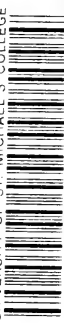


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CONTENTS.

Dedication	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	1
To the Kind Reader	<i>Bowring</i>	5
Sound, Sweet Song	“	5
The Modern Amadis	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	5
When the Fox Dies his Skin Counts	<i>Bowring</i>	6
The Coquette	“	7
The Wild Rose	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	8
The Breeze	“	8
Blindman's Buff	<i>Bowring</i>	9
Christel	“	9
Smitten	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	11
Preservation	<i>Bowring</i>	11
Resolve	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	12
Treasure Trove	“	12
The Muses' Son	<i>Bowring</i>	13
Reciprocal Invitation to the Dance	“	14
Like and Like	“	15
Self-Deceit	“	15
Declaration of War	“	15
Lover in all Shapes	“	16
The Goldsmith's Apprentice	“	18
Answers in a Game of Questions	“	19
Different Emotions on the same Spot	“	20
The Misanthrope	“	21
Different Threats	“	22
Who'll Buy a Cupid?	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	22
True Enjoyment	<i>Bowring</i>	23
Maiden Wishes	“	25
The Farewell	“	25
Motives	“	26
The Lovely Night	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	26
Love's Dream	“	27
Living Remembrance	<i>Bowring</i>	27
The Bliss of Absence	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	28
To Luna	“	29
The Wedding Night	<i>Bowring</i>	29
Mischievous Joy	“	30
November Song	“	31
To the Chosen One	“	31
First Loss	“	32
Apparent Death	“	32
After-Sensations	“	33
Presence	“	33
Separation	“	33
To the Distant One	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	34
By the River	<i>Bowring</i>	34
The Exchange	“	35
Farewell	“	35
Welcome and Departure	“	35
Love, New Life	“	35
To Belinda	“	35

→ With an Embroidered Ribbon	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	38
Second Life	“ “	39
To my Mistress	“ “	40
Flower-Salute	<i>Bowring</i>	40
With a Golden Necklace	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	41
→ May Song	“ “	41
→ On the Lake	<i>Leopold Noa</i>	42
From the Mountain	<i>G. H. Lewes</i>	43
May Song	<i>Bowring</i>	43
Early Spring	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	44
In Summer	<i>Bowring</i>	45
Autumn Feelings	“	45
Restless Love	“	46
The Shepherd's Lament	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	46
→ Night Song	<i>Bowring</i>	47
→ Comfort in Tears	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	48
Longing	“ “	49
The Castle on the Mountain	“ “	50
To Mignon	<i>Bowring</i>	51
→ Spirit Greeting	<i>Edward Chawner</i>	52
→ To a Golden Heart he was Wearing on his Neck	<i>Leopold Noa</i>	53
→ Wanderer's Night-Song	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	53
→ IIm, the River, to the Moon	<i>J. S. Dwight</i>	54
→ Huntsman's Evening Song	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	55
Evening	“ “	55
To Lina	“ “	55
Ever and Everywhere	<i>Bowring</i>	56
Delight of Sorrow	<i>Leopold Noa</i>	56
Proximity	<i>Bowring</i>	56
A Night Thought	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	57
Petition	<i>Bowring</i>	57
To his Coy One	“	57
Rollicking Hans	“	58
To Lida	“	58
Reciprocal	“	59
The Freebooter	“	59
Joy and Sorrow	“	60
March	“	60
April	“	61
May	“	61
June	“	62
Sicilian Song	“	63
Next Year's Spring	“	64
Swiss Song	“	64
At Midnight Hour	“	65
To the Rising Full Moon	“	65
The Bridegroom	“	66
Such, Such is He who Pleaseth Me	“	66
Gypsy Song	“	67
Destruction of Magdeburg	“	68
Finnish Song	“	68
Depression	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	70
Sorrow without Consolation	“ “	70
The Parting	“ “	71
On the New Year	<i>Bowring</i>	71
Anniversary Song	“	72
The Spring Oracle	“	73
The Happy Couple	“	73
Song of Fellowship	“	77
Constancy in Change	“	78
Table Song	“	79
Wont and Done	“	81
Vanitas Vanitatum Vanitus	<i>Edward Chawner</i>	81
Fortune	<i>Bowring</i>	82
→ Captive Song	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	82

Another	<i>Bowring</i>	86
Open Table	"	86
The Reckoning	"	88
Mignon	<i>Thomas Carlyle</i>	90
General Confession	<i>Bowring</i>	91
Ergo Bibamus	"	92
The Minstrel	"	93
Epiphanius	"	94
Ballad of the Exiled and Returning Count	<i>Leopold Noa</i>	95
The Faithless Boy	<i>Bowring</i>	97
The Erl King	"	99
Johanna Sebus	"	100
The Violet	"	101
The Beauteous Flower	"	102
Sir Curt's Wedding Journey	"	104
Wedding Song	"	105
The Fisherman	<i>G. H. Lewes</i>	107
The Rat-Catcher	<i>Bowring</i>	108
The King of Thule	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	109
The Treasure-Seeker	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	110
The Spinner	<i>Bowring</i>	111
The Youth and the Mill-Stream	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	112
The Maid of the Mill's Treachery	<i>Bowring</i>	113
The Maid of the Mill's Repentance	"	115
The Walking Bell	"	118
The Traveller and the Farm Maiden	"	119
The Page and the Miller's Daughter	"	122
Faithful Eckart	"	121
The Dance of the Dead	<i>Edward Chawner</i>	123
Effect at a Distance	"	125
The Bride of Corinth	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	126
The Pupil in Magic	<i>Bowring</i>	139
Before a Court of Justice	"	137
The God and the Bayadere	"	135
The Pariah	"	137
I. The Pariah's Prayer	"	137
II. Legend	"	138
III. The Pariah's Thanks	"	142
Death Lament of the Noble Wife of Asan Agadyll	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	142
Ginaldo	<i>Bowring</i>	145
The First Walpurgis-night	"	147
To my Friend	"	151
Song of the Spirits over the Waters	"	154
Mahomet's Song	<i>Chas. Jas. Sprague</i>	157
My Goddess	<i>Bowring</i>	158
Hartz Mountains	"	160
Vanderer's Storm Song	<i>J. S. Dwight</i>	162
To Father Kronos	<i>Bowring</i>	165
The Sea-Voyage	"	168
The Eagle and the Dove	"	169
Prometheus	"	170
Limits of Humanity	"	172
The Godlike	<i>Martin</i>	174
The German Parnassus	<i>Bowring</i>	175
Love's Distresses	"	177
Phil's Menagerie	"	182
To Charlotte	"	183
Morning Lament	"	186
The Visit	"	187
The Musagetes	<i>Martin</i>	189
The Water-man	<i>Aytoun</i>	191
Psyche	<i>Martin</i>	192
Absence	<i>Aytoun</i>	193
The Magic Net	<i>Martin</i>	193
	<i>Bowring</i>	194

The Church Window	<i>Aytoun</i>	195
The Cavalier's Choice	"	195
The Artist's Morning Song	"	197
The Goblet	<i>Martin</i>	199
From an Album of 1604	<i>Bowring</i>	200
To the Grasshopper	"	201
From "The Sorrows of Young Werther,"	"	201
Trilogy of Passion	"	202
I. To Werther	"	202
II. Elegy	"	203
III. Atonement	"	207
Forever	"	208
Lines on Seeing Schiller's Skull	"	208
Royal Prayer	"	209
Human Feelings	"	209
On the Divan	"	209
Explanation of an Ancient Woodcut, representing	"	
Hans Sachs' Poetical Mission	"	210
The Friendly Meeting	"	214
In a Word	"	215
The Maiden Speaks	"	215
Growth	<i>Bowring</i>	216
Food in Travel	"	216
Departure	"	217
The Loving One Writes	"	217
The Loving One Once More	"	218
The Doubters and the Lovers	"	218
She Cannot End	"	219
Nemesis	"	219
The Christmas-box	"	219
The Warning	"	220
The Epochs	"	220
Charade	"	221
To Originals	"	221
The Soldier's Consolation	"	221
Genial Impulse	"	222
Neither This nor That	"	222
The Way to Behave	"	222
The Best	"	222
As Broad as it's Long	"	222
The Rule of Life	"	223
The Same, Expanded	"	223
Calm at Sea	"	223
The Prosperous Voyage	"	224
Courage	"	224
Admonition	"	224
My Only Property	"	224
Old Age	"	225
Epitaph	"	225
Rule for Monarchs	"	225
Paulo Post Futuri	"	225
The Fool's Epilogue	"	226
Authors	"	226
Cat-pie	"	227
Joy	"	227
Explanation of an Antique Gem	"	227
Legend	"	227
The Wrangler	"	228
The Critic	"	228
The Yelpers	"	230
The Stork's Vocation	"	230
The Dilettante and the Critic	"	231
Poetry	"	231
Celebrity	"	231
Playing at Priests	"	231

Songs	<i>Bowring</i>	234
A Parable	"	234
Should E'er the Loveless Day	"	234
A Plan the Muses Entertained	"	235
The Death of the Fly	"	235
By the River	"	235
The Fox and Huntsman	"	236
The Frogs	"	236
The Wedding	"	236
The Fox and Crane	"	237
Epitaph	"	237
The Buyers	"	238
Symbols	"	238
Threatening Signs	"	239
The Mountain Village	"	239
Three Palindias	"	240
A Symbol	"	241
Valediction	"	242
The Country Schoolmaster	"	243
The Legend of the Horseshoe	<i>Leopold Noa</i>	244
The Wanderer	<i>Bowring</i>	246
The Drops of Nectar	"	251
Love as a Landscape Painter	"	252
God, Soul, and World	"	254
The Metamorphosis of Plants	"	255
Thoughts on Jesus Christ's descent into Hell	"	258
Proverbs	"	262
Tame Xenia	"	263
Exculpation	"	263
Phœmion	"	264
The Park	<i>Martin</i>	264
Antiques	<i>Bowring</i>	265
Leopold, Duke of Brunswick	"	265
Anacreon's Grave	<i>Aytoun</i>	265
The Husbandman	<i>Martin</i>	266
The Brothers	<i>Aytoun</i>	266
Love's Hour-Glass	"	266
Warning	"	266
Philomela	<i>Martin</i>	266
The Chosen Rock	"	267
Solitude	<i>Bowring</i>	267
Holy Family	<i>Aytoun</i>	267
The Muses' Mirror	<i>Bowring</i>	268
The Teachers	<i>Martin</i>	268
Marriage Unequal	<i>Aytoun</i>	268
Phœbus and Hermes	<i>Martin</i>	269
The Wreaths	<i>Aytoun</i>	269
The New Love	<i>Martin</i>	270
The Consecrated Spot	<i>Bowring</i>	270
Sakontala	"	270
Distichs	"	271
The Chinaman in Rome	<i>Martin</i>	272
Perfect Bliss	"	272
Proverbs	<i>Bowring</i>	272
Venetian Epigrams	"	273
Roman Elegies	"	277
Alexis and Dora	"	282
Song of the Fates	"	289
Herman and Dorothea	<i>Dale</i>	291
West-Eastern Divan	"	389
I. Morganni Nameh	<i>Bowring</i>	390
Talismans	"	390
The Four Favors	"	390
Discord	"	391
Song and Structure	"	391

II. Hafis Nameh	<i>Bowring</i>	392
The Unlimited	“	392
To Hafis	“	392
III. Uschk Nameh	“	393
The Types	“	393
One Pair More	“	393
IV. Tefkir Nameh	“	394
Five Things	“	394
Firdusi	“	394
Suleika	“	395
V. Rendsch Nameh	“	395
VI. Hikmet Nameh	“	395
VII. Timur Nameh	“	398
Winter and Timur	“	398
To Suleika	“	399
VIII. Suleika Nameh	“	399
Hatem	“	400
Suleika	“	400
Hatem	“	401
The Loving One Speaks	“	401
The Loving One Again	“	402
Suleika	“	403
The Sublime Type	“	403
Suleika	“	404
The Reunion	“	405
Suleika	“	406
IX. Saki Nameh	“	407
X. Mathal Nameh	“	408
It is Good	“	409
XI. Parsi Nameh	“	410
The Bequest of the Ancient Persian Faith	“	410
XII. Chuld Nameh	“	410
The Privileged Man	“	412
The Favored Beasts	“	413
The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus	“	414
Songs from Various Plays	<i>Aytoun</i>	418
Dedication from Faust		418
Prologue in Heaven	<i>Bowring</i>	419
Chorus of Angels	“	420
Chorus of Spirits	“	421
Margaret at her Spinning-Wheel	“	421
From Faust — First Part	“	424
Margaret's Prayer	“	422
From Faust — Second part	“	427
Götz von Berlichingen	“	433
From Egmont	“	433
From Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship	“	434
Retribution	“	434
Philine's Song	<i>Martin</i>	434
Epilogue to Schiller's Song of the Bell	“	435
L'Envoi	<i>Bowring</i>	439

POEMS OF GOETHE.

DEDICATION.

I.

THE morning came. Its footsteps scared away
The gentle sleep that hovered lightly o'er me;
I left my quiet cot to greet the day,
And gayly climbed the mountain-side before me.
The sweet young flowers! how fresh were they and
tender,
Brimful with dew upon the sparkling lea;
The young day opened in exulting splendor,
And all around seemed glad to gladden me.

II.

And, as I mounted, o'er the meadow ground;
A white and filmy essence 'gan to hover;
It sailed and shifted till it hemmed me round,
Then rose above my head, and floated over.
No more I saw the beauteous scene unfolded —
It lay beneath a melancholy shroud;
And soon was I, as if in vapor moulded,
Alone, within the twilight of the cloud.

III.

At once, as though the sun were struggling through,
Within the mist a sudden radiance started;
Here sunk the vapor, but to rise anew,
There on the peak, and upland forest parted.

Oh, how I panted for the first clear gleaming,
 Made by the gloom it banished doubly bright!
 It came not, but a glory round me beaming,
 And I stood blinded by the gush of light.

IV.

A moment, and I felt enforced to look,
 By some strange impulse of the heart's emotion;
 But more than one quick glance I scarce could brook,
 For all was burning like a molten ocean.
 There, in the glorious clouds that seemed to bear her,
 A form angelic hovered in the air;
 Ne'er did my eyes behold a vision fairer,
 And still she gazed upon me, floating there.

V.

"Dost thou not know me?" and her voice was soft
 As truthful love, and holy calm it sounded.
 "Know'st thou not me, who many a time and oft
 Poured balsam in thy hurts when sorest wounded?
 Ah, well thou knowest her, to whom forever
 Thy heart in union pants to be allied!
 Have I not seen the tears — the wild endeavor
 That even in boyhood brought me to thy side?"

VI.

"Yes! I have felt thy influence oft," I cried,
 And sank on earth before her, half-adoring;
 "Thou brought'st me rest when passion's lava tide
 Thro' my young veins like liquid fire was pouring.
 And thou hast fanned, as with celestial pinions,
 In summer's heat, my parched and fevered brow;
 Gav'st me the choicest gifts of earth's dominions,
 And, save through thee, I seek no fortune now.

VII.

"I name thee not, but I have heard thee named,
 And heard thee styled their own ere now by many;
 All eyes believe at thee their glance is aimed,
 Though thine effulgence is too great for any.

Ah! I had many comrades whilst I wandered —
 I know thee now, and stand almost alone:
 I veil thy light, too precious to be squandered,
 And share the inward joy I feel with none."

VIII.

Smiling, she said — "Thou seest 'twas wise from thee
 To keep the fuller, greater revelation:
 Scarce art thou from grotesque delusions free,
 Scarce master of thy childish first sensation;
 Yet deem'st thyself so far above thy brothers,
 That thou hast won the right to scorn them! Cease.
 Who made the yawning gulf 'twixt thee and others?
 Know — know thyself — live with the world in
 peace."

IX.

"Forgive me!" I exclaimed, "I meant no ill,
 Else should in vain my eyes be disenchanted;
 Within my blood there stirs a genial will —
 I know the worth of all that thou hast granted.
 That boon I hold in trust for others merely,
 Nor shall I let it rust within the ground;
 Why sought I out the pathway so sincerely,
 If not to guide my brothers to the bound?"

X.

And as I spoke, upon her radiant face
 Passed a sweet smile, like breath across a mirror,
 And in her eyes' bright meaning I could trace
 What I had answered well, and what in error.
 She smiled, and then my heart regained its lightness,
 And bounded in my breast with rapture high:
 Then durst I pass within her zone of brightness,
 And gaze upon her with unquailing eye.

XI.

Straightway she stretched her hand among the thin
 And watery haze that round her presence hovered;
 Slowly it coiled and shrunk her grasp within,
 And lo! the landscape lay once more uncovered —

Again mine eye could scan the sparkling meadow,
 I looked to heaven, and all was clear and bright;
 I saw her hold a veil without a shadow,
 That undulated round her in the light.

XII.

“I know thee! — all thy weakness, all that yet
 Of good within thee lives and glows, I’ve measured;”
 She said — her voice I never may forget —
 “Accept the gift that long for thee was treasured.
 Oh! happy he, thrice-blessed in earth and heaven,
 Who takes this gift with soul serene and true,
 The veil of song, by Truth’s own fingers given,
 Enwoven of sunshine and the morning dew.”

XIII.

“Wave but this veil on high, whene’er beneath
 The noonday fervor thou and thine are glowing,
 And fragrance of all flowers around shall breathe,
 And the cool winds of eve come freshly blowing.
 Earth’s cares shall cease for thee, and all its riot;
 Where gloomed the grave, a starry couch be seen;
 The waves of life shall sink in halcyon quiet;
 The days be lovely fair, the nights serene.”

XIV.

Come then, my friends, and whether ’neath the load
 Of heavy griefs ye struggle on, or whether
 Your better destiny shall strew the road
 With flowers, and golden fruits that cannot wither,
 United let us move, still forward striving;
 So while we live shall joy our days illumine,
 And in our children’s hearts our love surviving
 Shall gladden them, when we are in the tomb.

A. M.

TO THE KIND READER.

No one talks more than a poet ;
 Fain he'd have the people know it,
 Praise or blame he ever loves ;
 None in prose confess an error,
 Yet we do so, void of terror,
 In the Muses' silent groves.

What I erred in, what corrected,
 What I suffered, what effected,
 To this wreath as flowers belong ;
 For the aged and the youthful,
 And the vicious and the truthful,
 All are fair when viewed in song.

SOUND, SWEET SONG.

SOUND, sweet song, from some far land,
 Sighing softly close at hand,
 Now of joy, and now of woe!
 Stars are wont to glimmer so.
 Sooner thus will good unfold ;
 Children young and children old
 Gladly hear thy numbers flow.

THE MODERN AMADIS.

THEY kept me guarded close, while yet
 A little tiny elf,
 And so I sat, and did beget
 A world within myself,
 All I cared to see.

Golden fancy then unfurled
 Endless sights to me,
 And a gallant knight I grew ;
 Like the Prince Pipi,
 Roamed throughout the world.

Many a crystal palace saw,
 Many overthrew ;
 My far-flashing falchion hurled
 Through the dragon's maw.
 Ha ! then I was a man !

Next I freed in knightly wise
 The Princess Periban ;
 Oh, the wonder of her eyes,
 Smiling, as I wooed
 Her with hearted sighs !

Her kiss, it was ambrosial food,
 Glowed like noble wine ;
 With love, oh, I was almost dead !
 A golden haze divine
 She around her shed.

Who has torn her from my sight ?
 Can no spell delay
 That dear vision, stay her flight ?
 Where her home, oh, say ?
 And thither, which the way ?



WHEN THE FOX DIES HIS SKIN COUNTS.*

WE young people in the shade
 Sat one sultry day ;
 Cupid came, and " Dies the Fox "
 With us sought to play.

* The name of a game known in English as "Jack's alight."

Each one of my friends then sat
 By his mistress dear;
 Cupid, blowing out the torch,
 Said: "The taper's here!"

Then we quickly sent around
 The expiring brand;
 Each one put it hastily
 In his neighbor's hand.

Dorilis then gave it me,
 With a scoffing jest;
 Sudden into flame it broke,
 By my fingers pressed.

And it singed my eyes and face,
 Set my breast on fire;
 Then above my head the blaze
 Mounted ever higher.

Vain I sought to put it out;
 Ever burned the flame;
 'Stead of dying, soon the Fox
 Livelier still became.



THE COQUETTE.

O'ER the meadows tripped sweet Kitty,
 On a dewy morn in spring,
 Like a lark, her blithesome ditty
 Gayly, lightly carolling,
 So la la! Le ralla.

Lubin, as she passed beside him,
 Offered two lambs for a kiss;
 Roguishly awhile she eyed him,
 Tripped away, then carolled this,
 So la la! Le ralla.

Ribbons red young Colin proffers,
 Robin with his heart would wile,
 But she mocks at all their offers,
 Singing, as she mounts the stile,
 So la la! Le ralla.

THE WILD ROSE.

A boy espied, in morning light,
 A little rosebud blowing;
 'Twas so delicate and bright,
 That he came to feast his sight,
 And wonder at its growing
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
 Rosebud brightly blowing!

"I will gather thee," — he cried —
 "Rosebud brightly glowing!"
 "Then I'll sting thee," it replied,
 "And you'll quickly start aside
 With the prickle glowing."
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
 Rosebud brightly blowing!

But he plucked it from the plain,
 The rosebud brightly blowing!
 It turned and stung him, but in vain —
 He regarded not the pain,
 Homeward with it going,
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
 Rosebud brightly blowing!

THE BREEZE.

THE mists they are scattered,
 The blue sky looks brightly,
 And Eolus looses
 The wearisome chain!

The winds, how they whistle!
 The steersman is busy—
 Hillio-ho, hillio-ho!
 We dash through the billows—
 They flash far behind us—
 Land, land, boys, again!

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

OH, my Theresa dear!
 Thine eyes I greatly fear
 Can through the bandage see!
 Although thine eyes are bound,
 By thee I'm quickly found,
 And wherefore shouldst thou catch but me
 Ere long thou held'st me fast,
 With arms around me cast,
 Upon thy breast I fell;
 Scarce was thy bandage gone,
 When all my joy was flown,
 Thou coldly didst the blind repel.

He groped on every side,
 His limbs he sorely tried,
 While scoffs arose all round;
 If thou no love wilt give,
 In sadness I shall live,
 As if mine eyes remained still bound.

CHRISTEL.

My senses oftentimes are oppressed,
 Oft stagnant is my blood;
 But when by Christel's sight I'm blest
 I feel my strength renewed.

I see her here, I see her there,
 And really cannot tell
 The manner how; the when, the where,
 The why I love her well.

If with the merest glance I view
 Her black and roguish eyes,
 And gaze on her black eyebrows too,
 My spirit upward flies.
 Has any one a mouth so sweet,
 Such love-round cheeks as she?
 Ah, when the eye her beauties meet,
 It ne'er content can be.

And when in airy German dance
 I clasp her form divine,
 So quick we whirl, so quick advance,
 What rapture then like mine!
 And when she's giddy, and feels warm,
 I cradle her, poor thing,
 Upon my breast, and in mine arm, —
 I'm then a very king!

And when she looks with love of me,
 Forgetting all but this,
 When pressed against my bosom, she
 Exchanges kiss for kiss,
 All through my marrow runs a thrill,
 Runs e'en my foot along!
 I feel so well, I feel so ill,
 I feel so weak, so strong!

Would that such moments ne'er would end!
 The day ne'er long I find;
 Could I the night too with her spend,
 E'en then I should not mind.
 If she were in mine arms but held,
 To quench love's thirst I'd try;
 And could my torments not be quell'd,
 Upon her breast would die.

SMITTEN.

THROUGH the wood as I was roaming,
 There a gentle youth I spied,
 Piping sweetly in the gloaming,
 Till the rocks around replied,
 So la la!

And beside him down he drew me
 Called me fair, and kissed me then.
 "Pipe once more!" I said, and through me
 Thrill'd his music sweet again.
 So la la!

Now my peace is flown, and never
 Comes a smile into mine eye,
 And within my ears for ever
 Rings that music, and I sigh,
 So la la!

RESERVATION.

MY maiden she proved false to me;
 To hate all joys I soon began,
 Then to a flowing stream I ran,—
 The stream ran past me hastily.

There stood I fixed, in mute despair;
 My head swam round as in a dream;
 I well-nigh fell into the stream,
 And earth seemed with me whirling there.

Sudden I heard a voice that cried—
 I had just turned my face from thence—
 It was a voice to charm each sense:
 "Beware, for deep is yonder tide!"

A thrill my blood pervaded now,
 I looked, and saw a beauteous maid;—
 I asked her name—'twas Kate, she said—
 "Oh, lovely Kate! how kind art thou!

“From death I have been saved by thee,
 ’Tis through thee only that I live;
 Little ’twere life alone to give,
 My joy in life then deign to be!”

And then I told my sorrows o’er,
 Her eyes to earth she sweetly threw;
 I kissed her, and she kissed me too,
 And — then I talked of death no more.

RESOLVE.

ON, on across the plains and feel no dread!
 Where not the boldest hath
 Trod down a path, which thou may’st safely tread,
 Make for thyself a path!

Still thou my heart, dear love! It will not break
 Though bent awhile it be;
 And if it needs must be, that it shall break,
 It breaks not, love, with thee.

TREASURE TROVE.

THROUGH the forest idly,
 As my steps I bent,
 With a free and happy heart,
 Singing as I went.

Cowering in the shade I
 Did a floweret spy,
 Bright as any star in heaven,
 Sweet as any eye.

Down to pluck it stooping,
 Thus to me it said,
 “Wherefore pluck me only
 To wither and to fade?”



Up with its roots I dug it,
 I bore it as it grew,
 And in my garden-plot at home
 I planted it anew ;
 All in a still and shady place,
 Beside my home so dear,
 And now it thanks me for my pains
 And blossoms all the year.

THE MUSES' SON.

[Goethe quotes the beginning of this song in his *Autobiography*, as expressing the manner in which his poetical effusions used to pour out from him.]

THROUGH field and wood to stray
 And pipe my tuneful lay,—
 'Tis thus my days are passed ;
 And all keep tune with me,
 And move on in harmony,
 And so on, to the last.

To wait I scarce have power
 The garden's earliest flower.
 The tree's first bloom in spring ;
 They hail my joyous strain,—
 When winter comes again,
 Of that sweet dream I sing.

My song sounds far and near,
 O'er ice it echoes clear,
 Then winter blossoms bright ;
 And when his blossoms fly,
 Fresh raptures meet mine eye,
 Upon the well-tilled height.

When 'neath the linden tree,
 Young folks I chance to see,
 I set them moving soon ;
 His nose the dull lad curls,
 The formal maiden whirls,
 Obedient to my tune.

Wings to the feet ye lend,
 O'er hill and vale ye send
 The lover far from home;
 When shall I, on your breast,
 Ye kindly Muses, rest,
 And cease at length to roam?

RECIPROCAL INVITATION TO THE DANCE.

THE INDIFFERENT.

COME to the dance with me, come with me, fair one!
 Dances a feast-day like this may well crown;
 If thou my sweetheart art not, thou canst be so,
 But if thou wilt not, we still will dance on.
 Come to the dance with me, come with me, fair one!
 Dances a feast-day like this may well crown.

THE TENDER.

Loved one, without thee, what then would all feasts be?
 Sweet one, without thee, what then were the dance?
 If thou my sweetheart wert not, I would dance not,
 If thou art still so, all life is one feast,
 Loved one, without thee, what then would the feast be?
 Sweet one, without thee, what then were the dance?

THE INDIFFERENT.

Let them but love then, and leave us the dancing!
 Languishing love cannot bear the glad dance.
 Let us whirl round in the waltz's gay measure,
 And let *them* steal to the dim-lighted wood.
 Let them but love, then, and leave us the dancing!
 Languishing love cannot bear the glad dance.

THE TENDER.

Let them whirl round, then, and leave us to wander!
 Wand'ring to love is a heavenly dance.
 Cupid, the near one, o'erhears their deriding,
 Vengeance takes suddenly, vengeance takes soon.
 Let them whirl round, then, and leave us to wander!
 Wand'ring to love is a heavenly dance.

LIKE AND LIKE.

A FAIR bell-flower
 Sprang up from the ground,
 And early its fragrance
 It shed all around ;
 A bee came thither
 And sipped from its bell ;—
 That they for each other
 Were made, we see well.

SELF-DECEIT.

MY neighbor's curtain, well I see,
 Is moving to and fro.
 No doubt she's listening eagerly,
 If I'm at home or no,

And if the jealous grudge I bore
 And openly confessed ;
 Is nourished by me as before,
 Within my inmost breast.

Alas! no fancies such as these
 E'er crossed the dear child's thoughts.
 I see 'tis but the evening breeze
 That with the curtain sports.

DECLARATION OF WAR.

OH, would I resembled
 The country girls fair,
 Who rosy-red ribbons
 And yellow hats wear!

To believe I was pretty
 I thought was allowed ;
 In the town I believed it
 When by the youth vowed.

Now that spring hath returned,
 All my joys disappear;
 The girls of the country
 Have lured him from here.

To change dress and figure,
 Was needful, I found,
 My bodice is longer,
 My petticoat round.

My hat now is yellow,
 My bodice like snow;
 The clover to sickle
 With others I go.

Something pretty, ere long
 Midst the troop he explores;
 The eager boy signs me
 To go within doors.

I bashfully go, —
 Who I am, he can't trace;
 He pinches my cheeks,
 And he looks in my face.

The town girl now threatens
 You maidens with war;
 Her twofold charms pledges
 Of victory are.



LOVER IN ALL SHAPES.

To be like a fish,
 Brisk and quick is my wish;
 If thou cam'st with thy line,
 Thou wouldst soon make me thine,
 To be like a fish,
 Brisk and quick is my wish.

Oh, were I a steed!
 Thou wouldst love me indeed.
 Oh, were I a car

Fit to bear thee afar!
 Oh, were I a steed!
 Thou wouldst love me indeed!

I would I were gold
 That thy finger might hold!
 If thou boughtest aught then,
 I'd return soon again.
 I would I were gold
 That thy fingers might hold!

I would I were true,
 And my sweetheart still new!
 To be faithful I'd swear,
 And would go away ne'er.
 I would I were true,
 And my sweetheart still new!

I would I were old,
 And wrinkled and cold,
 So that if thou said'st No,
 I could stand such a blow!
 I would I were old,
 And wrinkled and cold.

An ape I would be,
 Full of mischievous glee;
 If aught came to vex thee,
 I'd plague and perplex thee.
 An ape I would be,
 Full of mischievous glee.

As a lamb I'd behave,
 As a lion be brave,
 As a lynx clearly see,
 As a fox cunning be.
 As a lamb I'd behave,
 As a lion be brave.

Whatever I were,
 All on *thee* I'd confer
 With the gifts of a prince

My affection evince.
 Whatever I were,
 All on *thee* I'd confer.

As nought diff'rent can make me,
 As I *am* thou must take me!
 If I'm not good enough,
 Thou must cut thine own stuff.
 As nought diff'rent can make me,
 As I *am* thou must take me!

THE GOLDSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

My neighbor, none can e'er deny,
 Is a most beauteous maid;
 Her shop is ever in mine eye,
 When working at my trade.

To ring and chain I hammer then
 The wire of gold assayed,
 And think the while; "For Kate, oh, when
 Will such a ring be made?"

And when she takes her shutters down,
 Her shop at once invade,
 To buy and haggle, all the town,
 For all that's there displayed.

I file, and maybe overfile
 The wire of gold assayed,
 My master grumbles all the while,—
 Her shop the mischief made.

To ply her wheel she straight begins
 When not engaged in trade;
 I know full well for what she spins,—
 'Tis hope guides that dear maid.

Her leg, while her small foot treads on,
 Is in my mind portrayed;
 Her garter I recall anon,—
 I gave it that dear maid.

Then to her lips the finest thread
 Is by her hand conveyed.
 Were *I* there only in its stead,
 How I would kiss the maid!

ANSWERS IN A GAME OF QUESTIONS.

THE LADY.

In the small and great world too,
 What most charms a woman's heart?
 It is doubtless what is new,
 For its blossoms joy impart;
 Nobler far is what is true,
 For fresh blossoms it can shoot
 Even in the time of fruit.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

With the nymphs in wood and cave
 Paris was acquainted well,
 Till Zeus sent, to make him rave,
 Three of those in Heaven who dwell;
 And the choice more trouble gave
 Than e'er fell to mortal lot,
 Whether in old times or not.

THE EXPERIENCED.

Tenderly a woman view,
 And thou'lt win her, take my word
 He who's quick and saucy too,
 Will of all men be preferred;
 Who ne'er seems as if he knew
 If he pleases, if he charms, —
 He 'tis injures, he 'tis harms.

THE CONTENTED.

Manifold is human strife,
 Human passion, human pain;
 Many a blessing yet is rife,
 Many pleasures still remain.

Yet the greatest bliss in life,
 And the richest prize we find,
 Is a good, contented mind.

THE MERRY COUNSEL.

He by whom man's foolish will
 Is each day reviewed and blamed,
 Who, when *others* fools are still,
 Is himself a fool proclaimed, —
 Ne'er at mill was beast's back pressed
 With a heavier load than he.
 What I feel within my breast
 That in truth's the thing for me!



DIFFERENT EMOTIONS ON THE SAME SPOT.

THE MAIDEN.

I've seen him before me!
 What rapture steals o'er me
 Oh heavenly sight!
 He's coming to meet me;
 Perplexed, I retreat me,
 With shame take to flight.
 My mind seems to wander!
 Ye rocks and trees yonder,
 Conceal ye my rapture,
 Conceal my delight!

THE YOUTH.

'Tis here I must find her,
 'Twas here she enshrined her,
 Here vanished from sight.
 She came, as to meet me,
 Then fearing to greet me,
 With shame took to flight.
 Is't hope? Do I wander?
 Ye rocks and trees yonder,
 Disclose ye the loved one,
 Disclose my delight!

THE LANGUISHING.

O'er my sad fate I sorrow,
 To each dewy morrow,
 Veiled here from man's sight,
 By the many mistaken,
 Unknown and forsaken,
 Here wing I my flight!
 Compassionate spirit!
 Let none ever hear it, —
 Conceal my affliction,
 Conceal thy delight!

THE HUNTER.

To-day I'm rewarded;
 Rich booty's afforded
 By Fortune so bright.
 My servant, the pheasants,
 And hares fit for presents,
 Takes homeward at night;
 Here see I enraptured
 In nets the birds captured! —
 Long life to the hunter!
 Long live his delight!

THE MISANTHROPE.

At first awhile sits he,
 With calm, unruffled brow;
 His features then I see,
 Distorted hideously, —
 An owl's they might be now.
 What is it, asketh thou?
 Is't love, or is't ennui?
 'Tis both at once, I vow.

LATE resounds the early strain;
 Weal and woe in song remain.

DIFFERENT THREATS.

I once into a forest far
 My maiden went to seek,
 And fell upon her neck, when : " Ah !"
 She threatened, " I will shriek !"

Then cried I haughtily : " I'll crush
 The man that dares come near thee !"
 " Hush !" whispered she : " my loved one, hush !
 Or else they'll overhear thee !"



WHO'LL BUY CUPID ?

OF all the wares so pretty
 That come into the city,
 There's none are so delicious,
 There's none are half so precious,
 As those which we are bringing.
 O, listen to our singing !
 Young loves to sell ? young loves to sell !
 My pretty loves who'll buy ?

First look you at the oldest,
 The wantonest, the boldest !
 So loosely goes he hopping,
 From tree and thicket dropping,
 Then flies aloft so sprightly !
 We dare but praise him lightly !
 The fickle rogue ! Young loves to sell !
 My pretty loves who'll buy ?

Now see this little creature —
 How modest seems his feature !
 He nestles so demurely,
 You'd think him safer surely ;
 And yet for all his shyness,
 There's danger in his slyness,
 The cunning rogue ! Young loves to sell !
 My pretty loves who'll buy ?

Oh, come and see this lovelet,
 This little turtle-dovelet!
 The maidens that are neatest,
 The tenderest and sweetest,
 Should buy it to amuse 'em,
 And nurse it in their bosom.
 The little pet! Young loves to sell!
 My pretty loves who'll buy?

We need not bid you buy them,
 They're here, if you will try them.
 They like to change their cages;
 But for their proving sages
 No warrant will we utter —
 They all have wings to flutter,
 The pretty things! Young loves to sell!
 Such beauties! Come and buy!



TRUE ENJOYMENT.

VAINLY wouldst thou, to gain a heart,
 Heap up a maiden's lap with gold;
 The joys of love thou must impart,
 Wouldst thou e'er see those joys unfold.
 The voices of the throng gold buys.
 No single heart 'twill win for thee;
 Wouldst thou a maiden make thy prize,
 Thyself alone the bribe must be.

If by no sacred tie thou'rt bound,
 Oh, youth, thou must thyself restrain!
 Well may true liberty be found,
 Though man may seem to wear a chain.
 Let one alone inflame thee e'er,
 And if her heart with love o'erflows,
 Let tenderness unite you there,
 If duty's self no fetter knows.

First *feel*, oh, youth! A girl then find
 Worthy thy choice, — let *her* choose thee,
 In body fair, and fair in mind,
 And then thou wilt be blest, like me.

I who have made this art mine own,
 A girl have chosen such as this;
 The blessing of the priest alone
 Is wanting to complete our bliss.

Nought but my rapture is her guide,
 Only for me she cares to please,—
 Ne'er wanton save when by my side,
 And modest when the world she sees
 That time our glow may never chill,
 She yields no right through frailty;
 Her favor is a favor still,
 And I must ever grateful be.

Yet I'm content, and full of joy,
 If she'll but grant her smile so sweet,
 Or if at table she'll employ,
 To pillow hers, her lover's feet,
 Give me the apple that she bit,
 The glass from which she drank, bestow
 And when my kiss so orders it,
 Her bosom, veiled till then, will show.

And when she wills of love to speak,
 In fond and silent hours of bliss,
 Words from her mouth are all I seek,
 Naught else I crave,—not e'en a kiss.
 With what a soul her mind is fraught,
 Wreathed round with charms unceasingly
 She's perfect,—and she fails in nought
 Save in her deigning to love me.

My reverence throws me at her feet,
 My longing throws me on her breast;
 This, youth, is rapture true and sweet;
 Be wise, *thus* seeking to be blest.
 When death shall take thee from her side,
 To join th' angelic choir above,
 In heaven's bright mansions to abide,—
 No difference at the change thou'lt prove.

MAIDEN WISHES.

WHAT pleasure to me
 A bridegroom would be!
 When married we are,
 They call us mamma.
 No need then to sew,
 To school we ne'er go;
 Command uncontrolled,
 Have maids whom to scold;
 Choose clothes at our ease,
 Of what tradesmen we please;
 Walk freely about,
 And go to each rout,
 And unrestrained are
 By papa or mamma.

 THE FAREWELL.

[Probably addressed to his mistress Frederica.]

LET mine eye the farewell say,
 That my lips can utter ne'er;
 Fain I'd be a man to-day,
 Yet 'tis hard, oh, hard to bear!

Mournful in an hour like this—
 Is love's sweetest pledge, I ween;
 Cold upon thy mouth the kiss,
 Faint thy fingers' pressure e'en.

Oh, what rapture to my heart
 Used each stolen kiss to bring!
 As the violets joy impart,
 Gathered in the early spring.

Now no garlands I entwine,
 Now no roses pluck for thee,
 Though 'tis springtime, Fanny mine,
 Dreary autumn 'tis to me!

MOTIVES.

IF to a girl who loves us truly
 Her mother gives instruction duly
 In virtue, duty, and what not, —
 And if she hearkens ne'er a jot,
 But with fresh-strengthened longing flies
 To meet our kiss that seems to burn, —
 Caprice has just as much concern
 As love in her bold enterprise.

But if her mother can succeed
 In gaining for her maxims heed,
 And softening the girl's heart too,
 So that she coyly shuns our view, —
 The heart of youth she knows but ill;
 For when a maiden is thus stern,
 Virtue in truth has less concern
 In this, than an inconstant will.



(5) THE LOVELY NIGHT.

FROM the cot, where softly sleeping
 Lies my bosom's love, I go,
 And with noiseless footstep creeping,
 Thread the dusky wood, when lo!
 Bursts the moon through glade and greenwood,
 Soft the herald zephyrs play,
 And the waving birches sprinkle
 Sweetest incense on my way.

How I revel in the coolness
 Of this beauteous summer night
 Stilly dreaming here the fulness
 Of the panting soul's delight!
 Words can paint not what my bliss is,
 Yet, kind heaven, I'd yield to thee
 Nights a thousand, fair as this is,
 Would my love give one to me!

LOVE'S DREAM.

THOU oft in dreams hast seen us stand
 Before the altar hand in hand,
 Thyself the bride, the bridegroom I.
 Oft on thy lips, when none were watching,
 I've hung, unnumbered kisses snatching,
 In hours of waking ecstasy.

The purest rapture that we cherished,
 The bliss of hours so golden, perished
 Even with the hour that saw it rise.
 What reck that mine have been such blisses?
 Fleeting as dreams are fondest kisses,
 And like a kiss all pleasure dies.

 LIVING REMEMBRANCE.

HALF vexed, half pleased, thy love will feel,
 Shouldst thou her knot or ribbon steal;
 To thee they're much — I won't conceal;
 Such self-deceit may pardoned be;
 A veil, a kerchief, garter, rings,
 In truth are no more trifling things,
 But still they're not enough for me.

She who is dearest to my heart,
 Gave me, with well dissembled smart,
 Of her own life a living part,
 No charm in aught beside I trace;
 How do I scorn thy paltry ware!
 A lock she gave me of the hair
 That wantons o'er her beauteous face.

If, loved one, we must severed be,
 Wouldst thou not wholly fly from me,
 I still possess this legacy,
 To look at, and to kiss in play, —
 My fate is to the hair's allied,
 We used to woo her with like pride,
 And now we both are far away.

Her charms with equal joy we pressed,
 Her smiling cheeks anon caressed,
 Lured onward by a yearning blest,
 Upon her heaving bosom fell.
 Oh, rival, free from envy's sway,
 Thou precious gift, thou beauteous prey,
 Remain my joy and bliss to tell!

THE BLISS OF ABSENCE.

'Tis sweet for him, the livelong day that lies,
 Wrapt in the heaven of his dear lady's eyes,
 Whose dreams her image blesseth evermore,
 Love knoweth not a sharper joy than this,
 Yet greater, purer, nobler is the bliss,
 To be afar from her whom we adore!

Distance and Time, eternal powers, that be
 Still, like the stars, o'erruling secretly,
 Cradle this tempest of the blood to peace.
 Calm grows my soul, and calmer every hour,
 Yet daily feels my heart a springing power,
 And daily finds my happiness increase!

All times she lives within my heart and brain,
 Yet can I think of her without a pain,
 My spirit soars away serene and free,
 And, by the strength of its divine emotion,
 Transforms its love to all a saint's devotion,
 Refines desire into idolatry.

The lightest cloudlet that doth fleck the sky,
 And floats along the sunshine airily,
 More lightly in its beauty floateth never,
 Than doth my heart, with tranquil joy elate.
 By fear untouched, for jealousy too great,
 I love, oh, yes, I love — I love her ever.

TO LUNA.

SISTER of the earliest light,
 Type of loveliness in sorrow,
 Silver mists thy radiance borrow,
 Even as they cross thy sight.
 When thou comest to the sky,
 In their dusky hollows waken,
 Spirits that are sad, forsaken,
 Birds that shun the day, and I.

Looking downward far and wide.
 Hidden things thou dost discover,
 Luna! help a hapless lover,
 Lift him kindly to thy side!
 Aided by thy friendly beams,
 Let him, through the lattice peeping,
 Look into the room where, sleeping,
 Lies the maiden of his dreams.

Ah, I see her! Now I gaze,
 Bending in a trance Elysian,
 And I strain my inmost vision,
 And I gather all thy rays.
 Bright and brighter yet I see
 Charms no envious robes encumber;
 And she draws me to her slumber
 As Endymion once drew thee.

 THE WEDDING NIGHT.

WITHIN the chamber, far away
 From the glad feast, sits love in dread
 Lest guests disturb, in wanton play,
 The silence or the bridal bed.
 His torch's pale flame serves to gild
 The scene with mystic sacred glow,
 The room with incense-clouds is filled,
 That he may perfect rapture know.

How beats thy heart, when thou dost hear
 The chimes that warn thy guests to fly?
 How glow'st thou for those lips so dear,
 That soon are mute, and nought deny!
 With her into the holy place
 Thou hast'nest then to perfect all;
 The fire the warder's hands embrace,
 Grows, like a night-light, dim and small.

How heaves the bosom, and how burns
 Her face at every fervent kiss!
 Her coldness now to trembling turns,
 Thy daring now a duty is.
 Love helps thee to undress her fast,
 But thou art twice as fast as he;
 And then he shuts both eyes at last
 With sly and roguish modesty.



MISCHIEVOUS JOY.

As a butterfly renewed,
 When in life I breathed my last,
 To the spots my flight I wing,
 Scenes of heavenly rapture past,
 Over meadows to the spring,
 Round the hill, and through the wood.

Soon a tender pair I spy,
 And I look down from my seat
 On the beauteous maiden's head —
 When embodied there I meet
 All I lost as soon as dead,
 Happy as before am I.

Him she clasps with silent smile,
 And his mouth the hour improves,
 Sent by kindly deities;
 First from breast to mouth it roves,
 Then from mouth to hands it flies;
 And I round him sport the while.

And she sees me hov'ring near;
 Trembling at her lover's rapture,
 Up she springs — I fly away.
 "Dearest! let's the insect capture!
 Come! I long to make my prey
 Yonder pretty little dear!"

 NOVEMBER SONG.

To the great archer — not to him
 To meet whom flies the sun,
 And who is wont his features dim
 With clouds to overrun —

But to the boy be vowed these rhymes,
 Who 'mongst the roses plays,
 Who hears us, and at proper times
 To pierce fair hearts essays.

Through him the gloomy winter night,
 Of yore so cold and drear,
 Brings many a loved friend to our sight,
 And many a woman dear.

Henceforward shall his image fair
 Stand in yon starry skies,
 And, ever mild and gracious there,
 Alternate set and rise.

 TO THE CHOSEN ONE.

[This sweet song is doubtless one of those addressed to Frederica.]

HAND in hand, and lip to lip!
 Oh, be faithful, maiden dear!
 Fare thee well! thy lover's ship
 Past full many a rock must steer;
 But should he the haven see,
 When the storm has ceased to break,
 And be happy, reft of thee, —
 May the gods fierce vengeance take!

Boldly dared is well nigh won!
 Half my task is solved aright;
 Every star's to me a sun,
 Only cowards deem it night.
 Stood I idly by thy side,
 Sorrow still would sadden me;
 But when seas our paths divide,
 Gladly toil I, — toil for thee!

Now the valley I perceive,
 Where together we will go,
 And the streamlet watch each eve,
 Gliding peacefully below.
 Oh, the poplars on yon spot!
 Oh, the beech trees in yon grove!
 And behind we'll built a cot,
 Where to taste the joys of love!

FIRST LOSS.

AH! who'll ever those days restore,
 Those bright days of early love!
 Who'll one hour again concede,
 Of that time so fondly cherished!
 Silently my wounds I feed,
 And with wailing evermore
 Sorrow o'er each joy now perished.
 Ah! who'll e'er the days restore
 Of that time so fondly cherished!

APPARENT DEATH.

WEEP, maiden, weep here o'er the tomb of Love;
 He died of nothing — by mere chance was slain.
 But is he really dead? — oh, *that* I cannot prove:
 A nothing, a mere chance, oft gives him life again.

AFTER-SENSATIONS.

WHEN the vine again is blowing,
 Then the wine moves in the cask ;
 When the rose again is glowing,
 Wherefore should I feel oppressed ?

Down my cheeks run tears all-burning,
 If I do, or leave my task ;
 I but feel a speechless yearning,
 That pervades my inmost breast.

But at length I see the reason,
 When the question I would ask :
 'Twas in such a beauteous season,
 Doris glowed to make me blest !

 PRESENCE.

ALL things give token of thee !
 As soon as the bright sun is shining,
 Thou too wilt follow, I trust.

When in the garden thou walkest,
 Thou then art the rose of all roses,
 Lily of lilies as well.

When thou dost move in the dance,
 Then each constellation moves also ;
 With thee and round thee they move.

Night ! oh, what bliss were the night !
 For then thou o'ershadow'st the lustre,
 Dazzling and fair, of the moon.

Dazzling and beauteous art thou,
 And flowers, and moon, and the planets
 Homage pay, Sun, but to thee.

Sun ! to *me* also be thou
 Creator of days bright and glorious ;
 Life and Eternity this !

SEPARATION.

I THINK of thee whene'er the sun is glowing
 Upon the lake;
 Of thee, when in the crystal fountain flowing
 The moonbeams shake.

I see thee when the wanton wind is busy,
 And dust-clouds rise;
 In the deep night, when o'er the bridge so dizzy
 The wanderer hies.

I hear thee when the waves, with hollow roaring,
 Gush forth their fill;
 Often along the heath I go exploring,
 When all is still.

I am with thee! Though far thou art and darkling,
 Yet art thou near.
 The sun goes down, the stars will soon be sparkling —
 Oh, wert thou here.



TO THE DISTANT ONE.

AND have I lost thee evermore
 Hast thou, oh, fair one, from me flown?
 Still in mine ear sounds, as of yore,
 Thine every word, thine every tone.

As when at morn the wanderer's eye
 Attempts to pierce the air in vain,
 When, hidden in the azure sky,
 The lark high o'er him chants his strain:

So do I cast my troubled gaze
 Through bush, through forest, o'er the lea
 Thou art invoked by all my lays;
 Oh, come then, loved one, back to me!

BY THE RIVER,

Flow on, ye lays so loved, so fair,
 On to Oblivion's ocean flow!
 May no rapt boy recall you e'er,
 No maiden in her beauty's glow!

My love alone was then your theme,
 But now she scorns my passion true.
 Ye were but written in the stream;
 As it flows on, then, flow ye too!

 THE EXCHANGE.

The stones in the streamlet I make my bright pillow,
 And open my arms to the swift-rolling billow,
 That lovingly hastens to fall on my breast.
 Then fickleness soon bids it onwards be flowing;
 A second draws nigh, its caresses bestowing, —
 And so by a twofold enjoyment I'm blest.

And yet thou art trailing in sorrow and sadness
 The moments that life, as it flies, gave for gladness,
 Because by thy love thou'rt remembered no more!
 Oh, call back to mind former days and their blisses!
 The lips of the second will give as sweet kisses
 As any the lips of the first gave before!

 FAREWELL.

To break one's word is pleasure-fraught,
 To do one's duty gives a smart;
 While man, alas! will promise nought,
 That is repugnant to his heart.

Using some magic strain of yore,
 Thou lurest him, when scarcely calm,
 On to sweet folly's fragile bark once more,
 Renewing, doubling chance of harm.

Why seek to hide thyself from me?
 Fly not my sight — be open then!
 Known late or early it must be,
 And here thou hast thy word again.

My duty is fulfilled to-day,
 No longer will I guard thee from surprise;
 But, oh, forgive the friend who from thee turns away,
 And to himself for refuge flies!



(16)

WELCOME AND DEPARTURE.

[Another of the love-songs addressed to Frederica.]

To horse! — away, o'er hill and steep!
 Into the saddle blithe I sprung;
 The eve was cradling earth to sleep,
 And night upon the mountain hung.
 With robes of mist around him set,
 The oak like some huge giant stood,
 While with its hundred eyes of jet,
 Peered darkness from the tangled wood.

Amidst a bank of clouds, the moon
 A sad and troubled glimmer shed;
 The wind its chilly wings unclosed,
 And whistled wildly round my head.
 Night framed a thousand phantoms dire,
 Yet did I never droop nor start;
 Within my veins what living fire!
 What quenchless glow within my heart!

We met; and from thy glance a tide
 Of stifling joy flowed into me:
 My heart was wholly by thy side,
 My every breath was breathed for thee.
 A blush was there, as if thy cheek
 The gentlest hues of spring had caught,
 And smiles so kind for me! — Great powers!
 I hoped, yet I deserved them not!

But morning came to end my bliss ;
 A long, a sad farewell we took ;
 What joy — what rapture in thy kiss,
 What depth of anguish in thy look !
 I left thee, sweet ! but after me,
 Thine eyes through tears looked from above ;
 Yet to be loved — what ecstasy !
 What ecstasy, ye gods, to love !



NEW LOVE, NEW LIFE.

[Written at the time of Goethe's connection with Lili.]

HEART ! my heart ! what means this feeling ?
 What oppressteth thee so sore ?
 What strange life is o'er me stealing !
 I acknowledge thee no more.
 Fled is all that gave thee gladness,
 Fled the cause of all thy sadness,
 Fled thy peace, thine industry —
 Ah, why suffer it to be ?

Say, do beauty's graces youthful,
 Does this form so fair and bright,
 Does this gaze, so kind, so truthful,
 Chain thee with unceasing might ?
 Would I tear me from her boldly,
 Courage take, and fly her coldly,
 Back to her I'm forthwith led
 By the path I seek to tread.

By a thread I ne'er can sever,
 For 'tis 'twined with magic skill,
 Doth the cruel maid forever
 Hold me fast against my will.
 While those magic charms confine me,
 To her will I must resign me.
 Ah, the change in truth is great !
 Love ! kind love ! release me straight !

TO BELINDA.

[This song was also written for Lili. Goethe mentions, at the end of his *Autobiography*, that he overheard her singing it one evening after he had taken his last farewell of her.]

WITH resistless power why dost thou press me
 Into scenes so bright?
 Had I not — good youth — so much to bless me
 In the lonely night?

In my little chamber close I found me,
 In the moon's cold beams;
 And there quivering light fell softly round me,
 While I lay in dreams.

And by hours of pure unmingled pleasure,
 All my dreams were blest,
 While I felt her image, as a treasure,
 Deep within my breast.

Is it I, she at the table places,
 'Mid so many lights?
 Yes, to meet intolerable faces,
 She her slave invites.

Ah! the Spring's fresh fields no longer cheer me,
 Flowers no sweetness bring;
 Angel, where thou art, all sweets are near me, —
 Love, Nature, and Spring.



(8)

WITH AN EMBROIDERED RIBBON.

LITTLE flowerets, little leaflets,
 Have they woven with fairy hand,
 Playful sunny elves of springtide,
 Lightly called at my command.

Zephyr, bear it on thy pinions,
 Drop it on my darling's dress,
 So she'll pass before the mirror
 In her doubled loveliness.

She, of roses still the fairest,
 Roses shall around her see;
 Give me but one look, my dearest,
 And I ask no more of thee.

Feel but what this heart is feeling —
 Frankly place thy hand in mine —
 Trust me, love, the tie which binds us
 Is no fragile rosy twine.

SECOND LIFE.

AFTER life's departing sigh,
 To the spots I loved most dearly
 In the sunshine and the shadow,
 By the fountain welling clearly,
 Through the wood and o'er the meadow,
 Flit I like a butterfly.

There a gentle pair I spy,
 Round the maiden's tresses flying,
 From her chaplet I discover
 All that I had lost in dying,
 Still with her and with her lover,
 Who so happy then as I?

For she smiles with laughing eyes;
 And his lips to her he presses,
 Vows of passion interchanging,
 Stifling her with sweet caresses,
 O'er her budding beauties ranging;
 And around the twain I fly.

And she sees me fluttering nigh;
 And beneath his ardor trembling,
 Starts she up — then off I hover.
 "Look there, dearest!" Thus dissembling,
 Speaks the maiden to her lover —
 "Come and catch that butterfly!"

TO MY MISTRESS.

ALL that's lovely speaks of thee!
 When the glorious sun appeareth,
 'Tis thy harbinger to me:
 Only thus he cheereth.

In the garden where thou go'st,
 There art thou the rose of roses,
 First of lilies, fragrant most
 Of the fragrant posies.

When thou movest in the dance,
 All the stars with thee are moving
 And around thee gleam and glance,
 Never tired of loving.

Night!— and would the night were here!
 Yet the moon would lose her duty;
 Though her sheen be soft and clear,
 Softer is thy beauty!

Fair, and kind, and gentle one!
 Do not moon, and stars, and flowers
 Pay that homage to their sun,
 That we pay to ours?

Sun of mine, that art so dear —
 Sun, that art above all sorrow!
 Shine, I pray thee, on me here
 Till the eternal morrow!

 FLOWER-SALUTE.

THIS nosegay, — 'twas *I* dressed it, —
 Greets thee a thousand times!
 Oft stooped I, and caressed it,
 Ah! full a thousand times,
 And 'gainst my bosom pressed it
 A hundred thousand times!

WITH A GOLDEN NECKLACE.

ACCEPT, dear maid, this little token,
 A supple chain that fain would lie,
 And keep its tiny links unbroken
 Upon a neck of ivory.

Pray, then, exalt it to this duty,
 And change its humbleness to pride ;
 By day it will adorn your beauty,
 By night, 'tis quickly laid aside.

But if another hand should proffer
 A chain of weightier, closer kind,
 Think twice ere you accept the offer ;
 For there are chains will not unbind.

 MAY SONG.

(17) How gloriously gleameth
 All nature to me !
 How bright the sun beameth,
 How fresh is the lea !

White blossoms are bursting
 The thickets among
 And all the gay greenwood
 Is ringing with song !

There's radiance and rapture
 That naught can destroy
 O earth, in thy sunshine,
 O heart, in thy joy !

O love ! thou enchanter,
 So golden and bright —
 Like the red clouds of morning
 That rest on yon height ; —

It is thou that art clothing
 The fields and the bowers,
 And everywhere breathing
 The incense of flowers !

O maiden! dear maiden!
 How well I love thee —
 Thine eye, how it kindles
 In answer to me!

Oh! well the lark loveth
 Its song 'midst the blue;
 Oh, gladly the flowerets
 Expand to the dew.

And so do I love thee;
 For all that is best,
 I draw from thy beauty
 To gladden my breast!

And all my heart's music
 Is thrilling for thee!
 Be evermore blest, love,
 And loving to me!



ON THE LAKE.

This little poem was composed during a tour in Switzerland in 1775. Several others in this series belong to the same period, being that when Goethe's passion for Anna Elizabeth Schönemaun, the Lili of his poems was at its height.

AND here I drink new blood, fresh food
 From world so free, so blest;
 How sweet is nature and how good
 Who holds me to her breast!

The waves are cradling up our boat,
 The oars are beating time;
 Mountains we meet that seem afloat
 In heav'nly clouds sublime.

Why, my eye, art downward turning?
 Golden dreams, are ye returning?
 Dream, though gold, I thee repel;
 Love and life here also dwell.

'Neath the wave are sinking
 Stars from heaven sparkling;
 Soft white mists are drinking
 Distance towering, darkling,

Morning wind is fanning
 Trees, by the bay that root,
 And its image scanning
 Is the ripening fruit.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

[Written just after the preceding one, on a mountain overlooking the
 Lake of Zurich.]

DEAREST Lili, if I did not love thee,
 How transporting were a scene like this !
 Yet, my Lili, if I did not love thee.
 What were any bliss ?

MAY SONG.

BETWEEN wheatfield and corn,
 Between hedgerow and thorn,
 Between pasture and tree,
 Where is my sweetheart ?
 Tell it me !

Sweetheart caught I
 Not at home ;
 She's then, thought I,
 Gone to roam.
 Fair and loving
 Blooms sweet May
 Sweetheart's roving,
 Free and gay.

By the rock near the wave,
 Where her first kiss she gave,
 On the greensward, to me. —
 Something I see !
 Is it she ?

WITH a master all smoothly goes,
 Who what he bids, himself well knows.

EARLY SPRING.

COME ye so early,
 Days of delight?
 Making the hillside
 Blithesome and bright?

Merrily, merrily,
 Little brooks rush,
 Down by the meadow,
 Under the bush.

Welkin and hilltop,
 Azure and cool;
 Fishes are sporting
 In streamlet and pool

Birds of gay feather
 Flit through the grove,
 Singing together
 Ditties of love.

Busily coming
 From moss-covered bowers,
 Brown bees are humming,
 Questing for flowers.

Lightsome emotion,
 Life everywhere;
 Faint wafts of fragrance
 Scenting the air.

Now comes there sounding
 A sough of the breeze,
 Shakes through the thicket,
 Sinks in the trees.

Sinks, but returning,
 It ruffles my hair;
 Aid me this rapture,
 Muses, to bear!

Know ye the passion
 That stirs in me here?
 Yester e'en at gloaming
 Was I with my dear!



IN SUMMER.

How plain and height
 With dewdrops are bright!
 How pearls have crowned
 The plants all around!
 How sighs the breeze
 Through thicket and trees
 How loudly in the sun's clear rays
 The sweet birds carol forth their lays!

But, ah! above,
 When saw I my love,
 Within her room,
 Small, mantled in gloom,
 Enclosed around,
 Where sunlight was drowned,
 How little then was earth to me,
 With all its beauteous majesty!



AUTUMN FEELINGS.

FLOURISH greener, as ye clamber,
 O ye leaves, to seek my chamber,
 Up the trellised vine on high!
 May ye swell, twin-berries tender,
 Juicier far, — and with more splendor
 Ripen, and more speedily!
 O'er ye broods the sun at even
 As he sinks to rest, and heaven
 Softly breathes into your ear
 All its fertilizing fulness,
 While the moon's refreshing coolness,
 Magic-laden, hovers near;
 And, alas! ye're watered ever
 By a stream of tears that rill
 From mine eyes, — tears ceasing never,
 Tears of love that naught can still!

RESTLESS LOVE.

THROUGH rain, through snow,
 Through tempest go!
 'Mongst steaming caves,
 O'er misty waves,
 On, on! still on!
 Peace, rest have flown!

Sooner through sadness
 I'd wish to be slain,
 Than all the gladness
 Of life to sustain;
 All the fond yearning
 That heart feels for heart,
 Only seems burning
 To make them both smart.

How shall I fly?
 Forestwards hie?
 Vain were all strife!
 Bright crown of life,
 Turbulent bliss,—
 Love, thou art this!



THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

UP yonder on the mountain,
 I dwelt for days together;
 Looked down into the valley,
 This pleasant summer weather.

My sheep go feeding onward,
 My dog sits watching by;
 I've wandered to the valley,
 And yet I know not why.

The meadow, it is pretty,
 With flowers so fair to see;
 I gather them, but no one
 Will take the flowers from me.

The good tree gives me shadow,
 And shelter from the rain;
 But yonder door is silent,
 It will not ope again!

I see the rainbow bending,
 Above her old abode,
 But she is there no longer;
 They've taken my love abroad.

They took her o'er the mountains,
 They took her o'er the sea;
 Move on, move on, my bonny sheep,
 There is no rest for me!



NIGHT SONG.

WHEN on thy pillow lying,
 Half listen, I implore,
 And at my lute's soft sighing,
 Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

For at my lute's soft sighing
 The stars their blessings pour
 On feelings never-dying;
 Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

Those feelings never-dying
 My spirit aid to soar
 From earthly conflicts trying;
 Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

From earthly conflicts trying
 Thou driv'st me to this shore;
 Through thee I'm hither flying, —
 Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

Through thee I'm hither flying,
 Thou wilt not list before
 In slumbers thou art lying:
 Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

COMFORT IN TEARS.

How is it that thou art so sad
 When others are so gay?
 Thou hast been weeping — nay, thou hast!
 Thine eyes the truth betray.

“And if I may not choose but weep,
 Is not my grief mine own?
 No heart was heavier yet for tears —
 O leave me, friend, alone!”

Come join this once the merry band,
 They call aloud for thee,
 And mourn no more for what is lost,
 But let the past go free.

“O, little know ye in your mirth,
 What wrings my heart so deep!
 I have not lost the idol yet,
 For which I sigh and weep.”

Then rouse thee and take heart! thy blood
 Is young and full of fire;
 Youth should have hope and might to win,
 And wear its best desire.

“O, never may I hope to gain
 What dwells from me so far;
 It stands as high, it looks as bright,
 As yonder burning star.”

Why, who would seek to woo the stars
 Down from their glorious sphere?
 Enough it is to worship them,
 When nights are calm and clear.

“Oh, I look up and worship too —
 My star it shines by day —
 Then let me weep the livelong night
 The whilst it is away.”

LONGING.

WHAT stirs in my heart so ?

What lures me from home ?

What forces me outwards,

And onwards to roam ?

Far up on the mountains

Lie cloudlets like snow ;

O were I but yonder,

'Tis there I must go !

Now by come the ravens

So solemn and black ;

I mingle among them,

And follow their track :

By rock and by turret

We silently glide ;

Ah, there is the bower, where

My lady doth bide !

She walks in the greenwood,

That beautiful may ;

Like a bird singing clearly,

I drop on the spray.

She lists, and she lingers,

And softly says she —

“How sweetly it singeth,

It singeth for me !”

The sunset is gilding

The peaks of the hill,

The day is declining,

Yet carries she still :

She follows the brooklet

Through meadow and glade,

Till dark is the pathway,

And lost in the shade.

Then, then I come down, as

A swift-shooting star ;

“What light glitters yonder,

So near yet so far ?”

Ere yet the amazement
 Hath passed from thee, sweet,
 My quest it is ended,
 I lie at thy feet!

THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN

THERE stands an ancient castle
 On yonder mountain height,
 Where, fenced with door and portal,
 Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,
 And all is hushed and still ;
 O'er ruined wall and rafter
 I clamber as I will.

A cellar with many a vintage
 Once lay in yonder nook ;
 Where now are the cellarer's flagons
 And where is his jovial look ?

No more he sets the beakers
 For the guests at the wassail feast ;
 Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask
 For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase
 The stoup to the thirsty squires,
 And a hurried thanks for the hurried gift
 Receives, nor more requires.

For burned are roof and rafter,
 And they hang begrimed and black ;
 And stair, and hall, and chapel,
 Are turned to dust and wrack.

Yet, as with song and cittern,
 One day when the sun was bright
 I saw my love ascending
 The slopes of yon rocky height ;

From the hush and desolation
 Sweet fancies did unfold,
 And it seemed as they had come back again,
 The jovial days of old.

As if the stateliest chambers
 For noble guests were spread,
 And out from the prime of that glorious time
 A youth a maiden led.

And, standing in the chapel,
 The good old priest did say,
 "Will ye wed with one another?"
 And we smiled and answered "Yea!"

We sung, and our hearts they bounded
 To the thrilling lays we sung,
 And every note was doubled
 By the echo's catching tongue.

And when, as eve descended,
 The hush grew deep and still,
 And the setting sun looked upward
 On that great castled hill;

Then far and wide, like lord and bride,
 In the radiant light we shone —
 It sank; and again the ruins
 Stood desolate and lone!

—◆—

45

TO MIGNON.

OVER vale and torrent far
 Rolls along the sun's bright car.
 Ah! he wakens in his course
 Mine, as thy deep-seated smart
 In the heart,
 Ev'ry morning with new force.

Scarce avails night aught to me;
 E'en the visions that I see

Come but in a mournful guise ;
 And I feel this silent smart
 In my heart
 With creative power arise.

During many a beauteous year
 I have seen ships 'neath me steer,
 As they seek the shelt'ring bay ;
 But, alas, each lasting smart
 In my heart
 Floats not with the stream away.

I must wear a gala dress,
 Long stored up within my press,
 For to-day to feasts is given ;
 None know with what bitter smart
 Is my heart
 Fearfully and madly riven.

Secretly I weep each tear,
 Yet can cheerful e'en appear,
 With a face of healthy red ;
 For if deadly were this smart
 In my heart,
 Ah, I then had long been dead !



SPIRIT GREETING.

UPON a tower antique and high
 Stood ghost of hero brave,
 Who, as the ship went sailing by,
 This "God-speed" to her gave.

"See! these my sinews stark were once,
 This heart beat fast and wild,
 Of knightly marrow full these bones,
 Brimful this goblet filled.

"Half of my life in storm was passed,
 Half wasted was in ease,
 Speed, human cargo, far and fast,
 On, on, before the breeze!"

TO A GOLDEN HEART HE WAS WEARING ON HIS
NECK.

[Addressed, during the Swiss tour already mentioned, to a present Lili had given him, during the time of their happy connection, which was then about to be terminated forever.]

THOU, of joy that died away, the token
Which as yet I on my neck am wearing,
Longer hold'st us twain, thou mental tie that's broken?
Art thou the length of love's short days repairing?

Flee I, Lili, from thee! Must still, tied to thy fetter,
Like unto a debtor,
Roam in strange lands, through vales and forests
darting!

Ah! not so soon could this my heart from
My Lili's heart be parting.

Like a bird that erst did break his string,
And to the wood returns,
He drags of his prison the disgrace,
Still some bit of the string on his trace;
No longer the old bird, once born with freedom's wing;
Has been a slave where'er he turns.

—◆—
WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

THOU that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending
Come, ah, come into my breast!

O'er all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou, too, shalt rest.

ILLUMINATION TO THE RIVER, TO THE MOON.

FILLEST hill and vale again,
 Still with softening light!
 Loosest from the world's cold chain
 All my soul to-night!

Spreadest round me far and nigh,
 Soothingly, thy smile;
 From thee, as from friendship's eye,
 Sorrow shrinks the while.

Every echo thrills my heart, —
 Glad and gloomy mood,
 Joy and sorrow both have part
 In my solitude.

River, river, glide along!
 I am sad, alas!
 Fleeting things are love and song, —
 Even so they pass.

I have had and I have lost
 What I long for yet;
 Ah! why will we, to our cost,
 Simple joys forget?

River, river, glide along,
 Without stop or stay!
 Murmur, whisper to my song
 In melodious play.

Whether on a winter's night
 Rise thy swelling floods,
 Or in spring thou hast delight
 Watering the young buds.

Happy he who, hating none,
 Leaves the world's dull noise,
 And, with trusty friends alone,
 Quietly enjoys

What, forever unexpressed,
 Hid from common sight,
 Through the mazes of the breast
 Softly steals by night!

HUNTSMAN'S EVENING SONG.

IN silence sad, from heath to hill,
 With rifle slung I glide,
 But thy dear shape, it haunts me still,
 It hovers by my side.

Across the brook, and past the mill,
 I watch thee gayly fleet;
 Ah, does one shape, that ne'er is still,
 E'er cross thy fancy, sweet?

'Tis his, who, tortured by unrest,
 Roams ever to and fro,
 Now ranging east, now ranging west,
 Since forced from thee to go.

And yet at times the thought of thee,
 Like moonlight in a dream,
 Doth bring, I know not how, to me
 Content and peace supreme.

EVENING.

[Written at night on the *Kickelhahn*, a hill in the forest of Ilmenau, on the walls of a little hermitage where Goethe composed the last act of his *Iphigenia*.]

PEACE breathes along the shade
 Of every hill,
 The tree-tops of the glade
 Are hushed and still;
 All woodland murmurs cease,
 The birds to rest within the brake are gone.
 Be patient, weary heart — anon,
 Thou, too, shalt be at peace!

TO LINA.

LINA, rival of the linnet,
 When these lays shall reach thy hand,
 Please transfer them to the spinnet,
 Where thy friend was wont to stand.

Set the diapason ringing,
 Ponder not the words you see,
 Give them utterance by thy singing
 Then each leaf belongs to thee.

With the life of music fill them;
 Cold the written verses seem,
 That, would Lina deign to trill them,
 Might be trancing as a dream.

EVER AND EVERYWHERE.

FAR explore the mountain hollow,
 High in air the clouds then follow!
 To each brook and vale the Muse
 Thousand times her call renews.

Soon as flow'ret blooms in spring,
 It wakens many a strain;
 And when Time spreads his fleeting wing,
 The seasons come again.

DELIGHT OF SORROW.

DRY not up, dry not up,
 Tears shed by love everlasting!
 Ah! to the eye that half only dried is,
 How dreary, how dead the world does appear!
 Dry not up, dry not up,
 Tears my love unhappy is shedding!

