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German Lyrics

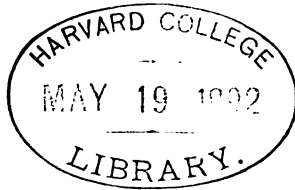
TRANSLATED BY

Henry Phillips Jr

Ehret die Lieber!
Sie sind gleich den guten Thaten
GOETHE

5
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The Translator.

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DEDICATED
TO
HON. FREDERICK FRALEY, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF THE
AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
AS A MARK OF
RESPECT AND ESTEEM.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The versions contained in the present volume were prepared at the time of the impression made upon the translator by his reading of the originals. The only plan of selection that has been followed out has been the exclusion of matter previously published by him. Some of these poems have already appeared in a mutilated condition in a publication over which he had no control.

Philadelphia,
1811 Walnut Street,
May, 1892.

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Field Solitude.

HERMANN ALLMERS.

I REST me 'midst the tall, green, wavy grass,
And gaze for hours on the deep-blue sky ;
The crickets whirl around me as they pass,
The domes celestial o'er my fancies lie.

White clouds of beauty rare the scene drift o'er,
Like stilly dreams, obscuring heaven's face ;
Meseems that I have died long years before,
And as a tranquil spirit glide through space.

The Dead Ride Fast.

BECHSTEIN.

THE stars in heaven shine bright,
The moon gleams in the night,
But rapid ride the dead.

“ Throw up thy casement wide,
And let me to thy side,
For soon my hour is sped.

" The cock hath long since crowed,
And warns of day's onroad,
I can no longer 'bide.

" I've come since yesterday
Two hundred miles away,
To-night I far must ride.

" Come, sweetheart, deck with speed,
Come, sit thee on my steed,
The journey's worth the care ;

" For in Hungarian land
A little house I've planned,
My path is ended there.

" Upon the heather green
My house is to be seen,
For me and for my bride ;

" Come, dress without delay,
Come, let us haste away,
To-night we far must ride."

" What crotchet's in thy head ?
Think'st thou I'm to be led
Away in the cold, cold gloom ?

" With thee I may not go,
Thy bed's not large eno',
The road is far too wide.

“ Oh, rest in peace thy head,
Within thy lonely bed,
Till dawns the day of doom.”

Tranquil Heart.

HÜGO VON BLOMBERG.

AS silver gray the welkin beams,
The lake as silver white ;
Amidst the sedge a diamond gleams—
A fish leaps in the light.

Through marshy meadow-flowers my way
Trends up and down the hills ;
A breeze blows sharp through vine and spray,
O'er wave and grain it thrills.

On hill and glade no shadows sleep,
No mellow sunbeams glow ;—
'Tis like true Fortune, silent, deep,
Whereof no man doth know.

After the Storm.

BODENSTEDT.

FIRST comes the rolling thunder,
The fiery clouds flame bright ;
Then broods a magic stillness
Upon the dewy night.

Away the peace destroyer
Of day speeds from the scene ;
A conquered, rebel vassal,
Who flies before his queen.

The watery mirror shadows
The peaceful sky's mild gleam ;
The starry seal of heaven
Is pressed upon the stream.

Around the welkin's borders,
The wearied lightnings glance,
As when the Soul, deep dreaming,
Moves gently in its trance.

Sedan.

BODENSTEDT.

WHY roars the cannons' thunder?
What news boom out the bells?
Where'er a German heart beats
The joyful tidings swells.

A battle great was conquered
At Sedan, in the field ;
And man shall sing and praise it
Until all Time shall yield.

The third Napoleon's hour
Of Fate there tolled for aye ;
There bled McMahon the Marshal,
Upon th' eventful day.

Then let the ordnance thunder,
And merry chime the bells,
Where'er a German heart beats
The blissful message swells.

The gladsome sounds reëcho,
O'er mount and fell and coast ;
Hail Hero, King of Germans !
Hail German hero-host !

Summer Night.

BODENSTEDT.

THE world in dream deep-sunken
In sheen and glamour lies,
No leaf stirs on the branches,
No birdlet in the skies.

The wearied stars are wending
Their lengthy road to rest,
Yet many an orb is rising
Much brighter in my breast.

The joys the daydawn promised
Came, sadly fraught with care,
But night brings peaceful quiet,
Upon the stilly air.

The Moonbeam's Ray Fell on the Lily's Dew.

BOETTGER.

THE moonbeam's ray fell on the lily's dew,
And waked its elf from gentle, tender sleep ;
With gauzy wings, of golden dragon's hue,
The air-born fay fled forth with breathings
deep.

He blew a blast on silvery, mystic horn,
(The rose its petals closed with gruesome
dread,)
Then fluttering, sped his flight o'er leaf and
thorn,
And bowed his yellow, wheat-encircled head.

They mingled kisses and they whispered lays,
With many a jest and sport and playful dart.
I stood in gloom with fixed and darksome gaze,
For, all forlorn, I knew my loving heart.

The Song of the Steadfast Knight.

BRACHMAN.

LET all around thee storm and mock,
My heart, thou shalt not swerve ;
Stand steadfast like an ocean-rock
O'er which the billows curve.

An angry Fate hath hurled thee far
From all thou holdest dear ;
Be calm, my heart, thy fortunes are
Within thy beating sphere !

Deep in my breast a loving heart
Doth 'bide, a jewel pure ;
When thou from all the world must part,
Let love for aye endure !

When all the world shall thee forsake
Let love thy comfort be ;
When all shall cease and rend and break
True love can never flee !

Want.

ADA CHRISTEN.

THE creaking songs of your breaking hearts
Are never so full of woe
As the winter's cold, when the clothing's thin,
And the feet walk bare in the snow.

The cry of the Soul for its long-lost mate
Ne'er causeth so drear a pain,
As homeless and hungry to traverse the earth,
To sleep on the stones of the plain.

The Raven's Meal.

CREUZNACH.

THROUGH the stubblefield a raven flew,
A comrade sails forth from the sable crew.
"My coal-black brother, give voice and say,
What man shall give us our food to-day?"

"In the Elfinvale this morn I saw
A royal banquet that waits our maw ;
On the gallows tree there reeks the blood
Of a noble Hero, once brave and good."

"Who was the wretch? Who struck the blow?"
"The Knight's gray falcon him well doth know,
And the mettled charger on which he rode,
And the young wife waiting at his abode."

But his comrade, the hawk's flown far in the sky,
And his murderer's mounted his steed to fly,
His wife will never the dead Knight miss,
While his slayer still lives for her to kiss.

The Amber Witch.

FELIX DAHN.

I.

SAINTELMO'S lights dance on the witch's
tower ;

The tempest roars through amber-witch's power.

Swift on the gale her harbinger flew by—

The laughing sea-mew howled upon the sky.

From West-northwest shrieks from the Swedish
sound

The storm that strews the sea-gold on the
ground.

Out with your nets—swift with your fleetest
boat—

Brave divers' death to snare the slippery float.

Now we return with loads of precious store—

The toll we've paid—our youngest is no more.

II.

Young George from Heidebrink, it was to-day ;
The witch enticed him—'twas a precious prey.

Alas, young George! 'Tis true you'll find it warm
To rest your head upon her snow-white arm ;

Around thy dripping brow with tender grace
A flaming crown of amber will she place.

The March of the Huns.

FELIX DAHN.

OVER the Tanaïs, over the Ister,
Beckons grim Death with the scythe of the
Pest,

“Gird thyself, don thy robe, gruesomest sister,
Far off in Gallia’s calling a fest.

“Hear me, thou starveling, my brother, gaunt
Hunger!

Rouse thyself, Vulture that sleepest, oh War!
Carrion-gorged, sated and weary, still younger,
Spread forth thy gore-crimsoned pinions afar!”

See! in the heavens a portent to nations,
Blazes a terrible, death-boding pack;
Hydras and dragons, and giant creations,
Fiery chargers with wings at their back!

See! the grim vulture before them rides deadly,
Howling for blood, with sharp talons a-glee,
Darkening the sunlight the shrieker spreads redly
Gore-dripping pinions o’er land and o’er sea!

Fierce flaming forth from the ravening danger
Darts the dread tongue in the hurricane air,
Midnight behind him, and roaring in anger
Speeds the red shaft of the lightning’s fell
glare.

Deadlier, far deadlier than yon in the Heaven
Whirls on the Earth-ball an all-drowning strife,
Dragonwise-burning, a people's foul leaven,
Fire and poison spews, darkens all life.

Let but a blast on a bugle be sounded
By a skin-tent on the Allutha's side,
Troubled, in sorrow, amazed and confounded,
Trembles and totters the world, far and wide.

"The War-God hath given the world for your
booty,
Burn it or slaughter it, Huns, as you will!"
"There spake the voice of our King, of our Duty,
Thank thee, oh War-God, we'll ruin and kill."

Hark! To Bohemia from Caucasus' mountains
Europe resounds with their chargers' gaunt
tread,
Highland and moorland, in fens and in fountains,
Raging there struggle the quick and the dead!

"Attila, father, our sov'reign so lavish,
Say, doth this please thee, the hell we prepare?
Warriors impaling, fair damsels we ravish
Bound to our stirrups with closely-twined hair.

"Attila, sayst thou so? Down with the Roman!
Sevenfold death to the Germanic race!
Grinding to powder each nation and foeman,
Say, can we favor thus find 'fore thy face?"

Raising to Heaven the scourge with blood
draining

Strung with nine cords, the Khan cried out in
prayer :

“ See how the rods in the clouds flames are rain-
ing—

Forward ! 'Tis westward the comet points
there ! ”

Far off in Gallia, near the Marne's quicksands,

Stood two brave men with their harness a-clasp,

“ Strangled with hemp grown in Tartary's foul
lands.

Shall the world, helpless, breathe forth its last
gasp ? ”

“ Not so, Aëtius,” his comrade said laughing,

Tossing his yellow locks loose to the wind,

“ Strife all forgotten, and peace-bumpers quaffing,
Who shall affright us when we're of one mind ?

“ Summon from Tiber, by envoys most pressing,

Corseletted legions to fly from their home,

Loyal Theodoric's Goths acquiescing,

The spear of the German, the buckler of Rome.

“ Let them on shaggy-haired chargers come flying,

Let them receive us with lance and with bow,

Quick we'll repulse them with howling and
crying,

Roman arts, German strength blended we'll
show ! ”

The Song of the Legions.

FELIX DAHN.

THROUGH Alpine snow, through Parthian sand,
With firm and steady tread,
We bear with us our Fatherland,
Our Roman rights inbred.

And where we pitch our camp each night,
There dwells our native zone,
We follow on our eagle's flight,
The whole world is our own.

With victory won the sword is sunk,
We work with plough and spade,
The land which Roman blood hath drunk
Is Roman Penates made.

By Danube and Euphrates' streams
Our Roman gods we bear,
And soon another Rome outgleams
Whilst rude barbarians stare.

The forest falls, the swamps are dried,
The lictor's rods draw near,
A beauteous world grows by our side,
The olive, vine, appear.

We build stone roads throughout the lands
On which, till last of days,
The brazen tread of warlike bands
Shall echo forth our praise.

From Delphic priest's inspired face
The word of fate resounded,
That stable as the earth's own base
The might of Rome is founded.

From pole to pole eternal will
Our Roman eagles fly,
While on the Capitolian hill
The gods enshrined dwell nigh.

The Vampire.

FELIX DAHN.

GLADLY would I like the other
Dead my grave in quiet keep ;
Yet a ban eternal, curséd,
Makes me wander when all sleep.

Peaceful in the azure moonbeams
Rest the vaults where others dwell,
From my heavy, marble tombstone
Burning pangs my path impel.

Gloomy pinions burst from out me,
Through my soul fierce longings thrill ;
Over hill and dale to wander,
Yearnings drive me 'gainst my will.

Where my tender bride reposeth,
Sultry dreams of living love ;
O'er her form a sombre wooer,
Light I'll flutter from above.

Now I tremble o'er her forehead,
Now the taper flickers low ;
Now I faint from glowing passion,
Yet away I cannot go.

Well I know my breath's destruction,
She whom I may kiss is dead ;
Yet I press the fatal signet
On the lips, so full and red.

Hark! Avaunt! The cock is crowing,
Pale and cold the maiden lies ;
Deep within my grave I'll burrow,
Back the marble o'er me flies.

The Winter Sun.

ECKELMANN.

“O H, sunshine, tardy sunshine,
Wherefore this long delay ?
Why tarry thy soft, warm beams,
This bitter, winter day ? ”

“Far off beyond yon mountains,
There roars an ice-wind wild;
'Tis there my rays have loitered,
To cheer an orphan child.”

Song.

EICHRODT.

BAPTIZED deep in purple glow,
The heavens, the sea, the strand;
The moonlight flickers 'midst the stars,
Whilst by the shore I stand.

How happy shall that man be deemed
Who like such twilight fades,
That softly blends in silvery night,
And rests in realm of shades.

