



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

59. c. 20.

*Presented to  
the*



*Captain St. John*

*1887*



**302664478/**

**TAYLOR INSTITUTION LIBRARY  
OXFORD OX1 3NA**

***PLEASE RETURN BY THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW  
Unless recalled earlier***

**12 SEP 2002**

**OXFORD UNIVERSITY**



ST. GILES', OXFORD OX1 3NA  
**Comenius Collection**

PS 5056-1.1341

THE  
QUEEN'S COURT MANUSCRIPT,

WITH  
Other Ancient Bohemian Poems,

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SLAVONIC INTO  
ENGLISH VERSE

BY A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A.,  
FELLOW AND TUTOR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Round the earth the moon revolveth,  
Round the sun both take their road;  
Let thy heart move round thy country,  
With thy country round thy God!

BOLESŁAW JABLONSKY.

CAMBRIDGE: JOHN DEIGHTON;  
LONDON: GEORGE BELL.

---

1852.



TO THE

**Countess Ludmila Berchtold née Bratislaw**

AND ALL TRUE SLAVONIC HEARTS

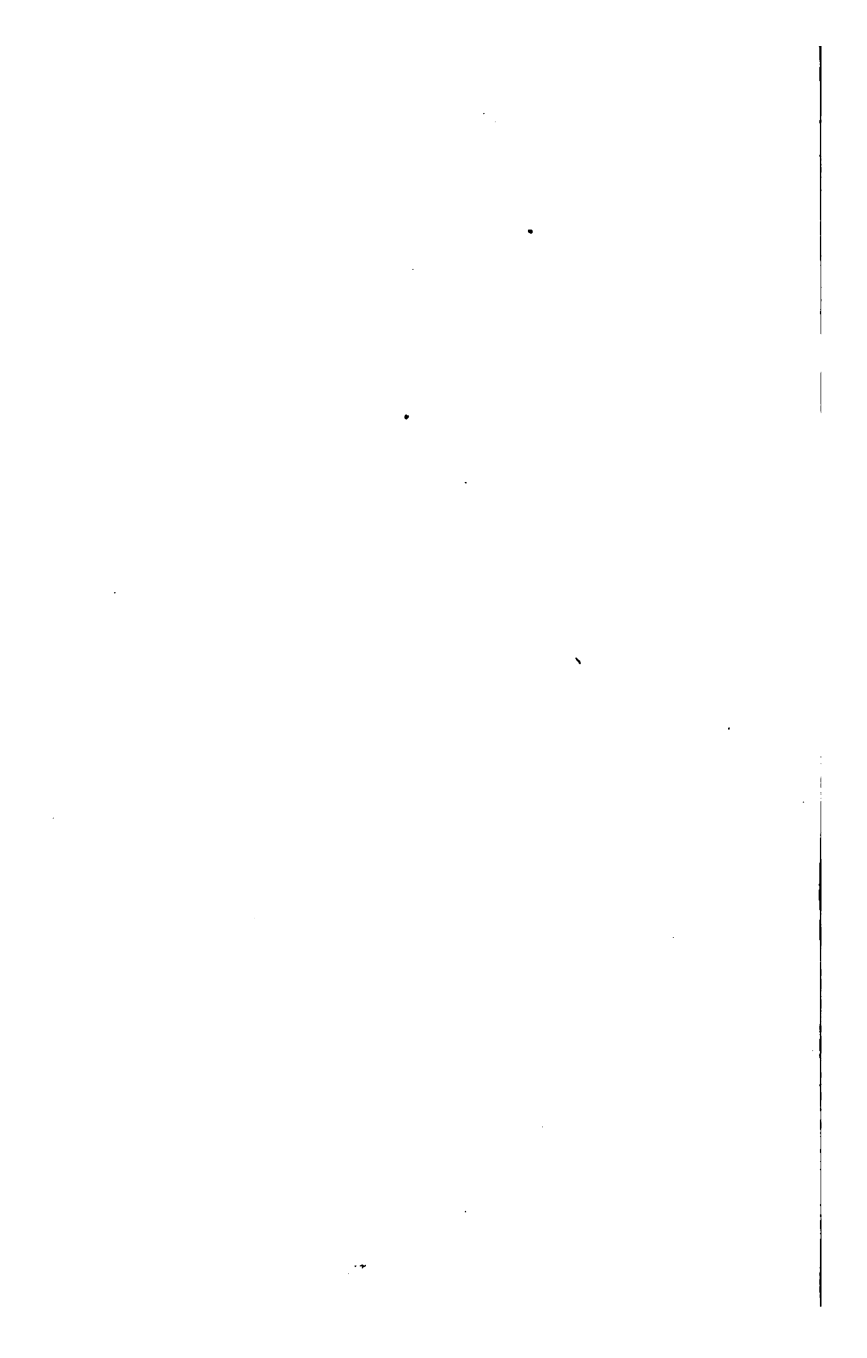
THESE RELICS

OF THE ANCIENT LITERARY GLORIES OF BOHEMIA

IN AN ENGLISH DRESS

ARE RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE TRANSLATOR.





## CONTENTS.

	Page
Introduction . . . . .	i
<b>Poems of the Queen's Court Manuscript.</b>	
I. Oldrich and Boleslaw. A fragment . . . . .	3
II. Book III. chap. 26 of the MS.	
Benes Hermanow . . . . .	8
Jaroslav . . . . .	12
III. Book III. chap. 27.	
Czestmir and Vlaslaw . . . . .	30
Ludisa and Lubor . . . . .	44
Zaboi, Slavoi, and Ludiek . . . . .	50
IV. Book III. chap. 28.	
Zbyhon . . . . .	81
The Nosegay (Kytice) . . . . .	84
The Strawberries (Jahody) . . . . .	85
The Stag (Jelen) . . . . .	87
The Rose (Ruze) . . . . .	89
The Cuckoo (Zezhulice) . . . . .	90
The Forsaken (Opustiena) . . . . .	91
The Lark (Skrzivánek) . . . . .	92
<b>Poems not of the Queen's Court Manuscript.</b>	
Libussa's Judgment . . . . .	95
Song under the Vyssegrad . . . . .	101
King Vaceslaw the First's Song of Love . . . . .	103



## INTRODUCTION.

THE value and significance of the ties and feelings of different nationalities acquired new prominence and importance in and through the wasting wars which resulted from the French Revolution of 1792. All men of higher education and deeper insight appeared after the pacification of the continent of Europe by the Congress of Vienna, to feel a new and lively zeal for the interests of their country awakened within them. The Austrian empire was not devoid of this common patriotic feeling, and it was with especial vivacity that it thrilled through every vein in a country ever susceptible of the impulses of an active intellectual life, the country of Bohemia. Hence arose one of Bohemia's noblest Institutions, the National Museum, which, after long preparation, was in 1818 founded through the instrumentality of Count Franz Anton Kolowrat-Liebsteinsky, then Oberstburg-graf of Bohemia, and provisionally organized by Counts Caspar and Francis Sternberg and Francis Klebelsberg, and

which shortly afterwards, obtaining the imperial approbation (1820-1822), entered into an active and vigorous existence. This grand Institution comprehended, in the intention of its first founders, all the intellectual interests of Bohemia in the largest sense of the word; antiquities, aids to the historian, documents and other memorials were to be collected there; the language, the customs, the peculiarities of the people were to be investigated and ascertained; the natural features of the country mapped and brought together; and every successful effort in Science and Literature, Art and Manufacture, but above all things true patriotic feeling to be fostered and elevated. Thus there arose among the patriots of every condition in life the most laudable rivalry in seeking out and bringing together manuscripts and documents, which had almost marvellously escaped destruction in the wasting wars and troubles, by which Bohemia had so repeatedly and often for half-a-century at a time been devastated, and which were thus unexpectedly rescued from oblivion or concealment and incorporated in the National Museum. Among these I shall only make mention of the distinguished treasure of *more than two hundred manuscripts*, some of them of the tenth and eleventh centuries,

which, unknown to the world, had escaped the storms of the Hussite, and thirty years' wars, and the other troubles of the country in the quiet vaults of Brzeznice (Brzeznitzer Schloss), and were presented to the Museum by Count John Kolowrat-Krakowsky.

Among the men, who in those days of universal rivalry, busied themselves with restless zeal and rare good fortune in discovering and publishing ancient, hitherto unknown or neglected memorials of Bohemian Literature, one of the first and most honourable places is unquestionably held by the present Librarian of the National Museum, Pan\* Vaceslaw Hanka. This gentleman, after completing his studies and working for some time at Vienna as co-editor of a Bohemian newspaper and magazine, was settled at Prague just at the time when the preliminaries to founding the Museum were in progress; and at that time enjoyed the especial favour of the accomplished Counts Caspar and Francis Sternberg, as well as the friendly and almost fatherly conversation and instruction of the great Philologer, the Abbé Joseph Dobrowsky, the three men who had the greatest and most beneficial influence, not only upon the foundation and formation

\* Pan in Slavonic corresponds to Mr. in English.

of the Bohemian Museum, but also upon the course and progress of science and literature in the country. Inspired by the spirit of such men, and in imitation of their great examples, he formed the resolution to devote, proportionably to his attainments and powers, all his energies to the service of the Bohemian literature, and with excellent tact directed his especial attention to the hitherto neglected monuments of the oldest poetical literature of the Bohemians, which eventually, being actively supported by Dobrowsky, he gradually published in all their manifold branches with the greatest fulness and completeness. At the beginning of the year 1817 he had already thoroughly searched all the libraries at Prague and the surrounding country, examined the oldest Bohemian Manuscripts, and copied out the pieces suitable for his collection, and in that year appeared the first volume of his collection under the title *Starobylá Skládanie*, i.e. Ancient Bohemian Poetry. This work he afterwards continued and closed with the fifth volume in the year 1823. He has also amongst other things composed and published a volume of poems of considerable merit, which has now reached the fifth edition. It was P. Hanka's good fortune, a reward as it were for his patriotic exertions in the cause of his country's literature, almost by

accident to discover the very best thing that has escaped the ravages of time, not merely in the old Bohemian literature, but in that of all the Slavonic races, the *Queen's Court Manuscript*, of the discovery of which I shall now proceed to give an account.

After publishing the first volume of the above-mentioned collection of ancient poems, P. Hanka made an excursion in September, 1817, to Králové dvur or Königinhof (Queen's Court) in the circle of Königgrätz to visit a former friend, P. Skleniczka, and was introduced by him to the then Capellan of the place, P. Pancratius Borcz. At table, on the 16th of September, conversation turned upon the destruction of the town in the Hussite wars, and particularly upon the great conflagration in 1450, and P. Borcz remarked that in a chamber in the town church under a mass of papers and useless furniture, there were to be found some old weapons, particularly arrows, from the Hussite times. This caused a search, and among other manuscripts of less value in the Latin language was discovered the above-named manuscript, unfortunately only a fragment of the entire manuscript, which upon closer examination appeared to be written in the Bohemian language, to be of a poetical nature and of the highest value. Such chambers placed in the lower

part of church towers and united with the choir by a door, which are commonly used for the preservation of old useless church furniture and sometimes papers also, are by no means rare in Bohemia. Other manuscripts and leaves of parchment, among which the fragment in question lay, particularly a parchment Psalter and fragments of a parchment Astronomical manuscript, were also preserved by P. Hanka, and afterwards deposited in the Museum.

