s mountain gorges
 Sparkling silver lies concealed.”

“See my land with plenty glowing,”
 Quoth the Palsgrave of the Rhine ;
 “Beauteous harvests in the valleys,
 On the mountains noble wine.”

“Spacious towns and wealthy convents,”
 Lewis spake, Bavaria’s lord,
 “Make my land to yield me treasures
 Great as those your fields afford.”

Württemberg's belovéd monarch,
 Eberhard the Bearded, cried :
 " See, my land hath little cities,
 'Mong my hills no metals bide ;

" Yet one treasure it hath borne me, —
 Sleeping in the woodland free,
 I may lay my head in safety
 On my lowliest vassal's knee."

Then, as with a single utterance,
 Cried aloud those princes three :
 " Bearded count, thy land hath jewels !
 Thou art wealthier far than we !"

Andreas Justinus Kerner. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.



Württemberg.

WÜRTEMBERG.

WELL: you shall hear a simple tale :
 One night I lost my way
 Within a wood, along a vale,
 And down to sleep I lay.

And there I dreamed that I was dead,
 And funeral lamps were shining
 With silver lustre round my head,
 Within a vault reclining.

And men and women stood beside
 My cold, sepulchral bed ;
 And, shedding many tears, they cried,
 " Duke Eberhard is dead ! "

A tear upon my face fell down,
 And, waking with a start,
 I found my heart was resting on
 A Würtembergian heart !

A woodman, mid the forest-shade,
 Had found me in my rest,
 Had lifted up my head, and laid
 It softly on his breast !

The princes sat, and wondering heard,
 Then said, as closed the story,
 " Long live the good Duke Eberhard, —
 His people's love his glory ? "

From the German. Tr. R. Harrison.



Württemberg.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
 When he left this world of ours,
 Laid his body in the cloister,
 Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest :
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, " From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song ;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed ;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;

And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?"
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Xanten (Santen, Sancten).

SIEGFRIED.

IN Netherland then flourished a prince of lofty kind
(Whose father hight Siegmund, his mother Siegelind)
In a sumptuous castle down by the Rhine's fair side;
Men did call it Xanten; 't was famous far and wide.

I tell you of this warrior, how fair he was to see;
From shame and dishonor lived he ever free.
Forthwith fierce and famous waxed the mighty man.
Ah! what height of worship in this world he wan!

Siegfried men did call him, that same champion good;
Many a kingdom sought he in his manly mood,
And through strength of body in many a land rode he.
Ah! what men of valor he found in Burgundy!

Before this noble champion grew up to man's estate,
His hand had mighty wonders achieved in war's debate,
Whereof the voice of rumor will ever sing and say,
Though much must pass in silence in this our later day.

In his freshest season, in his youthful days,
One might full many a marvel tell in Siegfried's praise,
What lofty honors graced him, and how fair his fame,
How he charmed to love him many a noble dame.

As did well befit him, he was bred with care,
And his own lofty nature gave him virtues rare,
From him his father's country grace and honor drew,
To see him proved in all things so noble and so true.

From the Nibelungenlied. Tr. W. N. Lettsom.



APPENDIX.



Bacharach.

BACHARACH WINE.

A. D. 1594.

“**W**HY should they crown me Emperor? Why
Summon me hither from merry cheer
With my life-long wassailers? Surely I,
Prince of good fellows, am happier here.
I smother to think of the cramping weight
Of Charlemagne’s iron about my brow :
My own Bohemia’s crown and state
Are more than enough for me, I vow,
When I ’d cast off care, and drink my full
Of wine and wit at the Königstuhl.

“I wonder if Charlemagne ever drank
A tankard of Assmanshausen? Nay,
If he had, his empire never would rank
As it does with the royalest realms to-day.
For the goddess that laughs within the cup
Had wiled and won him from blood and war,

And shown, as he drained her long draughts up,
 There was something better worth living for
 Than kingcraft, keeping his gruff brow sad ;
 (I wish from my very soul she had !)

“ Consider now, Rupert ! With such a realm
 As that to govern from year to year ;
 The brain must be steady that holds the helm,
 The senses alert and quick and clear.
 And how could I dare to jest and drink,
 Till brain grew dizzy and sense a wrack ?
 For I never would be the man, I think,
 To shirk the burden once on my back :
 But what’s an Imperial name, I pray,
 To the madness of drinking the soul away ?

“ This Assmanshausen ! Why, I declare,
 There never was such heart-staying wine,
 So brimmed with the sky, the sun, the air,
 Vintaged along our lordly Rhine — ”
 “ I challenge thy word,” Prince Rupert said ;
 “ I know a better by sevenfold,
 With a century’s warp of cobwebs spread
 Over the barrels mossed and old.
 He never has been to heaven and back,
 Who has not drunken of Bacharach.”

“ Now, by my sceptre,” roared the king,
 “ Fetch me the wine thus held so high,
 And if it can twice the rapture bring,
 That slumbers in Assmanshausen, — why,

Here on the spot I'll lay thee down,
 (Iuly thou cravest it now, I trow,)
 Plighted and pledged, the Iron crown :
 Hasten ! — a flagon ! — let me know
 At once if this Bacharach can be
 More than an Emperor's state to me."

The wine was brought him, — the bowls were filled,
 And they drank deep into the winter night,
 Till the heart of the new-made Emperor thrilled,
 And tingled with such divine delight,
 That he cried : "Prince Rupert, if thou wilt give
 Three butts a year of Bacharach wine,
 Just such as this, through the years I live,
 Then Charlemagne's sceptre shall be thine."
 Prince Rupert sware : For his royal guest,
 Freedom and Bacharach wine were best.

Margaret J. Preston.



Ilm, the River.

TO THE MOON.

FILLEST hill and vale again,
 Still, with softening light !
 Loosest from the world's cold chain
 All my soul to-night !

Spreadest round me, far and nigh,
 Soothingly, thy smile ;

From thee, as from friendship's eye,
Sorrow shrinks the while.

Every echo thrills my heart, —
Glad and gloomy mood.
Joy and sorrow both have part
In my solitude.

River, river, glide along!
I am sad, alas!
Fleeting things are love and song, —
Even so they pass!

I have had and I have lost
What I long for yet;
Ah! why will we, to our cost,
Simple joys forget?

River, river, glide along,
Without stop or stay!
Murmur, whisper to my song
In melodious play, —

Whether on a winter's night
Rise thy swollen floods,
Or in spring thou hast delight
Watering the young buds.

Happy he who, hating none,
Leaves the world's dull noise,
And, with trusty friend alone,
Quietly enjoys

What, forever unexpressed,
 Hid from common sight,
 Through the mazes of the breast
 Softly steals by night!
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Tr. J. S. Dwight.



Leipsig.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG.

WHAT fires from the night-clad far heights flare,
 Like flames from the altar ascending?
 A burden of prophecy hangs on the air,
 As a heralding angel were treading there,
 And voices of triumph are blending:
 On night's dark wings rides Victory,—
 Leipzig, sing ye! sing ye the flight of the free!

Our hoary sires of the ancient day,
 When Varus was routed by Hermann,
 The Kaisers that taught haughty Rome to obey,
 That hunted the Huns and the Turks away,
 And made Europe free by the German:
 They echo the strain with solemn glee,
 Leipzig's thunder pealeth,—the nations are free!

Brave hearts that believed in bright freedom's day,
 When Deutschland in slavery languished,

Who at Lützen, at Bautzen, stood stiffly at bay,
Till Dennewitz covered the Frank with dismay,

Who at Katzbaeh the elements vanquished ;
The hope of your hearts your eyes now see,
Leipzig, sing ye ! — Leipzig and Germany free !

And they in the dubious morn who fell

In fight for the land of their fathers,
The praise of the valiant our hymns shall tell,
And when our tongues name whom we loved so well,
The fire in our bosom gathers ;
While they from heaven's high canopy
Sing triumphant, — Germany, Europe, is free !

Ye sons of strong sires, who for Germany stood,

When the axe was uplifted to smite her,
Where God marks the spot to the brave and the good,
This night be the oath of the freeman renewed,
While mounts the flame higher and brighter !
No more shall the tyrant rule Germany !
Leipzig's name shall pledge her forever, — the Free.

Then bright may the flame from the dark heights shine !

The fire in our hearts brighter flameth !
Let German with German in brotherhood join,
Till the Frank shall remeasure his step from the Rhine,
And his pride the fell Corsican tameth !
And aye as ye march with triumphal glee,
Leipzig, sing ye ! — Germany, Fatherland, Free !

Karl Theodor Körner. Tr. J. S. Blackie.

Rivers of Germany.

THE RIVERS.

RHINE.

FAITHFULLY, as the Swiss ought, I watch the
Germanic frontier;
But my gentle current allows the Gaul to leap lightly
across.

RHINE AND MOSELLE.

For years I have wooed the Lotharingian virgin,
But no child has yet blessed this long union of hearts.

DANUBE IN * * *

My banks are inhabited here by a people with flashing
eyes;
A feasting people; their roasts are ever revolving on
spits.

MAIN.

My castles are tumbling in ruins, but the race is
For centuries ever the same; what a comfort this is to
the heart!

SAALE.