The Robber Brethren.

VON EICHENDORFF.

I.

“**T**HE fight is done—here all is still;
Lie on the sward and rest thy fill.”

II.

“A breeze comes o'er the ravine's walls.
Hear'st thou that voice? Our mother calls.”

III.

“Our mother long to heaven hath gone ;
A bell rings out the morning dawn.”

IV.

“Dear mother, give thy grieving o’er ;
My wicked life I rue full sore.”

V.

“Why kneeling on the grass dost lie ?
Why pales thy cheek, why breaks thine eye ?”

VI.

His life-blood dyes the green sward red ;
The robber lies in silence dead.

VII.

The brother kissed the cold, wan cheek ;
“I loved thee more than tongue can speak.”

VIII.

He fired one shot in the rock-bound vale,
Then whirled his rifle adown the dale.

IX.

He strode in gloom from wood to town ;
“My wretched life I would lay down.

X.

“Here is my head ; quick speak my doom,
And place me in my brother’s tomb.”

Swen and Gorm.

ERTINGEN.

THE whirlwind roars over the moorland by night
Where two Northern monarchs are camped
for the fight.

The crown of King Swen hath been envied by
Gorm ;
To succor his kingdom Swen braveth the storm.

And as the pale moon-orb in heaven did roll,
King Gorm stood alone on an old, haunted knoll.

He mocked at the foeman with laughter and
jeers,
When sudden a giant before him appears.

“ And failest thou to win 'fore the cock-crow the
fight,
Thou lovest thy life, for my realm is black night.”

Alone in his tent Swen kneels, bowed in deep
prayer,
An angel of heaven shines bright in midair.

“ Defer till the morning to wage the wild fray
And then thou shalt conquer, for mine is the
day.”

But lo ! while Swen listeth in pious repose,
In gloom and in darkness the battle-horn blows.

The enemy's trumpets on all sides resound,
Corpses, like towers, heap on the red ground.

In darkness and gloom, then, must Swen make
his fight,
His cross-handled sword will sure conquer for
right.

But the Walunder-runes that were graved on
Gorm's brand
Laid Swen dead and conquered by magic's foul
hand.

Long, long, ere the heaven's were lighted by day
Had Gorm from Swen's forehead the crown
rent away.

Human Life.

HEINRICH FALKLAND.

THE billows hasten to the sea,
No foaming wave comes rolling back,
Though on the floodtide, ever young,
Soars brightly memory's glorious track.

And all thy heart once felt and loved,
And all the ocean bears away,
Renews its life in rainbow sheen,
Lives once again in sparkling spray.

In phantom colors, many hued,
Like to the waves, thy youth hath run;
Forever scattered when night winds
Fan forth the dream at set of sun!

Violet.

HOFFMAN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

“WHY so pensive, violet?
Why that bent head, pretty pet,
In th’ emerald moss?
Tell me what art thinking,
With deep feeling shrinking,
To all joy so lost?

“Cease; in drear forebode
List I to the ode
Of the nightingale;
Mute and bowed and still,
Hearken to the thrill
Of her plaintive tale.”

The Rose Bush.

EDWARD FERRAND.

THE babe sleeps 'neath the roses' bloom,
The May breeze wafts its faint perfume,
Its rest is calm, its dreams entice,
It smiles with angels in paradise.
The years roll by.

The maiden stands 'fore the roses' bloom,
Encircled by buds, and by blossoms' perfume;
On her heaving breast she lays her hand,
In pure, glowing fancies her pleasures expand.

The years roll by.

The mother kneels 'fore the roses' bloom,
The leaves soft rustle in evening gloom,
She thinks on the days that have long sped by,
The tear-drops swim in her saddened eye.

The years roll by.

Lifeless the rose bush mourns in death,
The leaves have fallen 'fore autumn's breath,
The leaves have withered and fallen in gloom
And covered in whispers a silent tomb.

The years roll by.

At the Daydawn.

JOHANN GEORG FISCHER.

'TIS morn, yet all around's in gloom,
In trance the fields and bushes lie,
The lark still slumbers on the plain,
In silence dreams of melody.

Arise, oh Soul, thy time hath come!
Ope wide thy pinions, spread in haste—
That when the daylight glows at last
Already is thy world embraced.

Count Uhlrich.

KARL FOERSTER.

COUNT UHLRICH marched with helm and brand
To battle in a far-off land,
On burning Hung'ry's plains ;
The Kaiser's army victory won,
And homeward came when fight was done—
But Uhlrich lost remains.

A mournful story passed around,
"He fell with many a lethal wound
Beneath the foeman's skies ;
Struck down by deadly weapon deep
His blood poured out ; he fell asleep,
And closed in death his eyes."

She rent her garb, she tore her hair,
She spent her fasting days in prayer,
His pretty, pious wife :
And penance did at many a shrine,
Full many a longing hour did pine,
She lived a godly life.

Swift as the day returned each year
From hill and dale in crowds appear
A hungry, ragged train ;
The poor, the pilgrim, wearied cried,
Asked alms for sake of him who died,
And none appealed in vain.

The fourth year passed and now once more
That fated daylight's sun doth pour
 Its beams upon the ground ;
She stood beneath th' accustomed tree,
Where crowds in abject poverty,
 Unnumbered, clustered 'round.

And one sprang through the throng and cried,
"A garment, lady." Undenied
 She reached him one above ;
He seized her by her slender waist
And pressed her to his swarthy chest
 As smit with sudden love.

His clasp grew strong ; her mouth he sips ;
He kissed her on her tender lips,
 And lovingly doth leer.
She shrieks, she weeps, she struggles sore,
Alas ! her efforts can no more—
 "Ah were mine Uhlrich here !

"For such a shame I ne'er could feel,
As now this palmer doth me deal,
 With most unblushing head ;
And since such scorn as this can be,
For the first time I truly see
 My Uhlrich's surely dead !"

The servants draw ; the palmer tears
His garment made of woven hairs,
 From off his brawny chest ;
And as he showed the well-known scars,
By honor earned in noble wars,
 Her lord stands there confessed.

'Tis Uhlrich's self ! Now once again
The sunlight beams on field and plain,
 And quickens all with life ;
Once more a second marriage bond
Unites in love the couple fond,
 Count Uhlrich and his wife !

After the Storm.

THEODORE FONTANE.

ASK me not why when 'neath the glow
Of fortune's sun my joys expand,
Harsh cares still furrow up my brow,
And in my eyes the tears oft stand.

Hast viewed the sea ? The waves still crash
When storms are o'er, like towers on high ;
Behold the trees ! the rain-drops splash
Though tempest fierce hath long passed by.

The Fisher Maid.

THEODORE FONTANE.

A FISHER'S hut stands 'midst the dunes
As sets the sun at eventide ;
In rosy glow the nets hang low,
The ancient gabled walls they hide.

Loud snarls and hums the spinning-wheel,
The pale moon on the casement sleeps ;
Beside the hearth the fisher-maid
Thinks of the ended storm—and weeps.

In lament sore the tears burst forth,
“ The sea is deep and wide's the sky,
Yet wider still my heart doth long,
And deeper far my sorrows lie.”

The Guest.

THEODORE FONTANE.

SICK unto death the baby lies,
The flickering lamp gives pallid ray,
The mother sobs, “ I feel as though
An unseen guest were here to-day.”

In vain the father seeks to smile,
His 'frighted heart beats loud refrain,
Silent, more silent grows the hour—
Far, far too long's the night of pain.

The daydawn on the casement breaks,
The bird's shrill note rings gay and clear ;—
Long have th' unhappy parents known
The guest whose presence was so drear.

Noontide.

THEODORE FONTANE.

THE fir tree dreams where ends the wood ;
Light, fleecy cloudlets deck the sky ;
Deep silence reigns, so still I hear
The voice of Nature's inmost cry.

The sun shines bright on field and fell,
The twigs are dumb, no zephyr wakes,
And yet, meseems, a trickling rain
As though on leafy roof there breaks !

Sylvester Night.

THEODORE FONTANE.

THE night is still, the hamlet rests,
The mother sleeps, the daughter wakes,
She decks the table for two guests,
Swift ere the witching hour o'ertakes.

For whom this trouble, care and haste ?
And who shall come at midnight's knell ?
She knows not who the food shall taste,
His very name she cannot tell.

'Tis said that if a maiden pure
At twelve upon Sylvester night
Shall deck her feast for two, then sure
She'll see her future heart's delight.

And though she ne'er had viewed his face,
Though leagues by hundreds should them part,
He'll feel the spell and come apace,
And eat and drink and then depart.

The hour rings on her 'frighted ear—
Would that the table were not spread !
Her soul is filled with awe and fear,
She dare not look on him she'll wed.

The hand moves on its steady way,
There's no one comes ; she smoothes her brow,
Her glances to the door now stray—
Great Heavens ! He sits beside her now !

His eye's like fire, his face is pale,
She ne'er beheld him in her life,
He fills his glass, her spirits quail—
He speaks, " To-night art thou my wife.

" A comrade stormy, bold, I bide,
My choice and wooing swift I trow,
For I'm the bridegroom, thou the bride,
And I'm the priest to speak the vow."

He grasps her form—a single cry—
The mother startled comes—o'erthrown
The banquet and the table lie—
The daughter's dead—dead and alone.

The Stuarts: A Puritan Song.

THEODORE FONTANE.

THROUGH the grace of God and the strong
right arm

They think they're the lords of this land,
And yet are they but an abandoned race,
And a death-devoted band.

From the days of yore in their wicked hearts
Their sinful longings dwell—
Their grandmother was the Scarlet One
Of whom the Scriptures tell.

Not once, but twice shall their vile, vile blood
Th' avenging scaffold stain ;
For our God's fierce vengeance is unappeased—
They shall all be surely slain.

They fain would establish Jehovah's throne,
But a weakling set are they,
For the hour hath struck and the knell hath
tollèd—
Their house shall perish for aye.

The thunder rolls and the lightnings blaze—
Away with the hollow lie !
The Stuarts hold one and all for Rome—
And they all shall surely die !

James Monmouth.

THEODORE FONTANE.

A BLOODY stain from earliest days
Through all our house hath run ;
His leman Lucy Walters was—
And I am Lucy's son.

'Twas sunset hour ; beneath the trees
They kissed amidst the corn,
The hunter's note thrilled with the lark—
A sin-child I was born.

Full oft of that sweet hour she spake,
How glowed the evening's light,
Her lips sighed, Oh how deep I sinned !—
Her eyes with joy burned bright.

The axe flames 'fore the Stuart-brood ;
Yes, child of sin and woe,
The path the Stuarts all have trod
There must I also go.

Our life we love, our crown we kiss,
The dames our hearts we give,
Our lips the gloomy scaffold press—
That's how we Stuarts live !

Bothwell.

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

AT midnight Marie shook with dread
As through the secret portal's road
With knee unbowed and haughty head
Lord Bothwell in her presence strode.

Then ashen paled her ruddy glow ;
She quivered, gasped but word spake none ;
He dried the dank sweat from his brow
And muttered deep, " The deed is done.

" The deed is done. Thy lips, so bright,
Shall ne'er with such a stripling mate.
Lord Darnley took his heavenward flight
This evening, as the bells tolled eight."

" May God forgive," aloud she shrieks,
" Take gold and jewels—quick away."
With grim and bitter laugh he speaks—
" Can gold my deed of blood repay ?

" 'Tis you I love. Should I atone
In deepest pit, with vengeance fell,
I've wrought this crime for you alone,
For you, most beauteous devil from hell.

“ The hand that struck a monarch down
Shall quickly bear a queen away.”
He shouted. Marie fell in swoon
Prone on the earth, a lifeless clay.

He raised her up. Deep was the wound
His corselet made, but naught she knew ;
Her dark-brown tresses fell unbound
Upon his shoulder as he flew.

He forced a ring upon her hand,
He swang her 'fore him on his steed,
And through the stormy, misty land
To Dunbar's castle rode with speed.

Black was the night as though each star
Were quenched that spoke salvation nigh,
But in the murky welkin far
An axe's edge gleamed on the eye.

Romance of the Crocodile.

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

I AM a hoary crocodile,
I've seen full oft th' Osiris band ;
At noon, I basked upon the Nile,
At eve, lay eggs beneath the strand.

Full well I know by craft to gain,
With feigned woe, my wonted meal;
For weekdays, Moorish flesh obtain,
On Sundays, many a Turk I steal.

And when the moon's pale, yellow ray
Gilds on the vale, the cliff, the shore;
Before an ancient Sphynx I play,
And hearken to its antique lore.

With claws sand-sunk before its breast,
Deep-musing, "Thebe's daughter," it says,
"Eat naught save that thou canst digest,
That is the mystery of thy days!"

The Chargers of Gravelotte.

KARL GEROK.

HOT was the day and bloody the fight,
Cool was the evening and stilly the night;

Off in the woodland, and down 'neath the hill
Three times the bugle rang, piercing and shrill.