PROXIMITY.

I KNOW not, wherefore, dearest love,
 Thou often art so strange and coy!
 When 'mongst man's busy haunts we move,
 Thy coldness puts to flight my joy.
 But soon as night and silence round us reign,
 I know thee by thy kisses sweet again!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

I do not envy you, ye joyless stars,
 Though fair ye be, and glorious to the sight —
 The seaman's hope amidst the 'whelming storm,
 When help from God or man there cometh none.
 No! for ye love not, nor have ever loved!
 Through the broad fields of heaven, the eternal hours
 Lead on your circling spheres unceasingly.
 How vast a journey have ye travelled o'er,
 Since I, upon the bosom of my love,
 Forgot all memory of night or you!

 PETITION.

OH, thou sweet maiden fair,
 Thou with the raven hair,
 Why to the window go?
 While gazing down below,
 Art standing vainly there?
 Oh, if thou stood'st for me,
 And lett'st the latch but fly
 How happy should I be!
 How soon would I leap high!

 TO HIS COY ONE.

SEEST thou yon smiling orange?
 Upon the tree still hangs it;
 Already March hath vanished,
 And new-born flowers are shooting.
 I draw nigh to the tree then,
 And there I say: O orange,
 Thou ripe and juicy orange,
 Thou sweet and luscious orange,
 I shake the tree, I shake it,
 Oh, fall into my lap.

THOUGHT FIRST A
ROLLICKING HANS.

HALLO there! A glass!
 Ha! the draught's truly sweet!
 If for drink go my shoes,
 I shall still have my feet.
 A maiden and wine,
 With sweet music and song, —
 I would they were mine,
 All life's journey along!

If I depart from this sad sphere,
 And leave a will behind me here,
 A suit at law will be preferred,
 But as for thanks, — the deuce a word!
 So ere I die, I squander all,
 And that's a proper will I call.

HIS COMRADE.

Hallo there: A glass!
 Ha! the draught's truly sweet!
 If thou keepest thy shoes,
 Thou wilt then spare thy feet.
 A maiden and wine,
 With sweet music and song,
 On payment, are thine,
 All life's journey along!

—◆—
TO LIDA.

THE only one whom, Lida, thou canst love,
 Thou claim'st, and rightly claim'st, for only thee;
 He, too, is wholly thine; since doomed to rove
 Far from thee, in life's turmoils naught I see
 Save a thin veil, through which thy form I view,
 As though in clouds; with kindly smile and true,
 It cheers me, like the stars eterne that gleam
 Across the northern lights' far-flick'ring beam.

RECIPROCAL.

My mistress, where sits she?

What is it that charms?

The absent she's rocking,

Held fast in her arms.

In pretty cage prisoned

She holds a bird still;

Yet lets him fly from her,

Whenever he will.

He pecks at her finger,

And pecks at her lips,

And hovers and flutters,

And round her he skips.

Then hasten thou homeward,

In fashion to be;

If thou hast the maiden,

She also hath thee.

 THE FREEBOOTER.

No door has my house,

No house has my door;

And in and out ever

I carry my store.

No grate has my kitchen,

No kitchen my grate;

Yet roasts it and boils it

Both early and late.

My bed has no trestles,

My trestles no bed;

Yet merrier moments

No mortal e'er led.

My cellar is lofty,

My barn is full deep,

From top to the bottom,—

There lie I and sleep.

And soon as I waken,
 All moves on its race;
 My place has no fixture,
 My fixture no place.

JOY AND SORROW.

As fisher-boy I fared
 To the black rock in the sea,
 And, while false gifts I prepared,
 Listened and sang merrily,
 Down descended the decoy,
 Soon a fish attacked the bait;
 One exulting shout of joy,—
 And the fish was captured straight.

Ah! on shore, and to the wood,
 Past the cliffs, o'er stock and stone,
 One foot's traces I pursued,
 And the maiden was alone.
 Lips were silent, eyes downcast
 As a clasp-knife snaps the bait,
 With her snare she seized me fast,
 And the boy was captured straight.

Heaven knows who's the happy swain
 That she rambles with anew!
 I must dare the sea again,
 Spite of wind and weather, too.
 When the great and little fish
 Wail and flounder in my net,
 Straight returns my eager wish
 In her arms to revel yet!

MARCH.

THE snow-flakes fall in showers,
 The time is absent still,
 When all Spring's beauteous flowers,
 When all Spring's beauteous flowers
 Our hearts with joy shall fill.

With lustre false and fleeting
 The sun's bright rays are thrown;
 The swallow's self is cheating,
 The swallow's self is cheating;
 And why? He comes alone!

Can I e'er feel delighted
 Alone, though Spring is near?
 Yet when we are united,
 Yet when we are united,
 The summer will be here

APRIL.

TELL me, eyes, what 'tis ye're seeking;
 For ye're saying something sweet,
 Fit the ravished ear to greet,
 Eloquently, softly speaking

Yet I see now why ye're roving;
 For behind those eyes so bright,
 To itself abandoned quite,
 Lies a bosom, truthful, loving, —

One that it must fill with pleasure
 'Mongst so many, dull and blind,
 One true look at length to find,
 That its worth can rightly treasure.

Whilst I'm lost in studying ever
 To explain these ciphers duly, —
 To unravel *my* books truly
 In return be your endeavor!

MAY.

LIGHT and silv'ry cloudlets hover
 In the air, as yet scarce warm;
 Mild, with glimmer soft tinged over,
 Peeps the sun through fragrant balm.

Gently rolls and heaves the ocean
 As its waves the bank o'erflow,
 And with ever restless motion
 Moves the verdure to and fro,
 Mirrored brightly far below.

What is now the foliage moving?
 Air is still, and hush'd the breeze,
 Sultriness, this fulness loying,
 Through the thicket, from the trees
 Now the eye at once gleams brightly,
 See! the infant band with mirth
 Moves and dances nimbly, lightly,
 As the morning gave it birth,
 Flutt'ring two and two o'er earth.

JUNE.

SHE behind yon mountain lives,
 Who my love's sweet guerdon gives.
 Tell me, mount, how this can be,
 Very glass thou seem'st to me!
 And I seem to be close by,
 For I see her drawing nigh;
 Now, because I'm absent, sad,
 Now, because she sees me, glad.

Soon between us rise to sight
 Valleys cool, with bushes light,
 Streams and meadows; next appear
 Mills and wheels, the surest token
 That a level spot is near,
 Plains far-stretching and unbroken.
 And so onwards, onwards roam,
 To my garden and my home!

But how comes it then to pass?
 All this gives no joy, alas! —
 I was ravished by her sight,
 By her eyes so fair and bright,
 By her footstep soft and light.

How her peerless charms I praised,
 When from head to foot I gazed!
 I am here, she's far away, —
 I am gone, with her to stay.

If, on rugged hills she wander,
 If she haste the vale along,
 Pinions seem to flutter yonder,
 And the air is filled with song;
 With the glow of youth still playing
 Joyous vigor in each limb,
 One in silence is delaying,
 She alone 'tis blesses him.

Love, thou art too fair, I ween!
 Fairer I have never seen!
 From the heart full easily
 Blooming flowers are culled by the
 If I think: "Oh, were it so,"
 Bone and marrow seem to glow!
 If rewarded by her love,
 Can I greater rapture prove?

And still fairer is the bride,
 When in me she will confide,
 When she speaks and lets me know
 All her tale of joy and woe.
 All her lifetime's history
 Now is fully known to me.
 Who in child or woman e'er
 Soul and body found so fair?

—◆—
 SICILIAN SONG.

YE black and roguish eyes,
 If ye command,
 Each house in ruin lies,
 No town can stand.
 And shall my bosom's chain, —
 This plaster wall, —
 To think one moment, deign, —
 Shall it not fall?

NEXT YEAR'S SPRING.

THE bed of flowers	'Mongst all the blossoms
Loosens amain,	That fairest are,
The beauteous snowdrops	My sweetheart's sweetness
Drop o'er the plain.	Is sweetest far ;
The crocus opens	Upon me ever
Its glowing bud,	Her glances light,
Like emeralds others,	My song they waken
Others, like blood.	My words make bright.
With saucy gesture	An ever open
Primroses flare,	And blooming mind,
And roguish violets	In sport, unsullied,
Hidden with care ;	In earnest, kind.
And whatsoever	Though roses and lilies
There stirs and strives,	By summer are brought,
The Spring's contented,	Against my sweetheart
It works and thrives.	Prevails he naught.

SWISS SONG.

UP in the mountain	O'er the meadow
I was a-sitting,	I was a-going,
With the bird there	And there saw the
As my guest,	Butterflies,
Blithely singing,	Sipping, dancing,
Blithely springing,	Flying, glancing,
And building	And charming
His nest.	The eyes.
In the garden	And then came my
I was a-standing,	Dear Hansel,
And the bee there	And I showed them
Saw as well,	With glee,
Buzzing, humming,	Sipping, quaffing,
Going, coming,	And he, laughing,
And building	Sweet kisses
His cell.	Gave me.

AT MIDNIGHT HOUR.

[Goethe relates that a remarkable situation he was in one bright moon-light night led to the composition of this sweet song, which was "the dearer to him because he could not say whence it came and whither it would."]

At midnight hour I went, not willingly,
 A little, little boy yon churchyard past,
 To Father Vicar's house; the stars on high
 On all around, their beauteous radiance cast,
 At midnight hour.

And when, in journeying o'er the path of life,
 My love I followed, as she onward moved,
 With stars and northern lights o'erhead in strife,
 Going and coming, perfect bliss I proved
 At midnight hour.

Until at length the full moon, lustre-fraught,
 Burst thro' the gloom wherein she was enshrined;
 And then the willing, active, rapid thought
 Around the past, as round the future twined,
 At midnight hour.

 TO THE RISING FULL MOON.

Dornburg, 25th August, 1828.

WILT thou suddenly enshroud thee,
 Who this moment wert so nigh?
 Heavy rising masses cloud thee,
 Thou art hidden from mine eye.

Yet my sadness thou well knowest,
 Gleaning sweetly as a star!
 That I'm loved, 'tis *thou* that showest,
 Though my loved one may be far.

Upward mount then! clearer, milder,
 Robed in splendor far more bright!
 Though my heart with grief throbs wilder,
 Fraught with rapture is the night!

THE BRIDEGROOM.*

I SLEPT, — 'twas midnight, — in my bosom woke,
 As though 'twere day, my love-o'erflowing heart ;
 To me it seemed like night, when day first broke ;
 What is't to me, whate'er it may impart ?

She was away ; the world's unceasing strife
 For her alone I suffered through the heat
 Of sultry day ; oh, what refreshing life
 At cooling eve ! — my guerdon was complete.

The sun now set, and wand'ring hand in hand,
 His last and blissful look we greeted then ;
 While spake our eyes, as they each other scanned :
 " From the far east, let's trust, he'll come again !"

At midnight ! — the bright stars, in vision blest,
 Guide to the threshold where she slumbers calm ;
 Oh, be it mine, there too at length to rest, —
 Yet howsoe'er this prove, life's full of charm !

 SUCH, SUCH IS HE WHO PLEASETH ME.

FLY, dearest, fly ! He is not nigh !
 He who found thee one fair morn in Spring
 In the wood where thou thy flight didst wing.
 Fly, dearest, fly ! He is not nigh !
 Never rests the foot of evil spy.

Hark ! flutes' sweet strains and love's refrains
 Reach the loved one, borne there by the wind,
 In the soft heart open doors they find.
 Hark ! flutes' sweet strains and love's refrains,
 Hark ! — yet blissful love their echo pains.

Erect his head, and firm his tread,
 Raven hair around his smooth brow strays,
 On his cheeks a spring eternal plays.
 Erect his head, and firm his tread,
 And by grace his ev'ry step is led.

* Not in the English sense of the word, but the German, where it has the meaning of *betrothed*.

Happy his breast, with pureness blessed,
 And the dark eyes 'neath his eyebrows placed,
 With full many a beauteous line are graded.

Happy his breast, with pureness blessed,
 Soon as seen, thy love must be confessed.

His mouth is red — its power I dread,
 On his lips morn's fragrant incense lies,
 Round his lips the cooling zephyr sighs.
 His mouth is red — its power I dread,
 With one glance from him, all sorrow's fled.

His blood is true, his heart bold too,
 In his soft arms, strength, protection, dwells,
 And his face with noble pity swells.
 His blood is true, his heart bold too,
 Blest the one whom those dear arms may woo!

—◆—

GYPSY SONG.

In the drizzling mist, with the snow high-piled,
 In the winter night, in the forest wild,
 I heard the wolves with their ravenous howl,
 I heard the screaming note of the owl :

Wille wau wau wau !
 Wille wo wo wo !
 Wito hu !

I shot, one day, a cat in the ditch —
 The dear black cat of Anna the witch ;
 Upon me, at night, seven were-wolves came down,
 Seven women they were, from out of the town.

Wille wau wau wau !
 Wille wo ! wo ! wo !
 Wito hu !

I knew them all ; ay, I knew them straight ;
 First, Anna, then Ursula, Eve, and Kate,
 And Barbara, Lizzy, and Bet as well :
 And forming a ring, they began to yell :

Wille wau wau, wau !
 Wille wo wo wo !
 Wito hu !

Then called I their names with angry threat:
 "What wouldst thou, Anna? What wouldst thou,
 Bet?"

At hearing my voice, themselves they shook,
 And howling and yelling, to flight they took.

Wille wau wau wau!

Wille wo wo wo!

Wito hu!

THE DESTRUCTION OF MAGDEBURG.

[For a fine account of the fearful sack of Magdeburg, by Tilly, in the year 1631, see SCHILLER'S *History of the Thirty Years' War*.]

OH, Magdeburg the town!
 Fair maids thy beauty crown,
 Thy charms fair maids and matrons crown;
 Oh, Magdeburg the town!

Where all so blooming stands,
 Advance fierce Tilly's bands;
 O'er gardens and o'er well-tilled lands
 Advance fierce Tilly's bands.

Now Tilly's at the gate.
 Our homes who'll liberate?
 Go, loved one, hasten to the gate,
 And dare the combat straight!

There is no need as yet,
 However fierce his threat;
 Thy rosy cheeks I'll kiss, sweet pet!
 There is no need as yet.

My longing makes me pale.
 Oh, what can wealth avail?
 E'en now thy father may be pale.
 Thou makest my courage fail.

Oh, mother, give me bread!
 Is then my father dead?
 Oh, mother, one small crust of bread!
 Oh! what misfortune dread!

Thy father, dead lies he,
 The trembling townsmen flee,
 Adown the street the blood runs free;
 Oh, whither shall we flee?

The churches ruined lie,
 The houses burn on high,
 The roofs they smoke, the flames out fly,
 Into the street then hie!

No safety there they meet!
 The soldiers fill the street,
 With fire and sword the wreck complete:
 No safety there they meet!

Down falls the houses' line,
 Where now is thine or mine?
 That bundle yonder is not thine,
 Thou flying maiden mine!

The women sorrow sore,
 The maidens far, far more.
 The living are no virgins more.
 Thus Tilly's troops make war?

FINNISH SONG.

If the loved one, the well-known one,
 Should return as he departed,
 On his lips would ring my kisses,
 Though the wolf's blood might have dyed them;
 And a hearty grasp I'd give him,
 Though his finger-ends were serpents.

Wind! Oh, if thou hadst but reason,
 Word for word in turns thou'dst carry,
 E'en though some perchance might perish
 'Tween two lovers so far distant.

All choice morsels I'd dispense with,
 Table-flesh of priests neglect, too,
 Sooner than renounce my lover,
 Whom, in summer having vanquished,
 I in winter tamed still longer.

DEPRESSION.

Roses, ah, how fair ye be!
 Ye are fading, dying!
 Ye should with my lady be,
 On her bosom lying;
 All your bloom is lost on me,
 Here despairing, sighing.

Oh, the golden dreams I nursed,
 Ere I knew thy scorning,
 When I poured my passion first,
 And at break of morning,
 Plucked the rosebuds ere they burst
 For thy breast's adorning!

Every fruit and floweret rare,
 To thy feet I bore it,
 Fondly knelt, to see thee there
 Bending fondly o'er it,
 Gazing on thy face so fair,
 To revere, adore it.

Roses, ah! how fair ye be!
 Ye are fading, dying!
 Ye should with my lady be,
 On her bosom lying;
 All your bloom is lost on me,
 Here despairing, sighing.

SORROW WITHOUT CONSOLATION.

O, WHEREFORE shouldst thou try
 The tears of love to dry?
 Nay, let them flow!
 For didst thou only know,
 How barren and how dead
 Seems everything below,
 To those who have not tears enough to shed,
 Thou'dst rather bid them weep, and seek their com-
 fort so.

THE PARTING.

LET mine eyes the farewell make thee
 Which my lips refuse to speak ;
 Scorn me not, if, to forsake thee,
 Makes my very manhood weak.

Joyless in our joy's eclipse, love,
 Are love's tokens, else divine,
 Cold the kisses of thy lips, love,
 Damp the hand that's locked in mine.

Once thy lip, to touch it only,
 To my soul has sent a thrill,
 Sweeter than the violet lonely,
 Plucked in March-time by the rill.

Garlands never more I'll fashion,
 Roses twine no more for thee ;
 Spring is here, but, ah, my passion,
 Autumn dark has come for me!

ON THE NEW YEAR.

[Composed for a merry party that used to meet, in 1802, at Goethe's house.]

FATE now allows us,
 'Twixt the departing
 And the upstarting,
 Happy to be ;
 And at the call of
 Memory cherished,
 Future and perished
 Moments we see.

Seasons of anguish, —
 Ah, they must ever
 Truth from woe sever,
 Love and joy part ;
 Days still more worthy
 Soon will unite us,
 Fairer songs light us,
 Strength'ning the heart.

We, thus united,
 Think of, with gladness,
 Rapture and sadness,
 Sorrow now flies.
 O, how mysterious
 Fortune's direction!
 Old the connection,
 New-born the prize!
 Thank, for this, Fortune,
 Wavering blindly!
 Thank all that kindly
 Fate may bestow!
 Revel in change's
 Impulses clearer,
 Love far sincerer,
 More heartfelt glow.
 Over the old one,
 Wrinkles collected,
 Sad and dejected,
 Others may view;
 But, on *us* gently
 Shineth a true one,
 And to the new one
 We, too, are new.

As a fond couple
 'Midst the dance veering,
 First disappearing,
 Then reappear,
 So let affliction
 Guide thro' life's mazy
 Pathways so hazy
 Into the year.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

[This little song describes the different members of the party (just spoken of.)]

WHY papest thou, my neighbor fair,
 The garden all alone?
 If house and land thou seek'st to guard,
 I'd thee as mistress own.

My brother sought the cellar-maid,
 And suffered her no rest ;
 She gave him a refreshing draught,
 A kiss, too, she impressed.

My cousin is a prudent wight,
 The cook's by him adored ;
 He turns the spit round ceaselessly,
 To gain love's sweet reward.

We six together then began
 A banquet to consume,
 When lo ! a fourth pair singing came,
 And danced into the room.

Welcome were they, — and welcome, too,
 Was a fifth jovial pair,
 Brimful of news, and stored with tales
 And jests both new and rare.

For riddles, spirit, raillery,
 And wit, a place remained ;
 A sixth pair then our circle joined,
 And so that prize was gained.

And yet, to make us truly blest,
 One missed we, and full sore ;
 A true and tender couple came, —
 We needed then no more.

The social banquet now goes on.
 Unchequered by alloy ;
 The sacred double-numbers then
 Let all at once enjoy !

THE SPRING ORACLE.

OH, prophetic bird so bright,
 Blossom-songster, cuckoo hight !
 In the fairest time of year,
 Dearest bird, oh ! deign to hear

What a youthful pair would pray ;
 Do thou call, if hope they may ;
 Thy cuck-oo, thy cuck-oo,
 Ever more cuck-oo, cuck-oo !

Hearest thou ? A loving pair
 Fain would to the altar fare ;
 Yes ! a pair in happy youth,
 Full of virtue, full of truth.
 Is the hour not fixed by fate ?
 Say, how long must they still wait ?
 Hark ! cuck-oo ! hark ! cuck-oo !
 Silent yet ! for shame, cuck-oo !

'Tis not our fault, certainly !
 Only two years patient be !
 But if we ourselves please here,
 Will pa-pa-papas appear ?
 Know that thou'lt more kindness do us,
 More thou'lt prophesy unto us.
 One ! cuck-oo ! Two ! cuck-oo !
 Ever, ever, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, coo !

If we've calculated clearly,
 We have half a dozen nearly.
 If good promises we'll give,
 Wilt thou say how long we'll live ?
 Truly, we'll confess to thee,
 We'd prolong it willingly.
 Coo, cuck-oo, coo, cuck-oo !
 Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo !

Life is one continued feast —
 (If we keep no score, at least).
 If now we together dwell,
 Will true love remain as well ?
 For if *that* should e'er decay,
 Happiness would pass away.
 Coo cuck-oo, coo cuck-oo,
 Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo !

(Gracefully in *infinitum*.)

THE HAPPY COUPLE.

AFTER these vernal rains
 That we so warmly sought,
 Dear wife, see how our plains
 With blessings sweet are fraught!
 We cast our distant gaze
 Far in the misty blue;
 Here gentle love still strays,
 Here dwells still rapture true.

Thou see'st whither go
 Yon pair of pigeons white,
 Where swelling violets blow
 Round sunny foliage bright.
 'Twas there we gathered first
 A nosegay as we roved;
 There into flame first burst
 The passion that we proved.

Yet when, with plighted troth,
 The priest beheld us fare,
 Home from the altar both,
 With many a youthful pair, —
 Then other moons had birth,
 And many a beauteous sun,
 Then we had gained the earth
 Whereon life's race to run.

A hundred thousand fold
 The mighty bond was sealed;
 In woods, on mountains cold,
 In bushes, in the field,
 Within the wall, in caves,
 And on the craggy height,
 And love, e'en o'er the waves,
 Bore in his tube the light.

Contented we remained,
 We deemed ourselves a pair;
 'Twas otherwise ordained,
 For, lo! a third was there;

A fourth, fifth, sixth appeared,
 And sat around our board;
 And now the plants we've reared
 High o'er our heads have soared.

How fair and pleasant looks,
 On yonder beauteous spot,
 Embraced by poplar-brooks,
 The newly finished cot!

Who is it there that sits
 In that glad home above?
 Is't not our darling Fritz
 With his own darling love?

Beside yon precipice,
 Whence pent-up waters steal,
 And, leaving the abyss,
 Fall foaming through the wheel,—
 Though people often tell
 Of millers' wives so fair,
 Yet none can e'er excel
 Our dearest daughter there!

Yet where the thick-set green
 Stands round yon church and sod,
 Where the old fir-tree's seen
 Alone tow'rd heaven to nod,—
 'Tis there the ashes lie
 Of our untimely dead;
 From earth our gaze on high
 By their blest memory's led.

See how yon hill is bright
 With billowy-waving arms!
 The force returns, whose might
 Has vanquished war's alarms.
 Who proudly hastens here
 With wreath-encircled brow?
 'Tis like our child so dear!—
 Thus Charles comes homeward now.

That dearest honored guest
 Is welcomed by the bride;
 She makes the true one blest,
 At the glad festal tide.

And every one makes haste
 To join the dance with glee;
 While thou with wreaths hast graced
 The youngest children three.

To sound of flute and horn
 The time appears renewed,
 When we, in love's young morn,
 In the glad dance upstood;
 And perfect bliss I know
 Ere the year's course is run,
 For to the font we go
 With grandson and with son!

SONG OF FELLOWSHIP.

[Written and sung in honor of the birthday of the Pastor Ewald, at the time of Goethe's happy connection with Lili.]

In every hour of joy
 That love and wine prolong,
 The moments we'll employ
 To carol forth this song!
 We're gathered in His name,
 Whose power hath brought us here
 He kindled first our flame,
 He bids it burn more clear.

Then gladly glow to-night,
 And let our hearts combine!
 Up! quaff with fresh delight
 This glass of sparkling wine!
 Up! hail the joyous hour,
 And let your kiss be true;
 With each new bond of power
 The old becomes the new!

Who in our circle lives,
 And is not happy there?
 True liberty it gives,
 And brother's love so fair.

Thus heart and heart through life,
 With mutual love are filled ;
 And by no causeless strife
 Our union e'er is chilled.

Our hopes a God has crowned
 With life-discernment free,
 And all we view around,
 Renews our ecstasy.
 Ne'er by caprice oppressed,
 Our bliss is ne'er destroyed ;
 More freely throbs our breast,
 By fancies ne'er alloyed.

Where'er our foot we set,
 The more life's path extends,
 And brighter, brighter yet,
 Our gaze on high ascends.
 We know no grief or pain,
 Though all things fall and rise ;
 Long may we thus remain !
 Eternal be our ties !

CONSTANCY IN CHANGE.

COULD this early bliss but rest
 Constant for one single hour !
 But e'en now the humid west
 Scatters many a vernal shower.
 Should the verdure give me joy ?
 'Tis to it I owe the shade ;
 Soon will storms its bloom destroy,
 Soon will Autumn bid it fade.

Eagerly thy portion seize,
 If thou wouldst possess the fruit !
 Fast begin to ripen these,
 And the rest already to shoot.
 With each heavy storm of rain
 Change comes o'er thy valley fair ;
 Once, alas ! but not again
 Can the same stream hold thee e'er.

And thyself, what erst at least
 Firm as rocks appeared to rise,
 Walls and palaces thou seest
 But with ever-changing eyes.
 Fled forever now the lip
 That with kisses used to glow,
 And the foot, that used to skip
 O'er the mountain, like the roe.

And the hand, so true and warm,
 Ever raised in charity,
 And the cunning-fashioned form, —
 All are now changed utterly.
 And what used to bear thy name
 When upon yon spot it stood,
 Like a rolling billow came,
 Hastening on to join the flood.

Be then the beginning found
 With the end in unison,
 Swifter than the forms around
 Are themselves now fleeting on!
 Thank the merit in thy breast,
 Thank the mould within thy heart,
 That the Muses' favor blest
 Ne'er will perish, ne'er depart.

TABLE SONG.

[Composed for the merry party already mentioned, on the occasion of the departure for France of the hereditary prince, who was one of the number, and who is especially alluded to in the third verse.]

O'ER me, — how I cannot say,
 Heavenly rapture's growing.
 Will it help to guide my way
 To yon stars all-glowing?
 Yet that here I'd sooner be,
 To assert I'm able,
 Where, with wine and harmony,
 I may thump the table.

Wonder not, my dearest friends,
 What 'tis gives me pleasure;
 For of all that earth e'er lends,
 'Tis the sweetest treasure.
 Therefore solemnly I swear,
 With no reservation,
 That maliciously I'll ne'er
 Leave my present station.

Now that here we're gathered round,
 Chasing cares and slumbers,
 Let, methought, the goblet sound
 To the bard's glad numbers!
 Many a hundred mile away,
 Go those we love dearly;
 Therefore let us here to-day
 Make the glass ring clearly!

Here's *His* health through whom we live!
 I that faith inherit.

To our king the next toast give,
 Honor is *his* merit,
 'Gainst each in and outward foe
 He's our rock and tower.

Of his maintenance thinks he though,
 More that grows his power.

Next to *her* good health I drink,
 Who has stirred my passion;
 Of his mistress let each think,
 Think in knightly fashion.

If the beauteous maid but see
 Whom 'tis I now call so,

Let her smiling nod to me:

“Here's my love's health also.”

To those friends, — the two or three, —
 Be our next toast given,

In whose presence revel we,
 In the silent even, —

Who the gloomy mist so cold
 Scatter gently, lightly;

To those friends, then, new or old,
 Let the toast ring brightly.

Broader now the stream rolls on,
 With its waves more swelling,
 While in higher, nobler tone,
 Comrades, we are dwelling, —
 We who with collected might,
 Bravely cling together,
 Both in fortune's sunshine bright,
 And in stormy weather.

Just as we are gathered thus,
 Others are collected ;
 On them, therefore, as on us,
 Be Fate's smile directed !
 From the spring-head to the sea,
 Many a mill's revolving,
 And the world's prosperity
 Is the task I'm solving.



WONT AND DONE.

I HAVE loved ; for the first time with passion I rave !
 I then was the servant, but now am the slave ;
 I then was the servant of all :
 By this creature so charming I now am fast bound,
 To love and love's guerdon she turns all around,
 And her my sole mistress I call.

I've had faith ; for the first time my faith is now strong !
 And though matters go strangely, though matters go
 wrong,
 To the ranks of the faithful I'm true :
 Though ofttimes 'twas dark, and though ofttimes 'twas
 drear,
 In the pressure of need, and when danger was near,
 Yet the dawning of light I now view.

I have eaten ; but ne'er have thus relished my food !
 For when glad are the senses and joyous the blood,
 At table all else is effaced :
 As for youth, it but swallows, then whistles an air ;
 As for me, to a jovial resort I'd repair,
 Where to eat and enjoy what I'd taste.

I have drunk ; but have never thus relished the bowl !
 For wine makes us lords, and enlivens the soul,
 And loosens the trembling slave's tongue.
 Let's seek not to spare then the heart-stirring drink,
 For though in the barrel the old wine may sink,
 In its place will fast mellow the young.

I have danced, and to dancing am pledged by a vow !
 Though no caper or waltz may be raved about now,
 In a dance that's becoming, whirl round.
 And he who a nosegay of flowers has dressed,
 And cares not for one any more than the rest,
 With a garland of love is ayé crowned.

Then once more be merry, and banish all woes !
 For he who but gathers the blossoming rose,
 By its thorns will be tickled alone.
 To-day still, as yesterday, glimmers the star ;
 Take care from all heads that hang down to keep far,
 And make but the future thine own.

VANITAS, VANITATUM VANITUS.

ON nothing have I set my heart,
 Hurrah !
 So in the world I bear my part,
 Hurrah !

And whoso will be friend of mine
 Must join with me, and not decline
 To clink a glass of wine.

I set my heart on goods and wealth,
 Hurrah !

I lost thereby my nerves and health,
 Hurrah !

The coins they rolled off far and wide,
 And what with one hand I did hide,
 In t'other would not bide.

On woman next I set my heart,
 Hurrah !

From them I suffered many a smart,
 Ah ah !

The false one sought another lord,
 With the true one I was greatly bored,
 The best could not afford.

To travel next I did apply,
 Hurrah!

From house and kindred off did fly,
 Ah ah!

I'm pleased with nothing I have seen, —
 The food was coarse, the bed not clean,
 None knew what I did mean.

On honors next my heart I set,
 Hurrah!

But lo! my neighbor more did get,
 Ah ah!

And when I had advanced my name
 The folks did look askance, and blame
 As though I hurt their fame.

I set my heart on fighting then,
 Hurrah!

And many a battle we did gain,
 Ah ah!

We marched the foeman's country through,
 Much profit there did not accrue, —
 My leg's loss there I rue.

Now I have set my heart on naught,
 Hurrah!

The whole world to my feet is brought,
 Ah ah!

My song and feast to end I'm fain,
 So every one your glasses drain, —
 Let not a drop remain!

FORTUNE OF WAR.

NAUGHT more accursed in war I know
 Than getting off scot free;
 Inured to danger, on we go
 In constant victory;

We first unpack, then pack again,
 With only this reward,
 That when we're marching, we complain,
 And when in camp are bored.

The time for billeting comes next, —
 The peasant curses it ;
 Each nobleman is sorely vexed,
 'Tis hated by the cit.

Be civil, bad though be thy food,
 The clowns politely treat ;
 If to our hosts we're ever rude,
 Jail-bread we're forced to eat.

And when the cannon growl around,
 And small arms rattle clear,
 And trumpet, trot, and drums resound,
 We merry all appear ;
 And as it in the fight may chance,
 We yield, then charge amain,
 And now retire, and now advance,
 And yet a cross ne'er gain.

At length there comes a musket-ball,
 And hits the leg, please heaven ;
 And then our troubles vanish all,
 For to the town we're driven,
 (Well covered by the victor's force),
 Where we in wrath first came, —
 The women, frightened then, of course,
 Are loving now and tame.

Cellar and heart are opened wide,
 The cook's allowed no rest ;
 While beds with softest down supplied
 Are by our members pressed.
 The nimble lads upon us wait,
 No sleep the hostess takes ;
 Her shift is torn in pieces straight, —
 What wondrous lint it makes !

If one has tended carefully
 The hero's wounded limb,
 Her neighbor cannot rest, for she
 Has also tended him.

A third arrives in equal haste,
 At length they all are there,
 And in the middle he is placed
 Of the whole band so fair!

On good authority the king
 Hears how we love the fight,
 And bids them cross and ribbon bring,
 Our coat and breast to dight.
 Say if a better fate can e'er
 A son of Mars pursue!
 'Midst tears at length we go from there,
 Beloved and honored, too.

COPTIC SONG.

HOWE'ER they may wrangle, your pundits and sages,
 And love of contention infects all the breed,
 All the philosophers, search through all ages,
 Join with one voice in the following creed:
 Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!
 Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulishness;
 Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolishness,
 What from an ass can you get but a bray?

When Merlin I questioned, the old necromancer,
 As halo'd with light in his coffin he lay,
 I got from the wizard a similar answer,
 And thus ran the burden of what he did say:
 Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!
 Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulishness;
 Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolishness,
 What from an ass can be got but a bray?

And up on the wind-swept peaks of Armenia,
 And down in the depths, far hid from the day,
 Of the temples of Egypt and far Abyssinia
 This, and but this, was the gospel always:
 Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!
 Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulishness;
 Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolishness,
 What from an ass can be got but a bray?

ANOTHER.

Go! obedient to my call,
 Turn to profit thy young days,
 Wiser make betimes thy breast!
 In Fate's balance as it sways,
 Seldom is the cock at rest;
 Thou must either mount, or fall,
 Thou must either rule and win,
 Or submissively give in,
 Triumph, or else yield to clamor:
 Be the anvil or the hammer.

OPEN TABLE.

MANY a guest I'd see to-day,
 Met to taste my dishes!
 Food in plenty is prepared,
 Birds, and game, and fishes.
 Invitations all have had,
 All proposed attending.
 Johnny, go and look around!
 Are they hither wending?

Pretty girls I hope to see,
 Dear and guileless misses,
 Ignorant how sweet it is
 Giving tender kisses.
 Invitations all have had,
 All proposed attending.
 Johnny, go and look around!
 Are they hither wending?

Women also I expect,
 Loving toward their spouses,
 Whose rude grumbling in their breasts
 Greater love but rouses.
 Invitations they've had, too,
 All proposed attending.
 Johnny, go and look around!
 Are they hither wending?

I've too asked young gentlemen,
 Who are far from haughty,
 And whose purses are well stocked,
 Well behaved, not naughty.
 These especially I asked,
 All proposed attending.
 Johnny, go and look around!
 Are they hither wending?

Men I summoned with respect,
 Who their own wives treasure;
 Who in ogling *other* Fair
 Never take a pleasure.
 To my greetings they replied,
 All proposed attending.
 Johnny, go and look around!
 Are they hither wending?

Then to make our joy complete,
 Poets I invited,
 Who love *others'* songs far more
 Than what *they've* indited.
 All acceded to my wish,
 All proposed attending.
 Johnny, go and look around?
 Are they hither wending?

Not a single one appears,
 None seem this way posting.
 All the soup boils fast away,
 Joints are over-roasting.
 Ah, I fear that we have been
 Rather too unbending!
 Johnny, tell me what you think!
 None are hither wending.

Johnny, run, and quickly bring
 Other guests to me now!
 Each arriving as he is—
That's the plan, I see now.
 In the town at once 'tis known
 Every one's commending.
 Johnny, open all the doors:
 All are hither wending!

THE RECKONING.

LEADER.

LET no cares now hover o'er us!
 Let the wine unsparing run!
 Wilt thou swell our merry chorus?
 Hast thou all thy duty done?

SOLO.

Two young folks — the thing is curious —
 Loved each other; yesterday
 Both quite mild, to-day quite furious,
 Next day, quite the deuce to pay!
 If her neck she there was stooping,
 He must *here* needs pull his hair.
 I revived their spirits drooping,
 And they're now a happy pair.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!
 Let the bumper then go round!
 For all sighs and groans of anguish
 Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

SOLO.

Why, young orphan, all this wailing?
 "Would to heaven that I were dead!
 For my guardian's craft prevailing
 Soon will make me beg my bread."
 Knowing well the rascal genus,
 Into court I dragged the knave;
 Fair the judges were between us,
 And the maiden's wealth did save.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!
 Let the bumper then go round!
 For all sighs and groans of anguish
 Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

SOLO.

To a little fellow, quiet,
 Unpretending and subdued,
 Has a big clown, running riot,
 Been to-day extremely rude.

I bethought me of my duty,
 And my courage swelled apace,
 So I spoiled the rascal's beauty,
 Slashing him across the face.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!
 Let the bumper then go round!
 For all sighs and groans of anguish
 Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

SOLO.

Brief must be my explanation,
 For I really have done naught.
 Free from trouble and vexation,
 I a landlord's business bought.
 There I've done with all due ardor,
 All that duty ordered me;
 Each one asked me for the larder,
 And there was no scarcity.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!
 Let the bumper then go round!
 For all signs and groans of anguish
 Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

LEADER.

Each should thus make proclamation
 Of what he did well to-day!
 That's the match whose conflagration
 Should inflame our tuneful lay.
 Let it be our precept ever
 To admit no waverer here!
 For to act the good endeavor,
 None but rascals meek appear.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!
 Let the bumper then go round!
 For all sighs and groans of anguish
 We have now in rapture drowned.

TRIO.

Let each merry minstrel enter,
 He's right welcome to our hall!

'Tis but with the self-tormentor
 That we are not liberal ;
 For we fear that his caprices,
 That his eyebrows dark and sad,
 That his grief that never ceases
 Hide an empty heart, or bad.

CHORUS.

No one now for wine shall languish !
 Here no minstrel shall be found,
 Who all sighs and groans of anguish
 Has not first in rapture drowned !

 MIGNON.

[This universally known poem is also to be found in *Wilhelm Meister*.]

"KNOWEST thou the land where citron-apples bloom,
 And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,
 A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,
 The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows ?
 Knowest thou it then ?

'Tis there ! 'Tis there !
 O my true loved one, thou with me must go !

"KNOWEST thou the house, its porch with pillars tall,
 The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,
 And marble statues stand, and look each one :
 What's this, poor child, to thee they've done ?
 Knowest thou it then ?

'Tis there ! 'Tis there !
 O my protector, thou with me must go !

"KNOWEST thou the hill, the bridge that hangs on
 clouds,
 The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,
 In caves lay coiled the dragon's ancient hood,
 The crag leaps down, and over it the flood :
 Knowest thou it then ?

'Tis there ! 'Tis there !
 Our way runs ; O my father, wilt thou go ?"

GENERAL CONFESSION.

In this noble ring to-day
 Let my warning shame ye!
 Listen to my solemn voice, —
 Seldom does it name ye.
 Many a thing have ye intended,
 Many a thing have badly ended,
 And now I must blame ye.

At some moment in our lives
 We must all repent us!
 So confess, with pious trust,
 All your sins momentous!
 Error's crooked pathways shunning,
 Let us, on the straight road running,
 Honestly content us!

Yes! we've oft, when waking, dreamed
 Let's confess it rightly;
 Left undrained the brimming cup,
 When it sparkled brightly;
 Many a shepherd's-hour's soft blisses,
 Many a dear mouth's flying kisses
 We've neglected lightly.

Mute and silent have we sat,
 Whilst the blockheads prated,
 And above e'en song divine
 Have their babblings rated;
 To account we've even called us
 For the moments that enthralled us
 With enjoyment freighted.

If thou'lt absolution grant
 To thy true ones ever,
 We, to execute thy will,
 Ceaseless will endeavor,
 From half-measures strive to wean us,
 Wholly, fairly, well demean us,
 Resting, flagging never.

At all blockheads we'll at once
 Let our laugh ring clearly,
 And the pearly-foaming wine

Never sip at merely.
 Ne'er with eye alone give kisses,
 But with boldness suck in blisses
 From those lips loved dearly.

ERGO BIBAMUS !

For a praiseworthy object we're now gathered here,
 So, brethren, sing : ERGO BIBAMUS !
 Tho' talk may be hushed, yet the glasses ring clear,
 Remember then, ERGO BIBAMUS !
 In truth 'tis an old, 'tis an excellent word,
 With its sound so befitting each bosom is stirred,
 And an echo the festal hall filling is heard,
 A glorious ERGO BIBAMUS !

I saw mine own love in her beauty so rare,
 And bethought me of : ERGO BIBAMUS ;
 So I gently approached, and she let me stand there,
 While I helped myself, thinking : BIBAMUS !
 And when she's appeared, and will clasp you and kiss,
 Or when those embraces and kisses ye miss,
 Take refuge, till found is some worthier bliss,
 - In the comforting ERGO BIBAMUS !

I am called by my fate far away from each friend ;
 Ye loved ones, then : ERGO BIBAMUS !
 With wallet light-laden from hence I must wend,
 So double our ERGO BIBAMUS !
 Whate'er to his treasure the niggard may add,
 Yet regard for the joyous will ever be had,
 For gladness lends ever its charms to the glad,
 So, brethren, sing : ERGO BIBAMUS !

And what shall we say of to-day as it flies ?
 I thought but of : ERGO BIBAMUS !
 'Tis one of those truly that seldom arise,
 So again and again sing : BIBAMUS !
 For joy through a wide-open portal it guides,
 Bright glitter the clouds as the curtain divides,
 And a form, a divine one, to greet us in glides,
 While we thunder our : ERGO BIBAMUS.

THE MINSTREL.

[This fine poem is introduced in the second book of *Wilhelm Meister*.]

“What tuneful strains salute mine ear
Without the castle walls?
Oh, let the song re-echo here,
Within our festal halls!”
Thus spake the king, the page out-hied;
The boy returned; the monarch cried:
“Admit the old man yonder!”

“All hail, ye noble lords to-night!
All hail, ye beauteous dames!
Star placed by star! What heavenly sight!
Who e'er can tell their names?
Within this glittering hall sublime,
Be closed mine eyes! 'tis not the time
For me to feast my wonder.”

The minstrel straightway closed his eyes,
And woke a thrilling tone;
The knights looked on in knightly guise,
Fair looks toward earth were thrown.
The monarch, ravished by the strain,
Bade them bring forth a golden chain,
To be his numbers' guerdon.

“The golden chain give not to me,
But give the chain to those
In whose bold face we shivered see
The lances of our foes.
Or give it to thy chancellor there;
With other burdens he may bear
This one more golden burden.

“I sing, like birds of blithesome note,
That in the branches dwell;
The song that rises from the throat
Repay the minstrel well.
One boon I'd crave, if not too bold —
One bumper in a cup of gold
Be as my guerdon given.”

The bowl he raised, the bowl he quaffed :

“O drink, with solace fraught!

O, house thrice-blest, where such a draught

A trifling gift is thought!

When Fortune smiles, remember me,

And as I thank you heartily,

As warmly thank ye, Heaven!”

EPIPHANIAS,

THE three holy kings with their star's bright ray, —
They eat and they drink, but had rather not pay;
They like to eat and drink away,
They eat and drink, but had rather not pay.

The three holy kings have all come here,
In numbers not four, but three they appear;
And if a fourth joined the other three,
Increased by one their number would be.

The first am I, — the fair and the white,
I ought to be seen when the sun shines bright
But, alas! with all my spices and myrrh,
No girl now likes me, — I please not her.

The next am I, — the brown and the long,
Known well to women, known well to song,
Instead of spices, 'tis gold I bear,
And so I'm welcome everywhere.

The last am I, — the black and small,
And fain would be right merry withal.
I like to eat and to drink full measure,
I eat and drink, and give thanks with pleasure.

The three holy kings are friendly and mild,
They seek the Mother, and seek the Child;
The pious Joseph is sitting by,
The ox and the ass on their litter lie.

We're bringing gold, we're bringing myrrh,
The women incense always prefer;
And if we have wine of a worthy growth,
We three to drink like six are not loth.

As here we see fair lads and lasses,
 But not a sign of oxen or asses,
 We know that we have gone astray,
 And so go further on our way.

BALLAD

OF THE EXILED AND RETURNING COUNT.

[Goethe began to write an opera called *Löwenstuhl*, founded upon the old tradition which forms the subject of this ballad, but he never carried out his design.]

COME in, dear old man, come inside, do come on!
 Down here in the hall we shall be quite alone,
 And the gate we will lock altogether.
 For, mother is praying, and father is gone
 To shoot the wild wolves on the heather.
 Oh! sing us a tale, then again and again,
 That my brother and I learn the measure;
 To hear a fine minstrel we shall be so fain,
 The children will listen with pleasure.

“In terror of night, during hostile attack,
 On house full of splendor he’s turning his back,
 His most precious things he did bury.
 The wicket to open the count is not slack;
 What, then, in his arms does he carry?
 What, under his mantle may hidden he keep?
 What bears he to distance, what treasure?
 His daughter it is, there the child is asleep” —
 The children are list’ning with pleasure.

“The morning is breaking, the world is so wide,
 In valleys and mountains does shelter abide,
 The villagers kindness are showing;
 A minstrel, thus long he must wander and stride,
 His beard long and longer is growing;
 But lovely grows also the child on his arm,
 As though he of wealth had rich measure;
 His mantle protects her from every harm” —
 The children are list’ning with pleasure.

" And time many years in its course onward drags,
 The mantle is faded, it has fallen to rags,
 It could her not hold any longer.
 The father beholds her, his joy never flags,
 Each day it grows stronger and stronger.
 So noble, so beautiful she does appear,
 He deems her beyond ev'ry treasure;
 How rich she is making her father so dear!" —
 The children are list'ning with pleasure.

" Up rides a princely and chivalrous knight,
 She reaches her hand out, an alms to invite;
 It is not such gift he would grant her.
 The tender hand grasping with full, manly might:
 'For life,' he exclaimed, 'I do want her!'
 'Wilt make her a princess?' the old man replied,
 'Dost recognize her as thy treasure?
 Then be she betrothed on this verdant hill-side!'" —
 The children are list'ning with pleasure.

" The priest, in the holy place, blesses the pair,
 With joy and with grief she now hence doth repair.
 She likes not to part with her father.
 The old man is wand'ring now here and now there,
 From pain he doth happiness gather.
 Thus have I for years kept my daughter in sight,
 My grandchild, like her, a sweet treasure;
 I bless them by day and I bless them by night" —
 The children are list'ning with pleasure.

He blesses the children, he blesses them twice;
 There's noise at the gate, it is burst in a trice,
 The children the old man environ —
 "Why, beggar, why, fool, doth my children entice?
 On, seize him, ye men clad in iron!
 Away to the dungeon with him!" he repeats;
 From far as she hears the harsh measure,
 Down hastens the mother, and flatt'ring entreats —
 The children, they hear her with pleasure.

The men stand apart from the worthy old man,
 Both mother and children beseech all they can;
 The princely and proud man represses
 The furious rage which their prayers but fan,



Till bursts what his spirit distresses :

“ You beggarly brood, high nobility’s blight !
My patience you’ve tried beyond measure ;
You bring me destruction ! It serves me quite right ” —
The children hear this with displeasure.

The noble old man stands with look darting fire,
The men who have seized him still farther retire,
With fury the other is flaring !

“ Oft cursed have I wedlock so mean and so dire,
Such blossoms such fruits e’er are bearing !

’Tis justly denied, that *acquired* be, the grace
E’er can, of nobility’s treasure.

The beggar has borne me a beggarly race ” —
The children still list with displeasure.

“ And if thus the husband, the father rejects
You, rashly the most sacred ties disconnects,
You’ll find in your grandsire a father !

The beggar your father so little respects
Will honor and wealth for you gather.

This castle is mine ! Thou didst rob me of it ;
I know where I’ve hid ev’ry treasure ;

I bear with me warrant by royal hand writ ! ” —
The children are list’ning with pleasure.

“ Legitimate king has returned to his land,
Gives back what was taken from true followers’ band,
Laws gentle and mild is proclaiming.”

The old man thus spoke with a look kind and bland,
“ My son, thee no longer I’m blaming ;

Return to thyself from thy fury’s wild flood,
I’ll loosen the seals of each treasure,

Thy princess has borne thee a true princely blood ” —
The children are list’ning with pleasure.

THE FAITHLESS BOY.

THERE was a wooer blithe and gay, —
A son of France was he, —
Who in his arms for many a day,
As though his bride were she,

A poor young maiden had caressed,
 And fondly kissed, and fondly pressed,
 And then at length deserted.

When this was told the nut-brown maid,
 Her senses straightway fled ;
 She laughed and wept, and vowed and prayed,
 And presently was dead.

The hour her soul its farewell took,
 The boy was sad, with terror shook,
 Then sprang upon his charger.

He drove his spurs into his side,
 And scoured the country round ;
 But wheresoever he might ride,
 No rest for him was found.

For seven long days and nights he rode,
 It stormed, the waters overflowed,
 It blustered, lightened, thundered.

On rode he through the tempest's din,
 Till he a building spied ;

In search of shelter crept he in,
 When he his steed had tied.

And as he groped his doubtful way,
 The ground began to rock and sway, —
 He fell a hundred fathoms.

When he recovered from his blow,
 He saw three lights pass by ;

He sought in their pursuit to go,
 The lights appeared to fly.

They led his footsteps all astray,
 Up, down, through many a narrow way

Through ruined desert cellars.

When lo! he stood within a hall,
 A hundred guests sat there,

With hollow eyes, and grinning all ;
 They bade him taste the fare.

He saw his sweetheart 'midst the throng,
 Wrapped up in grave-clothes white and long ;

She turned, and — — *

* This ballad is introduced in Act II. of *Claudine of Villa Bella*, where it is suddenly broken off, as it is here.

THE ERL-KING.

WHO rides there so late through the night dark and
drear?

The father it is, with his infant so dear ;
He holdeth the boy tightly clasped in his arm,
He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.

“ My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus to hide ? ”

“ Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our side !

Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and with train ? ”

“ My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain. ”

“ Oh come, thou dear infant ! oh come thou with me !

Full many a game I will play there with thee ;

On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold,

My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold. ”

“ My father, my father, and dost thou not hear

The words that the Erl-King now breathes in mine ear ? ”

“ Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives ;

'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering
leaves. ”

“ Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there ?

My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care ;

My daughters by night their glad festival keep,

They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep. ”

“ My father, my father, and dost thou not see,

How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for
me ? ”

“ My darling, my darling, I see it aright,

'Tis the aged gray willows deceiving thy sight. ”

“ I love thee, I'm charmed by thy beauty, dear boy !

And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ. ”

“ My father, my father, he seizes me fast,

Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at last. ”

The father now gallops, with terror half wild,

He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child :

He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread, —

The child in his arms finds he motionless, dead.

JOHANNA SEBUS.

[To the memory of an excellent and beautiful girl of seventeen, belonging to the village of Brienen, who perished on the 13th of January, 1809, whilst giving help on the occasion of the breaking up of the ice on the Rhine, and the bursting of the dam of Claverham.]

THE DAM BREAKS DOWN, THE ICE-PLAIN GROWLS,
THE FLOODS ARISE, THE WATER HOWLS.

“I’ll bear thee, mother, across the swell,
’Tis not yet high, I can wade right well.”

“Remember us, too! in what danger are we!
Thy fellow-lodger and children three!

The trembling woman! — Thou’rt going away!”

She bears the mother across the spray.

“Quick! haste to the mound, and awhile there wait,
I’ll soon return, and all will be straight.

The mound’s close by, and safe from the wet;

But take my goat, too, my darling pet!”

THE DAM DISSOLVES, THE ICE-PLAIN GROWLS,
THE FLOODS DASH ON, THE WATER HOWLS.

She places the mother safe on the shore;

Fair Susan then turns toward the flood once more.

“Oh whither? Oh whither? The breadth fast
grows,

Both here and there the water o’erflows.

Wilt venture, thou rash one, the billows to brave?”

“THEY SHALL, AND THEY MUST BE PRESERVED FROM
THE WAVE!”

THE DAM DISAPPEARS, THE WATER GROWLS,
LIKE OCEAN BILLOWS IT HEAVES AND HOWLS.

Fair Susan returns by the way she had tried,

The waves roar around, but she turns not aside;

She reaches the mound and the neighbor straight,

But for her and the children, alas, too late!

THE DAM DISAPPEARED, — LIKE A SEA IT GROWLS,
ROUND A HILLOCK IN CIRCLING EDDIES IT HOWLS.

The foaming abyss gapes wide, and whirls round,

The women and children are borne to the ground;

The horn of the goat by one is seized fast,

But, ah, they all must perish at last!

Fair Susan still stands there, untouched by the
wave!

The youngest, the noblest, oh, who now will save?

Fair Susan still stands there, as bright as a star,

But, alas! all hope, all assistance is far.

The foaming waters around her roar.

To save her no bark pushes off from the shore.

Her gaze once again she lifts up to heaven,

Then gently away by the flood she is driven.

NO DAM, NO PLAIN! TO MARK THE PLACE

SOME STRAGGLING TREES ARE THE ONLY TRACE.

The rushing water the wilderness covers,

Yet Susan's image still over it hovers. —

The water sinks, the plains re-appear.

Fair Susan's lamented with many a tear, —

May he who refuses her story to tell,

Be neglected in life and in death as well!

THE VIOLET.

UPON the mead a violet stood,

Retiring, and of modest mood,

In truth, a violet fair.

Then came a youthful shepherdess,

And roamed with sprightly joyousness,

And blithely wooed

With carols sweet the air.

“Ah!” thought the violet, “had I been

For but the smallest moment e'en

Nature's most beautiful flower,

'Till gathered by my love, and pressed,

When weary, 'gainst her gentle breast,

For e'en, for e'en

One quarter of an hour!”

Alas! alas! the maid drew nigh,

The violet failed to meet her eye,

She crushed the violet sweet.

It sank and died, yet murmured not:

“And if I die, oh, happy lot,

For her I die,

And at her very feet!”

THE BEAUTEOUS FLOWER.

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED COUNT.

COUNT.

I KNOW a flower of beauty rare,

Ah, how I hold it dear!

To seek it I would fain repair,

Were I not prisoned here.

My sorrow sore oppresses me,

For when I was at liberty,

I had it close beside me.

Though from this castle's walls so steep

I cast mine eyes around,

And gaze oft from the lofty keep,

The flower cannot be found.

Whoe'er would bring it to my sight,

Whether a vassal he, or knight,

My dearest friend I'd deem him.

THE ROSE.

I blossom fair, — thy tale of woes

I hear from 'neath thy grate.

Thou doubtless meanest me, the rose,

Poor knight of high estate!

Thou hast in truth a lofty mind;

The queen of flowers then is enshrined,

I doubt not, in thy bosom.

COUNT.

Thy red, in dress of green arrayed,

As worth all praise I hold;

And so thou'rt treasured by each maid,

Like precious stones or gold.

Thy wreath adorns the fairest face,

But still thou'rt not the flower whose grace

I honor here in silence.

THE LILY.

The rose is wont with pride to swell,

And ever seeks to rise;

But gentle sweethearts love full well

The lily's charms to prize.

The heart that fills a bosom true,
That is, like me, unsullied, too,
My merit values duly.

COUNT.

In truth, I hope myself unstained,
And free from grievous crime;
Yet I am here a prisoner chained,
And pass in grief my time.
To me thou art an image sure
Of many a maiden, mild and pure,
And yet I know a dearer

THE PINK.

That must be me, the pink, who scent
The warder's garden here.
Or wherefore is he so intent
My charms with care to rear?
My petals stand in beauteous ring,
Sweet incense all around I bring,
And boast a thousand colors.

COUNT.

The pink, in truth, we should not slight,
It is the gardener's pride;
It now must stand exposed to light,
Now in the shade abide.
Yet what can make the Count's heart glow
Is no mere pomp of outward show;
It is a silent flower.

THE VIOLET.

Here stand I, modestly half hid,
And fain would silence keep;
Yet since to speak I now am bid,
I'll break my silence deep.
If, worthy Knight, I am that flower,
It grieves me that I have not power
To breathe forth all my sweetness.

COUNT.

The violet's charms I prize, indeed,
So modest 'tis, and fair,
And smells so sweet; yet more I need

To ease my heavy care.
 The truth I'll whisper in thine ear:
 Upon these rocky heights so drear,
 I cannot find the loved one.

The truest maiden 'neath the sky
 Roams near the stream below,
 And breathes forth many a gentle sigh,
 Till I from hence can go.
 And when she plucks a floweret blue,
 And says "Forget-me-not!" — I, too,
 Though far away, can feel it.

Ay, distance only swells love's might,
 When fondly love a pair;
 Though prisoned in the dungeon's night,
 In life I linger there;
 And when my heart is breaking nigh,
 "Forget-me-not!" is all I cry,
 And straightway life returneth.



SIR CURT'S WEDDING JOURNEY,

With a bridegroom's joyous bearing,
 Mounts Sir Curt his noble beast,
 To his mistress' home repairing,
 There to hold his wedding feast;
 When a threatening foe advances
 From a desert, rocky spot;
 For the fray they couch their lances,
 Not delaying, speaking not.

Long the doubtful fight continues,
 Victory then for Curt declares;
 Conqueror, though with wearied sinews,
 Forward on his road he fares.
 When he sees, though strange it may be,
 Something 'midst the foliage move;
 'Tis a mother with her baby,
 Stealing softly through the grove!

And upon the spot she beckons —
 “Wherefore, love, this speed so wild?
 Of the wealth thy storehouse reckons,
 Hast thou naught to give thy child?”
 Flames of rapture now dart through him,
 And he longs for nothing more,
 While the mother seemeth to him
 Lovely as the maid of yore.

But he hears his servants blowing,
 And bethinks him of his bride;
 And ere long, while onward going,
 Chances past a fair to ride;
 In the booths he forthwith buys him
 For his mistress many a pledge;
 But, alas! some Jews surprise him,
 And long-standing debts allege.

And the courts of justice duly
 Sends the knight to prison straight.
 Oh, accursèd story, truly!
 For a hero, what a fate!
 Can my patience such things weather?
 Great is my perplexity.
 Women, debts, and foes together, —
 Ah, no knight escapes scot free!

WEDDING SONG.

THE tale of the Count our glad song shall record
 Who had in this castle his dwelling,
 Where now are ye feasting the new-married lord,
 His grandson of whom we are telling.
 The Count as Crusader had blazoned his fame,
 Through many a triumph exalted his name,
 And when on his steed to his dwelling he came,
 His castle still reared its proud head,
 But servants and wealth had all fled.

’Tis true that thou, Count, hast returned to thy home,
 But matters are faring there ill.
 The winds through the chambers at liberty roam,
 And blow through the windows at will.

What's best to be done in a cold autumn night ?
 Full many I've passed in more piteous plight ;
 The morn ever settles the matter aright.

Then quick, while the moon shines so clear,
 To bed on the straw, without fear.

And whilst in a soft pleasing slumber he lay,
 A motion he feels 'neath his bed.

The rat, an he likes it, may rattle away !

Ay, had he but crumbs there outspread !

But lo ! there appears a diminutive wight,

A dwarf 'tis, yet graceful, and bearing a light,

With orator-gestures that notice invite,

At the feet of the Count on the floor

Who sleeps not, though weary full sore.

" We've long been accustomed to hold here our feast
 Since thou from thy castle first went ;

And as we believed thou wert far in the East,

To revel e'en now we were bent.

And if thou'lt allow it, and seek not to chide,

We dwarfs will all banquet with pleasure and pride,

To honor the wealthy, the beautiful bride " —

Says the Count with a smile, half asleep : —

" Ye're welcome your quarters to keep ! "

Three knights then advance, riding all in a group,

Who under the bed were concealed ;

And then is a singing and noise-making troop

Of strange little figures revealed ;

And wagon on wagon with all kinds of things —

The clatter they cause through the ear loudly rings —

The like ne'er was seen save in castles of kings ;

At length, in a chariot of gold,

The bride and the guest, too, behold !

Then all at full gallop make haste to advance,

Each chooses his place in the hall ;

With whirling and waltzing, and light joyous dance,

They begin with their sweethearts the ball.

The fife and the fiddle all merrily sound,
 They twine, and they glide, and with nimbleness bound,
 They whisper, and chatter, and clatter around ;
 The Count on the scene casts his eye,
 And seems in a fever to lie.

They hustle, and bustle, and rattle away
 On table, on bench, and on stool ;
 Then all who had joined in the festival gay
 With their partners attempt to grow cool.
 The hams and the sausages nimbly they bear,
 And meat, fish, and poultry in plenty are there,
 Surrounded with wine of the vintage most rare ;
 And when they have revelled full long,
 They vanish at last with a song.

And if we're to sing all that further occurred,
 Pray cease ye to bluster and prate ;
 For what he so gladly in *small* saw and heard,
 He enjoyed and he practised in *great*.
 For trumpets, and singing, and shouts without end
 On the bridal-train, chariots and horsemen attend,
 They come and appear, and they bow and they bend,
 In merry and countless array,
 Thus was it, thus is it to-day.

THE FISHERMAN.

THE water rushed, the water swelled,
 A fisherman sat by,
 And gazed upon his dancing float
 With tranquil-dreaming eye.
 And as he sits, and as he looks,
 The gurgling waves arise ;
 A maid, all bright with water drops,
 Stands straight before his eyes.
 She sang to him, she spake to him :
 " My fish why dost thou snare,
 With human wit and human guile,
 Into the killing air ?

Couldst see how happy fishes live
 Under the stream so clear,
 Thyself would plunge into the stream,
 And live forever there.

“Bathe not the lovely sun and moon
 Within the cool, deep sea,
 And with wave-breathing faces rise
 In twofold witchery?
 Lure not the misty heaven-deeps,
 So beautiful and blue?
 Lures not thine image, mirrored in
 The fresh eternal dew?”

The water rushed, the water swelled,
 It clasped his feet, I wis;
 A thrill went through his yearning heart,
 As when two lovers kiss!
 She spake to him, she sang to him:
 Resistless was her strain;
 Half drew him in, half lured him in;
 He ne'er was seen again.

THE RAT-CATCHER.

I AM the bard known far and wide,
 The travelled rat-catcher beside;
 A man most needful to this town,
 So glorious through its old renown.
 However many rats I see,
 How many weasels there may be,
 I cleanse the place from every one,
 All needs but helter-skelter run.

Sometimes the bard so full of cheer
 As a child-catcher will appear,
 Who e'en the wildest captive brings,
 Whene'er his golden tales he sings.
 However proud each boy in heart,
 However much the maidens start,
 I bid the chords sweet music make,
 And all must follow in my wake.

Sometimes the skilful bard ye view
 In form of maiden-catcher, too ;
 For he no city enters e'er,
 Without effecting wonders there.
 However coy may be each maid,
 Howe'er the women seem afraid,
 Yet all will love-sick be ere long
 To sound of magic lute and song.

[*Da Capo.*]

THE KING OF THULE.

[This ballad is also introduced in *Faust*, where it is sung by Margaret.]

THERE was a king in Thule,
 Was faithful till the grave,
 To whom his mistress, dying,
 A golden goblet gave.

Nought was to him more precious ;
 He drained it at every bout ;
 His eyes with tears ran over,
 As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
 The towns in his land he told,
 Naught else to his heir denying
 Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
 With his knights of high degree,
 In the lofty hall of his father
 In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
 And drank the last life-glow ;
 And hurled the hallowed goblet
 Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
 And sinking deep in the sea :
 Then fell his eyelids forever,
 And nevermore drank he !

THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

I.

MANY weary days I suffered,
 Sick of heart and poor of purse;
 Riches are the greatest blessing—
 Poverty the deepest curse!
 Till at last to dig a treasure
 Forth I went into the wood—
 “Fiend! my soul is thine forever!”
 And I signed the scroll with blood.

II.

Then I drew the magic circles,
 Kindled the mysterious fire,
 Placed the herbs and bones in order,
 Spoke the incantation dire.
 And I sought the buried metal
 With a spell of mickle might—
 Sought it as my master taught me;
 Black and stormy was the night.

III.

And I saw a light appearing
 In the distance, like a star;
 When the midnight hour was tolling,
 Came it waxing from afar:
 Came it flashing, swift and sudden,
 As if fiery wine it were,
 Flowing from an open chalice,
 Which a beauteous boy did bear.

IV.

And he wore a lustrous chaplet,
 And his eyes were full of thought,
 As he stepped into the circle
 With the radiance that he brought.
 And he bade me taste the goblet;
 And I thought—“It cannot be,
 That this boy should be the bearer
 Of the Demon’s gifts to me!”

v.

"Taste the draught of pure existence
 Sparkling in this golden urn,
 And no more with baleful magic
 Shalt thou hitherward return.
 Do not seek for treasures longer;
 Let thy future spell-words be,
 Days of labor, nights of resting:
 So shall peace return to thee!"

 THE SPINNER.

As I calmly sat and span,
 Toiling with all zeal,
 Lo! a young and handsome man
 Passed my spinning-wheel.
 And he praised, — what harm was there? —
 Sweet the things he said —
 Praised my flax-resembling hair,
 And the even thread.
 He with this was not content,
 But must needs do more;
 And in twain the thread was rent,
 Though 'twas safe before.
 And the flax's stonelike weight
 Needed to be told;
 But no longer was its state
 Valued as of old.
 When I took it to the weaver,
 Something felt I start,
 And more quickly, as with fever,
 Throbbled my trembling heart.
 Then I bear the thread at length
 Through the heat, to bleach;
 But, alas, I scarce have strength
 To the pool to reach.
 What I in my little room
 Span so fine and slight, —
 As was likely, I presume —
 Came at last to light.

THE YOUTH AND THE MILL-STREAM.

[This sweet Ballad, and the one entitled *The Maid of the Mill's Repentance*, were written on the occasion of a visit paid by Goethe to Switzerland. *The Maid of the Mill's Treachery*, to which the latter forms the sequel, was not written till the following year.]

YOUTH.

PRETTY brooklet, gaily glancing
 In the morning sun,
 Why so joyous in thy dancing?
 Whither dost thou run?
 What is't lures thee to the vale?
 Tell me, if thou hast a tale.

BROOK.

Youth! I was a brooklet lately,
 Wandering at my will;
 Then I might have moved sedately
 Now, to yonder mill,
 Must I hurry, swift and strong,
 'Therefore do I race along.

YOUTH.

Brooklet, happy in thy duty,
 Nathless thou art free;
 Knowest not the power of beauty
 That enchaineth me!
 Looks the miller's comely daughter
 Ever kindly on thy water?

BROOK.

Early comes she every morning,
 From some blissful dream;
 And, so sweet in her adorning,
 Bends above my stream.
 Then her bosom, white as snow,
 Makes my chilly waters glow.

YOUTH.

If her beauty brings such gladness,
 Brooklet, unto thee,
 Marvel not if I to madness
 Should inflamèd be.
 O that I could hope to move her!
 Once to see her is to love her.

BROOK.

Then careering — ah, so proudly!
 Rush I o'er the wheel,
 And the merry mill speaks loudly
 All the joy I feel.
 Show me but the miller's daughter,
 And more swiftly flows my water.

YOUTH.

Nay, but, brooklet, tell me truly,
 Feelest thou no pain,
 When she smiles, and bids thee duly
 Go, nor turn again?
 Hath that simple smile no cunning,
 Brook, to stay thee in thy running?

BROOK.

Hard it is to lose her shadow,
 Hard to pass away;
 Slowly, sadly, down the meadow,
 Uninspired I stray.
 O, if I might have my will,
 Back to her I'd hasten still!

YOUTH.

Brook! my love thou comprehendest;
 Fare thee well awhile;
 One day, when thou hither wendest,
 May'st thou see me smile.
 Go, and in thy gentlest fashion,
 Tell that maiden all my passion?

 THE MAID OF THE MILL'S TREACHERY.

[This Ballad is introduced in the *Wanderjahre*, in a tale called *The Foolish Pilgrim*.]

WHENCE comes our friend so hastily,
 When scarce the eastern sky is gray?
 Hath he just ceased, though cold it be,
 In yonder holy spot to pray?
 The brook appears to hem his path,
 Would he barefooted o'er it go?
 Why curse his orisons in wrath,
 Across those heights beclad with snow?

Alas! his warm bed he hath left,
 Where he had looked for bliss, I ween;
 And if his cloak, too, had been reft,
 How fearful his disgrace had been!
 By yonder villain sorely pressed,
 His wallet from him had been torn;
 Our hapless friend has been undressed, —
 Left well nigh naked as when born.

The reason why he came this road,
 Is that he sought a pair of eyes,
 Which, at the mill, as brightly glowed
 As those that are in Paradise.
 He will not soon again be there
 From out the house he quickly hied,
 And when he gained the open air,
 Thus bitterly and loudly cried: —

“ Within her gaze, so dazzling bright,
 No word of treachery I could read;
 She seemed to see me with delight,
 Yet planned e’en then this cruel deed.
 Could I, when basking in her smile,
 Dream of the treason in her breast?
 She bade kind Cupid stay awhile,
 And he was there to make us blest.

“ To taste of love’s sweet ecstasy
 Throughout the night that endless seemed,
 And for her mother’s help to cry
 Only when morning sunlight beamed!
 A dozen of her kith and kin,
 A very human flood, in-pressed,
 Her cousins came, her aunts peered in,
 And uncles, brothers, and the rest.

“ Then what a tumult, fierce and loud!
 Each seemed a beast of prey to be;
 The maiden’s honor all the crowd,
 With fearful shout, demand of me.
 Why should they, madmen-like, begin
 To fall upon a guiltless youth?
 For he who such a prize would win,
 Far nimbler needs must be, in truth.

“The way to follow up with skill
 His freaks, by Love betimes is known:
 He ne'er will leave, within a mill,
 Sweet flowers for sixteen years alone.—
 They stole my clothes away, — yes, all!
 And tried my cloak beside to steal.
 How strange that any house so small
 So many rascals could conceal!

“Then I sprang up, and raved, and swore,
 To force a passage through them there.
 I saw the treacherous maid once more,
 And she was still, alas, *so fair!*
 They all gave way before my wrath,
 Wild outcries flew about pell-mell;
 At length I managed to rush forth,
 With voice of thunder, from that hell.

“As maidens of the town we fly,
 We'll shun you maidens of the village!
 Leave it to those of quality,
 Their humble worshippers to pillage!
 Yet if ye are of practised skill,
 And of all tender ties afraid,
 Exchange your lovers, if ye will,
 But never let them be betrayed.”

Thus sings he in the winter-night,
 While not a blade of grass was green.
 I laughed to see his piteous plight,
 For it was well-deserved, I ween.
 And may this be the fate of all,
 Who treat by day their true loves ill,
 And, with foolhardy daring, crawl
 By night to Cupid's treacherous mill!

THE MAID OF THE MILL'S REPENTANCE.

YOUTH.

AWAY, thou swarthy witch! Go forth
 From out my house, I tell thee!
 Or else I needs must, in my wrath,
 Expel thee!

What's this thou singest so falsely, forsooth,
Of love and a maiden's silent truth?

Who'll trust to such a story!

GYPSY.

I sing of a maid's repented fears,
And long and bitter yearning;
Her levity changed to truth and tears
All-burning.

She dreads no more the threats of her mother,
She dreads far less the blows of her brother,
Than the dearly-loved one's hatred.

YOUTH.

Of selfishness sing, and treacherous lies,
Of murder and thievish plunder!
Such actions false will cause no surprise,
Or wonder.

When they share their booty, both clothes and purse, —
As bad as you gypsies, and even worse,
Such tales find ready credence.

GYPSY.

“Alas, alas! oh, what have I done?
Can listening aught avail me?
I hear him toward my room hasten on,
To hail me.
My heart beat high, to myself I said:
‘O would that thou hadst never betrayed
That night of love to thy mother!’”

YOUTH.

Alas! I foolishly ventured there,
For the cheating silence misled me,
Ah, sweetest! let me to thee repair, —
Nor dread me!