On my short course I greet a number of princes, of
peoples;
But the princes are good and the peoples are free.

ILM.

My banks are not rich, but my silent and quiet wave,
As the current glides by, hears many an immortal
song.

PLEISSE.

My banks are so flat, my shallow bed has been drained
By poets and writers in prose who slaked here their
thirst.

ELB.

Ye others, ye speak a mere jargon; among German
rivers
I alone speak German, and speak it in Meissen, for-
sooth.

SPREE.

My Ramler taught me to speak, my Cæsar furnished
* the matter;
I took my mouth rather full, and have been silent
since then.

WESER.

Alas! I inspire no poet; I leave his genius barren;
Suggest not a couplet even to the most willing heart.

SPRINGS OF * * *

Here rivers and springs have a taste; what a strangely
mysterious country!
Among its inhabitants taste scarcely ever is found.

PEGNITZ.

From sheer ennui hypochondria threatens to seize me ;
And I continue to flow simply because 't is my wont.

THE RIVERS OF * * *

Truly we fare pretty well in the lands of these gener-
ous princes,
For their yoke is quite mild, and their burdens are
light.

SALZACH.

I rush from Juvavia's mountains to salt the bishop's
domain,
And afterward turn to Bavaria where the people are
wanting in salt.

THE ANONYMOUS RIVER.

To furnish food during Lent for the bishop's Christian
table,
My Maker caused me to flow across his famished
domain.

LES FLEUVES INDISCRETS.

Now, gossiping rivers, be silent, and show ye becoming
discretion ;
Even Diderot's sweetheart was prudent and less fond
of talk.

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. C. J. Hempel.

Swabia.

THE SWABIAN MAIDEN.

I AM a Swabian maiden,
My face is brown and tanned ;
'T is true I am not gifted
Like maids in Saxon land.

To read in books they 're able,
They Gleim and Wieland praise ;
Sweet are as virgin honey
Their manners and their ways.

The raillery they sting with
Is like a pointed lance ;
The wit that they discourse with
Is taken from romance.

'T is true that I possess not
These cunning arts of life ;
Yet for an honest Swabian
Were I an honest wife.

For trifling, writing, reading
All turn a maiden's head :
The man for me elected
Will read for me instead.

Fair youth, art thou from Swabia?
 Dost love thy fatherland?
 So come then, thou shalt have me;
 Behold! here is my hand!

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart. Tr. A. Baskerville.



Walchen See.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN A PASS OF BAVARIA BETWEEN THE WALCHEN
 AND THE WALDEN SEE.

“His voice was as the sound of many waters.”

A SOUND of many waters! — now I know
 To what was likened the large utterance sent
 By Him who mid the golden lampads went:
 Innumerable streams, above, below,
 Some seen, some heard alone, with headlong flow
 Come rushing; some with smooth and sheer descent,
 Some dashed to foam and whiteness, but all blent
 Into one mighty music. As I go,
 The tumult of a boundless gladness fills
 My bosom, and my spirit leaps and sings;
 Sounds and sights are there of the ancient hills,
 The eagle's cry, or when the mountain flings
 Mists from its brow, but none of all these things
 Like the one voice of multitudinous rills.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

Wetzlar.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

William Makepeace Thackeray.



MISCELLANEOUS.



THE SONG OF LOUIS.

THEN took he shield and spear,
And quickly forward rode;
Willing to wreak revenge
Against his gathering foes.

Erelong he saw from far
The Norman force approach:
"Thank God!" said he aloud;
He saw what he desired.

The king rode bravely on,
And sang a Frankish hymn,
And all his people joined:
"Kyrie eleison."

The song was sung;
The fight begun:
The blood shone in the cheeks

Of the merry Franks :
 But no blade of them all
 Fought so bravely as Ludovic.

From the German. Tr. W. Taylor.

THE RHYME OF SAINT ANNO.

BEFORE Saint Anno
 Six were sainted
 Of our holy bishops ;
 Like the seven stars,
 They shall shine from heaven.
 Purer and brighter
 Is the light of Anno
 Than a hyacinth set in a golden ring.
 This darling man
 We will have for a pattern ;
 And those that would grow
 In virtue and trustiness
 Shall dress by him as at a mirror.
 As the sun in the air,
 Which goes between heaven and earth,
 Glitters to both :
 So went Bishop Anno
 Between God and man.
 Such was his virtue in the palace,
 That the empire obeyed him.
 He behaved with honor to both sides,
 And was counted among the first barons.
 At worship, in his gestures,

He was awful as an angel.
 Many a man knew his goodness ;
 Hear what were his manners :
 His words were frank and open ;
 He spoke truth, fearing no man.
 Like a lion he sat among princes,
 Like a lamb he walked among the needy.
 To the unruly he was sharp,
 To the gentle he was mild.
 Widows and orphans
 Praised him always.
 Preaching and praying
 Nobody could do better.
 Happy was Cologne
 To be worthy of such a bishop.

From the German. Tr. W. Taylor.

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG.

HARK, while I sing! our village clock
 The hour of Eight, good sirs, has struck.
 Eight souls alone from death were kept,
 When God the earth with deluge swept :
 Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
 Man wakes and watches all in vain.
 Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
 Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
 The hour of Nine, good sirs, has struck.

Nine lepers cleansed returned not ; —
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot !
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord ! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock
The hour of Ten, good sirs, has struck.
Ten precepts show God's holy will ; —
O, may we prove obedient still !
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord ! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock
The hour Eleven, good sirs, has struck.
Eleven apostles remained true ; —
May we be like that faithful few !
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord ! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark, while I sing ! our village clock
The hour of Twelve, good sirs, has struck.
Twelve is of Time the boundary ; —
Man, think upon Eternity !
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord! through thine all-prevalling might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of One, good sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all;
Naught can without his will befall:
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of Two, good sirs, has struck.
Two ways to walk has man been given:
Teach me the right, — the path to heaven!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of Three, good sirs, has struck.
Three Gods in one, exalted most,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of Four, good sirs, has struck.

Four seasons crown the farmer's care ; —
 Thy heart with equal toil prepare !
 Up, up ! awake, nor slumber on !
 The morn approaches, night is gone !
 Thank God, who by his power and might
 Has watched and kept us through this night !

From the German. Tr. Anon.

THE WATCHMAN.

THE last faint twinkle now goes out
 Up in the poet's attic ;
 And the roysterers, in merry rout,
 Speed home with steps erratic.

Soft from the house-roofs showers the snow,
 The vane creaks on the steeple,
 The lanterns wag and glimmer low
 In the storm by the hurrying people.

The houses all stand black and still,
 The churches and taverns deserted,
 And a body may now wend at his will,
 With his own fancies diverted.

Not a squinting eye now looks this way,
 Not a slanderous mouth is dissembling,
 And a heart that has slept the livelong day
 May now love and hope with trembling.

Dear Night ! thou foe to each base end,
 While the good still a blessing prove thee,

They say that thou art no man's friend, —
Sweet Night ! how I therefore love thee !

Franz Dingelstedt. Tr. Anon.

THE EMIGRANTS.

I CANNOT take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band !
Your little all to see you lay,
Each, in the waiting seaman's hand !

Ye men, who from your necks set down
The heavy basket on the earth,
Of bread from German corn, baked brown,
By German wives, on German hearth !

And you, with braided queues so neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down !

Ah ! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
These pails and pitchers filled for you :
On far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew, —

The stone-rimmed fount in village street,
That, as ye stooped, betrayed your smiles ;
The hearth and its familiar seat ;
The mantle and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
 Shall log-house walls therewith be graced;
 Soon many a tired, tawny guest
 Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
 Faint with the hot and dusty chase;
 No more from German vintage ye
 Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned grace.

O, say, why seek ye other lands?
 The Neekar's vale hath wine and eorn;
 Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
 In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests how ye'll yearn
 For the green mountains of your home,
 To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,
 In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam!

How will the form of days grown pale
 In golden dreams float softly by!
 Like some unearthly mystic tale,
 'T will stand before fond memory's eye.

The boatman calls! go hence in peace!
 God bless ye, man and wife and sire!
 Bless all your fields with rich increase,
 And crown each true heart's pure desire!

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

BALLAD.

THE sickle moon of autumn
Peers white through clouds around;
The parsonage by the churchyard
Lies hushed in rest profound.

The mother reads in the Bible,
The son at the candle stares,
Sits yawning the elder daughter,
While the younger thus declares : —

“Alas ! for the days we live here !
How creep they so wearily ;
Save when one to the grave is carried
What have we here to see ?”

The mother says, mid her reading,
“Thou ’rt wrong ; but four have died
Since that thy father was carried
To rest by the church-door side.”

Then yawneth the elder daughter : —
“I ’ll not starve here with ye ;
I will to the count to-morrow, —
He ’s rich, and he loveth me.”

The son breaks forth in laughter :
“There drink at the Star below

Three who make gold, and who 'll teach me
Their secret gladly, I know."

The mother flings the Bible
Right in his face so wan :
"And wouldst thou, God-accurséd,
Become a highwayman ?"

They hear a knock at the window,
They see a beckoning hand ;
Without, in his black-priest garment,
Doth their dead father stand.