After the fortunate discoverer, who at first could scarcely have imagined the value and importance of his treasure, had decyphered the contents of the manuscript, and ascertained that only a small portion of the whole was before him, he spared no trouble either to discover the missing part, or at any rate to learn something about the previous fate of the manuscript from the inhabitants of Kralové dvur; but all his pains led only to the afflicting result, that the missing part had in all probability come to an untimely end by fire, through a sexton, who was also a locksmith, and frequently visited the chamber on account of the iron utensils lying there, and who was also by no means sparing in the use of the manuscripts.

Two years afterwards appeared the first complete edition of the manuscript, (which had been presented



to P. Hanka by the authorities of the Church, and which he afterwards presented to the Museum) under the title, *Rukopis Kralodvorsky a. t. d.* "the Queen's Court Manuscript, a collection of lyrico-epic national lays, a special part of the ancient Bohemian poems" (Prague, 1819), containing the original text in the original orthography but divided into verses, and on the opposite pages a modern Bohemian paraphrase by P. Hanka the editor,\* and at the end a metrical German translation by P. Professor Vaceslaw Aloys Svoboda. Other editions followed, and in 1843 appeared the fourth edition with the original text both in its old and in the modern orthography, the German translation of P. Svoboda, a complete Polish translation by P. Lucian Siemienski, now editor of the excellent Polish Journal, the *Czas* or *Times* at Krakow, and finally specimens of translations in the Little-russian, Illyrian, Carniolan, Upper-lusatian and English languages, by different hands, the last by the well-known Dr. Bowring. In 1845 appeared another edition and German translation under the following title, "*Gedichte aus Böhmen's Vorzeit verdeutscht von Joseph Mathias Grafen von Thun mit einer Einleitung von P. J.*

\* It is principally by aid of this paraphrase, that I have made my own translation.

Szafarzik und Anmerkungen von F. Palacky."\*  
A new Polyglott edition is now in course of publication with the German translation of Svoboda, the Polish of Siemienski, a Russian translation by P. N. Berg, an Italian by Professor F. Francesconi, &c., and the English translation now respectfully offered to the English public. .

It is scarcely possible to appreciate the important and beneficial influence which the publication of these relics of former literary glories has exerted upon the intellectual growth and cultivation of Bohemia. Not only has a generation of poets arisen worthy of any age and any nation, but a historical school has also begun to place Slavonic prose in a position to rival that of hitherto more cultivated and polished literatures. It is needless to multiply names; suffice it to mention, that the great Bohemian history of Palacky, which was begun in German and translated by the Author into Bohemian, is now being continued originally in Bohemian, and the German translation is made by another hand. Could there be a greater proof of the progress of Slavonic literature, than that so large a work should find a

\* This Einleitung forms the basis of the present introduction, and Palacky's Anmerkungen that of the historical emarks attached to each poem of the collection.

sufficient circle of readers in the Bohemian language? I now proceed to consider the external form and internal contents of the important manuscript itself, which has proved and is proving so valuable to the land that gave it birth.

The fragment that remains consists in the first place of two narrow strips, and secondly of twelve complete leaves of parchment. The two narrow strips, on which only single syllables and words are still to be read, are connected in contents and sense with the leaves immediately following. Two such strips were found in the place of feathers on arrows, and came with the arrows into the possession of the late Prince Rudolph Kinsky. The manuscript belongs in shape to the class which is usually, though improperly, called 12mo. or small 8vo. manuscripts. The handwriting is still in good preservation, though pale from lapse of time, and is unusually good and legible. The superscriptions of the chapters and some of the poems, as well as the initial letters of several larger paragraphs, are written with red ink, and the ornamented initial letters of the poems with blue and green, and the latter are also richly gilt. In the whole manuscript there is no division of verses to be seen, and even single words are not regularly divided, but all proceeds straight forwards in uninterrupted

continuity and without punctuation. Contrary to the usage in Latin and Greek Manuscripts, which are often hopelessly overloaded with abbreviations, in this, as in other Bohemian Manuscripts of that time, there appear but few, and those universally known and current abbreviations ; the text is written with evident diligence and extreme correctness, and the hand of contemporary emendation shews itself in but few and those by no means questionable places ; it is therefore easily legible to those acquainted with ancient handwriting, and happily little or no room is left for conjectural criticism. The specific character of the writing, or the peculiar mode of forming particular letters, of uniting two in one, and introducing abbreviations, is entirely Bohemian, and the manuscript was unquestionably written in Bohemia and by a Bohemian. The discoverer of the fragment expressed immediately in the first edition, and P. Palacky has supported, both in periodical publications and in his history of Bohemia, with various weighty reasons, the conjecture that the collection of poems was made or caused to be made by Zavisz of Rosenberg, the husband of Przemysl Otakar the Second's widow, Queen Kunigunda, a man most distinguished for intellect and accomplishments, and at the end of his life for misfortune, and who was

celebrated in Bohemia by both contemporaries and posterity as a poet, though none of his works are now extant; and that the beautiful manuscript was prepared for Queen Kunigunda herself. From palæographical tokens the Abbé Dobrowsky placed the collection between the years 1290 and 1310; the historian Palacky, taking other considerations also into account, regards the manuscript as written between 1280 and 1290, but not earlier.

Out of the whole collection fortune has preserved but a small portion, namely part of the 25th, the whole of the 26th and 27th, and part of the 28th chapters. It is thus easy to calculate the greatness of the loss that Slavonic literature has sustained in the destruction of the greater part of the collection. It may be that this was not the only collection of the kind in Bohemia, and in fact other discoveries of a similar kind, though of less extent, give indications to this effect. An incomplete leaf of parchment, discovered in 1823 by P. J. Zimmermann, and taken off the cover of another old manuscript, contains, besides "King Vaceslaw I.'s Song of Love," "the Stag," which appears also in the Queen's Court Manuscript. This fragment Dobrowsky places before 1250, Palacky between 1230 and 1250. Unfortunately several similar scraps were carried away by

the wind as the discoverer was carelessly drying them by an open window.

Historical notices of each of the poems will be found attached to them as foot notes below, I shall therefore add but a few prefatory observations upon them. With respect to the sixth poem in the collection, "Zaboi, Slavoi and Ludiek," Szafarzík remarks, that the lay has probably scarcely come down to us in its original form, and that before it was reduced to writing a good many phrases may have passed from the particular to the general, and a good many marks of time and place have perished. Moreover in those early times the empire of the Bohemian language was much more extensive than it is at present, viz. on the one side deep into Austria and Bavaria, on the other into Thuringia, Meissen, Lusatia, and Silesia; and that the event celebrated in the poem may have happened in a country, where the Czeskish language was spoken, though not in the immediate dominions of the dukes of Prague or Bohemia. I may add that an instance of such a transplantation occurs in our own literature. The Welsh poem translated by Gray, "The Death of Hoel," records the destruction of the British inhabitants of Edinburgh by the Saxons of Deiria or Northumberland.

The contrast between the poems of the Queen's Court Manuscript, and the artificial compositions of the learned poets contained in P. Hanka's and other collections, is so strong, and their similarity to both the ancient and modern effusions of the kindred Servians, Bulgarians and Little-russians, so great, that no one can hesitate to refer them to the class of natural or popular, in contradistinction to that of scholastic or artificial poetry. The rhymed epic fragments, the Alexandreis, and other ancient Bohemian poems differ from them as much as night from day, though some of them are contemporary with, or even older than, the latest of those contained in the Queen's Court Manuscript.

As regards the historical value of these poems, there is but little to remark. Who would learn the real history of the Trojan war from the Iliad, or of the Servian war of freedom from poems about George Petrovicz and Milosz Obrenovicz? Nay, the honest Russian Chronicler Nestor confesses that he found the most contradictory legends about his hero Kyj. What such poems (like the novels of later times) can and do furnish, is an exact picture of the life and feelings of the days in which they were written, a mirror in which our dead ancestors yet live and move before us.

It would be useless to treat of the rhythm and versification of these poems without publishing the originals. I shall therefore only remark that "Libussa's Judgment," the oldest of the three poems not contained in the Queen's Court Manuscript, is translated line for line into the original metre, which is the same as that which more or less prevails both in the epic poetry in this collection and in that of other Slavonic nations.

The genuineness of the Queen's Court Manuscript has been called in question, but as no reasons have ever been given for the doubt, we may pass it over as unfounded and unjust.

These translations are offered to the English public in the hope that the countrymen of Wickliffe will vouchsafe to turn their eyes for a moment towards the intellectual productions of the countrymen of Huss and Jerome. To cite the stirring words of Boleslaw Jablonsky with regard to the resistance of the Bohemians both to the aggressions of the See of Rome and the invasions of the Tatars :

"Bohemia 'twas, amongst the neighb'ring lands  
"That lighted erst the torch of wisdom free ;  
"Bohemia's sons it was, whose valiant hands  
"Won for the whole of Europe liberty.



" Here is that battle-field for ever famed,  
 " Here are the tombs of the Tataric bands,  
 " Here were the fetters they for Europe framed  
 " For ever shatter'd by Slavonic hands.  
 " E'en as the ocean waves towards the shore,  
 " The wild ones westwards hurl'd themselves apace,  
 " Yet did they dash and break for evermore  
 " Against the rocks of the Bohemian race !"

Nor does it seem at all improbable, that the Slavonic races in general are destined to play a far more important part, than they have hitherto been supposed to do, in the grand arena of this world of struggle and vicissitude.

---

A few words as to the orthography of Slavonic names here adopted.

Final *v* or *w* sounds as *ff*.  
*cz* as *ch* in English.  
*sz* as *sh*.  
*c* as *tz*.  
*rz* as *rah*.

---

Some readers might perhaps not be sorry to find a few works here mentioned, which would be useful in beginning the study of Slavonic literature. I will therefore mention the following :

*Talvi's* Historical View of the Language and Literature of the Slavic Nations. New York, G. P. Putnam, 1850.

*Krasinski's* Sketch of the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations. Edinburgh, Johnstone and Hunter, 1851.

*Eichhoff's Histoire de la langue et de la littérature des Slaves.* Paris, 1839.

Of *Dr. Bowering's* Translations I can only recommend the first volume of his Russian Translations, which has not undeservedly reached a second edition.

I have myself also published a little volume of *Bohemian poems*, Ancient and Modern, translated from the original Slavonic with an Introductory Essay. London, J. W. Parker, 1849.

POEMS OF  
THE QUEEN'S COURT MANUSCRIPT.



## OLDRICH AND BOLESŁAW.\*

\* \* \* into the forest black  
To the nobles of the land,  
And seven nobles there were met,  
Each with a valiant band :  
Beside him speedeth Vyhon Dub,  
All in the gloom of night ;  
His band is of a hundred men,  
All ready for the fight.  
Sharp swords are in a hundred sheaths,  
Strong arms to every sword,  
And every heart to Vyhon true,  
Attendant on his word.

\* This poem treats of the defeat of Bolesław Chrobry (Bolesław the Brave), king of Poland, and the liberation of Bohemia from Polish dominion, in the beginning of the month of September, A.D. 1004. We have only about the third part of it remaining, contained in the pages of the *Queen's Court Manuscript* (Book III. chap. 25). From two strips of the preceding pages it is still to be seen, that the poem began with J(aromir). It was unquestionably written soon after the event it commemorates, as it agrees much better than the narrative of Kosmas with historical truth.

They came into the midmost wood,  
Right hands they reach'd around,  
And whispering words together spake,  
That none might hear the sound.

The night it passes the midnight hour,  
Approaches towards morning grey,  
And Vyhon to Prince Oldrich speaks,  
And thus to him doth say :

"Ho, list to me, thou glorious Prince!

"God gave thee strength of limb;

"And wisdom and a prudent mind

"Thou hast received from Him.