When suddenly rose a fearful din,
Her mad relations came pouring in.
My blood still boils in my body!

GYPSY.

“Oh when will return an hour like this?
I pine in silent sadness;
I've thrown away my only true bliss
With madness.

Alas, poor maid ! O pity my youth !
 My brother was then full cruel in truth
 To treat the loved one so basely !”

THE POET.

The swarthy woman then went inside,
 To the spring in the courtyard yonder ;
 Her eyes from their stain she purified,
 And, — wonder ! —
 Her face and eyes were radiant and bright,
 And the maid of the mill was disclosed to the sight
 Of the startled and angry stripling.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Thou sweetest, fairest, dearly-loved life !
 Before thine anger I cower ;
 But blows I dread not, nor sharp-edged knife, —
 This hour
 Of sorrow and love to thee I'll sing,
 And myself before thy feet I'll fling,
 And either live or die there !

YOUTH.

Affection, say, why buried so deep
 In my heart hast thou lain hidden ?
 By whom hast thou now to awake from thy sleep
 Been bidden ?
 Ah, love, that thou art immortal I see !
 Nor knavish cunning nor treachery
 Can destroy thy life so godlike.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

If still, with as fond and heartfelt love,
 As thou once didst swear, I'm cherished,
 Then naught of the rapture we used to prove
 Is perished.
 So take the woman so dear to thy breast !
 In her young and innocent charms be blest,
 For all are thine from henceforward !

BOTH.

Now, sun, sink to rest ! Now, moon, arise !
 Ye stars, be now shining, now darkling !
 A star of love now gleams in the skies,
 All sparkling !

As long as the fountain may spring and run,
 So long will we two be blended in one,
 Upon each other's bosoms!

THE WALKING BELL.

A CHILD refused to go betimes
 To church like other people;
 He roamed abroad, when rang the chimes
 On Sundays from the steeple.

His mother said: "Loud rings the bell,
 Its voice ne'er think of scorning;
 Unless thou wilt behave thee well,
 'Twill fetch thee without warning."

The child then thought: "High over head
 The bell is safe suspended —"
 So to the fields he straightway sped
 As if 'twas school-time ended.

The bell now ceased as bell to ring,
 Roused by the mother's twaddle;
 But soon ensued a dreadful thing! —
 The bell begins to waddle.

It waddles fast, though strange it seem;
 The child, with trembling wonder,
 Runs off, and flies, as in a dream;
 The bell would draw him under.

He finds the proper time at last,
 And straightway nimbly rushes
 To church, to chapel, hastening fast
 Through pastures, plains, and bushes.

Each Sunday and each feast as well,
 His late disaster heeds he;
 The moment that he hears the bell,
 No other summons needs he.

POETS' art is ever able
 To endow with truth mere fable.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE FARM MAIDEN.

HE.

CANST thou give, O fair and matchless maiden,
 'Neath the shadow of the lindens yonder, —
 Where I'd fain one moment cease to wander, —
 Food and drink to one so heavy laden?

SHE.

Wouldst thou find refreshment, traveller weary,
 Bread, ripe fruit, and cream, to meet thy wishes, —
 None but Nature's plain and homely dishes, —
 Near the spring may soothe thy wanderings dreary.

HE.

Dreams of old acquaintance now pass through me,
 Ne'er-forgotten queen of hours of blisses :
 Likenesses I've often found, but *this* is
 One that quite a marvel seemeth to me!

SHE.

Travellers often wonder beyond measure,
 But their wonder soon see cause to smother ;
 Fair and dark are often like each other,
 Both inspire the mind with equal pleasure.

HE.

Not now for the first time I surrender
 To this form, in humble adoration ;
 It was brightest midst the constellatio
 In the hall adorned with festal splendor.

SHE.

Be thou joyful that 'tis in my power
 To complete thy strange and merry story !
 Silks behind her, full of purple glory,
 Floated, when thou sawest her in that hour.

HE.

No, in truth, thou hast not sung it rightly !
 Spirits may have told thee all about it ;
 Pearls and gems they spoke of, do not doubt it, —
 By her gaze eclipsed, — it gleamed so brightly !

SHE.

This one thing I certainly collected :
 That the fair one — (say naught, I entreat thee!)
 Fondly hoping once again to meet, thee,
 Many a castle in the air erected.

HE.

By each wind I ceaselessly was driven,
 Seeking gold and honor, too, to capture.
 When my wand'rings end, then oh, what rapture,
 If to find that form again 'tis given!

SHE.

'Tis the daughter of the race now banished
 That thou seest, not her likeness only,
 Helen and her brother, glad though lonely,
 Till this farm of their estate now vanished.

HE.

But the owner surely is not wanting
 Of these plains, with ev'ry beauty teeming?
 Verdant fields, broad meads, and pastures gleaming,
 Gushing springs, all heavenly and enchanting.

SHE.

Thou must hunt the world through, wouldst thou find
 him! —
 We have wealth enough in our possession,
 And intend to purchase the succession,
 When the good man leaves the world behind him.

HE.

I have learnt the owner's own condition,
 And, fair maiden, thou indeed canst buy it;
 But the cost is great, I won't deny it, —
Helen is the price, — with thy permission!

SHE.

Did then fate and rank keep us asunder,
 And must Love take this road, and no other?
 Yonder comes my dear and trusty brother!
 What will *he* say to it all, I wonder?

TURN to good account thy day;
 Wilt aught lay hold on? go not far away.

THE PAGE AND THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

PAGE.

WHERE goest thou? Where?

Miller's daughter so fair!

Thy name, pray? —

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

'Tis Lizzy.

PAGE.

Where goest thou? Where?

With the rake in thy hand?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Father's meadows and land

To visit, I'm busy.

PAGE.

Dost go there alone?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

By this rake, sir, 'tis shown

That we're making the hay;

And the pears ripen fast

In the garden at last,

So I'll pick them to-day.

PAGE.

Is't a silent thicket I yonder view?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Oh, yes! there are two;

There's one on each side.

PAGE.

I'll follow thee soon;

When the sun burns at noon,

We'll go there, ourselves from his rays to hide
And then in some glade all-verdant and deep —

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Why, people would say —

PAGE.

Within mine arms thou gently wilt sleep.

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Your pardon, I pray!
 Whoever is kissed by the miller-maid,
 Upon the spot must needs be betrayed.
 'Twould give me distress
 To cover with white
 Your pretty dark dress.
 Equal with equal! then all is right!
 That's the motto in which I delight.
 I am in love with the miller-boy;
 He wears nothing that I could destroy.

—◆—

 FAITHFUL ECKART.

"Oh, would we were further! Oh, would we were home,
 The phantoms of night tow'rd us hastily come,
 The band of the Sorceress sisters.
 They hitherward speed, and on finding us here,
 They'll drink, though with toil we have fetched it, the
 beer,

And leave us the pitchers all empty."

Thus speaking, the children with fear take to flight,
 When sudden an old man appears in their sight;

"Be quiet, child! children, be quiet!

From hunting they come, and their thirst they would
 still,

So leave them to swallow as much as they will,
 And the Evil Ones then will be gracious."

As said, so 'twas done! and the phantoms draw near,
 And shadowlike seem they, and gray they appear,

Yet blithely they sip and they revel:

The beer has all vanished, the pitchers are void;
 With cries and with shouts the wild hunters, o'erjoyed,
 Speed onward o'er vale and o'er mountain.

The children in terror fly nimbly toward home,
 And with them the kind one is careful to come:

"My darlings, oh, be not so mournful!"—

"They'll blame us and beat us until we are dead."—

"No, no! ye will find that all goes well," he said;

"Be silent as mice, then, and listen!

“And he by whose counsels thus wisely ye’re taught,
Is he who with children loves ever to sport,

The trusty and faithful old Eckart.

Ye have heard of the wonder for many a day,
But ne’er had a proof of the marvellous lay, —

Your hands hold a proof most convincing.”

They arrive at their home, and their pitchers they
place

By the side of their parents, with fear on their face,
Awaiting a beating and scolding.

But see what they’re tasting: the choicest of beer!

Though three times and four times they quaff the good
cheer,

The pitchers remain still unemptied.

The marvel it lasts till the dawning of day;

All people who hear of it doubtless will say:

“What happened at length to the pitchers?”

In secret the children they smile, as they wait;

At last, though, they stammer, and stutter, and prate,

And straightway the pitchers were empty.

And if, children, with kindness addressed ye may be,
Whether father, or master, or alderman he,

Obeys him, and follows his bidding!

And if ’tis unpleasant to bridle the tongue,

Yet talking is bad, silence good for the young —

And then will the beer fill your pitchers!

THE DANCE OF THE DEAD.

THE warden he gazes at dead o’ the night

On the graveyards under him lying,

The moon into clearness throws all by her light,

The night with the daylight is vying.

There’s a stir in the graves, and forth from their tombs

The form of a man, then a woman next looms

In garments long trailing and snowy.

They stretch themselves out, and with eager delight

Join the bones for the revel and dancing, —

Young and old, rich and poor, the lady and knight,

Their trains are a hinderance to dancing.

And since here by shame they no longer are bound,
 They shuffle them off, and lo, strewn lie around
 Their garments on each little hillock.

Here rises a shank, and a leg wobbles there
 With lewd diabolical gesture ;
 And clatter and rattle of bones you might hear,
 As of one beating sticks to a measure.
 This seems to the warder a laughable game :
 Then the tempter, low whispering, up to him came :
 "In one of their shrouds go and wrap thee."

'Twas done soon as said ; then he gained in wild flight
 Concealment behind the church portal,
 The moon all the while throws her bright beams of light
 On the dance where they revel and sport all.
 First one, then another, dispersed all are they,
 And donning their shrouds steal the spectres away,
 And under the graves all is quiet.

But one of them stumbles and fumbles along,
 'Midst the tombstones groping intently ;
 But none of his comrades have done him this wrong,
 His shroud in the breeze 'gins to scent he.
 He rattles the door of the tower, but can find
 No entrance, — good luck to the warder behind ! —
 'Tis barred with blest crosses of metal.

His shroud he must have, or rest can he ne'er ;
 And so, without further preambles,
 The old Gothic carving he grips then and there,
 From turret to pinnacle scrambles.
 Alas for the warder ! all's over, I fear ;
 From buttress to buttress in dev'lish career
 He climbs like a long-legged spider.

The warder he trembles, and pale doth he look,
 That shroud he would gladly be giving,
 When piercing transfixed it a sharp-pointed hook !
 He thought his last hour he was living.
 Clouds cover already the vanishing moon,
 With thunderous clang beats the clock a loud *One*, —
 Below lies the skeleton, shattered.

EFFECT AT A DISTANCE.

THE Queen she stands in her castle's proud hall,
 Where all brightly the tapers flame ;
 "Now hie thee, sir page" (he came at her call),
 "And fetch me my purse for the game ;
 It lies close at hand
 On the marble stand."
 To the palace end quickly away
 Sped the page without further delay.

By chance, near the Queen her sherbet did sip
 A lady, the fairest of all ;
 In shivers the cup fell dashed from her lip, —
 Ah me, what a terrible fall !
 Such carelessness ! drest
 In her gala vest !
 Sped the lady without more delay
 To the palace end quickly away.

The page as back on his errand he flew,
 In trouble the fair lady met ;
 Both page and lady, though none of them knew,
 Their hearts on each other had set.
 O joy and delight !
 O fortunate plight !
 How they fell upon each other's breast !
 How they kissed and embraced and caressed ;

Now severed at last and parted are they !
 To her room the fair lady ran,
 Back to the Queen sped the page on his way,
 Past many a dagger and fan.
 His vest by the Queen
 All spotted was seen ;
 From her eyes there was nothing to hide,
 With the famed Queen of Sheba she vied.

The palace duenna she called aside :
 "You said in our late wordy war, —
 And arguments stout and stiff you applied, —
 That spirit acts not from afar ;

In presence alone
 Its traces are shown,
 But nothing can work from afar, —
 No, not even a heavenly star.

“Now look! But just now where standing we are,
 Was scattered a sweet beverage,
 And at the same instant, though distant and far,
 It spotted the vest of the page. —
 Go, get newly clad,
 My heart is made glad;
 My argument thus for upholding
 I'll pay, and so save you a scolding.”

—◆—
 THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

(First published in Schiller's *Horen*, in connection with a friendly contest in the art of ballad-writing between the two great poets, to which many of their finest works are owing.)

I.

A YOUTH to Corinth, whilst the city slumbered,
 Came from Athens: though a stranger there,
 Soon among its townsmen to be numbered,
 For a bride awaits him, young and fair.
 From their childhood's years
 They were plighted feres,
 So contracted by their parents' care.

II.

But may not his welcome there be hindered?
 Dearly must he buy it, would he speed.
 He is still a heathen with his kindred,
 She and hers washed in the Christian creed.
 When new faiths are born,
 Love and troth are torn
 Rudely from the heart, howe'er it bleed.

III.

All the house is hushed; — to rest retreated
 Father, daughters — not the mother quite;
 She the guest with cordial welcome greeted,
 Led him to a room with tapers bright;
 Wine and food she brought,
 Ere of them he thought,
 Then departed with a fair good-night.

IV.

But he felt no hunger, and unheeded
 Left the wine, and eager for the rest
 Which his limbs, forspent with travel, needed,
 On the couch he laid him, still undressed.
 There he sleeps — when lo!
 Onwards gliding slow,
 At the door appears a wondrous guest.

V.

By the waning lamp's uncertain gleaming
 There he sees a youthful maiden stand,
 Robed in white, of still and gentle seeming,
 On her brow a black and golden band.
 When she meets his eyes,
 With a quick surprise
 Starting, she uplifts a pallid hand.

VI.

“Is a stranger here, and nothing told me?
 Am I then forgotten even in name?
 Ah! 'tis thus within my cell they hold me,
 And I now am covered o'er with shame!
 Pillow still thy head
 There upon thy bed,
 I will leave thee quickly as I came.”

VII.

“Maiden — darling! Stay, O stay!” and, leaping
 From the couch before her stands the boy:
 “Ceres — Bacchus, here their gifts are heaping,
 And thou bringest Amor's gentle joy!
 Why with terror pale?
 Sweet one, let us hail
 These bright gods their festive gifts employ.”

VIII.

“Oh, no — no! Young stranger, come not nigh me;
 Joy is not for me, nor festive cheer.
 Ah! such bliss may ne'er be tasted by me,
 Since my mother, in fantastic fear,
 By long sickness bowed,
 To heaven's service vowed
 Me, and all the hopes that warmed me here.”

IX.

“ They have left our hearth, and left it lonely, —
 The old gods, that bright and jocund train.
 One, unseen, in heaven, is worshipped only,
 And upon the cross a Saviour slain;
 Sacrifice is here,
 Not of lamb nor steer,
 But of human woe and human pain.”

X.

And he asks, and all her words doth ponder, —
 “ Can it be that in this silent spot,
 I behold thee, thou surpassing wonder!
 My sweet bride, so strangely to me brought?
 Be mine only now —
 See, our parents’ vow
 Heaven’s good blessing hath for us besought.”

XI.

“ No! thou gentle heart,” she cried in anguish;
 “ ’Tis not mine, but ’tis my sister’s place;
 When in lonely cell I weep and languish,
 Think, oh, think of me in her embrace!
 I think but of thee —
 Pining drearily,
 Soon beneath the earth to hide my face!”

XII.

“ Nay! I swear by yonder flame which burneth,
 Fanned by Hymen, lost thou shalt not be;
 Droop not thus, for my sweet bride returneth
 To my father’s mansion back with me!
 Dearest, tarry here!
 Taste the bridal cheer,
 For our spousal spread so wondrously!”

XIII.

Then with word and sigh their troth they plighted,
 Golden was the chain she bade him wear,
 But the cup he offered her she slighted,
 Silver, wrought with cunning past compare.
 “ That is not for me;
 All I ask of thee
 Is one little ringlet of thy hair!”

XIV.

Dully boomed the midnight hour unhallowed,
 And then first her eyes began to shine;
 Eagerly with pallid lips she swallowed
 Hasty draughts of purple-tinctured wine;
 But the wheaten bread,
 As in shuddering dread,
 Put she always by with loathing sign.

XV.

And she gave the youth the cup: he drained it,
 With impetuous haste he drained it dry;
 Love was in his fevered heart, and pained it,
 Till it ached for joy she must deny.
 But the maiden's fears
 Stayed him, till in tears
 On the bed he sank, with sobbing cry.

XVI.

And she leans above him — “Dear one, still thee!
 Ah, how sad am I to see thee so!
 But, alas! these limbs of mine would chill thee:
 Love! they mantle not with passion's glow;
 Thou wouldst be afraid,
 Didst thou find the maid
 Thou hast chosen, cold as ice or snow.”

XVII.

Round her waist his eager arms he bended,
 With the strength that youth and love inspire;
 “Wert thou even from the grave ascended,
 I could warm thee well with my desire!”
 Panting kiss on kiss!
 Overflow of bliss!
 “Burn'st thou not, and feelest me on fire?”

XVIII.

Closer yet they cling, and intermingling,
 Tears and broken sobs proclaim the rest;
 His hot breath through all her frame is tingling,
 There they lie, caressing and caressed.
 His impassioned mood
 Warms her torpid blood,
 Yet there beats no heart within her breast!

XIX.

Meanwhile goes the mother, softly creeping
 Through the house, on needful cares intent
 Hears a murmur, and, while all are sleeping,
 Wonders at the sounds, and what they meant.
 Who was whispering so? —
 Voices soft and low,
 In mysterious converse strangely blent.

XX.

Straightway by the door herself she stations,
 There to be assured what was amiss;
 And she hears love's fiery protestations,
 Words of ardor and endearing bliss:
 "Hark, the cock! 'Tis light!
 But to-morrow night
 Thou wilt come again?" and kiss on kiss.

XXI.

Quick the latch she raises, and, with features
 Anger-flushed, into the chamber hies.
 "Are there in my house such shameless creatures,
 Minions to the stranger's will?" she cries.
 By the dying light,
 Who is't meets her sight?
 God! 'tis her own daughter she espies!

XXII.

And the youth in terror sought to cover,
 With her own light veil, the maiden's head,
 Clasped her close; but, gliding from her lover,
 Back the vestment from her brow she spread,
 And her form upright,
 As with ghostly might,
 Long and slowly rises from the bed.

XXIII.

"Mother! mother! wherefore thus deprive me
 Of such joy as I this night have known?
 Wherefore from these warm embraces drive me?
 Was I wakened up to meet thy frown?
 Did it not suffice
 That in virgin guise,
 To an early grave you forced me down?"

XXIV.

“Fearful is the weird that forced me hither,
 From the dark-heaped chamber where I lay;
 Powerless are your drowsy anthems, neither
 Can your priests prevail, howe'er they pray.
 Salt nor lymph can cool,
 Where the pulse is full;
 Love must still burn on, though wrapped in clay.

XXV.

“To this youth my early troth was plighted,
 Whilst yet Venus ruled within the land;
 Mother! and that vow ye falsely slighted,
 At your new and gloomy faith's command.
 But no god will hear,
 If a mother swear
 Pure from love to keep her daughter's hand.

XXVI.

“Nightly from my narrow chamber driven,
 Come I to fulfil my destined part,
 Him to seek to whom my troth was given,
 And to draw the life-blood from his heart.
 He hath served my will;
 More I yet must kill,
 For another prey I now depart.

XXVII.

“Fair young man! thy thread of life is broken,
 Human skill can bring no aid to thee.
 There thou hast my chain — a ghastly token —
 And this lock of thine I take with me.
 Soon must thou decay,
 Soon thou wilt be gray,
 Dark although to-night thy tresses be!

XXVIII.

“Mother! hear, oh, hear my last entreaty!
 Let the funeral-pile arise once more;
 Open up my wretched tomb for pity.
 And in flames our souls to peace restore.
 When the ashes glow,
 When the fire-sparks flow,
 To the ancient gods aloft we soar.”

THE PUPIL IN MAGIC.

I AM now, — what joy to hear it! —
 Of the old magician rid;
 And henceforth shall every spirit
 Do whate'er by me is bid;
 I have watched with rigor
 All he used to do,
 And will now with vigor
 Work my wonders too.

Wander, wander
 Onward lightly,
 So that rightly
 Flow the torrent,
 And with teeming waters yonder
 In the bath discharge its current!

And now come, thou well-worn broom,
 And thy wretched form bestir;
 Thou hast ever served as groom,
 So fulfil my pleasure, sir!
 On two legs now stand,
 With a head on top;
 Waterpail in hand,
 Haste, and do not stop!

Wander, wander
 Onward lightly,
 So that rightly
 Flow the torrent,
 And with teeming waters yonder
 In the bath discharge its current!

See! he's running to the shore,
 And has now attained the pool,
 And with lightning speed once more
 Comes here with his bucket full!
 Back he then repairs;
 See how swells the tide!
 How each pail he bears
 Straightway is supplied!

Stop, for, lo !
 All the measure
 Of thy treasure
 Now is right ! —
 Ah, I see it ! woe, oh, woe !
 I forget the word of might.

Ah, the word whose sound can straight
 Make him what he was before !
 Ah, he runs with nimble gait !
 Would thou wert a broom once more !
 Streams renewed forever
 Quickly bringeth he ;
 River after river
 Rusheth on poor me.

Now no longer
 Can I bear him ;
 I will snare him,
 Knavish sprite !
 Ah, my terror waxes stronger !
 What a look ! what fearful sight !

Oh, thou villain child of hell !
 Shall the house through thee be drowned ?
 Floods I see that wildly swell,
 O'er the threshold gaining ground.
 Wilt thou not obey,
 Oh, thou broom accursed ?
 Be thou still, I pray,
 As thou wert at first !

Will enough
 Never please thee ?
 I will seize thee,
 Hold thee fast,
 And thy nimble wood so tough,
 With my sharp axe split at last.

See, once more he hastens back !
 Now, oh, Cobold, thou shalt catch it !
 I will rush upon his track ;
 Crashing on him falls my hatchet.

Bravely done, indeed !
 See, he's cleft in twain !
 Now from care I'm freed,
 And can breathe again.

Woe, oh, woe !
 Both the parts,
 Quick as darts,
 Stand on end,
 Servants of my dreaded foe !
 Oh, ye gods, protection send !

And they run ! and wetter still
 Grow the steps and grows the hall.
 Lord and master, hear me call !
 Ever seems the flood to fill,
 Ah, he's coming ! see,
 Great is my dismay !
 Spirits raised by me
 Vainly would I lay !

“ To the side
 Of the room
 Hasten, broom,
 As of old !
 Spirits I have ne'er untied
 Save to act as they are told.



BEFORE A COURT OF JUSTICE.

THE father's name ye ne'er shall be told
 Of my darling unborn life ;
 “ Shame, shame,” ye cry, “ on the strumpet bold ! ”
 Yet I am an honest wife.

To whom I'm wedded, ye ne'er shall be told,
 Yet he's both loving and fair ;
 He wears on his neck a chain of gold,
 And a hat of straw doth he wear.

If scorn 'tis vain to seek to repel,
 On me let the scorn be thrown.
 I know him well, and he knows me well,
 And to God, too, all is known.

Sir Parson and Sir Bailiff, again,
 I pray you, leave me in peace!
 My child it is, my child 'twill remain,
 So let your questionings cease!



THE GOD AND THE BAYADERE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

[This very fine Ballad was also first given in the *Horen*.]

MAHADEVA,* Lord of earth,
 For the sixth time comes below,
 As a man of mortal birth, —
 Like him, feeling joy and woe.
 Hither loves he to repair,
 And his power behind to leave;
 If to punish or to spare,
 Men as man he'd fain perceive.
 And when he the town as a traveller hath seen,
 Observing the mighty, regarding the mean,
 He quits it, to go on his journey, at eve.

He was leaving now the place,
 When an outcast met his eyes, —
 Fair in form, with painted face, —
 Where some straggling dwellings rise,
 "Maiden, hail!" — "Thanks! welcome here!
 "Stay! — I'll join thee in the road." —
 "Who art thou?" — "A Bayadere,
 And this house is love's abode."
 The cymbal she hastens to play for the dance,
 Well skilled in its mazes the sight to entrance,
 Then by her with grace is the nosegay bestowed.

Then she draws him, as in play,
 O'er the threshold eagerly:
 "Beauteous stranger, light as day,
 Thou shalt soon this cottage see.

* One of the numerous names of Seeva, the destroyer, — the great god of the Brahmins.

I'll refresh thee, if thou'rt tired,
 And will bathe thy weary feet;
 Take whate'er by thee's desired,
 Toying, rest, or rapture sweet." —
 She busily seeks his feigned suff'rings to ease;
 Then smiles the Immortal; with pleasure he sees
 That with kindness a heart so corrupted can beat.

And he makes her act the part
 Of a slave; he's straight obeyed.
 What at first had been but art,
 Soon is nature in the maid.
 By degrees the fruit we find,
 Where the buds at first obtain;
 When obedience fills the mind,
 Love will never far remain.
 But sharper and sharper the maiden to prove,
 The Discerner of all things below and above,
 Feigns pleasure, and horror, and maddening pain.

And her painted cheeks he kisses,
 And his vows her heart enthrall;
 Feeling love's sharp pangs and blisses
 Soon her tears begin to fall.
 At his feet she now must sink,
 Not with thoughts of lust or gain, —
 And her slender members shrink
 And devoid of power remain.
 And so the bright hours with gladness prepare
 Their dark, pleasing veil of a texture so fair,
 And over the couch softly, tranquilly reign.

Late she falls asleep, thus blessed, —
 Early wakes, her slumbers fled,
 And she finds the much-loved guest
 On her bosom lying dead.
 Screaming falls she on him there,
 But, alas, too late to save!
 And his rigid limbs they bear
 Straightway to their fiery grave,
 Then hears she the priests and the funeral song,
 Then madly she runs, and she severs the throng:
 "Why press tow'rd the pile thus? Why scream thus
 and rave?"

Then she sinks beside his bier,

And her screams through air resound :

“I must seek my spouse so dear,

E'en if in the grave he's bound.

Shall those limbs of grace divine

Fall to ashes in my sight?

Mine he was! Yes, only mine!

Ah, one single blissful night!”

The priests chant in chorus : “We bear out the old,

When long they've been weary, and late they've grown

cold ;

We bear out the young, too, so thoughtless and light.

“To thy priests' command give ear!

This one was thy husband ne'er ;

Live still as a Bayadere,

And no duty thou need'st share.

To death's silent realms from life,

None but shades attend man's frame,

With the husband, none but wife, —

That is duty, that is fame.

Ye trumpets, your sacred lament haste to raise!

Oh, welcome, ye gods, the bright lustre of days!

Oh, welcome to heaven the youth from the flame!”

Thus increased her torments are

By the cruel, heartless choir ;

And with arms outstretching far

Leaps she on the glowing pyre.

But the youth divine outsprings

From the flame with heav'nly grace,

And on high his flight he wings,

While his arms his love embrace.

In the sinner repentant the Godhead feels joy ;

Immortals delight thus their might to employ

Lost children to raise to a heavenly place.

THE PARIAH.

I. THE PARIAH'S PRAYER.

DREADED Brama, lord of might!

All proceed from thee alone ;

Thou art he who judgeth right!

Dost thou none but Brahmins own ?

Do but Rajahs come from thee?
 None but those of high estate?
 Didst not thou the ape create,
 Ay, and even such as we?

We are not of noble kind,
 For with woe our lot is rife;
 And what others deadly find
 Is our only source of life.
 Let this be enough for men,
 Let them, if they will, despise us;
 But thou, Brama, thou shouldst prize us,
 All are equal in thy ken.

Now that, Lord, this prayer is said,
 As thy child acknowledge me;
 Or let one be born instead,
 Who may link me on to thee!
 Diast not thou a Bayadere
 As a goddess heavenward raise?
 And we, too, to swell thy praise,
 Such a miracle would hear.

II. LEGEND.

[The successful manner in which Goethe employs the simple rhymeless trochaic metre in this and in many other Poems will perhaps be remarked by the reader.]

WATER-FETCHING goes the noble
 Brahmin's wife, so pure and lovely;
He is honored, void of blemish,
 And of justice rigid, stern.
 Daily from the sacred river
 Brings she back refreshment precious,—
 But where is the pail and pitcher?
 She of neither stands in need.
 For with pure heart, hands unsullied,
 She the water lifts, and rolls it
 To a wondrous ball of crystal;
 This she bears with gladsome bosom,
 Modestly, with graceful motion.
 To her husband in the house.

She to-day at dawn of morning
 Praying comes to Ganges' waters,
 Bends her o'er the glassy surface —
 Sudden, in the waves reflected,
 Flying swiftly far above her,
 From the highest heavens descending,
 She discerns the beauteous form
 Of a youth divine, created
 By the God's primeval wisdom
 In his own eternal breast.
 When she sees him, straightway feels she
 Wondrous, new, confused sensations
 In her inmost, deepest being ;
 Fain she'd linger o'er the vision,
 Then repels it, — it returneth, —
 And, perplexed, she bends her flood-wards
 With uncertain hands to draw it ;
 But, alas, she draws no more !
 For the water's sacred billows
 Seem to fly, to hasten from her ;
 She but sees the fearful chasm
 Of a whirlpool black disclosed.

Arms drop down, and footsteps stumble,
 Can this be the pathway homewards ?
 Shall she fly, or shall she tarry ?
 Can she think, when thought and counsel,
 When assistance, all are lost ?
 So before her spouse appears she —
 On her looks he — look is judgment —
 Proudly on the sword he seizes,
 To the hill of death he drags her,
 Where delinquents' blood pays forfeit
 What resistance could she offer ?
 What excuses could she proffer,
 Guilty, knowing not her guilt ?

And with bloody sword returns he,
 Musing, to his silent dwelling,
 When his son before him stands :
 " Whose this blood ? Oh, father ! father !"
 " The delinquent woman's ! " — " Never !"
 For upon the sword it dries not,

Like the blood of the delinquent ;
 Fresh it flows, as from the wound.
 Mother! mother! hither hasten ;
 Unjust never was my father,
 Tell me what he now hath done." —
 " Silence ; silence ! *hers* the blood is !"
 " Whose, my father ?" — " Silence ! Silence !"
 " What ! oh, what ! my mother's blood !
 What her crime ? What did she ? Answer !
 Now, the sword ! the sword now hold I !
 Thou thy wife perchance might'st slaughter
 But my mother might'st not slay !
 Through the flames the wife is able
 Her belovèd spouse to follow,
 And his dear and only mother
 Through the sword her faithful son."
 " Stay ! oh, stay !" exclaimed the father :
 " Yet 'tis time, so hasten, hasten !
 Join the head upon the body,
 With the sword then touch the figure,
 And, alive, she'll follow thee."

Hastening, he, with breathless wonder,
 Sees the bodies of two women
 Lying crosswise ; and their heads, too ;
 Oh, what horror ! which to choose !
 Then his mother's head he seizes, —
 Does not kiss it, deadly pale 'tis, —
 On the nearest headless body
 Puts it quickly, and then blesses
 With the sword the pious work.
 Then a giant form uprises. —
 From the dear lips of his mother,
 Lips all godlike — changeless — blissful,
 Sound these words with horror fraught ;
 " Son, oh, son ! what overhastening !
 Yonder is thy mother's body,
 Near it lies the impious head
 Of the woman who hath fallen
 Victim to the judgment-sword !
 To her body I am grafted
 By thy hand for endless ages ;

Wise in counsel, wild in action,
 I shall be amongst the gods.
 E'en the heavenly boy's own image,
 Though in brow and eye so lovely,
 Sinking downwards to the bosom
 Mad and raging lust will stir.

"Twill return again for ever,
 Ever rising, ever sinking,
 Now obscured, and now transfigured, —
 So great Brama hath ordained.
 He 'twas sent the beauteous pinions,
 Radiant face, and slender members
 Of the only God-begotten,
 That I might be proved and tempted;
 For from high descends temptation,
 When the gods ordain it so.
 And so I, the Brahmin woman,
 With my head in Heaven reclining,
 Must experience, as a Pariah,
 The debasing power of earth.

"Son, I send thee to thy father!
 Comfort him! Let no sad penance,
 Weak delay, or thought of merit,
 Hold thee in the desert fast;
 Wander on through ev'ry nation,
 Roam abroad throughout all ages,
 And proclaim to e'en the meanest,
 That great Brama hears his cry!

"None is in his eyes the meanest —
 He whose limbs are lame and palsied,
 He whose soul is wildly riven,
 Worn with sorrow, hopeless, helpless,
 Be he Brahmin, be he Pariah,
 If tow'rd heaven he turns his gaze,
 Will perceive, will learn to know it:
 Thousand eyes are glowing yonder,
 Thousand ears are calmly list'ning,

From which naught below is hid,
 "If I to his throne soar upward,
 If he sees my fearful figure

By his might transformed to horror,
 He forever will lament it, —
 May it to your good be found!
 And I now will kindly warn him,
 And I now will madly tell him
 Whatsoe'er my mind conceiveth,
 What within my bosom heaveth.
 But my thoughts, my inmost feelings —
 Those a secret shall remain."

III. THE PARIAN'S THANKS.

MIGHTY Brama, now I'll bless thee!
 'Tis from thee that worlds proceed!
 As my ruler I confess thee,
 For of all thou takest heed.
 All thy thousand ears thou keepest
 Open to each child of earth;
 We, 'mongst mortals sunk the deepest,
 Have from thee received new birth.
 Bear in mind the woman's story,
 Who, through grief, divine became;
 Now I'll wait to view His glory,
 Who omnipotence can claim.

DEATH LAMENT OF THE NOBLE WIFE OF ASAN AGA.

[THIS beautiful poem, purporting to be a translation from the Morlachian, was first printed in Herder's admirable collection of ballads, translated into German from almost every European language, and published under the title of *Volklied*. The fine poetic instinct of Goethe was signally displayed in this composition; for although, as Mickiewicz has observed (*Les Slaves*, tome i, p. 323, Paris, 1849), he had to divine the import of the poem across three bad translations, and was at the same time ignorant of the Slavic language, he produced a perfect version, having instinctively detected and avoided the faults of the previous translators.]

WHAT is yon so white beside the greenwood?
 Is it snow, or flight of cygnets resting?
 Were it snow, ere now it had been melted;
 Were it swans, ere now the flock had left us.
 Neither snow nor swans are resting yonder,
 'Tis the glittering tents of Asan Aga.
 Faint he lies from wounds in stormy battle;
 There his mother and his sisters seek him,
 But his wife hangs back for shame, and comes not.

When the anguish of his hurts was over,
 To his faithful wife he sent this message —
 “Longer ’neath my roof thou shalt not tarry,
 Neither in my court nor in my household.”

When the lady heard that cruel sentence,
 ’Reft of sense she stood, and racked with anguish ;
 In the court she heard the horses stamping,
 And in fear that it was Asan coming,
 Fled towards the tower, to leap and perish.

Then in terror ran her little daughters,
 Calling after her, and weeping sorely,
 “These are not the steeds of Father Asan ;
 Tis our Uncle Pintorovich coming !”

And the wife of Asan turned to meet him ;
 Sobbing, threw her arms around her brother.
 “See the wrongs, O brother, of thy sister !
 These five babes I bore and must I leave them ?”

Silently the brother, from his girdle,
 Draws the ready deed of separation,
 Wrapped within a crimson silken cover.
 She is free to seek her mother’s dwelling —
 Free to join in wedlock with another.

When the woeful lady saw the writing,
 Kissed she both her boys upon the forehead,
 Kissed on both the cheeks her sobbing daughters ;
 But she cannot tear herself for pity
 From the infant smiling in the cradle !

Rudely did her brother tear her from it,
 Deftly lifted her upon a courser,
 And in haste towards his father’s dwelling,
 Spurred he onward with the woeful lady.

Short the space ; seven days, but barely seven —
 Little space I ween — by many nobles
 Was the lady — still in weeds of mourning —
 Was the lady courted in espousal.

Far the noblest was Imoski’s cadı ;
 And the dame in tears besought her brother —
 “I adjure thee, by the life thou bearest,

Give me not a second time in marriage,
That my heart may not be rent asunder
If again I see my darling children!"

Little recked the brother of her bidding,
Fixed to wed her to Imoski's cadi.
But the gentle lady still entreats him —
Send at least a letter, O my brother!
To Imoski's cadi, thus imploring —
I, the youthful widow, greet thee fairly,
And entreat thee by this self-same token,
When thou comest hither with thy bridesmen,
Bring a heavy veil, that I may shroud me
As we pass along by Asan's dwelling,
So I may not see my darling orphans."

Scarcely had the cadi read the letter,
When he called together all his bridesmen;
Bound to bring the lady homewards,
And he brought the veil as she entreated.

Jocundly they reached the princely mansion,
Jocundly they bore her thence in triumph;
But, when they drew near to Asan's dwelling,
Then the children recognized their mother,
And they cried, "Come back unto the chamber —
Share the meal this evening with thy children!"
Then she turned her to the lordly bridegroom —
"Pray thee, let the bridesmen and their horses
Halt a little by the once-loved dwelling,
Till I give these presents to my children."

And they halted by the once-loved dwelling,
And she gave the weeping children presents,
Gave each boy a cap with gold embroidered,
Gave each girl a gay and costly garment,
And with tears she left a tiny mantle
For the helpless baby in the cradle.

These things marked the father, Asan Aga,
And in sorrow called he to his children —
"Turn again to me, ye poor deserted;
Hard as steel is now your mother's bosom;
Shut so fast it cannot throb with pity!"

Thus he spoke; and when the lady heard him,
 Pale as death she dropped upon the pavement
 And the life fled from her wretched bosom,
 As she saw her children turning from her.

IDYLL.

*A village Chorus is supposed to be assembled, and about
 to commence its festive procession.*

Written for the birthday of the Duchess Louisa of Weimar.]

CHORUS.

THE festal day hail ye
 With garlands of pleasure,
 And dances' soft measure,
 With rapture commingled
 And sweet choral song.

DAMON.

Oh, how I yearn from out the crowd to flee!
 What joy a secret glade would give to me!
 Amid the throng, the turmoil here,
 Confined the plain, the breezes e'en appear.

CHORUS.

Now order it truly,
 That ev'ry one duly
 May roam and may wander.
 Now here and now yonder,
 The meadows along.

[The Chorus retreats gradually, and the song becomes fainter
 and fainter, till it dies away in the distance.]

DAMON.

In vain ye call, in vain would lure me on;
 True my heart speaks, but with itself alone.
 And if I may view
 A blessing-fraught land,
 The heaven's clear blue,
 And the plain's verdant hue,
 Alone I'll rejoice,
 Undisturbed by man's voice.

And there I'll pay homage
 To womanly merit,
 Observe it in spirit,
 In spirit pay homage;
 To echo alone
 Shall my secret be known.

CHORUS.

[Faintly mingling with Damon's song in the distance.]
 To echo — alone —
 Shall my secret — be known.

MENALCAS.

My friend, why meet I here with thee?
 Thou hastenest not to join the festal throng?
 No longer stay, but come with me,
 And mingle in the dance and song.

DAMON.

Thou'rt welcome, friend! but suffer me to roam
 Where these old beeches hide me from man's view;
 Love seeks in solitude a home,
 And homage may retreat there, too.

MENALCAS.

Thou seekest here a spurious fame,
 And hast a mind to-day to grieve me.
 Love as thy portion thou may'st claim,
 But homage thou must share with *all*, believe me!

When their voices thousands raise,
 And the dawn of morning praise,
 Rapture bringing,
 Blithely singing
 On before us,
 Heart and ear in pleasure vie;

And when thousands join in chorus,
 With feelings brightly glowing,
 And the wishes overflowing,
 Forcibly they'll bear thee high.

[The Chorus gradually approaches from the distance.]

DAMON.

Distant strains are hither wending,
 And I'm gladdened by the throng;
 Yes, they're coming, — yes, descending
 To the valley from the height.

MENALCAS.

Let us haste, our footsteps blending
 With the rhythm of the song!
 Yes, they come; their course they're bending
 Toward the wood's green sward so bright.

CHORUS.

[Gradually becoming louder.]

Yes, we hither come, attending
 With the harmony of song,
 As the hours their race are ending
 On this day of blest delight.

ALL.

Let none reveal
 The thoughts we feel,
 The aims we own!
 Let joy alone
 Disclose the story!
 She'll prove it right
 And her delight
 Includes the glory,
 Includes the bliss
 Of days like this!

 RINALDO.*

[This Cantata was written for Prince Frederick of Gotha, and set to music by Winter, the Prince singing the part of Rinaldo. — See the *Annalen*.]

CHORUS.

To the strand! quick, mount the bark!
 If no favoring breezes blow,
 Ply the oar and nimbly row,
 And with zeal your prowess mark!
 O'er the sea we thus career.

See TASSO'S *Gerusalemme Liberata*, Canto XVI.

RINALDO.

Oh, let me linger one short moment here!
 'Tis heaven's decree, I may not hence away.
 The rugged cliffs, the wood-encircled bay,
 Hold me a prisoner, and my flight delay.

Ye were so fair, but now that dream is o'er;
 The charms of earth, the charms of heaven are naught.
 What keeps me in this spot so terror-fraught?

My only joy is fled from me forevermore.

Let me taste those days so sweet,
 Heaven descended, once again!
 Heart, dear heart! ay, warmly beat!
 Spirit true, recall those days!
 Freeborn breath, thy gentle lays
 Mingled are with joy and pain.

Round the beds so richly gleaming,
 Rises up a palace fair;
 And with rosy fragrance teeming,
 As in dream thou saw'st it ne'er.

And this spacious garden round,
 Far extend the galleries;
 Roses blossom near the ground,
 High in air, too, bloom the trees.

Wat'ry flakes and jets are falling,
 Sweet and silv'ry strains arise;
 While the turtle-dove is calling,
 And the nightingale replies.

CHORUS.

Gently come! feel no alarm,
 On a noble duty bent;
 Vanished now is ev'ry charm
 That by magic power was lent.
 Friendly words and greetings calm
 On his wounds will pour soft balm,
 Fill his mind with sweet content.

RINALDO.

Hark! the turtle-dove is calling,
 And the nightingale replies;
 Wat'ry flakes and jets are falling,
 Mingling with their melodies.

But all of them say :
Her only we mean ;
 But all fly away,
 As soon as she's seen, —
 The beauteous young maiden,
 With graces so rife.

Then lily and rose
 In wreaths are entwining :
 In dances combining,
 Each zephyr that blows
 Its brother is greeting,
 All flying and meeting
 With balsam full laden,
 When wakened to life.

CHORUS.

No ! no longer may we wait ;
 Rouse him from his vision straight !
 Show the adamantine shield !

RINALDO.

Woe ! what form is here revealed !

CHORUS.

'Twill disclose the cheat to thee.

RINALDO.

Am I doomed myself to see
 Thus degraded evermore ?

CHORUS.

Courage take, and all is o'er.

RINALDO.

Be it so ! I'll take fresh heart,
 From the spot beloved depart,
 Leave Armida once again. —
 Come then ! here no more remain !

CHORUS.

Yes, 'tis well no more remain.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Away then ! let's fly
 O'er the zephyr-kissed ocean
 The soul-lighted eye
 Sees armies in motion,
 See proud banners wave
 O'er the dust-sprinkled course.

CHORUS.

From his forefathers brave
 Draws the hero new force.

RINALDO.

With sorrow laden,
 Within this valley's
 All-silent alleys
 The fairest maiden
 Again I see.
 Twice can this be ?
 What ! shall I hear it,
 And not have spirit
 To ease her pains ?

CHORUS.

Unworthy chains ?

RINALDO.

And now I've seen he
 Alas ! how changed !
 With cold demeanor,
 And looks estranged,
 With ghostly tread, —
 All hope is fled,
 Yes, fled forever.
 The lightnings quiver,
 Each palace falls ;
 The godlike halls,
 Each joyous hour
 Of spirit-power,
 With love's sweet day
 All fade away !

CHORUS.

Yes, fade away !

SEMI-CHORUS.

Already are heard
 The prayers of the pious.
 Why longer deny us?
 The favoring zephyr
 Forbids all delay.

CHORUS.

Away, then! away!

RINALDO.

With heart sadly stirred,
 Your command I receive;
 Ye force me to leave.
 Unkind is the zephyr, —
 Oh, wherefore not stay?

CHORUS.

Away, then! away!



THE FIRST WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

A DRUID.

Sweet smiles the May!
 The forest gay
 From frost and ice is freed;
 No snow is found,
 Glad songs resound
 Across the verdant mead.
 Upon the height
 The snow lies light,
 Yet thither now we go,
 There to extol our Father's name,
 Whom we for ages know.
 Amid the smoke shall gleam the flame;
 Thus pure the heart will grow.

THE DRUIDS.

Amid the smoke shall gleam the flame;
 Extol we now our Father's name,
 Whom we for ages know!
 Up, up, then, let us go!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Would ye, then, so rashly act?
 Would ye instant death attract?
 Know ye not the cruel threats
 Of the victors we obey?
 Round about are placed their nets
 In the sinful heathen's way.
 Ah! upon the lofty wall
 Wife and children slaughter they;
 And we all
 Hasten to a certain fall.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Ay, upon the camp's high wall
 All our children loved they slay.
 Ah, what cruel victors they!
 And we all
 Hasten to a certain fall.

A DRUID

Who fears to-day
 His rites to pay,
 Deserves his chains to wear.
 The forest's free!
 This wood take we,
 And straight a pile prepare!
 Yet in the wood
 To stay 'tis good
 By day till all is still,
 With watchers all around us placed
 Protecting you from ill.
 With courage fresh, then, let us haste
 Our duties to fulfil.

CHORUS OF WATCHERS.

Ye valiant watchers now divide
 Your numbers through the forest wide,
 And see that all is still,
 While they their rites fulfil.

A WATCHER.

Let us in a cunning wise,
 Yon dull Christian priests surprise!
 With the devil of their talk
 We'll those very priests confound.

Come with prong and come with fork,
 Raise a wild and rattling sound
 Through the livelong night, and prowl
 All the rocky passes round.
 Screech-owl, owl,
 Join in chorus with our howl!

CHORUS OF WATCHERS.

Come with prong, and come with fork,
 Like the devil of their talk,
 And with wildly rattling sound,
 Prowl the desert rocks around!
 Screech-owl, owl,
 Join in chorus with our howl!

A DRUID.

Thus far 'tis right,
 That we by night
 Our Father's praises sing;
 Yet when 'tis day,
 To Thee we may
 A heart unsullied bring.
 'Tis true that now,
 And often, Thou
 Favorest the foe in fight.
 As from the smoke is freed the blaze,
 So let our faith burn bright!
 And if they crush our olden ways,
 Who e'er can crush Thy light?

A CHRISTIAN WATCHER.

Comrades, quick! your aid afford!
 All the brood of hell's abroad:
 See how their enchanted forms
 Through and through with flames are glowing!
 Dragon-women, men-wolf swarms,
 On in quick succession going!
 Let us, let us haste to fly!
 Wilder yet the sounds are growing,
 And the arch fiend roars on high;
 From the ground
 Hellish vapors rise around.

CHORUS OF CHRISTIAN WATCHERS.

Terrible enchanted forms,
 Dragon-women, men-wolf swarms!
 Wilder yet the sounds are growing!
 See, the arch fiend comes, all-glowing!
 From the ground
 Hellish vapors rise around.

CHORUS OF DRUIDS.

As from the smoke is freed the blaze,
 So let our faith burn bright!
 And if they crush our olden ways,
 Whoe'er can crush Thy light?



THE following Odes are the most singular of all the Poems of Goethe, and to many will appear so wild and fantastic as to leave anything but a pleasing impression. Those at the beginning, addressed to his friend Behrlich, were written at the age of eighteen, and most of the remainder were composed while he was still quite young. Despite, however, the extravagance of some of them, such as the *Winter Journey over the Hartz Mountain* and the *Wanderer's Storm-Song*, nothing can be finer than the noble one entitled *Mahomet's Song*, and others, such as the *Spirit Song over the Waters*, *The Godlike*, and, above all, the magnificent sketch of *Prometheus*, which forms part of an unfinished piece bearing the same name, and called by Goethe a "Dramatic Fragment."

TO MY FRIEND.

[These three Odes are addressed to a certain Behrlich, who was tutor to Count Linedenan, and of whom Goethe gives an odd account at the end of the Seventh Book of his *Autobiography*.]

FIRST ODE.

TRANSPLANT the beauteous tree!
 Gardener, it gives me pain;
 A happier resting-place
 Its trunk deserved.

Yet the strength of its nature
 To Earth's exhausting avarice,
 To Air's destructive inroads.
 An antidote opposed.

See how it in spring time
 Coins its pale green leaves!
 Their orange-fragrance
 Poisons each fly-blow straight.

The caterpillar's tooth,
Is blunted by them ;
With silvery hues they gleam
In the bright sunshine.

Its twigs the maiden
Fain would twine in
Her bridal-garland ;
Youth its fruit are seeking.

See, the autumn cometh !
The caterpillar
Sighs to the crafty spider, —
Sighs that the tree will not fade.

Hov'ring thither,
From out her yew-tree dwelling,
The gaudy foe advances
Against the kindly tree,

And cannot hurt it.
But the more artful one
Defiles with nauseous venom
Its silver leaves ;

And sees with triumph
How the maiden shudders,
The youth, how mourns he,
On passing by.

Transplant the beautiful tree !
Gardener, it gives me pain
Tree, thank the gardener,
Who moves thee hence !

SECOND ODE.

THOU goest ! I murmur —
Go ! let me murmur.
Oh, worthy man,
Fly from this land !

Deadly marshes,
Steaming mists of October
Here interweave their currents,
Blending forever.

Noisome insects
 Here are engendered;
 Fatal darkness
 Veils their malice.

The fiery-tongued serpent,
 Hard by the sedgy bank,
 Stretches his pampered body,
 Caressed by the sun's bright beams.

Tempt no gentle night-rambles
 Under the moon's cold twilight!
 Loathsome toads hold their meetings
 Yonder at every crossway.

Injuring not,
 Fear will they cause thee.
 Oh, worthy man,
 Fly from this land!

THIRD ODE.

BE void of feeling!
 A heart that soon is stirred,
 Is a possession sad
 Upon this changing earth.

Behrlich, let spring's sweet smile
 Never gladden thy brow!
 Then winter's gloomy tempests
 Never will shadow it o'er.

Lean thyself ne'er on a maiden's
 Sorrow-engendering breast.
 Ne'er on the arm,
 Misery-fraught, of a friend.

Already Envy
 From out his rocky ambush
 Upon thee turns
 The force of his lynx-like eyes,
 Stretches his talons,
 On thee falls,
 In thy shoulders
 Cunningly plants them.

Strong are his skinny arms,
 As panther-claws;
 He shaketh thee,
 And rends thy frame.

Death 'tis to part;
 'Tis threefold death
 To part, not hoping
 Ever to meet again.

Thou wouldst rejoice to leave
 This hated land behind,
 Wert thou not chained to me
 With friendship's flowery chains.

Burst them! I'll not repine.
 No noble friend
 Would stay his fellow-captive
 If means of flight appear.

The remembrance
 Of his dear friend's freedom
 Gives *him* freedom
 In his dungeon.

Thou goest, — I'm left.
 But e'en already
 The last year's wingèd spokes
 Whirl round the smoken axle.

I number the turns
 Of the thundering wheel;
 The last one I bless, —
 Each bar then is broken, I'm free then as thou!

—◆—
 SONG OF THE SPIRITS OVER THE WATERS.

THE soul of man is like to water;
 From Heaven it cometh,
 To Heaven it riseth,
 And then returneth to earth,
 Forever alternating.

Then foameth brightly,
 In cloud-waves rolling,
 O'er polished rocks.
 Then tranquil flowing,
 It wandereth, hiding,
 Soft murmuring to depths below it.
 Over scraggs from the steep projecting
 Falls it all roaring, foaming, step-like,
 Far downward.
 Then, level flowing,
 Creeps to the meadow away:
 And in the glassy sea
 Gaze all the planets at their fair faces.

Wind is to wavelet tenderest lover:
 Wind from the deep tears foam-crested billows.
 Soul of man mortal, how art thou like water!
 Fate of man mortal, how art thou like wind!

MAHOMET'S SONG.

[This song was intended to be introduced in a dramatic poem entitled *Mahomet*, the plan of which was not carried out by Goethe. He mentions that it was to have been sung by Ali towards the end of the piece, in honor of his master, Mahomet, shortly before his death, and when at the height of his glory, of which it is typical.]

SEE the rock-born stream!
 Like the gleam
 Of a star so bright!
 Kindly spirits
 High above the clouds
 Nourished him while youthful
 In the copse between the cliffs.

Young and fresh,
 From the clouds he danceth
 Down upon the marble rocks;
 Then toward heaven
 Leaps exulting.

Through the mountain-passes
 Chaseth he the colored pebbles,
 And, advancing like a chief,
 Tears his brother streamlets with him
 In his course.

In the valley down below
 Neath his footsteps spring the flowers,
 And the meadow
 In his breath finds life.

Yet no shady vale can stay him,
 Nor can flowers,
 Round his knees all softly twining
 With their loving eyes detain him;
 To the plain his course he taketh,
 Serpent-winding.

Social streamlets
 Join his waters. And now moves he
 O'er the plain in silv'ry glory,
 And the plain in him exults,
 And the rivers from the plain,
 And the streamlets from the mountain,
 Shout with joy, exclaiming: "Brother,
 Brother, take thy brethren with thee,
 With thee to thine aged father,
 To the everlasting ocean,
 Who, with arms outstretching far,
 Waiteth for us;
 Ah, in vain those arms lie open
 To embrace his yearning children;
 For the thirsty sand consumes us
 In the desert waste; the sunbeams
 Drink our life-blood; hills around us
 Into lakes would dam us! Brother,
 Take thy brethren of the plain,
 Take thy brethren of the mountain
 With thee, to thy father's arms!"

Let all come, then! —
 And now swells he
 Lordlier still; yea, e'en a people
 Bears his regal flood on high!
 And in triumph onward rolling,
 Names to countries gives he, — cities
 Spring to light beneath his foot.

Ever, ever, on he rushes,
Leaves the towers' flame-tipped summits,
Marble palaces, the offspring
Of his fulness, far behind.

Cedar-houses bears the Atlas
On his giant shoulders; fluttering
In the breeze far, far above him,
Thousand flags are gaily floating,
Bearing witness to his might.

And so beareth he his brethren,
All his treasures, all his children.
Wildly shouting, to the bosom
Of his long-expectant sire.

—◆—

MY GODDESS.

SAY, which Immortal
Merits the highest reward?
With none contend I,
But I will give it
To the ay-changing,
Ever-moving
Wondrous daughter of Jove,
His best-beloved offspring,
Sweet Phantasy.

For unto her
Hath he granted
All the fancies which erst
To none allowed he
Saving himself;
Now he takes his pleasure
In the mad one.

She may, crowned with roses,
With staff twined round with lilies
Roam through flowery valleys
Rule the butterfly people;
And soft-nourishing dew
With bee-like lips
Drink from the blossom:

Or else she may,
With fluttering hair
And gloomy looks,
Sigh in the wind
Round rocky cliffs,
And thousand-hued,
Like morn and even,
Ever changing,
Like moonbeam's light,
To mortals appear.

Let us all, then,
Adore the Father!
The old, the mighty,
Who such a beauteous
Ne'er-fading spouse
Deigns to accord
To perishing mortals!

To us alone
Doth he unite her,
With heavenly bonds,
While he commands her
In joy and sorrow,
As a true spouse
Never try to fly us.

All the remaining
Races so poor
Of life-teeming earth,
In children so rich,
Wander and feed
In vacant enjoyment,
And 'mid the dark sorrows
Of evanescent
Restricted life,—
Bowed by the heavy
Yoke of Necessity

But unto us he
Hath his most versatile,
Most cherished daughter
Granted,— what joy!

Lovingly greet her
 As a beloved one!
 Give her the woman's
 Place in our home!

And, oh, may the aged
 Stepmother Wisdom
 Her gentle spirit
 Ne'er seek to harm?!

Yet know I her sister,
 The older, sedater,
 Mine own silent friend;
 Oh, may she never,
 Till life's lamp is quenched,
 Turn away from me, —
 That noble inciter,
 Comforter, — Hope!



HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

RIDE TO THE HARTZ IN WINTER.

[The following explanation is necessary in order to make this ode in any way intelligible. The Poet is supposed to leave his companions, who are proceeding on a hunting expedition in winter, in order himself to pay a visit to a hypochondriacal friend, and also to see the mining in the Hartz mountains. The ode alternately describes, in a very fragmentary and peculiar way, the naturally happy disposition of the Poet himself and the unhappiness of his friend; it pictures the wildness of the road and the dreariness of the prospect, which is relieved at one spot by the distant sight of a town, a very vague allusion to which is made in the third strophe; it recalls the hunting party on which his companions have gone: and, after an address to Love, concludes by a contrast between unexplored recesses of the highest peak of the Hartz and the metalliferous veins of its smaller brethren.]

FREE as the hawk,
 Which, on yon dark morning cloud-pile,
 With soft spread pinion resting,
 Looks out for prey,
 Float my loose song!

Sure a God hath
 Unto each his path
 Fore-appointed,
 Which the fortunate
 Swift to happiest
 Goal pursues:

But whom misfortune
Hath frozen to the heart,
He frets him vainly
Against the restraint of
The wire-woven cord, which
Soon shall the bitter scissors
Snap once for all.

To gloomy thicket
Rushes the reindeer wild,
And with the sparrows have
Long ago the rich folks
Into their swamps for shelter sunk.
Easy to follow the chariot,
When 'tis Fortune drives.
Just as the lumbering cart
Over the hard, smooth road rolls,
After a monarch's march.

But aside who fareth ?
In the woods he loses his path ;
Swiftly behind him
The boughs fly together,
The grass stands up again,
The desert o'erwhelms him.

Ah, but who healeth the pangs of
Him, whose balm becomes poison ?
Who but hate for man
From the fulness of love hath drunk ?
First despised, and now a despiser,
Wastes he secretly
All his own best worth,
Brooding over himself.

Is there on thy psalter,
Father of love, one tone
Which his ear would welcome ?
O, then, quicken his heart !
Open his beclouded look
Over the thousand fountains
All around him thirsting there
In the desert.

Thou, who on each bestowest
 Joys, a superabundant share,
 Bless the brothers of the chase,
 Out in search of wild beasts,
 With danger-loving zeal of youth,
 Eager to take life,
 Late avengers of mischief,
 Which for years hath defied the
 Farmer's threatening cudgel.

But the lone wanderer wrap
 In thy golden cloud-fleeces ;
 And wreath with evergreen,
 Till the summer roses be blowing,
 The dripping ringlets,
 O Love, of this thy poet !

With thy flickering torch thou
 Lightest him on
 Through the fords, in the night,
 Over treacherous footing
 On desolate commons.
 With the thousand tints of the moon, thou
 Smilest to his heart so !
 With the bitter cold blast
 Bearest him gloriously up.
 Winter torrents down from the rocks roll
 Into his anthems.
 An altar of cheerfulest thanks
 Seems to him the terrible summit's
 Snow-hung, hoary crown,
 Wreathed with rows of pale spirits
 By the marvellous people.

Thou standest, with unexplored bosom
 Mysteriously prominent,
 Over the astonished world,
 And lookest from the clouds there
 Down on its riches and majesty,
 Which thou from the veins of these thy brothers
 Round thee here waterest.

THE WANDERER'S STORM-SONG.

[Goethe says of this ode, that it is the only one remaining out of several strange hymns and dithyrambs composed by him at a period of great unhappiness, when the love-affair between him and Frederica had been broken off by him. He used to sing them while wandering wildly about the country. This particular one was caused by his being caught in a tremendous storm on one of these occasions. He calls it a half-crazy piece (*halbwahn*), and the reader will probably agree with him.]

HE whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,
Feels no dread within his heart
At the tempest or the rain.

HE whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,
Will to the rain clouds,
Will to the hail-storm,
Sing in reply
As the lark sings,
O thou on high!

HIM whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,
Thou wilt raise above the mud-track
With thy fiery pinions.
He will wander,
As, with flowery feet,
Over Deucalion's dark flood,
Python-slaying, light, glorious,
Pythius Apollo.

HIM whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,
Thou wilt place upon thy fleecy pinion,
When he sleepeth on the rock,
Thou wilt shelter with thy guardian wing
In the forest's midnight hour.

HIM whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,
Thou wilt wrap up warmly
In the snowdrift;
Toward the warmth approach the Muses,
Toward the warmth approach the Graces.

YE Muses, hover round me!
YE Graces also!
That is water, that is earth,
And the son of water and of earth
Over which I wander.
Like the gods.

Ye are pure, like the heart of the water,
 Ye are pure like the marrow of earth,
 Hov'ring round me, while I hover
 Over water, o'er the earth,
 Like the gods.

Shall he, then, return,
 The small, the dark, the fiery peasant?
 Shall he, then, return, awaiting
 Only thy gifts, O Father Bromius,
 And brightly gleaming, warm the spreading fire?
 Return with joy?
 And I, whom ye attended,
 Ye Muses and ye Graces,
 Whom all awaits that ye,
 Ye Muses and ye Graces,
 Of circling bliss in life
 Have glorified — shall I
 Return dejected?

Father Bromius!
 Thou art the Genius,
 Genius of ages,
 Thou'rt what inward glow
 To Pindar was,
 What to the world
 Phœbus Apollo.

Woe! Woe! Inward warmth,
 Spirit-warmth,
 Central-point!
 Glow, and vie with
 Phœbus Apollo:
 Coldly soon
 His regal look
 Over thee will swiftly glide, —
 Envy-struck
 Linger o'er the cedar's strength,
 Which, to flourish,
 Waits him not.

Why doth my lay name thee the last?
 Thee, from whom it began,

Thee, in whom it endeth,
 Thee, from whom it flows,
 Jupiter Pluvius!
 Toward thee streams my song
 And a Castalian spring
 Runs as a fellow-brook,
 Runs to the idle ones,
 Mortal, happy ones,
 Apart from thee,
 Who coverest me around,
 Jupiter Pluvius!

Not by the elm-tree
 Him didst thou visit,
 With the pair of doves
 Held in his gentle arm, —
 With the beauteous garland of roses, —
 Caressing him, so blest in his flowers,
 Anacreon,
 Storm-breathing godhead!
 Not in the poplar grove,
 Near the Sybaris' strand,
 Not in the mountain's
 Sun-illumined brow
 Didst thou seize him,
 The flower-singing,
 Honey-breathing,
 Sweetly nodding
 Theocritus.

When the wheels were rattling,
 Wheel on wheel toward the goal,
 High arose
 The sound of the lash
 Of youth with victory glowing,
 In the dust rolling,
 As from the mountain fall
 Showers of stone in the vale —
 Then thy soul was brightly glowing, Pindar —
 Glowing? Poor heart? *Wieder*
 There, on the hill, —

Heavenly might!
 But enough glow
 Thither to wend,
 Where is my cot!



TO FATHER * KRONOS.

[Written in a post-chaise.]

HASTEN thee, Kronos!
 On with clattering trot!
 Down hill goeth thy path;
 Loathsome dizziness ever,
 When thou delayest, assails me.
 Quick, rattle along,
 Over stock and stone let thy trot
 Into life straightway lead!

Now once more
 Up the toilsome ascent
 Hasten, panting for breath!
 Up, then, nor idle be, —
 Striving and hoping, up, up!

Wide, high, glorious the view
 Gazing round upon life,
 While from mount unto mount
 Hovers the spirit eterne,
 Life eternal foreboding.

Sideways a roof's pleasant shade
 Attracts thee,
 And a look that promises coolness
 On the maidenly threshold.
 There refresh thee! And, maiden,
 Give me this foaming draught also,
 Give me this health-laden look!

Down, now! quicker still, down!
 See where the sun sets!
 Ere he sets, ere old age
 Seize me in the morass,

* In the original, *Schwager*, which has the twofold meaning of *brother-in-law* and *postilion*.

Ere my toothless jaws mumble,
 And my useless limbs totter ;
 While drunk with his farewell beam
 Hurl me, — a fiery sea
 Foaming still in mine eye, —
 Hurl me, while dazzled and reeling,
 Down to the gloomy portal of hell.

Blow, then, gossip, thy horn,
 Speed on with echoing trot,
 So that Orcus may know we are coming,
 So that our host may with joy
 Wait at the door to receive us.

THE SEA-VOYAGE.

MANY a day and night my bark stood ready laden ;
 Waiting fav'ring winds, I sat with true friends round
 me,

Pledging me to patience and to courage,
 In the haven.

And they spoke thus with impatience twofold :
 “ Gladly pray we for thy rapid passage,
 Gladly for thy happy voyage ; fortune
 In the distant world is waiting for thee,
 In our arms thou'lt find thy prize, and love, too,
 When returning.”

And when morning came arose an uproar,
 And the sailors' joyous shouts awoke us ;
 All was stirring, all was living, moving,
 Bent on sailing with the first kind zephyr.

And the sails soon in the breezes are swelling,
 And the sun with fiery love invites us ;
 Filled the sails are, clouds on high are floating,
 On the shore each friend exultant raises
 Songs of hope, in giddy joy expecting
 Joy the voyage through, as on the morn of sailing,
 And the earliest starry nights so radiant.

But by God-sent changing winds ere long he's driven
Sideways from the course he had intended,
And he feigns as though he would surrender,
While he gently striveth to outwit them,
To his goal, e'en when thus pressed, still faithful.

But from out the damp gray distance rising,
Softly now the storm proclaims its advent,
Presseth down each bird upon the waters,
Presseth down the throbbing heart of mortals,
And it cometh. At its stubborn fury,
Wisely every sail the seaman striketh;
With the anguish-laden ball are sporting
Wind and water.

And on yonder shore are gathered standing,
Friends and lovers, trembling for the bold one:
"Why, alas, remained he here not with us!
Ah, the tempest! Cast away by fortune!
Must the good one perish in this fashion?
Might not he perchance . . . Ye great immortals!"

Yet he, like a man, stands by his rudder;
With the bark are sporting wind and water,
Wind and water sport not with his bosom:
On the fierce deep looks he, as a master, —
In his gods, or shipwrecked, or safe landed,
Trusting ever.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.

IN search of prey once raised his pinions
An eaglet;
A huntsman's arrow came, and reft
His right wing of all motive power.
Headlong he fell into a myrtle grove,
For three long days on anguish fed,
In torment writhed
Throughout three long, three weary nights;
And then was cured,
Thanks to all-healing Nature's
Soft, omnipresent balm.
He crept away from out the copse,

And stretched his wing — alas !
 Lost is all power of flight —
 He scarce can lift himself
 From off the ground
 To catch some mean, unworthy prey,
 And rests, deep-sorrowing,
 On the low rock beside the stream.
 Up to the oak he looks,
 Looks up to heaven,
 While in his noble eye there gleams a tear.
 Then, rustling through the myrtle boughs, behold,
 There comes a wanton pair of doves,
 Who settle down, and, nodding, strut
 O'er the gold sands beside the stream,
 And gradually approach ;
 Their red-tinged eyes, so full of love,
 Soon see the inward-sorrowing one.
 The male, inquisitively social, leaps
 On the next bush, and looks
 Upon him kindly and complacently.
 "Thou sorrowest," murmurs he :
 "Be of good cheer, my friend !
 All that is needed for calm happiness
 Hast thou not here !
 Hast thou not pleasure in the golden bough
 That shields thee from the day's fierce glow ?
 Canst thou not raise thy breast to catch,
 On the soft moss beside the brook,
 The sun's last rays at even ?
 Here thou mayest wander through the flowers' fresh
 dew,
 Pluck from the overflow
 The forest-trees provide,
 The choicest food, — mayest quench
 Thy light thirst at the silvery spring.
 O friend, true happiness
 Lies in contentedness,
 And that contentedness
 Finds everywhere enough."
 "O wise one !" said the eagle, while he sank
 In deep and ever deepening thought —
 "O Wisdom ! like a dove thou speakest !"

GANYMEDE.

How, in the light of morning,
 Round me thou glowest,
 Spring, thou beloved one!
 With thousand-varying loving bliss.
 The sacred emotions
 Born of thy warmth eternal
 Press 'gainst my bosom,
 Thou endlessly fair one!
 Could I but hold thee clasped
 Within mine arms!

Ah! upon thy bosom
 Lay I, pining,
 And then thy flowers, thy grass,
 Were pressing against my heart.
 Thou coolest the burning
 Thirst of my bosom,
 Beauteous morning breeze!
 The nightingale then calls me
 Sweetly from out of the misty vale.
 I come, I come!
 Whither? Ah, whither?

Up, up, lies my course.
 While downward the clouds
 Are hovering, the clouds
 Are bending to meet yearning love.
 For me,
 Within thine arms
 Upwards!
 Embraced and embracing!
 Upwards into thy bosom,
 O Father, all-loving!

PROMETHEUS.

Cover thy spacious heavens, Zeus,
 With clouds of mist,
 And like the boy who lops
 The thistles' heads,
 Disport with oaks and mountain-peaks;

Yet thou must leave
 My earth still standing;
 My cottage, too, which was not raised by thee;
 Leave me my hearth,
 Whose kindly glow
 By thee is envied.

I know naught poorer
 Under the sun, than ye gods!
 Ye nourish painfully,
 With sacrifices
 And votive prayers,
 Your majesty;
 Ye would e'en starve,
 If children and beggars
 Were not trusting fools.

While yet a child,
 And ignorant of life,
 I turned my wandering gaze
 Up toward the sun, as if with him
 There were an ear to hear my wailings,
 A heart, like mine,
 To feel compassion for distress.

Who helped me
 Against the Titans' insolence?
 Who rescued me from certain death,
 From slavery?
 Didst thou not do all this thyself,
 My sacred glowing heart?
 And glowedst, young and good,
 Deceived with grateful thanks
 To yonder slumbering one?

I honor thee, and why?
 Hast thou e'er lightened the sorrows
 Of the heavy laden?
 Hast thou e'er dried up the tears
 Of the anguish-stricken?
 Was I not fashioned to be a man
 By omnipotent Time,
 And by eternal Fate,
 Masters of me and thee?

Didst thou e'er fancy
 That life I should learn to hate,
 And fly to deserts,
 Because not all
 My blossoming dreams grew ripe?

Here sit I, forming mortals
 After my image;
 A race resembling me,
 To suffer, to weep,
 To enjoy, to be glad,
 And thee to scorn,
 As I!



3 3 LIMITS OF HUMANITY.

WHEN the Creator,
 The Great, the Eternal,
 Sows with indifferent
 Hand, from the rolling
 Clouds, o'er the earth, His
 Lightnings in blessing,
 I kiss the nethermost
 Hem of His garment,
 Lowly inclining
 In infantine awe.
 For never against
 The immortals, a mortal
 May measure himself.
 Upwards aspiring, if ever
 He toucheth the stars with his forehead,
 Then do his insecure feet
 Stumble and totter and reel;
 Then do the cloud and the tempest
 Make him their pasture and sport.

Let him with sturdy
 Sinewy limbs,
 Tread the enduring
 Firm-seated earth;
 Aiming no further, than
 The oak or the vine to compare!

What doth distinguish
 Gods from mankind?
 This! Multitudinous
 Billows roll ever
 Before the immortals,
 An infinite stream.
 We by a billow
 Are lifted — a billow
 Engulfs us — we sink,
 And are heard of no more.

A little round
 Encircles our life,
 And races unnumbered
 Extend through the ages,
 Linked by existence's
 Infinite chain.

—◆—
 THE GODLIKE.

NOBLE be man,
 Helpful and good!
 For that alone
 Distinguisheth him
 From all the beings
 Unto us known.

Hail to the beings,
 Unknown and glorious,
 Whom we forebode!
 From *his* example
 Learn we to know them!
 For unfeeling
 Nature is ever.

On bad and on good
 The sun alike shineth;
 And on the wicked,
 As on the best,
 The moon and stars gleam.