Blew a loud signal and sang for recall,
Summoned the Uhlans as evening did fall.

Troopwise, by squadrons, by three and by four,
Came the brave riders bespattered with gore;

But many who rose at the dawn's early light
Failed to respond at the call of the night ;

Those who at daybreak drew boldly their blade
Lay at the eventide, bleeding or dead.

Chargers still saddled, unriden by man,
Strayed o'er the field without order or plan.

Now the sharp signal the third time is blown—
Far in the distance resounds the shrill tone.

See how yon charger pricks up his wild ear,
Whinnying answers, the bugle draws near ;

Then a brown stallion comes close to his side,
Just where when living his master did ride ;

E'en the gray war-horse with spirit a-droop
Wounded and limping, takes place in the troop.

Troopwise, by squadrons, on right and left flanks,
Th' unriden horses fall into their ranks.

Horses, like riders, full well know their place,
Sounds the shrill clarion, they seek it apace.

Chargers three hundred, a pitiful host,
That on the battlefield masters had lost.

Saddles three hundred, a saddening sight,
Saddles made empty in Gravelotte's fight ;

Chargers three hundred, a riderless band,
True to their banner, their king and their land.

When fame sounds the praise of the heroes
who fell,
The glory their steeds won is reckoned as well.

Triolet.

J. W. L. GLEIM.

THEN must I write a Triolet?
A Triolet's a petty thing,
Within its bounds her praise to say!
Then must I write a Triolet?
How can I with such trifles play—
Let me a pompous anthem sing!
Then must I write a Triolet?
A Triolet's a petty thing!

The Cradle-Coffin.

HUGO GOERING.

IN the last cottage of the hamlet's bounds
At dead of night a din of blows resounds;

A father hammers whilst the village sleeps,
A mother vigil by her dead babe keeps.

The boards he joins—the strokes ring sharp and
wild—

He makes a coffin for his only child.

'Tis from no forest tree he builds the bier,
To shield the lifeless form that once was dear ;

He cuts the cradle, the babe's only bed—
There's no other wood in the house for the dead—

From out the cradle a coffin to build
That yestere'en his infant living filled !

The Deserted One.

MARTIN GREIFF.

WHERE babbles and gurgles a brooklet,
A mill-wheel toileth slow ;
Alas, I thought him faithful—
'Twas long, long, long ago.

In dream it reappeareth,
Whene'er I list its 'hest ;
The more I hark its summons
The less I find my rest.

And when I see it plunging
Swift stop my breath and feet ;
The path gives 'way beneath me,
My heart doth cease to beat.

In the Forest.

MARTIN GREIFF.

A SOLITUDE around me dwells,
Of silence full, and peace,
All save the pang that rends my heart
Whose wail can never cease.

The zephyrs fan the quivering leaves,
The birds pour forth their song,
But a far-off grave bedims my sight—
How have I lived so long?

Two painted moths dance o'er a rose,
And flutter on the breeze,
'Twas thus in dalliance once we loved
Beneath th' embowered trees.

Starry Night.

MARTIN GREIFF.

BY midnight cool and fresh enticed
From home I took my way,
Around me curved the deep-blue sky,
That tempted me to stray.

The moon, half-veiled in subtle mist,
Diffused a mellow light,
A host of stars, in far-off realms,
Gleamed in the welkin bright.

In pompous state each orb sublime
Marched on its wonted flight,
The heavens glowed in magic blaze—
And yet 'twas deepest night!

The Dead to the Living.

ANDREAS GRYPHIUS.

HERE stands the bound of Power and Might,
The goal of all desire ;
Art, Beauty, Glory, Honor bright,
In vain the soul inspire.
The book, the plough, the sword, the gown,
Beneath the dust must all lie down.

The fleshly form the spirit's home
For many an anxious year,
That roamed the plains, or skimmed the foam,
Lies on its burial bier.
For rich and poor, and weak and brave,
And great and small, must to the grave.

Nur ein Blick.

FREDERICK GUELL.

'MIDST the willows rests the mill-wheel,
On the weir the waters roar ;
Gently where the moonlight dances
Steps the mill-boy on the shore.

But on high a casement's opened,
Kisses soft perfume the air,
From the miller-maiden wafted
To her lover, waiting there.

Rough the father's accents angry :
" Let the wheel in quiet rest."
Then the golden-rifted casement
Closes at the warning 'hest.

Lilies and Roses.

FREDERICK GUELL.

LILIES white and roses red
Weep in garden sore ;
She who loved ye once is dead,
Ne'er shall 'tend ye more !

Strew her grave with flowers in bloom,
Garlands deck her bier ;
'Round her brow waft sweet perfume,
Fan her golden hair.

Moulder, wither, disappear,
As she once did fade,
When her form with sorrowing tear
In the tomb we laid.

Mein Herz ich will Dich Fragen.

FRIEDERICH HALM.

SPEAK out, my heart, give answer true,
What rule doth Cupid own?
“Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.”

Now tell me where doth love abide?
“It comes—and it is here.”
Now tell me how it leaves thy side—
“’Tis gone as soon as near.”

And what of love is purest trait?
“That which itself forgets.”
Say, when is love of deepest strength?
“When it in silence frets.”

And when is love of riches full?
“When gift of one who loves.”
Now, tell what language love doth speak?
“It speaks not,—love but loves.”

Upon the Lake.

FRIEDERICH HALM.

NIGHT falls with gloomy shadows,
The Nixie sinks to bed
In couch of emerald billows,
The mist rolls o’er her head.

The moonbeams serve as taper
That on the green dunes play ;
The evening bells sing lullaby
Where sleeps the wearied fay.

But hark ! What gentle whispers
Above the lake take flight ?
The weeds and waves are sighing,
Half-drunk with sleep, " Good-night."

Spruch.

JULIUS HAMMER.

LET it be a rule for aye
Ne'er thy word to 'bate ;
Yet be cautious that thou ne'er
Promise things too great.

But of manly purpose full
Act in life thy part ;
Like thou'd made a vow of earn'st
To the world's great heart.

First Snow.

MORITZ HARTMAN.

THE earliest snow bedecks the trees
Where green leaves late did ope ;
The earliest grief weighs on the dreams
Once glad with love and hope.

The early snow will soon be lost
Beneath the sun's warm ray—
But first of woes strikes deep a wound
No joy can chase away.

Silence.

MORITZ HARTMANN.

NOT e'en a breath or sound—
Then let us silence keep ;
The bending willows that weep
O'er graves are silent found.

They bow themselves and read,
As I upon thy brow ;
Fortune was with us now
And passed away with speed.

Mist.

MORITZ HARTMANN.

GRAY mist before my casement sweeps,
In morning wind, as day dawns bright ;
It flies, like when at crow of cock,
At sunrise all the ghosts of night.

Fast flits the fog, as though the world
Fled with its hills, and vales, and streams,
In fear before the warm sun's rays,
In trembling at the springtide's beams.

To me it seems my soul dissolved
And melting passed before my sight ;
The fog my joy and grief removed
And bore them hidden in its flight.

Since She is Dead.

MORITZ HARTMANN.

SINCE she is dead my spirit kens full sore,
Eternity's a sure and certain thing ;
For o'er my rent and ever-bleeding heart
Eternal pangs brood with a fluttering wing,
Since she is dead.

Since she is dead, I'm rash and proud of mien,
I know the burthens *now* that heart can bear ;
What boots it *now*, to strive, to work, to win,
Can risk or danger spread for *me* a snare,
Since she is dead ?

Since she is dead, within my bosom dwells
Glory enthroned in brightest, purest ray,
And like a grove where saints enshrined watch
o'er
Nor harm shall hurt, nor mold, nor rust decay,
Since she is dead.

Since she is dead, a grim encircling wall
Of solid loneliness is 'round me drawn.
In vain the concourse kind of loving friends
Seeks once again to cheer my soul forlorn,
Since she is dead.

Since she is dead the saddest, gentlest calm
Hath sunk within my deepest heart's retreat,
My soul hath softly closed its eyes to rest
And broods and dreams in premonitions sweet,
Since she is dead.

A Restful Place.

MAX HAUSHOFER.

HIGH in the world, far over the sea,
Upon a rock-pinnacle's face,
A graveyard there shimmers as even falls
Where the mad clouds fiercely chase.

The tombstones lie on the green, green grass,
'Neath the trees of a hoary age,
That warmed by the kindly summer beams
Dream of tales from a long lost page.

'Tis here that the angels long dead to the world
Await in a stilly field
The day of doom ; 'tis here they watch
Like a sentry with golden shield.

For love and truth in glad slumber lie
Where their only home is found ;
And the glowing beams of the evening star
Rest soft on their funeral mound.

Through the far-off world, year in, year out,
Roar the storms from Time's wild hand ;
But the graves sleep still 'neath the burning sun
Near the barren ocean's strand.

Fly Hence.

MAX HAUSHOFER.

HENCE, fly hence, when sets the sun
Withered leaf from tree of Life!
Struggle not in useless strife,
For thy course hath now been run !

Hence, fly hence ! In circle roll
O'er thy head, the starry lights ;
Night-winds bear with gentle flights
To th' eternal sea thy soul !

Sea-Shine.

FRIEDERICH HEBBEL.

FROM the ocean's sunless chasms,
Rose Aphrodite to light,
Whilst in greenwood, fate-predestined,
Philomel's song charmed the night.

Like a mirror, full of yearnings,
Glassy floods rolled smooth their wave,
Though she's left the depths forever
Still her mold they fain would save.

Laughing sweetly on the billows
Her last glances looked them o'er,
So the sea still blazes brightly,
Smiles and gleams for evermore.

On Every Human Being's Face.

GEORGE HERWEGH.

ON every human being's face
In dim reflection we may trace
Soft-shadowed oft in clear-writ rays
The star that rules his future days.

The genius that harmonious sings
His tones of wonder 'round thee flings ;
Th' untuned world, it well may be
Shall never true accord with thee !

Song.

GEORGE HERWEGH.

AJEWEL true is love, so pure,
Whose flames from year to year endure,
And ne'er shall fade away ;
It burneth long as heavenly light
Within a manly eye glows bright—
'Tis there it holds its sway !

Like to the stars its power and might,
The rulers of the day and night,
No storm can ever move !
When hatred's levin o'er earth shall blaze
In calm it speeds its peaceful ways,
High o'er the clouds flies love !

Love's Service.

PAUL HEYSE.

WHEN a house in ruins lies
Can it please its guest ?
Dust from nooks and crannies flies,
Swept before the feast.

As I once in heart's deep ground
Order'd fain restore,
Gentle voice gave forth a sound,
I should ope the door.

Love so beauteous pleading stood,
On the threshold stone ;
That my house was far from good,
Sad I made a moan.

Light she smiled and tripped before
In my house she stands,
Did her work with, as of yore,
Long accustomed hands.

Ask ye whence doth come such splendor,
In amazement, this I tell,
She who service once did render
There as princess now doth dwell.

The Scarecrow.

PAUL HEYSE.

A MONK stands in the meadow—
Or rather his old clothes,
The cowl and garments flutter
Whene'er the tempest blows.

Now, thinks the pious peasant,
Our grain we'll sure protect,
The sparrows will respect it
In holiness bedeckt.

The sparrows think the friar
Example precious gives ;
He neither sows nor harvests,
Yet God grants whence he lives.

In the Wood.

FRIEDERICH HOFFMAN.

A WANDERER roameth through the wood
Of doubt, distress, and care ;
Since earliest dawn his feet have strayed,
No path or road is there.

He seeks and quests, but all in vain,
The day's bright hours fast run—
Alas for him who comes not forth
Before the set of sun !

Full many a mind hath blindly erred
On Truth's most precious ground,
In forest of doubt, and fell despair,
A wearied grave hath found.

Sexton's Song.

L. H. C. HOELTY.

DIG, dig, my spade, for thou dost give
The wealth and gain from whence I live ;
My thanks to thee I owe !
For rich and poor, sedate and gay,
Are soon or late my certain prey,
At last to me must go.

This skull that grins from out the grave
Was erst a warrior—noble, brave—
Whose greeting no man gained !
These bleaching bones, this moldering head,
Whence cheeks and lips have long since fled,
Once rank and gold attained.

See, yonder skull with ragged hair,
A few years since an angel fair,
As bright as Phœbus' rays ;
A thousand youths with zealous speed
Served lovingly each passing need,
And stood with blinded gaze !

Dig, dig, my spade, for thou dost give
The wealth and gain from whence I live ;
My thanks to thee I owe !
For rich and poor, and grave and gay,
Are soon or late my certain prey,
At last to me must go.

Xenie.

FRIEDERICH HORNSECK.

WOULDST thou reach the highest triumphs,
To the lowliest functions creep ;
If the trifle's nobly finished,
Carping critics silence keep.

Canst thou ne'er construct a temple,
Then erect an humble cot ;
Where the gods pure hearts discover
There they haunt the sacred spot.