"Come, lead us 'gainst the cruel Poles!

"Thy bidding we'll obey;

"To right, to left, we'll turn and wheel,

"As thou may'st point the way;

"Advance, retreat, at thy command,

"In every furious fight:

"Up, up, ye men of valiant heart,

"And arm yourselves with might!"

Lo! lo! the Prince the banner lifts

High in his mighty hand;

"With me, with me, against the Poles,

"The foemen of our land!"

Eight lords behind him storming go,  
 Three hundred at their side;  
 Three hundred men and fifty more,  
 Of valour prov'd and tried;  
 To where the Polish host is laid  
 In slumber scatter'd wide.

They stood upon the mountain ridge,  
 Fast by the forest deep;  
 Before them Prague lies motionless  
 In her quiet morning sleep.  
 Veltava\* steams with morning mist,  
 Behind Prague the hills are blue,  
 Behind the hills the eastern sky  
 Assumes its morning hue.

"Down from the hill! but hush! no noise!"  
 Into quiet Prague they steal,  
 And each his weapon sharp within  
 His mantle doth conceal.

A shepherd goes in the grey of dawn,  
 And calls to the watch on high

\* Veltava, usually written Vltava, by the Germans called the Moldau, is the river upon which Prague (*Praha*) is situated.

To ope the gate; the watchman hears  
The shepherd's early cry,  
And opes the gate, the gate that leads  
O'er Veltava flowing nigh.  
The shepherd steps upon the bridge,  
And loud his horn doth sound;  
The Prince upon the bridge hath sprung,  
Sev'n lords behind him bound;  
Each hastens on with all his men,  
With all his men around.  
The trumpets loudly 'gin to bray,  
The drums like thunder rumble;  
They plant their flags upon the bridge,  
That all the bridge doth tremble.

The Poles are panic-struck around—  
The Poles their weapons seize:  
The lords redouble blow on blow—  
The Polish army flees.  
And hurry, hurry, to the gate  
They speed the trenches o'er;  
And hurry, hurry, still they flee .  
Th' avenging blows before.

Thus God hath victory bestow'd!  
One sun to rule the skies



Ariseth; o'er the land again  
 Jarmir doth king arise.  
 Joy spreads itself in Prague, joy spreads  
 Through all near Prague that lies;  
 And joy around from joyous Prague  
 Through every region flies.

## BENES HERMANOW.\*

O TELL me, Sun, thou gentle Sun,  
Why thou dost mourning go?  
And wherefore thou dost shine on us,  
A people full of woe?  
Where, where's our prince, our army? He  
To Otto's court is gone;—  
Who from the foe our land shall free  
Thus orphan'd and alone?

\* With this poem begins in the *Queen's Court Manuscript* "the 26th Chapter of the Third Book, of the Overthrow of the Saxons." This overthrow of the Saxons, accomplished by Benes, the son of Hermann, took place in the year 1203, when, during the absence of King Przemysl Otakar I. at the Court of the Emperor Otho IV., an army belonging to the Margrave of Meissen entered Bohemia, to avenge the repudiation of Queen Adela or Adelheid.

This Benes, son of Hermann, who appears in old Bohemian records between 1197 and 1220, was Castellan of Budisin (from 1217 to 1220).

From him or his brother Markwart descends the still flourishing Bohemian family of the present Counts of Waldstein.

In columns long the Germans march,  
The Germans Saxons are,  
Into our country from the hills,  
That wave with woods afar.  
"Give, give, ye wretches, silver, gold,  
"And all that ye possess,  
"Or else ye shall in flames behold  
"Mansions and cottages!"  
And they have burn'd our all, have ta'en  
Our gold and silver too,  
Our cattle they have driv'n away,  
And now towards Trosky go.

O do not, peasant, do not mourn!  
The grass again will grow,  
Although it long has trodden been  
By footsteps of the foe.  
Twine, twine, of wild flowers twine a wreath  
For your deliv'ers brow!  
The green corn glitters fresh again,  
And all a change doth know.

Yea, quickly all a change did know,  
Lo! how the people all  
To council Benes Hermanow  
Against the foe doth call!

Now stream the peasants where the wood  
    'Neath Hrubá Skála grows,  
And each is weapon'd with a flail,  
    That 'gainst the Saxons goes.  
'Tis Benes leads the van, the folk  
    Doth follow wrathful wise,  
And vengeance, vengeance every man  
    Against the plund'ers cries.

O anger fierce and savage wrath  
    Did fill both armies then,  
And in the inmost breasts did storm  
    Of the enraged men !  
And fury in the foemen's eyes  
    Against each other glows,  
And club 'gainst club on high they raise,  
    And spears to spears oppose.  
On one another rush'd the hosts,  
    As wood on wood were hurl'd,  
And like the lightning of the sky,  
    So gleam'd the swords they whirl'd.  
A fearful cry arising thence  
    The forest beasts doth fright,  
And scareth all the wingéd fowls  
    To the third ridge's height.

And from the rocky hills throughout  
The vales upon the breeze  
Spread strokes of maces and of swords,  
Like fall of ancient trees.

Thus motionless both armies stood  
Against each other there,  
On heels that firm implantéd stay,  
On legs that steadfast are.  
But Benes wends himself on high,  
And towards the right doth swing  
His sword, the army thither hastes;  
Then towards the other wing  
He points, towards the left they rush;  
Thence towards the rocky pass;  
And from the rocks upon the foe  
They hurl the stony mass.  
Now to the plain the fight descends,  
The Germans they must fly,  
The Germans they must shriek aloud,  
The Germans they must die!

## JAROSLAW.\*

I'LL tell you a glorious tale  
Of struggles and of fight;  
Come, listen, and collect yourselves,  
To hear the deeds of might!

Far in the land where Olmütz reigns,  
Rises a hill, not high;  
'Tis Hostajnow; God's Mother there  
Works marvels wondrously.

\* This poem, intituled in the *Queen's Court Manuscript*, "Of the great wars of the Christians with the Tatars," relates to the historical victory gained by Jaroslaw Sternberg over the Tatars, near Olmütz, through which he delivered the whole of Moravia from them. Kublay Khan, here mentioned, reigned from 1259 to 1294, whence we may infer that the poem was probably first composed towards the end of the thirteenth century, and must also consider it as the latest in the collection. This appears equally from the legend of the Tatar Princess, which is found about the same date in a German legend of St. Hedwiga. A further account is contained in "Der Mongolen Einfall im Jahre 1241, von Fr. Palacky, Prag. 1842."

'Twas quiet in our country long,  
Long bloom'd a peaceful age,  
When from the east a storm arose,  
Amongst the lands to rage.  
It was the daughter of the Khan,  
The Khan of Tatory,  
By Christian hands did for her gold,  
Her pearls and jewels, die.  
The daughter bright of Kublay Khan,  
Fair as the moon was she,  
Had heard of countries in the west,  
Where many people be ;  
And she the foreign countries will  
And foreign manners see.  
Of youths upstarts there half-a-score,  
Of waiting-maidens twain ;  
And soon as packages prepar'd  
The needful things contain,  
Upon swift steeds they seat themselves  
And westward turn the rein.  
As rosy bright the morning dawn  
O'er misty woods doth gleam,  
So did the daughter of the Khan  
From art and nature beam.  
In gold brocade the maiden shone,  
Bosom and neck were bare,

And wreaths of jewels and of pearls  
Did ornament her hair.  
The Germans by her beauty struck,  
And envious of her store,  
Pursued her, as suspicionless  
She journey'd on before,  
Attack'd and slew her in a wood,  
Her spoils away they bore.

When came the news to Kublay Khan  
About his daughter dear,  
He gather'd hosts in ev'ry land,  
And westward march'd with war.  
The western kings the tidings heard,  
That Kublay doth invade  
Their thickly-peopled countries, and  
Confed'racies they made.  
A mighty host they gather, take  
The field right speedily,  
On a wide plain encamp'd await  
The Khan of Tatary.

Then Kublay his astrologers,  
Magicians, wizards, all,  
Into the future bids enquire,  
What issue shall befall.



Th' astrologers assembled quick,  
Magicians, wizards tried,  
A circle in two companies  
They tread on either side ;  
And in it a black bar they place,  
And do in twain divide.  
The one half they have Kublay nam'd,  
The other half the kings,  
And o'er them the whole magic band  
Ancient enchantments sings.  
And soon the bars begin to move  
In combat mightily,  
And that, which they had Kublay nam'd,  
Hath won the victory.  
The multitudes thereat rejoice,  
Each springs with speed to horse,  
And quickly all array themselves  
Amongst the army's force.

The Christians they no council hold,  
And without foresight throng,  
And rush upon the heathen ranks  
As arrogant as strong.  
Then first in battle did they meet,  
Like hail the arrows stream'd,

The crash of spears like thunder roll'd,  
The swords like lightning gleam'd,  
And either host in youthful might  
To urge the other seem'd.  
The num'rous Christians pressed the foe,  
And ended were the war,  
Had not th' enchanter come anew,  
Bearing the cloven bar.  
Inflam'd, the Tatars rushing charge  
The Christians savagely,  
So savagely, that panic-struck,  
Like deer, they turn and fly.  
Here lies a shield upon the ground,  
A costly helm struck down;  
There by the stirrups trailing drags  
A horse his rider thrown.  
Here one doth bravely all in vain  
The Tatars strive to meet,  
Another there for heaven's sake  
For mercy doth intreat.

The Tatars tax the Christians sore,  
And spread on ev'ry side,  
Subdue two kingdoms, Kiew old,  
And Novgorod the wide.

Soon came the woeful news abroad,  
To arms all nations flew,  
Four mighty armies did they raise,  
The death-fight to renew.  
On their right wing the Tatars rush'd,  
And hurl'd themselves with might,  
As a black cloud, that threats with hail  
The fruitful fields to smite,  
E'en so was heard the Tatar foe,  
Thick swarming for the fight.

With speed do the Hungarians  
Collect in companies,  
With speed they arm themselves, and go  
To meet their enemies.  
But all in vain their courage was,  
Vain all their manliness,  
All, all in vain their efforts brave ;  
Upon their centre press  
The Tatars, break their ranks, and all  
Their num'rous host doth flee ;  
The Tatars all things devastate,  
That in the land there be.

All hope the Christians doth forsake,  
Had been such sorrow never ;

They pray'd to God imploringly,  
That he would them deliver.  
"Now in thine anger, Lord, arise,  
"And free us from the foe,  
"And free us from the murderers,  
"That would our souls bring low,  
"And as the wolves around the sheep,  
"Around us prowling go."

A first, a second fight is lost,  
The Tatars make their home  
In Poland, all things devastate,  
And near and nearer come.  
And now the savage heathen press  
To Olmütz; cries of woe  
Arise in ev'ry district; nought  
Is safe before the foe.

The first, the second day is past,  
And neither side hath won;  
But ah! the Tatar multitude  
Goes still increasing on,  
And waxes, as the ev'ning mist,  
That hangs the woods upon.  
The Christians, boat-like, to and fro  
Amidst the Tatars sway,

And now towards God's Mother's hill  
They backwards force their way.  
"Up, brethren, up!" doth Vneslaw cry,  
While on his silver shield  
His sword he strikes, and o'er his head  
The banner high doth wield.  
All courage take, and all themselves  
Upon the Tatars throw,  
And in one body, as when flame  
From the black earth doth flow,  
So from th' outnumb'ring Tatar host  
Towards the hill they go.  
With backward steps the hill they climb,  
And 'neath its woody crown  
Extend themselves, while underneath  
A sharp peak pointeth down.  
And right and left themselves with shields  
They cover for the fight,  
And on each other's shoulders lay  
The spears so sharp and bright.  
On shoulder of the front-rank man  
The second laid his spear,  
And those of the third rank in turn  
Upon the second were.  
And down upon the Tatar hordes  
Rain arrows from the hill;—

Night cometh on, and all the world  
Envelopes calm and still.  
O'er heav'n above she spreads herself,  
And o'er the earth below,  
And veils the warriors' flaming eyes,  
That 'gainst each other glow.