Tempest and torrent,
 Thunder and hail,
 Roar on their path,

cf. Faust & Gretchen
 1 tragedy

Seizing the while,
As they haste onward,
One after another.

Even so, fortune
Gropes 'mid the throng —
Innocent boyhood's
Curly head seizing, —
Seizing the hoary
Head of the sinner.

After laws mighty,
Brazen, eternal,
Must all we mortals
Finish the circuit
Of our existence.

Man, and man only
Can do the impossible ;
He 'tis distinguisheth,
Chooseth and judgeth ;
He to the moment
Endurance can lend.

He and he only
The good can reward,
The bad can he punish,
Can heal and can save ;
All that wanders and strays
Can usefully blend.

And we pay homage
To the immortals
As though they were men,
And did in the great,
What the best, in the small,
Does or might do.

Be the man that is noble,
Both helpful and good,
Unweariedly forming
The right and the useful,
A type of those beings
Our mind hath foreshadowed.

THE GERMAN PARNASSUS.

'NEATH the shadow
 Of these bushes
 On the meadow
 Where the cooling water gushes,
 Phœbus gave me, when a boy,
 All life's fulness to enjoy.
 So, in silence, as the God
 Bade them with his sovereign nod,
 Sacred Muses trained my days
 To his praise, —
 With the bright and silvery flood
 Of Parnassus stirred my blood,
 And the seal so pure and chaste
 By them on my lips was placed.

With her modest pinions, see,
 Philomel encircles me!
 In these bushes, in yon grove,
 Calls she to her sister-throng,
 And their heavenly choral song
 Teaches me to dream of love.

Fulness waxes in my breast
 Of emotions social, blest;
 Friendship's nurtured, — love awakes,—
 And the silence Phœbus breaks
 Of his mountains, of his vales,
 Sweetly blow the balmy gales;
 All for whom he shows affection,
 Who are worthy his protection,
 Gladly follow his direction.

This one comes with joyous bearing
 And with open, radiant gaze;
That a sterner look is wearing,
This one, scarcely cured, with daring
 Wakes the strength of former days;
 For the sweet, destructive flame
 Pierced his marrow and his frame.
 That which Amor stole before
 Phœbus only can restore.

Peace, and joy, and harmony,
Aspirations pure and free.

Brethren, rise ye!
Numbers prize ye!
Deeds of worth resemble they.

Who can better than the bard
Guide a friend when gone astray?
If his duty he regard,
More he'll do, than others may.

Yes! afar I hear them sing!
Yes! I hear them touch the string,
And with mighty godlike stroke
Right and duty they inspire
And evoke,

As they sing and wake the lyre,
Tendencies of noblest worth,
To each type of strength give birth.

Phantasies of sweetest power
Flower

Round about on every bough,
Bending now
Like the magic wood of old,
'Neath the fruit that gleams like gold.

What we feel and what we view
In the land of highest bliss, —
This dear soil, a sun like this, —

Lures the best of women too.
And the Muses' breathings blest
Rouse the maiden's gentle breast,
Tune the throat to minstrelsy,
And with cheeks of beauteous dye,
Bid it sing a worthy song,
Sit the sister-band among;
And their strains grow softer still,
As they vie with earnest will.

One amongst the band betimes
Goes to wander
By the beeches, 'neath the limes,
Yonder seeking, finding yonder

That which in the morning-grove
 She had lost through roguish Love,
 All her breast's first aspirations,
 And her heart's calm meditations.
 To the shady wood, so fair

Gently stealing,
 Takes she that which man can ne'er
 Duly merit, — each soft feeling, —
 Disregards the noontide ray
 And the dew at close of day, —
 In the plain her path she loses.
 Ne'er disturb her on her way!
 Seek her silently, ye Muses!

Shouts I hear, wherein the sound
 Of the waterfall is drowned.
 From the grove loud clamors rise,
 Strange the tumult, strange the cries.
 See I rightly? Can it be?
 To the very sanctuary,
 Lo, an impious troop in-hies!

O'er the land	And expose,
Streams the band;	Void of shame,
Hot desire,	All the frame.
Drunken-fire	Iron shot,
In their gaze	Fierce and hot,
Wildly plays, —	Strike with fear
Makes the hair	On the ear;
Bristle there.	All they slay
And the troop,	On their way
With fell swoop,	O'er the land
Women, men,	Pours the band;
Coming then,	All take flight,
Ply their blows	At their sight

Ah, o'er every plant they rush!
 Ah, their cruel footsteps crush
 All the flowers that fill their path!
 Who will dare to stem their wrath?

Brethren, let us venture all!
 Virtue in your pure cheek glows.
 Phæbus will attend our call
 When he sees our heavy woes;

And that we may have aright
 Weapons suited to the fight,
 He the mountain shaketh now —
 From its brow
 Rattling down
 Stone on stone
 Through the thicket spread appear.
 Brethren, seize them! Wherefore fear?
 Now the villain crew assail,
 As though with a storm of hail,
 And expel the strangers wild
 From these regions soft and mild
 Where the sun has ever smiled!
 What strange wonder do I see?
 Can it be?
 All my limbs of power are reft,
 And all strength my hand has left.
 Can it be?
 None are strangers that I see!
 And our brethren 'tis who go
 On before, the way to show!
 Oh, the reckless, impious ones!
 How they, with their jarring tones,
 Beat the time, as on they hie!
 Quick, my brethren! — let us fly!
 To the rash ones, yet a word!
 Ay, my voice shall now be heard,
 As a peal of thunder, strong!
 Words as poets' arms were made, —
 When the god will be obeyed,
 Follow fast his darts ere long.
 Was it possible that ye
 Thus your godlike dignity
 Should forget? The Thyrsus rude
 Must a heavy burden feel
 To the hand but wont to steal
 O'er the lyre in gentle mood.
 From the sparkling waterfalls,
 From the brook that purling calls,
 Shall Silenus' loathsome beast
 Be allowed at will to feast?

Aganippe's * wave he sips
 With profane and spreading lips, —
 With ungainly feet stamps madly,
 Till the waters flow on sadly.

Fain I'd think myself deluded
 In the saddening sounds I hear;
 From the holy glades secluded
 Hateful tones assail the ear.
 Laughter wild (exchange how mournful!)
 Takes the place of love's sweet dream;
 Women-haters and the scornful
 In exulting chorus scream.
 Nightingale and turtle-dove
 Fly their nests so warm and chaste,
 And, inflamed with sensual love,
 Holds the Faun the Nymph embraced.
 Here a garment's torn away,
 Scoffs succeed their sated bliss,
 While the god, with angry ray,
 Looks upon each impious kiss.

Vapor, smoke, as from a fire,
 And advancing clouds I view;
 Chords not only grace the lyre,
 For the bow its chords hath, too.
 Even the adorer's heart
 Dreads the wild advancing band,
 For the flames that round them dart
 Show the fierce destroyer's hand.
 Oh, neglect not what I say,
 For I speak it lovingly!
 From our boundaries haste away,
 From the god's dread anger fly!
 Cleanse once more the holy place,
 Turn the savage train aside!
 Earth contains upon its face
 Many a spot unsanctified;
 Here we only prize the good.
 Stars unsullied round us burn.

* A spring in Bœotia, which arose out of Mount Helicon, and was sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

If ye, in repentant mood,
 From your wanderings would return,
 If ye fail to find the bliss
 That ye found with *us* of yore, —
 Or when lawless mirth like this
 Gives your hearts delight no more, —
 Then return in pilgrim guise,
 Gladly up the mountain go,
 While your strains repentant rise,
 And our brethren's advent show.

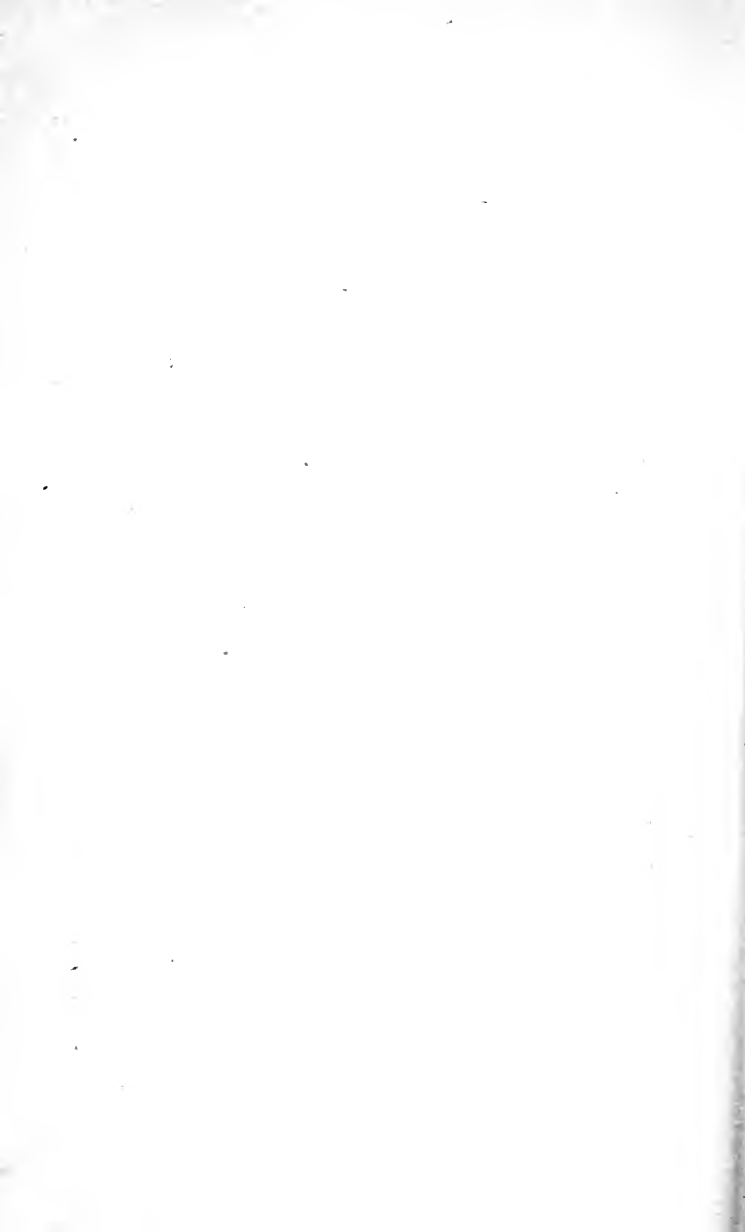
Let a new-born wreath entwine
 Solemnly your temples round ;
 Rapture glows in hearts divine
 When a long-lost sinner's found.
 Swifter e'en the Lethe's flood
 Round Death's silent house can play,
 Every error of the good
 Will love's chalice wash away.
 All will haste your steps to meet,
 As ye come in majesty, —
 Men your blessing will entreat ; —
 Ours ye thus will doubly be !

—♦—

LOVE'S DISTRESSES.

Who will hear me ? Whom shall I lament to ?
 Who would pity me that heard my sorrows ?
 Ah, the lip that erst so many raptures
 Used to taste, and used to give responsive,
 Now is cloven, and it pains me sorely ;
 And it is not thus severely wounded
 By my mistress having caught me fiercely,
 And then gently bitten me, intending
 To secure her friend more firmly to her :
 No, my tender lip is cracked thus, only
 By the winds, o'er rime and frost proceeding,
 Pointed, sharp, unloving, having met me.
 Now the noble grape's bright juice commingled
 With the bee's sweet juice, upon the fire
 Of my hearth shall ease me of my torment.
 Ah, what use will all this be, if with it
 Love adds not a drop of his own balsam ?





LILI'S MENAGERIE.

[Goethe describes this much-admired poem, which he wrote in honor of his love Lili, as being "designed to change his surrender of her into despair, by drolly-fretful images."]

THERE'S no menagerie, I vow,
 Excels my Lili's at this minute ;
 She keeps the strangest creatures in it,
 And catches them, she knows not how.
 Oh, how they hop, and run, and rave,
 And their clipped pinions wildly wave, —
 Poor princes, who must all endure
 The pangs of love that naught can cure.

What is the fairy's name? — Is it Lili? — Ask not me!
 Give thanks to Heaven if she's unknown to thee.

Oh, what a cackling, what a shrieking
 When near the door she takes her stand,
 With her food-basket in her hand !
 Oh, what a croaking, what a squeaking !
 Alive all the trees and the bushes appear,
 While to her feet whole troops draw near ;
 The very fish within the water clear
 Splash with impatience and their heads protrude ;
 And then she throws around the food
 With such a look ! — the very gods delighting
 (To say naught of beasts). There begins, then, a biting,
 A picking, a pecking, a sipping,
 And each o'er the legs of another is tripping,
 And pushing, and pressing, and flapping,
 And chasing, and fuming, and snapping,
 And all for one small piece of bread,
 To which, though dry, her fair hands give a taste,
 As though it in ambrosia had been placed.

And then her look ! the tone
 With which she calls : Pipi ! Pipi !
 Would draw Jove's eagle from his throne ;
 Yes, Venus' turtle-doves, I ween,
 And the vain peacock e'en,
 Would come, I swear,
 Soon as that tone had reached them through the air.

E'en from a forest dark had she
 Enticed a bear, unlicked, ill-bred,
 And, by her wiles alluring, led
 To join the gentle company,
 Until as tame as they was he:
 (Up to a certain point, be it understood!)
 How fair, and, ah! how good
 She seemed to be! I would have drained my blood
 To water e'en her flow'rets sweet.

“Thou sayest: *I!* Who? How? And where?”
 Well, to be plain, good sirs — I am the bear;
 In a net-apron, caught, alas!
 Chained by a silk-thread at her feet.
 But how this wonder came to pass
 I'll tell some day, if ye are curious;
 Just now, my temper's much too furious

Ah, when I'm in the corner placed,
 And hear afar the creatures snapping,
 And see the flipping and the flapping,
 I turn around
 With growling sound,
 And backward run a step in haste,
 And look around
 With growling sound,
 Then run again a step in haste,
 And to my former post go round.

But suddenly my anger grows,
 A mighty spirit fills my nose.
 My inward feelings all revolt.
 A creature such as thou! a dolt!
 Pipi, a squirrel able nuts to crack!
 I bristle up my shaggy back,
 Unused a slave to be.
 I'm laughed at by each trim and upstart tree
 To scorn. The bowling green I fly,
 With neatly-mown and well-kept grass;
 The box makes faces as I pass, —
 Into the darkest thicket hasten I,
 Hoping to 'scape from the ring,
 Over the palings to spring!

Vainly I leap and climb;
 I feel a leaden spell
 That pinions me as well,
 And when I'm fully wearied out in time,
 I lay me down beside some mock-cascade,
 And roll myself half dead, and foam, and cry,
 And, ah! no Oreads hear my sigh,
 Excepting those of china made!

But, ah, with sudden power,
 In all my members blissful feelings reign!
 'Tis she who singeth yonder in her bower!
 I hear that darling, darling voice again.
 The air is warm, and teems with fragrance clear,
 Sings she perchance for me alone to hear?
 I haste, and trample down the shrubs amain;
 The trees make way, the bushes all retreat,
 And so — the beast is lying at her feet.

She looks at him: "The monster's droll enough!

He's, for a bear, too mild,

Yet, for a dog, too wild,

So shaggy, clumsy, rough!"

Up in his back she gently strokes her foot;

He thinks himself in Paradise.

What feelings through his seven senses shoot!

But she looks on with careless eyes.

I lick her soles, and kiss her shoes,

As gently as a bear well may;

Softly I rise, and with a clever ruse

Leap on her knee. — On a propitious day

She suffers it; my ears then tickles she,

And hits me a hard blow in wanton play;

I growl with new-born ecstasy;

Then speaks she in a sweet vain jest, I wot;

"*Allons tout doux! eh! la menotte!*

Et faites serviteur

Comme un joli seigneur."

Thus she proceeds with sport and glee;

Hope fills the oft-deluded beast;

Yet if one moment he would lazy be,

Her fondness all at once hath ceased.

She doth a flask of balsam fire possess,
 Sweeter than honey bees can make,
 One drop of which she'll on her finger take,
 When softened by his love and faithfulness,
 Wherewith her monster's raging thirst to slake;
 Then leaves me to myself, and flies at last,
 And I, unbound, yet prisoned fast
 By magic, follow in her train,
 Seek for her, tremble, fly again.
 The hapless creature thus tormenteth she,
 Regardless of his pleasure or his woe;
 Ha! oft half-opened does she leave the door for me,
 And sideways looks to learn if I will fly or no;
 And I — O gods! your hands alone
 Can end the spell that's o'er me thrown;
 Free me, and gratitude my heart will fill;
 And yet from heaven ye send me down no aid —
 Not quite in vain doth life my limbs pervade:
 I feel it! Strength is left me still.

—♦—

TO CHARLOTTE.

MIDST the noise of merriment and glee,
 'Midst full many a sorrow, many a care,
 Charlotte, I remember, *we* remember thee,
 How at evening's hour so fair,
 Thou a kindly hand didst reach us,
 When thou, in some happy place
 Where more fair is Nature's face,
 Many a lightly-hidden trace
 Of a spirit loved didst teach us.

Well 'tis that thy worth I rightly knew, —
 That I, in the hour when first we met,
 While the first impression filled me yet,
 Called thee then a girl both good and true.

Reared in silence, calmly, knowing naught,
 On the world we suddenly are thrown;
 Hundred thousand billows round us sport;
 All things charm us — many please alone,

Many grieve us, and as hour on hour is stealing,
 To and fro our restless natures sway;
 First we feel, and then we find each feeling
 By the changeful world-stream borne away.

Well I know, we oft within us find
 Many a hope and many a smart.
 Charlotte, who can know our mind?
 Charlotte, who can know our heart?
 Ah! 'twould fain be understood, 'twould fain o'erflow
 In some creature's fellow-feelings blest,
 And, with trust, in twofold measure know
 All the grief and joy in Nature's breast.

Then thine eye is oft around thee cast,
 But in vain, for all seems closed forever;
 Thus the fairest part of life is madly passed
 Free from storm, but resting never;
 To thy sorrow thou'rt to-day repelled
 By what yesterday obeyed thee.
 Can that world by thee be worthy held
 Which so oft betrayed thee?

Which, 'mid all thy pleasures and thy pains,
 Lived in selfish, unconcerned repose?
 See, the soul its secret cells regains,
 And the heart — makes haste to close.
 Thus found I thee, and gladly went to meet thee;
 "She's worthy of all love!" I cried,
 And prayed that Heaven with purest bliss might greet
 thee,
 Which in thy friend it richly hath supplied.

MORNING LAMENT.

OH, thou cruel, deadly-lovely maiden,
 Tell me what great sin have I committed,
 That thou keepest me to the rack thus fastened,
 That thou hast thy solemn promise broken?
 'Twas but yestere'en that thou with fondness
 Pressed my hand, and these sweet accents murmured:
 "Yes, I'll come, I'll come when morn approacheth,
 Come, my friend, full surely to thy chamber."

On the latch I left my doors, unfastened,
 Having first with care tried all the hinges,
 And rejoiced right well to find they creaked not.

What a night of expectation passed I!
 For I watched, and every chime I numbered;
 If perchance I slept a few short moments,
 Still my heart remained awake forever,
 And awoke me from my gentle slumbers.

Yes, then blessed I night's o'erhanging darkness,
 That so calmly covered all things round me;
 I enjoyed the universal silence,
 While I listened ever in the silence,
 If perchance the slightest sounds were stirring.

"Had she only thoughts, *my* thoughts resembling,
 Had she only feelings, like *my* feelings,
 She would not await the dawn of morning,
 But, ere this, would surely have been with me."

Skipped a kitten on the floor above me,
 Scratched a mouse a panel in the corner,
 Was there in the house the slightest motion,
 Ever hoped I that I heard thy footstep,
 Ever thought I that I heard thee coming.

And so lay I long, and ever longer,
 And already was the daylight dawning,
 And both here and there were signs of movement.

"Is it *yon* door? Were it *my* door only!"
 In my bed I leaned upon my elbow,
 Looking toward the door, now half-apparent,
 If perchance it might not be in motion.
 Both the wings upon the latch continued,
 On the quiet hinges calmly hanging.

And the day grew bright and brighter ever;
 And I heard my neighbor's door unbolted,
 As he went to earn his daily wages,
 And ere long I heard the wagons rumbling,
 And the city gates were also opened,
 While the market-place, in every corner,
 Teemed with life and bustle and confusion.

In the house was going now and coming
 Up and down the stairs, and doors were creaking
 Backwards now, now forwards, — footsteps clattered,
 Yet, as though it were a thing all-living,
 From my cherished hope I could not tear me.

When at length the sun, in hated splendor,
 Fell upon my walls, upon my windows,
 Up I sprang, and hastened to the garden,
 There to blend my breath, so hot and yearning,
 With the cool refreshing morning breezes,
 And, it might be, even there to meet thee:
 But I cannot find thee in the arbor,
 Or the avenue of lofty lindens.

—◆—

THE VISIT.

To-day I thought to steal upon my darling,
 But the door was closed of her apartments.
 Of a key, however, I am master;
 Noiselessly I glide within the doorway.

In the salon found I not the maiden,
 Found the maiden not within the parlor,
 But on tiptoe entering her chamber,
 There I find her, sunk in graceful slumber,
 In her robes, upon the sofa lying.
 At her work had slumber overtaken her;
 And the netting, with the needles, rested
 'Twixt the fair hands that hung crosswise folded.
 Silently I sate me down beside her,
 And awhile I mused if I should wake her.

Awed me then the peace so sweet and holy,
 Which upon her drooping eyelids rested:
 On her lips abode a trustful quiet,
 Beauty on her cheeks, the home of beauty;
 And the tranquil movement of her bosom,
 Showed how innocent the heart that moved it.
 All her limbs, so gracefully reposing,
 Lay relaxed by sleep's delicious balsam:
 There I sat enraptured, and the vision
 Curbed the impulse I had felt to wake her,
 With a spell that close and closer bound me.

“O my love,” I murmured, “and can slumber,
Which unmask what'er is false and formal,
Can he injure thee not, nor unravel
Ought to shake thy lover's fondest fancy?”

“Thy dear eyes are closed, those eyes so tender —
Eyes, which only lifted are enchantment,
Those sweet lips, oh, lips so sweet they stir not,
Stir not nor for speech, nor yet for kisses!
All unloosened is the magic cincture
Of thine arms, that otherwhiles enclasp me,
And the hand, the dainty sweet companion
Of all best endearments, void of motion.
Were my thoughts of thee delusion merely —
Were my love for thee but self-deception,
I must now discern the truth, when Amor
Stands beside me thus, with eyes unbandaged.”

Long while thus I sat, with heart elated,
Thinking of her worth and my devotion;
Sleeping, she with rapture so had filled me,
That I did not venture to awake her.

Placing softly down upon her table
Two pomegranates and two half-blown rosebuds,
Gently, gently, glide I from the chamber.
When she opes her eyes, my own heart's darling,
And they rest upon my gift, with wonder
Will she muse, how such fine token ever
There should be, and yet her door unopened.

When to-night again I see my angel,
Oh, how she will joy, and twofold pay me,
For this tribute of my heart's devotion!

THE MUSAGETES.

OFTEN in the winter midnight,
Prayed I to the blessed Muses —
“Here is not the red of morning,
Tardy is the day in breaking;
Light for me, ye blessed Muses,
Light the lamp of inspiration,

That its mellow ray may serve me,
 'Stead of Phœbus and Aurora!"
 But they left me to my slumber,
 Dull, and spiritless, and torpid;
 And the morning's lazy leisure
 Ushered in a useless day.

Then when spring began to kindle,
 Thus the nightingales I conjured —
 "Sweetest nightingales, oh, warble,
 Warble early at my window!
 Wake me from the heavy slumber
 That in magic fetters holds me!"
 And the love-o'erflowing singers
 Sang all night around my window
 All their rarest melodies;
 Kept awake the soul within me;
 Gave me trances, aspirations,
 Glimpses of divine emotion,
 Soothing, melting, undefined.
 So the night passed lightly over,
 And Aurora found me sleeping,
 Scarce I wakened with the sun.

Lastly, came the glorious summer:
 What aroused me then from dreaming,
 At the earliest dawn of morning?
 'Twas the buzzing of the flies!
 They are touched by no compassion,
 Ruthlessly they do their duty;
 Though the half-awakened sleeper
 Greets them with a malediction.
 Unabashed their clan they summon,
 And the humming swarm is vocal,
 And they banish from my eyelids,
 All the luxury of sleep.

Straightway start I from my pillow,
 Leave the close-beleaguered chamber,
 Sally out to seek the Muses,
 In the haunts to them are dearest.
 And I find them 'neath the beeches,
 Waiting for me, sometimes chiding,
 For my over-long delay.

Thus I owe you, libelled insects,
 Thanks for many hours of rapture.
 Dullards may indeed abuse you,
 Since you wake them to sensation;
 But the poet ought to prize you,
 And I thank you, as a poet,
 Ranking you, beyond all others
 As the ushers to the Muse.

THE WATER-MAN.

[This ballad cannot be claimed as one of Goethe's original compositions, it being a very close translation of an old Danish ballad, entitled, "The Mer-man, and Marstig's daughter." As, however, it appears in all the collections, and has often been quoted as a favorable specimen of Goethe's skill in assuming the simple style of the popular Northern ballads, we have deemed it advisable to give a version.]

"OH, mother! rede me well, I pray;
 How shall I woo me yon winsome May?"

She has built him a horse of the water clear,
 The saddle and bridle of sea-sand were.

He has donned the garb of a knight so gay,
 And to Mary's Kirk he has ridden away.

He tied his steed to the chancel door,
 And he stepped round the Kirk three times and four.

He has boune him into the Kirk, and all
 Drew near to gaze on him, great and small.

The priest he was standing in the quire; —
 "What gay young gallant comes branking here?"

The winsome maid, to herself said she,
 "Oh, were that gay young gallant for me!"

He stepped o'er one stool, he stepped o'er two;
 "Oh, maiden, plight me thine oath so true!"

He stepped o'er three stools, he stepped o'er four;
 "Wilt be mine, sweet May, forevermore?"

She gave him her hand of the drifted snow —
 "Here hast thou my troth, and with thee I'll go."

They went from the Kirk with the bridal train,
 They danced in glee and they danced full fain;

They danced them down to the salt-sea strand,
And they left them standing there, hand in hand.

“Now wait thee, love, with my steed so free,
And the bonniest bark I'll bring for thee.”

And when they passed to the white, white sand,
The ships came sailing on to the land ;

But when they were out in the midst of the sound,
Down went they all in the deep profound !

Long, long on the shore, when the winds were
They heard from the waters the maiden's cry.

I rede ye, damsels, as best I can —

Tread not the dance with the Water-Man !

—◆—
PSYCHE.

THE Muses, maiden sisters, chose
To teach poor Psyche arts poetic ;
But, spite of all their rules æsthetic,
She never could emerge from prose.

No dulcet sounds escaped her lyre,
E'en when the summer nights were night ;
Till Cupid came, with glance of fire,
And taught her all the mystery.

—◆—
IN ABSENCE.

AND shall I then regain thee never ?

My beautiful ! And art thou flown
Still in mine ears resounds forever

Thy every word, thy every tone.

As through the air, when morn is springin'

The wanderer peers in vain, to trace
The lark, that o'er him high is singing,
Hid in the azure depth of space ;

So, love, through field and forest lonely

My sad eyes roam in quest of thee ;

My songs are tuned to thee, thee only ;

Oh, come, my own love, back to me !

THE MAGIC NET.

Do I see a contest yonder?
 See I miracles or pastimes?
 Beauteous urchins, five in number,
 'Gainst five sisters fair contending, —
 Measured is the time they're beating —
 At a bright enchantress' bidding.
 Glittering spears by some are wielded,
 Threads are others nimbly twining,
 So that in their snares, the weapons,
 One would think, must needs be captured.
 Soon, in truth, the spears are prisoned;
 Yet they, in the gentle war-dance,
 One by one escape their fetters
 In the row of loops so tender,
 That make haste to seize a free one
 Soon as they release a captive.

So with contests, strivings, triumphs,
 Flying now, and now returning,
 Is an artful net soon woven,
 In its whiteness like the snow-flakes,
 That, from light amid the darkness,
 Draw their streaky lines so varied,
 As e'en colors scarce can draw them.

Who shall now receive that garment
 Far beyond all others wished-for?
 Whom our much-loved mistress favor
 As her own acknowledged servant?
 I am blest by kindly Fortune's
 Tokens true, in silence prayed for!
 And I feel myself held captive,
 To her service now devoted.

Yet, e'en while I, thus enraptured,
 Thus adorned, am proudly wandering,
 See! yon wantons are entwining,
 Void of strife with secret ardor,
 Other nets, each fine and finer,
 Threads of twilight interweaving,
 Moonbeams sweet, night-violets' balsam.

Ere the net is noticed by us,
Is a happier one imprisoned,
Whom we, one and all, together
Greet with envy and with blessings.

THE CHURCH WINDOW.

THE minster window, richly glowing,
With many a gorgeous stain and dye,
Itself a parable, is showing,
The might, the power of Poesy.

Look on it from the outer square,
And it is only dark and dreary;
Yon blockhead always views it there,
And swears its aspect makes him weary.

But enter once the holy portal —
What splendor bursts upon the eye!
There symbols, deeds, and forms immortal,
Are blazing forth in majesty.

Be thankful you, who have the gift
To read and feel each sacred story;
And O, be reverent when you lift
Your eyes to look on heavenly glory!

THE CAVALIER'S CHOICE.

[This lively little ballad occurs in one of Goethe's Operas, very charming compositions, which probably are less read than they deserve. It is not altogether original, being evidently founded on a popular Scottish ditty, called indiscriminately "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship," or the "Laird of Roslin's Daughter," in which precisely the same questions are propounded and answered. Truth compels us to say that, in point of merit, the superiority lies with the Scottish ballad. This being a case of disputed property, or rather common property, the translator has allowed himself more license in rendering than has been used in any other instance in the present collection.]

It was a gallant cavalier
Of honor and renown,
And all to seek a lady-love
He rode from town to town.
Till at a widow-woman's door
He drew the rein so free;
For at her side the knight espied
Her comely daughters three.

Well might he gaze upon them,
 For they were fair and tall;
 Ye never have seen fairer maids,
 In bower nor yet in hall.
 Small marvel if the gallant's heart
 Beat quicker in his breast:
 'Twas hard to choose, and hard to lose —
 How might he wale the best?

“ Now, maidens, pretty maidens mine,
 Who'll rede me riddles three?
 And she who answers best of all
 Shall be mine own ladye ! ”
 I ween they blushed as maidens do,
 When such rare words they hear —
 “ Now speak thy riddles if thou wilt,
 Thou gay young cavalier ! ”

What's longer than the longest path?
 First tell ye that to me;
 And tell me what is deeper yet,
 Than is the deepest sea?
 And tell me what is louder far,
 Than is the loudest horn?
 And tell me what hath sharper point,
 Than e'en the sharpest thorn?

“ And tell me what is greener yet,
 Than greenest grass on hill?
 And tell me what is crueller
 Than a wicked woman's will ? ”
 The eldest and the second maid,
 They mused and thought awhile;
 But the youngest she looked upward,
 And spoke with merry smile.

“ O, love is surely longer far,
 Than the longest paths that be;
 And hell, they say, is deeper yet,
 Than is the deepest sea;
 The roll of thunder is more loud,
 Than is the loudest horn;
 And hunger it is worse to bear
 Than sharpest wound of thorn;

"The copper sweat is greener yet,
 Than is the grass on hill;
 And the foul fiend he is crueller
 Than any woman's will."
 He leapt so lightly from his steed,
 He took her by the hand;
 "Sweet maid, my riddles thou hast read,
 Be lady of my land!"

The eldest and the second maid,
 They pondered and were dumb,
 And there, perchance, are waiting yet
 Till another wooer come,
 Then, maidens, take this warning word,
 Be neither slow nor shy,
 But always, when a lover speaks,
 Look kindly, and reply.

THE ARTIST'S MORNING SONG.

My dwelling is the Muses' home —
 What matters it how small?
 And here, within my heart, is set
 The holiest place of all.
 When, wakened by the early sun,
 I rise from slumbers sound,
 I see the ever-living forms
 In radiance grouped around.
 I pray, and songs of thanks and praise
 Are more than half my prayer,
 With simple notes of music, tuned
 To some harmonious air.
 I bow before the altar then,
 And read, as well I may,
 From noble Homer's master-work,
 The lesson for the day.
 He takes me to the furious fight,
 Where lion-warriors throng;
 Where god-descended heroes whirl
 In iron cars along.

And steeds go down before the cars;
 And round the cumbered wheel,
 Both friend and foe are rolling now,
 All blood from head to heel!

Then comes the champion of them all,
 Pelides' friend is he,
 And crashes through the dense array,
 Though thousands ten they be!

And ever smites that fiery sword
 Through helmet, shield, and mail,
 Until he falls by craft divine,
 Where might could not prevail.

Down from the glorious pile he rolls,
 Which he himself had made,
 And foemen trample on the limbs
 From which they shrank afraid.

Then start I up, with arms in hand,
 What arms the painter bears;
 And soon along my kindling wall
 The fight at Troy appears.

On! on again! The wrath is here
 Of battle rolling red;
 Shield strikes on shield, and sword on helm,
 And dead men fall on dead!

I throng into the inner press,
 Where loudest rings the din;
 For there, around their hero's corpse,
 Fight on his furious kin!

A rescue! rescue! bear him hence
 Into the leaguer near;
 Pour balsam in his glorious wounds,
 And weep above his bier!

And when from that hot trance I pass,
 Great Love, I feel thy charm;
 There hangs my lady's picture near—
 A picture, yet so warm!

How fair she was, reclining there ;
 What languish in her look !
 How thrilled her glance through all my frame,
 The very pencil shook.

Her eyes, her cheeks, her lovely lips
 Were all the world to me ;
 And in my breast a younger life
 Rose wild and wantonly.

Oh ! turn again, and bide thee here,
 Nor fear such rude alarms ;
 How could I think of battles more
 With thee within my arms !

But thou shalt lend thy perfect form
 To all I fashion best ;
 I'll paint thee first, Madonna-wise,
 The infant on thy breast.

I'll paint thee as a startled nymph,
 Myself a following faun ;
 And still pursue thy flying feet
 Across the woodland lawn.

With helm on head, like Mars, I'll lie
 By thee, the Queen of Love,
 And draw a net around us twain,
 And smile on heaven above :

And every god that comes shall pour
 His blessings on thy head,
 And envious eyes be far away
 From that dear marriage-bed !



THE GOBLET.

In my hands I held a brimming goblet,
 Sculptured quaintly by the carver's cunning,
 Quaffed with eager lips the strong nepenthe,
 So at once to drown all care and anguish.

Then came Amor in and found me sitting,
 And he smiled a smile of serious sweetness
 As in pity of my foolish purpose.

“Friend, I know a vessel nobler, fairer,
 Worthy all your soul in it to bury;
 Say what guerdon, if to thee I give it,
 Fill it for thee with a rarer nectar?”

Oh, he kept his promise, and how truly!
 Lida, when with thy dear love he blessed me—
 Me, that for thy sake had long been pining.

When I clasp thy beauties to my bosom,
 And from thy fond lips, so fond and faithful,
 Drink the balm of long, long stored affection,
 Thus entranced, I commune with my spirit.

“No; has never God, save Amor, fashioned
 Vessel such as this, nor e'er possessed it!
 Forms so glorious ne'er were shaped by Vulcan,
 With his finest soul-enprompted mallet.

“On the leaf-clad mountains may Lyæus
 With his fauns, the hoariest, the sagest,
 Cull the clusters of the daintiest savor,
 Yea, may guide the mystic fermentation,
 Draughts like this not all his skill can furnish!”

—◆—
 FROM AN ALBUM OF 1604.

HOPE provides wings to thought, and love to hope.
 Rise up to Cynthia, love, when night is clearest,
 And say, that as on high her figure changeth,
 So, upon earth, my joy decays and grows.
 And whisper in her ear with modest softness,
 How doubt oft hung its head, and truth oft wept.
 And, oh, ye thoughts, distrustfully inclined,
 If ye are therefore by the loved one chided,
 Answer: 'tis true ye change, but alter not.
 As she remains the same, yet changeth ever.
 Doubt may invade the heart, but poisons not,
 For love is sweeter, by suspicion flavored.
 If it with anger overcasts the eye,
 And heaven's bright purity perversely blackens,
 Then zephyr-sighs straight scare the clouds away,
 And, changed to tears, dissolve them into rain.
 Thought, hope, and love remain there as before,
 Till Cynthia gleams upon me as of old.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

AFTER ANACREON.

[The strong resemblance of this fine poem to Cowley's Ode bearing the same name, and beginning, "Happy insect! what can be," will be at once seen.]

HAPPY art thou, darling insect,
 Who upon the trees' tall branches,
 By a modest draught inspired,
 Singing, like a monarch livest!
 Thou possessest as thy portion
 All that on the plains thou seest,
 All that by the hours is brought thee;
 'Mongst the husbandmen thou livest,
 As a friend, uninjured by them,
 Thou whom mortals love to honor,
 Herald sweet of sweet Spring's advent!
 Yes, thou'rt loved by all the Muses,
 Phœbus' self, too, needs must love thee;
 They their silver voices gave thee,
 Age can never steal upon thee.
 Wise and gentle friend of poets,
 Born a creature fleshless, bloodless,
 Though Earth's daughter, free from suffering,
 To the gods e'en almost equal.



FROM "THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER."

[Prefixed to the second edition.]

EVERY youth for love's sweet portion sighs,
 Every maiden sighs to win man's love;
 Why, alas! should bitter pain arise
 From the noblest passion that we prove?

Thou, kind soul, bewailest, lovest him well,
 From disgrace his memory's saved by thee;
 Lo, his spirit sighs from out its cell:
 BE A MAN, NOR SEEK TO FOLLOW ME.



TENDER thoughts and sweet recollection,
 That is life in its greatest perfection.

TRILOGY OF PASSION.

I. TO WERTHER.

[This poem, written at the age of seventy-five, was appended to an edition of "Werther," published at that time.]

ONCE more, then, much-wept shadow, thou dost dare
 Boldly to face the day's clear light,
 To meet me on fresh blooming meadows fair,
 And dost not tremble at my sight.

Those happy times appear returned once more.

When on one field we quaffed refreshing dew,
 And, when the day's unwelcome toil were o'er,

The farewell sunbeams blessed our ravished view;
 Fate bade thee go, — to linger here was mine, —
 Going the first, the smaller loss was thine.

The life of man appears a glorious fate :

The day how lovely and the night how great !

And we 'mid Paradise-like raptures placed,

The sun's bright glory scarce have learned to taste,

When strange contending feelings dimly cover,

Now us, and now the forms that round us hover ;

One's feelings by no other are supplied,

'Tis dark without, if all is bright inside ;

An outward brightness veils my saddened mood,

When Fortune smiles, — how seldom understood !

Now think we that we know her, and with might

A woman's beauteous form instils delight ;

The youth, as glad as in his infancy,

The spring-time treads, as though the spring were he.

Ravished, amazed, he asks, how this is done ?

He looks around, the world appears his own.

With careless speed he wanders on through space,

Nor walls, nor palaces can check his race ;

As some gay flight of birds round tree-tops plays,

So 'tis with him who round his mistress strays ;

He seeks from Æther, which he'd leave behind him,

The faithful look that fondly serves to bind him.

Yet first too early warned, and then too late,

He feels his flight restrained, is captured straight ;

To meet again is sweet, to part is sad,

Again to meet again is still more glad,

And years in one short moment are enshrined ;
But, oh, the harsh farewell is hid behind !

Thou smilest, friend, with fitting thoughts inspired ;
By a dread parting was thy fame acquired ;
Thy mournful destiny we sorrowed o'er,
For weal and woe thou left'st us evermore,
And then again the passions' wavering force
Drew us along in labyrinthine course ;
And we, consumed by constant misery,
At length must part — and parting is to die !
How moving is it, when the minstrel sings,
To 'scape the death that separation brings !
Oh, grant, some god, to one who suffers so,
To tell, half-guilty, his sad tale of woe !

II. ELEGY.

When man had ceased to utter his lament,
A god then let me tell my tale of sorrow.

WHAT hope of once more meeting is there now
In the still-closed blossoms of this day ?
Both heaven and hell thrown open seest thou ;
What wavering thoughts within the bosom play ! —
No longer doubt ! Descending from the sky,
She lifts thee in her arms to realms on high.

And thus thou into Paradise wert brought,
As worthy of a pure and endless life ;
Nothing was left, no wish, no hope, no thought,
Here was the boundary of thine inmost strife :
And seeing one so fair, so glorified,
The fount of yearning tears was straightway dried.

No motion stirred the day's revolving wheel,
In their own front the minutes seemed to go ;
The evening kiss, a true and binding seal,
Ne'er changing till the morrow's sunlight glow.
The hours resembled sisters as they went,
Yet each one from another different.

The last hour's kiss, so sadly sweet, effaced
A beauteous network of entwining love.
Now on the threshold pause the feet, now haste,
As though a flaming cherub bade them move ;

The unwilling eye the dark road wanders o'er,
Backward it looks, but closed it sees the door.

And now within itself is closed this breast,
As though it ne'er were open, and as though,
Vying with ev'ry star, no moments blest
Had, in its presence, felt a kindling glow ;
Sadness, reproach, repentance, weight of care,
Hang heavy on it in the sultry air.

Is not the world still left? The rocky steeps,
Are they with holy shades no longer crowned?
Grows not the harvest ripe? No longer creeps
The espalier by the stream, — the copse around?
Doth not the wondrous arch of heaven still rise,
Now rich in shape, now shapeless to the eyes?

As, seraph-like, from out the dark clouds' chorus,
With softness woven, graceful, light, and fair,
Resembling Her, in the blue æther o'er us,
A slender figure hovers in the air, —
Thus didst thou see her joyously advance,
The fairest of the fairest in the dance.

Yet but a moment dost thou boldly dare
To clasp an airy form instead of hers ;
Back to thine heart! thou'lt find it better there,
For there in changeful guise her image stirs ;
What erst was one, to many turneth fast,
In thousand forms, each dearer than the last.

As at the door, on meeting, lingered she,
And step by step my faithful ardor blessed,
For the last kiss herself entreated me,
And on my lips the last, last kiss impressed, —
Thus clearly traced, the loved one's form we view,
With flames engraven on a heart so true, —

A heart that, firm as some embattled tower,
Itself for her, her in itself reveres,
For her rejoices in its lasting power,
Conscious alone, when she herself appears ;
Feels itself freer in so sweet a thrall,
And only beats to give her thanks in all.

The power of loving, and all yearning sighs
 For love responsive were effaced and drowned ;
 While longing hope for joyous enterprise
 Was formed, and rapid action straightway found
 If love can e'er a loving one inspire,
 Most lovingly it gave me now its fire ;

And 'twas through *her!* — an inward sorrow lay
 On soul and body, heavily oppressed ;
 To mournful phantoms was my sight a prey,
 In the drear void of a sad tortured breast ;
 Now on the well-known threshold Hope hath smiled,
 Herself appeareth in the sunlight mild.

Unto the peace of God, which, as we read,
 Blesseth us more than reason e'er hath done,
 Love's happy peace would I compare indeed,
 When in the presence of the dearest one.
 There rests the heart, and there the sweetest thought,
 The thought of being hers is checked by naught.

In the pure bosom doth a yearning float,
 Unto a holier, purer, unknown Being
 Its grateful aspirations to devote,
 The Ever-Nameless then unriddled seeing ;
 We call it : piety ! — such blest delight
 I feel a share in, when before her sight.

Before her sight, as 'neath the sun's hot ray,
 Before her breath, as 'neath the spring's soft wind,
 In its deep wintry cavern melts away
 Self-love, so long in icy chains confined ;
 No selfishness and no self-will are nigh,
 For at her advent they were forced to fly.

It seems as though she said : “ As hours pass by
 They spread before us life with kindly plan ;
 Small knowledge did the yesterday supply,
 To know the morrow is concealed from man ;
 And if the thought of evening made me start,
 The sun at setting gladdened straight my heart.

“ Act, then, as I, and look, with joyous mind,
 The moment in the face ; nor linger thou !
 Meet it with speed, so fraught with life, so kind
 In action, and in love so radiant now ;

Let all things be where thou art, childlike ever,
Thus thou'lt be all, thus thou'lt be vanquished never."

Thou speakest well, methought, for as thy guide

The moment's favor did a god assign,
And each one feels himself, when by thy side,
Fate's favorite in a moment so divine;

I tremble at thy look that bids me go,
Why should I care such wisdom vast to know?

Now am I far! And what would best befit
The present minute? I could scarcely tell;

Full many a rich possession offers it,
These but offend, and I would fain repel.

Yearnings unquenchable still drive me on,
All counsel, save unbounded tears, is gone.

Flow on, flow on in never-ceasing course,
Yet may ye never quench my inward fire!

Within my bosom heaves a mighty force,
Where death and life contend in combat dire.

Medicines may serve the body's pangs to still;
Naught but the spirit fails in strength of will, —

Fails in conception; wherefore fails it so?

A thousand times her image it portrays;
Enchanting now, and now compelled to go,

Now indistinct, now clothed in purest rays!
How could the smallest comfort here be flowing?
The ebb and flood, the coming and the going!

Leave me here now, my life's companions true!

Leave me alone on rock, in moor and heath;

But courage! open lies the world to you,

The glorious heavens above, the earth beneath;

Observe, investigate, with searching eyes,

And nature will disclose her mysteries.

To me is all, I to myself am lost,

Who the immortals' favorite erst was thought;

They, tempting, sent Pandoras to my cost,

So rich in wealth, with danger far more fraught;

They urged me to those lips, with rapture crowned,

Deserted me, and hurled me to the ground.

III. ATONEMENT.

(Composed, when seventy-four years old, for a Polish lady, who excelled in playing on the pianoforte.

PASSION brings reason, — who can pacify
 An anguished heart whose loss hath been so great?
 Where are the hours that fled so swiftly by?
 In vain the fairest thou didst gain from Fate;
 Sad is the soul, confused the enterprise;
 The glorious world, how on the sense it dies!

In million tones entwined for evermore
 Music with angel-pinions hovers there,
 To pierce man's being to its inmost core,
 Eternal beauty as its fruit to bear;
 The eye grows moist, in yearnings blest reveres
 The godlike worth of music as of tears.

And so the lightened heart soon learns to see
 That it still lives, and beats, and ought to beat,
 Offering itself with joy and willingly,
 In grateful payment for a gift so sweet.
 And then was felt, — oh, may it constant prove! —
 The twofold bliss of music and of love.

—◆—
 THE remembrance of the Good
 Keep us ever glad in mood.

The remembrance of the Fair
 Makes a mortal rapture share.

The remembrance of one's Love
 Blest is, if it constant prove.

The remembrance of the One
 Is the greatest joy that's known.

—◆—
 [Written at the age of seventy-seven.]

WHEN I was still a youthful wight,
 So full of enjoyment and merry,
 The painters used to assert, in spite,
 That my features were small — yes, very;
 Yet then full many a beauteous child
 With true affection upon me smiled.

Now as a graybeard I sit here in state,
 By street and by lane held in awe, sirs;
 And may be seen, like old Frederick the Great,
 On pipebowls, on cups, and on saucers.
 Yet the beauteous maidens, they keep afar;
 Oh, vision of youth! Oh, golden star!

—◆—
 FOREVER.

THE happiness that man, whilst prisoned here,
 Is wont with heavenly rapture to compare, —
 The harmony of Truth, from wavering clear, —
 Of Friendship that is free from doubting care, —
 The light which in stray thoughts alone can cheer
 The wise, — the bard alone in visions fair, —
 In my best hours I found in *her* all this,
 And made mine own, to mine exceeding bliss.

—◆—
 LINES ON SEEING SCHILLER'S SKULL.

[This curious imitation of the ternary metre of Dante was written at the age of seventy-seven.]

WITHIN a gloomy charnel-house one day
 I viewed the countless skulls, so strangely mated,
 And of old times I thought that now were gray.
 Close packed they stand that once so fiercely hated,
 And hardy bones that to the death contended,
 Are lying crossed, — to lie forever, fated.
 What held those crooked shoulder-blades suspended?
 No one now asks; and limbs with vigor fired,
 The hand, the foot — their use in life is ended.
 Vainly ye sought the tomb for rest when tired;
 Peace in the grave may not be yours; ye're driven
 Back into daylight by a force inspired;
 But none can love the withered husk, though even
 A glorious noble kernel it containèd.
 To me, an adept, was the writing given
 Which not to all its holy sense explainèd.
 When 'mid the crowd, their icy shadows flinging,
 I saw a form that glorious still remainèd,
 And even there, where mould and damp were clinging,
 Gave me a blest, a rapture-fraught emotion,
 As though from death a living fount were springing.

What mystic joy I felt! What rapt devotion!
 That form, how pregnant with a godlike trace!
 A look, how did it whirl me toward that ocean
 Whose rolling billows mightier shapes embrace!
 Mysterious vessel! Oracle how dear!
 Even to grasp thee is my hand too base,
 Except to steal thee from thy prison here
 With pious purpose, and devoutly go
 Back to the air, free thoughts, and sunlight clear.
 What greater gain in life can man e'er know
 Than when God-Nature will to him explain
 How into Spirit steadfastness may flow,
 How steadfast, too, the Spirit-Born remain.

ROYAL PRAYER.

HA, I am the lord of earth! The noble,
 Who're in my service, love me.
 Ha, I am the lord of earth! The noble,
 O'er whom my sway extendeth, love I.
 Oh, grant me, God in Heaven, that I may ne'er
 Dispense with loftiness and love!

HUMAN FEELINGS.

AH, ye gods! ye great immortals
 In the spacious heavens above us!
 Would ye on this earth but give us
 Steadfast minds and dauntless courage
 We, oh, kindly ones, would leave you
 All your spacious heavens above us!

ON THE DIVAN.

HE who knows himself and others
 Here will also see,
 That the East and West, like brothers,
 Parted ne'er shall be.

Thoughtfully to float forev
 'Tween two worlds, be man's endeavor!
 So between the East and West
 To revolve, be my behest!

EXPLANATION OF AN ANCIENT WOODCUT,
 REPRESENTING
 HANS SACHS' POETICAL MISSION.

[I feel considerable hesitation in venturing to offer this version of a poem which Carlyle describes to be "a beautiful piece (a very *Hans Sachs' beautified*, both in character and style), which we wish there was any possibility of translating." The reader will be aware that Hans Sachs was the celebrated Minstrel-Cobbler of Nuremberg, who wrote 208 plays, 1,700 comic tales, and between 4,000 and 5,000 lyric poems. He flourished throughout almost the whole of the 16th century.]

EARLY within his workshop here,
 On Sundays stands our master dear;
 His dirty apron he puts away,
 And wears a cleanly doublet to-day;
 Lets waxed thread, hammer, and pincers rest,
 And lays his awl within his chest;
 The seventh day he takes repose
 From many pulls and many blows.

Soon as the spring-sun meets his view,
 Repose begets him labor anew;
 He feels that he holds within his brain
 A little world that broods there amain,
 And that begins to act and to live,
 Which he unto others would gladly give.

He had a skilful eye and true,
 And was full kind and loving, too.
 For contemplation, clear and pure, —
 For making all his own again, sure;
 He had a tongue that charmed when 'twas heard,
 And graceful and light flowed every word;
 Which made the Muses in him rejoice,
 The Master-singer of their choice.

And now a maiden entered there,
 With swelling breast, and body fair;
 With footing firm she took her place,
 And moved with stately, noble grace;

She did not walk in wanton mood,
 Nor look around with glances lewd.
 She held a measure in her hand,
 Her girdle was a golden band,

A wreath of corn was on her head,
 Her eye the day's bright lustre shed ;
 Her name is honest Industry,
 Else, Justice, Magnanimity.

She entered with a kindly greeting ;
 He felt no wonder at the meeting,
 For, kind and fair as she might be,
 He long had known her, fancied he.

✓ "I have selected thee," she said,
 "From all who earth's wild mazes tread,
 That thou shouldst have clear-sighted sense,
 And naught that's wrong should e'er commence.
 When others run in strange confusion,
 Thy gaze shall see through each illusion ;
 When others dolefully complain,
 Thy cause with jesting thou shalt gain,
 Honor and right shall value duly,
 In everything act simply, truly, —
 Virtue and godliness proclaim,
 And call all evil by its name,
 Naught soften down, attempt no quibble,
 Naught polish up, naught vainly scribble.
 The world shall stand before thee, then,
 As seen by Albert Durer's ken,
 In manliness and changeless life,
 In inward strength and firmness rife.
 Fair Nature's Genius by the hand
 Shall lead thee on through every land,
 Teach thee each different life to scan,
 Show thee the wondrous ways of man,
 His shifts, confusions, thrustings, drubbings,
 Pushings, tearings, pressings, and rubbings ;
 The varying madness of the crew,
 The ant-hill's ravings bring to view ;
 But thou shalt see all this expressed,
 As though 'twere in a magic chest.
 Write these things down for folks on earth,
 In hopes they may to wit give birth." —
 Then she a window opened wide,
 And showed a motley crowd outside,

All kinds of beings 'neath the sky,
As in his writings one may spy.

Our master dear was after this,
On nature thinking, full of bliss,
When toward him, from the other side
He saw an agèd woman glide;
The name she bears, Historia,
Mythologia, Fabula;

With footstep tottering and unstable
She dragged a large and wooden carved table,
Where, with wide sleeves and human mien.

The Lord was catechizing seen;
Adam, Eve, Eden, the Serpent's seduction,
Gomorrah and Sodom's awful destruction,
The twelve illustrious women, too,
That mirror of honor brought to view;

All kinds of bloodthirstiness, murder, and sin,
The twelve wicked tyrants also were in,
And all kinds of goodly doctrine and law;

Saint Peter with his scourge you saw,
With the world's ways dissatisfied,
And by our Lord with power supplied.

Her train and dress, behind and before,
And e'en the seams, were painted o'er
With tales of worldly virtue and crime.—

Our master viewed all this for a time;
The sight right gladly he surveyed,
So useful for him in his trade,

Whence he was able to procure
Example good and precept sure,
Recounting all with truthful care,

As though he had been present there.
His spirit seemed from earth to fly,
He ne'er had turned away his eye,

Did he not just behind him hear
A rattle of bells approaching near.

And now a fool doth catch his eye,
With goat and ape's leap drawing nigh,
A merry interlude preparing
With fooleries and jests unsparing.

Behind him in a line drawn out,
 He dragged all fools, the lean and stout,
 The great and little, the empty and full,
 All too witty, and all too dull,
 A lash he flourished overhead,
 As though a dance of apes he led,
 Abusing them with bitterness,
 As though his wrath would ne'er grow less.

While on this sight our master gazed,
 His head was growing well nigh crazed :
 What words for all could he e'er find,
 Could such a medley be combined ?
 Could he continue with delight
 For evermore to sing and write ?
 When lo ! from out a cloud's dark bed
 In at the upper window sped
 The Muse, in all her majesty,
 As fair as our loved maids we see.
 With clearness she around him threw
 Her truth, that ever stronger grew.

" I, to ordain thee come," she spake :
 " So prosper, and my blessing take !
 The holy fire that slumbering lies
 Within thee, in bright flames shall rise ;
 Yet that thine ever-restless life
 May still with kindly strength be rife,
 I, for thine inward spirit's calm,
 Have granted nourishment and balm,
 That rapture may thy soul imbue,
 Like some fair blossom bathed in dew." —

Behind his house then secretly
 Outside the dorway pointed she,
 Where in a shady garden-nook
 A beauteous maid with downcast look
 Was sitting where a stream was flowing,
 With elder bushes near it growing,
 She sat beneath an apple tree,
 And naught around her seemed to see.
 Her lap was full of roses fair,
 Which in a wreath she twined with care,

And with them leaves and blossoms blended:
 For whom was that sweet wreath intended?
 Thus sat she, modest and retired,
 Her bosom throbb'd, with hope inspired;
 Such deep forebodings filled her mind,
 No room for wishing could she find,
 And with the thoughts that o'er it flew,
 Perchance a sigh was mingled, too.

“But why should sorrow cloud thy brow?
 That, dearest love, which fills thee now
 Is fraught with joy and ecstasy,
 Prepared in one alone for thee,
 That he within thine eye may find
 Solace when fortune proves unkind,
 And be new-born through many a kiss.
 That he receives with inward bliss;
 Whene'er he clasps thee to his breast,
 May he from all his toils find rest.
 When he in thy dear arms shall sink,
 May he new life and vigor drink:
 Fresh joys of youth shalt thou obtain,
 In merry jest rejoice again.
 With raillery and roguish spite,
 Thou now shalt tease him, now delight.
 Thus Love will nevermore grow old.
 Thus will the minstrel ne'er be cold.”

While he thus lives, in secret blessed,
 Above him in the clouds doth rest
 An oak-wreath, verdant and sublime,
 Placed on his brow in after-time;
 While they are banished to the slough,
 Who their great master disavow.

THE FRIENDLY MEETING.

In spreading mantle to my chin concealed,
 I trod the rocky path so steep and gray,
 Then to the wintry plain I bent my way
 Uneasily, to flight my bosom steed.

But sudden was the new-born day revealed
 A maiden came, in heavenly bright array,
 Like the fair creatures of the poet's lay
 In realms of song. My yearning heart was healed!

Yet turned I thence, till she had onward passed,
 While closer still the folds to draw I tried,
 As though with heat self-kindled to grow warm;
 But followed her. She stood. The die was cast!
 No more within my mantle could I hide;
 I threw it off, — she lay within mine arm.

—◆—

IN A WORD.

THUS to be chained forever, can I bear?
 A very torment that, in truth, would be.
 This very day my new resolve shall see, —
 I'll not go near the lately worshipped Fair.

Yet what excuse, my heart, can I prepare
 In such a case, for not consulting thee?
 But courage! while our sorrows utter we
 In tones where love, grief, gladness have a share.

But see! the minstrel's bidding to obey,
 Its melody pours forth the sounding lyre,
 Yearning a sacrifice of love to bring.
 Scarce would'st thou think it — ready is the lay;
 Well, but what then? Methought in the first fire
 We to her presence flew, that lay to sing.

—◆—

THE MAIDEN SPEAKS.

How grave thou lookest, loved one! wherefore so?
 Thy marble image seems a type of thee;
 Like it, no sign of life thou givest me;
 Compared with thee, the stone appears to glow.

Behind his shield in ambush lurks the foe,
 The friend's brow all unruffled we should see.
 I seek thee, but thou seekest away to flee;
 Fixed as this sculptured figure, learn to grow!

Tell me, to which should I the preference pay?
 Must I from both with coldness meet alone?
 The one is lifeless, thou with life art blest.
 In short, no longer to throw words away,
 I'll fondly kiss and kiss and kiss this stone,
 Till thou dost tear me hence with envious breast.

GROWTH.

O'ER field and plain, in childhood's artless days,
 Thou sprangest with me on many a spring-morn fair.
 "For such a daughter, with what pleasing care,
 Would I, as father, happy dwellings raise?"
 And when thou on the world didst cast thy gaze,
 Thy joy was then in household toils to share.
 "Why did I trust her, why she trust me e'er?
 For such a sister, how I Heaven should praise!"
 Nothing can now the beauteous growth retard;
 Love's glowing flame within my breast is fanned.
 Shall I embrace her form, my grief to end?
 Thee as a queen must I, alas, regard:
 So high above me placed thou seemest to stand;
 Before a passing look I meekly bend.

FOOD IN TRAVEL.

IF to her eyes' bright lustre I were blind,
 No longer would they serve my life to gild.
 The will of destiny must be fulfilled, —
 This knowing, I withdrew with saddened mind,
 No further happiness I now could find;
 The former longings of my heart were stilled,
 I sought her looks alone, whereon to build
 My joy in life — all else was left behind.
 Wine's genial glow, the festal banquet gay,
 Ease, sleep, and friends, all wanted pleasures glad
 I spurned, till little there remained to prove,
 Now calmly through the world I wend my way:
 That which I crave may everywhere be had,
 With me I bring the one thing needful — love.





DEPARTURE.

WITH many a thousand kiss not yet content,
 At length with one kiss I was forced to go ;
 After that bitter parting's depth of woe,
 I deemed the shore from which my steps I bent,

Its hills, streams, dwellings, mountains, as I went,
 A pledge of joy, till daylight ceased to glow ;
 Then on my sight did blissful visions glow ;
 In the dim-lighted, distant firmament.

And when at length the sea confined my gaze,
 My ardent longing filled my heart once more ;
 What I had lost unwillingly I sought.
 Then Heaven appeared to shed its kindly rays ;
 Methought that all I had possessed of yore
 Remained still mine — that I was reft of naught

 THE LOVING ONE WRITES.

THE look that thy sweet eyes on mine impress,
 The pledge thy lips to mine convey, — the kiss, —
 He who, like me, hath knowledge sure of this,
 Can he in aught beside find happiness ?

Removed from thee, friend-severed, in distress,
 These thoughts I vainly struggle to dismiss ;
 They still return to that one hour of bliss,
 The only one ; then tears my grief confess.

But unawares the tear makes haste to dry :
 He loves, methinks, e'en to those glades so still. —
 And shalt not thou to distant lands extend ?
 Receive the murmurs of this loving sigh ;
 My only joy on earth is in thy will,
 Thy kindly will tow'rd me ; a token send !

LOVINGLY I'll sing of love ;
 Ever comes she from above.

THE LOVING ONE ONCE MORE.

WHY do I o'er my paper once more bend?
 Ask not too closely, dearest one, I pray:
 For, to speak truth, I've nothing now to say;
 Yet to thy hands at length 'twill come, dear friend!

Since I can come not with it, what I send
 My undivided heart shall now convey,
 With all its joys, hopes, pleasures, pains, to-day:
 All this hath no beginning, hath no end.

Henceforward I may ne'er to thee confide
 How, far as thought, wish, fancy, will, can reach,
 My faithful heart with thine is surely blended.
 Thus stood I once enraptured by thy side,
 Gazed on thee, and said naught. What need of
 speech?
 My very being itself was ended.

 THE DOUBTERS AND THE LOVERS.

THE DOUBTERS.

YE love, and sonnets write! Fate's strange behest!
 The heart, its hidden meaning to declare,
 Must seek for rhymes, uniting pair with pair:
 Learn, children, that the will is weak, at best.

Scarcely with freedom the o'erflowing breast
 As yet can speak, and well may it beware;
 Tempestuous passions sweep each chord that's there,
 Then once more sink to night and gentle rest.

Why vex yourselves and us, the heavy stone
 Up the steep path but step by step to roll?
 It falls again, and ye ne'er cease to strive.

THE LOVERS.

But we are on the proper road alone!
 If gladly is to thaw the frozen soul,
 The fire of love must aye be kept alive.

SHE CANNOT END.

WHEN unto thee I sent the page all white,
 Instead of first thereon inscribing aught,
 The space thou doubtless filledst up in sport,
 And sent it me to make my joy grow bright.

As soon as the blue cover met my sight,
 As well becomes a woman, quick as thought
 I tore it open, leaving hidden naught,
 And read the well-known words of pure delight:

MY ONLY BEING! DEAREST HEART! SWEET CHILD!
 How kindly thou my yearning then didst still
 With gentle words, enthralling me to thee.
 In truth methought I read thy whispers mild
 Wherewith thou lovingly my soul didst fill,
 E'en to myself for aye ennobling me.

—◆—

 NEMESIS.

WHEN through the nations stalks contagion wild,
 We from them cautiously should steal away,
 E'en I have oft with ling'ring and delay
 Shunned many an influence, not to be defiled.

And e'en though Amor oft my hours beguiled,
 At length with him preferred I not to play,
 And so, too, with the wretched sons of clay,
 When four and three-lined verses they compiled.

But punishment pursues the scoffer straight,
 As if by serpent-torch of furies led
 From hill to vale, from land to sea to fly.

I hear the genie's laughter at my fate;
 Yet do I find all power of thinking fled
 In sonnet-rage and love's fierce ecstasy.

—◆—

 THE CHRISTMAS-BOX.

THIS box, mine own sweet darling, thou wilt find
 With many a varied sweetmeat's form supplied;
 The fruits are they of holy Christmas tide,
 But baked, indeed, for children's use designed.

I'd fain, in speeches sweet with skill combined,
 Poetic sweetmeats for the feast provide ;
 But why in such frivolities confide ?
 Perish the thought, with flattery to blind !

One sweet thing there is still, that from within,
 Within us speaks, — that may be felt afar ;
 This may be wafted o'er to thee alone.
 If thou a recollection fond canst win,
 As if with pleasure gleamed each well-known star,
 The smallest gift thou never wilt disown.

THE WARNING.

WHEN sounds the trumpet at the Judgment Day,
 And when forever all things earthly die,
 We must a full and true account supply
 Of ev'ry useless word we dropped in play.

But what effect will all the words convey
 Wherein with eager zeal and lovingly,
 That I might win thy favor, labored I,
 If on thine ear alone they die away ?

Therefore, sweet love, thy conscience bear in mind,
 Remember well how long thou hast delayed,
 So that the world such sufferings may not know.
 If I must reckon, and excuses find
 For all things useless I to thee have said,
 To a full year the Judgment Day will grow.

THE EPOCHS.

ON Petrarch's heart, all other days before,
 In flaming letters written, was impressed
 GOOD FRIDAY. And on mine, be it confessed,
 Is this year's ADVENT, as it passeth o'er.

I do not now begin, — I *still* adore
 Her whom I early cherished in my breast,
 Then once again with prudence dispossessed,
 And to whose heart I'm driven back once more.

The love of Petrarch, that all-glorious love,
 Was unrequited, and, alas, full sad ;
 One long Good Friday 'twas, one heartache drear ;
 But may my mistress' Advent ever prove,
 With its palm-jubilee, so sweet and glad,
 One endless Mayday, through the livelong year !

CHARADE.

Two words there are, both short, of beauty rare,
 Whose sounds our lips so often love to frame,
 But which with clearness never can proclaim
 The things whose own peculiar stamp they bear.

'Tis well in days of age and youth so fair,
 One on the other boldly to inflame ;
 And if those words together linked we name,
 A blissful rapture we discover there.

But now to give them pleasure do I seek,
 And in myself my happiness would find ;

I hope in silence, but I hope for this :
 Gently, as loved one's names, those words to speak,
 To see them both within one image shrined,
 Both in one being to embrace with bliss.

TO ORIGINALS.

A FELLOW says : " I own no school or college ;
 No master lives whom I acknowledge ;
 And pray, don't entertain the thought,
 That from the dead I e'er learnt aught."
 This, if I rightly understand,
 Means : " I'm a blockhead at first hand."

THE SOLDIER'S CONSOLATION.

No ! in truth there's here no lack :
 White the bread, the maidens black !
 To another town, next night,
 Black the bread, the maidens white !

GENIAL IMPULSE.

Thus roll I, never taking ease,
 My tub, like Saint Diogenes,
 Now serious am, now seek to please;
 Now love and hate in turns one sees;
 The motives now are those, now these;
 Now nothings, now realities.
 Thus roll I, never taking ease,
 My tub, like Saint Diogenes.

NEITHER THIS NOR THAT.

If thou to be a slave shouldst will,
 Thou'lt get no pity, but fare ill;
 And if a master thou wouldst be,
 The world will view it angrily;
 And if in *statu quo* thou stay,
 That thou art but a fool they'll say.

THE WAY TO BEHAVE.

Though tempers are bad, and peevish folks swear,
 Remember to ruffle thy brows, friend, ne'er;
 And let not the fancies of women so fair
 E'er serve thy pleasure in life to impair.

THE BEST.

When head and heart are busy, say,
 What better can be found?
 Who neither loves nor goes astray,
 Were better under ground.

AS BROAD AS IT'S LONG.

Modest men must needs endure,
 And the bold must humbly bow;
 Thus thy fate's the same, be sure,
 Whether bold or modest thou.

THE RULE OF LIFE.

IF thou wouldst live unruffled by care,
 Let not the past torment thee e'er ;
 As little as possible be thou annoyed,
 And let the present be ever enjoyed ;
 Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied,
 And to God the future confide.

THE SAME, EXPANDED.

IF thou wouldst live unruffled by care,
 Let not the past torment thee e'er ;
 If any loss thou hast to rue,
 Act as though thou wert born anew ;
 Inquire the meaning of each day,
 What each day means, itself will say ;
 In thine own actions take thy pleasure,
 What others do thou'lt duly treasure ;
 Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied,
 And to God the future confide.

CALM AT SEA.

SILENCE deep rules o'er the waters,
 Calmly slumbering lies the main
 While the sailor views with trouble
 Naught but one vast level plain,

Not a zephyr is in motion !
 Silence fearful as the grave !
 In the mighty waste of ocean
 Sunk to rest is every wave.

IF wealth is gone, — then something is gone !
 Quick, make up thy mind,
 And fresh wealth find,
 If honor is gone, — then much is gone !
 Seek glory to find,
 And people then will alter their mind.
 If courage is gone, — then all is gone !
 'Twere better that thou hadst never been born.

THE PROSPEROUS VOYAGE.

THE mist is fast clearing,
 And radiant is heaven,
 Whilst Æolus loosens
 Our anguish-fraught bond.
 The zephyrs are sighing,
 Alert is the sailor.
 Quick! nimbly be plying!
 The billows are riven,
 The distance approaches;
 I see land beyond!

COURAGE.

CARELESSLY over the plain away,
 Where by the boldest man no path
 Cut before thee thou canst discern,
 Make for thyself a path!
 Silence, loved one, my heart!
 Cracking, let it not break!
 Breaking, break not with thee!

ADMONITION.

WHEREFORE ever ramble on
 For the Good is lying near.
 Fortune learn to seize alone,
 For that Fortune's ever here.

MY ONLY PROPERTY.

I FEEL that I'm possessed of naught,
 Saving the free unfettered thought
 Which from my bosom seeks to flow,
 And each propitious passing hour
 That suffers me in all its power
 A loving fate with truth to know.

MAY each honest effort be
 Crowned with lasting constancy.

OLD AGE.

OLD age is courteous — no one more :
 For time after time he knocks at the door,
 But nobody says, "Walk in, sir, pray!"
 Yet turns he not from the door away,
 But lifts the latch, and enters with speed,
 And then they cry "A cool one, indeed!"

EPITAPH.

As a boy, reserved and naughty ;
 As a youth, a coxcomb and haughty ;
 As a man, for action inclined ;
 As a graybeard, fickle in mind.
 Upon thy grave will people read :
 This was a very man, indeed !

RULE FOR MONARCHS.

IF men are never their thoughts to employ,
 Take care to provide them a life full of joy ;
 But if to some profit and use thou wouldst bend them,
 Take care to shear them, and then defend them.

PAULO POST FUTURI.

WEEP ye not, ye children dear,
 That as yet ye are unborn :
 For each sorrow and each tear
 Makes the father's heart to mourn.
 Patient be a short time to it,
 Unproduced, and known to none ;
 If your father cannot do it,
 By your mother 'twill be done.

HE who with life makes sport,
 Can prosper never ;
 Who rules himself in naught,
 Is a slave ever.

THE FOOL'S EPILOGUE.

MANY good works I've done and ended,
 Ye take the praise — I'm not offended;
 For in the world, I've always thought
 Each thing its true position hath sought.
 When praised for foolish deeds am I,
 I set off laughing heartily;
 When blamed for doing something good,
 I take it in an easy mood.
 If some one stronger gives me hard blows,
 That it's a jest, I feign to suppose;
 But if 'tis one that's but my own like,
 I know the way such folks to strike.
 When Fortune smiles, I merry grow,
 And sing *in dulci júbilo*;
 When sinks her wheel, and tumbles me o'er,
 I think 'tis sure to rise once more.