Lines for an Album.

W. JORDAN.

THERE'S many a one who at first gaze
Seems sympathetic, loving, warm ;
But shows himself, when known his ways,
Devoid of soul and every charm.

There's many a one, when first we greet
Seems cold as ice ; yet known to few
Within his breast the seeker'll find
A treasure storehouse, rich and true.

The Dead Miller.

JUSTINUS KERNER.

THE stars shine bright o'er the rocky vale,
The mill-wheels rapidly bend ;
To-night must I visit the miller so pale ;
He's sick, and he's asked for his friend.

I climbed the rough path to the gloomy glade,
The mill-wheels roared sombre and drear,
As though each tone, like a passing bell, said,
"Our work is soon finished down here."

I entered the room where the miller lay ;
The shell of the gray beard was cold ;
The heart was at rest and no pulse did play ;
Without all was still in the wold.

The bitterest sorrow of love was wept,
But the heart slept cold and still ;
The waters roared and rolled unkept,
But in silence stood the mill.

The Four Mad Brethren.

JUSTINUS KERNER.

WITHERED, wrinkled, grim and bony,
In a madhouse, with chained breath,
Haggard limbs, and visage stony,
Lips pale blenched and still as death,
Glower brothers four in trance—
Sombre, hollow, glows their glance.

But when midnight hour outtones,
In dread dire their hairs arise ;
From their throats a lay outgroans,
Smothered deep in anxious cries,
“ Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saecula in favilla.”

Once were these four revelers jolly,
Drank and fought in many a fight,
Sang soft songs in Love's sweet folly,
Roistered through the holy night ;
Friendly counsel ne'er prevailed,
Father's warning naught availed.

Spake the sire, with falling breath,
To the wicked youths at play :
“ Tremble ye before cold Death ;
All must yield beneath his sway.
‘ Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saecula in favilla.’ ”

So he spake ; but no paternal
Words could change their wicked bent ;
He flew up to peace eternal,
They towards the gallows went ;
Tainted by the world’s mad leaven,
Turned to hell, forsook kind heaven.

And they roistered, drank, and swore ;
Many a year sped fast away ;
Life was pleasant more and more ;
Not a tress was changed to gray ;
Revel, brethren, without fail
Heaven and hell are but a tale !

Once, as midnight’s hour rang,
Rolled they drunken on the sod,
Came a chant the pious sang
From a neighboring house of God :
“ Stop that barking, filthy hounds ! ”
From their mouths Satanic sounds.

On they rush, with wassail crazed,
Raging through the holy door ;
But a doleful hymn was raised,
Like a Day of Judgment's choir ;
" Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saecula cum favilla."

Mouths wide open, mute and dumb,
Smitten sore by God's own hands,
From their throats no voice doth come,
Each one turned to marble stands ;
Gray their hair and white their cheeks,
Madness now each victim seeks.

Withered, wrinkled, grim and bony,
In a madhouse with chained breath,
Haggard limbs, and visage stony,
Lips pale blenched and still as death,
Glower brothers four in trance—
Sombre, hollow, glows their glance.

But when midnight hour outtones,
In dread fear their hairs arise ;
From their throats a lay outgroans,
Smothered deep in anxious cries,
" Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saecula in favilla."

The Two Coffins.

JUSTINUS KERNER.

ONCE lay two lonely coffins
In moldering chapel's care ;
In this, King Othmar sleepeth,
A singer sweet rests there.

Once sate that King most mighty
Upon his father's throne ;
His sword still girts about him,
Upon his skull a crown.

Near by the puissant monarch
The singer's soul doth rest,
And clasped in tender pressure
The harp lies on his breast.

The towns are sacked and pillaged,
Destruction rules the land ;
Yet stilly lies the weapon
Within that sovereign's hand.

Sweet blossoms and soft zephyrs
Sweep on the vale along,
The singer's harp unwearied
Outtones eternal song !

The Column of Memnon.

HERMANN KLETKE.

THE night grows pale, the shadows, flickering,
play

Where rests the new-born sun in shimmer
weird ;

They greet the cheek of Memnon, old and gray ;
It bows its head and speaks from lips revered :

“ Full many a thousand circling years have sped
Since human hand its mark upon me placed ;
And yet I stand, a sentry of the dead,
And look with stony glance upon the waste.

“ The Persian host, the warrior's mailed tread,
The pomp of Greece, the bold Crusader's
track,
Before my eyes have passed ; but all are dead ;
Nor desert steed nor day can bring them
back.”

In dust encircled, mute, the column stands ;
A whirlwind roars, the pillar breaks and falls !
So fades the world, but ever with its hands,
As light returns, a blessing pure recalls.

Admonition.

KARL KNORTZ.

NOT for blemish
Be thy search,
Seek pure beauty,
Not its smirch.

When the tender
Rose decays
In the autumn's
Stormy days,

From the stalk
The blenched leaves fly,
Easy canst thou
Thorns espy.

A Bucolic Poem.

KARL KNORTZ.

HIGH on breezy Alpine summits
Hear the silvery cow-bells clank !
On the verdant herbage browsing
See the cattle's heaving flank !
Deftly moves, with flower-bedizened
Head, the maid whose skilled address
Fills with milk her earthen vessel,
'Neath the wonted tender press.
With soft hands she pets the beastie,
Cupid's arrows pierce me now ;
Oh, how happy is her darling,
Oh, could I but be that cow !

But propitious in that moment
Love's great power to me was shown,
Ere the evening's gold did glitter
That sweet creature was mine own !
Since that day she's lived beside me,
And, alas ! *she's still my wife !*
But of hearts and tender loving
No more converse has our life.
For I sorrow in sad silence
Many a tedious year ; and now
Cursed be the wish ill-omened,
That I could be such a cow !

The Dream.

KARL KNORTZ.

TWAS but last night I saw in dream
By stranger hand my corpse grave borne,
No weeping friend stood by my bier,
No tearful eye my loss did mourn.

I 'woke—'twas gone. If I no friend
Who at my tomb shall sorrowing cry
Can win while living to my side,
Then would I rather never die.

The Elves.

KARL KNORTZ.

THE moon-illuminated oak-wood long
Outtunes the merry elfin song.

And, to the mystic, cheery sounds,
The happy feet tread giddy rounds.

A youth to view the sport draws near—
The dance attracts both eye and ear.

“Come, dance with us, thou precious boy,
Our chant shall fill thy heart with joy.”

They sang a song, so bright and clear,
The mountain streams stood still to hear.

The young man's heart was calm and cold,
The music's spell no power did hold.

“Trip now, my lad, within our round,
And learn what no one else e'er found.

“How, through the aid of Runic might,
To guide the maddened steer aright ;

“And, how to slay the dragon old,
That guards the heaps of buried gold.”

“No time have I to dance with thee,
My castle's filled with wedding glee,

“And, long before the morn is gray,
My bride will thither wend her way.”

And then the elfin queen who'd danced
Towards the beauteous youth advanced,

A silken robe towards him reached,
By her, in coldest moonlight bleached.

“I have no time to dance and play,
My castle's many a mile away.”

She smote him deep within the heart,
He ne'er had felt so fierce a smart.

Without a word, in darkest night,
He homewards sped his frenzied flight.

The bride came as the day dawned red ;
The bridegroom silent lay—and dead !

Indifference.

KARL KNORTZ.

WHERE'ER I gazed, where'er I went,
Were falsehood, sin and shame,
And every lip that pressed my cheek
A Judas kiss became.

The earth grinned grim in ghastly death,
My heart was bleak and bare ;
No comfort shone to meet my eye,
The world was full of care.

Give me once more the tear-drop soft,
For pain and pleasure shed,
For without love and without hate
Is man, though living, dead.

The King's Daughter.

KARL KNORTZ.

THE royal Princess, dainty bred,
Arose from out her downy bed.

The faithful sentry of the night
Wide ope'd the portal for her flight.

Beneath the linden's quiet shade
Wrapped in Love's dream reposed the maid.

A longing thrill ran through her frame—
Why tarried he for whom she came?

From out the rocks—a wondrous sight—
A dwarf appears in raiment bright.

“A messenger of love I come
To bear thee to my mother's home.”

She followed on in thought serene,
To where she meets the elfin queen.

“Mother, behold the sweetest bride
That eye of man hath ever spied.”

The mother spake with troubled face—
“Return this maiden to her place

“Before the morrow’s sun shines red,
Or else three lives are surely sped.”

The knight who failed to keep his word
Cut short his life with his good sword.

The maiden died with love and shame,
What time she to his body came.

The warder kept the door all night
Wide open till the morning light ;

And when the Princess still did fail
Forth to the King he bore the tale.

And when the King the tidings knew
With his own brand he pierced him through.

Springtide Song.

KARL KNORTZ.

ONCE more old winter furls his sails,
His mastery is sped ;
The merry birds, with cheerful throat,
The joyful tidings spread.

The germlet sprouts beneath the sod,
No clouds veil heaven’s face ;
The universe with welcome glad
Now greets the spring’s embrace.

Sweet sing the maids, the laddies romp,
The vernal joy reflect ;
From man and nature all appear
In bridal garb bedecked.

The Story of Noah.

AUGUST KOPISCH.

AS Noah left the ark one day
He met the Lord upon his way,
Who sniffed the offering's savor sweet,
And spake, " A boon to thee is meet,
And, since your folks are pious all,
Ask what you will, it shall befall."

Quick answered Noah in a trice,
"The taste of water is not nice,
Since such a lot therein are drowned
Of sinful men and fowl and hound ;
Indeed, I, wretched sinner, think
I'd like some other sort of drink."

Then reached the Lord to heaven's shrine
And gave old Noah a slip of vine,
With many a word of sound advice
To guard the plant of Paradise ;
At thought of such a juicy food
The old chap felt all over good.

And then he called his family,
His wife and children, there to see ;
And planted vineyards all about—
Old Noah was not a stupid lout !
Dug cellars deep and pressed his wine,
And stored it up in kegs of pine.

A pious man was Father Noah,
He tapped the barrels o'er and o'er,
And for the love of God he drank,
It was religion, not a prank ;
And after that the flood was done
He drank three fifty years and one.

MORAL.

A prudent man can clearly see
That too much wine can never be ;
And that no Christian, if he's good,
Adds water to the ruddy fluid ;
Because in water once were drowned
All sinful men and fowl and hound.

The First Spree.

AUGUST KOPISCH.

WHEN from the wine-press' bloody store
Old Noah's goblet first ran o'er,
There clustered 'round his throne
The wives and babes he called his own ;
For in those days no wine was known.

And as he raised the cup on high
They watched his face with anxious eye—
 He placed it to his lip ;
And touched it slowly with the tip
Of tongue ; then took a cautious sip.

He emptied one, he emptied two,
A third likewise, and felt like new—
 The poor old thing !
And then he gave a lusty spring,
And then he started out to sing.

“ Praise God ! ” he cries, and leaps again ;
“ Good wine befreees from every pain.”
 He jumped up from the floor ;
“ Dear wife, how good I feel all o’er ;
Give me, I prithee, one drop more.”

But soon he sank, to wine a prey,
Unknown the strength that in it lay ;
 But nowadays
The world knows well just when, and where,
And how much each can sober bear.

Rudelsberg.

FRANZ THEODOR KUGLER.

WHERE rolls the Saal its golden sands
 Rears many a castle, proud and tall ;
But roofless stands their vacant wall,
The winds howl through their empty hall,
The clouds pass quick to far-off lands.

No more are heard the shield and spear,
Their chivalry has long since fled ;
But where the wanderer makes his bed,
On moss-grown stones rests weary head,
Oft loving, tender forms appear !

And sparkling eyes beam from above,
And rosy lips with smiles assail ;
The traveler views the distant vale,
Hears 'neath the stars the nightingale,
His heart is overflowed with love.

And when he starts upon his way,
The parting hour doth ring at last ;
He sings farewell—the gate is past,
“ Adieu,” is murmured on the blast,
And phantom hands wave 'kerchiefs gay !

Falling Leaves.

HEINRICH LEUTHOLD.

YE, my tender songs, wind-wafted,
May your couch be on soft loam !
Ye, the withered, dying leaflets,
From a tree that ne'er shall bloom.

Prophets of nigh wintry quiet,
Faded blossoms, zephyr-spiced,
Fall ye softly—for ye cover
Graves of many a hope long dead.

Forth from the Days that are no more.

HERMANN LINGG.

FORTH from the days that are no more
There beckons me a spirit hand
Like greetings in the whirlwind's roar,
When withered leaves, a spectral band,
Or faded ribbons deck the strand.

And where she sang to me the lay
That filled my saddened, ravished soul,
The notes themselves, unconscious stray,
And through the broken chords there roll
Deep harmonies no hands control.

The Black Death.

HERMANN LINGG.