Now raise the Christians walls on high,  
All in the gloom of night,  
And trenches dig around the hill  
Before the morning light.

When in the east it dawn'd, arose  
The whole camp of the foe,  
The camp, that stretch'd around the hill  
Farther than eyes can go.  
Upon their horses swift they crowd,  
And heads of Christians slain  
They bear upon their lances long  
To the tent of Kublay Khan.

Into a single mass collects  
The mighty multitude,  
And towards one side their course they bend,  
Rushing with onset rude

To storm the hill, loud uttering  
    An all-terrific cry,  
That hills and vales resound again  
    And echo fearfully.  
Upon the walls the Christians stood,  
    God's Mother courage gave,  
And quick their pliant bows they draw,  
    And fierce their falchions wave ;  
The Tatars they must back retreat  
    Before defence so brave.

Then raged the Tatar nation wild,  
    In fury at defeat,  
The angry Khan upon them frown'd,  
    And scowl'd with vengeful heat.  
Into three columns now itself  
    The heathen host divides,  
And in three columns furiously  
    They storm the mountain's sides.  
The Christians fell'd a score of trees,  
    All twenty as they grew,  
And roll'd them from the summit down  
    Their battlements unto.  
And now the Tatars storm the hill,  
    Shouting with fearful din,

That far and wide ascends, and now  
To breach the walls begin.  
Down from the walls the trees they hurl,  
Like worms the Tatar foe  
They crush, and spread destruction wide  
Upon the plain below.  
And long and savagely 'twas fought,  
Until the gloom of night  
For both contending armies set  
A limit to the fight.

O God! it is a sight of woe!  
The glorious Vneslaw falls!  
Struck by an arrow down he sinks  
Beneath the Christians' walls.

Now anguish tears the heavy heart,  
Thirst doth the entrails pain,  
With dry and parchèd throats they lick  
The dewy grass in vain.  
Still eve into cool night doth pass,  
Night into morning grey,  
And all within the Tatar camp  
Tranquil and quiet lay.  
The day doth mid-day heat assume,  
Through thirst the Christians fall,



And ope their parchèd mouths in pain,  
And on God's Mother call.  
To her their weaken'd eyes they turn,  
And wring in agony  
Their hands, from earth to heaven's height  
Looking imploringly.  
"We cannot longer faint with thirst,  
"For thirst we cannot fight;  
"Who loves his health, who loves his life,  
"Must mercy seek in flight  
"Among the Tatars." Thus around  
'Twas spoken left and right.  
"The sword is not so sharp a death  
"As thirst; in slavery  
"Of water we shall have enough;  
"Who thinks thus, after me!"  
(Says Weston) "after me, the man  
"Who thirsteth painfully!"  
But leaping up doth Wratislaw  
Like a young bull arise,  
And by the arm he seizes him,  
And thus to Weston cries:  
"Thou traitor! everlasting shame  
"Of men that Christians be!  
"And wilt thou to destruction bring  
"A people good and free?

"Mercy from God 'tis meet to seek,  
"But not in slavery  
"From Tatars wild. Nay! brethren, nay!  
"Do not to ruin haste!  
"Already now the fiercest heat  
"Of noontide is o'erpast!  
"God strengthen'd us at noon, and if  
"We trust, will aid us at last.  
"Out, out upon such words as those!  
"And blush for very shame,  
"Ye men, that fain would heroes be,  
"And bear the hero's name!  
"Die we upon the hill with thirst,  
"'Tis God our fate doth guide;  
"Surrend'ring to the foemen's swords,  
"Our death is suicide.  
"Our God doth slavery abhor;  
"'Tis sin to slavery  
"A voluntary neck to yield;  
"Who thinks thus, after me!  
"To where God's Mother sits enthron'd!  
"Ye men that valiant be!"

And after him the multitudes  
To the holy chapel haste;

"Now in thine anger, Lord, arise !  
"Aid us, O Lord, at last !  
"Raise, raise us o'er our enemies  
"In all the land around,  
"And hear the supplicating cries,  
"That in thine ears resound !  
"Encircled and surrounded all  
"By savage foes are we ;  
"O from the cruel Tatar noose  
"Rescue and set us free !  
"Grant moisture to our bodies parch'd,  
"That here are perishing,  
"And we will give, O Lord, to thee  
"Loud thanks in offering.  
"Crush now the foe in all our lands,  
"And us from them deliver,  
"Annihilate them utterly  
"For ever and for ever !"

Lo, lo ! upon the sultry heav'n  
A cloud ascendeth high !  
Loud blow the winds, the thunder rolls  
And crashes fearfully.  
The sky is thick o'erclouded all ;  
Flash ! flash ! the lightning glows

Amongst the Tatar tents; with rain  
Reviv'd the hill-spring flows!

The storm is past, from ev'ry land  
There hasten warriors brave,  
Towards Olmütz march in order'd ranks,  
And high their banners wave.  
Their heavy swords beside them hang,  
Full quivers rattling sound  
Upon their hips, their valiant heads  
With helmets bright are crown'd,  
And underneath the riders' weight  
The swift steeds prance and bound.  
The wood-horns hoarsely bray, the roll  
Of drums resounds afar,  
The hosts upon each other rush,  
And close in dreadful war.  
A cloud arises from the dust,  
And hangs the armies o'er;  
The second fight is fiercer far  
Than was the fight before.  
The sharp swords clash, with fearful hiss  
The poison'd arrows fly,  
Spears crashing meet, and jav'lins whizz,  
As they are hurl'd on high;

They strike, they stab, they shout for joy,  
They shriek in agony.

Like torrents swoln by heavy rain,  
Flow'd forth the warrior's blood,  
And corpses lay upon the ground,  
Like fell'd trees in a wood.

One hath his hands both smitten off,  
Cleft is another's head,  
Another from his steed is flung,  
That stumbles o'er the dead.

And here doth one his enemies  
Strike down in furious mood,  
As on the rocky mountain side  
A tempest rends the wood.

There hilt-deep in a foeman's heart  
Another's sword doth pierce,  
Here from another's head the ear  
A Tatar severs fierce.

A shout! a cry of woe is heard!  
Now, now the Christians yield;  
The Tatars press them furiously,  
And chase them o'er the field.  
But like an eagle Jaroslaw  
Doth to the rescue fly;

Hard steel is on his mighty breast,  
    Beneath the steel doth lie  
Heroic valour, wisdom dwells  
    Beneath his helmet bright,  
And glows and sparkles in his eyes  
    The fire of youthful might.  
He like an angry lion storms,  
    That doth fresh blood behold,  
Or by an arrow stricken turns  
    Upon the hunter bold.  
So wrathful raging doth he rush  
    Upon the Tatar foe,  
Behind him the Bohemians  
    Most like a hailstorm go.  
On Kublay's son he fiercely charged,  
    It was a furious fight,  
With spears did they together meet,  
    And broke their spears with might.  
But Jaroslaw all bath'd in blood,  
    His steed all bloody too,  
Hath smitten, reaching with his sword,  
    The son of Kublay through.  
Down from the shoulder to the hip  
    The trenchant blade did go,  
And from his steed he lifeless sank  
    Among the corpses low,

And o'er him rattled, as he fell,  
His quiver and his bow.

This all the savage Tatar host  
With panic fear did smite,  
Away their lances fathom-long  
They threw in wild affright,  
And all who could fled thither where  
The sun doth glorious rise;  
And thus was Hana\* freed again  
From Tatar enemies.

\* Hana is a district in Moravia in the neighbourhood of  
Olmütz.

## CZESTMIR AND VLASLAW.\*

'Twas Neklan bade arise to war,  
And Vlaslaw was the foe,  
His host with princely high command  
He bade 'gainst Vlaslaw go.  
The host arose, arose to war,  
And Vlaslaw was the foe,  
Arose at the prince's high command  
'Gainst Vlaslaw fierce to go.

Prince Vlaslaw did o'er Neklan boast  
With vaunting proud and high,

\* The subject of this poem is the victory of the heroic Czestmir or Cztmir, General of Neklan, Prince of Prague, over Vlastislav, Prince of Zatec (Saaz), in the first half of the ninth century; of which a further account is given by Kosmas, and after him by other Bohemian chroniclers.

It is contained in the *Queen's Court Manuscript*, at the beginning of the 27th Chapter of Book III., where it is headed, "Begins the 17th Chapter of the Third Book of the Victory over Vlaslaw."



O'er Neklan, o'er that glorious prince,  
He'd won the victory.  
And fire and sword he sent abroad  
Into Neklan's land so wide,  
And behind his warriors' robber swords  
Neklan with scorn defied.

"Up, Czestmir! lead my bands to war!  
"Vlaslaw, puff'd up with pride,  
"Hath spoken words of arrogance,  
"And us with scorn defied."

And Czestmir doth with joy arise,  
And seizes his dark black shield,  
(His dark black shield two tusks adorn)  
And with it to the field  
He takes his axe and his helm, which ne'er  
In war might piercèd be,  
And offerings to the gods he brings  
Under every greenwood tree.

Merrily Czestmir calls his men,  
And soon the ranks they fill,  
And they march ere dawn and all day long,  
And they march on yet when the sun is set,  
To the top of yon high hill.

Lo! o'er the villages rolleth smoke!

In the villages shrieks and groaning!

"Who burn'd the villages? Who hath caus'd

"This wailing and woeful moaning?

"Who? Vlaslaw? Ne'er again shall he

"Spread woe and devastation;

"My warriors bring him punishment,

"And utter annihilation."

To Czemtmir gave they answer straight:

"'Twas Kruvoi plundering came,

"'Twas Kruvoi harried flock and herd,

"And far and wide on every side

"Spread woe with sword and flame.

"Of all that good and useful was

"He hath let nought remain,

"And with him too our honour'd duke

"Captive away hath ta'en."

'Gainst Kruvoi Czemtmir wrathful raged,

And from his breast so wide

Spread anger fierce through ev'ry limb,

And to his men he cried:

"Ye warriors! with tomorrow's dawn

"Be all our wrath on fire!

"Go now, refresh your weary limbs,  
"That the long march doth tire!"

Upon the left-hand mountains stand,  
And mountains on the right,  
And on their summits glittering high  
Looks down the sun so bright.  
And onward o'er the mountains here,  
And o'er the mountains there,  
In columns long the warriors march,  
And battle with them bear.

"Ho! onward to the castle! on!  
"That stands on the rocky height!  
"Where Kruvoi Voimir captive holds  
"With his daughter, maiden bright!  
"He took them in the forest thick,  
"All under yon grey rock,  
"And there with arrogance and scorn  
"Neklan our prince did mock.  
"Kruvoi to Neklan promis'd faith,  
"And gave his hand thereby,  
"Yet wrought with that very voice and hand  
"His people's misery—  
"Up, up, ye warriors! up with speed,  
"And storm yon castle high!"