In the sunshine of summer I ne'er lament,
 Because the winter it cannot prevent;
 And when the white snowflakes fall around,
 I don my skates, and am off with a bound.
 Though I dissemble as I will,
 The sun for me will ne'er stand still;
 The old and wonted course is run,
 Until the whole of life is done;
 Each day the servant like the lord,
 In turns comes home, and goes abroad;
 If proud or humble the line they take,
 They all must eat, drink, sleep, and wake.
 So nothing ever vexes me;
 Act like the fool, and wise ye'll be!

AUTHORS.

OVER the meadows, and down the stream.
 And through the garden-walks straying.
 He plucks the flowers that fairest seem;
 His throbbing heart brooks no delaying.
 His maiden then comes — oh, what ecstasy!
 Thy flowers thou givest for one glance of her eye!

The gard'ner next door o'er the hedge sees the youth
 "I'm not such a fool as that, in good truth;
 My pleasure is ever to cherish each flower,
 And see that no birds my fruit e'er devour.
 But when 'tis ripe, your money, good neighbor!
 'Twas not for nothing I took all this labor!"

And such, methinks, are the author-tribe.
 The one his pleasures around him strews,
 That his friends, the public, may reap, if they choose;
 The other would fain make them all subscribe.

CAT-PIE.

WHILE *he* is marked by vision clear
 Who fathoms Nature's treasures,
 The man may follow, void of fear,
 Who her proportions measures.

Though for one mortal, it is true,
 These trades may both be fitted,
 Yet, that the things themselves are *two*
 Must always be admitted.

Once on a time there lived a cook
 Whose skill was past disputing,
 Who in his head a fancy took
 To try his luck at shooting.

So, gun in hand, he sought a spot
 Where stores of game were breeding,
 And there ere long a cat he shot
 That on young birds was feeding.

This cat he fancied was a hare,
 Forming a judgment hasty,
 So served it up for people's fare
 Well-spiced, and in a pasty.

Yet many a guest with wrath was filled
 (All who had noses tender):
 The eat that's by the sportsman killed
 No cook a hare can render.

JOY.

A DRAGON-FLY with beauteous wing
 Is hovering o'er a silvery spring;
 I watch its motions with delight, —
 Now dark its colors seem, now bright.
 Chameleon-like appears now blue,
 Now red, and now of greenish hue.
 Would it would come still nearer me,
 That I its tints might better see!

It hovers, flutters, resting ne'er!
 But, hush! it settles on the mead.
 I have it safe now, I declare!

And when its form I closely view,
 'Tis of a sad and dingy blue —
 Such, Joy-Dissector, is thy case, indeed!

EXPLANATION OF AN ANTIQUE GEM

A YOUNG fig-tree its form lifts high
 Within a beauteous garden;
 And see, a goat is sitting by,
 As if he were its warden.

But, oh, Quirites, how one errs!
 The tree is guarded badly;
 For round the other side there whirrs
 And hums a beetle madly.

The hero with his well-mailed coat
 Nibbles the branches tall so;
 A mighty longing feels the goat
 Gently to climb up also.

And so, my friends, ere long ye see
 The tree all leafless standing;
 It looks a type of misery,
 Help of the gods demanding.

Then listen, ye ingenuous youth,
 Who hold wise saws respected:
 From he-goat and from beetle's-tooth
 A tree should be protected!

LEGEND.

THERE lived in the desert a holy man
 To whom a goat-footed Faun one day
 Paid a visit, and thus began
 To his surprise : " I entreat thee to pray
 That grace to me and my friends may be given,
 That we may be able to mount to Heaven,
 For great is our thirst for heavenly bliss."
 The holy man made answer to this :
 " Much danger is lurking in thy petition,
 Nor will it be easy to gain admission ;
 Thou dost not come with an angel's salute ;
 For I see thou wearest a cloven foot."
 The wild man paused, and then answered he :
 " What doth my goat's foot matter to thee ?
 Full many I've known into heaven to pass
 Straight and with ease, with the head of an ass !"

—♦—

 THE WRANGLER.

ONE day a shameless and impudent wight
 Went into a shop full of steel wares bright,
 Arranged with art upon every shelf.
 He fancied they all were meant for himself ;
 And so, while the patient owner stood by,
 The shining goods needs must handle and try,
 And valued, — for how should a fool better know ? —
 The bad things high, and the good ones low,
 And all with an easy self-satisfied face ;
 Then, having bought nothing, he left the place.

The tradesman now felt sorely vexed,
 So when the fellow went there next,
 A lock of steel made quite red hot.
 The other cried upon the spot :
 " Such wares as these, who'd ever buy ?
 The steel is tarnished shamefully," —
 Then pulled it, like a fool, about,
 But soon set up a piteous shout.
 " Pray what's the matter ?" the shopman spoke ;
 The other replied : " Faith, a very cool joke !"

THE CRITIC.

I HAD a fellow, as my guest,
 Not knowing he was such a pest,
 And gave him just my usual fare;
 He ate his fill of what was there,
 And for a dessert my best things swallowed,
 Soon as his meal was o'er, what followed?
 Led by the Deuce, to a neighbor he went,
 And talked of my food to his heart's content:
 "The soup might surely have had more spice,
 The meat was ill-browned, and the wine wasn't nice."
 A thousand curses alight on his head!
 'Tis a critic, I vow! Let the dog be struck dead!

THE YELPERS.

OUR rides in all directions bend,
 For business or for pleasure,
 Yet yelpings on our steps attend,
 And barkings without measure.
 The dog that in our stable dwells,
 After our heels is striding,
 And all the while his noisy yells
 But show that we are riding.

THE STORK'S VOCATION.

THE stork who worms and frogs devours
 That in our ponds reside,
 Why should he dwell on high church towers,
 With which he's not allied?
 Incessantly he chatters there,
 And gives our ears no rest;
 But neither old nor young can dare
 To drive him from his nest.
 I humbly ask it, — how can he
 Give of his title proof,
 Save by his happy tendency
 To sell the church's roof?

THE DILETTANTE AND THE CRITIC.

A boy a pigeon once possessed,
 In gay and brilliant plumage dressed;
 He loved it well, and in boyish sport
 Its food to take from his mouth he taught,
 And in his pigeon he took such pride.
 That his joy to others he needs must confide.

An agèd fox near the place chanced to dwell,
 Talkative, clever, and learned as well;
 The boy his society used to prize,
 Hearing with pleasure his wonders and lies.

"My friend the fox my pigeon must see!"
 He ran, and stretched 'mongst the bushes lay he.
 "Look, fox, at my pigeon, my pigeon so fair!
 His equal I'm sure thou hast looked upon ne'er!"

"Let's see!" — The boy gave it. — "'Tis really not
 bad;

And yet, it is far from complete, I must add.
 The feathers, for instance, how short! 'Tis absurd!"
 So he set to work straightway to pluck the poor bird.
 The boy screamed. — "Thou must now stronger pinions
 supply,
 Or else 'twill be ugly, unable to fly."
 Soon 'twas stripped — oh, the villain! — and torn all
 to pieces.

The boy was heartbroken, — and so my tale ceases.

He who sees in the boy shadowed forth his own case,
 Should be on his guard 'gainst the fox's whole race.

 POETRY.

God to his untaught children sent
 Law, order, knowledge, art, from high,
 And every heavenly favor lent,
 The world's hard lot to qualify.
 They knew not how they should behave,
 For all from Heaven stark-naked came;
 But Poetry their garments gave,
 And then not one had cause for shame.

CELEBRITY.

[A satire on his own *Sorrows of Werther.*]

ON bridges small and bridges great
 Stand Nepomucks in every state,
 Of bronze, wood, painted, or of stone,
 Some small as dolls, some giants grown;
 Each passer must worship before Nepomuck,
 Who to die on a bridge chanced to have the ill-luck.
 When once a man with head and ears
 A saint in people's eyes appears,
 Or has been sentenced piteously
 Beneath the hangman's hand to die,
 He's as a noted person prized,
 In portrait is immortalized.
 Engravings, woodcuts, are supplied,
 And through the world spread far and wide.
 Upon them all is seen his name,
 And every one admits his claim;
 Even the image of the Lord
 Is not with greater zeal adored.
 Strange fancy of the human race!
 Half sinner frail, half child of grace,
 We see Herr Werther of the story
 In all the pomp of woodcut glory.
 His worth is first made duly known,
 By having his sad features shown
 At every fair the country round;
 In every alehouse, too, they're found.
 His stick is pointed by each dunce;
 "The ball would reach his brain at once!"
 And each says, o'er his beer and bread:
 "Thank Heaven, that 'tis not *we* are dead!"

PLAYING AT PRIESTS.

WITHIN a town where parity
 According to old form we see, —
 That is to say, where Catholic
 And Protestant no quarrels pick,
 And where, as in his father's day,
 Each worships God in his own way,

We Lutheran children used to dwell,
 By songs and sermons taught as well.
 The Catholic cling-clang in truth
 Sounded more pleasing to our youth,
 For all that we encountered there,
 To us seemed varied, joyous, fair.
 As children, monkeys, and mankind
 To ape each other are inclined,
 We soon, the time to while away,
 A game at priests resolved to play.
 Their aprons all our sisters lent
 For copes, which gave us great content;
 And handkerchiefs embroidered o'er,
 Instead of stoles we also wore;
 Gold paper, whereon beasts were traced,
 The bishop's brow as mitre graced.

Through house and garden thus in state
 We strutted early, strutted late,
 Repeating with all proper unction,
 Incessantly each holy function,
 The best was wanting to the game;
 We knew that a sonorous ring
 Was here a most important thing;
 But fortune to our rescue came,
 For on the ground a halter lay;
 We were delighted, and at once
 Made it a bell-rope for the nonce,
 And kept it moving all the day;
 In turns each sister and each brother
 Acted as sexton to another;
 All helped to swell the joyous throng;
 The whole proceeded swimmingly,
 And since no actual bell had we,
 We all in chorus sang; Ding dong!

Our guileless child's-sport long was hushed
 In memory's tomb, like some old lay;
 And yet across my mind it rushed
 With pristine force the other day.
 The New-Poetic Catholics
 In every point its aptness fix!

SONGS.

SONGS are like painted window-panes!
 In darkness wrapped the church remains,
 If from the market-place we view it;
 Thus sees the ignoramus through it.
 No wonder that he deems it tame,—
 And all his life 'twill be the same.

But let us now inside repair,
 And greet the holy chapel there!
 At once the whole seems clear and bright,
 Each ornament is bathed in light,
 And fraught with meaning to the sight.
 God's children! thus your fortune prize,
 Be edified, and feast your eyes!

A PARABLE.

I PICKED a rustic nosegay lately,
 And bore it homewards, musing greatly;
 When, heated by my hand, I found
 The heads all drooping toward the ground.
 I placed them in a well-cooled glass,
 And what a wonder came to pass!
 The heads soon raised themselves once more,
 The stalks were blooming as before,
 And all were in as good a case
 As when they left their native place.

So felt I, when I wondering heard
 My song to foreign tongues transferred.

SHOULD E'ER THE LOVELESS DAY

SHOULD e'er the loveless day remain
 Obscured by storms of hail and rain,
 Thy charms thou showest never;
 I tap at window, tap at door:
 Come, loved one, come! appear once more!
 Thou art as fair as ever!

A PLAN THE MUSES ENTERTAINED.

A PLAN the Muses entertained
 Methodically to impart
 To Psyche the poetic art ;
 Prosaic-pure her soul remained,
 No wondrous sounds escaped her lyre
 E'en in the fairest Summer night ;
 But Amor came with glance of fire,—
 The lesson soon was learned aright.

THE DEATH OF THE FLY.

WITH eagerness he drinks the treacherous potion,
 Nor stops to rest, by the first taste misled ;
 Sweet is the draught, but soon all power of motion
 He finds has from his tender members fled ;
 No longer has he strength to plume his wing,
 No longer strength to raise his head, poor thing !
 E'en in enjoyment's hour his life he loses,
 His little foot to bear his weight refuses ;
 So on he sips, and ere his draught is o'er,
 Death veils his thousand eyes for evermore.

BY THE RIVER.

WHEN by the broad stream thou dost dwell,
 Oft shallow is its sluggish flood ;
 Then, when thy fields thou tendest well,
 It o'er them spreads its slime and mud.
 The ships descend ere daylight wanes,
 The prudent fisher upward goes ;
 Round reef and rock ice casts its chains,
 And boys at will the pathway close.
 To this attend, then carefully,
 And what thou would, that execute !
 Ne'er linger, ne'er o'erhasty be,
 For time moves on with measured foot.

EACH road to the proper end
 Runs straight on, without a bend.

THE FOX AND HUNTSMAN.

HARD 'tis on a fox's traces
 To arrive, midst forest-glades ;
 Hopeless utterly the chase is,
 If his flight the huntsman aids.

And so 'tis with many a wonder
 (Why A B make *Ab* in fact),
 Over which we gape and blunder,
 And our head and brains distract.

THE FROGS.

A POOL was once congealed with frost ;
 The frogs in its deep waters lost,
 No longer dared to croak or spring ;
 But promised, being half asleep,
 If suffered to the air to creep,
 As very nightingales to sing.

A thaw dissolved the ice so strong, —
 They proudly steered themselves along,
 When landed, squatted on the shore,
 And croaked as loudly as before.

THE WEDDING.

A FEAST was in a village spread, —
 It was a wedding-day, they said.
 The parlor of the inn I found,
 And saw the couples whirling round,
 Each lass attended by her lad,
 And all seemed loving, blithe and glad ;
 But on my asking for the bride,
 A fellow with a stare replied :
 " 'Tis not the place that point to raise !
 We're only dancing in her honor ;
 We now have danced three nights and days,
 And not bestowed one thought upon her."

Whoe'er in life employs his eyes
 Such cases oft will recognize.

THE FOX AND CRANE.

ONCE two persons uninvited
 Came to join my dinner table;
 For the nonce they lived united,
 Fox and crane yeleft in fable.

Civil greetings passed between us;
 Then I plucked some pigeons tender
 For the fox of jackal-genus,
 Adding grapes in full-grown splendor.

Long-necked flasks I put as dishes
 For the crane without delaying,
 Filled with gold and silver fishes,
 In the limpid water playing.

Had ye witnessed Reynard planted
 At his flat plate all demurely,
 Ye with envy must have granted:
 "Ne'er was such a gourmand, surely!"

While the bird, with circumspection
 On one foot, as usual cradled,
 From the flask his fish-refection
 With his bill and long neck ladled.

One the pigeons praised, — the other,
 As they went, extolled the fishes,
 Each one scoffing at his brother
 For preferring vulgar dishes.

If thou wouldst preserve thy credit,
 When thou askest folks to guzzle
 At thy board take care to spread it
 Suited both for bill and muzzle.

 BURIAL.

To the grave one day from a house they bore
 A maiden;
 To the window the citizens went to explore;
 In splendor they lived, and with wealth as of yore
 Their banquets were laden.

Then thought they: "The maid to the tomb is now
borne ;
We too from our dwellings ere long must be torn,
And he that is left our departure to mourn,
To our riches will be the successor,
For some one must be their possessor."

THE BUYERS.

To an apple-woman's stall
Once some children nimbly ran ;
Longing much to purchase all,
They with joyous haste began
Snatching up the piles there raised,
While with eager eyes they gazed
On the rosy fruit so nice ;
But when they found out the price,
Down they threw the whole they'd got,
Just as if they were red hot.

The man who gratis will his goods supply
Will never find a lack of folks to buy !

SYMBOLS.

PALM SUNDAY at the Vatican
They celebrate with palms ;
With reverence bows each holy man,
And chants the ancient psalms.
Those very psalms are also sung
With olive boughs in hand,
While holly, mountain wilds among,
In place of palms must stand ;
In fine, one seeks some twig that's green,
And takes a willow rod,
So that the pious man may e'en
In small things praise his God.
And if ye have observed it well,
To gain what's fit ye're able,
If ye in faith can but excel ;
Such are the myths of fable.

THREATENING SIGNS

IF Venus in the evening sky
 Is seen in radiant majesty,
 If rod-like comets, red as blood,
 Are 'mongst the constellations viewed,
 Out springs the Ignoramus, yelling:
 "The star's exactly o'er my dwelling!
 What woeful prospect, ah, for me!"
 Then calls his neighbor mournfully:
 "Behold that awful sign of evil,
 Portending woe to me, poor devil!
 My mother's asthma ne'er will leave her,
 My child is sick with wind and fever;
 I dread the illness of my wife,
 A week has passed, devoid of strife, —
 And other things have reached my ear;
 The Judgment Day has come, I fear!"

His neighbor answers: "Friend, you're right!
 Matters look very bad to-night.
 Let's go a street or two, though, hence,
 And gaze upon the stars from thence." —
 No change appears in either case.
 Let each remain then in his place,
 And wisely do the best he can,
 Patient as any other man.

THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

"THE mountain village was destroyed;
 But see how soon is filled the void!
 Shingles and boards, as by magic arise,
 The babe in his cradle and swaddling-clothes lies;
 How blest to trust to God's protection!"
 Behold a wooden new erection,
 So that, if sparks and wind but choose,
 God's self at such a game must lose!

IN the world do things go with you ill,
 You can't do right, do what you will.

THREE PALINODIAS.

I.

"Incense is but a tribute for the gods, —
To mortals 'tis but poison."

THE smoke that from thine altar blows,
Can it the gods offend?

For I observe thou hold'st thy nose —

Pray what does this portend?

Mankind deem incense to excel

Each other earthly thing,

So he that cannot bear its smell,

No incense e'er should bring.

With unmoved face by thee at least

To dolls is homage given;

If not obstructed by the priest,

The scent mounts up to heaven.

II.

CONFLICT OF WIT AND BEAUTY.

SIR WIT, who is so much esteemed,

And who is worthy of all honor,

Saw Beauty his superior deemed

By folks who loved to gaze upon her;

At this he was most sorely vexed.

Then came Sir Breath (long known as fit

To represent the cause of wit),

Beginning, rudely, I admit,

To treat the lady with a text.

To this she hearkened not at all,

But hastened to his principal:

"None are so wise, they say, as you, —

Is not the world enough for two?

If you are obstinate, good-bye!

If wise, to love me you will try,

For be assured the world can ne'er

Give birth to a more handsome pair."

λλως.

FAIR daughters were by beauty reared,

Wit had but dull sons for his lot;

So for a season it appeared

Beauty was constant, Wit was not.

But Wit's a native of the soil,
 So he returned, worked, strove amain,
 And found — sweet guerdon for his toil! —
 Beauty to quicken him again.

III.

RAIN AND RAINBOW.

DURING a heavy storm it chanced
 That from his room a cockney glanced
 At the fierce tempest as it broke,
 While to his neighbor thus he spoke:
 "The thunder has our awe inspired,
 Our barns by lightning have been fired, —
 Our sins to punish, I suppose;
 But, in return, to soothe our woes,
 See how the rain in torrents fell,
 Making the harvest promise well!
 But is't a rainbow that I spy
 Extending o'er the dark-gray sky?
 With it I'm sure we may dispense,
 The colored cheat! The vain pretence!"
 Dame Iris straightway thus replied:
 "Dost dare my beauty to deride?
 In realms of space God stationed me
 A type of better worlds to be,
 To eyes that from life's sorrows rove
 In cheerful hope to Heaven above,
 And, through the mists that hover here
 God and His precepts blest revere.
 Do thou, then, grovel like the swine,
 And to the ground thy snout confine
 But suffer the enlightened eye
 To feast upon my majesty."

A SYMBOL.

[This fine poem is given by Goethe amongst a small collection of what he calls *Loge* (*Lodge*) meaning thereby Masonic pieces.]

THE mason's trade
 Resembles life,
 With all its strife, —
 Is like the stir made
 By man on earth's face.

Though weal and woe
 The future may hide,
 Unterrified
 We onward go
 In ne'er-changing race.

A veil of dread
 Hangs heavier still.
 Deep slumbers fill
 The stars overhead,
 And the foot-trodden grave.

Observe them well,
 And watch them revealing
 How solemn feeling
 And wonderment swell
 The hearts of the brave.

The voice of the blest,
 And of spirits on high
 Seems loudly to cry :
 "To do what is best,
 Unceasing endeavor !

"In silence eterne
 Here chaplets are twined,
 That each noble mind
 Its guerdon may earn, —
 Then hope ye forever !"

VALEDICTION.

I ONCE was fond of fools,
 And bid them come each day ;
 Then each one brought his tools,
 The carpenter to play ;
 The roof to strip first choosing,
 Another to supply,
 The wood as trestles using,
 To move it by-and-by,
 While here and there they ran,
 And knocked against each other ;
 To fret I soon began,
 My anger could not smother ;

So cried, "Get out, ye fools!"

At this they were offended;
Then each one took his tools,
And so our friendship ended.

Since that I've wiser been,
And sit beside my door;
When one of them is seen,
I cry, "Appear no more!"

"Hence, stupid knave!" I bellow:

At this he's angry, too:
"You impudent old fellow!

And pray, sir, who are you?

Along the streets we riot,
And revel at the fair:

But yet we're pretty quiet,
And folks revile us ne'er.

Don't call us names, then, please!"

At length I meet with ease,
For now they leave my door—

'Tis better than before!

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

I.

A MASTER of a country school
Jumped up one day from off his stool
Inspired with firm resolve to try
To gain the best society;
So to the nearest baths he walked,
And into the saloon he stalked.
He felt quite startled at the door,
Ne'er having seen the like before.
To the first stranger made he now
A very low and graceful bow,
But quite forgot to bear in mind
That people also stood behind;
His left-hand neighbor's paunch he struck
A grievous blow by great ill luck;
Pardon for this he first entreated,
And then in haste his bow repeated.
His right-hand neighbor next he hit,
And begged him, too, to pardon it;

But on his granting his petition,
 Another was in like condition ;
 These compliments he paid to all,
 Behind, before, across the hall ;
 At length one who could stand no more
 Showed him impatiently the door.

May many, pondering on their crimes,
 A moral draw from this betimes !

II.

As he proceeded on his way
 He thought, "I was too weak to-day ;
 To bow I'll ne'er again be seen ;
 For goats will swallow what is green."
 Across the fields he now must speed,
 Not over stumps and stones, indeed,
 But over meads and cornfields sweet,
 Trampling down all with clumsy feet.
 A farmer met him by-and-by,
 And didn't ask him : how ? or why ?
 But with his fist saluted him.

"I feel new life in every limb !"
 Our traveller cried in ecstasy.
 "Who art thou who thus gladden'st me ?
 May Heaven such blessings ever send !
 Ne'er may I want a jovial friend !"

—◆—
 THE LEGEND OF THE HORSESHOE.

WHEN still unknown, and low as well,
 Our Lord upon the earth did dwell,
 And many disciples with him went
 Who seldom knew what his words meant,
 He was extremely fond of holding
 His court in the market-place, unfolding
 The highest precepts to their hearing,
 With holy mouth and heart unfolding ;
 For man, in Heaven's face when preaching,
 Adds freedom's strength unto his teaching !
 By parables and by example,
 He made each market-place a temple.

He thus in peace of mind one day
 To some small town with them did stray,
 Saw something glitter in the street,
 A broken horseshoe lay at his feet,
 He then to Peter turned and said :
 " Pick up that iron in my stead."
 St. Peter out of humor was,
 Having in dreams indulged because
 All men on thoughts so like to dwell,
 How they the world would govern well ;
 Here fancy revels without bounds ;
 On this his dearest thoughts he founds.
 This treasure-trove he quite despised,
 But crowned sceptre he'd have prized ;
 And why should he now bend his back
 To put old iron in his sack ?
 He turned aside with outward show
 As though he heard none speaking so !

The Lord, to his long-suffering true,
 Himself picked up the horse's shoe,
 And of it made no further mention,
 But to the town walked with intention
 Of going to a blacksmith's door,
 Who gave one farthing for his store,
 And now, when through the market strolling,
 Cherries some one he heard extolling.
 Of these he bought as few or many
 As farthing buys, if it buy any,
 Which he, in wonted peacefulness,
 Gently within his sleeve did press.

Now out at t'other gate they'd gone
 Past fields and meadows, houses none ;
 The road likewise of trees was bare,
 The sun shone bright with ardent glare,
 So that great price, in plain thus stretched,
 A drink of water would have fetched.
 The Lord, walking before them all,
 Let unawares a cherry fall,
 St. Peter ate it, then and there,
 As though a golden apple it were.

He relished much the luscious fruit,
 The Lord, whenever time would suit,
 Another cherry forward sent,
 For which St. Peter swiftly bent.
 The Lord thus often and again
 After the cherries made him strain.
 When this had lasted quite a while,
 The Lord spoke thus with cheerful smile ;
 "If thou hadst stirred when first I bade thee,
 More comfortable 'twould have made thee ;
 Whoe'er small things too much disdains,
 For smaller ones takes greater pains."

THE WANDERER.

[Published in the *Gottingen Musen Almanach*, having been written "to express his feelings and caprices" after his separation from Frederica.]

WANDERER.

YOUNG woman, may God bless thee,
 Thee, and the sucking infant
 Upon thy breast !
 Let me, against this rocky wall,
 Neath the elm-tree's shadow,
 Lay aside my burden,
 Near thee take my rest.

WOMAN.

What vocation leads thee,
 While the day is burning,
 Up this dusty path ?
 Bring'st thou goods from out the town
 Round the country ?
 Smilest thou, stranger,
 At my question ?

WANDERER.

From the town no goods I bring.
 Cool is now the evening ;
 Show to me the fountain
 Whence thou drinkest,
 Woman young and kind !

WOMAN.

Up the rocky pathway mount ;
 Go thou first? Across the thicket
 Leads the pathway toward the cottage
 That I live in,
 To me the fountain
 Whence I drink.

WANDERER.

Signs of man's arranging hand
 See I 'mid the trees!
 Not by thee these stones were joined,
 Nature, who so freely scattered!

WOMAN.

Up, still up!

WANDERER.

Lo, a mossy architrave is here!
 I discern thee, fashioning spirit?
 On the stone thou hast impressed thy seal.

WOMAN.

Onward, stranger!

WANDERER.

Over an inscription am I treading!
 'Tis effacéd!
 Ye are seen no longer,
 Words so deeply graven,
 Who your master's true devotion
 Should have shown to thousand grandsons

WOMAN.

At these stones, why
 Start'st thou, stranger?
 Many stones are lying yonder
 Round my cottage.

WANDERER.

Yonder?

WOMAN.

Through the thicket,
 Turning to the left,
 Here!

WANDERER.

Ye Muses and ye Graces!

WOMAN.

This, then, is my cottage.

WANDERER.

'Tis a ruined temple!*

WOMAN.

Just below you it, see,
Springs the fountain
Whence I drink.

WANDERER.

Thou dost hover
O'er thy grave, all glowing,
Genius! while upon thee
Hath thy masterpiece
Fallen crumbling,
Thou Immortal One!

WOMAN.

Stay, a cup I'll fetch thee
Whence to drink.

WANDERER.

Ivy circles thy slender
Form so graceful and godlike
How ye rise on high
From the ruins,
Column-pair!
And thou, their lonely sister yonder, —
How thou,
Dusky moss upon thy sacred head, —
Lookest down in mournful majesty
On thy brethren's figures
Lying scattered
At thy feet!

* Compare with the beautiful description contained in the subsequent lines, an account of a ruined temple of Ceres, given by Chamberlayne in his *Pharonnida* (published in 1659): —

“ . . . With mournful majesty
A heap of solitary ruins lie,
Half sepulchred in dust, the bankrupt heir
To prodigal antiquity . . . ”

In the shadow of the bramble
 Earth and rubbish veil them,
 Lofty grass is waving o'er them!
 Is it thus thou, Nature, prizest
 Thy great masterpiece's masterpiece?
 Carelessly destroyest thou
 Thine own sanctuary,
 Sowing thistles there?

WOMAN.

How the infant sleeps!
 Wilt thou rest thee in the cottage,
 Stranger? Wouldst thou rather,
 In the open air still linger?
 Now 'tis cool! take thou the child,
 While I go and draw some water.
 Sleep on, darling! sleep!

WANDERER.

Sweet is thy repose!
 How, with heaven-born health imbued,
 Peacefully he slumbers!
 O thou, born among the ruins
 Spread by great antiquity,
 On thee rest her spirit!
 He whom it encircles
 Will, in godlike consciousness,
 Every day enjoy.
 Full of germ, unfold,
 As the smiling spring-time's
 Fairest charm,
 Outshining all thy fellows!
 And when the blossom's husk is faded,
 May the full fruit shoot forth
 From out thy breast,
 And ripen in the sunshine!

WOMAN.

God bless him! — Is he sleeping still?
 To the fresh draught I naught can add,
 Saving a crust of bread for thee to eat.

WANDERER.

I thank thee well.
How fair the verdure all around
How green !

WOMAN.

My husband soon
Will home return
From labor. Tarry, tarry, man,
And with us eat our evening meal.

WANDERER.

Is it here ye dwell ?

WOMAN.

Yonder, within those walls we live.
My father 'twas who built the cottage
Of tiles and stones from out the ruins.
'Tis here we dwell.
He gave me to a husbandman,
And in our arms expired. —
Hast thou been sleeping, dearest heart ?
How lively, and how full of play
Sweet rogue !

WANDERER.

Nature, thou ever budding one,
Thou formest each for life's enjoyments,
And, like a mother, all thy children dear,
Blessest with that sweet heritage, — a home
The swallow builds the cornice round,
Unconscious of the beauties
She plasters up.
The caterpillar spins around the bough,
To make her brood a winter house ;
And thou dost patch, between antiquity's
Most glorious relics,
For thy mean use,
O man, a humble cot, —
Enjoyest e'en mid tombs !
Farewell, thou happy woman !

WOMAN.

Thou wilt not stay, then ?

WANDERER.

May God preserve thee,
And bless thy boy!

WOMAN.

A happy journey!

WANDERER.

Whither conducts the path
Across yon hill?

WOMAN.

To Cuma.

WANDERER.

How far from hence?

WOMAN.

'Tis full three miles.

WANDERER.

Farewell!
O Nature, guide me on my way!
The wandering stranger guide,
Who o'er the tombs
Of holy bygone times
Is passing,
To a kind sheltering place,
From North winds safe,
And where a poplar grove
Shuts out the noontide ray!
And when I come
Home to my cot
At evening,
Illumined by the setting sun,
Let me embrace a wife like this,
Her infant in her arms!

THE DROPS OF NECTAR.

WHEN Minerva, to give pleasure
To Prometheus, her well-loved one,
Brought a brimming bowl of nectar
From the glorious realms of heaven,
As a blessing for his creatures,
And to pour into their bosoms
Impulses for arts ennobling,

She with rapid footstep hastened,
 Fearing Jupiter might see her,
 And the golden goblet trembled,
 And there fell a few drops from it
 On the verdant plain beneath her:
 Then the busy bees flew thither
 Straightway, eagerly to drink them,
 And the butterfly came quickly
 That he, too, might find a drop there;
 Even the misshapen spider
 Thither crawled and sucked with vigor.
 To a happy end they tasted,
 They, and other gentle insects!
 For with mortals now divide they
 Art — that noblest gift of all.

◆

LOVE AS A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

ON a rocky peak once sat I early,
 Gazing on the mist with eyes unmoving;
 Stretched out like a pall of grayish texture,
 All things round, and all above it covered:
 Suddenly a boy appeared beside me,
 Saying "Friend, what meanest thou by gazing
 On the vacant pall with such composure?
 Hast thou lost for evermore all pleasure
 Both in painting cunningly, and forming?"
 On the child I gazed, and thought in secret:
 "Would the boy pretend to be a master?"
 "Wouldst thou be forever dull and idle,"
 Said the boy, "no wisdom thou'lt attain to;
 See, I'll straightway paint for thee a figure,—
 How to paint a beauteous figure, show thee."
 And he then extended his forefinger. —
 (Ruddy was it as a youthful rosebud)
 Toward the broad and far outstretching carpet,
 And began to draw there with his finger.
 First on high a radiant sun he painted,
 Which upon mine eyes with splendor glistened,
 And he made the clouds with golden border,
 Through the clouds he let the sunbeams enter;

Painted then the soft and feathery summits
Of the fresh and quickened trees, behind them
One by one with freedom drew the mountains;
Underneath he left no lack of water,
But the river painted so like Nature,
That it seemed to glitter in the sunbeams,
That it seemed against its banks to murmur.

Ah, there blossomed flowers beside the river,
And bright colors gleamed upon the meadow,
Gold, and green, and purple, and enamelled,
All like carbuncles and emeralds seeming;

Bright and clear he added then the heavens,
And the blue-tinged mountains far and farther,
So that I, as though new-born, enraptured
Gazed on, now the painter, now the picture.

Then spake he: "Although I have convinced thee
That this art I understand full surely,
Yet the hardest still is left to show thee."

Thereupon he traced with pointed finger,
And with anxious care, upon the forest,
At the utmost verge, where the strong sunbeams
From the shining ground appeared reflected,
Traced the figure of a lovely maiden,
Fair in form, and clad in graceful fashion,
Fresh the cheeks beneath her brown locks' ambush,
And the cheeks possessed the self-same color
As the finger that had served to paint them.

"O thou boy!" exclaimed I then, "what master
In his school received thee as his pupil,
Teaching thee so truthfully and quickly
Wisely to begin, and well to finish?"

Whilst I still was speaking, lo, a zephyr
Softly rose, and set the tree-tops moving,
Curling all the wavelets on the river,
And the perfect maiden's veil, too, filled it,
And to make my wonderment still greater,
Soon the maiden set her foot in motion,
On she came, approaching toward the station
Where still sat I with my arch instructor.

As now all, yes, all thus moved together,—
 Flowers, rivers, trees, the veil,—all moving,—
 And the gentle foot of that most fair one,
 Can ye think that on my rock I lingered,
 Like a rock, as though fast-chained and silent?



GOD, SOUL, AND WORLD.

RHYMED DISTICHS.

[The Distichs, of which these are given as a specimen, are about forty
 in number.]

How? when? and where?—No answer comes from
 high;
 Thou waitest for the *Because*, and yet thou askest not
Why?



If the whole is ever to gladden thee,
 That whole in the smallest thing thou must see.



WATER its living strength first shows,
 When obstacles its course oppose.



TRANSPARENT appears the radiant air,
 Though steel and stone in its breast it may bear;
 At length they'll meet with fiery power,
 And metal and stones on the earth will shower.



WHATE'ER a living flame may surround,
 No longer is shapeless, or earthly bound.
 'Tis now invisible, flies from earth,
 And hastens on high to the place of its birth.



THIS truth may be by all believed:
 Whom God deceives, is well deceived.



WHO trusts in God,
 Fears not His rod.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PLANTS.

THOU art confused, my belovèd, at seeing the thousandfold union

Shown in this flowery troop, over the garden dispersed ;

Many a name dost thou hear assigned ; one after another

Falls on thy listening ear, with a barbarian sound. None resembleth another, yet all their forms have a likeness ;

Therefore a mystical law is by the chorus proclaimed ; Yes, a sacred enigma ! Oh, dearest friend, could I only Happily teach thee the word, which may the mystery solve !

Closely observe how the plant, by little and little progressing,

Step by step guided on, changeth to blossom and fruit !

First from the seed it unravels itself, as soon as the silent

Fruit-bearing womb of the earth kindly allows its escape,

And to the charms of the light, the holy, the ever-in-motion,

Trusteth the delicate leaves, feebly beginning to shoot.

Simply slumbered the force in the seed ; a germ of the future,

Peacefully locked in itself, 'neath the integument lay, Leaf and root, and bud, still void of color, and shapeless ;

Thus doth the kernel, while dry, cover that motionless life.

Upward then strives it to swell, in gentle moisture confiding,

And, from the night where it dwelt, straightway ascendeth to light.

Yet still simple remaineth its figure, when first it appeareth ;

And 'tis a token like this, points out the child 'mid the plants.

Soon a shoot, succeeding it, rises on high, and re-
neweth,

Piling up node upon node, over the primitive form;
Yet not ever alike: for the following leaf, as thou
seest,

Ever produceth itself, fashioned in manifold ways.
Longer, more indented, in points and in parts more
divided,

Which, all-deformed until now, slept in the organ
below.

So at length it attaineth the noble and destined per-
fection,

Which, in full many a tribe, fills thee with wonder-
ing awe.

Many ribbed and toothed, on a surface juicy and
swelling,

Free and unending the shoot seemeth in fulness
to be;

Yet here Nature restraineth, with powerful hands, the
formation,

And to a perfect end, guided with softness its
growth,

Less abundantly yielding the sap, contracting the
vessels,

So that the figure ere long gentler effects doth dis-
close.

Soon and in silence is checked the growth of the vig-
orous branches,

And the rib of the stalk fuller becometh in form.
Leafless, however, and quick the tenderer stem then
upspringeth,

And a miraculous sight doth the observer enchant.
Ranged in a circle in numbers that now are small, and
now countless,

Gather the small-sized leaves close by the side of
their like.

Round the axis compressed the sheltering calyx un-
foldeth.

And, as the perfectest type, brilliant-hued coronals
forms.

Thus doth Nature bloom, in glory still nobler and
fuller,

Showing, in order arranged, member on member
 upreared.
 Wonderment fresh dost thou feel, as soon as the stem
 rears the flower
 Over the scaffolding frail of the alternating leaves.
 But this glory is only the new creation's foreteller,
 Yes, the leaf with its hues feeleth the hand all divine,
 And on a sudden contracteth itself; the tenderest
 figures
 Twofold as yet, hasten on, destined to blend into one.
 Lovingly now the beauteous pairs are standing to-
 gether,
 Gathered in countless array, there where the altar
 is raised.
 Hymen hovereth o'er them, and scents delicious and
 mighty
 Stream forth their fragrance so sweet, all things en-
 livening around.
 Presently, parcelled out, unnumbered germs are seen
 swelling,
 Sweetly concealed in the womb, where is made per-
 fect the fruit.
 Here doth Nature close the ring of her forces eternal;
 Yet doth a new one, at once, cling to the one gone
 before,
 So that the chain be prolonged forever through all
 generations,
 And that the whole may have life, e'en as enjoyed
 by each part.
 Now, my beloved one, turn thy gaze on the many-hued
 thousands
 Which, confusing no more, gladden the mind as
 they wave.
 Every plant unto thee proclaimeth the laws everlasting,
 Every floweret speaks louder and louder to thee;
 But if thou here canst decipher the mystic words of
 the goddess,
 Everywhere will they be seen, e'en though the fea-
 tures are changed.
 Creeping insects may linger, the eager butterfly
 hasten, —

Plastic and forming, may man change e'en the figure
 decreed.
 Oh, then, bethink thee, as well, how out of the germ
 of acquaintance,
 Kindly intercourse sprang, slowly unfolding its
 leaves ;
 Soon how friendship with might unveiled itself in our
 bosoms,
 And how Amor at length brought forth blossom
 and fruit !
 Think of the manifold ways wherein Nature hath lent
 to our feelings,
 Silently giving them birth, either the first or the last !
 Yes, and rejoice in the present day ! For love that is
 holy,
 Seeketh the noblest of fruits, — that where the
 thoughts are the same,
 Where the opinions agree, — that the pair may, in rapt
 contemplation,
 Lovingly blend into one, — find the more excellent
 world.

RELIGION AND CHURCH.

THOUGHTS ON JESUS CHRIST'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

[The remarkable Poem, of which this is a literal but faint representation, was written when Goethe was only sixteen years old. It derives additional interest from the fact of its being the very earliest piece of his that is preserved. The few other pieces included by Goethe under the title of *Religion and Church* are polemical, and devoid of interest to the English reader.]

WHAT wondrous noise is heard around !
 Through heaven exulting voices sound,
 A mighty army marches on.
 By thousand millions followed, lo,
 To yon dark place makes haste to go,
 God's Son, descending from His throne !
 He goes — the tempests round Him break,
 As Judge and Hero cometh He ;
 He goes — the constellations quake,
 The sun, the world quake fearfully.

I see Him in His victor-car,
 On fiery axles borne afar,

Who on the cross for us expired.
 The triumph to yon realms He shows, —
 Remote from earth, where star ne'er glows, —
 The triumph He for us acquired.
 He cometh, Hell to extirpate,
 Whom He, by dying well nigh killed ;
 He shall pronounce her fearful fate ;
 Hark ! now the curse is straight fulfilled.

Hell sees the victor come at last,
 She feels that now her reign is past,
 She quakes and fears to meet His sight ;
 She knows His thunders' terrors dread,
 In vain she seeks to hide her head,
 Attempts to fly, but vain is flight ;
 Vainly she hastes to 'scape pursuit
 And to avoid her Judge's eye ;
 The Lord's fierce wrath restrains her foot
 Like brazen chains, — she cannot fly.

Here lies the Dragon, trampled down,
 He lies, and feels God's angry frown,
 He feels, and grineth hideously ;
 He feels Hell's speechless agonies,
 A thousand times he howls and sighs :
 " Oh, burning flames ! quick, swallow me !"
 There lies he in the fiery waves,
 By torments racked and pangs infernal,
 Instant annihilation craves,
 And hears, those pangs will be eternal.

Those mighty squadrons, too, are here,
 The partners of his cursed career,
 Yet far less bad than he were they.
 Here lies the countless throng combined,
 In black and fearful crowds entwined,
 While round him fiery tempests play ;
 He sees how they the Judge avoid,
 He sees the storm upon them feed,
 Yet is not at the sight o'erjoyed,
 Because his pangs e'en theirs exceed.

The Son of Man in triumph passes
 Down to Hell's wild and black morasses,

And there unfolds His majesty.
 Hell cannot bear the bright array,
 For, since her first created day,
 Darkness alone e'er governed she.
 She lay remote from ev'ry light,
 With torments filled in Chaos here;
 God turned forever from her sight
 His radiant features glory clear.

Within the realms she calls her own,
 She sees the splendor of the Son,
 His dreaded glories shining forth;
 She sees Him clad in rolling thunder,
 She sees the rocks all quake with wonder,
 When God before her stands in wrath.
 She sees He comes her Judge to be,
 She feels the awful pangs inside her,
 Herself to slay endeavors she,
 But e'en this comfort is denied her.

Now looks she back, with pains untold,
 Upon those happy times of old,
 When all these glories gave her joy;
 When yet her heart revered the truth,
 When her glad soul, in endless youth
 And rapture dwelt, without alloy.
 She calls to mind with maddened thought
 How over man her wiles prevailed;
 To take revenge on God she sought,
 And feels the vengeance it entailed.

God was made man, and came to earth.
 Then Satan cried with fearful mirth:
 "E'en He my victim now shall be!"
 He sought to slay the Lord Most High,
 The world's Creator now must die;
 But, Satan, endless woe to thee!
 Thou thought'st to overcome Him the
 Rejoicing in His suffering:
 But He in triumph comes again
 To bind thee: Death! where is thy sting?

Speak, Hell! where is thy victory?
 Thy power destroyed and scattered see!

Know'st thou not now the Highest's might?
 See, Satan, see thy rule o'erthrown!
 By thousand-varying pangs weighed down,
 Thou dwell'st in dark and endless night.
 As though by lightning struck thou liest,
 No gleam of rapture far or wide;
 In vain! no hope thou there descriest, —
 For me alone Messiah died!

A howling rises through the air,
 A trembling fills each dark vault there,
 When Christ to Hell is seen to come.
 She snarls with rage, but needs must cower
 Before our mighty hero's power;
 He signs — and Hell is straightway dumb.
 Before His voice the thunders break,
 On high His victor-banner blows;
 E'en angels at His fury quake,
 When Christ to the dread judgment goes.

Now speaks He, and His voice is thunder,
 He speaks, the rocks are rent in sunder,
 His breath is like devouring flames.
 Thus speaks He: "Tremble, ye accursed!
 He who from Eden hurled you erst,
 Your kingdom's overthrow proclaims.
 Look up! My children once were ye,
 Your arms against Me then ye turned,
 Ye fell, that ye might sinners be,
 Ye've now the wages that ye earned.

"My greatest foemen from that day,
 Ye led My dearest friends astray, —
 As ye had fallen, man must fall.
 To kill him evermore ye sought,
 'They all shall die the death,' ye thought;
 But how! for Me I've won them all.
 For them alone did I descend,
 For them prayed, suffered, perished I.
 Ye ne'er shall gain your wicked end;
 Who trusts in Me shall never die.

"In endless chains here lie ye now,
 Nothing can save you from the slough,

Not boldness, not regret for crime.
 Lie, then, and writhe in brimstone fire!
 'Twas ye yourselves drew down Mine ire,
 Lie and lament throughout all time!
 And also ye, whom I selected,
 E'en ye forever I disown,
 For ye My saving grace rejected:
 Ye murmur? blame yourselves alone!

“Ye might have lived with Me in bliss,
 For I of yore had promised this;
 Ye sinned, and all My prospects slighted;
 Wrapped in the sleep of sin ye dwelt,
 Now is My fearful judgment felt,
 By a just doom your guilt requited. —
 Thus spake He, and a fearful storm
 From Him proceeds, the lightnings glow,
 The thunders seize each wicked form,
 And hurl them in the gulf below.

The God-man closeth Hell's sad doors,
 In all His majesty He soars
 From those dark regions back to light.
 He sitteth at the Father's side;
 Oh, friends, what joy doth this betide!
 For us, for us He still will fight!
 The angels' sacred choir around
 Rejoice before the mighty Lord,
 So that all creatures hear the sound:
 “Zebaoth's God be aye adored!”

PROVERBS.

A THOUSAND flies did I at even slay,
 Yet did one wake me at the break of day.
 Who serves the public is a sorry beast;
 He frets himself; no one thanks him the least.
 WOULDST thou nothing useless buy,
 Be sure the fairs you go not nigh.
 I COULD no greater sorrow own
 Than live in Paradise alone.

TAME XENIA.

[The Epigrams bearing the title of *Xenia* were written by Goethe and Schiller together, having been first occasioned by some violent attacks made on them by some insignificant writers. They are extremely numerous, but scarcely any of them could be translated into English. Those here given are merely presented as a specimen.]

GOD gave to mortals birth,
 In his own image, too;
 Then came himself to earth,
 A mortal kind and true.

BARBARIANS oft endeavor
 Gods for themselves to make;
 But they're more hideous ever
 Than dragon or than snake.

“WHAT is science, rightly known?”
 'Tis the strength of life alone.
 Life canst thou engender never,
 Life must be life's parent ever.

IT matters not, I ween,
 Where worms our friends consume,
 Beneath the turf so green,
 Or 'neath a marble tomb.
 Remember, ye who live,
 Though frowns the fleeting day,
 That to your friends ye give
 What never will decay.

WHAT shall I teach thee, the very first thing?—
 Fain would I learn o'er my shadow to spring!

EXCULPATION.

WILT thou dare to blame the woman for her seeming
 sudden changes,
 Swaying east and swaying westward, as the breezes
 shake the tree?
 Fool! thy selfish thought misguides thee—find the
man that never ranges;
 Woman wavers but to seek him—is not then the
 fault in thee?

PHOEMION.

IN His blest name, who was His own creation,
 Who from all time makes *making* his vocation;
 The name of Him who makes our faith so bright,
 Love, confidence, activity, and might;
 In that One's name, who, named though oft he be,
 Unknown is ever in Reality:
 As far as ear can reach, or eyesight dim,
 Thou findest but the known resembling Him;
 How high soe'er thy fiery spirit hovers,
 Its simile and type it straight discovers;
 Onward thou'rt drawn, with feelings light and gay,
 Where e'er thou goest, smiling is the way;
 No more thou numberest, reckonest no time,
 Each step is infinite, each step sublime.

WHAT God would *outwardly* alone control,
 And on his finger whirl the mighty Whole?
 He loves the *inner* world to move, to view
 Nature in Him, Himself in Nature, too,
 So that what in Him works, and is, and lives,
 The measure of His strength, His spirit gives.

WITHIN us all a universe doth dwell;
 And hence each people's usage laudable,
 That every one the Best that meets his eyes
 As God, yea, e'en *his* God, doth recognize;
 To Him both earth and heaven surrenders he,
 Fears Him, and loves him, too, if that may be.

THE PARK.

How beautiful! A garden fair is heaven,
 Flowers of all hues, and smiling in the sun,
 Where all was waste and wilderness before.
 Well do ye imitate, ye gods of earth,
 The great Creator. Rock, and lake, and glade,
 Birds, fishes, and untamed beasts are here.
 Your work were all an Eden, but for this —
 Here is no man unconscious of a pang,
 No perfect Sabbath of unbroken rest.

A N T I Q U E S.

LEOPOLD, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

[Written on the occasion of the death, by drowning, of that Prince.]

Thou wert forcibly seized by the hoary lord of the
river, —

Holding thee, ever he shares with thee his stream-
ing domain.

Calmly sleepest thou near his urn as it silently trickles,
Till thou to action art roused, waked by the swift-
rolling flood.

Kindly be to the people, as when thou still wert a
mortal.

Perfecting that as a god, which thou didst fail in,
as man.

ANACREON'S GRAVE.

WHERE the rose is fresh and blooming — where the
vine and myrtle spring —

Where the turtle-dove is cooing — where the gay
cicalas sing —

Whose may be the grave surrounded with such store
of comely grace,

Like a God-created garden? 'Tis Anacreon's resting-
place.

Spring and summer and the autumn poured their gifts
around the bard,

And, ere winter came to chill him, sound he slept be-
neath the sward.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

LIGHTLY doth the furrow fold the golden grain within
its breast,

Deeper shroud, old man, shall cover in thy limbs
when laid at rest.

Blithely plough, and sow as blithely! Here are
springs of mortal cheer,

And when e'en the grave is closing, Hope is ever stand-
ing near.

THE BROTHERS.

SLUMBER, Sleep — they were two brothers, servants to
 the Gods above :
 Kind Prometheus lured them downwards, ever filled
 with earthly love ;
 But what Gods could bear so lightly, pressed too hard
 on men beneath.
 Slumber did his brother's duty — Sleep was deepened
 into Death.

LOVE'S HOUR-GLASS.

EROS! wherefore do I see thee, with the glass in either
 hand ?
 Fickle God! with double measure wouldst thou count
 the shifting sand ?
 “ *This* one flows for parted lovers — slowly drops each
 tiny bead —
That is for the days of dalliance, and it melts with
 golden speed.”

WARNING.

Do not touch him — do not wake him! Fast asleep
 is Amor lying ;
 Go — fulfil thy work appointed — do thy labor of
 the day.
 Thus the wise and careful mother uses every moment
 flying,
 Whilst her child is in the cradle — Slumbers pass
 too soon away.

PHILOMELA.

SURELY, surely, Amor nursed thee, songstress of the
 plaintive note,
 And, in fond and childish fancy, fed thee from his
 pointed dart.
 So, sweet Philomel, the poison sunk into thy guileless
 throat,
 Till, with all love's weight of passion, strike its
 notes to every heart.

THE CHOSEN ROCK.

HERE, in the hush and stillness of mid-noon,
 The lover lay, and thought upon his love ;
 With blithesome voice he spoke to me : " Be thou
 My witness, stone ! — Yet, therefore, vaunt thee not,
 For thou hast many partners of my joy —
 To every rock that crowns this grassy dell,
 And looks on me and my felicity ;
 To every forest-stem that I embrace
 In my entrancement as I roam along,
 Stand thou for a memorial of my bliss !
 All mingle with my rapture, and to all
 I lift a consecrating cry of joy.
 Yet do I lend a voice to thee alone,
 As culls the Muse some favorite from the crowd,
 And, with a kiss, inspires for evermore."

 SOLITUDE.

OH, ye kindly nymphs, who dwell 'mongst the rocks
 and the thickets,
 Grant unto each whatsoever he may in silence desire !
 Comfort impart to the mourner, and to give the doubter
 instruction,
 And let the lover rejoice, finding the bliss that he
 craves.
 For from the gods ye received what they ever denied
 unto mortals,
 Power to comfort and aid all who in you may confide.

 HOLY FAMILY.

O CHILD of beauty rare —
 O mother chaste and fair —
 How happy seemed they both, so far beyond compare !
 She, in her infant blest,
 And he in conscious rest,
 Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her breast !
 What joy that sight might bear
 To him who sees them there,
 If, with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye,
 He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by.

THE MUSES' MIRROR.

EARLY one day, the Muse, when eagerly bent on adornment,
 Followed a swift-running streamlet, the quietest nook
 by it seeking.
 Quickly and noisily flowing, the changeful surface
 distorted
 Ever her moving form; the goddess departed in
 anger.
 Yet the stream called mockingly after her, saying
 "What, truly!
 Wilt thou not view, then, the truth, in my mirror so
 clearly depicted?"
 But she already was far away, on the brink of the
 ocean,
 In her figure rejoicing, and duly arranging her gar-
 land.

THE TEACHERS.

WHAT time Diogenes, unmoved and still,
 Lay in his tub, and basked him in the sun —
 What time Calanus clomb, with lightsome step,
 And smiling cheek up to his fiery tomb —
 What rare examples there for Philip's son
 To curb his overmastering lust of sway,
 But that the Lord of the majestic world
 Was all too great for lessons even like these!

MARRIAGE UNEQUAL.

ALAS, that even in a heavenly marriage,
 The fairest lots should ne'er be reconciled!
 Psyche waxed old, and prudent in her carriage,
 Whilst Cupid evermore remains the child.

PHŒBUS AND HERMES.

THE deep-browed lord of Delos once, and Maia's nimble-witted son,
 Contended eagerly by whom the prize of glory should be won;
 Hermes longed to grasp the lyre, — the lyre Apollo hoped to gain,
 And both their hearts were full of hope, and yet the hopes of both were vain.
 For Ares, to decide the strife, between them rudely dashed in ire,
 And waving high his falchion keen, he cleft in twain the golden lyre.
 Loud Hermes laughed maliciously, but at the direful deed did fall
 The deepest grief upon the heart of Phœbus and the Muses all.

 THE WREATHS.

OUR German Klopstock, if he had his will,
 Would bar us from the skirts of Pindus old,
 No more the classic laurel should be prized,
 But the rough leaflets of our native oak
 Alone should glisten in the poet's hair;
 Yet did himself, with spirit unreclaimed
 From first allegiance to those early gods,
 Lead up to Golgotha's most awful height
 With more than epic pomp the new Crusade.
 But let him range the bright angelic host
 On either hill — no matter. By his grave
 All gentle hearts should bow them down and weep
 For where a hero and a saint have died,
 Or where a poet sung prophetic,
 Dying as greatly as they greatly lived,
 To give memorial to all after-times,
 Of lofty worth and courage undisnayed;
 There, in mute reverence, all devoutly kneel,
 In homage of the thorn and laurel wreath,
 That were at once their glory and their pang!

THE NEW LOVE.

LOVE, not the simple youth that whilom wound
 Himself about young Psyche's heart, looked round
 Olympus with a cold and roving eye,
 That had accustomed been to victory.
 It rested on a Goddess, noblest far
 Of all that noble throng — glorious star —
 Venus Urania. And from that hour
 He loved her. Ah! to his resistless power
 Even she, the holy one, did yield at last,
 And in his daring arms he held her fast.
 A new and beauteous Love from that embrace
 Had birth, which to the mother owed his grace
 And purity of soul, whilst from his sire
 He borrowed all his passion, all his fire.
 Him ever, where the gracious Muses be,
 Thou'lt surely find. Such sweet society
 Is his delight, and his sharp-pointed dart
 Doth rouse within men's breasts the love of ART.



THE CONSECRATED SPOT.

WHEN in the dance of the Nymphs, in the moonlight
 so holy assembled,
 Mingle the Graces, down from Olympus in secret de-
 scending,
 Here doth the minstrel hide, and list to their numbers
 entralling,
 Here doth he watch their silent dances' mysterious
 measure.



SAKONTALA.

WOULDST thou the blossoms of spring, as well as the
 fruits of the autumn,
 Wouldst thou what charms and delights, wouldst
 thou what plenteously feeds,
 Wouldst thou include both Heaven and earth in one
 designation,
 All that is needed is done, when I Sakontala name.

YESTERDAY thy head was brown, as are the flowing
 locks of love,
 In the bright blue sky I watched thee towering, giant-
 like above.
 Now thy summit, white and hoary, glitters all with
 silver snow,
 Which the stormy night hath shaken from its robes
 upon thy brow;
 And I know that youth and age are bound with such
 mysterious meaning,
 As the days are linked together, one short dream but
 intervening.

—◆—

DISTICHS.

CHORDS are touched by Apollo, — the death-laden bow,
 too, he bendeth;
 While he the shepherdess charms, Python he lays in
 the dust.

WHAT is merciful censure? to make thy faults appear
 smaller?
 May be to veil them? No, no! O'er them to raise
 thee on high!

DEMOCRATIC food soon cloy's on the multitude's
 stomach;
 But I'll wager, ere long, other thou'lt give them
 instead.

WHAT in France has passed by, the Germans continue
 to practice,
 For the proudest of men flatters the people and
 fawns.

WHO is the happiest of men? He who values the
 merits of others,
 And in their pleasure takes joy, even as though
 'twere his own.

NOT in the morning alone, not only at mid-day he
 charmeth;
 Even at setting, the sun is still the same glorious
 planet.

THE CHINAMAN IN ROME.

IN Rome I saw a stranger from Pekin:
 Uncouth and heavy to his eye appeared
 The mingled piles of old and modern time.
 "Alas!" he said, "what wretched taste is here!
 When will they learn to stretch the airy roof
 On light pilastered shafts of varnished wood —
 Gain the fine sense, and educated eye,
 Which only finds in lacquer, carvings quaint,
 And variegated tintings, pure delight?"
 Hearing these words, unto myself I said,
 "Behold the type of many a moon-struck bard,
 Who vaunts his tissue, woven of a dream,
 'Gainst nature's tapestry, that lasts for aye,
 Proclaims as sick the truly sound; and this,
 That he, the truly sick, may pass for sound!"

PERFECT BLISS.

ALL the divine perfections, which whilere
 Nature in thrift doled out 'mongst many a fair,
 She showered with open hand, thou peerless one, on
 thee!
 And she that was so wondrously endowed,
 To whom a throng of noble knees were bowed,
 Gave all — Love's perfect gift — her glorious self, to
 me!

PROVERBS.

A BREACH is every day,
 By many a mortal stormed;
 Let them fall in the gaps as they may,
 Yet a heap of dead is ne'er formed.

WHAT harm has thy poor mirror done, alas?
 Look not so ugly, prythee, in the glass!

ONE of the mightiest actions is that
 When one fries himself in his own fat.

VENETIAN EPIGRAMS.

(Written in 1790.)

URN and sarcophagus erst were with life adorned by
 the heathen :
 Fauns are dancing around, while with the Bacchanal
 troop
 Checkered circles they trace; and the goat-footed,
 puffy-cheeked player
 Wildly produceth hoarse tones out of the clamorous
 horn.
 Cymbals and drums resound; we see and we hear, too,
 the marble.
 Fluttering bird! oh, how sweet tastes the ripe fruit
 to thy bill!
 Noise there is none to disturb thee, still less to scare
 away Amor,
 Who, in the midst of the throng, learns to delight
 in his torch.
 Thus doth fulness overcome death; and the ashes
 there covered
 Seem, in that silent domain, still to be gladdened
 with life.
 Thus may the minstrel's sarcophagus be hereafter
 surrounded
 With such a scroll, which himself richly with life
 has adorned.

CLASPED in my arms forever eagerly hold I my mistress,
 Ever my panting heart throbs wildly against her
 dear breast,
 And on her knees forever is leaning my head, while
 I'm gazing
 Now on her sweet smiling mouth, now on her bright
 sparkling eyes.
 "Oh, thou effeminate!" spake one, "and thus, then,
 thy days thou art spending?"
 Ah, they in sorrow are spent. List while I tell thee
 my tale.
 Yes! I have left my only joy in life far behind me,
 Twenty long days hath my car borne me away from
 her sight.

Vetturini defy me, while crafty chamberlains flatter,
And the sly *valet de place* thinks but of lies and
deceit.

If I attempt to escape, the postmaster fastens upon me,
Postboys the upper hand get, custom-house duties
enrage.

“Truly, I can’t understand thee! thou talkest enigmas!
thou seemest.

Wrapped in a blissful repose, glad as Rinaldo of
yore:” —

Ah, I myself understand full well; ’tis my body that
travels,

And ’tis my spirit that rests still in my mistress’s
arms.

I WOULD liken this gondola unto the soft-rocking cradle,
And the chest on its deck seems a vast coffin to be.
Yes! ’tween the cradle and coffin, we totter and waver
forever

On the mighty canal, careless our lifetime is spent.

WHY are the people thus busily moving? For food
they are seeking,

Children they fain would beget, feeding them well
as they can.

Traveller, mark this well, and when thou art home, do
thou likewise!

More can no mortal effect, work with what ardor he
will.

I WOULD compare to the land this anvil, its lord to the
hammer,

And to the people the plate, which in the middle is
bent.

Sad is the poor tin-plate’s lot, when the blows are but
given at random:

Ne’er will the kettle be made, while they uncertainly
fall.

WHAT is the life of a man? Yet thousands are ever
accustomed

Freely to talk about man, — what he has done, too,
and how.

Even less is a poem; yet thousands read and enjoy it,
Thousands abuse it. — My friend, live and continue
to rhyme!

MERRY's the trade of a poet; but somewhat a dear
one, I fear me;

For, as my book grows apace, all my sequins I lose.

IF thou'rt in earnest, no longer delay, but render me
happy;

Art thou in jest? Ah, sweet love! time for all
jesting is past.

ART thou, then, vexed at my silence? What shall I
speak of? Thou markest

Neither my sorrowful sigh, nor my soft eloquent
look.

Only one goddess is able the seal of my lips to un-
loosen, —

When by Aurora I'm found, slumbering calm on thy
breast.

Ah, then my hymn in the ears of the earliest gods
shall be chanted,

As the Memnonian form breathed forth sweet secrets
in song.

IN the twilight of morning to climb to the top of the
mountain, —

Thee to salute, kindly star, earliest herald of day, —
And to await, with impatience, the gaze of the ruler
of heaven, —

Youthful delight, oh, how oft lurest thou me out in
the night!

Oh, ye heralds of day, ye heavenly eyes of my mistress,
Now ye appear, and the sun evermore riseth too
soon.

THOU art amazed, and dost point to the ocean. It
 seems to be burning,
 Flame-crested billows in play dart round our night-
 moving bark.

Me it astonisheth not, — of the ocean was born Aphro-
 dite, —

Did not a flame, too, proceed from her for us, in her
 son?

GLEAMING the ocean appeared, the beauteous billows
 were smiling,

While a fresh, favoring wind, filling the sails, drove
 us on.

Free was my bosom from yearning; yet soon my
 languishing glances

Turned themselves backward in haste, seeking the
 snow-covered hills.

Treasures unnumbered are southwards lying. Yet one
 to the northwards

Draws me resistlessly back, like the strong magnet
 in force.

SPACIOUS and fair is the world; yet oh! how I thank
 the kind heavens

That I a garden possess, small though it be, yet
 mine own.

One which enticeth me homewards; why should a
 gardener wander?

Honor and pleasure he finds, when to his garden he
 looks.

AH, my maiden is going! she mounts the vessel! My
 monarch,

Æolus! potentate dread! keep every storm far
 away!

“Oh, thou fool!” cried the god: “ne’er fear the
 blustering tempest;

When Love flutters his wings, then mayest thou
 dread the soft breeze.”

ELEGIES.

PART I.

ROMAN ELEGIES.

[The *Roman Elegies* were written in the same year as the *Venetian Epigrams* — viz. 1790.]

SPEAK, ye stones, I entreat! O speak, ye palaces lofty!
Utter a word, O ye streets! Wilt thou not, Genius,
awake?

All that thy sacred walls, eternal Rome, hold within
them

Teemeth with life; but to *me* all is still silent and
dead.

Oh, who will whisper unto me, — when shall I see at
the casement

That one beauteous form, which, while it scorcheth,
revives?

Can I as yet not discern the road, on which I forever
To her and from her shall go, heeding not time as it
flies?

Still do I mark the churches, palaces, ruins, and col-
umns,

As a wise traveller should, would he his journey
improve.

Soon all this will be past; and then will there be but
one temple,

Amor's temple alone, where the Initiate may go.

Thou art indeed a world, O Rome; and yet were Love
absent,

Then would the world be no world, then would e'en
Rome be no Rome.

Do not repent, mine own love, that thou so soon didst
surrender!

Trust me, I deem thee not bold! reverence only I
feel.

Manifold workings the darts of Amor possess; some
but scratching,

Yet, with insidious effect, poison the bosom for
 years.
 Others mightily feathered, with fresh and newly-born
 sharpness,
 Pierce to the innermost bone, kindle the blood into
 flame.
 In the heroical times, when loved each god and each
 goddess,
 Longing attended on sight; then with fruition was
 blessed.
 Thinkest thou the goddess had long been thinking of
 love and its pleasures
 When she, in Ida's retreats, owned to Anchises her
 flame?
 Had but Luna delayed to kiss the beautiful sleeper,
 Oh, by Aurora, ere long, he had in envy been
 roused!
 Hero Leander espied at the noisy feast, and the lover
 Hotly and nimbly, ere long, plunged in the night-
 covered flood.
 Rhea Silvia, virgin princess, roamed near the Tiber,
 Seeking there water to draw, when by the god she
 was seized.
 Thus were the sons of Mars begotten! The twins did
 a she-wolf
 Suckle and nurture, — and Rome called herself queen
 of the world.

ALEXANDER, and Cæsar, and Henry, and Frederick,
 the mighty,
 On me would gladly bestow half of the glory they
 earned,
 Could I but grant unto each one night on the couch
 where I'm lying;
 But they, by Orcus' night, sternly, alas! are held
 down.
 Therefore rejoice, O thou living one, blest in thy love-
 lighted homestead,
 Ere the dark Lethe's sad wave wetteth thy fugitive
 foot.

THESE few leaves, O ye Graces, a bard presents, in
your honor,

On your altar so pure, adding sweet rosebuds as well,
And he does it with hope. The artist is glad in his
workshop,

When a Pantheon it seems round him forever to
bring.

Jupiter knits his godlike brow, — hers, Juno uplifteth ;
Phœbus strides on before, shaking his curly-locked
head ;

Calmly and dryly Minerva looks down, and Hermes,
the light one,

Turneth his glances aside, roguish and tender at
once.

But towards Bacchus, the yielding, the dreaming, rais-
eth Cythere

Looks both longing and sweet, e'en in the marble
yet moist.

Of his embraces she thinks with delight, and seems to
be asking : —

“Should not our glorious son take up his place by
our side ?”

AMOR is ever a rogue, and all who believe him are
cheated !

To me the hypocrite came : “Trust me, I pray thee,
this once.

Honest is now my intent, — with grateful thanks I
acknowledge

That thou thy life and thy works hast to my wor-
ship ordained.

See, I have followed thee hither, to Rome, with kindly
intention,

Hoping to give thee mine aid, e'en in the foreigner's
land.

Every traveller complains that the quarters he meets
with are wretched ;

Happily lodged, though, is he, who is by Amor re-
ceived.

Thou dost observe the ruins of ancient buildings with
wonder,

Thoughtfully wandering on, over each time-hallowed spot.
 Thou dost honor still more the worthy relics created
 By the few artists whom *I* loved in their studios to seek.
I'twas fashioned those forms! thy pardon, — I boast
 not at present;
 Presently thou shalt confess, that what I tell thee is true
 Now that thou servest me more idly, where are the
 beauteous figures,
 Where are the colors, the light, which thy creations
 once filled?
 Hast thou a mind again to form? The school of the
 Grecians
 Still remains open, my friend; years have not
 barred up its doors.
 I, the teacher, am ever young, and love all the
 youthful,
 Love not the subtle and old; Mother, observe what
 I say!
 Still was new the Antique, when yonder blest ones
 were living;
 Happily live, and in thee, ages long vanished will
 live!
 Food for song, where hopest thou to find it? I only
 can give it,
 And a more excellent style, love, and love only can
 teach.”
 Thus did the Sophist discourse. What mortal, alas!
 could resist him?
 And when a master commands, I have been trained
 to obey.
 Now he deceitfully keeps his word, gives food for my
 numbers,
 But, while he does so, alas! robs me of time,
 strength, and mind.
 Looks, and pressure of hands, and words of kindness,
 and kisses,
 Syllables teeming with thought, by a fond pair are
 exchanged.

Then becomes whispering talk, — and stammering, a
language enchanting.

Free from all prosody's rules, dies such a hymn on
the ear.

Thee, Aurora, I used to own as the friend of the
Muses ;

Hath, then, Amor the rogue cheated, Aurora, e'en
thee ?

Thou dost appear to me now as his friend, and again
dost awake me

Unto a day of delight, while at his altar I kneel.

All her locks I find on my bosom, her head is reposing,

Pressing with softness the arm, which round her
neck is entwined ;

Oh ! what a joyous awakening, ye hours so peaceful,
succeeded,

Monument sweet of the bliss which had first rocked
us to sleep !

In her slumber she moves, and sinks, while her face is
averted.

Far on the breadth of the couch, leaving her hand
still in mine.

Heartfelt love unites us forever, and yearnings unsul-
lied,

And our cravings alone claim for themselves the
exchange.

One faint touch of the hand, and her eyes so heavenly
see I

Once more open. Ah, no ! let me still look on that
form !

Closed still remain ! Ye make me confused and
drunken, ye rob me

Far too soon of the bliss pure contemplation affords.

Mighty, indeed, are these figures ! these limbs, how
gracefully rounded !

Theseus, could'st thou e'er fly, whilst Ariadne thus
slept ?

Only one single kiss on these lips ! O Theseus, now
leave us !

Gaze on her eyes ! she awakes ! — Firmly she holds
thee embraced !

PART II.

ALEXIS AND DORA.

[This beautiful poem was first published in Schiller's *Horen*.]

FARTHER and farther away, alas! at each moment the vessel

Hastens, as onward it glides, cleaving the foam-covered flood!

Long is the track ploughed up by the keel where dolphins are sporting,

Following fast in its rear, while it seems flying pursuit.

All forebodes a prosperous voyage; the sailor with calmness

Leans 'gainst the sail, which alone all that is needed performs.

Forward presses the heart of each seaman, like colors and streamers;

Backward one only is seen, mournfully fixed near the mast,

While on the blue-tinged mountains, which fast are receding, he gazeth,

And as they sink in the sea, joy from his bosom departs,

Vanished from thee, too, O Dora, is now the vessel that robs thee

Of thine Alexis, thy friend, — ah, thy betrothèd as well!

Thou, too, art after me gazing in vain. Our hearts are still throbbing,

Though, for each other, yet, ah! 'gainst one another no more.

Oh, thou single moment, wherein I found life! thou outweighest

Every day which had else coldly from memory fled.

'Twas in that moment alone, the last, that upon me descended

Life, such as deities grant, though thou perceived'st it not.

Phœbus, in vain with thy rays dost thou clothe the ether in glory:

Thine all-brightening day hateful alone is to me.

Into myself I retreat for shelter, and there, in the
silence,

Strive to recover the time when she appeared with
each day.

Was it possible beauty like this to see, and not feel
it?

Worked not those heavenly charms e'en on a mind
dull as thine?

Blame not thyself, unhappy one! Oft doth the bard
an enigma

Thus propose to the throng, skilfully hidden in
words.

Each one enjoys the strange commingling of images
graceful.

Yet still is wanting the word which will discover
the sense.

When at length it is found, the heart of each hearer is
gladdened,

And in the poem he sees meaning of twofold de-
light.

Wherefore so late didst thou remove the bandage, O
Amor,

Which thou hadst placed o'er mine eyes, — where-
fore remove it so late?

Long did the vessel, when laden, lie waiting for fav-
oring breezes,

'Till in kindness the wind blew from the land o'er
the sea.

Vacant times of youth! and vacant dreams of the
future!

Ye all vanish, and naught, saving the moment, re-
mains.

Yes! it remains,—my joy still remains! I hold thee,
my Dora,

And thine image alone, Dora, by hope is disclosed.