TREMBLE, ye worlds, for I'm the Pest !
In every land I bide ;
My fevered glance feeds on the best,
My venom'd breath's a deadly guest,
And black my robe is dyed.

I've come from Egypt's far-off land,
Near Nile's dank, slimy flood ;
In crimson mist, from soggy sand,
I've sucked in famine, death and brand,
And bane from dragon's blood.

O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er ocean's wave
A desert marks my track ;
To my fell staff the world is slave,
Before each door I dig a grave,
And shroud each home in black.

I bring dread doom to nations all,
Where peoples die amain ;
The brooks dry up, the rivers fall,
Grim famine holds high carnival ;
I follow in War's train.

Ye fly afar, ye hide in vain,
Still swifter is my speed ;
Black death am I, of rapid stride,
The fastest ships less quickly glide,
I pass the fleetest steed.

The merchant bears me to his home
Among his wives and slaves ;
He feasts and jests, but then I come
From out his wares, fierce, crafty, dumb,
And lay them in their graves.

No castle stands on lofty peak
Too high to be my food ;
No blood too young my force to break,
No soul too strong, no frame too weak,
No pious heart too good.

He in whose eye my glance once sped
The light no more shall see ;
For whom I've blessed the wine and bread,
He hungers with the dusty dead,
He thirsts at rest to be.

In Tartary the great Khan died
'Midst India's tears and groans ;
O'er Samarcand's and Afric's pride,
In Ispahan at eventide,
The dogs fight for their bones.

Byzantium was a lovely town,
And Venice full of bloom ;
Now lie their folks like leaves blown down,
And e'en the gath'rer's gloomy frown
Is buried in the tomb.

Where Norway's rocks their terrors shed,
Within a haven steep,
I cast a ship with crew all dead,
My breath passed by above their head,
All sank t' eternal sleep.

In yonder town all lie at rest,
All days and nights forgot ;
No ear lists to the hour's hest,
In years to come some wandering guest
Will find a plague-cursed spot.

Home.

HERMANN LINGG.

ONCE more I saw my native land,
To the old home I came ;
I heard its songs, I breathed its air,
And yet, 'twas not the same.

The brooklet babbled as of yore,
The roe leapt in the brake,
The vesper bells rang soft ; the hills
Were mirrored in the lake.

I viewed the cot where years ago
My mother's welcome dwelt,
I saw strange faces, all unknown—
A bitter pang I felt !

Methought the winds and waves cried out,
“ Begone for evermore !
For all that's dear has passed away ;
Thou ne'er shall see them more.”

Since Thou all too soon hast left Me.

HERMANN LINGG.

SINCE thou all too soon hast left me
Rapture ne'er enjoyed is mine ;
Ghosts of joys, unknown, untasted,
Restless in my soul repine.

Unkissed kisses dwell forever
In sad hearts, far, far away ;
On the severed lips still tremble
Words no living tongue dared say.

A Book of Riddles, weird and odd.

FEODOR LOEWE.

A BOOK of riddles, weird and odd,
Thy face beams forth to me,
Where poems of rapture, glow and love
On every page I see.

But when I try to ken the sense
Of that deep-hidden lore,
The roguish imp within thy glance
The leaf turns slyly o'er.

Two Kings.

FEODOR LOEWE.

E'EN in his cradle's golden bound
The Nation greets its Prince at play ;
For 'round his form is purple wound,
His father's throne he'll fill some day.

In calm repose, on Genius' breast,
That child is born afar from strife
Whose muse shall sound at her behest,
Whose name shall win immortal life !

His rank and glories must be won,
His realm from rival foes defend ;
A crown may fall from sire to son,
But *Fame's* bright laurels ne'er descend !

After a Century.

HIERONYMUS LORM (HEINRICH LUNDESMANN).

A CENTURY soon will speed away
And then our graves no man can find ;
Our names, deeds, wishes—old Time's prey,
By all forgot and lost to mind.

And those 'fore whom we trembling feared
And envied deep their fame and powers,
Who blazed in wealth with rank revered—
Their dust shall disappear like ours.

The hopeless dream we ne'er enjoy,
The fortune that we ne'er attain,
The world on which our offerings cloy,
Forgetful, thankless, shall remain.

The Solution.

HIERONYMUS LORM (HEINRICH LUNDESMANN).

ENIGMAS, answerless, we're offered twain,
Whose answer through a third we may obtain;
'Twixt Life and Death, grim-visaged, gloomy,
dark,
Faint flickers wretched man—the suffering spark.

Life.

HIERONYMUS LORM (HEINRICH LUNDESMANN).

LOUD peal the chimes at harvest time,
O'er empty church for matin prayer;
The priest is busied with his book,
The smoking censers fill the air.

Long 'fore the day the farmer takes
His way afield—his work's severe;
The thriving corn around him nods,
The rustling wind shakes many an ear.

Deep sighs the priest—"Alas, oh Lord!
Who seeks thy word? Who cares for thee?
In vain thy grace seeks sinners vile—
The earth can ne'er like heaven be!"

The farmer sighs—"How rich our store!
How full our vine-clad acres grow!
Yet hunger ends not in our land—
For heaven lives not on earth below!"

The Lover.

HIERONYMUS LORM (HEINRICH LANDESMANN).

I SEIZED my rapier from the wall
And sought the sombre night's deep gloom ;
I knew the garden where she roamed
Who'd plunged my heart into its tomb.

She stood beside her lover new,
Their burning kisses interweave—
I raised my weapon 'gainst the thief
Who stole my bliss at hour of eve.

He spake : " Why dost thou silent weep
Yet grant me all thy loving soul ? "
The sword towards her bosom leapt—
'Twas almost gone from my control.

She sighed : " Thou art my love, my luck,
And he, my harm and my disgrace,
Yet gladly would I thee repel
To die in tears before his face.

" I sorrow sore, with hollow peace,
While yet his living grief doth burn."
Now, shining blade, full well I know
Within whose breast thy point shall turn !

The Fatalist.

HIERONYMUS LORM (HEINRICH LANDESMANN).

I'M fettered fast in Fortune's thongs,
To her my every hour belongs,
My wounds and spasms, joys and songs
All that I've found upon the road.

From earliest days my steps ordained,
No power to wield my will remained,
Such was my fortune ; all I gained
Hath long since vanished from the road.

My sorrows, troubles, griefs and wrong
Must help the world to get along,
And e'en the joys that silent throng
To meet me as I pass the road.

But sure I'll blow away as dust,
Long 'fore the world its ending must,
All crimes will sure themselves adjust,
And healing find—upon the road.

The Better World.

HIERONYMUS LORM (HEINRICH LANDESMANN).

THIS world is sure a vale of tears
To man who pious frauds believes ;
The Soul, though anguished, yet conceives
Its power mightier still appears.

Belief, night-shrouded, scarce awake,
A better life can only hope ;
The Soul, whose clear eyes widely ope',
A better world itself can make.

Man and Fate.

HIERONYMUS LORM (HEINRICH LANDESMANN).

FROM hand of Fate the whirlwinds fly,
Mankind sinks deep into the vale,
Then, like a withered leaf soars high—
The leaflet boasts *its* wings prevail !

The Two Wanderers.

HIERONYMUS LORM (HEINRICH LANDESMANN).

TWO wanderers in a wood profound
Heard, stroke by stroke, the axe resound ;

And that which each most longed to own
Rang to him in the weapon's tone.

The stalwart said, " There lies the strand
They build a ship for far-off land."

The wearied spake, " A home they build
By hand of love with flowers filled."

And through the tangled thicket's braid
They press, when lo ! 'twas as each said.

They build a bark for far-off land,
A mansion decked by loving hand.

Within the forest's swamp and brake
A coffer for the dead they make.

The Way of the World.

HIERONYMUS LORM (HEINRICH LANDESMANN).

THERE'S naught save sin and sorrow
Where'er the eye can press ;
There's naught throughout Time's cycles
Save parting and distress.

And yet the dream of Fortune
And Love expands on high,
Till like an empty bubble
It bursteth in the sky.

Forest Peace.

KARL MAYER.

WITH reeds and rush surrounded,
With fairest lilies bounded,
The placid lakelet sleeps.
In densest glade secluded,
'Neath golden dragons brooded,
A timid roebuck creeps.

Oh, be not shy nor wary,
With steps so light and airy,
I'll ne'er work harm nor kill ;
I breathe the woodland pleasure
That God grants without measure,
Our refuge from all ill.

Bach Geleite.

KARL MAYER.

NEVER will the forest sunder
From the sedgey brooklet's spray,
Though age chain its firmer monarchs
Many a sapling breaks away ;
Ash and willow are its comrades
Through the meadow's green expanse,
Bound their friend on each wet margin
To yon distant village manse.

Begegnen.

ALFRED MEISSNER.

A GLEAM of silvery light behind the skiff
Follows in stilly night the watery way ;
So may thy presence on my troubled life
Shine o'er its gloomy waves with sparkling
ray.

Though every beam that ripples on the lake
In the next billow sinks, is lost for aye ;
But from my inmost soul thy glance so pure
No stormy whirlwind e'er shall tear away.

Night on the Ocean.

ALFRED MEISSNER.

OH sea, in evetide's glow,
Beside thy placid flood
My griefs no longer flow ;
Once more I'm pure and good.

The heart in flames gives o'er
Its struggles, hourly crushed ;
My sorrows sigh no more,
To softest cadence hushed.

There's scarce a tender pain
Glides through my quiet breast,
Like on the silent main
A far sail gleams at rest.

The Apostate.

ALFRED MEISSNER.

THE anthems for the dead are sung,
The old Jew's garb in grief is rent,
And yet no corpse is sunk to earth,
For she still lives whom they lament ;—
The grave awaits her.

From oldest days and earliest times
The Jews such saddening custom have
That one who leaves their father's God
They count as dead, and dig his grave ;—
A grave awaits her.

In Venice, city bright and gay,
Upon the purple flood there flies
In swift gondola a soldier fair,
And on his breast the Jewess lies ;—
Her grave awaits her.

He kisses tresses, lips and cheek,
He calls her his true, darling bride ;
She nestles in his golden hair,
She fondles her dear love with pride ;—
Her grave awaits her.

In noble halls, at banquets rare,
She strikes the zither's tender chords,
Till wearied deep by pleasure's sway
Refreshing sleep its joy accords ;—
Her grave awaits her.

Till once as sped a dream of bliss
The daydawn broke, she 'woke, alone ;
With traitorous flight beyond the seas
The perjured one for e'er was gone ;—
Her grave awaits her.

She tears her silky, curling locks,
She wanders on the sea-beat' shore,
When, lo ! her father's words return,
" Accursed be thou for evermore,
Thy grave awaits thee."

A beggar wench on Alpine road
Wends homeward way, though night wind
wild,
Unwept, within a steep ravine,
Unblessed lies tombed her ill-starred child ;
Her grave awaits her.

Th' ancestral graves mourn sad in dream,
Who breaks their stilly, peaceful rests ?
A shadow falls on churchyard's walls,
The moonbeams show a form that quests
Her grave that 'waits her.

She rolls the slab from off the tomb
With wearied limbs and failing breath,
In silent prayer she lays her form
Within that vault, and welcomes death ;—
The grave had 'waited.

Ich fühle deinen Odem.

MIRZA SCHAFFY (BODENSTEDT).

I FEEL thy breathings hover
Where'er my footsteps sway ;
I see thy face in fancy
Where'er my glances stray.

Within my thoughts' deep billows
Canst thou ne'er sink for aye ;
For, like the sun, in splendor
Thou'lt rise at dawn of day !

Es ist ein Wahn zu glauben.

MIRZA SCHAFFY (BODENSTEDT).

THEY blunder sore who think a man
Is by misfortune better made ;
Forsooth 'twould seem as though the rust
A trenchant sword hath sharper made ;
Yet dirt calls out for cleanliness,
And scum hath water purer made.

Die helle Sonne leuchtet.

MIRZA SCHAFFY (BODENSTEDT).

THE burnished sunshine blazes
Where the broad ocean sways,
And all its billows tremble
Beneath the golden rays.

Thou, like the sun, art mirrored
In ocean of my lays,
Whose heavenly-glowing surges
Reflect thy dazzling rays.

Ich liebe die mich lieben.

MIRZA SCHAFFY (BODENSTEDT).

I LOVE all those who love me,
And hate for hate I send—
Such was my life-long habit
From which I ne'er shall bend.

To men of force and valor
Doth this belong of right,
All good to pay with kindness,
All evil with despite.

We love what's pure and noble,
Soft Beauty's cheeks are woo'd
The germ in earth we cherish—
We crush the serpent's brood.

Dishonor and oppression
None brook save the effete—
A woman's charm is patience,
To man, revenge is meet.

An Hour before the Day.

EDUARD MOERIKE.

AS I once in summer lay
Slumber-bound before the day,
Near my window, on a tree,
Sang a swallow loud to me,
One hour before the day.