Heinrich Heine. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

CONSOLATION.

THERE sang full many a poet,
In our beautiful German land,
Whose songs now no longer echo ; —
The singers rest in the sand.

But still, while around our planet
The stars through the heavens shall range,
Shall hearts sing, in changing measure,
Of the beauty that knows no change.

I' the woodland yonder lies ruined
The home of the heroes hoar ;
But yearly, from hall and portal,
The spring breaks forth as before.

Wherever the weary warriors
Sink down in the maddening rout,
New races are forward springing,
And fighting it honestly out.

Freiherr von Eichendorff. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

THE GERMAN MUSE.

NO Augustan summer glowed,
Or Medicean bounty flowed
O'er the soil of German art ;
It was not in glory nourished,
But it blossomed full and flourished
With no care on princes' part.

By our country's noblest son,
By the mighty Frederick's throne,
Unprotected, it went forth.
Well the German's heart may beat,
Well he may with pride repeat,
He created his own worth.

Therefore mounts in loftier bows,
And in fuller torrent flows
The high hymn of German bards,
And, in its own fulness swelling,
From the heart's own depths outwelling,
Spurns restraint, nor rule regards.

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. J. S. Dwight.

THE TWO COFFINS.

A WAY in the old cathedral
Two coffins stand alone;
In one of them sleeps King Ottmar,
And the singer rests in one.

The king sat once in power,
High throned in his father's land;
The crown still graces his temples,
The falchion his kingly hand.

But near the proud king the singer
Is peacefully sleeping on,
In his lifeless hand still clasping
The harp of the pious tone.

The castles around are falling,
The war-cry rings through the land,
The sword, it stirreth never
There in the dead king's hand.

Blossoms and vernal breezes
Are floating the vale along,
And the singer's harp is sounding
In never-ending song.

Andreas Justinus Kerner. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

THE MOON-DIAL.

TO the joyous feast has the ranger gone ;
Through the darksome wood strides the poacher on.

The ranger's wife and child are asleep ;
Through their chamber-window the moonbeams peep.

And while they play on the wall so white,
The child grasps the mother in wild affright !

“O mother, where tarries my father dear ?
I am so cold and so sick with fear.”

“My child, look not where the moonbeams creep ;
But close thine eyes, child, and go to sleep.”

The moon's light travels along the wall,
And now on the polished gun doth fall.

“Mother, that sound ! — and hear'st thou not ? —
'T was not father's gun that fired the shot.”

“My child, look not where the moonbeams creep ;
That was a dream, love, — go thou to sleep.”

The moonlight doth still through the chamber stream
On the father's picture with pallid beam.

“Lord Jesus, guard us this fearful night !
Look, mother, my father is deadly white !”

Then sprang from her slumber the mother in dread !
And lo ! they were bringing her husband — dead !

Robert Reinick. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

FREDERICUS REX.

FREDERICUS REX, our king and lord,
To all of his soldiers "To arms!" gave the word;
"Two hundred battalions, a thousand squadrons here!"
And he gave sixty cartridges to each grenadier.

"You rascally fellows," his majesty began,
"Look that each of you stands for me in battle like a
man.

They're grudging Silesia and Glatz to me,
And the hundred millions in my treasury.

"The Empress with the French an alliance has signed,
And raised the Roman kingdom against me, I find;
The Russians my territories do invade,
Up, and show 'em of what stuff we Prussians are made.

"My generals, Schwerin, and Field-Marshal von Keit,
And Major-General Ziethen, are all ready quite.
By the thunders and lightnings of battle, I vow,
They don't know Fritz and his soldiers now.

"Now farewell, Louisa; Louisa, dry your eyes;
Not straight to its mark every bullet flies;
For if all the bullets should kill all the men,
From whence should we kings get our soldiers then?"

"The musket bullet makes a little round hole,
A much larger wound doth the cannon-ball dole;

The bullets are all of iron and lead,
Yet many a bullet misses many a head.

“Our guns they are heavy and well supplied,
Not one of the Prussians to the foe hath hied ;
The Swedes they have cursed bad money, I trow ;
If the Austrians have better, who can know ?

“The French king pays his soldiers at his ease,
We get it, stock and stiver, every week, if we please ;
By the thunders and the lightnings of battle, I say,
Who gets like the Prussian so promptly his pay ?”

Fredericus, my king, whom the laurel doth grace,
Hadst thou but now and then let us plunder some
place,

Fredericus, my hero, I verily say,
We 'd drive for thee the devil from the world away.

Wilhelm Häring (Willibald Alexis). Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

THE POSTILION.

LOVELY was the night of May,
L Clouds of silvery whiteness
O'er the blooming spring away
Sailed in fleecy lightness.

Meadow, grove, and mountain's brow
Silent rest were taking ;
No one but the moonshine now
On the roads was waking.

Glare and din of day had fled,
Ceased each warbler's numbers, —
Spring her fairy children led
Through the realm of slumbers.

Whispering breeze and brooklet crept
Slow with silent paces,
Fragrant dreams of flowers that slept
Filled the shadowy spaces.

But my rough postilion now
Cracked his whip, and, flying,
Left the vale and mountain's brow
To his horn replying.

O'er the hill, across the plain,
Loud the hoofs resounded,
As through all the bright domain
On the good steeds bounded.

Wood and mead, as on we sped,
Flew with scarce a greeting;
Town and country by us fled,
Like a dream still fleeting.

In the lovely May-moonlight
Lay a churchyard nested,
And the traveller's roaming sight
Solemnly arrested.

On the mountain-side the wall
Seemed with age reclining,

And, above, a sad and tall
Crucifix was shining.

Driver, at a slower pace,
Up the road advances,
Stops, and toward the burial-place
Reverently glances :

“Horse and wheel must tarry here, —
Sir, 't is not for danger, —
But there lies one sleeping near
Was to me no stranger!

“'T was a lad most rare and true, —
Ah, the sorrow ponder!
None so clear the post-horn blew
As my comrade yonder!

“Always must I linger here,
And, with mournful pleasure,
To the dead one's waiting ear
Blow his favorite measure!”

Toward the churchyard now he blew
Such entrancing numbers,
Well might pierce the dull ground through,
Stir the dead man's slumbers.

And a blast upon the air
From the heights came flying, —
Was the dead postilion there
To his songs replying?

On, again, and faster still,
 On the good steeds bounded, —
 Long that echo from the hill
 In my ear resounded.

Nicolaus Lenau. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

ON THE WALHALLA.

HAIL to thee, thou lofty hall
 Of German greatness, German glory!
 Hail to you, ye heroes all
 Of ancient and of modern story!

O ye heroes in the hall,
 Were ye but alive, as once!
 Nay, that would not do at all, —
 The king prefers you, stone and bronze!

August Heinrich Hoffmann. Tr. Anon.

THE COUNT'S SOWING.

OFT had the Abbot of Rodenstein,
 Piously praying within his stall,
 Under the castle by the Rhine,
 Grudgingly craved the lands whose line
 Bordered his convent garden-wall.

“Long have our fields been far too strait
 For the growing needs of the Brotherhood;
 These meadows we’ll have or soon or late,
 A part and parcel of our estate,
 As sure as there’s help in the Holy Rood.

“Lightly will matter an oath or twain,
If out of it come such good, I trow,
Vellum we have of an ancient stain,
Whercon we will write our title plain
As dated a hundred years ago.”

So mused the Abbot: and in his zeal
He rated the Count from year to year,
Who heard nor heeded the bold appeal;
For well he reckoned the royal seal
Whereby he could prove his tenure clear.

But worried and worn by long demand,
And weakened by hints of churchly threat,
He promised, at length, to yield the land
Forever and aye beneath his hand,
If one condition were fairly met.

“Now grant me your leave to sow once more,
A single crop in the meadows, mine,
The fief of my fathers heretofore;
And when it is ripe and had in store,
The soil you covet I thence resign.”

Full gladly the Abbot pledged him true,
In the Holy Name, all sealed and signed:
The seed it was sown, and the green blades grew
Fast under his eye; but strange to view
Were the stalks that bent in the waving wind.

One day, as he watched the field, a groan
Brake forth as if born of sudden fears;

“Ach Himmel! what hopes are overthrown!
 The crop of acorns the Count hath sown
 Will not be ripe for a hundred years!”

Margaret J. Preston.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

T WAS Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
 When woods and fields put off all sadness.
 Thus began the king and spake:
 “So from the halls
 Of ancient Hofburg’s walls
 A luxuriant spring shall break.”

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
 Wave the crimson banners proudly.
 From balcony the king looked on;
 In the play of spears
 Fell all the cavaliers
 Before the monarch’s stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
 Rode at last a sable knight.
 “Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon, say!”
 “Should I speak it here,
 Ye would stand aghast with fear;
 I ’m a prince of mighty sway!”

When he rode into the lists,
 The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
 And the castle ’gan to rock.

At the first blow
Fell the youth from saddle-bow, —
 Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torehlight through the high halls glances,
 Waves a mighty shadow in ;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
 Doth with her the dance begin ;

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
 Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
 Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every knight and every dame.
 'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient king reclined,
 Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look ;
But the guest a beaker took :
 “Golden wine will make you whole !”
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank :
 “O, that draught was very cool !”