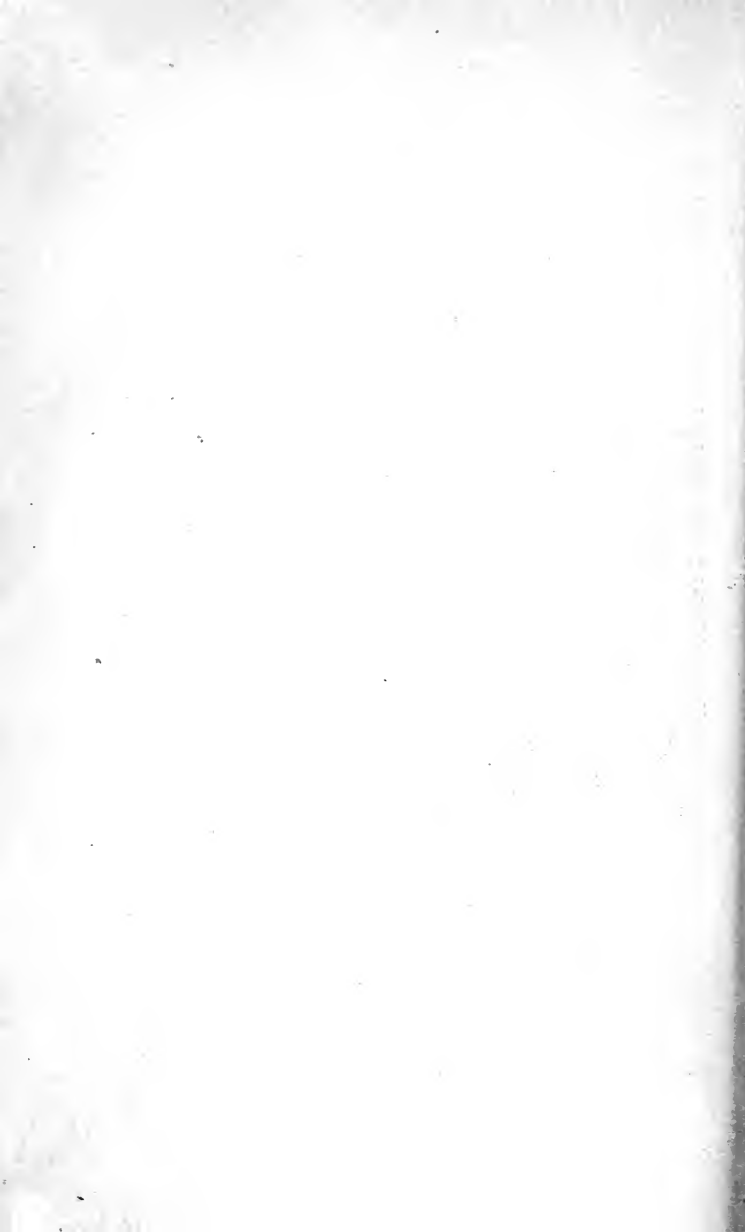
Oft have I seen thee go, with modesty clad, to the
temple,

While thy mother so dear solemnly went by thy
side.

Eager and nimble thou wert, in bearing thy fruit to
the market,

Boldly the pail from the well didst thou sustain on
 thy head.
 Then was revealed thy neck, then seen thy shoulders
 so beauteous,
 Then, before all things, the grace filling thy motions
 was seen.
 Oft have I feared that the pitcher perchance was in
 danger of falling,
 Yet it ever remained firm on the circular cloth.
 Thus, fair neighbor, yes, thus I oft was wont to observe
 thee,
 As on the stars I might gaze, as I might gaze on
 the moon,
 Glad indeed at the sight, yet feeling within my calm
 bosom
 Not the remotest desire ever to call them mine
 own.
 Years thus fled away! Although our houses were
 only
 Twenty paces apart, yet I thy threshold ne'er
 crossed.
 Now by the fearful flood are we parted! Thou liest
 to Heaven,
 Billow! thy beautiful blue seems to me dark as the
 night.
 All were now in movement: a boy to the house of my
 father
 Ran at full speed and exclaimed: "Hasten thee
 quick to the strand!
 Hoisted the sail is already, e'en now in the wind it is
 fluttering,
 While the anchor they weigh, heaving it up from
 the sand;
 Come, Alexis, oh, come!" — My worthy stout-hearted
 father
 Pressed, with a blessing, his hand down on my
 curly-locked head,
 While my mother carefully reached me a newly-made
 bundle;
 "Happy may'st thou return!" cried they — "both
 happy and rich!"





Then I sprang away, and under my arm held the
 bundle,
 Running along by the wall. Standing I found thee
 hard by,
 At the door of thy garden. Thou smilingly saidst
 then : — “ Alexis !
 Say, are yon boisterous crew going thy comrades to
 be ?
 Foreign coasts wilt thou visit, and precious merchan-
 dise purchase,
 Ornaments meet for the rich matrons who dwell in
 the town,
 Bring me, also, I pray thee, a light chain ; gladly I'll
 pay thee,
 Oft have I wished to possess some such a trinket as
 that.”
 There I remained, and asked, as merchants are wont,
 with precision
 After the form and the weight which thy commission
 should have.
 Modest, indeed, was the price thou didst name ! I
 meanwhile was gazing
 On thy neck which deserved ornaments worn but by
 queens.
 Loudly now rose the cry from the ship ; then kindly
 thou spakest : —
 “ Take, I entreat thee, some fruit out of the garden,
 my friend !
 Take the ripest oranges, figs of the whitest ; the ocean
 Beareth no fruit, and, in truth, 'tis not produced by
 each land.”
 So I entered in. Thou pluckedst the fruit from the
 branches,
 And the burden of gold was in thine apron upheld.
 Oft did I cry, enough ! But fairer fruits were still
 falling
 Into thy hand as I spake, ever obeying thy touch.
 Presently didst thou reach the arbor ; there lay there
 a basket,
 Sweet blooming myrtle trees waved, as we drew
 nigh, o'er our heads.

Then thou began'st to arrange the fruit with skill and
in silence :

First the orange, which lay heavy as though 'twere
of gold,

Then the yielding fig, by the slightest pressure dis-
figured,

And with myrtle the gift soon was both covered and
graced.

But I raised it not up. I stood. Our eyes met to-
gether,

And my eyesight grew dim, seeming obscured by a
film.

Soon I felt thy bosom on mine! Mine arm was soon
twining

Round thy beautiful form ; thousand times kissed I
thy neck.

On my shoulder sank thy head ; thy fair arms, encir-
cling,

Soon rendered perfect the ring knitting the raptur-
ous pair.

Amor's hands I felt : he pressed us together with
ardor,

And, from the firmament clear, thrice did it thun-
der ; then tears

Streamed from mine eyes in torrents, thou weptest, I
wept, both were weeping,

And, 'mid our sorrow and bliss, even the world
seemed to die.

Louder and louder they called from the strand ; my
feet would no longer

Bear my weight, and I cried : — “ Dora ! and art
thou not mine ? ”

“ Thine forever ! ” thou gently didst say. Then the
tears we were shedding

Seemed to be wiped from our eyes, as by the breath
of a god.

Nearer was heard the cry “ Alexis ! ” The stripling
who sought me

Suddenly peeped through the door. How he the
basket snatched up !

How he urged me away ! how pressed I thy hand !
Dost thou ask me

"How the vessel I reached? Drunken I seemed, well
 I know.
 Drunken my shipmates believed me, and so had pity
 upon me;
 And as the breeze drove us on, distance the town
 soon obscured.
 "Thine forever!" thou, Dora, didst murmur; it fell
 on my senses.
 With the thunder of Zeus! while by the thunderer's
 throne
 Stood his daughter, the Goddess of Love; the Graces
 were standing
 Close by her side! so the bond beareth an impress
 divine!
 Oh, then hasten, thou ship, with every favoring zephyr!
 Onward, thou powerful keel, cleaving the waves as
 they foam!
 Bring me unto the foreign harbor, so that the gold-
 smith
 May in his workshop prepare straightway the
 heavenly pledge!
 Ay, of a truth, the chain shall indeed be a chain, O
 my Dora!
 Nine times encircling thy neck, loosely around it
 entwined.
 Other and manifold trinkets I'll buy thee; gold-
 mounted bracelets,
 Richly and skilfully wrought, also shall grace thy
 fair hand.
 There shall the ruby and emerald vie, the sapphire so
 lovely
 Be to the jacinth opposed, seeming its foil; while
 the gold
 Holds all the jewels together, in beauteous union com-
 mingled
 Oh, how the bridegroom exults, when he adorns his
 betrothed!
 Pearls if I see, of thee they remind me; each ring that
 is shown me
 Brings to my mind thy fair hand's graceful and
 tapering form.

I will barter and buy; the fairest of all shalt thou
choose thee,

Joyously would I devote all of the cargo to thee.
Yet not trinkets and jewels alone is thy loved one
procuring;

With them he brings thee whate'er gives to a house-
wife delight.

Fine and woollen coverlets, wrought with an edging
of purple,

Fit for a couch where we both, lovingly, gently may
rest;

Costly pieces of linen. Thou sittest and sewest, and
clothest

Me, and thyself, and, perchance, even a third with
it too.

Visions of hope, deceive ye my heart! Ye kindly
Immortals,

Soften this fierce-raging flame, wildly pervading my
breast!

Yet how I long to feel them again, those rapturous
torments,

When, in their stead, care draws nigh, coldly and
fearfully calm.

Neither the Furies' torch, nor the hounds of hell with
their barking

Awe the delinquent so much, down in the plains of
despair,

As by the motionless spectre I'm awed, that shows
me the fair one

Far away: of a truth, open the garden-door stands!
And another one cometh! For him the fruit, too, is
falling,

And for him, also, the fig strengthening honey doth
yield!

Doth she entice him as well to the arbor? He fol-
lows? Oh, make me

Blind, ye Immortals! efface visions like this from
my mind!

Yes, she is but a maiden! And she who to one doth
so quickly

Yield, to another ere long, doubtless, will turn her-
self round.

Smile not, Zeus, for this once, at an oath so cruelly broken!

Thunder more fearfully! Strike!— Stay — thy fierce lightnings withhold!

Hurl at me thy quivering bolt! In the darkness of midnight

Strike with thy lightning this mast, make it a pitiful wreck!

Scatter the planks all around, and give to the boisterous billows

All these wares, and let *me* be to the dolphins a prey!—

Now, ye Muses, enough! In vain would ye strive to depicture

How, in a love-laden breast, anguish alternates with bliss.

Ye cannot heal the wounds, it is true, that love hath inflicted;

Yet from you only proceeds, kindly ones, comfort and balm.

SONG OF THE FATES.

FROM IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

YE children of mortals
The deities dread!
The mastery hold they
In hands all eternal,
And use them, unquestioned,
What manner they like.

Let *him* fear them doubly,
Whom they have uplifted!
On cliffs and on clouds, lo,
Round tables all-golden,
The seats are made ready.

When rises contention,
The guests are hurled downwards
With shame and dishonor
To deep depths of midnight,
And vainly await they,
Bound fast in the darkness,
A just condemnation.

But *they* remain ever
In firmness unshaken
Round tables all-golden.
On stride they from mountain
To mountain far distant:
From out the abysses'
Dark jaws, the breath rises
Of torment-choked Titans
Up tow'rd's them, like incense
In light clouds ascending.

The rulers immortal
Avert from whole peoples
Their blessing-fraught glances,
And shun, in the children,
To trace the once cherished,
Still eloquent features
Their ancestors wore.

Thus chanted the Parcae;
The old man, the banished,
In gloomy vault lying,
Their song overheareth,
Sons, grandsons rememb'reth,
And shaketh his head.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

FORTUNE AND LOT.

NEVER before have I seen our market and streets so
deserted ;

Truly the town is as though 'twere swept out, or dead :
for not fifty

Still are remaining behind, methinks, of our whole
population.

What will not curiosity do? Thus runneth and
rusheth,

Each one now to see the train of the poor wretched
exiles,

Up to the causeway on which they travel, is nigh an
hour's journey.

Still runs thither the crowd, in the dust and heat of
the mid-day ;

Yet, should not I like to stir from my place to see
what affliction

Good men suffer in flight, who now, with the rescued
possessions,

Leaving, alas ! the Rhine's charming bank, that coun-
try of beauty,

Come over here to us, and wander along through the
windings

Of this fruitful vale, a nook by fortune most favored.

Nobly, wife, hast thou done, in sending our son on
kind errand,

Bearing with him old linen, and something for eating
and drinking.

All to dispense to the poor ; for to give is the rich
man's first duty ;

Oh, what a pace the boy drove ! and how he managed
the horses !

Ay, and took for himself our carriage, — the new
one ; four persons

Sit with comfort inside, and out on the dickey the
driver ;

But all alone went he now, and how lightly it rolled
round the corner ;

Sitting at ease beneath the gate of his house in the market.

Thus, addressed his wife, the host of the Golden Lion.

Then made answer to him, the prudent and sensible housewife :

“Father, not willing am I to part with my linen, though worn out,

For it is useful for much, and not to be purchased with money,

If one should need its use. Yet to-day I gave, ay, and gladly,

Many a better piece, made up for chemises and covers, Since I heard of old people and children going there naked.

But wilt thou pardon me now ? for thy chest, too, has been rifled,

And, above all, I gave the dressing-gown — finest of cotton,

Bright with Indian flowers, and lined with the finest of flannel ;

But it was thin, you know, and old, and quite out of fashion.”

But upon that, with a smile, out spake the excellent landlord :

“Still, am I sorry to lose it, — the old gown made of good cotton, —

Real East Indian stuff — one will not get such another. Well ! I wore it no more ; for a man (so the world will now have it),

Must at all hours of the day, in frock or dress-coat exhibit,

And ever booted be ; both slippers and caps are forbidden.”

“Look !” replied the good wife, “there are some already returning,

Who, with the rest, saw the train ; yet surely it now must have passed by.

See how dusty are all their shoes, how glowing their faces !

And with his handkerchief each wipes off the sweat
 from his forehead.
 Never may I in the heat, for such a spectacle, so far
 Run and suffer! In truth the *recital* I find quite sufficient."

Then, observed the good father, in tones of great
 animation:
 "Seldom hath such weather for such a harvest been
 granted;
 And we are getting in the fruit, as the hay is in
 already,
 Dry:— the sky is clear, no cloud can be seen in the
 heavens,
 And from the East the wind is blowing with loveliest
 coolness;
 This is indeed settled weather! the corn over-ripe is
 already,
 And we begin to-morrow to cut down the glorious
 harvest."

Whilst he thus spake, still swelled the troops of men
 and of women
 Who, through the market square, to their homes were
 now seen returning;
 And thus, too, at full speed returning along with his
 daughters,
 Came to the other side of the square, where his new
 house was standing,
 Riding in open carriage of handsome landau pattern,
 Richest amongst his neighbors, the foremost of all the
 town's merchants.
 Lively grew the streets; for the place was well peo-
 pled, and in it
 Many a factory worked, and many a business was
 thriving.

Thus, then, under the gateway still sat the couple
 familiar,
 And in many remarks on the passing crowd found
 amusement.
 But the worthy housewife at length spoke out, thus
 commencing:

“See! there comes the vicar, and there, too, our
neighbor, the druggist,
Coming along with him; a full account they shall
give us,
What they have seen out yonder, and what gives no
pleasure to look on.”

Friendly they both came on, and greeted the good
married couple;
Seated themselves on the benches, — the wooden ones
under the gateway, —
Shook off the dust from their feet, and fanned for a
breeze with their 'kerchiefs.

Then the druggist first, after many mutual greet-
ings,
Thus began to speak, and said, in a tone almost fretful!
“So is it ever with men! and one is still just like the
other,
In that he loves to stare, when misfortune befalleth
his neighbor;
Each one runs to behold the flames breaking out with
destruction,
Each the poor criminal marks who is dragged to a
death of keen torture;
Each one is walking out now to gaze on the woes of
the exiles.
No one thinking, meanwhile, that himself by a similar
fortune,
If not next, yet at least, in the course of time may be
stricken.
Levity such as this I pardon not: yet man displays it!”

Then observed in reply the honored, intelligent
vicar, —
He, the pride of the town, still young in his earliest
manhood.
He was acquainted with life, and knew the wants of
his hearers.
Thoroughly was he impressed with the value supreme
of the Scriptures,
Which man's destiny to him reveal, and what feelings
best suit it;

While he was also well versed in the best of secular writings.

He then said: "I am loath to find fault with an innocent instinct,

Which hath at all times been given to man by good Mother Nature;

For what prudence and sense cannot always do, may be often

Done by such fortunate impulse as irresistibly guides us,

Were not man strongly induced by curiosity's ardor, Say, would he ever have learnt how natural things hold together

In such lovely connection? For, first, he craved what was novel,

Then with unwearied pains continued his search for the useful,

Longing at last for the good, which exalts him, and gives him new value.

Levity in his youth is his gladsome companion, to danger

Ever shutting his eyes, and the traces of pain and of evil

Blotting with wholesome speed, so soon as their forms have past by him.

Truly may that man be praised, in whose riper years is developed

Out of such jovial temper the steady and strong understanding,

Which in joy or in sorrow exerts itself, zealous and active;

For he will bring forth good, and atone for each hour he has wasted."

Suddenly then began the hostess, with friendly impatience,

"Tell us what you have seen; for that's what I wish to be hearing."

"Hardly," replied thereupon the druggist, with emphasis speaking,

"Shall I in short space again feel happy since all I have witnessed.

Who could describe it aright, — that manifold scene
of disaster?
Clouds of dust from afar, ere yet we came down to
the meadows,
Saw we at once; though the train, from hill to hill
as it progressed,
Still was hid from our sight, and we could but little
distinguish.
But when we reached the road which goes across
through the valley,
Truly great was the crowding and din of the travellers'
wagons.
Ah! we saw then enough of the poor men, while they
passed by us,
And could but learn, how bitter is flight, with such
sorrows attended,
And yet how joyous the sense of life, when hastily
rescued.
Piteous was it to see the goods of every description,
Which the well-furnished house contains, and which a
good landlord
In it has placed about, each thing in its proper position,
Always ready for use (for all things are needed and
useful),
Now to see all these loaded on wagons and carts of all
fashions,
One thing thrust through another, in over-haste of
removal.
Over the chest there lay the sieve, and the good
woollen blankets
In the kneading trough, the bed and the sheets o'er
the mirror.
Ah! and, as at the fire twenty years ago we all
noticed,
Danger took from man altogether his powers of reflec-
tion,
So that he seized what was paltry, and left what was
precious behind him.
Just so in this case, too, with a carefulness lacking
discretion,
Worthless things took they on, to burden their oxen
and horses,

Such as old boards and casks, the goose-coop and with
it the bird-cage.
Women and children, too, gasped as they dragged
along with their bundles,
Under baskets and tubs filled with things of no use to
their owners ;
Since man is still unwilling the last of his goods to
abandon.
Thus on the dusty road the crowding train travelled
onward,
Orderless and confused with ill-matched pairs of faint
horses,
One of which wished to go slow, while the other was
eager to hasten,
Then there arose the cry of the squeezed-up women
and children,
Mixed with the lowing of cattle, and dogs all barking
in chorus,
And with the wail of the aged and sick, all seated and
swaying
High aloft upon beds, on the hard and overpacked
wagons.
But, driven out of the rut, to the very edge of the
highway,
Wandered a creaking wheel ;— upsetting, the vehicle
rolled down
Into the ditch, with the swing its human freight quick
discharging
Far in the field, — with dire screams, — yet with for-
tunate issue.
After them tumbled the chests, and fell by the side of
the wagon.
Truly, he who saw them in falling, expected to find
them
Crushed and shattered beneath the load of the boxes
and cupboards.
Thus, then, they lay, — the wagon all broken, the
people all helpless —
For the others went on, and with speed drew past,
each one thinking
Only about himself, while the stream still hurried him
forward.

Then did we hasten to them, and found the sick and
 the aged,
 Who, when at home and in bed, scarce bore their
 continual sufferings,
 And now injured here on the ground lay moaning and
 groaning,
 Scorched at once by the sun, and choked by the dust
 thickly waving."

Moved by the tale, thereupon replied the humane-
 hearted landlord :

"O that Hermann may find them, to give both com-
 fort and clothing !

Loth should I be to see them ; the sight of misery
 pains me.

Though deeply moved by the first report of such a
 disaster,

Sent we in haste a mite from our superfluity, so that
 Some might be strengthened therewith, and we feel
 our hearts the more tranquil.

But let us now no more renew these pictures of
 sorrow.

Quickly into the hearts of men steals fear of the
 future,

And dull care, which by me than evil itself is more
 hated,

Step now into our room at the back — our cool little
 parlor.

Ne'er shines the sun therein ; ne'er forces the warm air
 a passage

Through the thickly built walls. And, mother dear,
 bring us a wee glass

Of the good Eighty-three, to drive far away all bad
 fancies.

Here there is no pleasure in drinking ; the flies so buzz
 round the glasses."

Thus they all went in, and enjoyment found in the
 coolness.

Carefully brought the good mother some wine of
 glorious brightness,

In well-cut decanters, on tray of tin brightly var-
 nished,

With the light-green rammers, the genuine goblets for
Rhine wine.

And, thus sitting, the three surrounded the high polished table,

Round and brown, which stood upon feet so strong
and so steady.

Merrily soon rang the glass of the host on that of the
vicar;

But the druggist held *his* unmoved, in deep meditation;

When with friendly words the host thus challenged
to join them:

“Drink and be merry, good neighbor; for God from
misfortune hath saved us,

And, of his goodness, will still continue to save us in
future.

Who can fail to acknowledge that since the dread con-
flagration,

When he chastened us sore, He hath ever constantly
blessed us;

Ay, and constantly guarded, as man doth guard his
eye's apple,

Keeping with greatest care what of all his members
is dearest?

Should He not, then, continue to guard and help us
still further?

Truly, how great is His power, then only man sees,
when in danger.

Should, then, this flourishing town, which He, through
its diligent burghers,

First from its ashes anew built up, and then loaded
with blessings,

Now again be destroyed by Him, and our pains brought
to nothing?”

Cheerfully, then, and gently, replied the excellent
vicar:

“Hold ye fast this faith, and hold ye fast this conviction!

For it will make you in joy both steadfast and sure,
and in sorrow

Sweet is the comfort it yields, and glorious the hope it
enlivens.”

Then, replied the host, with thoughts judicious and
 manly :
 "How have I greeted full oft with wonder the swell of
 the Rhine flood,
 When in my business journeys engaged once more I
 approached it !
 Grander it always seemed, and exalted my thoughts
 and my spirits !
 But I could never think that his bank, in loveliness
 smiling,
 Soon should prove a rampart to guard off Frankish
 invasion.
 Thus doth Nature guard us, thus guard us our brave-
 hearted Germans,
 Thus the Lord himself ; who, then, would lose heart,
 like a dotard ?
 Tired are the combatants now, and to peace is every-
 thing pointing.
 And when the feast long wished for within our church
 shall be holden,
 And the bells' solemn peal shall reply to the swell of
 the organ,
 Mixed with the trumpet's sound, keeping time with the
 soaring Te Deum,
 Then may our Hermann, too, on that day of rejoicing,
 Sir Vicar,
 Stand resolved with his bride before you in front of
 the altar,
 And so the happy feast-day, observed alike in all coun-
 tries,
 Seem in future to me a glad home-anniversary like-
 wise !
 But I am sorry to see the lad, who always so
 active
 Shows himself for me at home, out of doors so slow
 and so bashful.
 Little desire hath he amongst people to make his ap-
 pearance ;
 Nay, he avoids altogether the company of our young
 maidens,
 And the frolicsome dance, in which youth ever re-
 joiceth."

Thus he spake and then listened. The noise of clattering horses,
 Distant at first, was heard to draw near, and the roll
 of the carriage,
 Which with impetuous speed now came thundering
 under the gateway.

HERMANN.

When now the well-formed son came into the parlor
 and joined them,
 Keen and direct were the glances with which the
 vicar surveyed him,
 And remarked his manner, and scanned the whole of
 his bearing
 With the observant eye which easily reads through
 each feature :
 Then he smiled, and with words of cordial purport
 addressed him :
 " Surely, an altered man you come in ! I never have
 seen you
 Look so sprightly before, with a gleam of such anima-
 tion.
 Joyous you come and gay ; 'tis clear you divided your
 presents
 Aply amongst the poor, and received in return their
 rich blessing."

Quickly then the son with words of earnestness an-
 swered ;
 " Whether I merited praise, I know not ; but my own
 feelings
 Bade me to do what now I wish to relate to you fully,
 Mother, you rummaged so long your old stores in
 searching and choosing,
 That it was not till late that the bundle was all got
 together,
 And the wine and the beer were slowly and carefully
 packed up.
 When to the gate at length, and along the street I
 proceeded,
 Streaming back came the mass of the townsmen, with
 women and children,

Right in my way; and now far off was the train of
the exiles.
Therefore I held on faster, and quickly drove to the
village,
Where they would halt, as I heard, for the night, and
rest their poor bodies.

When now, as I went on, I reached the new road
through the valley,
There was a wagon in sight, constructed with suitable
timbers,
Drawn by two oxen, the largest and strongest that
foreigners boast of,
Close by its side with steps full of strength was walk-
ing a maiden,
Guiding with a long rod the pair of powerful cattle,
Urging on now, and again holding back, as she skill-
fully led them.

Soon as the maiden saw me, she calmly came near to
my horses,
Saying: "It is not always we've been in such doleful
condition

As you behold us to-day along these roads of your
country,
Truly I am not accustomed to ask the donations of
strangers,

Which they oft grudgingly give, to be rid of the poor
man's petitions:

But I am urged to speak by necessity. Stretched on
the straw here,

Newly delivered, the wife of a once rich proprietor
lieth,

Whom, with child as she was, I scarce saved with the
steers and the wagon.

Slowly we follow the rest, while in life she hath hardly
continued.

Naked now on her arm the new-born infant is
lying,

And with but scanty means our people are able to
help us,

If in the village hard by, where we think of resting,
we find them;

Though I am greatly in fear they already are gone
along past it.

If from these parts you come, and a store of superfluous
linen

Anywhere have at command, on the poor it were kind
to bestow it."

Thus she spake; and, faint and pale, from the straw
the poor woman

Rising showed herself to me; when thus in return I
addressed them :

"Good men, surely, oft are warned by a spirit from
heaven,

So that they feel the need which o'er their poor
brother is hanging :

For my mother, your trouble thus feeling beforehand,
a bundle

Gave me, wherewith at once to supply the wants of
the naked."

Then I untied the knots of the cord, and the dressing-
gown gave her,

Once our father's, and with it I gave the chemises and
flannel,

And she thanked me with joy, and exclaimed : "The
prosperous think not

Miracles still are wrought ; for man in misery only
Sees God's hand and finger, which good men guideth
to good men,

What through you He is doing to us, may He do to
you likewise !"

And I saw the glad mother the different pieces of
linen

Handling, but most of all, the gown's soft lining of
flannel.

Then said the maiden to her : "Now speed we on to
the village,

Where for the night our people already are halting
and resting.

There the baby-clothes, one and all, I'll quickly attend
to."

Then she greeted me, and thanks the most cordial
expressing,

Drove on the oxen, and so the wagon went forward.
I waited,
Still holding back my horses; for doubt arose in my
bosom,
Whether with hurrying steeds I should go to the vil-
lage, the viands
'Mongst the rest of the crowd to dispense, or here to
the maiden
All deliver at once, that she with discretion might
share it,
But within my heart I quickly decided, and gently
After her went, and o'ertook her soon, and quickly
said to her,
" 'Tis not linen alone, good maiden, to bring in the
carriage,
That my mother gave me, wherewith to cover the
naked;
But she added thereto both meat and drink in abun-
dance,
And I have plenty thereof packed up in the box of the
carriage,
But now I feel inclined these presents, as well as the
others,
Into thy hand to give, thus best fulfilling my mission:
Thou wilt dispense them with judgment, while I by
chance must be guided.'
Then replied the maiden: "With all fidelity will I
There dispose of your gifts, and the poor shall richly
enjoy them.
Thus she spake, and quickly I opened the box of the
carriage,
Bringing out therefrom the loaves, and the hams
weighing heavy,
Bottles of wine and beer, and all the rest, to give to
her.
More would I fain have given her still, but the box
was now empty.
Then she packed them all by the feet of the mother,
and so went.
Onward, while with all speed to the town I came back
with my horses."

When now Hermann had ended, at once the talkative neighbor,
Taking up the discourse, exclaimed: "Oh, that man is happy,
Who in these days of flight and confusion alone in his house lives,
Having nor wife nor children to cringe before him in terror.
Happy I feel myself now; nor would I to-day for much money
Bear the title of father, and have wife and children to care for.
Often ere now about flight have I thought with myself, and have packed up
All the best of my goods together, — the chains and the old coins
Of my late mother, whereof not a thing has been sold to this moment.
Much, to be sure, would be left behind not easy to furnish;
Even my simples and roots, collected there with much trouble,
I should be sorry to lose, though things of no very great value.
Still, only let the dispenser remain, and I go with some comfort.
Let me but rescue my cash and my body, and all is then rescued.
Easiest from such troubles escapes the man that is single."

"Neighbor," replied thereupon young Hermann, with emphasis speaking,
"Not at all do I think as thou, and thy speech I must censure.
Is, then, he the best man, who in prosperous days and in adverse
Thinks of himself alone, and to share his joys and his sorrows
Knows not, nor feels thereto in his heart the least inclination?
Sooner now than ever could I determine to marry.

Many a good maid now stands in need of a man to
protect her :
Many a man needs a wife to cheer him when troubles
are threatening."

Smiling, said thereupon the father: "I hear thee
with gladness ;
Such a sensible word in my presence thou seldom hast
spoken."

But the mother at once chimed in, her part quickly
taking ;
"Son, in good truth thou art right; and thy parents
set the example.
For they were no days of joy in which we chose one
another,
And our most sorrowful hour but joined us the closer
together.
Next Monday morning — I know it full well; for the
day before happened
That most terrible fire which gave our dear town to
destruction —
It will be twenty years. It was, like to-day, on a
Sunday ;
Hot and dry was the season, and in the place little
water.
All the people were out, taking walks in their holiday
clothing,
Scattered about the hamlets, and in the mills* and the
taverns,
Then at the end of the town the fire commenced, and
the flames ran
Quickly through the streets, with the wind themselves
had created.
And the barns were burnt, with the rich and new-
gathered harvest.
And the streets were burnt; right up to the market;
my father
Lost his house hard by, and this one soon perished
with it.
Little saved we in flight. I sat the sorrowful night
through

* The mills in Germany are generally places of refreshment.

Out of the town, on the green, taking care of the beds
and the boxes.

Sleep at length fell o'er me; and when the cold of the
morning,

Falling down ere the sun was up, from my slumber
awoke me;

There I saw the smoke, and the flame, and the old
walls and chimneys.

Then was my heart in anguish, until, more splendid
than ever,

Up came the sun once more, and into my soul shed
new courage.

Then I arose with haste, for I longed the spot to
examine,

Where our dwelling had stood, and see if the fowls
had been rescued,

Which I so fondly loved; for childish still were my
feelings.

As, then, I thus stepped on, o'er the ruins of house
and of homestead,

Smoking still, and so found my home, and beheld its
destruction;

Thou, too, searching the spot, camest up in the other
direction,

Thou hadst a horse buried there in his stall; the tim-
bers and rubbish

Glimmering lay upon him, and naught could be seen
of the poor beast.

Thoughtful thus and sad we stood o'er against one
another;

For the wall was fallen which erst had divided our
houses.

Then by the hand thou took'st me, and saidst:
"Louisa, poor maiden,

How camest thou here? Go thy way! thou art burn-
ing thy soles in the rubbish;

For it is hot, and sings e'en these strong boots I am
wearing."

And thou didst lift me up, and carry me through thine
own homestead.

Still there was standing the gate of the house, with its
high vaulted ceiling,

As it now stands; but that alone of all was remaining.

And thou didst set me down, and kiss me, although I forbad it.

But upon that thou spakest with kindly words full of meaning;

‘See, the house lies low. Stay here, and help me to build it;

And let me help, in return, to build thy father’s up likewise.’

Yet did I not understand thee, until to my father thou sentest,

And through my mother full soon the vows of glad wedlock were plighted,

Joyfully still to this day I remember the half-consumed timbers,

And still joyfully see the sun arise in his splendor :

For it was that day gave me my husband ; the son of my youth was

First bestowed upon me by those wild times of destruction.

Therefore I praise thee, Hermann, that thou, with bright trust in the future,

In these sorrowful times of a maid for thyself, too, art thinking,

And hast courage to woo in the war, and over its ruins.”

Quickly then the father replied, with much animation :

“Laudable is the feeling, and true, too, each word of the story,

Mother, dear, which thou hast told, for so it happened exactly ;

But what is better is better. It is not becoming that each one

Should from the past be content to form his whole life and condition,

Nor should every one choose, as we did, and others before him.

Oh, how happy is he, to whom his father and mother

Leave the house well furnished, and who with success
then adorns it,
Every beginning is hard;—the beginning of house-
keeping hardest.
Things of many a kind man wants, and all things
grow daily
Dearer; then let him in time provide for increasing
his money;
And thus I cherish a hope of thee, my Hermann, that
quickly
Into the house thou wilt bring thy bride with fine
marriage-portions,
For a high-spirited man deserves a well-endowed
maiden;
And it gives so much pleasure, when with the dear
wife of his wishes
Come in the useful presents, too, in baskets and
boxes?
'Tis not in vain that the mother through many a year
is preparing
Linen of ample store, of web fine and strong, for her
daughter.
'Tis not in vain that sponsors present their silver
donations,
And that the father lays by in his desk a gold-piece,
though seldom,
For in due time shall she thus delight with her goods
and her presents
That young men have made her, before all others, his
chosen.
Yes, I know, in her house how pleasant the dear wife
must find it
Both in kitchen and parlor, to see her own furniture
standing,
And herself her own bed, herself her own board, to
have covered.
May I but see in the house the bride that is hand-
somerly portioned!
For the poor one at last is only despised by her hus-
band,
And as a servant she's treated, who, servant-like, came
with a bundle.

Men continue unjust, and the season of love passeth
 by them.
 Yes, my Hermann, thou wouldst to my age grant
 highest enjoyment,
 If to my house ere long thou shouldst bring me a dear
 little daughter
 From the neighborhood here,— from the house painted
 green over yonder.
 Rich is the man, that's sure; and his trade and fac-
 tories make him
 Daily richer; for what does not turn to gain for the
 merchant?
 And there are only three daughters to share his pos-
 sessions amongst them.
 Won already, I know, is the eldest, and promised in
 marriage;
 But the second and third may be had, though not long
 may they be so.
 Had I been in your place, till now I would not have
 tarried,
 One of the girls myself to bring here, as I did your
 mother."

Modestly then the son to his august father made
 answer:
 "Truly, my wish, too, was, as yours is, one of the
 daughters
 Of our neighbor to choose; for we all were brought
 up together;
 Round the spring in the market in former times have
 we sported,
 And from the town-boys' rudeness I often used to pro-
 tect them.
 But that was long ago; and girls at length, when they
 grow up,
 Stay, as is proper, at home and avoid such wild sport-
 ive meetings.
 Well brought up they are, to be sure; still, from for-
 mer acquaintance,
 As you wished it, I went from time to time over
 yonder:

But in their conversation I never could feel myself
happy,
Since they would always be finding fault, which
taxed my endurance.
Quite too long was my coat, the cloth was too coarse,
and the color
Quite too common; and then my hair was not cut and
curled rightly;
So that at last I thought of bedecking myself like the
shopboys
Over there, who on Sunday are always displaying their
figures,
And whose lappets in summer, half silk, hang so
loosely about them.
But I observed soon enough that they always to ridi-
cule turned me;
Which offended me much, for my pride was wounded.
More deeply
Still did it vex me to find they misunderstood the
kind feeling
Which I cherished for *them*, — especially Minnie, the
youngest,
For I went the last time at Easter to pay them a visit,
And had donned my new coat, which now hangs up
in the wardrobe,
And my hair I had got well curled, like the rest of the
fellows.
When I went in they tittered; but I to myself did not
take it.
At the piano sat Minnie; her father also was present,
Hearing his dear daughter sing, — entranced and in
excellent spirits.
Much was expressed in the songs that surpassed my
poor comprehension,
But I heard a great deal of Pamina and of Tamino;
But since I did not like to sit dumb, as soon as she
finished,
Questions I asked on the words and the two chief
characters in them.
Then they all at once were silent, and smiled; but the
father

Said, 'Our friend, sure, with none but Adam and Eve
 is acquainted.'
 No one then refrained, but loud was the laugh of the
 maidens,
 Loud the laugh of the boys, while the old man held
 tightly his stomach.
 Then I let fall my hat through embarrassment, and
 the rude titter
 Still went on and on, in spite of the singing and
 playing.
 Then did I hurry back to my home in shame and vex-
 ation,
 Hung up my coat in the wardrobe, and drew my hair
 with my fingers
 Down to my head, and swore never more to pass over
 the threshold.
 And I was perfectly right; for vain they all are and
 loveless,
 And I hear that with them my name is always
 Tamino."

Then replied the mother, "Thou shouldst not, Her-
 mann, so long time
 Angry be with the children, for children they are all
 together,
 Minnie is certainly good, and for thee always showed
 an affection,
 And but lately she asked after thee; thou oughtest to
 choose her."

Thoughtfully then the son replied: "I know not; that
 insult
 Hath so deep an impression made on me that truly I
 wish not
 At the piano again to see her, and list to her singing."

Then the father broke out, and spoke with wrathful
 expressions:
 "Slight is the joy I receive from thee; I have ever
 asserted
 That thou couldst show no taste but for horses and
 field operations,

Just what a servant does for a man of ample possessions,
That dost thou ; and meanwhile the son must be missed
by the father,
Who still showed himself off to his honor before all
the townsmen.
Early thus with vain hope of thee did thy mother
deceive me,
When in the school never progressed thy reading and
writing and learning
As did that of the rest, but thy place was always the
lowest.
That must happen, of course, when no ambition is
stirring
In the breast of a youth, and he cares not to raise him-
self higher.
Had my father for me shown the care which on thee I
have lavished,
Had he sent me to school, and for me engaged the best
masters,
Then had I been something else than the host of the
Golden Lion."

But the son rose up and approached the door in deep
silence,
Slow, and without any noise ; while the father, with
wrath still increasing,
After him called : " Ay, begone ! I know thine obsti-
nate temper ;
Go, and attend henceforth to the business, or fear my
displeasure.
But never think thou wilt bring, as a daughter-in-law
to thy father,
Into the house where he lives, a boorish girl and a
trollop.
Long have I lived, and with men I know how to deal
as I should do,
Know how to treat both ladies and gentlemen, so that
they leave me
Gratined, — know how to flatter, as always is welcome
to strangers.

But now at length I must find a dear daughter-in-law
 to assist me,
 And to sweeten the*toil which I still shall bear in
 abundance.
 On the piano too, must she play to me, while are as-
 sembled,
 Listening around her with pleasure, our burghers, the
 best and the fairest,
 As on Sunday is done in the house of our neighbor."
 Then Hermann
 Softly lifted the latch, and so went out of the parlor,

THE BURGHER.

Thus, then, the modest son escaped that passionate
 language;
 But the father went on in the self-same way he began
 in:
 "That which is not in man comes out of him; and I
 can hardly
 Ever expect to bring my heart's dearest wish to fulfil-
 ment,
 That my son might be, not his father's equal, but
 better.
 For, now, what were the house, and what were the
 town, did not each one
 Always think with desire of upholding and of re-
 newing,
 Ay, and improving too, as time and travel instruct
 us?
 Must not man in such case grow out of the ground
 like a mushroom,
 And as quickly decay on the spot which lately pro-
 duced him,
 No single vestige behind him of vital activity leaving?
 Surely, one sees in a house the mind of the master
 as clearly
 As in the town, where one walks, of the magistrate's
 wisdom he judgeth.
 For, where the towers and the walls are falling, where
 in the trenches
 Dirt is piled up, and dirt in all the streets, too, lies
 scattered!

Where the stone from the joining protrudes, with
none to replace it,
Where the beam is decayed, and the house, all idle
and empty,
Waits to be underpinned, afresh, — that place is ill-
governed,
For, where the rulers work not for order and cleanli-
ness always,
Easily there the townsmen to dirty sloth grow accus-
tomed ;
Just as his tattered clothes to the beggar become most
familiar,
Therefore is it my wish that Hermann, my son, on a
journey
Soon should set out, and at least have a sight of
Strasburg and Frankfort,
And the agreeable Mannheim, with cheerful and
regular outlines,
For whoever hath seen cities large and cleanly, will
rest not
Till his own native town, however small, he embel-
lish.
Do not strangers commend our gateways since their
improvement,
And our whitened tower, and our church restored
so completely ?
Does not each one extol our pavements, and mains rich
with water,
Covered and well-divided, for usefulness and for as-
surance
That on its first breaking out a fire might at once be
kept under ?
Has not all this been done since that terrible conflag-
ration ?
Six times I acted as builder, and won the praise of the
Council,
And the most hearty thanks of the townsmen, for
having suggested,
And by assiduous efforts completed, that good institu-
tion,
Which honest men now support, but before had left
unaccomplished.

Thus at length the desire possessed each member of
Council ;
All alike at present exert themselves, and the new
causeway
Is decided on quite, with the great high roads to con-
nect us.
But I am much afraid our youth will not act in this
manner,
Some of whom only think of the pleasure and show
of the moment,
While others sit in the house, and behind the stove
still are brooding ;
And what I fear is to see such a character always in
Hermann."

Then replied at once the good and sensible mother :
" Father, e'en so toward our son thou art ever prone
to injustice ;
And e'en so least of all will thy wish for his good find
fulfilment.
After our own inclinations we cannot fashion our
children,
But as God gave them to us, e'en so must we keep
them and love them,
Training them up for the best, and then leaving each
to improve it.
Gifts of one kind to one, of another belong to
another ;
Each one doth use them, and each is still only good
and successful
In his peculiar way. Thou shalt not find fault with
my Hermann,
Who, I am sure, will deserve the fortune he'll some
day inherit,
And be an excellent landlord, a pattern of townsmen
and farmers,
And not the last in the Council, — I see it already be-
forehand.
But in the poor boy's breast with thy daily blaming
and scolding,
As thou hast done to-day, thou checkest all feeling of
courage."

Then she left the room, and after her son quickly followed,
 That, having somewhere found him, she might with soft words of kindness,
 Cheer him again; for he, her excellent son, well deserved it.

When she had thus gone away, at once the father said, smiling:

“Truly a marvellous race are women — as much so as children!
 Each of them loves so to live just after her own proper liking;
 And one must do nothing then but always be praising and fondling,
 But once for all holds good that truth-speaking proverb of old time,
 ‘Who will not foremost go, he comes in hindmost.’
 So is it.”

Then replied to him the druggist, with great circumspection:

“Gladly, neighbor, I grant you this, and for all that is better
 Ever myself do look out, — if ’tis new without being dearer.
 But is it really good, when one has not abundance of money,
 Active and bustling to be, and *in* doors and *out* to be mending?
 Nay, too much is the burgher kept back: increase his possessions
 E’en if he could, he may not: his purse is ever too slender,
 And his need is too great; and so he is always impeded.
 Many a thing had I done, but the cost of such alterations
 Who doest not wish to avoid? above all in times of such danger.
 Long, in time past, my house in its dress of new fashion was laughing;

Long with ample panes throughout it the windows did
 glitter,
 But does the man, who in this would vie with the
 merchant, know also,
 As *he* does, the best way to make his property
 greater?
 Only look at the house over there — the new one; —
 how handsome
 Shows on its ground of green each white compartment
 of stucco!
 Large are the lights of the windows; the panes are
 flashing and gleaming,
 So that the rest of the houses throughout the square
 stand in darkness,
 And yet, after the fire, were *ours* at first quite the
 finest,
 Mine with the Golden Angel, and yours with the
 Golden Lion.
 So was my garden, too, throughout the whole neigh-
 borhood famous,
 And each traveller stood, and looked through the red
 palisading
 At the beggars in stone and the pigmies colored so
 gayly.
 Then, when I gave a friend coffee within the glorious
 shell-work,
 Which, to be sure, now stands all dusty and ready to
 tumble,
 Great was the pleasure he took in the colored sheen
 of the mussels,
 Ranged in beautiful order; and even the connoisseur,
 gazing,
 Looked with dazzled eye on the crystals* of lead and
 corals.
 So did the paintings, too, in the drawing-room gain
 admiration,
 Where fine lords and ladies were taking a walk in the
 garden.
 And with their taper-fingers the flowers were giving
 and holding.

* The original word signifies properly a combination of lead and sulphur, often found in crystalline form.

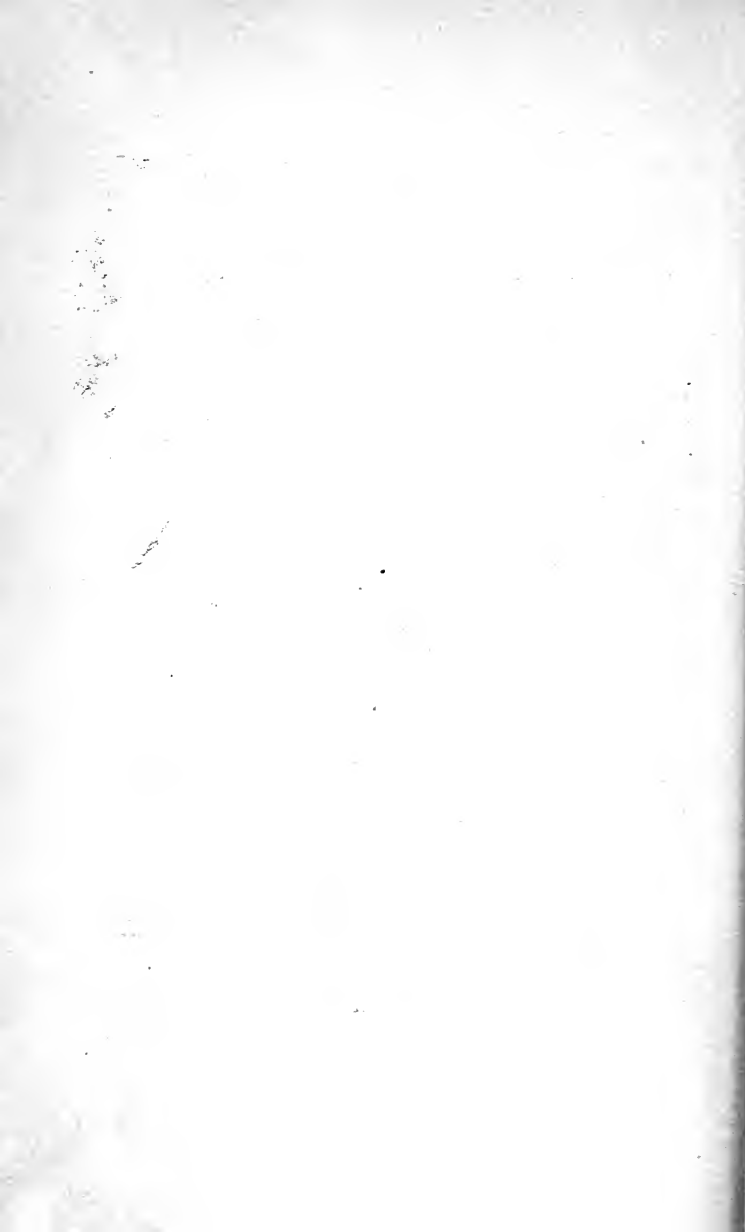
Yes, who would now any more cast an eye upon that?
 For vexation
 Scarce do I ever stir out : for all must be modern and
 tasteful,
 As it is called,—the pails must be white, and the seats
 must be wooden.
 All now is simple and plain ; carved work and gilding
 no longer
 Will they endure ; and now foreign wood is of all
 things most costly.
 Were I, now, so disposed to have my things newly-
 fashioned,
 Even to go with the times, and my furniture often be
 changing,
 Yet does every one fear to make e'en the least alter-
 ations,
 For who now can afford to pay the bills of the work-
 men ?
 'Twas but lately I thought of having Michael the
 Angel,
 Who is the sign of my shop, again embellished with
 gilding,
 And the green dragon, too, winding under his feet ;
 but I left him
 Dingy still, as he is ; for the sum that they asked quite
 alarmed me."

MOTHER AND SON.

Thus spake together the men in friendly converse.
 The mother
 Went meanwhile in front of the house, to search for
 her Hermann
 On the bench of stone, the seat he most often fre-
 quented.
 When she found him not there, she went and looked
 in the stable,
 Whither the noble steeds of high courage claimed his
 attention,
 Which he had bought when foals, and which he en-
 trusted to no one.
 Then the servant said : " He is gone away into the
 garden."

Quickly then she stepped across the long double court-
yard,
Left the stables behind, and the barns all built of good
timber,
Into the garden went, which extended right up to the
town walls ;
Passed straight through it, enjoying meanwhile the
bloom of each object,
Upright set the props on which the apple-trees'
branches
Rested, o'erladen with fruit, and the burdened boughs
of the pear-tree,
And from the strong smelling kale picked a few cater-
pillars in passing ;
For the industrious wife takes no single step that is
useless.
Thus had she come to the end of the garden, and up
to the arbor,
Covered with honeysuckles ; but there no more of her
Hermann
Saw she, than she had seen in the garden she just now
traversed,
But on the latch was left the wicket, which out of the
arbor,
As an especial favor, their trusty forefather, the
mayor,
Had in times gone by through the walls of the town
got erected.
Thus without any trouble she passed across the dry
trenches,
Where from the road close at hand went up the steep
path of the vineyard,
Well enclosed, and straight to the sun's rays turning
its surface,
This, too, she traversed throughout, and enjoyed the
sight, while ascending,
Of the abundant grapes, beneath their leaves scarcely
covered.
Shaded and roofed-in with vines was the lofty walk in
the centre,
Which they ascended by steps of slab-stones rough
from the quarry,





And within it were hanging Gutédel and Muscatel
bunches,
Wondrous in size, and e'en then displaying tints red
and purple,
Planted all with care, to the guests' dessert to add
splendor.
But with single plants the rest of the vineyard was
covered,
Bearing smaller grapes, from which flows wine the
most costly.
Thus, then, she mounted up, with glad thoughts
already of autumn,
And of that festal day when the country in jubilee
gathers,
Plucking and treading the grapes, and in casks the
sweet must collecting;
While, in the evening, fireworks light up each spot
and each corner,
Flashing and cracking; and so full honor is paid to
the vintage.
Yet she went ill at ease, when the name of her son she
had shouted
Twice or thrice, and echo alone in manifold voices
From the towers of the town with great loquacity
answered.
It was so strange for her to seek him; he never had
wandered
Far, or he told it to her, — the cares of his dear loving
mother
Thus to prevent, and her fears lest aught of ill should
befall him,
And she was still in hope that on the way she should
find him;
For the doors of the vineyard, the lower and also the
upper,
Open alike were standing. And so the field she next
entered,
With whose further slopes the back of the hill was all
covered.
Still on ground of her own all the time she was tread-
ing, and pleasant

Was it for her to see her own crops and corn nodding
 richly,
 Which over all the land with golden vigor was
 waving.
 Right between the fields she went, on the green
 sward, the foot-path
 Keeping still in view, and the great pear-tree on the
 summit,
 Which was the bound of the fields her house still held
 in possession.
 Who had planted it, none could tell. Far and wide
 through the country
 There it was to be seen, and the fruit of the tree was
 most famous.
 'Neath it the reaper was wont to enjoy his meal in the
 mid-day,
 And in its shade the neatherd to wait the return of
 his cattle,
 Benches of rough stone and turf the seats they there
 found to sit on.
 And she was not mistaken; there sat her Hermann,
 and rested —
 Sat with his arm propped up, and seemed to gaze o'er
 the country
 Far away tow'rd the mountain, his back turned full
 on his mother.
 Softly she stole up to him, and shook quite gently his
 shoulder;
 And, as he quickly turned round, she saw there were
 tears on his eyelids.
 "Mother," he said, disconcerted, "your coming sur-
 prised me." Then quickly
 Dried he up his tears — that youth of excellent feel-
 ings.
 "What! thou art weeping, my son," his mother re-
 plied, with amazement,
 "And must I to thy grief be a stranger? I ne'er was
 thus treated.
 Say, what is breaking thy heart? What urges thee
 thus to sit lonely
 Under the pear-tree here? What brings the tears to
 thine eyelids?"

Then the excellent youth collected himself, and thus answered :

“ He who beareth no heart in his brazen bosom now feels not,

Truly, the wants of men who are driven about in misfortune :

He in whose head is no sense, in these days will take little trouble

Studying what is good for himself and the land of his fathers.

What I had seen and heard to-day filled my heart with disquiet ;

And then I came up here, and saw the glorious landscape

Spreading afar, and winding around us with fruit-bearing uplands.

Saw, too, the golden fruit bowing down, as if for the reaping,

Full of promise to us of rich harvest and garners replenished.

O but, alas, how near is the foe! The Rhine's flowing waters

Are, to be sure, our guard : yet what now are waters and mountains

To that terrible people which comes on thence like a tempest ?

For they are calling together from every corner the young men,

Ay, and the old, and onward are urging with might, and the masses

Shun not the face of death, but masses still press upon masses.

And does a German, alas! in his house still venture to linger ?

Hopes he, forsooth, alone to escape the menacing ruin ?

Dearest Mother, I tell you it fills me to-day with vexation,

That I was lately excused, when from out our townsmen were chosen

Men for the wars. To be sure, I'm the only son of my father,

And our household is large, and of great importance
our business ;
But were I not doing better to take my stand far out
yonder
On the borders, than here to wait for affliction and
bondage ?
Yes, my spirit hath spoken, and in my innermost bosom
Courage and wishes are stirred, to live for the land of
my fathers,
Ay, and to die, and so set a worthy example to others.
Truly, were but the might of our German youth
altogether
On the borders, and leagued not an inch to yield to
the stranger,
O, they should not be allowed to set foot on our glo-
rious country,
And before our eyes consume our land's fruitful
produce,
Lay their commands on our men, and rob us of wives
and of maidens.
See, then, mother ; within the depth of my heart I'm
determined,
Quickly to do, and at once, what seems to me right
and judicious ;
For not always is his the best choice who thinks of it
longest.
Lo ! I will not return to my home from the spot that
I stand on,
But go straight into town, and devote to the ranks
of our soldiers
This good arm and this heart, to serve the land of
my fathers.
Then let my father say if my breast by no feeling of
honor
Be enlivened, and if I refuse to raise myself higher."

Then with deep meaning replied his good and intel-
ligent mother :
Shedding the gentle tears which so readily came to
her eyelids :
" Son, what change is this that hath come o'er thee
and thy spirit,

That to thy mother thou speakest not, as yesterday
 and as ever,
 Open and free to tell me what 'tis that would suit
 with thy wishes?
 Should a third person hear thee at present discours-
 ing, he doubtless
 Would both commend thee much, and thy purpose
 praise, as most noble, —
 Led away by thy words, and thy speech so full of deep
 meaning.
 Yet do I only blame thee; for, lo! I know thee much
 better.
 Thou art concealing thy heart, and thy thoughts, from
 thy words widely differ,
 For it is not the drum, I know, nor the trumpet that
 calls thee,
 Nor in the eyes of the girls dost thou wish to shine in
 regimentals.
 For, whatever thy valor and courage, 'tis still thy
 vocation
 Well to guard the house, and the field to attend to in
 quiet.
 Wherefore tell me, with frankness, what brings thee
 to this resolution?"

Earnestly said the son: "You err, dear mother;
 one day is
 Not just like another; the youth into manhood will
 ripen,
 Better oft ripen for action in quiet, than midst all the
 tumult
 Of a wild, roving life, which to many a youth has
 been fatal.
 Thus, then, however calm I am, and was, in my
 bosom
 Still hath been moulded a heart which hateth wrong
 and injustice.
 Work, too, strength to my arm and power to my feet
 hath imparted.
 This, I feel, is all true, and boldly I dare to maintain it.
 And yet, mother, you blame me with justice, since
 you have caught me

Dealing with words but half true, and with half dis-
guises of meaning,
For, let me simply confess it, it is not the coming of
danger,
That from my father's house now calls me, nor
thoughts great and soaring.
Succor to bring to the land of my sires, and its foes
strike with terror.
All that I spoke was mere words alone, intended to
cover
Those bitter feelings from thee, which my heart are
tearing asunder.
O, then, leave me, my mother ; for since all vain are
the wishes
Cherished here in my bosom, in vain may my life, too,
be wasted,
For I know that himself the individual injures
Who devotes himself, when all for the common weal
strive not."

"Do but proceed," so said thereupon the intelli-
gent mother,
"All to relate to me, the chief thing alike and the
smallest.
Men are hasty, and think on the end alone ; and the
hasty
Easily out of their path the least impediment driveth.
But a *woman* is apt to look at the *means*, and to
travel
Even by roundabout ways, and so to accomplish her
purpose.
Tell me then all : what has moved thee to such excite-
ment as never
Thou hast displayed before, — the blood in thy veins
fiercely boiling,
And, in spite of thy will, the tears from thine eyes
gushing thickly ?"

Then the good youth to his pain his whole being sur-
rendered, and weeping,
Weeping aloud on his mother's breast, said with deep-
est emotion :

“Truly, my father’s words of to-day did grievously
wound me,
Undeserved as they were, alike this day and all
others,
For ’twas my earliest pleasure to honor my parents,
and no one
Cleverer seemed, or wiser, than they whom I thanked
for my being,
And for their earnest commands in the twilight season
of childhood.
Much, in truth, had I then to endure from my play-
fellows’ humors,
When for my good will to them full oft with spite
they repaid me.
Many a time when struck by stone, or hand, I o’er-
looked it.
But if they ever turned my father to sport, when on
Sunday
Out of church he came, with step of dignified slow-
ness;
If they e’er laughed at the band of his cap, and the
flowers on his loose gown,
Which he so stately wore, and ne’er till to-day would
abandon;
Fearlessly then did I clench my fist, and with furious
passion
Fell I upon them, and struck and hit, with blind, reck-
less onset,
Seeing not where my blows fell; they howled, and
with blood-dripping noses.
Hardly escaped from the kicks and strokes which I
dealt in my fury,
And thus grew I up, with much to endure from my
father,
Who full often to me, instead of to others, spoke
chiding,
When he was moved to wrath in the Council, at its
last sitting;
And I still had to pay for the strifes and intrigues of
his colleagues.
Ofttimes did you yourself commiserate all that I suf-
fered,

Wishing still from my heart to serve and honor my
 parents,
 Whose sole thought was for our sake to add to their
 goods and possessions,
 Often denying themselves in order to save for their
 children.

Oh, but it is not saving alone, and tardy enjoyment,
 Not heap piled upon heap, and acre still added to
 acre,
 All so compactly enclosed, — it is not this that makes
 happy.

No, for the father grows old, and with him the sons,
 too, grow older,
 Void of joy for to-day, and full of care for to-morrow.
 Look down there, and say how rich and fair to the
 vision

Lies yon noble expanse, and beneath it the vineyard
 and garden,

Then the barns and stables, — fair ranges of goodly
 possessions.

Further on still I see the house-back, where, in the
 gable,

Peeping under the roof my own little room shows its
 window.

And I reflect on the times when there the moon's late
 appearing

Many a night I awaited, and many a morning the sun-
 rise,

When my sleep was so sound that only a few hours
 were sufficient.

Ah! all seems to me now as lonely as that little
 chamber, —

House, and garden, and glorious field outstretched on
 the hillside,

All lies so dreary before me: I want a partner to
 share it."

Then replied to him his good and intelligent mother:
 "Son, thou dost not more wish to lead a bride to thy
 chamber,

That the night may yield thee a lovely half of exist-
 ence,

And the work of the day be more free and more inde-
 pendent,
 Than thy father and I, too, wish it. We always ad-
 vised thee,
 Ay, and have urged thee also, to make thy choice of
 a maiden.
 Yet do I know it well, and my heart this moment re-
 peats it,
 That till the right hour come, and with the right hour
 the right maiden
 Make her appearance, this choice must remain still in
 the distance,
 And in most cases meanwhile fear urges to catch at
 the wrong one.
 If I must tell thee, my son, I believe thou hast chosen
 already ;
 Since thy heart is smitten, and sensitive more than is
 common.
 Speak it then plainly out, for thy soul already de-
 clares it ;
 Yonder maiden is she, — the exile, — whom thou hast
 chosen."

"Dearest mother, thou sayest it," the son then quick-
 ly made answer.
 "Yes, it is she ; and unless as my bride,* this day I
 may bring her
 Home to our house, she goes on, and perhaps will van-
 ish forever,
 In the confusion of war and sad journeyings hither and
 thither.
 Then ever vainly for me our rich possessions will
 prosper,
 And for these eyes ever vainly the years to come will
 be fruitful.
 Yes, the familiar house and the garden become my
 aversion,
 Ah! and the love of his mother, e'en that her poor son
 fails to comfort.

* The titles of "bride" and "bridegroom" are given in Germany to persons who are only engaged to be married.

For love loosens, I feel, all other ties in the bosom,
 When it makes fast her own; nor is it only the
 maiden
 That leaves father and mother to follow the youth she
 has chosen;
 But the youth, too, knows no more of mother and
 father,
 When he sees his maiden, his only beloved, go from
 him.
 Wherefore let me depart where desperation now drives
 me;
 For my father hath spoken the words that must needs
 be decisive.
 And his house is no longer mine, if from it the
 maiden,
 Whom alone I wish to bring home, by him is ex-
 cluded."

Quickly then replied the good and sensible mother;
 "Two men, surely, stand like rocks in stern oppo-
 sition;
 Still unmoved and proud will neither advance toward
 the other;
 Neither move his tongue the first to words of good
 feeling,
 Wherefore I tell thee, son, in my heart the hope is
 still living,
 That if she be but worthy and good, to thee he'll
 betroth her
 Though she is poor; and he the poor hath so stoutly
 forbidden.
 Many a thing he says, in his passionate way, which he
 never
 Cares to perform; and so it may be with this his
 refusal.
 But he demands a soft word, and may with reason
 demand it;
 For he's thy father. We know, too, that after dinner
 his anger
 Makes him more hastily speak, and doubt the motives
 of others,

Giving no reason ; for wine the whole strength of his
hot wilful temper

Then stirs up, nor lets him attend to what others are
saying ;

Only for what he says himself has he hearing or
feeling,

But the evening is now coming on, and long conver-
sations

Have ere this been exchanged by him and his friendly
companions.

Gentler, I'm sure, he must be, when the fumes of the
wine have now left him,

And he feels the injustice he showed so keenly to
others.

Come ! let us venture at once ; naught speeds like
the quickly-tried venture ;

And we require the friends who now sit with him
assembled ;

But, above all, the support of our worthy pastor will
help us."

Quickly thus she spoke, and herself from the bench
of stone rising,

Drew, too, her son from his seat, who willingly
followed. In silence

Both descended the hill, on their weighty purpose
reflecting.

THE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD.

Meanwhile sat the three still incessantly talking to-
gether,

With the pastor the druggist, and each by the side
of the landlord.

Ay, and the theme of their talk was still the self-
same as ever,

Carried backwards and forwards, and well examined
on all sides.

Then the excellent vicar replied, with worthy reflec-
tions ;

"I will not contradict you. I know man must ever be
striving

After improvement, and still, as we see, he will also
 be striving
 After what is higher; at least he seeks something
 novel.
 But ye must not go too far. For close by the side of
 this feeling
 Nature hath also given the wish to linger mid old
 things,
 And to enjoy the presence of what has long been
 familiar.
 Each condition is good that is sanctioned by nature
 and reason.
 Man wisheth much for himself, and yet he wanteth but
 little;
 For his days are but few, and his mortal sphere is con-
 tracted.
 Ne'er do I blame the man, who, constantly active and
 restless,
 Urged on and on, o'er the sea and along each path of
 the mainland
 Passes busy and bold, and enjoyment finds in the
 profits
 Which are so richly heaped up, alike round himself
 and his children.
 But *that* character, too, I esteem, — the good quiet
 yeoman,
 Who with tranquil steps o'er the fields which his sires
 left behind them
 Walks about, and attends to the ground, as the hours
 may require him.
 Not for him each year is the soil still altered by
 culture;
 Not for him does the tree, newly planted, with hastiest
 increase
 Stretch forth its boughs to heaven with blossoms most
 richly embellished.
 No, the man has need of patience, — has need, too, of
 simple
 Quiet, unvarying plans, and an intellect plain and
 straightforward.
 Small is the measure of seed he commits to the earth
 which supports him,

Few are the beasts he is taught to raise by his system
 of breeding ;
 For what is useful is still the only object he thinks of.
 Happy the man to whom nature hath given a mind so
 decided !
 He supporteth us all. And joy to the small town's
 good burgher,
 Who with the countryman's trade the trade of the
 burgher uniteth.
 On him lies not the pressure which cripples the
 countryman's efforts ;
 Nor is he crazed by the care of the townsmen with
 many requirements,
 Who, though scanty their means, with those who are
 richer and higher
 Ever are wont to vie, — most of all their wives and
 their maidens,
 Bless, then, forever, say I, the tranquil pursuits of thy
 Hermann,
 And of the like-minded partner who by him will some
 day be chosen."

Thus he spake ; and just then came in with her son
 the good mother,
 Whom she led by the hand, and placed in front of her
 husband.
 "Father," said she, "how oft have we thought, when
 chatting together,
 Of that jovial day which would come, when Hermann
 hereafter,
 Choosing a bride for himself, completed at length our
 enjoyment ;
 Backward and forward then ran our thoughts ; now
 this one, now that one,
 Was the maiden we fixed on for him, in converse
 parental.
 Now, then, that day is come ; now heaven itself hath
 before him
 Brought and pointed out his bride, and his heart hath
 decided,
 Did we not always then say he should choose for him-
 self unrestricted,

Didst thou not just now wish that his feelings might
 for some maiden
 Clear and lively be? Now is come the hour that you
 wished for;
 Yes, he hath felt, and chosen, and come to a manly
 decision.
 That is the maiden, — the stranger — the one who
 met him this morning:
 Give her him; or, he hath sworn, he remains in single
 condition."

"Then spake to him his son: "Yes, give her me,
 Father; my heart hath
 Clearly and surely chosen; you'll find her an excellent
 daughter."

But the father was silent. Then, rising quickly, the
 pastor
 Took up the talking, and said: "A single moment
 doth settle
 All concerning man's life, and concerning the whole of
 his fortune.
 After the longest counsel, yet still each single decision
 Is but a moment's work; but the wise man alone takes
 it rightly,
 Perilous is it always, in choosing, this thing and that
 thing
 Still to consider besides, and so bewilder the judgment.
 Hermann is clear in his views, from his youth long ago
 have I known him,
 E'en as a boy, he stretched not his hands after this
 thing and that thing,
 But what he wished did always become him, and
 firmly he held it.
 Be not alarmed and astonished, that now at once is
 appearing
 What you so long have wished. 'Tis true that just
 now that appearance
 Wears not the form of the wish which by you so long
 hath been cherished;
 For from ourselves our wishes will hide what we wish;
 while our blessings

Come to us down from above in the form that is proper to each one.

Then misjudge not the maid, who the soul first woke to emotion

In your well-beloved son, so good and so sensible likewise.

Happy is that man to whom her hand by his first love is given,

And whose fondest wish in his heart unseen doth not languish.

Yes, I see by his look, his future lot is decided.

Youth to full manhood at once is brought by a genuine passion.

He is no changeling ; I fear, that if this maid you deny him,

All his best years will then be lost in a life of deep sorrow."

Quickly then replied the druggist, so full of discretion,

From whose lips the words to burst forth, long had been ready :

"Let us still only adopt the middle course in this juncture,

'Speed with slow heed !' 'twas the plan pursued e'en by Cæsar Augustus.

Gladly I give up myself to serve the neighbor I value, And for his use exert the best of my poor understanding ;

And above all does youth stand in need of some one to guide it.

Let me, then, go yonder, and I will examine the maiden, And will question the people with whom she lives, and who know her.

No one will easily cheat me ; on words I can put the true value."

Then with wingéd words the son immediately answered :

"Do so, neighbor, and go, and inquire. At the same time my wish is

That our respected vicar should also be your companion ;

Two such excellent men will bear unimpeachable witness.

Oh! my father, she hath not run wantonly hither;—
that maiden;

She is not one through the country to whisk about on adventures,

And to ensnare with her tricks the inexperienced youngster.

No, but the savage doom of that all-ruinous conflict,
Which is destroying the world, and many a firmly-built structure

Hath from the ground up-torn, this poor maid also hath banished.

Are not noble men of high birth now roving in exile?
Princes fly in disguise, and kings are doomed to live outlawed.

Ah! and so, too, is she, the best of all her good sisters,
Out of our country driven; and her own misfortune forgetting,

Aids she the wants of others, and though without help, yet is helpful.

Great are the woe and the need which over the earth
are now spreading;

Should not, then, from misfortune like this some good fortune follow?

And should I not, in the arms of my bride, my trust-worthy partner,

Reap good fruits from the war, as you from the great conflagration?"

Then replied the father, and spake with words full of meaning:

"How now, my son, hath thy tongue been loosed,
which many a long year

Stuck to thy mouth, and moved in speech but on rarest occasions?

But I must prove to-day, the doom which threatens each father

That the passionate will of the son is favored right gladly

By the all-gentle mother, supported by each of her neighbors;

If but the father be made an object of blame, or the husband.

But I will not resist you, thus banded together; what good were it?

For, in truth, I see here beforehand defiance and weeping.

Go, and examine, and with you, in God's name, bring me my daughter

Home to my house; if not, he may then think no more of the maiden."

Thus the sire. Then exclaimed the son, with features so joyous:

"Now before night shall you have an excellent daughter provided,

E'en as the man must wish, in whose breast lives a mind full of prudence.

Happy will be, too, then my good maiden, — I venture to hope so.

Yes, she will ever thank me for having both father and mother

Given her back in you, as sensible children would have them.

But I must tarry no more; I'll go and harness the horses

Quickly, and take out with me our friends on the track of my loved one,

Then leave it all to the men themselves and their own good discernment;

Whose decision, I swear, I will entirely abide by,

And never see her again, until she is mine — that sweet maiden."

Thus went he out. Meanwhile the others were weighing with wisdom

Many a point, and quickly discussing each matter of moment.

Hermann, then, to the stables sped, where the high-mettled horses

Quietly standing, their feed of clean white oats were enjoying,

And their well-dried hay, that was cut in the best of the meadows.

Quickly, then in their mouths he put the bright bits of
their bridles,
Drew at once the straps through the buckles hand-
somely plated,
Then the long broad reins to the bridle fastening
securely
Led the horses out to the yard, where the quick will-
ing servant,
Guiding it well by the pole, the coach had already
drawn forward,
Then with ropes so clean, and fitted exactly in
measure,
Fastened they to the bar the might of the swift-draw-
ing horses.
Hermann took the whip, sat down, and drove to the
gateway,
And as soon as the friends their roomy places had
taken
Speedily rolled on the carriage, and left the pavement
behind them,
Left behind them the walls of the town and the tow-
ers whitely shining.
Thus drove Hermann on to the causeway now so
familiar,
Quickly, and did not loiter, but still drove up hill and
down hill.
But when once again he descried the tower of the
village,
And at no distance once more lay the houses garden-
surrounded ;
Then he thought with himself it was time to pull in
the horses.

Shaded by linden trees, which, in worthy pride
high-exalted,
Had for hundreds of years on the spot already been
rooted,
There was a wide-spreading space of green sward in
front of the village,
Where the peasants and burghers from neighboring
towns met for pleasure.
There, beneath the trees, was a well at slight depth
from the surface.