Listen now, to song I sing,
Sweetheart's plaint to thee I bring,
Whilst her griefs deep sobs betray,
Thou at ease in bed dost stay,
One hour before the day.

Alas, my friend, sing thou no more,
Alas, thy plaint thou must give o'er,
Flee thee to thy leafy nest,
Love and Truth are dreams at best,
One hour before the day.

The Dreaming Lake.

JULIUS MOSEN.

THE tranquil lake, in deep blue dream,
Rests covered o'er by lilies fair ;
Ye twittering birds, forbear to scream—
Wake not the waves that slumber there !

The zephyrs gently droop and bend
In tender thoughts o'er murmuring reeds ;
But where the highest heavens extend
A soaring falcon lonely speeds.

Solitude.

WILLIAM MÜLLER.

LIKE to a gloomy cloudlet
That floats in sunset's glow,
When in the fir trees' summits
The weary night winds blow.

I walk along life's pathway
With heartsick, heavy feet,
Alone, 'midst all that's cheery,
Alone, with none to greet.

Alas, thou breeze so tranquil!
Alas, thou world so bright!
When storm and tempest battled
Less wretched was my plight!

The Birch Tree bows and shakes her Head.

WILHELM OSTERWALD.

THE birch tree bows and shakes her head
Like to a bride in pain.
On the brown mead she's filled with dread
Lest spring ne'er come again.

She broods in longings o'er the moor,
Her snow-white garments glow,
Fain would she seek on distant shore
A solace for her woe.

Her locks swing loosely on the air,
Seized by the tempest's breath;
Oh pallid birch, wild flies thy hair
Above the dark-brown heath.

May.

WILLIAM OSTERWALD.

NOW bloom the vales, the hills are green,
In balmy breeze of May,
The lark's wild song, the sunlight's sheen,
Around the welkin play.

Let all that liveth chant the praise
In bud, in song, in leaf,
Come, love, now let us greet the days
Of spring, devoid of grief.

True love enraptured, oft in dream,
Can tender thoughts express,
From eye to eye can passion gleam
In silent happiness.

Gloomy Solitude.

BETTY PAOLI.

WHEN mother sick upon her death-bed lay,
The world around her altered, day by day.

First came the doctor's 'hest, "Remove all
flowers;"

Her love and solace in her happier hours.

Then to the light of day was entrance banned—
To give the sick one rest and ease 'twas planned.

Then came the priest to shrive the dying heart,
From out the chamber must her child depart.

So from all earthly joys, in progress slow
Her spirit breathed its last, life's empty show.

From me have vanished fragrance, love, and
light,
Death's footsteps I await in gloomy night.

Mein Lieb ist das Bächlein.

GUSTAV PFARRIUS.

MY darling is a brooklet
That through the woods doth run,
It bubbles 'midst deep shadows,
It sparkles in the sun.

I stand beside its margin,
I view its waters play,
No mirror e'er was clearer,
No rill could purer stray.

Afar upon the hillside
Its greeting I behold,
It shimmers in the brambles
Like silver trimmed with gold.

And when with leaves bestrewèd
It's hidden from my gaze,
I hear its rippling murmurs
Its fountain's gurgling lays.

In darkest gloom enshrouded
Its tones still reach my ear,
It babbles of soft longings,
Of home, forever dear.

Es hat die Nachtigall.

LOUISE VON PLOENNIES.

THE nightingale hath sung its lay,
And died of the sweet note ;
Smothered in tones that round her stray,
In death hath burst her throat.

The taper's light, with glowing ray,
Burns from an inward flame ;
And thou, my heart, consumed away,
Thou too hast felt the same.

The Song of the Norna.

LOUISE VON PLOENNIES.

“BEAUTEOUS maiden,” sang the Norna,
“Have a care of ocean's waves ;
All its foam-flecked rolling billows
Are but foam-flecked ocean graves.”

“Nay, my future glows like sunset,
Royal purple roll their crests,
Flowing like a monarch's raiment
Where the sun as diadem rests.”

Joyful song comes from the castle,
Joyful cries sound from the land ;
On the bounding, rapid billow
Nears the kingly bride the strand.

Favoring breezes bend the canvas,
England's standard dances wild,
Softly fanned by laughing zephyrs
Smiles in dream the royal child.

Yet before that eve was ended,
Helpless, stormbeat, rides the bark ;
Ocean's vast and yawning chasms
Shadow forth Death's pinions dark.

Then she wrings her hands so tender,
Looks deep in the angry wave ;
" Scarce begun, thy course is run,
Lost the dream my young love gave.

" Had I but one trusty envoy—
Rock or billow, lightning's ray—
That would seek my darling bridegroom
And a million greetings say ;

" Oft as starry hosts that glitter
On the azure tent of night,
Oft as rosebuds in green meadows
Blow, and bloom, and glow in sight."

Now the jaws of dark abysses
Open wide with thunder loud,
And the stormy billows bury
That fair form in their dark shroud.

High on rocky summit seated
Looks the young king on the sprays ;
“ Bring ye yet to me no tidings
Where my dear-loved bride delays ? ”

See ! there rolls the corpse, storm-beaten,
Where the waves their wild war wreak,
Whilst the ocean gently murmurs
Words the maid in death did speak.

“ Had I but one trusty envoy—
Rock or billow, lightning’s ray—
That would seek my darling bridegroom
And a million greetings say.”

From afar the Norne’s song soundeth
O’er the ocean’s stilly waves ;
“ All the foam-encircled billows
Are but foam-encircled graves.”

Dirge.

PRANGER.

GIVE to Death his booty won,
Worms the food they crave,
Soul will never mold nor rust,
Sleeps not in the grave.

There will rest a wearied frame,
May earth lightly lie !
Let us bless the dead, and joy
That we, too, must die.

Brethren, see, in peace he sleeps ;
Let no lament ring,
Cease your tears and mournful plaints,
Victory's anthem sing !
Heaven's champion ! On God's breast
Soft will be his bed ;
O'er his clay we'll plant to-day
Roses at his head.

Harvest of immortal life !
God whom we revere !
Soon our fated day must come,
Death will cry, " Appear !"
Firm in voice, reply, " Prepared ;"
He who, living, gave
All his thoughts to heaven on high
Need not fear the grave !

The Imperial Graves.

G. RAPP.

WHY wake the monks the Abbot Lark ?
" Go to thy church with speed, and hark—
Deep tones the chant from throats long dead,
Bright, flashing fires flame overhead,
And at the darkest, drear midnight,
The painted windows blaze with light."

He listens, trembles, says his prayers,
Then hastens to the altar stairs ;
A pale-faced youth, with scanty breath,
Bathed deep in blood, seems nigh to death ;
The goblin monks around him moan,
Pour out their plaints with tear and groan.

He cries, " Come forth, my fathers all,
Take your last son, who now doth call,"
Then rattles and rustles beneath the stones,
Th' escutcheons clash o'er the moldering
bones,
Bediademed heads peer forth in the gloom,
" What seek'st thou here in the dusty tomb?"

" They buried me here in sore disgrace,
With scorn and insult to my face ;
Altho' I died with sword in hand—
This grave of shame I cannot stand.
I seek my regal tomb ; e'en there
My German truth shall consort bear."

Then rises the first Hohenstauffen old
From 'neath the stones, so gray and cold.
He opens his paternal arm
To fold his last son safe from harm
Who sobs upon his manly breast,
And shares in peace his Hero-rest.

To Heaven ascend the grievous woes,
Each tomb in silence deep doth close,
The Abbot to the altar hies,
With the sacred host where the dead man lies,
And the monkish choir in ghostly tone
Sing requiem sad for the last bold son.

Mein Liebchen ist kein Stoltzes Schloss.

OSCAR VON REDWITZ.

MY darling is no castle high,
With columns rich complete,
Whose casements blazoned in the sky
Proud cavaliers oft greet.

It is a chapel in a dell,
Where vines and roses stray ;
Where tones a solemn, silvery knell,
In solitude I pray.

So lang mein Himmel heiter blauet.

OSCAR VON REDWITZ.

WHILST heaven's fair brow remains serene,
I'll think not on its cloud ;
Whilst 'midst my locks no gray is seen
My head shall bloom unbowed.

Do flowers foreknow their fate untime
When first their burgeons stray?
The star that flames in night sublime
Its death in sunlight's ray?

What is Love?

EMIL RITTERSHAUS.

I ASKED the sunbeam, "What is love?"
Its answer shone in burnished ray;
I asked the roses, "What is love?"
They breathed perfume, but naught did say.

I asked the heavens, "Pray, what is love?"
"Is't holy earn'st, is't toying life?"
I never asked the question more—
For God did grant a loving wife.

At Midnight.

JULIUS RODENBERG.

MANKIND in peace reposes,
Sleeps with the winds and woods;
The dewdrops on the roses
Roll down in glassy floods.

The silvery, glistening moonlight
On every roof-tree breaks;
In the wide world at midnight
There's naught save I that wakes.

My joys and pangs, unnumbered,
Save one, are lulled to rest ;
One thought that ne'er hath slumbered
Stands sentry in my breast.

Thy image peaceful, tender,
In time and space's my theme ;
A song at noontide's splendor,
At dead of night a dream.

Before the Doors.

FREDERICK RUECKERT.

WHERE riches dwell I knocked, but knocked
in vain,
A copper from the window thrown was all my
gain.

I tried to steal into the cot where Love abode,
But, earlier still than I, a dozen were in my
road.

I gently tapped at Fame's tall castle, bright,
"We only open here to lord and knight."

I sought the roof-tree that protects the poor,
Within were sobs, and wails, and lament sore.

In vain I asked where did Content abide,
But none there was who knew it, far and wide.

But yet, I know a house, for aye secure,
Where at the last I'll lightly tap the door.

Within its bound dwells many a noble guest,
For many a thousand in the grave there's rest.

The Churchyard Ride.

FRIEDERICH RUPERTI.

WITH unchecked rein my charger strode
Where stilly dead by myriads rest ;
Behind me howled the shrieking blast,
A shrilly threnody, unblest.

And as I sped my maddened way
The levin blazed upon my sight—
The gravestones pale, in thickening throng,
'Midst the tall trees, in dusky night.

A whisper reached me from the firs,
A voice upon the storm was borne ;—
“ Ride fast and far, yet soon thou must
Lie here, a corpse, cold and forlorn.”

Death in Light.

LUDWIG SCHEERER.

IN mantles flecked with white and gray
The moths fly 'round the taper's ray ;
The glimmer nods and seems to greet—
They die within the peril sweet.

Driven from realms of dusky night,
Consumed by raging thirst for light—
'Twere worth the death upon that pyre
To bathe once in that sea of fire.

By Night.

ERNST SCHERENBERG.

NIGHT falls ; the earth lies dreaming,
In earnest silence move
In highest heaven bright-gleaming
The stellar hosts above.

Night falls ; in isolation
The stilly stars before
My soul waft desolation
That shines from days of yore.

The Fir Tree.

GEORG SCHEURLIN.

A LONELY fir stands silent
Upon a hillside gray ;
Within a skiff a laddie
Rocks up and down at play.

Engrossed in thoughts deep musing
The old fir dreams on high ;
The laddie pets the billow
That foams as it flits by.

“Speak, fir tree, on yon hillock;
Thou comrade old and dark,
Why dost thou gaze eternal
So sombre on my bark?”

Then stirred the branches mournful
That gloomy fringed the tree,
And in light, trembling murmurs,
Afar off thus spake he :

“Because the axe now seeks me
Thy coffin’s wood to make ;
On thee I think, my laddie,
I’m saddened for thy sake.”

Happy Death.

GEORG SCHEURLIN.

COULD I die within thy eyelids,
In thy heart my burial be!
Thou shouldst ’herit soul and body,
Truth alone remain for me.

Knowledge, deep and long-desired,
Naught to crave or to attain,
Save, in holy self-negation,
Peace in thy calm soul to gain.

Let mine be the pangs of flowers,
In thy tender pleasures sped,
Withered, but upon thy bosom,
Constant, true, lie sweetly dead !

Contentment ; a Triolet.

KLAMER SCHMIDT.

WELCOME, all ye petty pleasures !
Great ones are for me too great ;
Seated in the lap of Fate.
Welcome, all ye petty pleasures !
Here I covet realms nor treasures,
Here I live in modest state.
Welcome, all ye petty pleasures,
Great ones are for me too great.

Discontent.

ADOLPH SCHULTS.

'TWAS but this morn in wordy strife
I scolded my sad fate ;
How small my role was here in life,
While others' was so great.

Through storm and wind there passed by
With naked foot and head,
With drooping mien and greeting shy,
A child that begged its bread.

I gave him alms, and as he spoke
His thanks with joy profound,
Repentance sore and shame burned deep
Within my bosom's bound.

The Captive.

GUSTAV SCHWAB.

“WE’LL rescue the captive, his fetters we’ll
rend,
We’ll bring him his freedom, our good
loving friend.”
So shouted and clamored with menaces loud
’Fore the castle’s wall the angry crowd.