Each the father's breast embraces,
 Son and daughter; and their faces
 Colorless grow utterly.
 Whichever way
 Looks the fear-struck father gray,
 He beholds his children die.

“Woe! the blessed children both
 Takest thou in the joy of youth;
 Take me, too, the joyless father!”
 Spake the grim guest,
 From his hollow, cavernous breast:
 “Roses in the spring I gather!”
Johann Ludwig Uhland. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

ENVIABLE POVERTY.

I GLANCE into the harvest field,
 Where, 'neath the shade of richest trees,
 The reaper and the reaper's wife
 Enjoy their noonday ease.

And in the shadow of the hedge
 I hear full many a merry sound,
 Where the stout, brimming water-jug
 From mouth to mouth goes round.

About the parents, in the grass,
 Sit boys and girls of various size,
 And, like the buds about the rose,
 Make glad my gazing eyes.

See ! God himself from heaven spreads
 Their table with the freshest green,
 And lovely maids, his angel band,
 Bear heaped dishes in.

A laughing infant's sugar lip,
 Waked by the mother's kiss, doth deal
 To the poor parents a dessert
 Still sweeter than their meal.

From breast to breast, from arm to arm,
 Goes wandering round the rosy boy,
 A little circling flame of love,
 A living, general joy.

And strengthened thus for farther toil,
 Their toil is but joy fresh begun ;
 That wife, — O, what a happy wife !
 And, O, how rich is that poor man !

Benedikt Dalei. Tr. Anon.

WAR-SONG.

WE met, a hundred of us met,
 At curfew, in the field :
 We talked of heaven and Jesus Christ,
 And all devoutly kneeled ;

When, lo ! we saw, all of us saw,
 The starlit sky unclose,

And heard the far-high thunders roll
Like seas where storm-wind blows.

We listened, in amazement lost,
As still as stones for dread,
And heard the war proclaimed above,
And sins of nations read.

The sound was like a solemn psalm
That holy Christians sing;
And by and by the noise was ceased
Of all the angelic ring;

Yet still, beyond the cloven sky,
We saw the sheet of fire;
There came a voice, as from a throne,
To all the heavenly choir,

Which spake: "Though many men must fall,
I will that these prevail;
To me 'the poor man's cause is dear."
Then slowly sank a scale.

The hand that poised was lost in clouds,
One shell did weighty seem;
But sceptres, scuteheons, mitres, gold,
Flew up, and kicked the beam.

Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim. Tr. W. Taylor.

THE PROTEST.

AS long as I'm a Protestant,
A I'm bounden to protest;
Come, every German musicant,
And fiddle me his best!
You're singing of "the Free old Rhine";
But I say, No, good comrades mine, —
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that I do protest.

I scarce had got my christening o'er,
Or was in breeches dressed,
But I began to shout and roar
And mightily protest.
And since that time I've never stopped,
My protestations never dropped;
And blessed be they
Who every way
And everywhere protest.

There's one thing certain in my creed,
And schism is all the rest, —
That who's a Protestant indeed
Forever must protest.
What is the river Rhine to me?
For, from its source unto the sea,
Men are not free,
Whate'er they be,
And that I do protest.

And every man in reason grants,
 What always was confessed,
 As long as we are Protestants,
 We sternly must protest.
 And when they sing "the Free old Rhine,"
 Answer them "No," good comrades mine, —
 The Rhine could be
 Greatly more free,
 And that you shall protest.

Georg Herwegh. Tr. Anon.

WHITHER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
 From its rocky fountain near,
 Down into the valley rushing,
 So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
 Nor who the counsel gave;
 But I must hasten downward,
 All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
 And ever the brook beside;
 And ever fresher murmured,
 And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
 Whither, O brooklet, say!

Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of the mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

Wilhelm Müller. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

TRAVELLING.

TO wander is the miller's joy,
To wander!
What kind of miller must he be,
Who ne'er hath yearned to wander free,
To wander!

From water we have learned it, yes,
From water!
It knows no rest by night or day,
But wanders ever on its way,
Does water.

We see it by the mill-wheels, too,
The mill-wheels!

They ne'er repose, nor brook delay,
 They weary not the livelong day,
 The mill-wheels.

The stones, too, heavy though they be,
 The stones, too,
 Round in the giddy circle dance,
 E'en fain more quickly would advance,
 The stones would.

To wander, wander, my delight,
 To wander !
 O master, mistress, on my way
 Let me in peace depart to-day,
 And wander !

Wilhelm Müller. Tr. A. Baskerville.

CHRISTKINDLEIN.

HOW birdlike o'er the flakes of snow
 Its fairy footsteps flew !
 And on its soft and childish brow
 How delicate the hue !

And expectation wings its feet,
 And stirs its infant smile ;
 The merry bells their chime repeat ;
 The child stands still the while.

Then clasps in joy its little hand ;
 Then marks the Christian dome ;

The stranger child, in stranger land,
Feels now as if at home.

It runs along the sparkling ground ;
Its face with gladness beams :
It frolics in the blaze around,
Which from each window gleams.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
Reflected from the trees ;
And from the branches, green and tall,
The glittering gifts it sees.

It views within the lighted hall
The charm of social love ; —
O, what a joyous festival !
'T is sanctioned from above.

But now the childish heart's unstrung ;
"Where is my taper's light ?
And why no evergreen been hung
With toys for me to-night ?

"In my sweet home there was a band
Of holy love for me ;
A mother's kind and tender hand
Once decked my Christmas-tree.

"O, some one take me 'neath the blaze
Of those light tapers, do !
And, children, I can feel the plays ;
O, let me play with you !

“I care not for the prettiest toy ;
I want the love of home ;
O, let me in your playful joy,
Forget I have to roam !”

The little fragile hand is raised,
It strikes at every gate ;
In every window earnest gazed,
Then mid the snow it sate.

“Christinkle! thou, the children’s friend,
I’ve none to love me now !
Hast thou forgot my tree to send,
With lights on every bough ?”

The baby’s hands are numbed with frost,
Yet press the little cloak ;
Then on its breast in meekness crossed,
A sigh the silence broke.

And closer still the cloak it drew
Around its silken hair ;
Its pretty eyes, so clear and blue,
Alone defied the air.

Then came another pilgrim-child, —
A shining light he held ;
The accents fell so sweet and mild,
All music they excelled.

“I am thy Christmas friend, indeed,
And once a child like thee ;

When all forget, thou need'st not plead, —
I will adorn thy tree.

“ My joys are felt in street or bower,
My aid is everywhere ;
Thy Christmas-tree, my precious flower,
Here, in the open air,

“ Shall far outshine those other trees
Which caught thy infant eye.”
The stranger child looks up, and sees,
Far, in the deep blue sky,

A glorious tree, and stars among
The branches hang their light ;
The child, with soul all music, sung,
“ My tree indeed is bright ! ”

As 'neath the power of a dream
The infant closed its eyes,
And troops of radiant angels seem
Descending from the skies,

The baby to its Christ they bear ;
With Jesus it shall live ;
It finds a home and treasure there
Sweeter than earth can give.

Friedrich Rückert. Tr. Anon.

GAUDEAMUS.

LET us then rejoice, ere youth
 From our grasp hath hurried;
 After cheerful youth is past,
 After cheerless age, at last,
 In the earth we're buried.

Where are those who lived of yore,
 Men whose days are over?
 To the realms above thee go,
 Thence unto the shades below,
 An' thou wilt discover.

Short and fleeting is our life, —
 Swift away 't is wearing;
 Swiftly, too, will death be here,
 Cruel, us away to tear,
 Naught that liveth sparing.

Long live Academia, —
 And our tutors clever;
 All our comrades long live they,
 And our female comrades gay
 May they bloom forever.

Long live every maiden true,
 Who has worth and beauty;
 And may every matron who
 Kind and good is, flourish, too,
 Each who does her duty.

Long may also live our state,
 And the king who guides us ;
 Long may live our town, and fate
 Prosper each Mæcænas great,
 Who good things provides us.

Perish melancholy woe,
 Perish who derides us ;
 Perish fiend, and perish so
 Every antiburschian foe
 Who for laughing chides us.

Student Song. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

AN OLD AUTUMN SUNSET AT HEIDELBERG.

NEAR my window, rustling in the breeze,
 Stand the autumn trees ;
 Golden sunlight from a depth of blue
 Warms the earth of tawny hue,
 And constant Nature calls to mind the time
 I adored her in another clime.
 O, those ripening hours by Neckar's stream,
 When I sat amid the gleam
 Of purple vine-leaves drunken with the sun ;
 Gazing from some peak I won
 Into valleys dropping brown and deep
 Where the shadows sleep
 Among chestnuts and the cones of pine ;
 Looking at the tender line
 Of misty hills in distant France,
 As they tossed me back the glance

Of Nature's vintage-maker, o'er the plain
 Seemingly steeped in golden rain,
 O'er the Rhine, and back to Neckar's hills
 Where the radiance fills
 The thunder-riven clefts of tower and keep,
 Battered rooms of queens upon the steep:
 Thus restored, as if some olden day
 Had left its princely sunset here to stay,
 Since the princely chambers must decay.
 See, the chasms are mended
 With the vapor splendid,
 Till they're solid for the ivy's foot,
 Seem new vantage for the harebell's root.
 O, that golden afternoon,
 When unto the mountain-spur
 Whence Tilly rained his murder down,
 Floated up like gossamer
 Above the sleepy, silent town,
 That harvest tune!