As one went down the steps, the eye did light on stone
 benches,
 Placed all round the spring, which still welled forth
 living waters,
 Pure, and enclosed in low walls, for the comfort of those
 who were drawing,
 There, beneath the trees, to stay with the carriage
 and horses
 Hermann now determined, and thus addressed his
 companions:
 "Step now forth, my friends, and go, and gain infor-
 mation,
 Whether, indeed, the maid be worthy the hand which
 I offer.
 Truly I think it, and so ye would bring me no new
 and strange tidings.
 Had I to act for myself, I would go straight on to the
 village,
 And with words short and few the good girl should
 decide on my fortune,
 And amongst all the rest you will soon be able to
 know her;
 For it were hard, indeed, for any to match her in
 figure.
 But I will give you, further, some marks from her
 dress clean and simple.
 Red is the bodice that gives support to the swell of
 her bosom,
 Well laced up; and black is the jacket that tightly lies
 o'er it;
 Neat the chemise's border is plaited in form of a collar,
 Which encircles her chin, so round with the charms of
 its whiteness;
 Freely and fairly her head displays its elegant oval;
 Twisted strongly and oft are her plaits round hair-pins
 of silver;
 Full and blue is the skirt which beneath the bodice
 commences,
 And, as she walks along, flaps round her neatly-shaped
 ankles.
 One thing still will I say, and from you expressly
 request it;

Do not speak to the maiden, nor let your purpose be noticed;
 But you must question the others, and listen to all they may tell you.
 When you get tidings sufficient to quiet my father and mother,
 Then come back to me, and we'll think of our further proceedings.
 This is what I planned on the way, as we drove along hither."

Thus he spake. But his friends forthwith went on to the village,
 Where in gardens, and barns, and houses the mass of people
 Crowded, while cart upon cart along the wide road was standing.
 There to the lowing cattle and teams the men gave attention;
 On all the hedges the women their clothes were busily drying;
 And in the brook's shallow water the children delighted to dabble.
 Thus they went pressing on through wagons, through men, and through cattle,
 Looking about right and left, as spies despatched for the purpose,
 Whether they might not descry the form of the girl they had heard of;
 But not one of them all seemed to be that excellent maiden.
 Soon they found the crush become greater. There, round the wagons,
 Threatening men were at strife, while the women mixed with them screaming.
 Quickly then an elder, with steps full of dignity walking,
 Up to the brawlers came, and at once the hubbub was silenced,
 As he commanded peace, and with fatherly earnestness threatened.
 "Hath not misfortune," he cried, "e'en yet so tamed our fierce spirits,

That we should understand at length, and bear with
each other,
Living in peace, — though not each one by this rule
metes out his conduct?
Careless of peace, to be sure, is the prosperous man;
but shall trouble
Fail to teach us, no more, as erst with our brother to
quarrel.
Nay, to each other give place on the stranger's soil,
and together
Share what ye have, that so ye may meet with com-
passion from others?"

Such were the words of the man, and they all in
silence and concord,
Thus appeased once more, arranged their cattle and
wagons,
When now the clergymen heard the speech which the
elder had spoken,
And the pacific views of the stranger judge had dis-
covered,
Straight up to him he went, and addressed him with
words full of meaning:
"Father, 'tis true, that when men live in prosperous
days in their country,
Gaining their food from the earth, which far and wide
opes her bosom,
And through years and months renews the gifts that
they wish for,
All then comes of itself, and each in his own eyes is
wisest,
Ay, and best; and this is their standing, one with an-
other,
And the most sensible man is esteemed but the same
as his neighbor;
Since in quiet proceeds, as if of itself, all that happens,
But should distress disturb the usual modes of exist-
ence,
Tear the buildings down, and root up the garden and
cornfield,
Drive the man and his wife from the site of their
dwelling familiar,

And, as wanderers, drag them through days and
 nights full of anguish ;
 Ah! then look they around for the man of the best
 understanding,
 And no longer he utters his excellent words to no
 purpose.
 Tell me, father ; you are, no doubt, the judge of these
 exiles,
 Who so quickly did shed the calm of peace o'er their
 spirits.
 Yes, you appear to me as one of those leaders of old-
 time,
 Who the exiled people through deserts and wander-
 ings guided ;
 Surely, methinks I am talking with Joshua, if not with
 Moses."

Then with earnest look the judge addressed him in
 answer,
 " Truly, our times may compare with those of rarest
 occurrence
 Noted in history's page, alike the profane and the
 sacred,
 He who in days like these his life but from yesterday
 reckons,
 Hath already lived years : so crowd the events in
 each story.
 If but a short way back I travel in thought, on my
 head seems
 Gray-haired age to be lying ; and yet my strength is
 still lively.
 Oh, we may well compare ourselves with those others
 so famous,
 Who, in solemn hour, in the fiery bush saw appearing
 God, the Lord ; to us, too, in clouds and fire He
 appeareth."
 While now the vicar was fain the discourse still
 further to lengthen,
 Longing to hear from the man his own and his coun-
 trymen's fortunes,
 Quickly with whispered words in his ear observed his
 companion :

“Talk on still with the judge, and turn the discourse
 on the maiden,
 While I am walking about to look for her; and I will
 come back,
 Soon as I find her.” The vicar, with nod, expressed
 his approval,
 And through the hedges, and gardens, and sheds the
 spy began seeking.

THE AGE.

When the clergyman thus to the stranger judge put
 his questions,
 What were his people's woes, and how long from their
 land they were driven;
 Then the man replied: “Of no short date are our
 troubles;
 For of continuous years the bitter dregs we have
 drunken,
 All the more dreadful, because our fairest hopes were
 then blasted.
 For, indeed, who can deny that his heart was highly
 elated,
 And in his freer bosom far clearer pulses were beat-
 ing,
 When first rose o'er the world that new-born sun in
 its splendor,
 When we heard of the rights of man, which to all
 were now common,
 Heard how freedom inspired, and equality won the
 world's praises?
 Then did each man hope to live for himself; and the
 fetters,
 Deemed to be loosed, which had thrown their links
 over many a country,
 And in the land of sloth and selfishness long were
 held tightly.
 Did not each man look, in those days of pressing
 excitement,
 Towards the city which long the world its capital
 reckoned,
 And which now more than ever deserved the magnifi-
 cent title?

Were not, too, those men who first proclaimed the
good tidings

Equal in name to the highest beneath the stars up in
heaven?

Did not every man's mind, and spirit, and language,
grow greater?

And, as their neighbors, we first were fired with
lively emotion.

Then the war began, and the columns of newly-armed
Frenchmen

Nearer drew; but they seemed to bring with them
nothing but friendship.

Ay, and they brought it, too; for the souls of them
all were elated,

And for all with pleasure they planted the gay tree of
freedom,

Promising each man his own, and that each should be
his own ruler.

Great was then the enjoyment of youth, and great
that of old age.

And the gay merry dance began around the new
standard.

Thus did they quickly win — those Frenchmen sur-
passing in talent —

First the souls of our men by their fiery reckless
adventure,

Then our women's hearts by their irresistible graces.

Light we deemed e'en the pressure of war, with its
wants great and many;

Since, before our eyes, bright hope hovered over the
distance,

And allured on and on our look to the new-opened
courses.

Oh! how glad is the time, when along with his
bride the gay bridegroom

Lightly trips in the dance, his longed-for marriage
awaiting!

But more glorious still was the time, when the loftiest
objects

Man can think of appeared nigh at hand, and of easy
attainment.

Then was every one's tongue untied, and loudly they
uttered,
Gray-beards, and men, and youths, their high inten-
tions and feelings.

But the heavens were clouded too soon; for the
prize of dominion,
Strove a corrupted race, unmeet to produce what was
noble.

Then they slew one another, and crushed with the
yoke of oppression,

Then new neighbors and brothers, and sent forth the
self-seeking masses.

And amongst us the high were debauching and rob-
bing by wholesale,

And the low were debauching and robbing, e'en down
to the lowest;

Each man seemed not to care, if but something were
left for the morrow.

Great, indeed, was our need; and greatly increased
our oppression;

No one heeded our cry; of the day they were abso-
lute masters.

Then fell vexation and rage upon even the tranqui-
llest spirit;

Each one but thought and swore for all his wrongs to
take vengeance,

And for the bitter loss of his hope thus doubly
defrauded.

Fortune changed at length to the side of the suffering
Germans,

And with hasty marches the Frenchman fled back
tow'rd his country.

Ah! but never till then did we feel the sad doom of
warfare!

Great, and generous, too, is the victor, — at least he
appears so, —

And he doth spare, as one of his own, the man he has
vanquished,

When he is daily of use, and with all his property
serves him.

But the fugitive knows no law, if but death he may
 ward off;
 And without any regard he quickly destroys what is
 precious,
 Since his spirit is heated, and desperation brings
 forward
 Out of the depth of his heart each lurking villainous
 purpose.
 Naught thinks he sacred now, but he robs it. His
 wildness of passion
 Rushes by force upon woman, and takes a delight in
 all horrors.
 All around he sees death, and in cruelty spends his
 last moments.
 Finding enjoyment in blood, and in misery's loud
 lamentations.

Wrathful then in our men rose up the spirit of
 daring,
 Both to avenge the lost, and to save their remaining
 possessions.
 All then seized on their arms, allured by the haste of
 the flying,
 And by their faces so pale, and their looks so timid
 and doubtful.
 Ceaselessly now rang out the sound of the sullen
 alarm-bell,
 Nor did the danger before them repress their furious
 courage.
 Quickly into weapons the peaceful tools of the farmer
 Now were turned; with blood the fork and scythe
 were all dripping.
 None showed grace to the foe in his fall, and none
 showed forbearance.
 Everywhere raved courage or weakness malignant as
 timid,
 O may I never again in such contemptuous madness
 Look upon man! The beast in his rage is a pleasanter
 object.
 Ne'er let him speak of freedom as though himself he
 could govern!

Loosed from their bands appear, when the checks are
gone that restrained them,
All bad things, which the law into holes and corners
had driven."

"Excellent sir," replied the vicar, with emphasis
speaking,

"If you have misjudged man, I cannot on that account
blame you.

Evil enough, to be sure, have you borne from that
wild undertaking.

Still, if you would but look once more through the
days of your sorrow,

You would yourself confess, how often you saw what
was good, too,

Many an excellent thing, which remains in the heart
deeply hidden,

Should not danger incite it, and man by need be
pressed forward

E'en as an angel, or guardian-god, to seem to his
neighbor."

Smiling then replied the judge so aged and worthy :

"Sensibly do you remind me, as oft, when a house has
been burnt down,

Men to the owner recall in his sadness the gold and
the silver,

Which, though molten and scattered, lies still pre-
served in the rubbish ;

Little it is, to be sure, but even that little is precious,
And the poor man digs for it, and when he has found
it rejoices.

And just so am I glad to turn my thoughts, full of
brightness,

Back to those few good deeds which memory still
loves to cherish.

Yes, I have seen, I will not deny it, foes joining in
concord.

That they might save the town from threatening evil :
seen friends, too,

And dear parents and children on what was impossible
venture ;

Seen the stripling at once grow up into manhood, —
the gray-beard

Young once more, — and e'en the child into stripling
develop ;

Ay, and the weaker sex, as 'tis our custom to call it,
Show itself valiant and strong, and for presence of
mind justly famous.

Thus let me now relate, above all, that action most
noble,

Which with high soul a maiden performed, — the
excellent virgin —

Who in the large farm-house stayed behind along with
the young girls ;

Since the men had all gone, like the rest, to fight with
the strangers.

Then came into the yard a troop of wandering
rabble,

Bent upon plunder, and quickly rushed into the
women's apartment.

There they marked the form of the well-grown beauti-
ful maiden

And those lovely girls, — or, to call them more
properly, children,

Then, with wild passion possessed, they made an
assault without feeling,

On that trembling band and on the magnanimous
maiden.

But from the side of one she instantly tore the bright
sabre,

Brought it down with might, and before her feet he
fell bleeding.

Then with manly strokes the girl she valiantly res-
cued,

Wounding four more of the robbers, though these
escaped death by flying ;

Then she secured the yard, and with weapon in hand
waited succor."

When the clergyman thus had heard the praise of
the maiden,

Hope for the friend he loved at once mounted high in
his bosom ;

And he was on the point of asking her subsequent fortunes,
Whether along with the people she now were in sorrowful exile.

But with hasty steps just then the druggist came to them,

Pulled the clergyman's arm, and with whispered words thus addressed him :

“Surely at last I have found the maid out of many a hundred,

As the description ran! So come yourself to behold her,

And bring with you the judge to tell us still further about her.”

Purposing this they turned ; but the judge meanwhile had been summoned

By his own people away, who, in want of counsel, required him.

But the vicar at once prepared to follow the druggist,

Up to the gap in the hedge ; and the latter, cunningly pointing,

Said : “Do you see her, — the maiden? The doll she has swaddled already,

And well enough do I know, now I see it again, the old satin,

And the old cushion-cover, which Hermann brought in the bundle.

These are significant marks, and the rest are all in accordance.

For the red bodice affords support to the swell of her bosom,

Well laced up ; and there lies the jacket of black tightly o'er it ;

Neat the chemise's border is plaited in form of a collar,

Which encircles her chin so round with the charms of its whiteness ;

Freely and fairly her head displays its elegant oval ;

And the thick plaits are twisted and fastened round hair-pins of silver.

Though she is sitting, we still can see the height of her
 stature,
 And the blue skirt, which in full and numerous folds
 from the bosom
 Gracefully waves below, and extends to her neatly-
 shaped ankle.
 Without doubt it is she. So come that we may
 examine.
 Whether she virtuous be and good, — a maiden
 domestic.”

Then the vicar replied as he looked at the sitting
 girl keenly,
 “That she enchanted the youth is to me, most surely,
 no wonder ;
 For she stands proof to the eye of the man of finest
 perception.
 Happy to whom mother-nature a pleasing person hath
 given !
 It doth commend him always, and nowhere is he
 a stranger ;
 Each one likes to be near him, and each one would
 gladly detain him,
 If but the grace of his manner to that of his person be
 suited.
 Be well assured the youth has succeeded in finding a
 maiden
 Who o’er the future days of his life will shed glorious
 lustre,
 And with the truth and vigor of woman at all times
 support him.
 Thus, sure, perfection of body the soul also keepeth in
 brightness,
 And thus a vigorous youth of a happy old age still
 gives promise.”

But to that made reply the druggist, inclined to be
 doubtful ;
 “Yet doth appearance more often deceive ; I trust not
 the outside ;
 Since in times past so oft I have proved the truth of
 the proverb,

‘Ere thou hast eaten a bushel of salt with thy new-made acquaintance,
 Lightly thou must not trust him; ’tis time alone can assure thee,
 What thy position is with him, and what thy friendship’s endurance.’
 Let us, then, first address to honest people some questions,
 Who both know the maid, and will give us intelligence of her.”

“I, too, approve of foresight,” the pastor replied, as he followed,
 “Nor do we woo for ourselves; and wooing for others is ticklish.”
 And upon that they went to meet the good judge, who was coming
 Back again up the road, intent, as before, on his business.
 Then the vicar at once addressed him with words of precaution:
 “Say! we have seen a maiden, who, in the garden close by here,
 Under the apple-tree sits, and makes up clothing for children
 Out of some worn out satin, received, I suppose, as a present.
 We were well pleased with her form; she seems one of those full of spirit.
 What, then, you know of her, tell us; we ask from a laudable motive.”

When now the judge straightway went into the garden to see her,
 “Nay, ye know her,” he said, “already; for when I related
 Of the most noble deed which that young maiden accomplished,
 When she seized the sword, and herself and those with her defended.
 This was she! You may see by her look that robust is her nature

But as good as strong; for she nursed her aged relation
 Up to the day of his death, when torn away by affliction
 For the distress of the town, and fear for his threatened possessions.
 Ay, and with silent courage she bore her heart's bitter anguish
 At her bridegroom's death, who, a youth of generous feeling, —
 In the first glow of high thoughts, for precious freedom to struggle,
 Even departed to Paris, and terrible death soon encountered;
 For, as at home, so there he opposed the tyrant and plotter."
 Thus, then, spake the judge. With thanks both were going to leave him,
 When the pastor drew forth a gold piece (the silver already
 Had, some hours before, left his purse in kind distribution,
 When he saw the poor exiles in sorrowful crowds passing by him),
 And to the judge he held it out, and said: "This poor farthing
 Share thou amongst the needy, and God to the gifts grant an increase!"
 Yet did the man refuse, and said: "Nay, but many a dollar
 And much clothing and stuff from the wreck of our fortunes we rescued,
 And shall again, I trust, go back before all is exhausted."

Then replied the vicar, and into his hand pressed the money,
 "No one should wait to give in these days of trouble,
 and no one
 Should refuse to accept what to him in kindness is offered."

No one knows how long he may hold his peaceful possessions,
 No one how long still in foreign lands he may wander,
 And be without the field and the garden, which ought
 to maintain him."

"Ay, indeed," then observed the druggist, that keen
 man of business,
 "Did now my pocket but hold any money, you quickly
 should have it,
 Large coin or small alike; for your people's wants
 must be many.
 Yet will I not let you go without a gift; that my
 wishes
 Still may be seen, however the deed may fall short of
 the wishes."
 Thus he spake, and forward the leathern pouch well
 embroidered
 Drew by the string, in which was kept his tobacco,
 and opening,
 Nicely shared it with him; and many a pipeful was
 found there.
 "Small is the gift," he added; to which the judge
 quickly answered,
 "Nay, but good tobacco to travellers ever is wel-
 come."
 And upon that the druggist began to praise his Kan-
 aster.

But the good vicar then drew him away, and the
 judge they now quitted.
 "Haste we," said the man of good sense; "the young-
 ster is waiting
 Painfully; let him then hear with all possible speed
 the good tidings."

So they hastened and came, and found their young
 friend on the carriage
 Leaning there beneath the lindens. The horses were
 stamping
 Wildly upon the turf, and he held them in check, and
 stood thoughtful,

Silently looking before him, nor saw his friends till the
 moment
 When they came to him with shouts and signs of their
 gladly returning,
 Even when still at a distance the druggist began to
 address him ;
 Yet still they approached unperceived. Then his
 hand the good vicar
 Seized, and said, thus snatching away the word from
 his comrade :
 " Joy to thee now, young man ! Thine eye and thy
 heart truly guided
 Rightly have chosen. Good luck to thee and thy
 youth's blooming partner.
 Worthy is she of thee ! Then come and turn round
 the carriage,
 That we may drive with all speed, till we come to the
 end of the village,
 And, having wooed her, at once may take to your
 house the good maiden."

Yet did the youth stand still, and without any tokens
 of pleasure
 Heard the messenger's word, though of heavenly
 power to give comfort.
 Then with a deep sigh he said : " We came with
 hurrying carriage,
 And we shall drive back home, perhaps, with shame
 and full slowly.
 For, while waiting here, a load of care hath come
 o'er me,
 Doubt and suspicion, and all that afflicts a lover's
 heart only.
 Think ye, that if we but go, the maiden will surely
 come with us,
 Since we are rich, and she a poor and wandering exile ?
 Poverty, undeserved, e'en makes men prouder. Contented
 Seems the maiden and active, and so has the world at
 her summons.
 Think ye there ever grew up a woman of beauty and
 feeling

Such as hers, without luring some good youth on to
 adore her ?
 Think ye she hath not yet her heart to love ever
 opened ?
 Go not thither so fast ; we might, to our shame and
 confusion
 Turn back slowly home our horses. The fear doth
 possess me
 That some youth owns her heart, and the excellent
 maiden already
 Hath both plighted her hand and her true love
 breathed to that blessed one.
 Ah ! then, indeed, shall I stand before her ashamed of
 my offer."

To console him the vicar his mouth already had
 opened,
 But, in his talkative way, his companion did thus in-
 terrupt him :
 " Surely in former times we should not have thus been
 embarrassed,
 When in its own proper way each business was
 brought to completion.
 Then, if e'er for their son a bride the parents had
 chosen,
 First a friend of the house in whom they trusted was
 summoned.
 He, then, as wooer was sent, and begged to confer
 with the parents
 Of the selected bride ; and, dressed in his finest ap-
 parel,
 After dinner on Sunday he paid the good burgher a
 visit,
 Interchanging with him at first on general topics
 Friendly words, and well skilled to direct and lead
 round the subject.
 After much beating about, the daughter was at length
 commended,
 And the man and his house from whom he received his
 commission.
 Sensible people perceived his object ; the sensible
 envoy

Soon perceived their wishes, and might explain himself
further.

If they disliked the offer, there then was no painful
refusal.

But if it proved successful, the wooer was then ever
after

First to be seen in the house at each domestic re-
joicing:

For the good married couple their whole life through
did remember

That the first knots were tied by the hands commis-
sioned to tie them.

But all that is now, with other such excellent customs,
Quite gone out of fashion, and each for himself is the
wooer.

Wherefore let each himself in person receive the
refusal

Destined for him, and stand with shame before the
proud maiden."

"Be it e'en as it may!" replied the youth, who had
scarcely

Heard all the words, and in silence had formed his
own resolution.

"I will in person go, and in person learn what my
doom is,

Out of the maiden's mouth, in whom my trust is the
greatest

Man ever yet toward woman within his bosom did
cherish.

What she says, must be true, and according to reason;
I know it.

If for the last time now I must see her, yet once, and
once only,

Will I the open gaze of that black eye go to encoun-
ter,

Though to my heart she may ne'er be pressed, yet
that breast and those shoulders

Will I yet once more see, which my arm so longs to
encircle;

Once more will see that mouth, from which one kiss
and one 'Yes' would

Make me happy forever,—one 'No' forever undo me.
But now leave me alone; you must not wait, but
returning,
Go to my father and mother, that they may learn
from your story
That their son did not err, and that there is worth
in the maiden.
And so leave me alone. By the footpath over the
hillside
Will I go back by a nearer way. And, O that my
dear one
I may with joy and speed lead home! But perhaps
by that footpath
I may slink lonely home, and never again tread it
gladly."

Thus he spake, and put the reins in the hand of the
vicar,
Who received them with skill and command o'er the
foam-covered horses,
Quickly mounted the carriage, and sat in the seat of
the driver.
But thou still didst tarry, thou prudent neighbor, and
saidest:
"Gladly, my friend, with soul, and mind, and heart,
would I trust thee;
But thy body and limbs are not preserved most
securely,
When to the secular rein the ghostly hand makes
pretension."

But thou didst smile at that, thou sensible vicar,
and saidest:
"Take but your seat, and your body commit to me,
e'en as your spirit.
Long ago has this hand been trained to wield the reins
deftly,
And this eye is well skilled to hit the turn most
artistic.
For 'twas our custom at Strasburg to drive full oft in
the carriage,
When I accompanied thither our good young barons;
and daily

Rolled through the sounding gateway our carriage,
 with me as the driver,
 Out on the dusty roads, far away to the meadows and
 lime-trees,
 Right through the midst of the crowds who the live
 long day spend in walking."

Half assured, upon that, the druggist mounted the
 carriage,
 Sitting as one who prepared a prudent leap to accom-
 plish ;
 And the steeds galloped home, with thoughts intent
 on the stable.
 Under their powerful hoofs were clouds of dust
 streaming upward.
 Long stood the youth there yet, and watching the dust
 as it mounted,
 Watched it still as it fell, and stood devoid of reflec-
 tion.

DOROTHEA.

As the traveller, ere the sun sank below the horizon,
 Fixed once more his eyes on the orb now fast disap-
 pearing,
 Then in darkling copse and along the side of the
 mountain
 Sees its hovering form, and where'er his glance he now
 turneth,
 There it speeds on, and shines, and wavers in glorious
 colors ;
 So before Hermann's eyes did the lovely form of the
 maiden
 Softly move on, and seemed in the path to the corn-
 field to follow.
 But from his dream of rapture he woke, and slowly
 proceeded
 Toward the village, and then was enraptured again,
 for again came,
 Meeting him there in the way, the glorious maiden's
 tall figure,
 Closely he marked her, — it was no ghost, but her own
 very person,

Bearing in either hand her larger jug by the handle,
And a smaller one, thus she walked to the well, full of
business.

Joyfully went he up to meet her; the sight of her
gave him

Courage and strength; and thus he spake to his won-
dering dear one:

“Do I then find thee here, brave maiden, so soon
again busy,

Helping others, and gladly still comforting all that is
human?

Say, why comest thou alone to the spring, which lies
at such distance,

While with the village water the others all are con-
tented?

This, I suppose, must be of particular virtue and
flavor.

Perhaps to that sick woman, so faithfully rescued, thou
bearest it.”

Then the good maiden at once, with friendly greet-
ing, thus answered:

“Surely my coming thus here to the well is already
rewarded,

Since I find the good youth who before with so much
supplied us;

For, as the gifts themselves, the sight of the giver is
pleasant.

Come now, and see for yourself, who hath reaped the
fruits of your kindness;

And receive the calm thanks of all to whom you gave
comfort.

But, that you now may learn at once my object in
coming

Here to draw, where the spring flows pure and ever
increasing,

This is the reason I give. Our thoughtless men in the
village

Everywhere have disturbed the water, with horses
and oxen,

Trampling right through the spring which supplied the
whole population.

Just in the same way, too, have they soiled, with
 washing and cleaning,
 All the troughs in the village, and all the wells have
 corrupted ;
 For to provide with all speed for himself and the
 want next before him,
 This alone each man studies, and thinks not of what
 may come after."

Thus she spake, and then at once to the broad steps
 descended
 With her companion, and there they sat them both on
 the low wall,
 Down to the spring. To draw the water she then did
 lean over ;
 And of the other jug he laid hold, and leant over
 likewise ;
 And their mirrored forms they saw in the bright blue
 of heaven,
 Hov'ring with nods to each other, and greeting, like
 friends, in the mirror.
 "Let me drink," then said the youth in the joy of his
 feelings ;
 And she held him the jug. Then both of them trust-
 ingly rested,
 Leaning over the vessels ; and then her friend she thus
 questioned :
 "Say, how find I thee here, without the carriage and
 horses,
 Far away from the spot where I saw thee at first ?
 What has brought thee ?"

Thoughtfully Hermann looked on the ground, then
 raised up his glances
 Quickly tow'ards the girl, and with friendly gaze in her
 dark eye
 Felt himself calm and assured. Yet to speak of love
 to her now was
 Put quite out of his power ; her eye not love was now
 looking,
 But clear sense, and demanded such sense in their
 whole conversation.

Thus he was soon collected, and said with confidence
to her :

“Let me speak, my child, and give a reply to your
question.

It was for you I came here ; and why should I wish
to conceal it ?

For with both my parents, who love me, I live and am
happy,

Faithfully helping them manage their house and other
possessions,

As their only son ; and manifold are our employments.
All the fields are my care, — the house my diligent

father's, —

And my active mother gives life to the whole of the
business.

But thou hast doubtless, like others, observed how
sorely the servants,

Whether through lack of thought, or of honesty,
trouble the mistress,

Ever compelled to change, and take one fault for
another,

Wherefore my mother long wished in her house to
keep such a servant

As not with hand alone, but also with heart would
assist her,

In the place of the daughter she lost long ago, to her
sorrow,

Now, when I saw thee to-day by the wagon so joy-
ously active,

Saw the strength of thine arm and thy limb's perfection
of soundness,

When to thy words I listened, so full of good sense, it
all struck me,

And I hastened back home, to my parents and friends
for that service

To commend the stranger. But now I am come to
inform thee

Of their wishes and mine. Forgive me my faltering
language.”

“Shrink not,” then she said, “from speaking what
yet should be spoken ;

No offence do you give, but with grateful feelings I've
listened.

Speak it then plainly out; your words can never
affright me,

You would like to engage me as maid to your father
and mother,

Over your well-furnished house entrusted with full
supervision;

And you believe that in me you would find a capable
maiden,

Well adapted for work, and not of a rough dispo-
sition.

Briefly your offer was made, — as brief shall be, too,
my answer;

Yes, I will go with you, and follow where destiny
leads me,

Here my duty is done; the new-born infant's poor
mother

I have restored to her own, and they all rejoice in
their rescue,

Most of them here already, the rest soon hoping to
join them.

All of them think, indeed, in a few short days they
shall hasten

Back to their home; for so is the exile ever self-
flattered.

But with hopes light as this I dare not cheat my own
bosom

In these sorrowful days which still portend days of
sorrow.

For the bands of the world are loosened, and what
shall re-bind them,

But the most urgent need, such as that which o'er us
is hanging?

If in the worthy man's house I can gain my bread as
servant,

Under the eye of his wife so industrious, gladly I'll
do it;

Since the wandering maiden hath still a repute that is
doubtful.

Yes, I will go with you, so soon as the jugs of the
strangers

I have restored, and, further, have asked from those
good friends a blessing.

Come, you must see them yourself, and straight from
their hands receive me."

Glad was the youth to hear the willing maiden's
decision,

Doubting whether he now should not own the truth
fully to her ;

But it appeared to him best to leave her still to her
fancy,

And to conduct her home, and there first woo her
affection.

Ah! and he marked the gold ring, which the maiden
wore on her finger,

And he let her still speak on, while he paid to her
words deep attention.

"Let us now hasten back," she thus continued,
"the maidens

Always fall into blame, who linger too long at the
fountain.

Yet by the running spring to chat is still so-delicious!"
Thus they arose, and looked yet once more, standing
together,

Into the well ; and sweet was the longing that seized
on their bosoms.

Silently, then, the maid, taking hold of both jugs by
the handles,

Mounted again the steps, while Hermann followed his
loved one,

Wishing to take a jug, and bear his share of the burden.

"Nay, let it be," she said, "all loads are lightest when
even ;

And I must not be served by the master who soon will
command me.

Look not so serious at me, as though my fortune were
doubtful,

Woman should learn in time to serve, — 'tis her nat-
ural calling ;

For through serving only attains she at length to com-
manding,

And to what well-earned power she wields by right in
 the household,
 Gladly the sister serves her brother, the daughter her
 parents ;
 And so her life is still a continual coming and going,
 Still a lifting and bearing, arranging and doing for
 others,
 Well for her, if her habits be such that no path is too
 irksome ;
 That the hours of the night are to her as the hours of
 the daytime ;
 That her work never seems too fine, or her needle too
 tiny ;
 But that herself she entirely forgets, and can live but
 in others,
 Then, as a mother, in truth she needs one and all of
 the virtues,
 When in her sickness the babe awakes her, for nourish-
 ment craving
 Weak as she is, and care to her pains is abundantly
 added,
 Twenty men together would not endure so much
 trouble ;
 Nor are they bound ; but they're bound, when they
 see it, to show themselves thankful."

Thus she spake, and now, with her thoughtful, silent
 companion,
 Passing on through the gardens she came to the site
 of the barn-floor,
 Where the poor mother lay, whom she left so glad
 with her daughters,
 Those very girls she had saved, — the pictures of inn-
 cent beauty.
 Both of them then walked in, and soon in the other
 direction,
 Leading a child in each hand, the honored judge also
 entered.
 These had been hitherto lost to the eyes of their sor-
 rowing mother,
 But by the worthy elder had now in the crowd been
 discovered ;

And they eagerly sprang to kiss their dearly-loved
mother,
And to rejoice in their brother, their yet unknown
little playmate.
On Dorothea next they sprang, and kissed her right
friendly,
Asking for bread, and fruit, and for something to
drink, above all things.
Then she handed the water round, and of it the chil-
dren
Drank, and so did the mother and daughters, and so
did the elder,
All were pleased with their draught, and praised the
excellent water,
Which a slight mineral taste for man made refreshing
and wholesome.

Then with serious looks the maid replied, and ad-
dressed them,
“This is perhaps the last time, my friends, that I ever
shall carry
Round to your mouths the jug, and moisten your lips
with its water,
But when henceforth ye quaff a draught in the heat
of the mid-day,
And in the shade enjoy your rest and the pure-gushing
fountain,
Oh, then think too of me, and my friendly service
amongst you,
Which from feelings of love, I rendered, even more
than of kindred.
Through the rest of my life shall I own all the kind-
ness you showed me.
Truly I grieve to leave you; though now is each to
his neighbor
More a burden than comfort; and still in the land of
the stranger
Must we all look to die, if return to our home be de-
nied us,
See, here stands the youth to whom we owe thanks
for the presents, —

Both for the baby's clothing here, and those viands so
 welcome,
 Hither he comes to beg that in his house he may see
 me,
 Acting as servant there to his rich and excellent pa-
 rents:
 And I have not refused; for a maiden must serve in
 all cases,
 And to sit quiet at home and be waited on she
 would deem irksome.
 Wherefore I follow him gladly; in sense the youth
 seems not deficient,
 Nor will his parents be, — as befits their wealthy con-
 dition,
 Wherefore now, my dear friend, farewell! and long
 may the baby
 Live to delight your heart, who now in such health
 looks up to you.
 But whenever to your bosom he's pressed in these
 bright-colored wrappers,
 Oh, then think of the youth so kind, who with them
 supplied us,
 And will henceforth to me too, your kinsman, give
 food and clothing,
 And do you, excellent sir," (she turned to the judge
 while thus speaking,)
 "Take my thanks for having so often been to me a
 father."

And upon that she kneeled down to the new-born in-
 fant's good mother,
 Kissed the weeping woman, and took the blessing she
 whispered,
 Meanwhile to Hermann said the judge most worthy
 of honor:
 "Well may'st thou claim, my friend, to be numbered
 with sensible landlords,
 Who with capable persons are anxious to manage their
 household,
 For I have marked full oft, that sheep, and horses, and
 cattle

Are with the nicest care by touching and handling examined ;
While that human aid, which, if able and good, saveth
all things,
But destroys and demolishes all by its wrong interference,
That men take to their house by chance and accident
only,
And, when too late, repent of an over-hasty arrangement,
But you seem to know this ; for you have chosen a
maiden
Who is good, in your house to serve yourself and your
parents,
Keep her well, for while she an interest takes in your
business
You will not miss the sister you lost, nor your parents
their daughter."

Meanwhile many came in, — near relatives of the good
mother, —
Bringing many a gift, and news of more suitable lodg-
ing.
All heard the maiden's resolve, and gave their blessing
to Hermann,
With significant looks, and thoughts of peculiar
meaning,
For the poor exiles there were whispering one to
another :
"If of the master a bridegroom come, then, indeed, is
he rescued."
Then did Hermann take hold of her hand, and said to
her quickly
"Let us begone ; the day is declining, the town is far
distant."
Then, with liveliest talk, the women embraced
Dorothea ;
Hermann drew her away ; yet with many a kiss was
she greeted.
But all the children still, with screams and terrible
weeping,

Clung to her clothes, and would not their second
 mother relinquish.
 But the women thus spake, first one, then another,
 commanding;
 "Silence, children! she's going away to the town, and
 will bring you
 Plenty of good sugar-bread, which your little brother
 there ordered.
 When past the baker's shop by the stork * he lately
 was carried.
 And you will soon see her back, with her paper-bags
 handsomely gilded."
 Thus, then, the children released her; and Hermann
 though not without trouble,
 Tore her away from their arms, and their far-off
 beckoning 'kerchiefs.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

Thus the two went away toward the sun now de-
 clining,
 Who, storm-threatening, in clouds his form had deeply
 enveloped,
 And from the veil, now here, now there, with fiery
 glances
 Shot forth over the land the gleams of the ominous
 lightning.
 "Oh! may this threatening weather," thus Hermann
 said, "not soon bring us
 Storms of hail and furious rain! for fine is the
 harvest."
 And they both rejoiced at the sight of the corn high
 and waving,
 Which well-nigh reached up to the tall figures then
 passing through it.

Then the maiden said to the friend who was guiding
 her footsteps:
 "Kind one, whom first I've to thank for a pleasant
 portion-safe shelter,

* The reader who has not lived in Germany may require to be informed that, according to the nursery belief in that country, all babies are carried to the house and carefully dropped down the chimney by the storks, instead of being brought in the doctor's pocket, as in England.

While 'neath the open sky the storm threatens many
exiles,
Tell me now, first of all, and teach me to know both
your parents,
Whom to serve in future with all my soul I am
anxious.
For, if one knows his master, he better can give satis-
faction,
When he thinks of the things which to him seem of
greatest importance,
And upon which his mind he sets with most earnest
attention.
Wherefore tell me, I pray, how to win your father and
mother."

Then replied thereto the good youth of clear under-
standing ;
" Oh, how right do I deem thee, thou good and excel-
lent maiden,
Asking first, as thou hast, concerning the views of my
parents !
For in my father's service in vain till now have I
striven,
While to his business, as though 'twere my own, my-
self I devoted,
Early and late to the field and the vineyard giving
attention.
But my mother I pleased well enough, for she knew
how to prize it.
Ay, and thee, too, no less will she think the most
excellent maiden,
If thou take care of the house as though 'twere thine
own to attend to.
But with my father not so, for he loves appearances
likewise.
Do not take me, good girl, for a son that is cold and
unfeeling,
If so soon I unveil my father to thee, quite a
stranger.
Nay, but I swear that this is the first time such an
expression

E'er hath escaped from my tongue, which is not given
to prattling.
But, since thou dost from my bosom elicit each proof
of reliance,
There are some graces in life for which my father is
anxious, —
Outward marks of love, as well as respect, which he
wishes;
And he would be, perhaps, pleased with quite an
inferior servant,
Who could make use of this, and would angry be with
the better."

Cheerfully then she said, as along the darkening
pathway
Now with a quicker step and lighter movement she
hurried,
"Surely to both at once I hope to give ample con-
tentment;
Since thy mother's mind accords with my own dispo-
sition,
And to external graces from youth I have ne'er been
a stranger.
Those French neighbors of ours, in former times, of
politeness
Made no little account; to the nobleman and to the
burgher,
Ay, and the peasant, 'twas common, and each to his
own did commend it.
And just so amongst us, on the German side, e'en the
children
Brought with kissings of hand and courtseyings every
morning
Wishes of joy to their parents, and all the day long
would repeat them.
All which I then did learn, to which from my youth
I'm accustomed,
And which comes from my heart, to my elder master
I'll practice.
But now who shall tell me to thee what should be my
behavior, —
Thee, their only son, and to me in future a master?"

Thus she spake, and just then they arrived at the
foot of the pear-tree.
Glorious shone the moon, at her full, down on them
from heaven ;
For it was night, and the sun's last gleam was totally
hidden.
Thus were spread out before them in masses, the one
by the other,
Lights as bright as the day, and shades of the night
that are darkest.
And that friendly question was heard with pleasure
by Hermann
Under the noble tree, in the spot so dear to his fancy,
And which that self-same day had witnessed his tears
for the exile.
Thus while there beneath it they sat for a short time
to rest them,
Seizing the maiden's hand, the enamored youth said
in answer :
"Let thine own heart tell thee, and follow it freely in
all things."
But no further word did he risk, though the hour so
much favored ;
For he feared that his haste might only bring a
refusal.
Ah! and he felt, too, the ring on her finger, — that
token so painful.
Thus, then, sat they still and in silence beside one
another.
But the maiden began, and said, "How sweet do
I find it
Watching the glorious light of the moon! The day is
scarce brighter.
Yonder I clearly see in the town the houses and home-
steads,
And in the gable or window methinks the panes I can
number."

"What thou seest," then replied the youth, restrain-
ing his feelings,
"Is the place where we dwell, and down to which I
lead thee ;

And that window there in the roof belongs to my
chamber,
Which will, perhaps, now be thine, for some change
we shall make in the household.
These are our fields, now ripe for the harvest begin-
ning to-morrow.
Here in the shade will we rest, and enjoy our meal in
the noon-tide ;
But let us now go down, proceeding through vine-
yard and garden ;
For see yonder ! the storm is coming on heavily o'er
us,
Flashing lightning, and soon will extinguish the full
moon so lovely."

So they arose, and pursued their way o'er the fields
that lay under,
Through the magnificent corn, in the night's clear
splendor rejoicing,
Till to the vineyard next they came, and entered its
darkness.

And down its many slabs he thus fain to conduct
her,
Which were laid there unhewn, as steps in the leaf-
covered pathway.
Slowly walked she down, now resting her hands on his
shoulders,
While with wavering lustre the moon through the
leaves overlooked them,
Till, in storm-clouds concealed, it left the couple in
darkness.
Carefully thus the strong youth the dependent
maiden supported ;
But not knowing the path, and unused to the rough
stones along it,
Missing her step, she twisted her foot, and well-nigh
had fallen.
Hastily then stretching out his arm, the youth, quick
and clever,
Held his beloved one up, when she gently sank on his
shoulder,

Bosom reclining on bosom, and cheek on cheek. Yet
 he stood there
 Stiff as a marble statue, his earnest wishes restraining,
 Still not pressing her closer, and still her dear weight
 supporting.
 Thus, then, he felt that glorious burden — the warmth
 of her young heart,
 And the balm of her breath, on his lips exhaling its
 fragrance,
 And with the feeling of man bore woman's heroic
 greatness.

But she concealed her pain, and said in jocular
 language ;
 "That betokens trouble, — so say all scrupulous
 people, —
 When, on entering a house, not far from the threshold
 a foot twist.
 Truly, I well could have wished for myself a happier
 omen.
 But let us wait a short time, that thou be not blamed
 by thy parents
 For the poor limping maid, and be thought an incom-
 petent landlord."

PROSPECT.

Muses, ye who the heart's true love so gladly have
 favored,
 Who thus far on his way the excellent youth have
 conducted,
 And to his bosom have pressed his maiden before the
 betrothal,
 Help still further to perfect the tie of the love-worthy
 couple,
 Parting at once the clouds which over their happiness
 gather !
 But, before all, relate what within the house is now
 passing.

There for the third time already the impatient
 mother returning
 Entered the men's room, which first she had left with
 anxiety, speaking

Of the approaching storm, and the moon's quick veil-
 ing in darkness ;
 Then of her son's remaining abroad, and the dangers
 of night-time,
 While she well chided the friends, who, without a
 word to the maiden,
 Wooing her in his behalf, from the youth so quickly
 had parted,
 "Make not the evil worse," replied the dispirited
 father,
 "For we ourselves, thou seest, tarry here, and abroad
 do not venture."

But their neighbor began to speak as he sat there so
 tranquil,
 "Truly in hours of disquiet, like these, I always feel
 grateful
 To my departed father, who rooted up all my impa-
 tience,
 While I was yet a boy, and left not a fibre remaining ;
 Ay, and not one of the sages so quickly learnt to wait
 quiet."
 "Say," replied the vicar, "what means the old man
 had recourse to ?"
 "That will I gladly tell you, since each for himself
 may well mark it."
 Answered then the neighbor. "I stood one Sunday
 impatient,
 When I was yet a boy, for the carriage eagerly
 waiting
 Which was to take us out to the well 'neath the shade
 of the lime-trees.
 Still it came not, and I, like a weasel, ran backward
 and forward,
 Stepping up and down, and from window to door,
 without ceasing.
 Oh, how my hands did tingle! and how I was scratch-
 ing the table,
 Tramping and stamping about, and ready to burst into
 crying!
 All was seen by the tranquil man ; but at length,
 when I acted

Quite too foolish a part, by the arm he quietly took
me,
Leading me up to the window, with words of dubious
purport,
'Seest thou, closed for the day, the carpenter's work-
shop o'er yonder ?
It will be opened to-morrow, and plane and saw will
be busy ;
And so will pass the industrious hours from morning
till evening,
But bethink thee of this : the morrow will one day be
coming,
When the master will stir him with all his workmen
about him,
Making a coffin for thee to be quickly and deftly com-
pleted ;
And over here all so busy that house of planks they
will carry,
Which must at last receive the impatient alike and the
patient,
And a close-pressing roof very soon to bear is ap-
pointed.
All straightway in my mind I saw thus really happen,
Saw the planks joined together, the sable colors pre-
paring,
And once more sitting patient in quiet awaited the
carriage.
Thus, whenever I now see others in doubtful expect-
ance,
Awkwardly running about, I needs must think of the
coffin."

Smiling, the vicar replied : "The picture of death
ever busy,
Strikes not the wise with fear, nor is viewed as an end
by the pious ;
Back into life it urges the one, for its dealings in-
structed,
And for the other in sorrow it strengthens the hope of
the future.
Death becomes life to both. And so it was wrong in
your father

Death to present as death to the eye of sensitive
 boyhood.
 Nay, rather show youth the worth of old age ripe in
 honors,
 And to the old man show youth; that so the ne'er-
 ending circle
 Both may enjoy, and life in life may be fully accom-
 plished."

But now the door was thrown open, and showed the
 magnificent couple;
 And astonishment seized the friends and affectionate
 parents
 At the form of the bride, nearly equalling that of the
 bridegroom.
 Yea, the door seemed too small to allow the tall figures
 to enter,
 Which, as they came on together, were now seen
 crossing the threshold.
 Hermann with hurried words presented her then to
 his parents;
 "Here," he said, "is a maiden brought into your
 house, my dear father,
 Just as you wished; give her welcome, for that she
 deserves. And, dear mother,
 She hath already inquired the whole extent of our
 business;
 So that you see how well henceforth she deserves to
 be near you."
 Hastily then aside he drew the excellent vicar,
 Saying, "Most worthy sir, now help me in this my
 dilemma
 Quickly, and loosen the knots whose entanglement
 makes me quite shudder,
 For I have not yet dared as my bride to sue for the
 maiden,
 But as a servant she weens she is come to the house;
 and I tremble
 Lest she refuse to stay, as soon as we think about mar-
 riage.
 But let it be quickly decided; no longer in error."

Shall she remain; nor can I any longer endure to be doubtful.

Haste, then, and show in this case the wisdom for which we revere thee."

Then the pastor at once went away, and returned to the party.

But already the soul of the maiden was grievously troubled

Through the father's address, who at once, with kindly intention,

Words of sprightly purport in joking manner had spoken :

"Ay, this is pleasant, my child ! I am glad to see that my son is

Blessed with good taste, like his sire, who (as those of his day knew) did always

Lead the finest girl to the dance, and at length brought the finest

Into his house as his wife, — and that was my Hermann's dear mother.

For by the bride a man chooses it needs not long to discover

What a spirit he's of, and whether he feels his own value.

But you required, I suppose, but a short time to form your conclusion,

For, sure, it seems to me that he's not such a hard one to follow."

Hermann but slightly caught these words, but his limbs to the marrow

Quivered, and all at once the whole circle was hushed into silence.

But the excellent maiden by words of such cruel mocking,

(As they appeared), being hurt and deeply wounded in spirit,

Stood there, her cheeks to her neck suffused with quick-spreading blushes,

Yet her feelings she checked, and her self-possession regaining,

Though not entirely concealing her pain, thus spake
to the old man :
“ Truly, for such a reception your son quite failed to
prepare me,
Painting to me the ways of his father, that excellent
burgher.
And I am standing, I know, before you, the man of
refinement,
Who with judgment behaves to each one, as suits
their positions,
But for the poor girl, methinks, you have not sufficient
compassion,
Who has now crossed your threshold, and comes pre-
pared for your service ;
Else with such bitter mocking you surely would not
have shown me,
How far my lot from your son, and from yourself is
now severed.
Poor, indeed, and with this small bundle I come to
your dwelling,
Which is furnished with all that marks a prosperous
owner ;
But I well know myself, and thoroughly feel my
position.
Is it noble to make me at once the butt of such mocking
As, on the very threshold, well-nigh from your house
drove me backward ? ”

Much was Hermann alarmed, and made signs to his
good friend the pastor,
That he should interfere, and at once put an end to
the error.
Quickly the prudent man stepped up, and saw in the
maiden
Silent chagrin, and pain subdued, and tears on her
eyelids.
Then his soul urged him on, not at once to end the
confusion,
But still further to test the afflicted heart of the
maiden :
And upon that he addressed her with words of search-
ing intention :

"Surely, thou foreign maiden, thou didst not wisely
 consider,
 When with all haste thou resolvedst to be a servant
 to strangers,
 What is it to live with a master, subject to orders;
 For, but once strike the hand, and thy whole year's
 doom is decided,
 And the 'yes' but once spoken to much endurance
 will bind thee.
 Truly, wearisome days are not the worst part of service,
 Nor the bitter sweat of work everlastingly pressing;
 Since the freeman, if active, will labor as hard as the
 bond-slave.
 But to endure the whims of the master who blames
 without reason,
 Wanting now this, now that, with himself still ever
 at discord;
 Ay, and the pettish mood of the mistress who soon
 waxes angry,
 Joined to the children's rough and insolent want of
 good manners;
 This is hard to bear, and still be performing your duty
 Undelaying and prompt, and without any sullen
 objections.
 Truly, thou seem'st not well-suited for this, since the
 jokes of the father
 Wound thee so deeply at once; and yet there is
 nothing more common
 Than to tease a girl about finding a youth to her fancy."

Thus he spake: but his cutting words were felt by
 the maiden,
 And she no longer refrained, but her feelings displayed
 themselves strongly,
 Causing her bosom to heave, while groanings burst
 their way from it.
 And with hot gushing tears she at once addressed him
 in answer:
 "Oh! the wise man ne'er knows, when he thinks in
 pain to advise us,
 How little power his cold words can have to release
 our poor bosoms

From the woes which the hand of imperious doom
lays upon them.

Happy are ye, and glad; and how should a joke then
e'er wound you?

But by the man who is sick e'en the gentle touch is
felt painful.

No, 'twould avail me nothing, e'en though my disguise
had succeeded.

Let, then, at once be seen, what later had deepened
my sorrow,

And had brought me, perhaps, to misery silently-
wasting,

Let me again begone! In the house no more may I
tarry.

I will away, and go to seek my poor people in exile,
Whom I forsook in their trouble, to choose for my
own profit only.

This is my firm resolve; and now I may dare to
acknowledge

That which else in my heart full many a year had
lain hidden.

Yes, the father's mocking hath deeply wounded me;
not that

I am peevish and proud (which would ill become a
poor servant),

But that, in truth, I felt in my heart a strong inclina-
tion

Tow'rds the youth who to-day had appeared as my
saviour from evil.

For when first on the road he had gone and left me,
his image

Lingered still in my mind, and I thought of the
fortunate maiden,

Whom, perhaps, as his bride in his heart he already
might cherish.

And when I found him again at the well, the sight of
him pleased me

Not at all less than if I had seen an angel from heaven;
And my consent was so glad, when he asked me to
come as a servant!

Yet my heart, it is true, on the way (I will freely
confess it)

Flattered me with the thought that I might perhaps
earn his affection,
If I should some day prove a stay the house could
not dispense with.
Oh! but now for the first time I see the risk I
encountered,
When I would dwell so near to an object of silent
devotion.
Now for the first time I feel how far a poor maiden is
severed
From the youth who is rich, although she were never
so prudent,
All this now have I told, that you may not my heart
misinterpret.
Hurt as it was by a chance which has brought me
back to my senses.
For, while my silent wishes were hid, I must needs
have expected
That I should next see him bring his bride to her
home here conducted,
And how then had I borne my unseen burden of
sorrow?
Happily have I been warned, and happily now from
my bosom
Has the secret escaped, while yet there were cures for
the evil.
But I have spoken enough. And now no more shall
ought keep me
Here in the house where I stand in shame alone and in
anguish,
Freely confessing my love and the hope which sprang
from my folly, —
Not the night, far and wide in brooding clouds now
enveloped,
Nor the roaring thunder (I hear it) shall keep me
from going;
No, nor the gush of the rain, which abroad drives
down with such fury,
Nor the whistling storm. All this ere now have I
suffered
In our sorrowful flight, with the enemy closely pur-
suing;

And I will now go forth again, as I've long been
accustomed,
Caught by the whirlwind of time, to part from all I
could cherish.
Fare ye well! I can stay no longer, but all is now
over."

Thus she spoke, and again to the door was quickly
returning,
Still keeping under her arm the little bundle brought
with her.
But with both her arms the mother laid hold of the
maiden,
Clinging round her waist, and cried in wondering
amazement.
"Say, what meanest thou by this, and these tears now
shed to no purpose?
No, I will not permit thee, — thou art my son's own
betrothed one."
But the father stood there displeased with what was
before him,
Eying the weeping women, and spoke with the words
of vexation:
"This, then, befalls me at last, as the greatest test of
forbearance,
That at the close of the day what is most unpleasant
should happen!
For I find nothing so hard to bear as the weeping of
women,
And the passionate scream, that with eager confusion
commences,
Scenes which a little good sense might soften down
with more comfort.
Irkesome is it to me still to look on this wondrous be-
ginning;
Ye must conclude it yourselves, for I to my bed am
now going."

And he quickly turned round, and hastened to go to
the chamber,
Where his marriage bed stood, and where he was
still wont to rest him.

But his son held him back, and said with words of entreaty :

“ Father, make not such haste, nor be angry because of the maiden.

I alone have to bear the blame for all this confusion, Which our friend, by dissembling, made unexpectedly greater.

Speak, then, worthy sir, for to you is the matter confided.

Heap not up trouble and grief, but rather bring all to good issue ;

For, in truth, I might never in future so highly respect you,

If but pleasure in mischief you practised for glorious wisdom.”

Speaking then with a smile, the worthy vicar made answer :

“ Say, what cleverness, then, could have won so fair a confession

From the good maiden here, and her heart before us uncovered ?

Has not thy sorrow at once been turned into bliss and rejoicing ?

Wherefore but speak for yourself : what need of a stranger’s explaining ? ”

Hermann now coming forward with joyful words thus addressed her :

“ Do not repent of thy tears, nor of pains so fleeting as these are,

For they but bring my joy, and thine, too, I hope, to perfection.

Not to hire as a servant the stranger, the excellent maiden,

Came I up to the well ; — I came thy dear love to sue for.

O but out on my bashful glance ! which thy heart’s inclination

Was not able to see, but saw in thine eye naught but friendship,

When in the calm well’s mirror thou gavest me there such kind greeting.

Merely to bring thee home the half of my happiness
 gave me.
 And thou art now completing it quite; my blessing be
 on thee!"

Then did the maiden look at the youth with deepest
 emotion,
 And refused not the embrace and kiss, — the crown of
 rejoicing,
 When they at length afford to lovers the long-wished
 assurance
 Of their life's future joy, which now seems of endless
 duration.

All meanwhile to the rest had been explained by the
 vicar,
 But the maiden came with vows of hearty affection
 Gracefully made to the father; and kissing his hand,
 though retracted,
 Said: "It is surely but right that you pardon a poor
 surprised maiden,
 First for her tears of pain, and now for her tears of
 rejoicing.
 Oh! forgive me that feeling, forgive me this present
 one also;
 And let me comprehend my happiness newly im-
 parted.
 Yes, let the first annoyance which in my confusion
 I caused you
 Be now at once the last! That service of faithful
 affection
 Which was your maid's bounden duty, your daughter
 shall equally render."

Hiding then his tears, the father quickly embraced
 her;
 And the mother came up with kisses familiar and
 hearty,
 Shaking her hand in her own, while the weeping
 women were silent.
 Speedily then laid hold the good and intelligent
 vicar.
 First, of the father's hand, and drew the wedding-ring
 off it

(Not so easily, though; for the plump round finger
 detained it),
 Then the mother's ring he took, and affianced the
 children;
 Saying: "Once more let the rings of gold discharge
 their glad office,
 Closely securing a tie which exactly resembles the old
 one.
 Deeply this youth is pierced through and through
 with love of the maiden,
 And the maiden hath owned that the youth, too, hath
 called forth her wishes.
 Wherefore I here betroth you, and bless you forever
 hereafter,
 With your parents' consent, and with this true friend
 to bear witness."

And the neighbor at once bowed his head, with
 wishes for blessings.
 But when the reverend man the golden ring was now
 placing
 On the maiden's finger, he saw with amazement the
 other,
 Which before, at the well, had been viewed with
 sorrow by Hermann:
 And he said thereupon with words of friendly jocose-
 ness:
 "What! for the second time art thou now betrothed?
 May the first youth
 Not appear at the altar, with words forbidding the
 marriage!"

But she said in reply: "Oh, let me to this dear
 memento
 Consecrate one short moment; for well did the good
 man deserve it,
 Who, when departing, gave it, and never came back
 for the nuptials.
 All was foreseen by him at the time when his longing
 for freedom,
 And his desire to act in the scenes of a novel
 existence,

Urged him quickly to Paris, where dungeon and death
he encountered.

‘Live, and be happy,’ said he, ‘I go; for all that is
earthly

Now is changing at once, and all seems doomed to be
severed.

In the most settled states the primary laws are de-
parting;

Property is departing from even the oldest pos-
sessor;

Friend is departing from friend, and love from love,
in like manner.

I now leave thee here; and where I may e’er again
find thee,

Who can tell? Perhaps this may be our last conver-
sation.

Man, it is rightly said, on earth is only a stranger;

More a stranger than ever has each one in these days
been rendered.

Even our soil is ours no longer; our treasures are
wandering;

Gold and silver are melted from forms which time
had made sacred.

All is moving, as though the world, long formed,
would dissolve back

Into chaos and night, and be formed anew for the
future.

Thou wilt for me keep thy heart; and if we meet
again hereafter,

Over the wreck of the world, we both shall then be
new creatures,

Quite transformed and free, and no longer dependent
on fortune;

For what fetters could bind the man who survived
such an epoch?

But if it is not to be, that happily freed from these
dangers

We should one day again with joy return to each
other;

Oh, then, keep in thy thoughts my image still hovering
before thee;





That thou with equal courage for joy and grief mayest
 be ready,
 Should a new home appear, and new connections
 invite thee ;
 Then enjoy thou with thanks whate'er by thy fate is
 provided :
 Love them well that love thee, and for kindness show
 thyself grateful ;
 Yet, e'en then set thy foot but lightly, where all is
 so changeful ;
 For the redoubled pain of new loss still near thee is
 lurking.
 Holy be that thy day ! Yet esteem not life of more
 value
 Than aught else that is good : and all that is good is
 deceitful.
 Thus he spake, and before me the noble one ne'er
 reappeared.
 All meantime have I lost, and a thousand times
 thought of his warning ;
 And now I think of his words, when so splendidly
 love is preparing
 Joy for me here, and disclosing most glorious hopes
 for the future.
 Oh ! forgive me, my excellent friend, if I tremble
 while leaning
 E'en on thine arm ! So deems the sailor, at length
 safely landed,
 That the firmly set base of the solid ground is still
 rocking."

Thus she spoke, and placed the rings, one close to
 the other.
 But the bridegroom said, with noble and manly
 emotion :
 " All the firmer be, in this shaking of all things around
 us,
 Dorothea, this tie ! Yes, we will continue still holding,
 Firmly holding ourselves and the good things we have
 in possession.
 For in wavering times the man whose views also
 waver

Does but increase the evil and spread it further and
 further ;
 While he who firmly stands to his views moves the
 world to his wishes.
 Ill becomes it the German the fear-inspiring commo-
 tion
 Still to prolong, and still to be staggering hither and
 thither.
 'This is ours!' so let us assert, and maintain our
 assertion !
 Men of resolute minds are still ever valued the highest,
 Who for God and the law, for parents, for wives and
 for children
 Battled, against the foe together standing till van-
 quished.
 Thou art mine, and now what is mine is more mine
 than ever.
 Not with vexation of heart will I keep, and with sorrow
 enjoy it,
 But with courage and might. And should our foes
 threaten at present,
 Or in future, equip me thyself, and hand me my
 weapons
 Knowing that thou wilt attend to my house, and affec-
 tionate parents,
 Oh ! I shall then 'gainst the foe stand with breast of
 fearless assurance,
 And if but each man thought as I think, then quickly
 would stand up
 Might against might, and of peace we all should share
 the enjoyment."

WEST-EASTERN DIVAN.

Who the song would understand,
Needs must seek the song's own land.
Who the minstrel understand,
Needs must seek the minstrel's land.

The poems comprised in this collection are written in the Persian style, and are greatly admired by Oriental scholars, for the truthfulness with which the Eastern spirit of poetry is reproduced by the Western minstrel. They were chiefly composed between the years 1814 and 1819, and first given to the world in the latter year. Of the twelve books into which they are divided, that of *Suleika* will probably be considered the best, from the many graceful love-songs which it contains. The following is Heine's account of the *Divan*, and may well serve as a substitute for anything I could say respecting it:—

“It contains opinions and sentiments on the East, expressed in a series of rich cantos and stanzas full of sweetness and spirit, and all this as enchanting as a harem emitting the most delicious and rare perfumes, and blooming with exquisitely-lovely nymphs with eyebrows painted black, eyes piercing as those of the antelope, arms white as alabaster, and of the most graceful and perfectly-formed shapes, while the heart of the reader beats and grows faint, as did that of the happy Gaspard Debaran, the clown, who, when on the highest step of his ladder, was enabled to peep into the Seraglio of Constantinople—that recess concealed from the inspection of man. Sometimes also the reader may imagine himself indolently stretched on a carpet of Persian softness, luxuriously smoking the yellow tobacco of Turkistan through a long tube of jessamine and amber, while a black slave fans him with a fan of peacock's feathers, and a little boy presents him with a cup of genuine Mocha. Goethe has put these enchanting and voluptuous customs into poetry, and his verses are so perfect, so harmonious, so tasteful, so soft, that it seems really surprising that he should ever have been able to have brought the German language to this state of suppleness. The charm of the book is inexplicable; it is a votive nosegay sent from the West to the East, composed of the most precious and curious plants: red roses, hortensias like the breast of a spotless maiden, purple digitales like the long finger of a man, fantastically formed ranunculi, and in the midst of all, silent and tastefully concealed, a tuft of German violets. This nosegay signifies that the West is tired of thin and icy-cold spirituality, and seeks warmth in the strong and healthy bosom of the East.”

Translations are here given of upwards of sixty of the best poems embraced in the *Divan*, the number in the original exceeding two hundred.

I. MORGANNI NAMEH.

BOOK OF THE MINSTREL.

TALISMANS.

God is of the east possessed,
 God is ruler of the west ;
 North and south alike, each land
 Rests within His gentle hand.

HE, the only righteous one,
 Wills that right to each be done.
 'Mongst His hundred titles, then,
 Highest praised be this ! — Amen.

ERROR seeketh to deceive me,
 Thou art able to retrieve me ;
 Both in action and in song
 Keep my course from going wrong.

THE FOUR FAVORS.

THAT Arabs through the realms of space
 May wander on, light-hearted,
 Great Allah hath, to all their race,
 Four favors meet imparted.

The turban first — that ornament
 All regal crowns excelling ;
 A light and ever-shifting tent,
 Wherein to make our dwelling ;

A sword, which, more than rocks and walls
 Doth shield us, brightly glistening ;
 A song that profits and enthral, s
 For which the maids are listening.

DISCORD.

WHEN by the brook his strain
 Cupid is fluting,
 And on the neighboring plain
 Mavors disputing,
 There turns the ear ere long,
 Loving and tender,
 Yet to the noise the song
 Soon must surrender.
 Loud then the flute-notes glad
 Sound 'mid war's thunder ;
 If I grow raving mad,
 Is it a wonder ?
 Flutes sing and trumpets bray,
 Waxing yet stronger ;
 If, then, my senses stray,
 Wonder no longer.



SONG AND STRUCTURE.

LET the Greek his plastic clay
 Mould in human fashion,
 While his own creation may
 Wake his glowing passion ;

But it is our joy to court
 Great Euphrates' torrent,
 Here and there at will to sport
 In the watery current.

Quenched I thus my spirit's flame,
 Songs had soon resounded ;
 Water drawn by bards whose fame
 Pure is, may be rounded.*

* This oriental belief in the power of the pure to roll-up water into a crystal ball is made the foundation of the interesting *Pariah Legend* that will be found elsewhere amongst the *Ballads*.

II. HAFIS NAMEH.

BOOK OF HAFIS.

Spirit let us bridegroom call,
 And the Word the bride ;
 Known this wedding is to all
 Who have Hafis tried.

THE UNLIMITED.

THAT thou canst never end, doth make thee great,
 And that thou ne'er beginnest, is thy fate.
 Thy song is changeful as yon starry frame,
 End and beginning evermore the same ;
 And what the middle bringeth, but contains
 What was at first, and what at last remains.
 Thou art of joy the true and minstrel-source,
 From thee pours wave on wave with ceaseless force.
 A mouth that's aye prepared to kiss,
 A breast whence flows a loving song,
 A throat that finds no draught amiss,
 An open heart that knows no wrong.

And what though all the world should sink !
 Hafis, with thee, alone with thee
 Will I contend ! joy, misery,
 The portion of us twain shall be ;
 Like thee to love, like thee to drink, —
 This be my pride, — this, life to me !

Now, Song, with thine own fire be sung, —
 For thou art older, thou more young !

TO HAFIS.

HAFIS, straight to equal thee,
 One would strive in vain ;
 Though a ship with majesty
 Cleaves the foaming main,
 Feels its sails swell haughtily
 As it onward hies ;
 Crushed by ocean's stern decree,
 Wrecked it straightway lies.

Tow'rd thee, songs, light, graceful, free,
 Mount with cooling gush ;
 Then their glow consumeth me,
 As like fire they rush.
 Yet a thought with ecstasy
 Hath my courage moved ;
 In the land of melody
 I have lived and loved.

III. USCHK NAMEH.

BOOK OF LOVE.

THE TYPES.

LIST, and in memory bear
 These six fond loving pair,
 Love, when aroused, kept true
 Rustan and Rodawu !
 Strangers approach from far
 Jussuf and Suleika ;
 Love, void of hope, is in
 Ferhad and Schirin.
 Born for each other are
 Medschun and Leila ;
 Loving, though old and gray,
 Dschemil saw Boteinah.
 Love's sweet caprice anon,
 Brown maid * and Solomon !
 If thou dost mark them well,
 Stronger thy love will swell.

ONE PAIR MORE.

LOVE is, indeed, a glorious prize !
 What fairer guerdon meets our eyes ?—
 Though neither wealth nor power are thine,
 A very hero thou dost shine.
 As of the prophet they will tell,
 Wamik and Asra's tale as well.—
 They'll tell not of them, — they'll but give
 Their names, which now are all that live.

* The Queen of Sheba.

The deeds they did, the toils they proved
 No mortal knows ! But that they loved
 This know we. Here's the story true
 Of Wamik and of Asra, too.

—◆—
 LOVE's torments sought a place of rest,
 Where all might drear and lonely be ;
 They found ere long my desert breast,
 And nestled in its vacancy.

—◆—
 IV. TEFKIR NAMEH.

BOOK OF CONTEMPLATION.

FIVE THINGS.

WHAT makes time short to me ?
 Activity !
 What makes it long and spiritless ?
 'Tis idleness !
 What brings us to debt ?
 To delay and forget !
 What makes us succeed ?
 Decision with speed !
 How to fame to ascend ?
 Oneself to defend !

FOR woman due allowance make !
 Formed of a crooked rib was she. —
 By Heaven she could not straightened be.
 Attempt to bend her, and she'll break ;
 If left alone, more crooked grows madam ;
 What well could be worse, my good friend Adam ?—
 For woman due allowance make ;
 'Twere grievous, if thy rib should break !

—◆—
 FIRDUSI (*speaks*).

O WORLD, with what baseness and guilt thou art rife !
 Thou nurtrest, trainest, and killest the while.
 He only whom Allah doth bless with his smile
 Is trained and is nurtured with riches and life.

SULEIKA (*speaks*).

THE mirror tells me I am fair !

Thou sayest, to grow old my fate will be.

Naught in God's presence changeth e'er, —

Love Him, for this one moment, then, in me.

V. RENDSCH NAMEH.

BOOK OF GLOOM.

IT is a fault oneself to praise,

And yet 'tis done by each whose deeds are kind ;

And if there's no deceit in what he says,

The good we still as good shall find.

Let, then, ye fools, that wise man taste

Of joy, who fancies that he's wise ;

That he, a fool like you may waste

The insipid thanks the world supplies.

VI. HIKMET NAMEH.

BOOK OF PROVERBS.

CALL on the present day and night for naught,

Save what by yesterday was brought.

THE sea is flowing ever,

The land retains it never.

BE stirring, man, while yet the day is clear ;

The night when none can work fast draweth near. *

WHEN the heavy-laden sigh,

Deeming help and hope gone by,

Oft with healing power is heard,

Comfort-fraught, a kindly word.

How vast is mine inheritance, how glorious and sub-
lime !

For time mine own possession is, the land I till is time !

* This fine couplet is given as the motto to an early edition of *Wilhelm Meister*.

ENWERI saith, — ne'er lived a man more true ;
 The deepest heart, the highest head, he knew, —
 "In every place and time thou'lt find availing
 Uprightness, judgment, kindness unailing."

THOUGH the bards whom the Orient sun hath blessed
 Are greater than we who dwell in the west,
 Yet in hatred of those whom our equals we find,
 In *this* we're not in the least behind.

WOULD we let our envy burst,
 Feed its hunger fully first !
 To keep our proper place,
 We'll show our bristles more ;
 With hawks men all things chase
 Except the savage boar.

By those who themselves more bravely have fought
 A hero's praise will be joyfully told.
 The worth of man can only be taught
 By those who have suffered both heat and cold.

"WHEREFORE is truth so far from our eyes,
 Buried as though in a distant land ?"
 None at the proper moment are wise !
 Could they properly understand,
 Truth would appear in her own sweet guise,
 Beauteous, gentle, and close at hand.

WHY these inquiries make,
 Where charity may flow ?
 Cast in the flood thy cake, —
 Its eater, who will know ?

ONCE when I a spider had killed,
 Then methought : was't right or wrong ?
 That we both to these times should belong,
 This had God in His goodness willed.

MOTLEY this congregation is, for, lo!
At the communion kneel both friend and foe.

IF the country I'm to show,
Thou must on the housetop go.

A MAN with households twain
Ne'er finds attention meet;
A house wherein two women reign
Is ne'er kept clean and neat.

BLESS, thou dread Creator,
Bless this humble fane;
Man may build them *greater*, —
More they'll not contain.

LET this house's glory rise,
Handed to far ages down,
And the son his honor prize,
As the father his renown.

O'ER the Mediterranean sea
Proudly hath the Orient sprung;
Who loves Hafis and knows him, he
Knows what Calderon hath sung.

IF the ass that bore the Saviour
Were to Mecca driven, he
Would not alter, but would be
Still an ass in his behavior.

THE flood of passion storms with fruitless strife
'Gainst the unvanquished solid land —
It throws poetic pearls upon the strand,
And thus is gained the prize of life.

WHEN so many minstrels there are,
How it pains me, alas, to know it!
Who from the earth drives poetry far?
Who but the poet!

VII. TIMUR NAMEH.

BOOK OF TIMUR.

THE WINTER AND TIMUR.

So the winter now closed round them
 With resistless fury: Scattering
 Over all his breath so icy,
 He inflamed each wind that bloweth
 To assail them angrily.
 Over them he gave dominion
 To his frost-ensharpened tempests;
 Down to Timur's council went he,
 And with threatening voice addressed him —
 “Softly, slowly, wretched being!
 Live, the tyrant of injustice;
 But shall hearts be scorched much longer
 By thy flames, — consume before them?
 If amongst the evil spirits
 Thou art one, — good! I'm another.
 Thou a graybeard art — so *I* am;
 Land and men we make to stiffen.
 Thou art Mars! And I Saturnus, —
 Both are evil-working planets,
 When united, horror-fraught.
 Thou dost kill the soul, thou freezest
 E'en the atmosphere; still colder
 Is my breath than thine was ever.
 Thy wild armies vex the faithful
 With a thousand varying torments!
 Well! God grant that I discover
 Even worse, before I perish!
 And, by God, I'll give thee none.
 Let God hear what now I tell thee!
 Yes, by God! from Death's cold clutches
 Naught, O graybeard, shall protect thee,
 Not the hearth's broad coal-fire's ardor,
 Not December's brightest flame.”

TO SULEIKA.

FITTING perfumes to prepare,
 And to raise thy rapture high,
 Must a thousand rosebuds fair,
 First in fiery torments die.

One small flask's contents to glean,
 Whose sweet fragrance aye may live,
 Slender as thy finger e'en,
 Must a world its treasures give;

Yes, a world where life is moving
 Which, with impulse full and strong,
 Could forebode the Bulbul's loving,
 Sweet, and spirit-stirring song.