The warriors rush'd with wrath inflam'd,  
The castle to assail,  
At the bidding of Czemtmir, their leader bold,  
Like the clouds that bear the hail.  
The foremost are shelter'd by their shields,  
With shield on shield rais'd high,  
The hindmost lean upon their spears,  
And on trees that crosswise lie;  
And higher than the high tree-tops  
Round the castle clash their brands,  
And rage against the swords that wave  
In the defender's hands.

On the castle Kruvoi roar'd aloud  
With the roaring of a bull,  
Roar'd loudly, till his people's hearts  
Of valour all were full.  
His sword upon the men of Prague  
With mighty sway doth light,  
And 'tis as though on the mountains grow  
Full many oaks of might,  
And from a rock there falls a tree,  
That on those oaks doth smite.

T' assail the castle from behind  
Now Czemtmir gives command,

He bids in front the wall to climb,  
That firm and high doth stand.  
Tall trees that grow 'neath the rock below  
They've leant 'gainst the castle wall,  
That harmlessly the beams flung down  
O'er the warriors' heads may fall.  
The warriors range themselves beneath,  
With shoulders broad they stand,  
Comrade by comrade, man by man,  
A bold and valiant band.  
Across their shoulders beams they place,  
And in part with ropes they tie,  
Then firm upon their lances lean,  
And men have sprung on high  
Upon the beams their comrades bear,  
And each supports him on his spear,  
And beams anew set crosswise too  
Upon their shoulders lie.  
A third rank on the second springs,  
A fourth the third doth crown,  
And the fifth hath reach'd the battlements,  
Whence the falchions gleam and the arrows stream,  
And the beams roll thundering down.

Now, now they stream, the men of Prague,  
Right fiercely o'er the wall,

Before them in the castle strong  
Doth every warrior fall.

"Up, Voimir, up with thy daughter dear!

"Come forth from the tower so high!

"Come forth to greet this happy morn!

"Then on to the rock hard by!

"On the rock thou 'lt Kruvoi bleeding see

"'Neath the axe of vengeance lie."

And forth he comes to the gladsome morn

With his daughter, lovely maid,

And gazes on Kruvoi, his mortal foe,

On the rock all bleeding laid.

Now Czestmir sends the booty back

To the folk from whom 'twas ta'en,

And with the booty the lovely maid

Returns to her home again.

But Voimir will in the selfsame place,

At the selfsame hour of day,

To the gods, who granted victory,

His thankful offerings pay.

"Up, Voimir, up!" quoth Czestmir then,

"Our steps are hastening straight

"O'er Vlaslaw victory to win;  
"Thy service awhile must wait.  
"The gods will Vlaslaw's overthrow;  
"When the sun towards afternoon  
"Approaches, we shall there approach,  
"Where our army's cry of victory  
"Will be loudly utter'd soon.  
"Take then the weapons of thy foe,  
"Come, arm thyself and on!"

Right joyous is Voimir at the word,  
From the rock on high with echoing cry  
He shouts that the wood doth sound;  
From his mighty throat to the gods he call'd,  
That the wide wood quiver'd round:  
"Ye gods, with your servant be not wroth,  
"That ere to-day have past away  
"Burnt-offerings be not found!"

"'Tis meet," quoth Czemtmir, "to the gods  
"Due sacrifice to pay,  
"But now against our enemies  
"We needs must haste away.  
"Go, seat thee on a horse of speed,  
"As a stag quick bounding fly

"Right onwards through the forest wide  
    "To yonder oakwood high!  
"Fast by the path is a sacred rock,  
    "A rock to the gods right dear;  
"There pay thy offerings to the gods,  
    "Who rescued thee from fear,  
"For victory that's past and gone,  
    "For victory that's near!  
"Or ere the sun in onward course  
    "Ascends the heaven's height,  
"Thou wilt be there arriv'd, and ere  
"A second step and a third he takes  
    "O'er the tall tree-tops in sight,  
"The armies too will have arriv'd  
    "Where smoky columns high  
"From the victim rise into the skies,  
"And the warriors will bend, as on they wend,  
    "In meek humility."

And Voimir springs on a gallant steed,  
    And swift, as a stag, doth fly  
On through the forest to the rock,  
    That stands in the oakwood high;  
And on the summit of the rock,  
    The rock to the gods right dear,



He burns his offering to the gods,  
Who rescued him from fear,  
For victory that's past and gone,  
For victory that's near.  
His offering is a heifer fair,  
All red and bright of hue,  
He bought her from a cow-herd there,  
In the vale among the grass so long,  
And as her meed his gallant steed  
He gave and bridle too.

The offering flames; the host draws nigh,  
Draws nigh the vale below,  
And up from the vale their arms they trail  
With shout and cry to the oakwood high,  
As one by one they go.  
Each marching round the sacrifice  
To the gods doth utter praise,  
And faileth not, as on he goes,  
His voice aloud to raise.  
And Voimir, when the rear is past,  
On his warhorse swift doth spring,  
And lays the shoulders fat and thighs  
Of the victim upon horsemen six,  
Behind the host to bring.

Each step of the sun the host march'd on  
Until the full noonday;  
Awaiting them on the level plain  
The warlike Vlaslaw lay.  
From wood to wood his army reach'd,  
It reach'd along five times as strong  
As the men of Prague arrayed,  
And from it, as from thunder-clouds,  
Was heard around a hurtling sound,  
And countless bloodhounds bayed.

"With foes like these we scarce can fight,  
Not oft the staff can strive  
Against the axe!"\* Thus Voimir, thus  
Doth Czestmir answer give:  
"'Tis wise in whispers thus to speak,  
"'Tis wise prepar'd to be  
"For every chance. With heedless shock  
"Why strike thy forehead 'gainst a rock?  
"With artful wiles the fox beguiles  
"The bull so strong to see.  
"Here Vlaslaw from the hill on high  
"Can see us as we go—  
"Quick down, and round the mountain march!

\* See Note B.

"Be they the rear the van that were!

"Haste round the hill below!"

And thus 'twas done by Voimir straight,

'Twas done by Czemtmir too;

With speed around the mountain high

Nine times the army drew.

Thus they their number and their might

Augmented to the foe,

And thus within the foemen's breasts

Did panic terror grow.

Among the brushwood on the hill

Themselves they scatter'd wide,

That in the foemen's eyes their arms

Might glance and gleam, and glittering beam

The hill on every side.

Quick Czemtmir with his company

Burst forwards on the foe!

Four squadrons in that company

Did thus with Czemtmir go.

And with them Tras\* burst forwards too

From out the shady wood,

Tras seiz'd upon the num'rous hosts,

That there against them stood.

\* Tras, the god of Fear.



In rear, in rear came to them fear  
From all the forest wide;  
They broke their ranks, and panic-struck  
Took flight on every side.

With valiant hand bursts Voimir forth,  
And the entrance of the vale  
Half occupies across, and doth  
Vlaslaw in flank assail.

'Tis crashing and dashing in the vale,  
As hills with hills did fight,  
And all the trees in all the wood  
Did 'gainst each other smite.  
Now Vlaslaw springs 'gainst Czustmir forth,  
Czustmir 'gainst him doth bound!  
In savage duel! wound on wound!  
He smote him to the ground!  
Vlaslaw extended on the earth  
In fierce convulsions lies,  
Nor sideways, backwards, doth his strength  
Avail again to rise,  
And all in black and gloomy night  
Morena\* wraps his eyes.

\* Morena or Morana, the goddess of Death.

From mighty Vlaslaw streams the blood  
Along the grass so green,  
And flows into the thirsty earth,  
Where nought that grows is seen.  
The soul from out his bellowing mouth  
Flew up into a tree,  
From tree to tree, till the corpse was burnt,  
It journied fluttering free.\*

All Vlaslaw's men are terror-struck,  
And sideways thence they fly,  
And up the hill, themselves to hide  
From Czemtmir's piercing eye,  
From Czemtmir, who o'er Vlaslaw fierce  
Hath won the victory.

Loud sounds the shout of victory  
In Neklan's joyous ear,  
To Neklan's joyous eye doth spoil,  
Abundant spoil appear.

\* Compare this with the conclusion of the next poem but one, "Zaboi and Slavoi."

## LUDISA AND LUBOR.\*

Ho! old and young! your ears be lent  
To combat and to tournament!

Beyond the Elbe, in ancient days,  
A Prince, good, rich, and glorious, sways;  
He hath an only daughter bright,  
Both his and all men's dear delight.  
That maiden she is wondrous fair,  
Of stature tall and stately air;  
Her cheeks are white, and, sooth to speak,  
Red blushes bloom upon her cheek;  
Her eyes, like heaven, are clear and bright,  
And on her neck, that is so white,  
The golden glitt'ring locks descend  
In twisted ringlets without end.

\* This poem is intituled "Begins of a famous Tournament" in the *Queen's Court Manuscript* (Book III. Chap. 27). Such tournaments were first introduced into Bohemia under King Vaceslaw I. (Wenceslaus I.), between 1230 and 1253; the poem therefore can only have been composed in the latter half of the thirteenth century, and is perhaps without reference to any definite event.

This Prince he sent his message out,  
That all the nobles round about  
Should to his castle hasten straight  
Together to a feast of state.  
And when arriv'd th' appointed day,  
From lands and lordships far away,  
The nobles in the prince's hall  
To the great feast assembled all.

The drums and trumpets clamour loud,  
Before the prince the nobles crowd,  
Each to the prince due rev'rence paid,  
The princess and the lovely maid.  
Then at the table long they sit,  
As each man's rank it doth befit.  
They brought them flesh of hart for meat,  
They brought them drink of honey sweet;  
It was a joyous banquet there!  
It was a splendid banquet rare!  
Through ev'ry limb doth vigour glow,  
And mirth in ev'ry mind doth grow.

Then to the lords the prince doth call:  
"Sirs, be the reason known to all,  
"Why I have summon'd you this day!  
"Most valiant Sirs! I wish t' assay,  
"Who is the man most worth to me  
"Of all your gallant chivalrie.

"In peace to think on war is wise ;  
"The German on our border lies."

Thus speaks the prince ; the silence flies ;  
Up from the board the nobles rise,  
Each to the prince due rev'rence paid,  
The princess and the lovely maid.

The drums and trumpets sound again ;  
Before the castle on the plain,  
Upon the plain of wide extent,  
Each arms him for the tournament.  
The prince upon a balcony  
Sits with his senators on high,  
The princess with the dames is there,  
Ludisa with the maidens fair.

The prince his nobles gives command :  
"Who in the tourney first shall stand,  
"To bid arise of right is mine."  
The prince to Strebor gives the sign,  
Strebor doth Ludislaw defy ;  
Each springs upon his steed on high,  
Each takes his sharply-pointed lance,  
Then on each other swift advance.  
Together there they struggled long,  
Till shiver'd were their lances strong,  
And each so weary and o'erdone,  
That from the lists they both are gone.



Anew the drums and trumpets sound ;  
The prince commands his nobles round :  
"The princess shall the next ordain  
"To tourney on the listed plain."  
The princess doth to Serpos cry,  
Serpos doth Spytibor defy.  
Each leaps upon his gallant steed,  
Each takes his pointed spear with speed.  
Serpos on Spytibor hath sprung,  
And from his lofty saddle flung ;  
Then quick himself dismounts ; his brand  
Each seizes in his mighty hand ;  
Blow on the black shields follows blow,  
Bright sparkles from the black shields flow.  
Now Spytibor a stroke hath made,  
On the cold earth is Serpos laid ;  
But each is wearied and o'erdone,  
And from the lists they both are gone.