John Weiss.

LENORA.

FROM heavy dreams Lenora rose
 With morning's first, faint ray:
 "O William, art thou false, — or dead?
 How long wilt thou delay?"
 He, with King Frederick's knightly train,
 Had hied to distant battle-plain,
 And not a line had come to tell
 If yet he were alive and well.

And now were king and queen full fain
The weary strife to cease,
Subdued at length their mutual wrath,
And joined their hands in peace ;
Then rose the song and clash and clang,
And kettle-drums and trumpets rang,
As, decked with garlands green and gay,
Each host pursued its homeward way.

And here and there, and everywhere,
Along each road and route,
To meet them came both young and old,
With song and merry shout.
“Thank God!” both child and mother cried,
And “Welcome!” many a happy bride.
But, ah! one heart shared not the bliss
Of fond embrace and thrilling kiss.

From rank to rank Lenora flew ;
She called each knight by name,
And asked for William ; but, alas !
No answering tidings came.
Then, when that host had all gone by,
She beat her breast in agony,
And madly tore her raven hair,
And prostrate fell in wild despair.

The mother hastened to her child :
“Ah, God have mercy now !
My darling child, what aileth thee ?”
And kissed her marble brow.

“O mother, mother, all is o’er;
 No peace, no hope forevermore;
 No pity dwells with God on high;
 Woe’s me, woe’s me; O misery!”

“Help, God of grace, look down and help!
 Child, breathe a fervent prayer;
 What God has done must work for good;
 God hears, and God will spare.”

“O mother, mother, — idle thought!
 No good for me God’s will hath wrought;
 Vain have been all my prayers, — all vain;
 I dare not look to Heaven again!”

“Help, God of grace! No child shall seek
 The Father’s face in vain;
 Come, and the blessed sacrament
 Shall surely soothe thy pain.”

“O mother, mother, pangs like these
 No sacrament hath power to ease;
 No sacrament can pierce death’s gloom,
 And wake the tenant of the tomb!”

“Child, hear me; say, the false one now,
 In far Hungarian land,
 Abjures his holy faith, and plights
 Some Paynim maid his hand?
 Well, let it go, child, let it go,
 ’T will profit him no more below;
 And O, when soul and body part,
 What flames shall burn his perjured heart!”

“O mother, mother, lost is lost,
And gone, forever gone;
Death, death, is now my only gain;
O, had I ne'er been born!
Be quenched, forever quenched, my light!
Die, die in horror's gloomiest night!
No pity dwells with God on high;
Woe's me, woe's me; O misery!”

“Help, God of grace! O, enter not
In judgment with thy child!
Alas! she knows not what she says;
Forgive whom woe makes wild.
Ah, child, forget thine earthly woes,
And think on God and heaven's repose;
Then shall thy soul, life's sorrows passed,
The bridegroom meet in bliss at last.

“O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is hell?
With him, with him alone, is bliss;
Without my William, hell.
Be quenched, forever quenched, my light!
Die, die in horror's gloomiest night!
While he is not, no peace below;
Without him, heaven is endless woe!”

Thus raged the madness of despair,
And smote and scorched her brain.
She ceased not still God's providence
And justice to arraign;

She wrung her hands and beat her breast,
Until the sun had gone to rest,
Till all the stars came out on high,
And twinkled in the vaulted sky.

When, hark ! a distant trap, trap, trap,
Like horse's hoofs, did sound ;
And soon an iron-mailed knight
Sprang clattering to the ground.
And hark ! and hark ! a gentle ring
Came swiftly, softly, — kling, ling, ling ;
Then through the door, in accents clear,
These words did greet Lenora's ear : —

“Holla ! holla ! love, ope to me ;
Dost wake, my child, or sleep ?
And what are now thy thoughts of me ?
And dost thou smile or weep ?”
“Ah, William, thou ? — so late at night ? —
I've wept and watched through gloom and light ;
And, ah, what depths of woe I've known !
Whence com'st thou now thus late and lone ?”

“At midnight hour alone we ride ;
From Hungary I come.
I saddled late, and now, my bride,
Will bear thee to thy home.”
“Ah, William, first come in, till morn ;
The wild wind whistles through the thorn.
Come quickly in, my love ; these arms
Shall fold thee safe from midnight harms.”

“Let the wind whistle through the thorn ;
Child, what have I to fear ?
Loud snorts the steed ; the spur rings shrill ;
I may not tarry here.
Come, robe thyself, and mount with speed
Behind me on my coal-black steed ;
And when a hundred miles are past,
We reach the bridal-bed at last.”

“Ah, must I ride a hundred miles
To bridal-bed this day ?
And, hark ! e’en now the booming clock, —
Eleven ! — night wears away.”
“See here ! see here ! the moon shines bright ;
We and the dead ride swift by night :
Thou, an thou mount without delay,
Shalt see thy marriage-bed to-day !”

“Where is thy chamber, say, my love ?
And where thy marriage-bed ?”
“Far, far from here ! — still, small, and cool, —
Six planks, with foot and head.”
“Hast room for me ?” “For thee and me ;
Come, robe thee, mount, and soon thou’lt see ;
The guests stand waiting for the bride ;
The chamber door stands open wide.”

Up rose the maid, and donned her robes,
And on the courser sprung,
And round the darling rider’s form
Her lily arms she flung.

And hurry ho ! o'er hill and plain,
 Hop, hop, the gallop swept amain,
 Till steed and rider, panting, blew,
 And dust-clouds, sparks, and pebbles flew.

And on the right and on the left
 How fast the landscape fled !
 How all the thundering bridges shook
 Beneath the courser's tread !
 "Dost quake, my love? The moon shines bright!
 Hurrah ! the dead ride swift by night!
 Dost fear the dead, my love, my own?"
 "Ah no ! yet leave the dead alone."

What clang was that, and doleful song,
 And rush of raven's wing ?
 Hark ! hark ! the knell of funeral bell !
 The bending mourners sing,
 "Bear home the dead !" and soon appear
 The shrouded corpse and sable bier ;
 Like croak of frogs in marshy plain,
 Swelled on the breeze that dismal strain.

"When midnight 's passed, bear home the dead,
 With sad, sepulchral strain ;
 I 'm bearing home my youthful bride ;
 Haste, — join the bridal train !
 Come, sexton, bring thy choir along,
 And croak for me the bridal song ;
 Come, priest, and be thy blessing said,
 Or ere we seek the marriage-bed !"

Ceased clang and song, swift fled the bier,
Obedient to his call,
Hard at the horse's heels that throng
Came hurrying one and all;
And onward, on, o'er hill and plain,
Hop, hop, the gallop swept anain,
Till horse and rider panting blew,
And dust-clouds, sparks, and pebbles flew.

On either hand, — right, left, — how swift
Trees, hedges, mountains, fled!
How vanished cities, towns, and farms,
As onward still they sped!
“Dost quake, my love? The moon shiues bright!
Hurrah! the dead ride swift by night!
Dost fear the dead, my love, my own?”
“Ah, leave the dead to rest, alone!”

See! see! beneath yon gallows-tree,
Along the moonlit ground,
Half brought to view, an airy crew
Go dancing round and round.
“Ha, merry crew! come, haste along,
And follow in the marriage throng!
I take my bride ere morn, and ye
Shall dance the wedding dance for me.”

And hurry, skurry, close behind
That pack came brustling fast;
So rattles through the hazel-bush
November's fitful blast.

And onward still, o'er hill and plain,
 Hop, hop, the gallop dashed amain,
 Till horse and rider panting blew,
 And dust-clouds, sparks, and pebbles flew.

How fast the land on either hand
 Beneath the moon swept by!
 How swiftly fled, high overhead,
 The stars along the sky!
 "Dost quake, my love? The moon shines bright!
 Hurrah! the dead ride swift by night!
 Dost fear the dead, my love, my own?"
 "Ah, leave the dead to rest, alone!

"Speed, speed, my steed! Methinks c'en now
 The early cock doth crow.
 Speed on! I scent the morning air;
 Speed, speed! the sand runs low!
 'Tis done, 't is done, — our journey's passed;
 The bridal-bed appears at last.
 Hurrah! how swiftly ride the dead!
 It is, it is, the bridal-bed!"

And, lo! an iron-grated gate
 Full in their pathway frowned;
 He snapped his switch, and loek and bolt
 Sprang back with thunder-sound.
 The clanking gates, wide-opening, led,
 O'er crowded dwellings of the dead,
 Where tombstones, thickly scattered round,
 Gleamed pale along the moonlit ground.

Ha, see! ha, see! whoo! whoo! what tongue
Can such dread wonder tell!
The rider's collar, piece by piece,
Like shrivelled tinder fell;
His head a sightless skull became,
A ghastly skeleton his frame;
In his right hand a scythe he swung,
And in his left an hour-glass hung.