The firebrands caught on the turrets and
floors,
The knights and the nobles were driven out
doors,
The masters and servants were slaughtered
amain,
In pantry and wine vaults fierce rushed the
mad train.

They broached the deep cellars, they guz-
zled the wine,
In slumbers deep drunken on earth did
recline,
In bestial indulgence the tables did choke
And rose well refreshed as the third morn-
ing broke.

“ Where is the poor prisoner ? How spends
he his day ?
Why sits he not with us to banquet and
play ?
Let’s hunt him, good brethren, bring help
to your friend,
The iron-bound door of his dungeon let’s
rend.”

His corpse, smoke smothered, upon the
ground
By the fire they’d reveled about they found ;
Despised and neglected, ’midst ashes and
flame,
The embers’ forked tongues licked his evil-
starred frame.

But it pleased the rabble about just as well,
And they left him to molder and rot where
he fell ;
Then roistered and shouted each over his
can,
“ How well we’ve avenged the innocent man !”

The Dead Soldier.

J. G. SEIDL.

ALONE in a foreign land
A soldier there lies dead,
Unknown, and long forgotten
How true he fought and bled.

There's many a jeweled knight
Rides o'er the warrior brave,
There's never a one to place
A cross o'er his nameless grave.

For many a hero slain
There's prayer and gentle tear,
But ne'er a word is said
O'er the bones that molder here.

But away in a far-off village,
When the dreary day is sped,
A father there sits, by anguish racked,
Who moans, "He is surely dead."

A mother, spent with weeping,
In sobs doth God implore ;
"He sent us a greeting from heaven
When the old clock stopped at four."

A maid with lorn, blanched visage
At twilight views the sky,
"E'en if he's dead and buried
In my heart he shall never die."

They pour out their souls' best treasures
In tears to God above,
For the poor forsaken hero
The tribute of true love.

The drops are upraised to heaven,
In cloudlets reach the sky,
They're carried swift to the distant land
Where the soldier's bones do lie.

Their tears from heaven are showered
As a dew on the warrior's breast,
Lest he alone, of none bemoaned,
In a far-off land should rest.

Love.

KARL SIEBEL.

THE slumbering earth beheld in sleep
All hope was lost, all pleasure fled ;
Oppressed in dreams by longings deep,
With grief-struck heart and heavy head.

The care-worn earth, in drowsy doze,
Mourned hope and pleasure in their grave ;
With dazzling crown the sun uprose
A-sudden from the stilly wave.

The earth awoke in trembling dread,
Bathed in the sunshine's quickening ray ;
With the first beams upon them shed
The buds burst forth, the larks sang gay !

Undeception.

KARL SIEBEL.

WHOE'ER would have thought
So boiling a stream
As thick, glassy ice
In winter could gleam !

And a circlet of gold
That a finger'd scarce fill,
Might lie on the soul
Like a stone from a mill?

That a glorious day
A stormy night brought,
To sicken the heart—
Whoe'er could have thought?

The Peace of Home.

'AUGUST SILBERSTEIN.

NO purer joy on earth exists
Than when the day's wild course is run
Beneath thy roof to rest thy soul
With peaceful heart at set of sun.

The crush, the crowd, the brawling host,
Before thy threshold war in vain,
Within thy doors there's naught can harm,
The world of home is thy domain.

Joy Through Tears.

C. J. P. SPITTA.

DENSE clouds obscure the welkin,
So thick and gray they fly,
And gloomier grow the cerements
Above the clear, blue sky.

Joy from thy heart hath vanished,
As storms o'erhang the day,
Thy soul, 'neath nameless tortures
In shadow sinks a prey.

Away the tempest rusheth—
How bright the heavens appear!
Once more thy glee returneth—
Hast thou too shed a tear?

Night's Consolation.

C. J. P. SPITTA.

MOURN no more, thou saddened child,
Mourn no more, thy life so young;
Many a pleasure must run wild,
Many a grief be sadly sung.

Doth the day-dawn beauteous break,
Far-off colors sparkling blend;
Mourn no more if night o'ertake,
Starry heaven is still night's friend.

A Song of Woe.

ADOLPH F. GRAF VON SCHACH.

VEILED in the densest darkness
Shines forth the light of day,
Orb after orb ariseth,
For me no sunbeams play.

My troubled glance in twilight
On far-off worlds doth gaze ;
In heaven a star is twinkling
With lonesome, mournful rays.

A maiden looks down, pallid,
With hands that beckoning say,
“ See, I am here before thee—
Wherefore dost thou delay ? ”

The Watch Tower.

HEINRICH STIEGLITZ.

THE flame flashes fierce by the wild whirlwind
lashed,
Its billows around the red tower are dashed,
The meadow's expanse under darkness of night
Glows deep with dense fire, an ocean of light.

A signal of danger the sentry so brave
By ringing the tocsin unweariedly gave ;
O'erwhelmed by their terror his children loud
cry :
“ Oh, save thyself, father ! Oh, quick let us fly ! ”

But louder and faster outtones the dread bell ;
On turret and casement the flames flicker fell ;
“ And till my last sinews are wearied out quite,
There’s nothing shall stay me to act out my
plight.”

The hurricane rages, the billows fierce glower,
And higher and higher surmount the tall tower,
Loud roars the deep thunder, th’ alarum bell
falls,
The warder lies buried beneath the crushed
walls.

Spring.

AUGUST STOEGER.

THE heart and neck of the blooming rose
Sad, gloomy, buds surround ;
For they’ll surely burst when the sunlight glows
Revealing their hidden wound.

The lonely earth cannot bear its bliss,
The blessing of heaven’s breath ;
For a sacred love plants a holy kiss
That ’tokens the seal of death.

The City.

THEODORE STORM.

THE gray sea breaks on cold, gray strand,
The city sleeps near by ;
The mists above the roofs expand,
The billows roar on either hand,
A drowsy lullaby:

The wood is still ; although 'tis May
No songster's warbling speeds ;
The shrill geese, swift from polar ray
Fly but in autumn's sombre day,
The wild wind bends the reeds.

Yet hangs my whole, whole heart on thee,
Gray city by the sea !
For youthful glamour, plain to me,
Smiles lovingly o'er thee, o'er thee,
Gray city by the sea !

Consolation.

THEODORE STORM.

SO let all happen that fortune may,
So long as thou livest, to me 'tis day.

And when I wander the world so wide
'Tis ever home when by thy side.

And when I gaze on that lovely brow
No future shadows can vex me now.

The Dead.

THEODORE STORM.

THIS burden is for me too deep,
That still the sun shines forth sublime ;
That, as before thy death untimed
The clocks still run, the bells still chime,
And day and night their vigil keep.

And when the twilight hour is o'er
The evening brings our rendezvous,
Alas, the place that found thee true
Is occupied by lovers new—
Thy moldering form is missed no more.

While through the iron-latticed tomb
The moonbeam's rays, so grim and scant,
Upon thy coffin sweep aslant ;
Like saddened, mournful ghosts they haunt
Where rests thy sepulchre in gloom.

Doubt.

THEODORE STORM.

BELIEF can give a soothing rest,
Yet ne'er a step will forward mortals ;
Doubt in a virile thinker's hand
Will rend aside hell's sombre portals.

Song from Immensee.

THEODORE STORM.

HERE on the sloping hillside,
The breeze hath died away ;
The bushes droop in clusters
Where sits a child at play.

Half buried in bright flowers,
Half hid in sweet perfume,
The bees and flies buzz 'round her,
And glisten in the gloom.

Afar off laughs the cuckoo—
A thrill smites through my breast ;
The forest queen hath clear, blue eyes,
Their sheen hath wrecked my rest!

Frau Hilda.

MORITZ GRAF VON STRACHWITZ.

FRAU HILDA sate in Thura's hall,
Her maidens by her side ;
King Egbert lay at Fyriswall,
His wounds were deep and wide.

“ Now tell to me, ye damsels bright,
What strikes outside the pane ? ”

“ 'Tis a blind bat, in zigzag flight,
Tossed by the hurricane.”

“ Nay, 'tis no bat, with errant wing,
Whom fire and home entice,
'Tis the falcon white of my lord, the king,
Stormbeat' 'midst sleet and ice.”

“ Now tell me quick, my damsels good,
What stamps on the drawbridge beneath ? ”
“ 'Tis the wolfish brood, from the howling wood,
That champs its hungry teeth.”

“ Nay, 'tis no starving wolf, I trow,
That's followed the herd to the fold ;
King Egbert's steed stands there in the snow,
And whinnies and tramps in the cold.”

“ For God's sake, tell me, my maids, I implore,
What clashed in yon darkened hall ? ”
“ 'Twas a rusty brand, from the days of yore,
That fell from its nail on the wall.”

“ No falchion fell from a rusty nail,
'Tis a lie, false maid that thou art,
'Twas the ghost of my Egbert that gave its last
wail—
The cry has gone forth from my heart.”

Frau Hilda fell dead on the floor of stone,
The sword was rent in twain—
The charger expired with grievous groan,
And the hawk burst in through the pane.

The maidens all moldered to dust; deep gloom
Reigned over that castle once gay;
The falcon flew shrieking through the room
And beat out the taper's ray.

Sie hat den ganzen Tag getobt.

MORITZ GRAF VON STRACHWITZ.

ALL day in wrath the sea hath raged
And roared with angry breast,
Then glassy-mirrored, stilly, smooth,
Had sunk in sleep to rest.

The evening zephyrs tremble light,
In holy silence stray,
The breath of God from heavenly home
Is wafted o'er the sea.

He stoops to kiss the dear-loved head
Of ocean slumbering mild,
And speaks, in gently rustling winds,
"Sleep soft, thou wayward child."

Aus dem Grabe.

DAVID F. STRAUSS.

WHILST thou consumed by sorrow
Waked all that night in bed,
Within my grave, in slumber sweet,
The first night o'er me sped.

Weep not for me, true comrade,
 Restrain affliction's flood,
Believe me, that the earth ne'er lies
 Too heavy on the good.

Afar from sultry noontide,
 Afar from noise and strife,
The cool and stilly graveyard
 Is better far than life.

My will bursts from my bosom
 And grows to slender trees ;
My consciousness in flowers
 Sheds perfume on the breeze.

O'er where the grave is deepest
 A lily's stem doth bend ;
From 'midst the dead 'tis offered
 By me to thee, dear friend !

Evensong.

JULIUS STURM.

THE day stoops to its ending, the stilly night
 draws near ;
Ye weary hands, be rested, your work is ended
 here.

But thou, my soul, fierce struggle, thyself from
earth to free ;
Wing forth thy flight, be lightened, deep in
God's bosom flee.

On high, with trusting pinions, flies love, with
faith and hope,
Where o'er the saddening grave mounds, the
gates of heaven ope.

Rest.

JULIUS STURM.

PILLOWED in soft, yielding mosses,
Rapt in dreams the clouds I view ;
Whilst my fancies, flesh untrammelled,
Soar above the welkin blue.

Resting gently in calm silence
Far away the dim world lies ;
Nothing stirs save love's pure breathings
Wafted to the holy skies.

The Sea at Eve.

JULIUS STURM.

THE gulls fly o'er the haven
As eventide falls low,
The smooth and glassy mirror
Reflects the sunset's glow.

The clouds are gray that hover
Upon the ocean's crest,
In fog and mist, the islands
Dream on the waters' breast.

I hear the marshy moanings,
Mysterious, yet serene—
A bird shrieks, shrill and lonely,
Above the tranquil scene.

A gentle shudder passeth
Then hushed and calm, all sleep—
Whilst from the far-off distance
The faintest murmurs creep.

The Sweetest Songs.

JULIUS STURM.

THE sweetest songs are ever those
For which no word is found,
Around whose tender, airy limbs,
No garb of rhyme is wound.

The notes of deepest melody
When wafted in our breast
Will ring and press with magic force
To those who love us best.

Welcome Rest.

JULIUS STURM.

THE placid ocean sleeps, the storms are fled,
The heavens, so clear, with starry hosts are
bright ;
Now rides at anchor, in a haven safe,
The rescued bark, secure from danger's might.

Oh, let me thus, when troubles rend no more,
Safe anchored, rest upon thy bosom kind,
Look from thy heart upon thy beauteous face,
And in thine eyes my only heaven find !

The Wild Huntsman.

LUDWIG TIECK.

THE demon huntsman in gloomy night
From densest thicket speeds his flight ;
He hears the whirlwind, he rouses in scorn,
He takes his dogs and his roaring horn.

With the lightning's might he bestrides his
steed,
O'er the trembling forests he rides with speed ;
Loud whinnies the charger, the trumpet re-
sounds,
Loud halloo the huntsmen, deep bellow the
hounds.

“Come on, my comrades ; come one and all ;
The field is ours when night doth fall,
To fleetest of spirits that mortal’s a prey
Who shudders or turns from our sport in dismay.”