Anew the drums and trumpets sound,  
The prince commands his nobles round :  
"Ludisa shall the third ordain  
"To tourney on the listed plain."  
Ludisa Lubor bids arise,  
And Lubor Bolemir defies.  
Each springs upon his gallant steed,  
Each takes his pointed lance with speed ;

Quick in the lists they both appear,  
Each at the other aims his spear;  
Together with their spears they sprung,  
And Bolemir from horse is flung;  
Far flies his shield, and squires convey  
The fallen from the lists away.

The drums and trumpets sound anew;  
Lubor bids Rubos rise in view.  
Quick Rubos springs upon his steed,  
And against Lubor fierce doth speed.  
Sever'd his lance by Lubor's hand,  
Cleft is his helm by Lubor's brand;  
Rubos falls backwards from his steed,  
Squires bear him from the lists with speed.

Again the drums and trumpets call;  
Lubor defies the nobles all:  
"Whoe'er with me will combat try,  
"Into the lists now let him hie!"  
The knights together talk aside,  
Lubor doth in the lists abide.  
Zdeslaw his long spear swings around,  
On which a wild bull's head is found,  
His fiery steed he mounteth free,  
And thus with words of pride quoth he:  
"My ancestor the wild bull slew,  
"My father German bands o'erthrew,

“My prowess then let Lubor try!”  
Together hurtling furiously  
Their heads together struck with force,  
And each is fallen from his horse.  
With eager speed their swords they drew,  
And fiercely fought on foot anew;  
Their swords with so much might they wield,  
That with the strokes resounds the field.  
Lubor beside his rival sprang,  
His sword upon his helmet rang,  
The stricken helmet flew in twain;  
Then sword on sword he struck again;  
Out of the lists his sword is flown,  
And Zdeslaw on the ground is thrown.  
The drums and trumpets loudly call,  
Round Lubor throng the nobles all;  
Before the prince they lead him there,  
The princess and Ludisa fair.  
Ludisa doth the victor grace,  
And on his brows a wreath doth place,  
A wreath of oaken foliage made.  
Loud roll'd the drums, the trumpets bray'd.

## ZABOI AND SLAVOI.\*

IN forest black a rock doth rise,  
High on the rock doth spring  
The mighty Zaboi, far and wide  
His glance around to fling.

\* This poem, by its contents and style, is derived from Bohemia's heathen times, though first given to us through the medium of the *Queen's Court Manuscript* (Book III. Chap. 27), towards the end of the thirteenth century. It is there headed "Begins of a great Battle." The transaction, which is here commemorated (the liberation of Bohemia through Zaboi and Slavoi out of the power of a king, whose name is not mentioned) is, according to Palacky, entirely unknown to history, and therefore the time at which it occurred is impossible to be ascertained; it is however certainly not later than the ninth century. We may remark in it the mention of an old Bohemian poet, *Lumir*, of whom nothing more is known; this is however a proof that inspired bards were already held in especial reverence among the earliest Bohemians. The name of the foreign enemy of the Bohemians, *Ludiek*, indicates the German Ludwig, without its being possible

Sad sorrow fill'd his noble heart,  
As round his glance did go,  
And he mourn'd aloud, with a wood-dove's wail,  
For his country's pain and woe.  
Long time he sate, long time he mus'd,  
Then up, like a stag, sprang he,  
And through the wood, the lonely wood,  
Right speedily did flee;  
From man to man through all the land,  
From warrior to warrior went,  
And few the words he spake to each,  
And secret their intent;  
Before the Gods he bow'd himself,  
Then on, on his mission bent.

The first, the second day is past,  
And men, a numerous band,  
On the third day's night, in the pale moonlight,  
All in the black wood stand.  
Thence Zaboi led them to a dell,  
All in the deep, deep wood,

to attach it to a historical person. There is, however, considerable plausibility in the conjecture of Svoboda (adapted by Eichhoff) that the poet is here commemorating the victory of Samo over the Frankish army of Dagobert, between 628 and 638.

And harp\* in hand before them all  
In the lowest vale he stood.  
"O men of brotherly heart and true!  
"O men of fiery gaze!  
"I sing to you from lowliest vale  
"The lowliest of lays.  
"That lay, it springeth from my heart,  
"From my bosom's deep recess,  
"And sunk and drown'd in woe it tells  
"My soul's deep bitterness.  
"A sire† his wives and children left,  
"And to his sires is gone;  
"He left them in their village home,  
"But ah! he said to none,  
"O brother! speak a father's words,  
"To these thus left alone.'  
"A stranger to the village came  
"With violence and wrong,  
"He came and told a foreign tale  
"All in a foreign tongue.  
"And as it is done in foreign lands  
"From morn till eve arrives,

\* The *Varito*, the harp of the Slavonians, corresponds to the *βάρβιτον* of the Greeks.

† Allusion to the recent death of a chief, followed by a period of anarchy and an invasion of the enemy.

"E'en so it must be done by us  
"With our children and our wives.  
"And one\* companion and no more  
"On all our pilgrimage,  
"From Vesna to Morana, must  
"Be ours, from youth to age.  
"No more may we our foreheads strike  
"Before the Gods we know,  
"No more to them at eventide  
"With meats in offering go.  
"Where erst our fathers sacrific'd,  
"Where erst they praises sung,  
"They've fell'd the groves, and all the Gods  
"Down from their thrones have flung."

"Thou singest, Zaboï, heart to heart,  
"A song from the midst of woe,  
"Like Lumir,† who with words and song  
"Right well to move did know  
"Proud Vysehrad,‡ and all the land  
"That heard the god-like sound,

\* The introduction of Christianity abolished polygamy, and forced the Bohemians to be content with a single wife, from Vesna, the goddess of Spring and Youth, to Morana, the goddess of Death. † Lumir. See Note A.

‡ Vysehrad, *High-castle*, an ancient fort on a hill commanding the present city of Prague.

"E'en so thou movest me and all  
"Our brethren here around.  
"The Gods in minstrels good delight;  
"Sing on! from them is given  
"The heart that speaks against the foe,  
"Thy song it is from heaven."

On Slavoi Zaboi gaz'd awhile,  
On his looks with anger fir'd,  
Then further seiz'd their hearts with song,  
And patriot rage inspir'd:  
"Two sons,\* whose voices had assum'd  
"E'en now the manly tone,  
"Were wont into the wood to go,  
"And exercise alone.  
"With sword, with war-axe, and with dart,  
"Their hands they practis'd well,  
"In secret practis'd, and with joy  
"Return'd from hidden dell.  
"And when their arms and hands were strong,  
"And their wisdom 'gainst the foe,  
"O then their brethren too at home  
"To man's estate did grow.  
"And all upon the foemen sprang,  
"Their wrath like the stormy sky,

\* Himself and Slavoi.



"And to their village home return'd,  
"The happiness gone by."

O, swift to Zaboï's side they bound,  
As low in the vale he stands,  
And clasp him in their mighty arms,  
And heart to heart take hands;  
And words of wisdom spoken are  
Among the patriot bands.  
The night it goes, and the dawn comes on,  
Fresh brightening into day,  
The vale they leave, and scatt'ring wide,  
Through the forest take their way.

The first, the second day is past,  
And now the third is done,  
And Zaboï in the dark'ning night  
Into the wood hath gone.  
Behind him goes a company  
Of men in wrathful mood,  
And Slavoi too another band  
Leads through the gloomy wood.  
Each trusteth in his leader bold,  
Each hates from his heart the king,  
And each, against that tyrant fell,  
A weapon sharp doth bring.

"Up, Slavoi, brother! up and on  
"To yonder hill so blue!  
"To yonder hill we'll bend our steps,  
"That all the land doth view;  
"Thence onwards, towards the morning sun,  
"A darksome wood doth grow,  
"There hasten we our faithful hands  
"To plight for weal or woe.  
"Now speed thee with a foxes' gait,  
"And I this way will go."

"O wherefore, brother Zaboi, must  
"Our arms from yon mountain bring  
"Their terrors? Hence we'll storming go  
"'Gainst the armies of the king!"

"O brother Slavoi, wilt thou strike  
"And smite a serpent dead?  
"'Tis surest at the head to aim,  
"And yonder is his head."

The many scatter in the wood,  
Dividing left and right,  
These follow Zaboi, those attend  
Fierce Slavoi to the fight;

And towards the mountain blue they go  
Deep through the forest's night.  
And when the fifth day's sun arose,  
True hands they gave and took,  
And down beneath, with foxen eyes,  
On the king's host they look.  
"His armies Ludiek must unite,  
"To quell at a single stroke—  
"Ho! Ludiek! thou art but a slave\*  
"Set over the slavish folk!  
"Go, tell thy tyrant his command  
"To us is nought but smoke!"

In wrath did Ludiek shout aloud,  
And his hosts together bring;  
Beneath the sky 'twas glittering light,  
As the sun his beams did fling  
On the countless weapons, glancing bright,  
Of the armies of the king.  
All, all were ready for the war,  
On every sword a hand,  
And every foot in act to march,  
As Ludiek might command.

\* Ludiek is evidently only the lieutenant and vassal of a powerful sovereign, and not a monarch himself.

"O haste thee, Slavoi! brother, haste

"This way with foxen pace!

"And I will charge him in the front,

"And meet him face to face."

And forth rush'd Zaboi with his men,

Like a hailstorm on their van,

And Slavoi on their flank with his,

Like a hailstorm, charging, ran.

"These, brother, these our trees did fell,

"These, these our Gods did rive,

"These from the forests chas'd the hawks!

"The Gods will victory give!"

Ha! rage 'gainst Zaboi Ludiek hurls,

From the midst of the countless foe;

And Zaboi with his eyes on flame

'Gainst Ludiek swift doth go.

As oak 'gainst oak contending fierce,

That all the wood may see,

So Zaboi did on Ludiek rush,

Before both armies free.

High Ludiek whirl'd his mighty sword,

And pierc'd his shield's third hide;

With war-axe\* Zaboi struck a stroke,

But Ludiek sprang aside.

\* As to this weapon see Note B.

The war-axe struck into a tree,  
The tree on the host doth fall,  
And thirty to their fathers go—  
In wrath doth Ludiek call:  
“Thou monster! giant serpent’s brood!  
“Come, draw thy sword to fight!”  
And Zaboi heaves his sword, and doth  
A piece from his buckler smite;  
When Ludiek strikes again, his sword  
Doth vain on the tough shield light.  
With rage inflam’d they strike amain,  
Till each is wounded sore,  
A wound appears in every part,  
And all around is gore;  
And those in savage combat near  
With blood they spurtle o’er.  
The sun o’erpasseth noon, from noon  
Approacheth towards even-tide,  
And still ’tis fought, nor here nor there  
Retreat on either side;  
Here Zaboi fought, and Slavoi there  
The foe alike defied.  
“Hence, murderer! Bies\* receive thee! hence!  
“Why drink’st thou yet our blood?”

\* Bies, the evil spirit, connected probably with the German word böse.

And Zaboi seized his mighty axe,  
But Ludiek aside hath stood.  
Zaboi on high his war-axe swung,  
And cast it at the foe;  
The axe it flew and cleft the shield,  
And Ludiek's breast below.  
The heavy axe the soul affrights,  
The soul by the war-axe strong  
Is driven forth, and fathoms five  
Through the army borne along.

Loud shriek the panic-stricken foe,  
When low their leader lies,  
But glad the shouts of Zaboi's bands,  
Joy sparkling in their eyes.  
"O brethren! the Gods have granted aid,  
"And given us victory;  
"And now divide we left and right,  
"Steeds seek we speedily  
"In every vale; with steeds must neigh  
"The whole wood merrily!"

"O brother Zaboi, lion brave!  
Cease not to press the foe!"  
Lo! Zaboi flings away his shield,  
And onwards still doth go.