High pranced the steed, and snorted wild,
And, snorting, flamed outright;
And, whee! the solid ground beneath
Fled from the maiden's sight.
Howls, howls were heard through upper air;
Below, deep moanings of despair:
Her quaking heart, 'twixt death and life,
Seemed wrestling in an awful strife.

Now round and round, o'er moonlit ground,
The ghastly spectre-train
Full well did dance their fetter-dance,
And howled this solemn strain,—
“Forbear! forbear! Though heart be riven,
Contend not with the God of heaven!
Thou hast laid down this earthly clod;
Now may the soul find peace with God!”

Gottfried August Bürger. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

THE GERMANS TO THEIR EMPEROR.

GERMAN Kaiser! German Kaiser!
 G Come, our savior, our avenger!
 Save thy Deutschland from the stranger,
 Take the wreath we wove for thee.

See the league is true and German!
 Only German hopes have swayed us,
 Only thou and God shall aid us,
 Not the Dane, and not the Swede.

Come, in ancient holy harness!
 See thy sires entreat, adjure thee!
 Of Germania's weal secure thee,
 Make the Empire's freedom sure.

Like a shepherd, strong yet gentle,
 Rudolph from his Alps descended,
 Jarring strifes in peace were blended,
 Under Harsburg's kindly sway.

Praise to thee, fleet chamois-hunter!
 War his tent, and her pavilion
 Peace, for thee, brave Maximilian
 Spreads, — our Kaiser-Cavalier!

When dissension tore the Empire,
 Shaking ancient Faith's foundations,

Deutschland pined among the nations
 Thirty dark and dreary years.

With no tears to spare for pity,
 Half apostle, and half warrior,
 'Gainst the storm a strong rock-barrier
 Stood the pious Ferdinand.

German Kaiser! German Kaiser!
 Lagg'st thou? — sleep'st thou? — up, awaken!
 Let the lion's mane be shaken!
 Be a Rudolph! be a Charles!

Let the Empire be the watchword!
 Where the ancient banner leads us,
 Where the eagle's pride precedes us,
 We will march to victory.

Cast not off what God hath given!
 On thy German throne reseated,
 Kaiser crowned, and Kaiser greeted,
 Be the star of Christendom!

From the German. Tr. J. S. Blackie.

LUTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

WHAT gleams from you wood in the bright sun-
 shine?

Hark! nearer and nearer 't is sounding;
 It hurries along, black line upon line,
 And the shrill-voiced horns in the wild chase join,
 The soul with dark horror confounding:

And if the black troopers' name you 'd know,
'T is Lützow's wild Jäger, — a-hunting they go!

From hill to hill, through the dark wood they lie,
And warrior to warrior is calling;
Behind the thiek bushes in ambush they lie,
The rifle is heard, and the loud war-cry,
In rows the Frank minions are falling:
And if the black troopers' name you 'd know,
'T is Lützow's wild Jäger, — a-hunting they go!

Where the bright grapes glow, and the Rhine rolls
wide,
He weened they would follow him never;
But the pursuit came like the storm in its pride,
With sinewy arms they parted the tide,
And reached the far shore of the river;
And if the dark swimmers' name you 'd know,
'T is Lützow's wild Jäger, — a-hunting they go!

How roars in the valley the angry fight;
Hark! how the keen swords are clashing!
High-hearted Ritter are fighting the fight,
The spark of Freedom awakens bright,
And in crimson flames it is flashing:
And if the dark Ritters' name you 'd know,
'T is Lützow's wild Jäger, — a-hunting they go!

Who gurgle in death, mid the groaus of the foe,
No more the bright sunlight seeing?
The writhings of death on their face they show,

But no terror the hearts of the freemen know.

For the Frauzmen are routed and fleeing ;
And if the dark heroes' name you 'd know,
'T is Lützow's wild Jäger, -- a-hunting they go!

The chase of the German, the chase of the free,

In hounding the tyrant we strained it!
Ye friends, that love us, look up with glee!
The night is scattered, the dawn we see,

Though we with our life's-blood have gained it!
And from sire to son the tale shall go:
'T was Lützow's wild Jäger that routed the foe!

Karl Theodor Körner. Tr. J. S. Blackie.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

THE wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

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The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound and horn and steed
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled:

But still the wildgrave onward rides ;
Halloo, halloo ! and hark again !
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell :
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May ;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, " Welcome, welcome, noble lord !
What sport can earth or sea or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford ? "

" Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell, "
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice ;
" And for devotion's choral swell
Exchange the rude unhallowed noise.

" To-day the ill-omened chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane ;
To-day the warning spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain. "

" Away, and sweep the glades along ! "
The sable hunter hoarse replies ;

“To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells and books and mysteries.”

The wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
“Who, for thy drowsy priest-like rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?”

“Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray:
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!”

The wildgrave spurred his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'erholt and hill;
And on the left and on the right
Each stranger horseman followed still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the wildgrave's horn,
“Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!”

A heedless wretch has crossed the way;
He gasps, the thundering hoofs below;
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, “Forward, forward!” on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessings crowned;
See, prostrate at the wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman, with toil embrowed:

“O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
 Spare the poor’s pittance,” was his cry,
 “Earned by the sweat these brows have poured,
 In scorching hour of fierce July.”

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
 The left still cheering to the prey,
 The impetuous earl no warning heeds,
 But furious holds the onward way.

“Away, thou hound! so basely born,
 Or dread the scourge’s echoing blow!”
 Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
 “Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!”

So said, so done: a single bound
 Clears the poor laborer’s humble pale;
 Wild follows man and horse and hound,
 Like dark December’s stormy gale.

And man and horse and hound and horn
 Destructive sweep the field along;
 While joying o’er the wasted corn,
 Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
 Scours moss and moor and holt and hill;
 Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
 And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared;
 He seeks the shelter of the crowd;

Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor and holt and hill
His track the steady bloodhounds trace ;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall :
"O, spare, thou noble baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all ;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care."

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey ;
The earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmannered dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall ;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near ;
The murderous cries the stag appall,
Again he starts, new nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
 While big the tears of anguish pour,
 He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
 The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse and horn and hound
 Fast rattling on his traces go;
 The sacred chapel rung around
 With, "Hark away! and holla, ho!"

All mild, amid the rout profane,
 The holy hermit poured his prayer:
 "Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
 Revere his altar, and forbear!

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
 Which, wronged by cruelty or pride,
 Draw vengeance on the ruthless head:
 Be warned at length, and turn aside."

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads;
 The black, wild whooping, points the prey:
 Alas! the earl no warning heeds,
 But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
 Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
 Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
 Not God himself, shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
 "Hark, forward, forward, holla, ho!"

But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man and horn and hound
And clamor of the chase was gone ;
For hoofs and howls and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted earl around ;
He strove in vain to wake his horn ;
In vain to call, for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne ;

He listens for his trusty hounds ;
No distant baying reached his ears :
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave ;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke ;
And from a cloud of swarthy red
The awful voice of thunder spoke :

“ Oppressor of creation fair !
Apostate spirit's hardened tool !
Scorner of God ! scourge of the poor !
The measure of thy cup is full.

“Be chased forever through the wood ;
Forever roam the affrighted wild ;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God’s meanest creature is his child.”

’T was hushed : one flash, of sombre glare,
With yellow tinged the forests brown ;
Up rose the wildgrave’s bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill ;
A rising wind began to sing ;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call ! her entrails rend ;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The wildgrave flies o’er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe ;
Behind him hound and horse and horn,
And, “ Hark away ! and holla, ho ! ”

With wild despair’s reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,

With bloody fangs, and eager cry,
 In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
 Till time itself shall have an end.
 By day, they scour earth's caverned space,
 At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn and hound and horse
 That oft the 'lated peasant hears;
 Appalled he signs the frequent cross,
 When the wild din invades his ears.

'The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
 For human pride, for human woe,
 When, at his midnight mass, he hears
 The infernal cry of "Holla, ho!"

Sir Walter Scott.

JEREMIADS.

ALL, both in prose and in verse, in Germany fast is
 decaying;
 Far behind us, alas, lieth the golden age now!

For by philosophers spoiled is our language,—our
 logic by poets,
 And no more common-sense governs our passage
 through life.

From the æsthetic, to which she belongs, now virtue is
driven,
And into politics forced, where she 's a troublesome
guest.

Where are we hastening now? If natural, dull we are
voted,
And if we put on constraint, then the world calls us
absurd.

O, thou joyous artlessness 'mongst the poor maidens of
Leipzig,
Witty simplicity, come, — come, then, to glad us
again!

Comedy, O, repeat thy weekly visits so precious,
Sigismund, lover so sweet, — Mascarill, valet jocose!

Tragedy, full of salt, and pungency epigrammatic, —
And thou, minuet, — step of our old buskin pre-
served!

Philosophic romance, thou manikin waiting with pa-
tience,
When, 'gainst the pruner's attack, Nature defendeth
herself!

Ancient prose, O, return, — so nobly and boldly express-
ing
All that thou think'st and hast thought, — and what
the reader thinks too!

All, both in prose and in verse, in Germany fast is
decaying;

Far behind us, alas, lieth the golden age now !

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. E. A. Bowring.

PICTURES OF GERMANY.

I.