They ride like the tempest on wings of the wind,
A terror to pious and God-fearing kind,
Though he who dreadeth nor forest nor night,
In turmoil of goblins may find his delight.

The Mermaid.

A. RITTER VON TSCHABUSCHNIGG.

BESIDE a lonesome ocean’s strand
There sits a mermaid fair,
Half-hidden in the sedgey ooze
And half-exposed to air.

With solemn mien and saddened eye
She scans the mad sea’s flow ;
Full many a wreck sinks ’fore her gaze,
She heareth many a woe.

The raging whirlpools lave her feet
Beneath the rugged cliff;
And nigh at hand to the dreaded land
For life strives sore a skiff.

The tempest roars, the billows dash,
The gulls shriek in the sky ;
But shrill rings o'er the whirlwind's crash
A weird, uncanny cry.

The song she sings hath a gentle tone,
But the heart groweth pale at its sound ;
For he who heareth it knoweth full well
Misfortune is hovering 'round.

The Midnight Cavalier.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

IN the night so stilly, moonless,
'Neath my window, near yet far,
Stood he, while with voice enchanting,
Sang love songs to his guitar.
Oft with rivals, bold and manly,
Hath he drawn in many a fight,
Till the hollow walls reëchoed
And the rapiers glowed with light.
Faithful he to every duty
Cavaliers owe to their dame
And my heart burned in my bosom—
Yet I knew not of his name.
Trembling from my lofty window
Shy I glanced at break of day,
Naught I saw where stood my lover—
Naught save blood on tree and spray.

Autumn.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

WELCOME, all the joys of spring,
Golden sun and heaven so blue !
Yonder in the gardens ring
Tender chords from bosoms true.

Speak, my soul ! Hast thou forgotten
Summer songs and joyous themes ?
See the trees are withered, rotten—
Ah ! they were but beauteous dreams.

Peasant Life.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

IN summer woo thy sweetheart dear,
In garden or a-field ;
The sunshine's longest of the year,
The mild nights pleasures yield.

To bind the tie all lovers know
Is best 'fore winter's days ;
One can't philander in the snow
Beneath the moon's cold rays.

Near By.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

I TRIP into thy garden,
Sweet love, wherefore so late?
This solitude so dreary
The night moths animate.

And yet in varied fullness,
The flowers in myriads blow,
And with their mellow fragrance
The zephyrs fan my brow.

I feel thy presence near me,
The path deserted glows;
Like far above the welkin
Th' unseen doth repose.

Wood Song.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

I 'M free and happy in the woods,
No fear of robbers feel;
A loving heart is all my goods,
And that no thief would steal.

What trips and rustles 'midst the grass?
Do murderers swords unsheath?
My sweetheart's footsteps this way pass—
She pets me most to death.

Night.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

I LOOK where lies her stilly home
That leans upon a tree ;
In dreams of sweetest, glowing love,
In peaceful rest sleeps she.

I cast my eyes towards the sky
Where storm clouds veil the night ;
Yet 'neath the pall of sombre dread
The full moon's sheen is bright.

Recognition.

JOHANN NEPOMUK VOGEL.

A WANDERING Bursch with staff in hand
Comes home at last from foreign land.

With dust-beflecked, and visage brown,
Who first will know him in his town ?

He entered through the Gothic gate,
The warder idly loitering sate.

A friend once dear in youth was he,
In many a game and many a spree ;

But he no more to friends is known,
His face too dark and brown is grown.

With greeting brief he kept his way
And onward through the streets did stray.

His bride betrothed looks on the street ;
“ My beauteous maid, 'tis thee I greet.”

But to the maiden he's unknown—
His face too dark and brown is grown.

With saddened step he takes his way,
Down that bronzed cheek the salt tears stray.

His mother leaves the old churchdoor ;
He speaks : “ God save you ”—and no more ;

But see ! the mother knows her boy !—
“ My son ! ” she shrieks, and faints from joy.

Though dark and brown his face is grown
To mother's eye he's ever known.

Tranquil Water.

RICHARD VOLKMANN.

I FAIN would seize the ocean's foam
And hold the wave in rapid flight ;
Yet in the jug I carried home
There's naught but stilly water, bright.

Sweet songs bloomed deep within my brain,
Of odors full, like flowery mead ;
Yet, o'er my lips, I saw with pain,
Nothing save empty words proceed !

The Phantom Ship.

OSKAR L. B. WOLFF.

THE billows are whipped by the lash of the storm,
The bark struggles sore with their might,
The lightning's red ray blazes bright through
the gloom,
The heavens are curtained in night.

And all that has life on the tempest-tossed ship,
Is bound to the shrouds and the mast ;
Misfortune betide the unfortunate wight
Who's lost when the storm wave has passed !

The breakers foam over the ocean-swept decks,
They surge o'er the ship to the sea ;
And he who is carried away in the brine
Deep-buried forever must be.

Yet stronger and fiercer the raging winds howl,
All canvas is rent by the gale ;
There's no one who'll dare in the rigging to
climb
To take in the death-dealing sail.

Still wilder and wilder the hurricane blows,
The mainmast falls over the side,
Red, yellow and white glares the lightning's fell
flame,
The billows are lit far and wide.

* * * * *

The ship's boats are broken when rolled that
steep wave ;
They cry and they tear out their hair ;
There's praying, there's cursing, for naught now
can save,
The crew all give way to despair.

Then hissed the red bolt o'er the waves once
again,
A rough, rocky cliff frowns on high ;
While close to the tempest-tossed, storm-weary
bark
A ship in full canvas sails nigh.

They hail and they signal, they fire their guns,
Still nigher and nigher they keep ;
But soon it grows plainer—oh, scene of affright!
'Tis the phantom ship of the deep !

For the ship was black, and her masts were black
And her sails coal-black as death,
And the Evil One steered at the helm, and
laughed,
And mocked at their failing breath.

The thunder roars loud and the lightnings fierce
flash,
While a saddening shriek rends the sky,
Of cursing, of praying, of deepest, fell dread,
As the phantom ship sped by.

* * * * *

The sun shines soft on the stilly sea
When the earliest dawn doth stray,
The waves roll over in glassy peace,
While the flying fishes play.

No sound is heard, or of prayer, or of dread,
Naught swims on the surge's smooth crest;
For e'en at the moment the phantom drove by
All sank in the ocean's dark breast.

The Fisher and His Love.

LUDWIG WUCKE.

AN old and mold'ring fisher-boat
Lies 'midst the sedge unseen;
Grim death long years the fisher smote,
His skiff with grass is green.

He dreams beneath the calm, blue mere,
Of days that are no more,
The cottage that once stood so near,
Where dwelt his love of yore.

And oft he rose from out the gloom
When moonshine gilds the lake,
To row the skiff 'midst frothing spume,
But ne'er a word he spake.

O'er hollow sands his steps resound,
Among the dunes he weeps,
But ne'er his sweetheart shall be found—
Beneath the wave she sleeps.

The Maiden on the Strand.

LUDWIG WUCKE.

A BARQUE bounds o'er the billows,
While breezy zephyrs blow ;
A maid sits by the ocean
And weeps with weary woe.

From eyes of heavenly azure
The burning tears distill,
Amidst her golden tresses
The wild wind whistles shrill.

She wrings her hands in anguish ;
“ Forever must we part !
Oh, God in heaven, have mercy !
Oh, spare my bleeding heart ! ”

The trembling, blenched form totters,
Slow comes the laboring breath,
And on the sandy dune-heaps
'Twas lonely, still as death.

Eine Hand voll Erde.

DUST and earth a handful
Heap upon my breast,
When of strife weary
Sinks my soul to rest.
Ne'er a grief can enter
In the grave's cold walls ;
Death will guard my slumbers
Till Jehovah calls.

Dust and earth a handful
Shall more holy be,
Than the proudest mansion
Decked with tapestry.
'Round my path hath wandered
Many a bitter smart,
Many a grievous burden
Bowed my loving heart.

Dust and earth a handful
Be my lot at last,
Though with deep affliction
Is my life o'ercast,
Poverty oppress me,
Riches be my share,
Nobleman or outcast—
There I'll nothing care.

Dust and earth a handful
Must suffice below,
Worms I'll give a banquet—
That full well I know ;
But in death there's quiet,
And all sorrows cease,
Never more be troubled,
Ever rest and peace.

Dust and earth a handful
Throw above my head,
Friends heartsick and longing,
Sorrow's teardrops shed.
Had I but one faithful
Who in sore distress
Oft would seek my grave mound,
Light God's earth would press.

Servian Folk-Song: The Experiment.

WHAT are those sounds of import dire?
The shrieking fowls—do bells sound fire?
No cocks do crow—no fires impend—
A captive sister for ransom doth send.

“ My brother, the Turk hath made me his slave ;
From his brutal hand my freedom I crave.
The ransom they ask is quickly told—
Two bushels of pearls, three libras of gold.”

But the brother sends answer back again :
“ My gold I need for my charger's rein, .
With the pearls my sweetheart's form I'll deck,
That she prettier be when I kiss her neck.”

But the sister returns a message of scorn :
“ No menial slave am I, all forlorn,
No fear have I my fate to hide—
For the Sultan hath chosen me for his bride.”

The Booman.

HANS LUNKENBEIN in market sold,
Three stately, well-fed kine,
He pocketed a heap of gold
And drank a stoup of wine.

Quickly a knave behind him slunk,
Who'd seen the money paid,
And to obtain it from the boor
His plans as quickly made.

But Hans watched well his glittering store,
The thief it ne'er could touch ;
'Twas deep within his pockets, and
His hands did safe it clutch.

Now he had finished out his wine
And rose refreshed to go ;
Sly Nichol followed in his wake
For booty lying low.

The way was short and Hans to home
At last in safety came ;
And told his luck, and chinked the purse,
And kissed his rustic dame.

And joyful cried he to his wife,
“ See what a lot of gold—
Bring out your best, let’s eat and drink,
And revel ere we’re old.”

They roistered and made merry then,
The coin they chinked and spun ;
The knave looked through the window pane,
And wished ’twas ready won.

“ Come now, my little child,” said Hans,
“ With some you too shall play.”
And with the word they move the cloth
And clear the things away.

With gluttonous greed they feast their eyes
And count, and sip their wine ;
The rascal at the window sighed—
“ Oh, if it were but mine.”

E’en little Paul, the peasant’s child,
Had of the fun some share ;
And counted, clanged, and spun, and rolled
The ducats from the fair.

So went the fun till midnight hour
Tolled out in accents deep ;
The peasant fain would close his purse
And 'take himself to sleep.

This did not please young Master Paul,
He would the coins retain.
“ 'Tis for to-night,” the father said,
“ Next day we play again.”

The wayward brat still fain would play,
In wrath the mother spoke—
“ Quick give them to me else you'll feel
This rod's sharp, biting stroke.”

But Hans felt troubled for his son,
And quietly did say,
“ Dear wife, I think I'll work this thing
In quite another way.”

He ope'd the window, crying loud,
“ Come give them to me, Paul,
For if you do not do it quick
The Booman gets them all.”

But Paul clenched tight his little fist
“ You can't come that on me.”
Cried Hans, “ Come Booman, now we'll give
The gold and purse to thee.”

He holds the bag beyond the sill—
Like cat upon a mouse
Sly Nichol darted on his prey,
And vanished from the house !

The Beggar Beadle.

IN youth I lived in poverty, in hunger, thirst and
need,
No money had I in my purse, no one bade me
“Godspeed,”
I bore my trusty walking stick and got what food
I may,
And fumbled o’er my rosary and prayed the live-
long day.

And as I marched along my road, to Heidelberg
I came,
The beggar beadle drove me off with many a
word of shame ;
He drove me up and down and ’round through
many a street and lane,
Oh you infernal beadle man, pray let me still
remain.

And as I came before the house where beggar
beadle dwelt,
He poked his head the window out and mocked
my ragged pelt ;

I peeped up at the casement just where stood his
pretty dame,
And cried, "Confound you beadle man, her beauty
should you shame."

Fierce anger shook the beadle then as I his wife
did view
And into dungeon damp and dark my aching
bones he threw ;
In prison cell on scanty fare I groaned my life
away—
Oh heartless, wicked, cruel man, the same to you
some day !

And when you die and go to shame may you no
burial find,
No Christian friend shall dig thy grave, nor
mourn shall kith nor kind,
In living tomb on scanty fare your life shall waste
away
Where light of sun shall never shine e'en on the
brightest day.

Come, comrades now, be merry all ! the beadle
now is dead !
Upon the gallows hang his bones, the crows roost
on his head ;
Last Tuesday in the morning while the bells
were chiming eight,
They led the beadle to his doom and hanging
was his fate !

His pretty wife with cuffs and blows, he nigh to
death had brought,
Because with tender mercy she upon the poor
had thought.
Last week the cursed beadle man gave up his
wretched life—
To-day I own his house and lands and kiss his
pretty wife !

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