In one hand is his war-axe strong,  
The other his sword doth hold,  
And thus through the enemy with speed  
His path he breaketh bold.  
The foe must shriek, the foe must flee,  
Tras\* drives them from the field,  
And terror forces from their throats  
The cries of them that yield.

With neighing steeds the forest sounds;  
"Up, up! to horse and ride!  
"After the foe on horseback go  
"Thro' the regions far and wide!  
"Ye swift steeds, swift the vengeance bear,  
"That our foemen doth betide!"  
The warriors on the swift steeds sprang,  
And galloping on the foe,  
With wound on wound remorselessly  
Did fiercest vengeance show.  
They pass the mountains and the plains,  
They pass the woods like wind,  
And right and left, as on they go,  
All things they leave behind.

\* Tras, the god of Panic.

A mighty stream is hurtling wild,  
Wave after wave rolls on,  
But bound on bound both armies through  
The stormy stream are gone.  
The waters seiz'd the foreigners,  
And 'whelm'd them in the tide,  
But safely bore the friends they knew  
To reach the other side.

Far, far and wide, through all the land,  
With its long wings spread on high,  
A furious glede with vengeful speed  
Doth chase the birds that fly.  
And Zaboï's band thro' all the land  
Spreads wide, their foes to meet,  
And down they smite them everywhere  
Beneath their horses' feet.  
They chase them by night 'neath the moon's  
pale light,  
Beneath the sun by day,  
And then in the darksome night again,  
And then in the morning gray.



A mighty stream is hurtling wild,  
Wave after wave rolls on,



But bound on bound both armies through

The stormy stream are gone.

The waters seiz'd the foreigners,

And 'whelm'd them in the tide,

But safely bore their countrymen

To reach the other side.

"When we've got to yonder mountains grey,

"Revenge will be satisfied."

"O Zaboi, brother, cease awhile!

"The hills are not far away,

"The foes that are left are faint and few,

"And these for mercy pray."

"Back thro' the land by diff'rent paths

"With speed, both thou and I,

"And all that to the king belong'd

"Destroy we utterly!"

The wind it stormeth through the land,

On storm those armies twain,

Thro' every district, left and right,

Thro' woodland and thro' plain,

With force extending far and wide,

With joyful shouts amain.

“Ho! brethren, see yon mountain grey!  
“Our late won victory,  
“There dwell the Gods that gave it us,  
“And there from tree to tree  
“Flits many a soul thro’ all the wood;  
“The timid beasts and fowls  
“In terror flee, except alone  
“The ne’er affrighted owls.  
“On to the mountains let us go,  
“Our dead to bury there,  
“And to the Gods to sacrifice,  
“Who gave us freedom fair!  
“And many an offering we will bring,  
“And many a thankful strain,  
“And to them we will dedicate  
“The weapons of the slain.”

## ZBYHON.\*

FROM tree to tree a pigeon flew,  
And his woeful grief to the wood did coo :  
"Thou forest wide, I roam'd in thee  
"With the dove, that dearest was to me,  
"But cruel Zbyhon doth seize and keep  
"My dove in yon castle strong and steep."

A youth round the castle strong doth go,  
And sighs for his own true-love in woe;  
Then on to the rock; and sitting there  
With the dumb wood mourns in mute despair.

Sad coos the pigeon, as up he flies,  
The youth to him lifts his head and cries :  
"Thou woeful pigeon, that lone dost mourn,  
"A hawk perchance thy mate hath torn.

\* This poem must be ascribed to an early period, if it be but on account of the mention of the mace (*mlat*, see Note B), which was no longer in use, as a weapon, in the thirteenth century. It is found in the *Queen's Court Manuscript*, Book III, chap. 28, and headed, "Begins the 28th chapter of the third book about songs."

G



"Thou, Zbyhon, in yon castle steep,  
"My dear, my darling love dost keep,  
"In yon castle strong, yon castle steep.  
"Thou, pigeon, with the hawk had'st striven,  
"Had a valiant heart to thee been given,  
"Thou had'st reft from the hawk thy mate with  
    might,  
"Had'st thou had talons sharp to fight;  
"Thou had'st slain the cruel hawk, I ween,  
"Had thine a beak flesh-rending been.  
"Up, woeful youth! 'gainst Zbyhon go!  
"Thine a brave heart against the foe!  
"Thine weapons keen and strong for fight!  
"An iron mace his head to smite!"

Down speeds the youth thro' the darksome wood,  
Shoulders his mace, dons his armour good,  
Thro' the dark wood hastes to the castle steep,  
Arrives at night;—all, all asleep;  
With strong fist knocks. "Who's there?" they  
    cried;

"A hunter benighted." The gate spreads wide.  
Knocks again. The next door is undone at his call;  
"Where, where is Lord Zbyhon?"\* "Beyond the  
    great hall"—

\* Vladyka Zbyhon. See Note C.

Lustful Zbyhon is there, there the maid makes her  
moan—

“Ope, ope to the hunter!” The door’s not undone.  
With his mace the strong youth breaks open the  
door,

’Neath his mace Lord Zbyhon lies dead on the floor.  
He storms thro’ the castle, and all doth slay,  
With his lovely maid till morn doth stay.

Thro’ the tree-tops cometh the morning sun,  
New joy’s in the heart of the youth begun,  
That his own bright maid in all her charms  
He cradles fond in his mighty arms.

“Whose dove?” “Her Zbyhon did seize and  
keep,

“When he brought me here to the castle steep.”  
“Away to the woods!” To the wood she flew,  
And flutter’d here and there anew,  
From tree to tree with her consort fleet,  
And on one branch they slumber’d sweet.

Glad smiles the maid at her lover’s side,  
Together at will they wander wide,  
The bridegroom and his rescued bride.

## THE NOSEGAY.\*

FROM the tall princely forests the light wind doth  
blow,

The maiden belov'd to the streamlet doth go,  
With iron-shod pail scoops the waves as they fleet,  
A nosegay there floats on the waves to her feet,  
A nosegay of roses and violets sweet.

The maiden she reaches the nosegay to hold,  
But she falls, ah! she falls in the water so cold!

O did I, fair nosegay, O did I but know,  
Who, who was the planter that made thee to grow,  
A bright golden ring I'd upon him bestow!

O knew I, thou nosegay, so sweet and so fair,  
Who chose thee and pluck'd thee and bound thee  
with care,

I'd give him, I'd give him the pin from my hair!

O did I, fair nosegay, O did I but know,  
Who gave thee to float on the waters that flow,  
The wreath from my head I'd upon him bestow."

\* This and the following six songs have unquestionably been taken down from oral recitation. They form the greatest part of the 28th chapter of Book III. of the *Queen's Court Manuscript*. This song has been translated by Goethe into German verse, vol. II. p. 423 of the edition of his complete works of 1850.

## THE STRAWBERRIES.

My love went gath'ring strawberries,  
Where green the pine-trees grow ;  
Her tender foot a thorn hath pierced,  
That grew so sharp below,  
And now my true-love can no more  
Upon her white foot go.

O why hast thou, thou thorn so sharp,  
Thus wrought the maiden pain?  
For this shalt thou, thou thorn so sharp,  
Out of the wood be ta'en.

O come, my love, into the shade,  
All under the greenwood tree!  
I'll to the meadow go and fetch  
My steed so white to see.

The steed upon the meadow roams,  
On the thick grass feedeth he ;  
My love's beneath the cool, cool shade,  
For her lover tarries she.

My love in the pine-wood half aloud

'Gins plaining, as afraid :

" O what will mother say to me,

" To me, unhappy maid !

" My mother bade me evermore

" Of young men to beware,

" But why of young men heedful be,

" When they good people are ?"

Then up I rode upon my steed,

Like snow that was so white,

Dismounted, tied him to a branch

By the silver bridle bright.

I clasp'd and press'd her to my heart,

I kiss'd her lips so sweet,

And the lovely maid forgets the thorn,

That pains her tender feet.

We kiss'd and lov'd each other there,

Till the setting of the sun :

" Come, hasten homewards, love," she said ;

" The day is almost done."

Then quick I sprang upon my steed,

That was as white as snow,

I took my true-love in my arms,

And with her home did go.



## THE STAG.

THERE courses a stag through the land so wide,  
And o'er the mountains free;  
O'er hill and dale he bounds along,  
His antlers are fair to see.  
With the antlers fair, that his brow doth bear,  
Thro' the thick wood bursts his way,  
And on his feet, that are so fleet,  
Doth in the forest play.

There paces a youth on the mountains high,  
Thro' the vales to war he goes,  
Proud weapons on his shoulders bears,  
With weapons strong bursts through the throng  
And close array of foes.

No more's the youth on the mountain high;  
With craft his savage foe  
Doth on him spring; his look is dark,  
His eyes with fury glow.  
With heavy axe he smites his breast,  
The woods with sorrow sigh;

He drives forth the soul, the gentle soul,  
That thro' the long and slender neck  
At the fair lips out doth fly.

Ah! there he lies! the warm blood flows  
After the soul that's gone;  
The waste earth drinks the warm, warm blood,  
And every maid for the youth low-laid  
In sad heart makes her moan.

Low lies the youth in the cold, cold earth,  
An oak grows o'er his grave,  
And far and wide on ev'ry side  
Its branches it doth wave.

On goes the stag with antlers fair,  
On his quick feet he doth bound,  
And reaches with long and slender neck  
The leaves that grow around.

Together swift-wing'd sparrow-hawks  
From all the forest fly,  
And on that oak they sit and scream,  
That all may hear the cry:  
"By wrath of foeman low was laid  
"A youth bemoan'd of ev'ry maid!"

## THE ROSE.

O THOU Rose, thou lovely Rose!  
Why thus early bloom'st thou bright?  
Why doth frost thy young bloom smite?  
Why frost-stricken fad'st in sight?  
Why, when faded, fall'st thou light?

Long time I sate at even late  
Till cock-crowing alone,  
Nor longer could I aught await;  
The pine-torch all was gone.

I slept, I dream'd, it to me seem'd,  
Ah me! unhappy maid!  
The gold ring from my finger fell,  
That my right hand displayed.

Out slipp'd the costly stone of price,  
That in the ring should be;—  
The precious stone I never found,  
No lover came to me!

## THE CUCKOO.

UPON the plain an oak-tree stands,  
A cuckoo there doth sing,  
And still she mourns and still complains,  
That 'tis not always Spring.

How in the fields could ripen corn,  
If Spring were evermoe?  
How apples on the orchard-trees,  
Were Summer ne'er to go?

Or how the ears in garners freeze,  
Were nought but Autumn known?  
How woeful were it for the maid,  
If always left alone!

## THE FORSAKEN.

ALAS! ye woods, ye gloomy woods!

Ye woods of Miletine!

In summer and in winter too,

Why are ye ever green?

Right glad were I did I not weep,

And my poor heart torment;

But, O good people, tell to me,

Who would not thus lament?

Where, where's my father, father dear?

He in the grave is low;

Where, where's my mother, mother good?

O'er her the grass doth grow:

Brothers and sisters none remain,

My lover they away have ta'en.

## THE LARK.

ALL in a lordly garden ground  
Is weeding hemp a maid,  
A Lark addresses her and asks,  
Why sad, and why afraid?

'O how can I then joyful be,  
Thou pretty little lark?  
My lover they have ta'en from me,  
And shut in dungeon dark.

'O had I, had I but a pen,  
A letter I would write,  
And thou my messenger should'st be,  
And with it take thy flight.