I LEFT Cologne on my onward road
At a quarter to eight precisely ;
We got to Hagen at three o'clock,
And there had our dinners nicely.

The table was covered. Here found I all
The old-fashioned German dishes ;
All hail, thou savory sour-kroust, hail,
The reward of my utmost wishes !

Stuffed chestnuts all in green cabbages dressed !
My food when I was a baby !
All hail, ye native stockfish, ye swim
In the butter as nicely as may be !

One's native country to each fond heart
Grows ever dearer and dearer, —
Its eggs and bloaters, when nicely browned,
Come home to one's feelings still nearer.

How the sausages sang in the spluttering fat !
The fieldfares, those very delicious

And roasted angels with apple-sauce,
All warbled a welcome propitious.

“Thou’rt welcome, countryman,” warbled they,
“Full long hast thou been delaying!
Full long hast thou with foreign birds
In foreign lands been straying!”

Upon the table stood also a goose,
A silent, kind-hearted being;
Perchance she loved me in younger days,
When our tastes were nearer agreeing.

Full of meaning she eyed me, cordial but sad,
And fond, like the rest of her gender;
She surely possessed an excellent soul,
But her flesh was by no means tender.

A boar’s head they also brought in the room,
On a pewter dish, for me to guzzle;
The bores with us are always decked out
With laurel leaves round their muzzle.

II.

Ox leaving Hagen the night came on,
And I felt a chilly sensation
Inside. At the inn at Unna I first
Recovered my animation.

A pretty maiden found I there,
Who poured out my punch discreetly;

Like yellow silk were her comely locks,
Her eyes like the moonlight gleamed sweetly.

Her lisping Westphalian accents I heard
With joy, as she uttered them clearly;
The punch with sweet recollections smoked,
I thought of my brethren loved dearly;

The dear Westphalians, with whom I oft drank
At Göttingen, while we were able,
Till we sank in emotion on each other's necks,
And also sank under the table.

That lovable, worthy, Westphalian race!
I ever have loved it extremely;
A nation so firm, so faithful, so true,
Ne'er given to boasting unseemly.

How proudly they stand, with their lion-like hearts,
In the noble science of fencing!
Their quarts and their tierces, so honestly meant,
With vigorous arm dispensing.

Right well they fight, and right well they drink;
When they give thee their hand so gentle
To strike up a friendship, they needs must weep,
Like oaks turned sentimental.

May Heaven watch over thee, worthy race,
On thy seed shower down benefactions,

Preserve thee from war and empty renown,
From heroes and heroes' actions!

May it evermore grant to thy excellent sons
An easy examination,
And give thy daughters marriages good, —
So Amen to my invocation!

III.

BEHOLD the wood of Teutoburg,
Described in Tacitus' pages;
Behold the classical marsh, wherein .
Stuck Varus, in past ages.

Here vanquished him the Cherusian prince,
The noble giant, named Hermann;
'T was in this mire that triumphed first
Our nationality German.

Had Hermann with his light-haired hordes
Not triumphed here over the foeman,
Then German freedom had come to an end,
We had each been turned to a Roman!

Naught but Roman language and manners had now
Our native country ruled over,
In Munich lived Vestals, the Swabians e'en
As Quirites have flourished in clover!

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IV.

THE wind was humid, and barren the land,
 The chaise floundered on in the mire,
 Yet a singing and ringing were filling my ears:
 "O Sun, thou accusing fire!"

The burden is this of the olden song
 That my nurse so often was singing, —
 "O Sun, thou accusing fire!" was then
 Like the note of the forest horn ringing.

This song of a murderer tells the tale,
 Who lived a life joyous and splendid;
 Hung up in the forest at last he was found,
 From a gray old willow suspended.

The murderer's sentence of death was nailed
 On the willow's stem, written entire;
 The Vehm-gericht's avengers' work 't was, —
 "O Sun, thou accusing fire!"

The Sun was accuser, — 't was he who condemned
 The murderer foul, in his ire.
 Ottilia had cried, as she gave up the ghost:
 "O Sun, thou accusing fire!"

When the song I recall, the remembrance too
 Of my dear old nurse never ceases,
 I see once more her swarthy face,
 With all its wrinkles and creases.

In the district of Münster she was born,
And knew, in all their glory,
Many popular songs and wondrous tales,
And many a wild ghost-story.

How my heart used to beat when the old nurse told
how
The king's daughter, in days now olden,
Sat all alone on the desert heath,
While glistened her tresses so golden.

Her business was to tend the geese
As a goosegirl, and when at nightfall
She drove the geese home again through the gate,
Her tears would in piteous plight fall.

For nailed up on high, above the gate,
She saw a horse's head o'er her;
The head it was of the dear old horse
Who to foreign countries bore her.

The king's poor daughter deeply sighed:
"O Falada! hangest thou yonder?"
The horse's head from above replied:
"Alas, that from home thou didst wander!"

The king's poor daughter deeply sighed:
"O, would that my mother knew it!"
The horse's head from above replied:
"Full sorely she would rue it!"

With gasping breath I used to attend
When my nurse, with a voice soft and serious,
Of Barbarossa began to speak,
Our emperor so mysterious.

She assured me that he was not dead, as to think
By learned men we were bidden,
But with his comrades in arms still lived
In a mountain's recesses safe hidden.

Kyffhäuser is the mountain's name,
With a cave in its depths benighted;
By lamps its high and vaulted rooms
In ghostly fashion are lighted.

The first of the halls is a stable vast,
Where in glittering harness the stranger
Who enters may see many thousand steeds,
Each standing at his manger.

They all are saddled, and bridled all,
Yet amongst these thousands of creatures,
No single one neighs, no single one stamps,
Like statues of iron their features.

Upon the straw in the second hall
The soldiers are seen in their places;
Many thousand soldiers, a bearded race,
With warlike and insolent faces.

They all are full armed from top to toe,
Yet out of this countless number

Not one of them moves, not one of them stirs,
They all are wrapped in slumber.

In the third of the halls in lofty piles
Swords, spears, and axes are lying,
And armor and helmets of silver and steel,
With old-fashioned firearms vying.

The cannons are few, but yet are enough
To build up a trophy olden.
A standard projects from out of the heap,
Its color is black-red-golden.

In the fourth of the halls the Emperor lives,
For many a century dozing
On a seat made of stone near a table of stone,
His head on his arm reposing.

His beard, which has grown right down to the ground,
Is red as a fiery ocean;
At times his eye to blink may be seen,
And his eyebrows are ever in motion.

But whether he sleeps or whether he thinks,
For the present we cannot discover;
Yet when the proper hour has come,
He 'll shake himself all over.

His trusty banner he then will seize,
And "To horse! Quick to horse!" shout proudly;
His cavalry straight will awake and spring
From the earth, all rattling loudly.

Each man will forthwith leap on his horse,
Each stamping his hoofs and neighing ;
They'll ride abroad in the clattering world,
While their trumpets are merrily playing.

Right well they ride, and right well they fight,
No longer they slumber supinely ;
In terrible judgment the emperor sits,
To punish the murderers condignly, —

The murderers foul, who murdered erst
Her whose beauty such awe did inspire,
The golden-haired maiden, Germania hight, —
“O Sun, thou accusing fire!”

Full many who deemed themselves safely hid,
And sat in their castles cheerful,
Shall then not escape Barbarossa's fierce wrath,
And the cord of vengeance fearful.

My old nurse's tales, how sweetly they ring,
How dear are the thoughts they inspire !
My heart superstitiously shouts with joy :
“O Sun, thou accusing fire!”

V.

A FINE and prickly rain now descends,
Like needle-tops cold, and wetting ;
The horses mournfully waggle their tails,
And wade through the mud with sweating.

Upon his horn the postilion blows
The old tune loved so dearly :
“ Three horsemen are riding out at the gate, ” —
Its memory crosses me clearly.

I sleepy grew, and at length went to sleep,
And as for my dream, this is it:
To the Emperor Barbarossa I
In the wondrous mount paid a visit.

On his stony seat by the table of stone
Like an image no longer I saw him,
Nor had he that very respectable look
With which for the most part they draw him.

He waddled about with me round the halls,
Discoursing with much affection,
Like an antiquarian pointing out
The gems of his precious collection.

In the hall of armor he showed with a club
How the strength of a blow to determine,
And rubbed off the dust from a few of the swords
With his own imperial ermine.

He took in his hand a peacock's fan,
And cleaned full many a dusty
Old piece of armor, and many a helm,
And many a morion rusty.

The standard he carefully dusted too,
And said, “ My greatest pride is,

That not e'en one moth hath eaten the silk,
And not e'en one insect inside is."

And when we came to the second hall,
Where asleep on the ground were lying
Many thousand armed warriors, the old man said,
Their forms with contentment eying :

"We must take care, while here, not to waken the men,
And make no noise in the gallery ;
A hundred years have again passed away,
And to-day I must pay them their salary."

And see! the emperor softly approached,
While he held in his hand a ducat,
And quietly into the pocket of each
Of the sleeping soldiery stuck it.

And then he remarked with a simpering face,
When I observed him with wonder :
"I give them a ducat apiece as their pay,
At periods a century asunder."

In the hall wherein the horses were ranged,
And drawn out in rows long and silent,
Together the emperor rubbed his hands,
While his pleasure seemed getting quite violent.

He counted the horses, one by one,
And poked their ribs approving ;
He counted and counted, and all the while
His lips were cagerly moving.

“The proper number is not complete,” —
Thus angrily he discourses ;

“Of soldiers and weapons I’ve quite enough,
But still am deficient in horses.

“Horse-jockeys I’ve sent to every place
In all the world, to supply me,
With the very best horses that they can find,
And now I’ve a good number by me.

“I only wait till the number’s complete,
Then, making a regular clearance,
I’ll free my country, my German folk,
Who trustingly wait my appearance.”

Thus spake the emperor, while I cried :
“Old fellow ! seize time as it passes ;
Set to work, and hast thou not horses enough,
Then fill up their places with asses.”

Then Barbarossa smiling replied :
“For the battle there need be no hurry ;
Rome certainly never was built in one day,
Nothing’s gained by bustle and flurry.

“Who comes not to-day, to-morrow will come,
The oak’s slow growth might shame us ;
Chi va piano va sano wisely says
The Roman proverb famous.”

VI.

I WRANGLLED in dream with the emperor thus, —
In dream, — I say it advisedly ;
In waking hours we never dare talk
To princes so undisguisedly.

The Germans only venture to speak
When asleep, in a dream ideal,
The thoughts that they bear in their faithful hearts,
So German and yet so real.

When I awoke, I was passing a wood,
And the sight of the trees in such numbers,
And their naked wooden reality,
Soon scared away my slumbers.

The oaks with solemnity shook their heads ;
The twigs of the birch-trees, in token
Of warning, nodded, and I exclaimed :
“ Dear monarch, forgive what I’ve spoken !

“ Forgive, Barbarossa, my headstrong speech,
I know that thou art far wiser
Than I, for impatient by nature I am, —
Yet hasten thy coming, my Kaiser !

“ If guillotining contents thee not,
Retain the old plan for the present :
The sword for the nobleman, keeping the rope
For the townsman and vulgar peasant.

“ But frequently change the order, and let
The nobles be hanged, beheading
The townsmen and peasants, for God cares alike
For all who life’s pathways are treading.

“ Restore again the Criminal Court
That Charles the Fifth invented ;
With orders, corporations, and guilds
Let the people again be contented.

“ To the sacred old Roman Empire again
In all its integrity yoke us ;
Its musty frippery give us once more,
And all its hocus-pocus.

“ The Middle Ages, if you like,
The genuine Middle Ages
I’ll gladly endure, but free us, I pray,
From the nonsense that now all the rage is, —

“ From all that mongrel chivalry
That such a nauseous dish is
Of Gothic fancies and modern deceit,
And neither flesh nor fish is.

“ The troops of comedians drive away,
And close the theatres sickly,
Wherein they parody former times, —
O emperor, come thou quickly !” .

VII.

THE town of Minden's a fortress strong,
With arms and stores well provided;
But Prussian fortresses, truth to say,
I never have abided.

We got there just as evening fell;
The planks of the drawbridge sadly
Beneath us groaned, as over we rolled,
And the dark moat gaped on us madly.

The lofty bastions on me gazed
With threatening and sulky wonder;
The heavy gate opened with rattling loud,
And closed with a noise like thunder.

Alas! my soul felt as sad as the soul
Of Odysseus, the world-renowned warrior,
When he heard Polyphemus rolling a rock
In front of the cave as a barrier.

A corporal came to the door of the coach
For our names; I replied to this latter act:
"I'm Nobody called; I an oculist am,
Who couch the giants for cataract!"

At the inn I found my discomfort increase,
My victuals filled me with loathing;
I straight went to bed, but slept not a wink,
So heavy I found the bed-clothing.

The bed was a large, broad feather bed,
 Red damask curtains around it,
 The canopy wrought with faded gold,
 While a dirty tassel crowned it.

Accurséd tassel! of all my repose
 It robbed me all night through;
 It hung overhead like Damocles' sword,
 And threatened to pierce me right through!

A serpent's head it often appeared,
 And I heard its hissing mysterious:
 "In the fortress thou art, and canst not escape,"—
 A position especially serious!

"O, would that I were"—I thought with a sigh—
 "Of my peaceable home a sharer,
 With my own dear wife in Paris once more,
 In the Faubourg-Poissonière!"

I felt that a something oftentimes
 Was over my forehead stealing,
 Just like a censor's chilly hand,
 And all my thoughts congealing.

Gendarmes, in the dresses of corpses concealed,
 In white and ghostly confusion
 Surrounded my bed, while a rattling of chains
 I heard, to swell the illusion.

Alas! the spectres carried me off,
 And at length with amazement I found *mé*

Beside a precipitous wall of rocks,
And there they firmly had bound me.

Detestable tassel, so dirty and foul!
Again it appeared before me,
But now in the shape of a vulture with claws
And black wings hovering o'er me.

And now like the well-known eagle it seemed,
And grasped me, and breathing prevented;
It ate the liver out of my breast,
While sadly I groaned and lamented.

Long time I lamented, when crowed the cock,
And the feverish vision faded;
Perspiring in bed at Minden I lay,
To a tassel the bird was degraded.

I travelled with post-horses on,
And free breath presently drew I
On the domain of Bückeberg,
As by my feelings knew I.

VIII.

O DANTON, great was thy mistake,
And thy error was paid for dearly!
One can carry away one's fatherland
On the soles of one's feet pretty nearly.

Of the princely domain of Bückeberg
One half to my boots clung in patches;
In all my life I never have seen
A place that in filth its match is.

At the town of Bückeberg shortly I stopped,
To see the ancestral castle
Whence my grandfather came; my grandmother, though,
Of Hamburg was part and parcel.

I got to Hanover just at noon,
And there had my boots cleaned neatly,
And afterwards went to visit the town;
When I travel, I do it completely.

By Heavens, how spruce the place appeared!
No mud in its streets was lying;
Many handsome buildings there I saw,
In massive splendor vying.

I was mostly charmed by a very large square,
Surrounded by houses superior;
There lives the king, and his palace there stands,
Of a really handsome exterior, —

(The palace I mean.) On each side of the door
A sentry-box had its station;
Redcoats with muskets there kept guard,
Of threatening and wild reputation.

My ciccone said: "Here lives
King Ernest Augustus, a tory

Of the olden school, and a nobleman,
 Very sharp, though his hairs are hoary.

“ In safety idyllic here he dwells,
 For he ’s far more securely protected
 By the scanty courage of our dear friends
 Than his satellites ever affected.

“ I see him sometimes, and then he complains
 How very tedious his post is, —
 The regal post, of which he here
 In Hanover now the boast is.

“ Accustomed to a British life,
 And plagued by spleen, to cure it
 He finds it not easy, and greatly fears
 That he cannot much longer endure it.

“ T other day I found him at early morn
 By the fireside mournfully bending ;
 For his dog, who was sick, with his own royal hands
 A comforting draught he was blending.”

IX.

THEY bit by bit are building again
 The hapless half-burnt city ;
 Like a half-shorn poodle Hamburg now looks,
 An object to waken one’s pity.

Full many a street has disappeared
 That mournfully one misses, —

Where is the house wherein I kissed
Love's first delicious kisses ?

Where is the printing-house where I
My *Reisebilder* printed ?
The oyster-shop where I oysters gulped down
With appetite unstinted ?

The Dreckwall too, — where is it now ?
I now should seek it vainly ;
Where the Pavilion, where I ate
So many cakes profanely ?

Where is the Town-Hall, wherein sat
The senate and burghers stately ?
A prey to the flames ! The flames spared not
Whatever was holiest lately.

The people still were sighing with grief,
And with most mournful faces
The history sad of the great fire told,
And pointed out all its traces : —

“ It burnt in every corner at once,
All was smoke and flames fiercely flashing ;
The churches' towers all blazed on high,
And tumbled in with loud crashing.

“ The old Exchange was also burnt,
Where our fathers in every weather
Were wont to assemble for centuries past,
And honestly traded together.

“The bank, the silvery soul of the town,
And the books which have always served us
To note the assets of every man,
Thank Heaven! have been preserved us.

“Thank Heaven! In every land they made
On our behalf large collections;
A capital job, — we got no less
Than eight millions in all directions.

“The money from every country flowed
In our hands, which were far from unwilling,
And plenty of food they also sent,
And we gladly accepted each shilling.

“They sent us clothes and bedding enough,
And bread and meat and soups too;
The King of Prussia, to show his regard,
Would fain have sent us troops too.

“Our losses in property thus were replaced,
A matter of mere valuation;
But then the fright, — our terrible fright
Admits of no compensation!”

I cheeringly said: “My worthy friends,
You should not lament and bawl so!
A far better city than yours was Troy,
And yet it was burnt down also.

“Rebuild your houses as fast as you can,
And dry up every puddle;

Get better engines and better laws,
That are not quite such a muddle.

“Don't put in your nice mock-turtle soup
So very much Cayenne pepper ;
Your carp are not wholesome with so much sauce,
Or when eaten with scales, like a leper.”

Heinrich Heine. Tr. E. A. Bowring.

THE END.



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