'But I've no paper, I've no pen,  
A letter to essay,  
So greet and tell my love in song,  
That here I pine away.'

\* \* \*

POEMS NOT IN  
THE QUEEN'S COURT MANUSCRIPT.





## LIBUSSA'S JUDGMENT.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

"EV'RY father in his household ruleth ;  
" Men should till, and clothes be made by women :  
" If the household's head be gone, the children  
" Rule together jointly the possessions,

\* This is the oldest and at the same time one of the most remarkable monuments of Bohemian poësy. It celebrates an historical contest between two Lechs (see Note C), (in this poem the brothers Chrudos and Stiaqlaw, sons of Klen, of the family of Tetva the Popelide,) which occasioned Libussa, owing to the insults she then received, to select Przemysl the Manly for her husband, and give up to him the government of the country. This happened at the beginning of the eighth century. The poem itself, unfortunately only a fragment, is preserved to us in a manuscript of about the end of the ninth century, which was presented to the Bohemian Museum in 1818. This poem, critically treated, with explanations of all words and the entire contents, was published in "*Die ältesten Denkmäler der böhmischen Sprache*, von P. J. Szaferzik and F. Palacky, Prag. 1840." The first nine verses appear to be the conclusion of a Parliament (sniem), which had treated of family law and rights.

"Choosing from the household a Vladyka,  
 "For the common weal to seek th' assembly  
 "With the Kmets, the Lechs, and the Vladykas."\*

Rose the Kmets, the Lechs, and the Vladykas,  
 And approv'd the legal just decision.

Why, Veltava, troublest thou thy water?  
 Troublest thou thy silver-foamy water?  
 Hath a tempest wild disquietèd thee,  
 In the wide sky scatt'ring streaming storm-clouds,  
 Washing o'er the tops of the green mountains,  
 Washing out the loam, whose sand is golden?

How could I not trouble thus my water,  
 When own brothers have engaged in quarrel  
 For the heritage that was their fathers?  
 Savagely together have they quarrell'd,  
 Chrudos fierce beside Otava winding,  
 By th' Otava's gold-producing windings,  
 Valiant Stiaglaw by the cool Radbuza;  
 Brothers both, and both are Klenovices,  
 Of the old race of Tetva, son of Popel,  
 Who with Czech and with his squadrons enter'd  
 Into the rich land across three rivers.†

\* See Note C.

† These three rivers are still a problem in the history  
 of the migrations of the Slavonic nations.

Up the social bird, the swallow, flieth,  
Flieth from Otava, winding river,  
And upon the window wide is seated  
In Libussa's golden seat paternal,  
Vyssegrad, her sacred seat paternal;  
And she mourneth, and she waileth sadly.  
When her sister heard her thus complaining,  
Her own sister in Libussa's palace,  
She within the Vyssegrad the princess  
Begs to hold a court for the decision,  
And the brethren twain to summon thither,  
And to judge them as the law commandeth.

Messengers the princess bids to issue  
Unto Svatoslaw from white Lubica,  
Where the useful oaken forests flourish;  
Unto Lutobor from Dobrosław's height,  
Where the Labe\* drinketh the Orlica;  
Ratibor from Kerkonossian mountains,†  
Where erst Trut the savage dragon slaughter'd;  
Unto Radovan from Kamen Most, and  
Jarozir from hills with water streaming;  
Unto Strezibor from fair Sazava,  
Sam'rod from the Mza,‡ whose waves bear silver;

\* The Elbe.

† The chain called the Sudetes.

‡ The Mies.

All the Kmets, the Lechs, and the Vladykas;  
 And to Chrudos and his brother Stiaglaw  
 For their father's heritage contending.

When at length the Lechs and the Vladykas  
 In the Vyssegrad were all assembled,  
 Each takes place according to his birthright;  
 Clad in glitt'ring white ascends the princess  
 In th' assembly grand her throne paternal.  
 [Forth there issue pacing] two wise maidens,  
 Well instructed in victorious science;  
 With the first are tablets law-declaring,  
 With the next the sword, that crimes doth punish.  
 Opposite them is the flame that judgeth,  
 And beneath them is the hallow'd water.

From her golden throne the princess speaketh:  
 "Ye, my Kmets and Lechs, and ye, Vladykas!  
 "'Twixt the brothers must the right determine,  
 "Who are for their heritage contending,  
 "For their father's heritage together.  
 "Let them jointly both possess according  
 "To the edict of the gods eternal,  
 "Or divide the land in like proportion!  
 "O my Kmets and Lechs, and ye, Vladykas!  
 "It is your's my sentence to establish,  
 "If it be according to your wisdom;

"If 'tis not according to your wisdom,  
" 'Stablish for the twain a new decision,  
" That may reconcile the striving brothers."

Bent themselves the Lechs and the Vladykas,  
And began a whisper'd consultation,  
Whisper'd consultation with each other,  
And they did commend and laud her sentence.

Uprose Lutobor from Dobrosław's height,  
And began in these words his oration:  
"Glorious princess on thy throne paternal,  
" We have well consider'd of thy sentence;  
" Now collect the votes throughout thy nation."

And the judging maids the votes collected;  
In a sacred urn the votes collecting,  
To the Lechs they gave them for announcement.

Radovan from Kamen Most arising  
'Gan the votes by number to examine,  
And announç'd the sentence to the nation  
In assembly gather'd for decision.

"O ye brethren twain, both Klenovices,  
" Of th' old race of Tetva, son of Popel,  
" Who with Czech, and with his squadrons enter'd  
" Into the rich land across three rivers;  
" Thus about your heritage accord you;  
" Ye shall rule it both the twain together."

Uprose Chrudos from Otava winding,  
 Anger pour'd itself throughout his body,  
 All his limbs with savage fierceness trembled,  
 Like a bull he roars, his strong hand swinging :  
 " Woe to nests, to which the snake approacheth !  
 " Woe to men, o'er whom a woman ruleth !  
 " That a man o'er men should rule is fitting ;  
 " It is right the first-born should inherit."

From her golden throne Libussa rising  
 Saith, " Ye Kmets, ye Lechs, and ye Vladykas !  
 " Ye have heard the insults cast upon me ;  
 " Judge yourselves, and give the legal sentence !  
 " Never more will I your strifes determine !  
 " Choose a man, an equal, from your number,  
 " That he may with iron sway and rule you !—  
 " Weak o'er you to rule is hand of maiden !"

Ratibor from Kerkonossian mountains  
 Rose, and thus began to make oration :  
 " Shame 't were we should justice seek from Ger-  
     mans !  
 " We by sacred law have right and justice,  
 " Which our fathers brought into these regions.—

\* \* \* \* \*

## A SONG UNDER THE VYSSEGRAD.\*

HAIL, Vyssegrad lofty! our sun beaming bright!  
How proud and how bold thou dost stand on the  
height,  
And all foreigners strik'st from the rock with af-  
fright!

Beneath thee the river rolls rapid and strong,  
Veltava her waves rolleth swiftly along.

By Veltava's bright waves, that transparently fleet,  
Thick shrubs a cool arbour afford from the heat.

There merrily soundeth the nightingale's strain,  
Or sadly he pipes, tiny songster, his pain,  
As joy or as sorrow his heart doth contain.

\* This poem exists on a piece of parchment in the possession of the Bohemian Museum, and the writing may be as old as the first half of the thirteenth century. The song itself appears to date from an earlier century, when the Vyssegrad was a more interesting object than Prague itself.

O were I the nightingale in the green grove,  
How speedily thither I'd fly, where my love  
Late at even, at even, doth wander and rove!

And when love waketh all things, and all that's  
    alive  
For love with deep longings doth struggle and  
    strive;

I long and I pine, fairest maiden, for thee!—  
Take pity, fair maiden, take pity on me!



## LOVE SONG OF KING VACESLAW I.\*

AFTER adventures stern and great  
 Love doth to me her sweet estate†  
 Reveal and merit high.  
 Right heartily I mourn and sigh,  
 When thinking on the loveliness,  
 That causes thus my mind's distress,  
 How brightly doth the maiden shine,  
 Of whom myself to boast is mine.

\* This is a fragment of one of the three poems, on account of which Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, (crowned 1228), was numbered among the German Minnesingers. If the German poems (*Manessische Sammlung*, Zurich, 1748) are originals, this Bohemian one must be a translation; but the conciseness of this and the diffuseness of the others induces rather the contrary inference. Probably some German at the court of Wenceslaus translated his Bohemian poems into German. The Manuscript, containing this fragment along with "The Stag," which appears also in the *Queen's Court Manuscript*, is a single octavo leaf of parchment, and is in the Bohemian Museum.

† Love (*milost, láska*,) is feminine in Slavonic.

Yet though her love be not to blame,  
 She cruel anguish gives;  
 And I must bear it evermore;—  
 She asks not whom she rives.  
 My mind doth drive me on to love,  
 O happy, happy me!  
 And now my highest gladness is  
 Blest through the eyes to be.  
 For all my joyance through the eyes  
 Into my loving bosom flies.  
 Love grows increasing by-and-bye  
 In clearer, brighter sympathy,  
 Because I gave her heart and mind.  
 She is a fount of bliss refin'd,  
 She the beginning is of mirth,  
 My anguish and my joy on earth.  
 E'en as sweet dew the rose-bud sips,  
 When from its swathings free,  
 E'en so I kiss'd her honied lips,  
 O happy happy me!  
 In vain to understand I try,  
 How happy in thy love am I;  
 Love banish'd is by anguish strong,  
 Pain comforts, love doth pine and long.  
 Love will accuse me—Ah! for why?  
 Love cannot me accuse, that I

Embrac'd her form so fair and bright,  
So full of sweetness and delight,  
In all its glowing, glittering charms,  
Yet still with honourable arms.  
For when that maid enchain'd my heart—

\* \* \* \* \*

---



## NOTES.

---

### NOTE A.

It is remarkable, that in the Russian poem, *Igor's Campaign*, we find Boïan, the Orpheus of the Russians, mentioned much as Lumir is here. The beginning of Igor's campaign runs as follows.

"Would it not be better, brethren, to begin in ancient style the woeful recital of the expedition of Igor, son of Sviatoslaw. Let the poem begin after the history of that time, and not after the manner of Boïan. Did Boïan the bard intend to frame a song of any one, his thoughts strayed in the wood, a grizzled wolf on the plain, a grey eagle beneath the firmament. Did he think upon a battle of ancient times, he sent forth ten falcons against a troop of swans, and the first, who made a capture, entoned also the first song, whether of the ancient Jaroslaw, the brave Mistislaw, who hewed down Rededia before the Kasosk bands, or the beautiful Roman, descendant of Sviatoslaw. Though Boïan, brethren, loosed not ten falcons against a flock of swans; his prophetic fingers touched the living strings, which of themselves celebrated the glory of the princes."

## NOTE B.

The word *mlat*, which I have sometimes translated war-axe, sometimes axe, and sometimes mace, would be properly rendered *war-hammer*. Everybody has heard of the exploits of Thor and his hammer in the *Edda*.

## NOTE C.

The *Knets* were possessors of landed estates, a kind of franklins, who had the right of seats in the *snem* or parliament. The term includes both the Lechs and Vladykas.

The *Lechs* were nobles, and the word is connected with *szlechta*, and the Polish *szlachtic*, a nobleman.

The Vladykas (from *vladiti*, to sway) were the representatives or heads of families or clans. In later times the term *Vladyky* signified the lesser nobility, as opposed to the *Páni* or Magnates.

THE END.

7





BOUND BY  
WESTLEYS & CO  
FRIAR STREET,  
LONDON.