Since they thus have swelled our joy,
 Should such torments grieve us, then?
 Does not Timur's rule destroy
 Myriad souls of living men?

VIII. SULEIKA NAMEH.

BOOK OF SULEIKA.

Once, methought, in the night hours cold,
 That I saw the moon in my sleep;
 But as soon as I wakened, behold
 Unawares rose the sun from the deep.

THAT Suleika's love was so strong
 For Jussuf, need cause no surpris;
 He was young, youth pleaseth the eyes, —
 He was fair, they say, beyond measure,
 Fair was she, and so great was their pleasure.
 But that thou, who awaitedst me long,
 Youthful glances of fire dost throw me,
 Soon will bless me, thy love now dost show me,
This shall my joyous numbers proclaim,
 Thee I forever Suleika shall name.

HATEM.

Not occasion *makes* the thief ;
 She's the greatest of the whole ;
 For Love's relics, to my grief,
 From my aching heart she stole,

She hath given it to thee, —
 All the joy my life had known,
 So that, in my poverty,
 Life I seek from thee alone.

Yet compassion greets me straight,
 In the lustre of thine eye,
 And I bless my new-born fate,
 As within thine arms I lie.

SULEIKA.

THE sun appears! A glorious sight!
 The crescent-moon clings round him now.
 What could this wondrous pair unite?
 How to explain this riddle? How?

HATEM.

May this our joy's foreboder prove!
 In it I view myself and thee;
 Thou callest me thy sun, my love, —
 Come, my sweet moon, cling thou round me!

Love for love, and moments sweet,
 Lips returning kiss for kiss,
 Word for word, and eyes that meet;
 Breath for breath, and bliss for bliss.
 Thus at eve, and thus the morrow!
 Yet thou feelest, at my lay,
 Ever some half-hidden sorrow;
 Could I Jussuf's graces borrow,
 All thy beauty I'd repay!

HATEM.

O SAY, 'neath what celestial sign
 The day doth lie,
 When ne'er again this heart of mine
 Away will fly?
 And e'en though fled (what thought divine!)
 Would near me lie?—
 On the soft couch, on whose sweet shrine
 My heart near hers will lie!

HATEM.

HOLD me, locks, securely caught
 In the circle of her face!
 Dear brown serpents, I have naught
 To repay this act of grace.
 Save a heart whose love ne'er dies,
 Throbbing with aye-youthful glow;
 For a raging Etna lies
 Neath its veil of mist and snow.
 Yonder mountain's stately brow
 Thou, like morning beams, dost shame;
 Once again feels Hatem now
 Spring's soft breath and summer's flame.
 One more bumper! Fill the glass;
 This last cup I pledge to thee!—
 By mine ashes if she pass,
 "He consumed," she'll say, "for me."

THE LOVING ONE SPEAKS.

AND wherefore sends not
 The horseman captain
 His heralds hither
 Each day, unfailing?
 Yet hath he horses,
 He writeth well.

He writeth Talik,
 And Neski knows he
 To write with beauty
 On silken tablets.
 I'd deem him present,
 Had I his words.

The sick one *will* not,
 Will not recover
 From her sweet sorrow;
 She when she heareth
 That her true lover
 Grows well, falls sick.

THE LOVING ONE AGAIN.

WRITES he in Neski,
 Faithfully speaks he;
 Writes he in Talik.
 Joy to give seeks he;
 Writes he in either,
 Good! — for he loves!

THESE tufted branches fair
 Observe, my loved one, well!
 And see the fruits they bear
 In green and prickly shell.

They've hung rolled up, till now,
 Unconsciously and still;
 A loosely-waving bough
 Doth rock them at its will.

Yet, ripening from within,
 The kernel brown swells fast;
 It seeks the air to win,
 It seeks the sun at last.

With joy it bursts its thrall,
 The shell must needs give way;
 'Tis thus my numbers fall
 Before thy feet, each day.

SULEIKA.

WHAT is by this stir revealed ?
 Doth the East glad tidings bring ?
 For my heart's deep wounds are healed
 By his mild and cooling wing.

He the dust with sports doth meet,
 And in gentle cloudlets chase ;
 To the vine-leaf's safe retreat
 Drives the insects' happy race,

Cools these burning cheeks of mine,
 Check the sun's fierce glow amain,
 Kisses, as he flies, the vine,
 Flaunting over hill and plain.

And his whispers soft convey
 Thousand greetings from my friend ;
 Ere these hills own night's dark sway,
 Kisses greet me without end.

Thus canst thou still onward go,
 Serving friend and mourner, too !
 There, where lofty ramparts glow,
 Soon the loved one shall I view.

Ah, what makes the heart's truth know, —
 Love's sweet breath, — a new-born life, —
 Learn I from *his* mouth alone,
 In *his* breath alone is rife !

 THE SUBLIME TYPE.

THE sun, whom Grecians Helios call,
 His heavenly path with pride doth tread,
 And, to subdue the world's wild all,
 Looks round, beneath him, high o'erhead.

He sees the fairest goddess pine,
 Heaven's child, the daughter of the clouds, —
 For her alone he seems to shine ;
 In trembling grief his form he shrouds.

Careless for all the realms of bliss, —
 Her streaming tears more swiftly flow :
 For every pearl he gives a kiss,
 And changeth into joy her woe.

She gazeth upward fixedly,
 And deeply feels his glance of might,
 While, stamped with his own effigy,
 Each pearl would range itself aright.

Thus wreathed with bows, with hues thus graced,
 With gladness beams her face so fair
 While he, to meet her, maketh haste,
 And yet, alas! can reach her ne'er.

So, by the harsh decree of Fate,
 Thou movest from me, dearest one ;
 And were I Helios e'en, the Great,
 What would avail his chariot throne ?

◆

SULEIKA.

ZEPHYR, for thy humid wing,
 Oh, how much I envy thee !
 Thou to *him* canst tidings bring,
 How our parting saddens me !

In my breast, a yearning still
 As thy pinions wave, appears :
 Flowers and eyes, and wood, and hill
 At thy breath are steeped in tears.

Yet thy mild wing gives relief,
 Soothes the aching eyelid's pain ;
 Ah, I else had died for grief,
 Him ne'er hoped to see again.

To my love, then, quick repair,
 Whisper softly to his heart ;
 Yet, to give him pain, beware,
 Nor my bosom's pangs impart.

Tell him, but in accents coy,
 That his love must be my life ;
Both, with feelings fraught with joy,
 In his presence will be rife.

THE REUNION.

CAN it be! of stars the star,
 Do I press thee to my heart?
 In the night of distance far,
 What deep gulf, what bitter smart!
 Yes, 'tis thou, indeed at last,
 Of my joys the partner dear!
 Mindful, though, of sorrows past,
 I the present needs must fear.

When the still unfashioned earth
 Lay on God's eternal breast,
 He ordained its hour of birth,
 With creative joy possessed.
 Then a heavy sigh arose,
 When He spake the sentence: — "Be!"
 And the All, with mighty throes,
 Burst into reality.

And when thus was born the light,
 Darkness near it feared to stay,
 And the elements with might
 Fled on every side away;
 Each on some far-distant trace,
 Each with visions wild employed,
 Numb, in boundless realms of space,
 Harmony and feeling-void.

Dumb was all, all still and dead,
 For the first time, God alone!
 Then He formed the morning-red,
 Which soon made its kindness known:
 It unravelled from the waste,
 Bright and glowing harmony,
 And once more with love was graced
 What contended formerly.

And with earnest, noble strife,
 Each its own peculiar sought;
 Back to full, unbounded life,
 Sight and feeling soon were brought.

Wherefore, if 'tis done, explore
How? why give the manner, name?
 Allah need create no more,
 We his world ourselves can frame.
 So, with morning pinions bright,
 To thy mouth was I impelled;
 Stamped with thousand seals by night,
 Star-clear is the bond fast held.
 Paragons on earth are we
 Both of grief and joy sublime,
 And a second sentence: — "Be!"
 Parts us not a second time.

SULEIKA.

With what inward joy, sweet lay,
 I thy meaning have descried!
 Lovingly thou seemest to say
 That I'm ever by his side;
 That he ever thinks of me,
 That he to the absent gives
 All his love's sweet ecstasy,
 While for him alone she lives.
 Yes, the mirror which reveals
 Thee, my loved one, is my breast;
 This the bosom, where thy seals
 Endless kisses have impressed.
 Numbers sweet, unsullied truth,
 Chain me down in sympathy!
 Love's embodied radiant youth,
 In the garb of Poesy!

In thousand forms mayst thou attempt surprise,
 Yet, all-belovèd one, straight know I thee;
 Thou mayst with magic veils thy face disguise,
 And yet, all-present one, straight know I thee.

Upon the cypress' purest, youthful bud,
 All-beauteous-growing one, straight know I thee;
 In the canal's unsullied, living flood,
 All-captivating one, well know I thee.

When spreads the water-column, rising proud,
 All-sportive one, how gladly know I thee;
 When, e'en in forming, is transformed the cloud,
 All-figure-changing one, there know I thee.

Veiled in the meadow-carpet's flowery charms,
 All-chequered starry fair one, know I thee;
 And if a plant extend its thousand arms,
 O, all-embracing one, there know I thee.

When on the mount is kindled morn's sweet light,
 Straightway, all-gladdening one, salute I thee,
 The arch of heaven o'er head grows pure and bright, —
 All-heart-expanding one, then breathe I thee.

That which my inward, outward sense proclaims,
 Thou all-instructing one, I know through thee;
 And if I utter Allah's hundred names,
 A name with each one echoes, meant for thee.

IX. SAKI NAMEH.

THE CONVIVIAL BOOK.

CAN the Koran from eternity be?
 'Tis worth not a thought!
 Can the Koran a creation, then, be?
 Of that, I know naught!
 Yet that the book of all books it must be,
 I believe as a Mussulman ought.
 That from eternity wine, though, must be,
 I ever have thought;
 That 'twas ordained, ere the angels, to be,
 As a truth may be taught.
 Drinkers, however these matters may be,
 Gaze on God's face, fearing naught.

YE'VE often, for our drunkenness,
 Blamed us in every way,
 And, in abuse of drunkenness,
 Enough can never say.

Men, overcome by drunkenness,
 Are wont to lie till day;
 And yet I find *my* drunkenness
 All night-time make me stray;
 For, oh! 'tis Love's sweet drunkenness
 That maketh me its prey,
 Which, night and day, and day and night,
 My heart must needs obey, —
 A heart that in its drunkenness,
 Pours forth full many a lay,
 So that no trifling drunkenness
 Can dare assert its sway.
 Love, song, and wine's sweet drunkenness,
 By night-time and by day, —
 How god-like is the drunkenness
 That maketh me its prey!



X. MATHAL NAMEH.

BOOK OF PARABLES.

FROM heaven there fell upon the foaming wave
 A timid drop; the flood with anger roared, —
 But God, its modest boldness to reward,
 Strength to the drop and firm endurance gave.
 Its form the mussel captive took.
 And to its lasting glory and renown,
 The pearl now glistens in our monarch's crown,
 With gentle gleam and loving look.



BULBUL's song, through night hours cold,
 Rose to Allah's throne on high;
 To reward her melody,
 Giveth he a cage of gold.
 Such a cage are limbs of men, —
 Though at first she feels confined,
 Yet when all she brings to mind,
 Straight the spirit sings again.

IN the Koran with strange delight
 A peacock's feather met my sight:
 Thou'rt welcome in this holy place,
 The highest prize on earth's wide face!
 As in the stars of heaven, in thee,
 God's greatness in the small we see:
 For he whose gaze whole worlds hath blessed
 His eye hath even here impressed,
 And the light down in beauty dressed,
 So that e'en monarchs cannot hope
 In splendor with the bird to cope.
 Meekly enjoy thy happy lot,
 And so deserve that holy spot!

ALL kinds of men, both small and great,
 A fine-spun web delight to create,
 And in the middle they take their place,
 And wield their scissors with wondrous grace.
 But if a besom should sweep that way:
 "What a most shameful thing," they say, —
 "They've crushed a mighty palace to-day."

IT IS GOOD.

IN Paradise while moonbeams played,
 Jehovah found, in slumber deep,
 Adam fast sunk; He gently laid
 Eve near him, — she, too, fell asleep.
 There lay they now, on earth's fair shrine,
 God's two most beauteous thoughts divine —
 When this He saw, He cried: 'Tis good!
 And scarce could move from where He stood.

No wonder, that our joy's complete
 While eye and eye responsive meet,
 When this blest thought of rapture moves us —
 That we're with Him who truly loves us,
 And if He cries: — Good, let it be!
 'Tis so for both, it seems to me.
 Thou'rt clasped within these arms of mine,
 Dearest of all God's thoughts divine!

XI. PARSI NAMEH.

BOOK OF THE PARSEES.

THE BEQUEST OF THE ANCIENT PERSIAN FAITH

BRETHREN, what bequest to you should come
 From the lowly poor man, going home.
 Whom ye younger ones with patience tended,
 Whose last days ye honored and defended?

When we oft have seen the monarch ride,
 Gold upon him, gold on every side,
 Jewels on him, on his courtiers all,
 Thickly strewed as hailstones when they fall,

Have ye e'er known envy at the sight?
 And not felt your gaze become more bright,
 When the son was, on the wings of morning,
 Darnawend's numbered peaks adorning,

As he, bow-like, rose? How each eye dwelt
 On the glorious scene! I felt, I felt,
 Thousand times, as life's days fled by,
 Borne with him, the coming one, on high.

God upon His throne then to proclaim,
 Him, the life-fount's mighty Lord, to name,
 Worthily to prize that glorious sight,
 And to wander on beneath His light.

When the fiery orb was all defined,
 There I stood, as though in darkness, blind,
 Beat my breast, my quickened members threw
 On the earth, brow-foremost, at the view.

Let this holy, great bequest reward.
 Brotherly good-will and kind regard:
 SOLEMN DUTY'S DAILY OBSERVATION. —
 More than this, it needs no revelation.

If its gentle hands a new-born one
 Move, then straightway turn it toward the sun, —
 Soul and body dip in bath of fire!
 Then each morning's favor 'twill acquire.

To the living one, commit the dead,
O'er the beast let earth and dust be spread,
And, so far as may extend your might,
What ye deem impure, conceal from sight.

Till your plains to graceful purity,
That the sun with joy your labors see ;
When ye plant, your trees in rows contrive,
For he makes the regular to thrive.

Even the floods that through the channel rush
Must not fail in fullness or in gush ;
And as Senderud, from mountain high,
Rises pure, in pureness must it die.

Not to weaken water's gentle fall,
Carefully cleanse out the channels all ;
Salamander, snake, and rush, and reed, —
All destroy, — each monster and each weed.

If thus pure ye earth and water keep,
Through the air the sun will gladly peep,
Where he, worthily enshrined in space,
Worketh life, to life gives holy grace.

Ye, by toil on toil so sorely tried,
Comfort take, the All is purified ;
And now man, as priest, may boldly dare
From the stone God's image to prepare.

When the flame burns joyously and bright,
Limbs are supple, radiant is the night ;
On the hearth when fire with ardor glows.
Ripe the sap of plants and creatures grows.

Dragging wood, with rapture be it done,
'Tis the seed of many an earthly sun :
Plucking Pambel, gladly may ye say : —
This, as wick, the Holy will convey.

If ye meekly, in each burning lamp,
See the nobler light's resplendent stamp,
Ne'er will Fate prevent you, void of feeling,
At God's throne at morning tide from kneeling,

This is Being's mighty signet, then,
 God's pure glass to angels and to men ;
 Each word lisped the Highest praise to sound,
 Ring in ring, united there is found,

From the shore of Senderud ascendeth,
 Up to Darnawend its pinions bendeth,
 As He dawns, with joy to greet His light,
 You with endless blessings to requite.

XII. CHULD NAMEH.

BOOK OF PARADISE.

THE PRIVILEGED MAN.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF BEDR, BENEATH THE CANOPY OF HEAVEN.

[This battle was fought in the second year of the Hegira (A.D. 623), between the followers of Mahomet, who numbered three hundred and thirteen, possessing two horses and seventy camels, and the "idolaters," or Meccans, whose forces amounted to nine hundred and fifty, including two hundred cavalry. The victory remained with Mahomet, who lost fourteen men, while seventy of the enemy were slain. A great accession of strength ensued in consequence to the Prophet, who pretended that miracles were wrought in his behalf in the battle, God having sent angels to fight on his side, and having also made his army to appear larger to the enemy than it really was.—See the *Koran*, chapter viii., and ABUL-FEDA'S *Life of Mahomet*.]

MAHOMET (*speaks*).

LET the foeman sorrow o'er his dead,
 Ne'er will they return again to light ;
 O'er our brethren let no tear be shed,
 For they dwell above yon spheres so bright.

All the seven planets open throw
 All their metal doors with mighty shock,
 And the forms of those we loved below
 At the gates of Eden boldly knock.

There they find, with bliss, ne'er dreamed before,
 Glories that my flight first showed to eye,
 When the wondrous steed my person bore
 In one second through the realms on high.

Wisdom's trees, in cypress-order growing,
 High uphold the golden apples sweet ;
 Trees of life, their spreading shadows throwing,
 Shade each blossoming plant, each flowery seat.

Now a balmy zephyr from the east
 Brings the heavenly maidens to thy view;
 With the eye thou now dost taste the feast,
 Soon the sight pervades thee through and through.

There they stand, to ask thee thy career;
 Mighty plans? or dangerous bloody rout?
 Thou art a hero, know they, — for thou art here,
 What a hero? — This they'll fathom out.

By thy wounds soon clearly this is shown,
 Wounds that write thy fame's undying story;
 Wounds the true believer mark alone,
 When have perished joy and earthly glory.

To chiosks and arbors thou art brought,
 Filled with checkered marble columns bright;
 To the noble grape-juice, solace-fraught,
 They the guest with kindly sips invite.

Youth! Thou'rt welcome more than ever was youth
 All alike are radiant and serene;
 When thou takest one to thine heart with truth,
 Of the band she'll be the friend and queen.

So prepare thee for this place of rest,
 Never can it now be changed again;
 Maids like these will ever make thee blest,
 Wines like these will never harm thy brain.

THE FAVORED BEASTS.

OF beasts there have been chosen four
 To come to Paradise,
 And there with saints for evermore
 They dwell in happy wise.

Amongst them all the Ass stands first;
 He comes with joyous stride,
 For to the Prophet-City erst
 Did Jesus on him ride.

Half timid next a Wolf doth creep,
 To whom Mahomet spake: —
 "Spoil not the poor man of his sheep,
 The rich man's thou mayest take."

And then the brave and faithful Hound,
 Who by his master kept,
 And slept with him the slumbers sound
 The seven sleepers slept.

Abuherrira's Cat, too, here,
 Purrs round his master blest,
 For holy must the beast appear
 The Prophet hath caressed.

—◆—

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS.

Six young men of Cæsar's household
 Fled before their master's anger ;
 As a god he claimed their worship,
 Though a sorry god was he.
 For an insect, ever buzzing,
 Still annoyed him at the banquet,
 Still disturbed his rest and pleasure.
 All the chasing of his servants
 Could not drive away the torment.
 Ever round the head of Cæsar
 Did the angry creature hover,
 Threatening with its poisoned sting
 Still it flew, and swiftly circling
 Made confusion at the table,
 Messenger of Baalzebub,
 The infernal Lord of flies.

“ Ha ! ” — so spake the youths together
 “ He a God that fears an insect !
 Can a God be thus molested ?
 Does a God, like wretched mortals,
 Feast and revel at the banquet ?
 Nay ! to Him, the one, the only,
 Who the sun and moon created
 Who hath made the stars in glory.
 Shall we henceforth bend the knee ! ”

So they spake, and left the palace,
 Left it in their trim apparel ;
 By a shepherd led, they hastened
 To a cave was in the mountain,
 And they all went gliding in.

And the shepherd's dog came after,
Though they strove to drive him from them ;
Thrust himself toward his master,
Licked their hands in dumb entreaty,
That he might remain their fellow ;
And lay down with them to sleep.

But the wrath of Cæsar kindled,
When he knew that they had left him ;
All his former love departed,
All his thought was vengeance only.
Out in quest he sent his people,
Traced them to the mountain hollow.
Not to fire nor sword he doomed them ;
But he bade great stones be lifted
To the entrance of the cavern ;
Saw it fastened up with mortar ;
And so left them in their tomb.

But the youths lay calmly sleeping ;
And the angel, their protector,
Spake before the throne of glory :
" I have watched beside the sleepers,
Made them turn in slumber ever,
That the damps of yonder cavern,
Should not cramp their youthful limbs ;
And the rocks around I've opened,
That the sun at rising, setting,
May give freshness to their cheeks.
So they lie in rest and quiet,
In the bliss of happy dreams."
So they lay ; and still beside them,
Lay the dog in peaceful slumber,
Never whimpering in his sleep.

Years came on and years departed ;
Till at last the young men wakened ;
And the wall, so strongly fastened,
Now had fallen into ruin,
Crumbled by the touch of ages.
Then Iamblichus, the youngest,
And the goodliest of them all,
Seeing that the shepherd trembled,

Said, "I pray you now, my brothers,
 Let me go to seek provision;
 I have gold, my life I'll venture,
 Tarry till I bring you bread."
 Ephesus, that noble city,
 Then, for many a year, had yielded
 To the faith of the Redeemer,
 Jesus. (Glory to his name!)

And he ran unto the city;
 At the gate were many warders,
 Armed men on tower and turret,
 But he passed them all unchallenged;
 To the nearest baker's went he,
 And in haste demanded bread.

"Ha! young rogue," exclaimed the baker,
 "Surely thou hast found a treasure;
 That old piece of gold betrays thee!
 Give me, or I shall denounce thee,
 Half the treasure thou hast found."

And Iamblichus denied it;
 But the baker would not listen,
 Brawling till the watch came forward
 To the king they both were taken;
 And the monarch, like the baker,
 But a higher right asserting,
 Claimed to share the treasure too.

But at last the wondrous story,
 Which the young man told the monarch,
 Proved itself by many tokens
 Lord was he of that same palace,
 Whither he was brought for judgment;
 For he showed to them a pillar,
 In the which a stone when loosened
 Led unto a treasure chamber,
 Heaped with gold and costly jewels.
 Straightway came in haste his kindred,
 All his clan came thronging round him,
 Eager to advance their claim;
 Each was nearer than the other.

And Iamblichus, the blooming,
Young in face, and form, and feature,
Stood an ancestor among them.
All bewildered heard he legends
Of his sons and of his grandsons,
Fathers of the men before him.
So amazed he stood and listened,
Patriarch in his early manhood ;
While the crowd around him gathered,
Stalwart men, and mighty captains,
Him, the youngest, to acknowledge
As the founder of their race !
And one token with another
Made assurance doubly certain ;
None can doubt the wondrous story
Of himself and of his comrades.

Shortly, to the cave returning,
King and people all go with him,
And they saw him enter in.
But no more to king or people,
Did the Chosen reappear.
For the Seven, who long had tarried —
Nay, but they were eight in number,
For the faithful dog was with them —
Thenceforth from the world were sundered.
The most blessed Angel Gabriel,
By the will of God Almighty,
Walling up the cave for ever,
Led them unto Paradise.

SONGS FROM VARIOUS PLAYS, ETC.

FROM FAUST.

I.

DEDICATION.

YE shadowy forms, again ye're drawing near,
 So wont of yore to meet my troubled gaze!
 Were it in vain to seek to keep you here?
 Loves still my heart that dream of olden days?
 Oh, come, then! and in pristine force appear,
 Parting the vapory mist that round me plays!
 My bosom finds its youthful strength again,
 Feeling the magic breeze that marks your train.

Ye bring the forms of happy days of yore,
 And many a shadow loved attends you, too;
 Like some old lay, whose dream was well nigh o'er,
 First love appears again, and friendship true;
 Upon life's labyrinthine path once more
 Is heard the sigh, and grief revives anew;
 The friends are told, who, in their hour of pride,
 Deceived by fortune, vanished from my side,

No longer do they hear my plaintive song,
 The souls to whom I sang in life's young day;
 Scattered forever now thy friendly throng,
 And mute, alas! each sweet responsive lay.
 My strains but to the careless crowd belong,
 Their smiles but sorrow to my heart convey;
 And all who heard my numbers erst with gladness,
 If living yet, roam o'er the earth in sadness.

Long buried yearnings in my breast arise,
 Yon calm and solemn spirit-realm to gain;
 Like the Æolian harp's sweet melodies,
 My murmuring song breathes forth its changeful
 strain,

A trembling seizes me, tears fill mine eyes,
 And softer grows my rugged heart amain.
 All I possess far distant seems to be,
 The vanished only seems reality.

II.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE ARCHANGELS' SONG.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun still chants, as in old time,
 With brother-shepherds in choral song,
 And with his thunder-march sublime
 Moves his predestined course along.
 Strength find the angels in his sight,
 Though he by none may fathomed be;
 Still glorious is each work of might
 As when first formed in majesty.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, in wondrous guise,
 Revolves the earth in splendor bright,
 The radiant hues of Paradise
 Alternating with deepest night.
 From out the gulf against the rock,
 In spreading billows foams the ocean, —
 And cliff and sea with mighty shock,
 The spheres whirl round in endless motion.

MICHAEL.

And storms in emulation growl
 From land to sea, from sea to land,
 And fashion, as they wildly howl,
 A circling, wonder-working band.
 Destructive flames in mad career
 Precede thy thunders on their way;
 Yet, Lord, Thy messengers revere
 The soft mutations of Thy day.

THE THREE.

Strength find the angels in Thy sight
 Though none may hope to fathom Thee;
 Still glorious are Thy works of might,
 As when first formed in majesty.

III.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

CHRIST is arisen !
 Mortal, all hail !
 Thou, of earth's prison
 Dreary and frail,
 Bursting the veil,
 Proudly hast arisen !

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Rich spices and myrrh,
 To embalm Him we brought ;
 His corpse to inter
 His true followers sought.
 In pure cerements shrined,
 'Twas placed in the bier ;
 But, alas ! we now find
 That Christ is not here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !
 Speechless His love,
 Who to earth's prison
 Came from above,
 Trials to prove.
 Now is He risen !

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Death's gloomy portal
 Now hath He rended, —
 Living, immortal,
 Heavenward ascended ;
 Freed from His anguish,
 Sees He God's throne :
 We still must languish,
 Earthbound, alone.
 Now that He's reft us,
 Heart-sad we pine :
 Why hast Thou left us,
 Master divine ?

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
 Death hath He slain;
 Burst ye your prison,
 Rend ye each chain!
 Songs of praise lead ye, —
 Love to show, heed ye, —
 Hungry ones feed ye, —
 Preaching, on speed ye, —
 Coming joys plead ye, —
 Then is the Master near,
 Then is He here!



IV.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

VANISH, dark clouds on high,
 Offspring of night!
 Let a more radiant beam
 Through the blue ether gleam,
 Charming the sight!
 Would the dark clouds on high
 Melt into air!
 Stars glimmer tenderly,
 Planets more fair
 Shed their soft light.
 Spirits of heavenly birth,
 Fairer than sons of earth,
 Quiv'ring emotions true
 Hover above;
 Yearning affections, too,
 In their train move.
 See how the spirit band,
 By the soft breezes fanned,
 Covers the smiling land, —
 Covers the leafy grove,
 Where happy lovers rove,
 Deep in a dream of love,
 True love that never dies!
 Bowers on bowers rise,

Soft tendrils twine ;
 While from the press escapes,
 Born of the juicy grapes,
 Foaming, the wine ;
 And as the current flows
 O'er the bright stones it goes, —
 Leaving the hilly lands
 Far, far behind, —
 Into a sea expands,
 Loving to wind
 Round the green mountain's base ;
 And the glad-winged race,
 Rapture sip in,
 As they the sunny light,
 And the fair islands bright,
 Hasten to win,
 That on the billows play
 With sweet deceptive ray,
 Where in glad choral song
 Shout the exulting throng ;
 Where on the verdant plain
 Dancers we see,
 Spreading themselves amain
 Over the lea.
 Some boldly climbing are
 O'er the steep brake,
 Others are floating far
 O'er the smooth lake.
 All for a purpose move,
 All with life teem,
 While the sweet stars above
 Blissfully gleam.

 V.

MARGARET AT HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

My heart is sad,
 My peace is o'er ;
 I find it never
 And nevermore.

When gone is he,
 The grave I see;
 The world's wide all
 Is turned to gall.

Alas, my head
 Is well-nigh crazed;
 My feeble mind
 Is sore amazed.

My heart is sad,
 My peace is o'er;
 I find it never
 And nevermore.

For him from the window
 Alone I spy;
 For him alone
 From home go I.

His lofty step,
 His noble form,
 His mouth's sweet smile,
 His glances warm,

His voice so fraught
 With magic bliss,
 His hand's soft pressure,
 And, ah, his kiss!

My heart is sad,
 My peace is o'er;
 I find it never
 And nevermore.

My bosom yearns
 For his form so fair;
 Ah, could I clasp him
 And hold him there!

My kisses sweet
 Should stop his breath,
 And 'neath his kisses
 I'd sink in death!

VI.

SCENE.— A GARDEN.

Margaret. Faust.

MARGARET.

Dost thou believe in God ?

FAUST.

Doth mortal live
Who dares to say that he believes in God ?
Go, bid the priest a truthful answer give,
Go, ask the wisest who on earth e'er trod, —
Their answer will appear to be
Given alone in mockery.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe ? This sayest thou ?

FAUST.

Sweet love, mistake not what I utter now !
Who knows His name ?
Who dares proclaim : —
Him I believe ?
Who so can feel
His heart to steel
To say : I believe Him not ?
The All-Embracer,
The All-Sustainer,
Holds and sustains He not
Thee, me, himself ?
Hang not the heavens their arch o'erhead ?
Lies not the earth beneath us, firm ?
Gleam not with kindly glances
Eternal stars on high ?
Looks not mine eye deep into thine ?
And do not all things
Crowd on thy head and heart,
And round thee twine, in mystery eterne,
Invisible, yet visible ?
Fill, then, thy heart, however vast, with this,
And when the feeling perfecteth thy bliss,

O, call it what thou wilt,
 Call it joy! heart! love! God!
 No name for it I know!
 'Tis feeling all — naught else;
 Name is but sound and smoke,
 Obscuring heaven's bright glow.

VII.

MARGARET'S PRAYER.

O THOU well-tried in grief,
 Grant to thy child relief,
 And view with mercy this unhappy one!

The sword within thy heart,
 Speechless with bitter smart,
 Thou lookest up towards thy dying Son.

Thou lookest to God on high,
 And breathest many a sigh
 O'er his and thy distress, thou holy One!

Who e'er can know
 The depth of woe
 Piercing my very bone?
 The sorrows that my bosom fill,
 Its tremblings, its aye-yearning will,
 Are known to thee, to thee alone!

Wherever I may go,
 With woe, with woe, with woe,
 My bosom sad is aching!
 I scarce alone can creep,
 I weep, I weep, I weep,
 My very heart is breaking.

The flowers at my window
 My falling tears bedewed,
 When-I, at dawn of morning,
 For thee these flow'rets strewed.

When early to my chamber
 The cheerful sunbeams stole,
 I sat upon my pallet,
 In agony of soul.

Help! rescue me from death and misery!
 Oh, thou well-tried in grief,
 Grant to thy child relief,
 And view with mercy my deep agony!



FROM FAUST—SECOND PART.

I.

ARIEL.

WHEN in spring the gentle rain
 Breathes into the flower new birth,
 When the green and happy plain
 Smiles upon the sons of earth,
 Hasten to give what help we may,
 Little elves of wondrous might!
 Whether good or evil they,
 Pity for them feels the sprite.

II.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

WHEN the moist and balmy gale
 Round the verdant meadow sighs,
 Odors sweet in misty veil
 At the twilight-hour arise.
 Murmurings soft of calm repose
 Rock the heart to childlike rest,
 And the day's bright portals close
 On the eyes with toil oppressed.

Night already reigns o'er all,
 Strangely star is linked to star;
 Planets mighty, sparklings small,
 Glitter near and gleam afar.
 Gleam above in clearer night,
 Glitter in the glassy sea;
 Pledging pure and calm delight,
 Rules the moon in majesty.

Now each well-known hour is over,
 Joy and grief have passed away;
 Feel betimes! thou'lt then recover:
 Trust the new-born eye of day.

Vales grow verdant, hillocks teem,
 Shady nooks the bushes yield,
 And with waving, silvery gleam,
 Rocks the harvest in the field.

Wouldst thou wish for wish obtain,
 Look upon yon glittering ray!
 Lightly on thee lies the chain,
 Cast the shell of sleep away!
 Tarry not, but be thou bold,
 When the many loiter still;
 All with ease may be controlled
 By the man of daring will.

III.

ARIEL.

HARK! the storm of hours draws near,
 Loudly to the spirit-ear
 Signs of coming day appear.
 Rocky gates are wildly crashing,
 Phœbus' wheels are onward dashing;

(A wonderful noise proclaims the approach of the sun.)

Light doth mighty sounds beget!
 Pealing loud as rolling thunder,
 Eye and ear it fills with wonder,
 Though itself unconscious yet,
 Downward steals it, 'mongst the flowers
 Seeking deeper, stiller bowers,
 'Mongst the foliage, neath the rock;
 Thou'lt be deafened by the shock!

FROM FAUST—SECOND PART.

SCENE THE LAST.

ANGELS.

[Hovering in the higher regions of air, and bearing the immortal part of Faust.]

THE spirit-region's noble limb
 Hath 'scaped the Archfiend's power;
 For we have strength to rescue him
 Who labors every hour.

And if he feels within his breast
 A ray of love from heaven,
 He's met by all the squadron blest
 With welcome gladly given.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Yonder roses, from the holy
 Hands of penitents so lowly,
 Helped to render us victorious,
 And to do the deed all-glorious;
 For they gained us this soul-treasure.
 Evil ones those roses banished,
 Devils, when we met them, vanished.
 Spirits felt love's pangs with pleasure,
 Where hell's torments used to dwell;
 E'en the hoary king of hell
 Felt sharp torments through him run,
 Shout for joy! the prize is won.

THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS.

Strains of mortality
 Long have oppressed us;
 Pure could they ever be,
 If of asbestos.
 If mighty spirit strength
 Elements ever
 Knew how to seize at length,
 Angels could never
 Linked twofold natures move,
 Where single-hearted;
 By naught but deathless love
 Can they be parted.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

See where a spirit-race
 Bursts on the sight!
 Dimly their forms I trace
 Round the far height.
 Each cloud becometh clear,
 While the bright troops appear
 Of the blest boys,

From the Earth's burden free,
 In a glad company
 Drinking in joys,
 Born of the world above,
 Spring-time and bliss.
 May they forerunners prove
 Of a more perfect love,
 Linked on to this !

THE BEATIFIED CHILDREN.

Thus as a chrysalis
 Gladly we gain him,
 And as a pledge of bliss
 Safely retain him ;
 When from the shell he's free
 Whereby he's tainted,
 Perfect and fair he'll be,
 Holy and sainted.

DOCTOR MARIANUS

(In the highest, purest cell).

Wide is the prospect here,
 Raised is the soul ;
 Women on high appear,
 Seeking their goal.
 'Mongst them the radiant one,
 Queen of the skies,
 In her bright starry crown
 Greet my glad eyes.

(*With ecstasy.*)

Thou who art of earth the queen,
 Let me, 'neath the blue
 Heavenly canopy serene
 Thy sweet mystery view !
 Grant the gentle solemn force
 Which our breast can move,
 And direct our onward course
 Toward thy perfect love.
 Dauntless let our courage be,
 At the bright behest ;
 Mild our ardor suddenly,
 When thou biddest us rest.

Virgin, type of holiness,
 Mother, honor-crowned,
 Thou whom we as queen confess,
 Godlike and renowned.
 Round her, in gentle play,
 Light clouds are stealing ;
 Penitents fair are they,
 Who, humbly kneeling,
 Sip in the ether sweet,
 As they for grace entreat.

Thou, who art from passions free,
 Kindly art inclined,
 When the sons of frailty
 Seek thee, meek in mind.
 Borne by weakness' stream along,
 Hard it is to save them ;
 Who can burst lust's chains so strong,
 That, alas, enslave them ?
 O, how soon the foot may slip,
 When the smooth ground pressing !
 O, how false are eye and lip,
 False a breath caressing !

MATER GLORIOSA *hovers past.*

CHORUS OF PENITENT WOMEN.

To bright realms on high
 In majesty soaring,
 O, hark to our cry
 Thy pity imploring,
 Thou help to the cheerless,
 In glory so peerless !

MAGNA PECCATRIX (St. Luke vii. 36).

By the love, which o'er the feet
 Of the God-transfigured Son
 Dropped the tears, like balsam sweet,
 Spite of every scornful one ;
 By the box of ointment rare,
 Whence the drops so fragrant fell ;
 By the locks, whose gentle care
 Dried His holy members well —

MULIER SAMARITANA (St. John iv.).

By the well where Abram erst
Drove his flock to drink their fill;
By the bucket which the thirst
Of the Saviour served to still;
By the fountain, balm-exhaling,
That from yon bright region flows,
Ever clear and never failing,
As round every world it goes —

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA (*Acta Sanctorum*).

By the sacred spot immortal,
Where the Lord's remains they placed;
By the arm, that from the portal
Drove me back with warning haste;
By my forty years of lowly
Penance in a desert land;
By the farèwell greetings holy
That I wrote upon the sand —

THE THREE.

Thou who ne'er thy radiant face
From the greatest sinners hidest,
Thou who Thine atoning grace
Through eternity providest,
Let this soul, by virtue stirred,
Self-forgotten though when living,
That perceived not that it erred,
Feel thy mercy, sin forgiving!

UNA PŒNITENTIA

(Once named Margaret, pressing near them).

O radiance-spreading One,
Who equalled art by none,
In mercy view mine ecstasy!
For he whom erst I loved,
No more by sorrow proved,
Returns at length to me!

BEATIFIED CHILDREN

(Approaching as they hover round).
He now in strength of limb
Far doth outweigh us,
And, as we tended him,
So will repay us.

Early removed were we
 Far from life's story ;
 Trained now himself, will he
 Train us in glory.

THE PENITENT, *once named Margaret.*
 Linked with the noble band of spirits,
 Scarce can the new one feel or see
 The radiant life he now inherits,
 So like that holy band is he.
 See how he bursts each bond material,
 And parts the olden veil at length,—
 In vesture clad in grace ethereal,
 Comes in the glow of youthful strength.
 Oh, let me guide his steps victorious,
 While dazzled by the new-born light.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Come! raise thyself to spheres more glorious,
 He'll follow when thou meetest his sight.

DOCTOR MARIANUS

(Prostrated in adoration).

Oh, repentant sinful ones,
 On that bright face gaze ye,
 And, in grateful orisons,
 Your blest fortune praise ye!
 Be each virtue of the mind
 To thy service given!
 Virgin, mother, be thou kind!
 Goddess, queen of heaven!

CHORUS MYSTICUS.

Each thing of mortal birth
 Is but a type;
 What was of feeble worth
 Here becomes ripe.
 What was a mystery
 Here meets the eye;
 The ever-womanly
 Draws us on high.

FROM GÖTZ VON BERLICHINGEN.

ACT II.

LIEBETRAUT *plays and sings.*

His bow and dart bearing,
And torch brightly flaring,
 Dan Cupid on flies ;
With victory laden,
To vanquish each maiden
 He roguishly tries.

Up! up!

On! on!

His arms rattle loudly,
His wings rustle proudly,
And flames fill his eyes.

Then finds he each bosom
 Defenceless and bare ;
They gladly receive him
 And welcome him there.
The point of his arrows
 He lights in the glow ;
They clasp him and kiss him
 And fondle him so.
Hei ei o! Popeio!



FROM EGMONT.

ACT I.

CLARA *winds a skein, and sings with Brackenburch.*

THE drum gives the signal!
 Loud rings the shrill fife!
My love leads his troops on
 Full armed for the strife,
While his hand grasps his lance
As they proudly advance.

My bosom pants wildly!
 My blood hotly flows!
Oh, had I doublet,
 A helmet, and hose!

Through the gate with bold footstep
 I after him hied, —
 Each province, each country
 Explored by his side.
 The coward foe trembled
 When rattled our shot:
 What bliss e'er resembled
 A soldier's glad lot!

ACT III.

CLARA *sings.*

Gladness
 And sadness
 And pensiveness blending;
 Yearning
 And burning
 In torment ne'er ending;
 Sad unto death.
 Proudly soaring above;
 Happy alone
 Is the soul that doth love!

FROM "WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP."

BOOK II. CHAP. XIII.

RETRIBUTION.

HE that with tears did never eat his bread,
 He that hath never lain through night's long hours,
 Weeping in bitter anguish on his bed —
 He knows ye not, ye dread celestial powers.
 Ye lead us onward into life. Ye leave
 The wretch to fall; then yield him up, in woe,
 Remorse, and pain, unceasingly to grieve;
 For every sin is punished here below.

Who gives himself to solitude,
 Soon lonely will remain;
 Each lives, each loves in joyous mood,
 And leaves him to his pain.

Yes! leave me to my grief!
 Were solitude's relief
 E'er granted me,
 Alone I should not be.

A lover steals, on footstep light,
 To learn if his love's alone;
 Thus o'er me steals, by day and night,
 Anguish before unknown.
 Thus o'er me steals deep grief.
 Ah, when I find relief
 Within the tomb so lonely,
 Will rest be met with only!

BOOK IV. CHAP. XI.

My grief no mortals know,
 Except the yearning!
 Alone, a prey to woe,
 All pleasure spurning,
 Up towards the sky I throw
 A gaze discerning.

He who my love can know
 Seems ne'er returning;
 With strange and fiery glow
 My heart is burning.
 My griefs no mortals know,
 Except the yearning!

PHILINE'S SONG.

SING not thus in notes of sadness
 Of the loneliness of night:
 No! 'tis made for social gladness,
 Converse sweet, and love's delight.

As to rugged man his wife is
 For his fairest half decreed,
 So dear night the half of life is,
 And the fairest half, indeed.

Who could hail the day with pleasure,
 Which but interrupts our joys,
 Scares us from our dreams of leisure
 With its glare and irksome noise?

But when night is come, and glowing
 Is the lamp's attempered ray,
 And from lip to lip are flowing
 Love and mirth, in sparkling play;

When the fiery boy, that wildly
 Gambols in his wayward mood,
 Calms to rest, disporting mildly,
 By some trivial gift subdued;

When the nightingale is trilling
 Songs of love to lovers' ears,
 Which, to hearts with sorrow thrilling,
 Seem but sighs and waken tears;

How, with pulses lightly bounding,
 Leaps the heart to hear the bell,
 Which, the hour of midnight sounding,
 Doth of rest and safety tell.

Then, dear heart, this comfort borrow
 In the long day's lingering light —
 Every day hath its own sorrow.
 Gladness cometh with the night!



EPILOGUE TO SCHILLER'S "SONG OF THE BELL."

[This fine piece, written originally in 1805, on Schiller's death, was altered and recast by Goethe in 1815, on the occasion of the performance on the stage of the *Song of the Bell*. Hence the allusion in the last verse.]

To this city joy reveal it!
 Peace as its first signal peal it!
 (*Song of the Bell* — concluding lines)

AND so it proved! The nation felt, ere long,
 That peaceful signal, and, with blessings fraught,
 A new-born joy appeared; in gladsome song
 To hail the youthful princely pair we sought;
 While in the living, ever-swelling throng
 Mingled the crowds from every region brought,
 And on the stage, in festal pomp arrayed,
 The HOMAGE OF THE ARTS* we saw displayed.

* The title of a lyric piece composed by Schiller in honor of the marriage of the hereditary Prince of Weimar to the Princess Maria of Russia, and performed in 1804.

When, lo! a fearful midnight sound I hear,
That with a dull and mournful echo rings.

And can it be that of our friend so dear

It tells, to whom each wish so fondly clings?

Shall death o'ercome a life that all revere?

How such a loss to all confusion brings!

How such a parting we must ever rue!

The world is weeping — shall not we weep, too?

He was our own! How social, yet how great

Seemed in the light of day his noble mind!

How was his nature, pleasing yet sedate,

Now for glad converse joyously inclined,

Then swiftly changing, spirit-fraught, elate,

Life's plan with deep-felt meaning it designed,

Fruitful alike in counsel and in deed!

This have we proved, this tested, in our need.

He was our own! O may that thought so blest

O'ercome the voice of wailing and of woe!

He might have sought the Lasting, safe at rest

In harbor, when the tempest ceased to blow.

Meanwhile his mighty spirit onward pressed

Where goodness, beauty, truth, forever grow;

And in his rear, in shadowy outline, lay

The vulgar, which we all, alas, obey!

Now doth he deck the garden-turret fair

Where the stars' language first illumed his soul,

As secretly yet clearly through the air

On the eterne, the living sense it stole;

And to his own, and our great profit, there

Exchangeth to the seasons as they roll;

Thus nobly doth he vanquish, with renown,

The twilight and the night that weigh us down.

Brighter now glowed his cheek, and still more bright,

With that unchanging, ever-youthful glow, —

That courage which o'ercomes, in hard-fought fight,

Sooner or later, every earthly foe, —

That faith which, soaring to the realms of light,

Now boldly presseth on, now bendeth low,

So that the good may work, wax, thrive amain,

So that the day the noble may attain.

Yet, though so skilled, of such transcendent worth,
 This boarded scaffold doth he not despise ;
 The fate that on its axis turns the earth
 From day to night, here shows he to our eyes,
 Raising, through many a work of glorious birth,
 Art and the artist's fame up toward the skies.
 He fills with blossoms of the noblest strife,
 With life itself, this effigy of life.

His giant-step, as ye full surely know,
 Measured the circle of the will and deed,
 Each country's changing thoughts and morals, too,
 The darksome book with clearness could he read ;
 Yet how he, breathless 'midst his friends so true,
 Despaired in sorrow, scarce from pain was freed, —
 All this have we, in sadly happy years,
 For he was ours, bewailed with feeling tears.

When from the agonizing weight of grief
 He raised his eyes upon the world again,
 We showed him how his thoughts might find relief
 From the uncertain present's heavy chain,
 Gave his fresh-kindled mind a respite brief,
 With kindly skill beguiling every pain,
 And e'en at eve when setting was his sun,
 From his wan cheeks a gentle smile we won.

Full early had he read the stern decree,
 Sorrow and death to him, alas, were known ;
 Ofttimes recovering, now departed he, —
 Dread tidings, that our hearts had feared to own !
 Yet his transfigured being now can see
 Itself, e'en here on earth, transfigured grown.
 What his own age reproved, and deemed a crime,
 Hath been ennobled now by death and time.

And many a soul that with him strove in fight,
 And his great merit grudged to recognize,
 Now feels the impress of his wondrous might,
 And in his magic fetters gladly lies ;
 E'en to the highest hath he winged his flight,
 In close communion linked with all we prize.
 Extol him then ! What mortals while they live
 But half receive, posterity shall give.

Thus is he left us, who so long ago, —
 Ten years, alas, already! — turned from earth;
 We all, to our great joy, his precepts know,
 Oh, may the world confess their priceless worth!
 In swelling tide toward every region flow
 The thoughts that were his own peculiar birth;
 He gleams like some departing meteor bright,
 Combining, with his own, eternal light.

—◆—
 L'ENVOI.

Now, gentle reader, is our journey ended,
 Mute is our minstrel, silent is our song;
 Sweet the bard's voice whose strains our course
 attended

Pleasant the paths he guided us along.
 Now must we part, — Oh, word all full of sadness,
 Changing to pensive retrospect our gladness!

Reader, farewell! we part perchance forever,
 Scarce may I hope to meet with thee again;
 But e'en though fate our fellowship may sever,
 Reader, will aught to mark that tie remain?
 Yes! there is left one sad sweet bond of union, —
 Sorrow at parting links us in communion.

But of the twain, the greater is *my* sorrow, —
 Reader, and why? — Bethink thee of the sun,
 How, when he sets, he waiteth for the morrow,
 Proudly once more his giant race to run, —
 Yet e'en when set, a glow behind him leaving,
 Gladdening the spirit, which had else been grieving.

Thus mayst thou feel, for thou to GOETHE only
 Biddest farewell, nor carest aught for me.
 Twofold *my* parting, leaving me all lonely, —
 I now must part from GOETHE and from thee,
 Parting at once from comrade and from leader, —
 Farewell, great minstrel! farewell, gentle reader!

Hushed is the harp, its music sunk in slumber
 Memory alone can waken now its numbers.

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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS OF GOETHE

INCLUDING

*IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS, TORQUATO TASSO,
GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN, AND
THE FELLOW-CULPRITS*

TRANSLATED BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, E. A. BOWRING
AND
MISS ANNA SWANWICK

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS	7
TORQUATO TASSO	81
GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN	191
THE FELLOW-CULPRITS	291

INDEX

1
2
3
4
5

1
2
3
4
5

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED BY ANNA SWANWICK.

Like Torquato Tasso, Iphigenia was originally written in prose, and in that form was acted at the Weimar Court Theatre about 1779. Goethe himself took the part of Orestes.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

AMERICAN HISTORY
BY
JAMES M. SMITH
NEW YORK
1888

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IPHIGENIA.

ORESTES.

THOAS, *King of the Taurians.*

PYLADES.

ARKAS.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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INTRODUCTION.

THE drama of "Iphigenia in Tauris" has been considered Goethe's masterpiece: it is conceived in the spirit of Greek ideality, and is characterized throughout by moral beauty and dignified repose. Schlegel¹ styles it an echo of Greek song, an epithet as appropriate as it is elegant; for, without any servile imitation of classic models, this beautiful drama, through the medium of its polished verse, reproduces in softened characters the graceful and colossal forms of the antique.

The destiny of Agamemnon and his race was a favorite theme of the ancients. It has been dramatized in a variety of forms by the three great masters of antiquity; and from these various sources Goethe has gathered the materials for his drama, enriching it with touches of sublimity and beauty selected indiscriminately from the works of each. The description of the Furies in the third act is worthy of *Æschylus*, and in the spirit of the same great writer is the exclusion of these terrific powers from the consecrated grove symbolical of the peace which religion can alone afford to the anguish of a wounded conscience. The prominence given to the idea of destiny, together with the finished beauty of the whole, reminds us of *Sophocles*; while the passages conveying general moral truths, scattered throughout the poem, not unfrequently recall to our recollection those of a similar character in the dramas of *Euripides*.

Two dramas of *Euripides* are founded upon the well-known story of Iphigenia. In the "Iphigenia in Aulis," we are introduced to the assembled hosts of Greece, detained by contrary winds in consequence of Diana's anger against Agamemnon. An oracle had declared that the goddess could only be propitiated by the sacrifice of Iphigenia, who is accordingly allured with her mother to the camp. On dis-

covering the fearful doom which awaits her, she is at first overwhelmed with grief. She implores her father to spare her life, endeavors to touch his heart by recalling the fond memories of by-gone times, and holds up her infant brother, Orestes, that he may plead for her with his tears. Learning, however, that the glory of her country depends upon her death, she rises superior to her fears, subdues her womanly weakness, and devotes herself a willing sacrifice for Greece. She is conducted to the altar: the sacred garlands are bound around her head. Calchas lifts the knife to deal the fatal stroke, when Iphigenia suddenly vanishes, and a hind of uncommon beauty lies bleeding at his feet.

In the "Iphigenia in Tauris," our heroine re-appears in the temple of Diana, situated in the Tauric Chersonese, a savage region washed by the Euxine Sea, where, according to the ancients, all strangers were sacrificed at the altar of Diana. To this wild shore Iphigenia had been conveyed by the pitying goddess; and there, in her character of priestess, she presided over the bloody rites of the barbarians. The incidents in this drama have been adopted by Goethe as the groundwork of his poem, the chief interest in which, as in the drama of Euripides, turns upon the departure of Iphigenia and Orestes from the Taurian shore. A brief outline of the Grecian drama will show in what particulars the modern poet has adhered to his classic model, and where he has deviated from it.

The scene of both is in the vicinity of the temple of Diana. In the opening soliloquy of the Grecian drama, Iphigenia, after lamenting her unhappy destiny, relates her dream of the previous night, from which she infers the death of Orestes. She determines to offer a libation to his memory; and, while engaged in performing this pious rite, she is informed that two strangers have been captured on the shore, for whose sacrifice she is commanded to prepare. Orestes and Pylades are shortly after introduced; and, learning from the former that he is a native of Argos, she offers to spare his life provided he will carry a letter for her to Mycene. He refuses to abandon his friend; Pylades is equally disinterested; a generous contest ensues; and the latter, yielding at length to the entreaties of Orestes, consents to accept life on the proposed conditions. The letter addressed to Orestes is produced, and Iphigenia discovers her brother in the intended victim. They anxiously consider how they may escape; and Iphigenia suggests, that, in her character of

priestess, she shall lead them, together with the image of Diana, to the sea, there to be purified in the ocean waves, where they may find safety in the attendant bark. With all the wily subtlety of a Greek, she imposes upon the credulity of the barbarian monarch, and induces him, not only to sanction her project, but to assist in its execution, which she at length successfully achieves. In this drama, Iphigenia, though exhibiting some noble traits, offends us by her unscrupulous violation of the truth, and by the cunning artifice which Goethe, with admirable art, has attributed to Pylades. We are the more displeased with this portrait, because we are unwilling to recognize in the crafty priestess the innocent victim who so strongly awakens our sympathy in the beautiful drama of "Iphigenia in Aulis." In the Iphigenia of Goethe, on the contrary, we discover with pleasure the same filial tenderness, and the same touching mixture of timidity and courage, which characterized that interesting heroine.

In the drama of Euripides we are chiefly interested in the generous friendship of Orestes and Pylades: in that of Goethe the character of Iphigenia constitutes the chief charm, and awakens our warmest sympathy. While contemplating her, we feel as if some exquisite statue of Grecian art had become animated by a living soul, and moved and breathed before us: though exhibiting the severe simplicity which characterizes the creations of antiquity, she is far removed from all coldness and austerity; and her character, though cast in a classic mould, is free from that harsh and vindictive spirit which darkened the heroism of those barbarous times when religion lent her sanction to hatred and revenge.

The docility with which, in opposition to her own feelings, she at first consents to the stratagem of Pylades, though apparently inconsistent with her reverence for truth, is in reality a beautiful and touching trait. The conflict in her mind between intense anxiety for her brother's safety, and detestation of the artifice by which alone she thinks it can be secured, amounts almost to agony: in her extremity she calls upon the gods, and implores them to save their image in her soul. The struggle finally subsides: she remains faithful to her high convictions, reveals the project of escape, and thus saves her soul from treachery. From the commencement of the fifth act she assumes a calm and lofty tone, as if feeling the inspiration of a noble purpose. The dignity and determination with which she opposes the cruel project of the

barbarian king, remind us of the similar qualities displayed by the Antigone of Sophocles, who is perhaps the noblest heroine of antiquity. Thus, when called upon by the king to reverence the law, Iphigenia appeals to that law written in the heart, more ancient and more sacred than the ordinances of man; and Antigone, when, by the interment of her brother Polynices, she has incurred the anger of the tyrant Creon, and become subjected to a cruel death, justifies herself by an appeal to the same sacred authority.

The remaining characters of the drama, though subordinate to the central figure, are in admirable keeping with it; the poet having softened down the harsh features of the barbarians, so as not to form too abrupt a contrast with the more polished Greeks, and thereby interfere with the harmony of the piece. The colossal figures of the Titans appearing in the background, and the dread power of Destiny overarching all, impart a character of solemn grandeur to the whole.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Grove before the Temple of Diana.*

IPHIGENIA.

BENEATH your leafy gloom, ye waving boughs
Of this old, shady, consecrated grove,
As in the goddess' silent sanctuary,
With the same shuddering feeling forth I step,
As when I trod it first ; nor ever here
Doth my unquiet spirit feel at home.
Long as a higher will, to which I bow,
Hath kept me here concealed, still, as at first,
I feel myself a stranger. For the sea
Doth sever me, alas ! from those I love :
And day by day upon the shore I stand,
The land of Hellas seeking with my soul ;
But, to my sighs, the hollow-sounding waves
Bring, save their own hoarse murmurs, no reply.
Alas for him ! who, friendless and alone,
Remote from parents and from brethren dwells :
From him grief snatches every coming joy
Ere it doth reach his lip. His yearning thoughts
Throng back forever to his father's halls,
Where first to him the radiant sun unclosed
The gates of heaven ; where closer, day by day,
Brothers and sisters, leagued in pastime sweet,
Around each other twined love's tender bonds.
I will not reckon with the gods ; yet truly
Deserving of lament is woman's lot.
Man rules alike at home and in the field,

Nor is in foreign climes without resource :
 Him conquest crowneth, him possession gladdens,
 And him an honorable death awaits.
 How circumscribed is woman's destiny !
 Obedience to a harsh, imperious lord,
 Her duty and her comfort : sad her fate,
 Whom hostile fortune drives to lands remote !
 Thus Thoas holds me here, a noble man,
 Bound with a heavy though a sacred chain.
 Oh, how it shamès me, goddess, to confess
 That with repugnance I perform these rites
 For thee, divine protectress ! unto whom
 I would in freedom dedicate my life.
 In thee, Diana, I have always hoped ;
 And still I hope in thee, who didst infold
 Within the holy shelter of thine arm
 The outcast daughter of the mighty king.
 Daughter of Jove ! hast thou from ruined Troy
 Led back in triumph to his native land
 The mighty man, whom thou didst sore afflict,
 His daughter's life in sacrifice demanding, —
 Hast thou for him, the god-like Agamemnon,
 Who to thine altar led his darling child,
 Preserved his wife, Electra, and his son,
 His dearest treasures ? — then at length restore
 Thy suppliant also to her friends and home,
 And save her, as thou once from death didst save,
 So now, from living here, a second death.

SCENE II. — IPHIGENIA, ARKAS.

ARKAS.

The king hath sent me hither, bade me greet
 With hail, and fair salute, Diana's priestess.
 For new and wondrous conquest, this the day,
 When to her goddess Tauris renders thanks.
 I hasten on before the king and host,
 Himself to herald, and its near approach.

IPHIGENIA.

We are prepared to give them worthy greeting :
 Our goddess doth behold with gracious eye
 The welcome sacrifice from Thoas' hand.

ARKAS.

Would that I also found the priestess' eye,
 Much honored, much revered one, found thine eye,
 O consecrated maid, more calm, more bright,
 To all a happy omen! Still doth grief,
 With gloom mysterious, shroud thy inner mind:
 Vainly, through many a tedious year, we wait
 For one confiding utterance from thy breast.
 Long as I've known thee in this holy place,
 That look of thine hath ever made me shudder;
 And, as with iron bands, thy soul remains
 Locked in the deep recesses of thy breast.

IPHIGENIA.

As doth become the exile and the orphan.

ARKAS.

Dost thou, then, here seem exiled and an orphan?

IPHIGENIA.

Can foreign scenes our fatherland replace?

ARKAS.

Thy fatherland is foreign now to thee.

IPHIGENIA.

Hence is it that my bleeding heart ne'er heals.
 In early youth, when first my soul, in love,
 Held father, mother, brethren fondly twined,
 A group of tender germs, in union sweet,
 We sprang in beauty from the parent stem,
 And heavenward grew: alas! a foreign curse
 Then seized and severed me from those I loved,
 And wrenched with iron grasp the beauteous bands.
 It vanished then, the fairest charm of youth,
 The simple gladness of life's early dawn;
 Though saved, I was a shadow of myself,
 And life's fresh joyance blooms in me no more.

ARKAS.

If thou wilt ever call thyself unblest,
 I must accuse thee of ingratitude.

IPHIGENIA.

Thanks have you ever.

ARKAS.

Not the honest thanks
Which prompt the heart to offices of love ;
The joyous glance, revealing to the host
A grateful spirit, with its lot content.
When thee a deep mysterious destiny
Brought to this sacred fane, long years ago,
To greet thee, as a treasure sent from heaven,
With reverence and affection, Thoas came.
Benign and friendly was this shore to thee,
To every stranger else with horror fraught ;
For, till thy coming, none e'er trod our realm
But fell, according to an ancient rite,
A bloody victim at Diana's shrine.

IPHIGENIA.

Freely to breathe alone is not to live.
Say, is it life, within this holy fane,
Like a poor ghost around its sepulchre
To linger out my days? Or call you that
A life of conscious happiness and joy,
When every hour, dreamed listlessly away,
Still leadeth onward to those gloomy days
Which the sad troop of the departed spend
In self-forgetfulness on Lethe's shore?
A useless life is but an early death :
This woman's destiny hath still been mine.

ARKAS.

I can forgive, though I must needs deplore,
The noble pride which underrates itself :
It robs thee of the happiness of life.
But hast thou, since thy coming here, done naught?
Who hath the monarch's gloomy temper cheered?
Who hath with gentle eloquence annulled,
From year to year, the usage of our sires,
By which, a victim at Diana's shrine,
Each stranger perished, thus from certain death
Sending so oft the rescued captive home?
Hath not Diana, harboring no revenge

For this suspension of her bloody rites,
 In richest measure heard thy gentle prayer?
 On joyous pinions o'er the advancing host,
 Doth not triumphant conquest proudly soar?
 And feels not every one a happier lot,
 Since Thoas, who so long hath guided us
 With wisdom and with valor, swayed by thee,
 The joy of mild benignity approves,
 Which leads him to relax the rigid claims
 Of mute submission? Call thyself useless! Thou,
 When, from thy being, o'er a thousand hearts,
 A healing balsam flows? when to a race,
 To whom a god consigned thee, thou dost prove
 A fountain of perpetual happiness,
 And from this dire, inhospitable coast,
 Dost to the stranger grant a safe return?

IPHIGENIA.

The little done doth vanish to the mind
 Which forward sees how much remains to do.

ARKAS.

Him dost thou praise, who underrates his deeds?

IPHIGENIA.

Who weigheth his own deeds is justly blamed.

ARKAS.

He too, real worth too proudly who condemns,
 As who, too vainly, spurious worth o'errateth.
 Trust me, and heed the counsel of a man
 With honest zeal devoted to thy service:
 When Thoas comes to-day to speak with thee,
 Lend to his purposed words a gracious ear.

IPHIGENIA.

Thy well-intentioned counsel troubles me:
 His offer I have ever sought to shun.

ARKAS.

Thy duty and thy interest calmly weigh.
 Sithence King Thoas lost his son and heir.

Among his followers he trusts but few,
 And trusts those few no more as formerly.
 With jealous eye he views each noble's son
 As the successor of his realm: he dreads
 A solitary, helpless age — perchance
 Sudden rebellion and untimely death.
 A Scythian studies not the rules of speech,
 And least of all the king. He who is used
 To act and to command, knows not the art,
 From far, with subtle tact, to guide discourse
 Through many windings to its destined goal.
 Thwart not his purpose by a cold refusal,
 By an intended misconception. Meet,
 With gracious mien, half-way the royal wish.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I, then, speed the doom that threatens me?

ARKAS.

His gracious offer canst thou call a threat?

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis the most terrible of all to me.

ARKAS.

For his affection grant him confidence.

IPHIGENIA.

If he will first redeem my soul from fear.

ARKAS.

Why dost thou hide from him thy origin?

IPHIGENIA.

A priestess secrecy doth well become.

ARKAS.

Naught to a monarch should a secret be;
 And, though he doth not seek to fathom thine,
 His noble nature feels, ay, deeply feels,
 That thou with care dost hide thyself from him.

IPHIGENIA.

Ill-will and anger harbors he against me?

ARKAS.

Almost it seems so. True, he speaks not of thee ;
 But casual words have taught me that the wish
 Thee to possess hath firmly seized his soul :
 Oh, leave him not a prey unto himself,
 Lest his displeasure, ripening in his breast,
 Should work thee woe, so with repentance thou.
 Too late my faithful counsel shalt recall !

IPHIGENIA.

How ! doth the monarch purpose what no man
 Of noble mind, who loves his honest name,
 Whose bosom reverence for the gods restrains,
 Would ever think of ? Will he force employ
 To drag me from the altar to his bed ?
 Then will I call the gods, and chiefly thee,
 Diana, goddess resolute, to aid me :
 Thysèlf a virgin, wilt a virgin shield,
 And to thy priestess gladly render aid.

ARKAS.

Be tranquil ! Passion, and youth's fiery blood,
 Impel not Thoas rashly to commit
 A deed so lawless. In his present mood,
 I fear from him another harsh resolve,
 Which (for his soul is steadfast and unmoved)
 He then will execute without delay.
 Therefore I pray thee, canst thou grant no more,
 At least be grateful — give thy confidence.

IPHIGENIA.

Oh, tell me what is further known to thee.

ARKAS.

Learn it from him. I see the king approach :
 Him thou dost honor, thine own heart enjoins
 To meet him kindly and with confidence.
 A man of noble mind may oft be led
 By woman's gentle word.

IPHIGENIA (*alone*).

How to observe

His faithful counsel see I not in sooth.
But willingly the duty I perform
Of giving thanks for benefits received,
And much I wish that to the king my lips
With truth could utter what would please his ear.

SCENE III. — IPHIGENIA, THOAS.

IPHIGENIA.

Her royal gifts the goddess shower on thee,
Imparting conquest, wealth, and high renown,
Dominion, and the welfare of thy house ;
With the fulfilment of each pious wish,
That thou, whose sway for multitudes provides,
Thyself mayest be supreme in happiness !

THOAS.

Contented were I with my people's praise ;
My conquests others more than I enjoy.
Oh ! be he king or subject, he's most blest,
Whose happiness is centred in his home.
My deep affliction thou didst share with me
What time, in war's encounter, the fell sword
Tore from my side my last, my dearest son :
So long as fierce revenge possessed my heart,
I did not feel my dwelling's dreary void ;
But now, returning home, my rage appeased,
Their kingdom wasted, and my son avenged,
I find there nothing left to comfort me.
The glad obedience I was wont to see
Kindling in every eye, is smothered now
In discontent and gloom : each, pondering, weighs
The changes which a future day may bring,
And serves the childless king because he must.
To-day I come within this sacred fane,
Which I have often entered to implore
And thank the gods for conquest. In my breast
I bear an old and fondly cherished wish,
To which methinks thou canst not be a stranger :
I hope, a blessing to myself and realm,
To lead thee to my dwelling as my bride.

IPHIGENIA.

Too great thine offer, king, to one unknown :
 Abashed the fugitive before thee stands,
 Who on this shore sought only what thou gavest, —
 Safety and peace.

THOAS.

Thus still to shroud thyself
 From me, as from the lowest, in the veil
 Of mystery which wrapped thy coming here,
 Would in no country be deemed just or right.
 Strangers this shore appalled : 'twas so ordained,
 Alike by law and stern necessity.
 From thee alone, — a kindly welcomed guest,
 Who hast enjoyed each hallowed privilege,
 And spent thy days in freedom unrestrained, —
 From thee I hoped that confidence to gain
 Which every faithful host may justly claim.

IPHIGENIA.

If I concealed, O king ! my name, my race,
 It was embarrassment, and not mistrust.
 For didst thou know who stands before thee now,
 And what accursed head thine arm protects,
 Strange horror would possess thy mighty heart ;
 And, far from wishing me to share thy throne,
 Thou, ere the time appointed, from thy realm
 Wouldst banish me ; wouldst thrust me forth, perchance.
 Before a glad re-union with my friends
 And period to my wanderings is ordained,
 To meet that sorrow, which, in every clime,
 With cold, inhospitable, fearful hand,
 Awaits the outcast, exiled from his home.

THOAS.

Whate'er respecting thee the gods decree,
 Whate'er their doom for thee and for thy house,
 Since thou hast dwelt amongst us, and enjoyed
 The privilege the pious stranger claims,
 To me hath failed no blessing sent from heaven ;
 And to persuade me, that protecting thee
 I shield a guilty head, were hard indeed.

IPHIGENIA.

Thy bounty, not the guest, draws blessings down.

THOAS.

The kindness shown the wicked is not blest.
 End, then, thy silence, priestess : not unjust
 Is he who doth demand it. In my hands
 The goddess placed thee ; thou hast been to me
 As sacred as to her, and her behest
 Shall for the future also be my law :
 If thou canst hope in safety to return
 Back to thy kindred, I renounce my claims ;
 But is thy homeward path forever closed,
 Or doth thy race in hopeless exile rove,
 Or lie extinguished by some mighty woe,
 Then may I claim thee by more laws than one.
 Speak openly : thou knowest I keep my word.

IPHIGENIA.

Its ancient bands reluctantly my tongue
 Doth loose, a long-hid secret to divulge.
 For, once imparted, it resumes no more
 The safe asylum of the inmost heart,
 But thenceforth, as the powers above decree,
 Doth work its ministry of weal or woe.
 Attend ! I issue from the Titan's race.

THOAS.

A word momentous calmly hast thou spoken.
 Him namest thou ancestor whom all the world
 Knows as a sometime favorite of the gods ?
 Is it that Tantalus, whom Jove himself
 Drew to his council and his social board ?
 On whose experienced words, with wisdom fraught,
 As on the language of an oracle,
 E'en gods delighted hung ?

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis even he :
 But the immortal gods with mortal men
 Should not, on equal terms, hold intercourse ;
 For all too feeble is the human race,

Not to grow dizzy on unwonted heights.
 Ignoble was he not, and no betrayer ;
 To be the Thunderer's slave, he was too great ;
 To be his friend and comrade, — but a man.
 His crime was human, and their doom severe ;
 For poets sing, that treachery and pride
 Did from Jove's table hurl him headlong down
 To grovel in the depths of Tartarus.
 Alas ! and his whole race must bear their hate.

THOAS.

Bear they their own guilt, or their ancestor's ?

IPHIGENIA.

The Titan's mighty breast and nervous frame
 Was his descendants' certain heritage ;
 But round their brow Jove forged a band of brass.
 Wisdom and patience, prudence and restraint,
 He from their gloomy, fearful eye concealed ;
 In them each passion grew to savage rage,
 And headlong rushed with violence unchecked.
 Already Pelops, Tantalus' loved son,
 Mighty of will, obtained his beauteous bride,
 Hippodamia, child of CEnomaus,
 Through treachery and murder : she, ere long,
 To glad her consort's heart, bare him two sons,
 Thyest and Atreus. They with envy marked
 The ever-growing love their father bare
 To his first-born, sprung from another union.
 Hate leagued the pair ; and secretly they wrought,
 In fratricide, the first dread crime. The sire
 Hippodamia held as murderess :
 With savage rage he claimed from her his son,
 And she in terror did destroy herself —

THOAS.

Thou'rt silent ? Pause not in thy narrative ;
 Repent not of thy confidence — say on !

IPHIGENIA.

How blest is he who his progenitors
 With pride remembers, to the listener tells

The story of their greatness, of their deeds,
 And, silently rejoicing, sees himself
 The latest link of this illustrious chain !
 For seldom does the self-same stock produce
 The monster and the demigod : a line
 Or good or evil ushers in, at last,
 The glory or the terror of the world. —
 After the death of Pelops, his two sons
 Ruled o'er the city with divided sway.
 But such an union could not long endure.
 His brother's honor first Thyestes wounds.
 In vengeance Atreus drove him from the realm.
 Thyestes, planning horrors, long before
 Had stealthily procured his brother's son,
 Whom he in secret nurtured as his own.
 Revenge and fury in his breast he poured,
 Then to the royal city sent him forth,
 That in his uncle he might slay his sire.
 The meditated murder was disclosed,
 And by the king most cruelly avenged,
 Who slaughtered, as he thought, his brother's son.
 Too late he learned whose dying tortures met
 His drunken gaze ; and, seeking to assuage
 The insatiate vengeance that possessed his soul,
 He planned a deed unheard of. He assumed
 A friendly tone ; seemed reconciled, appeased ;
 And lured his brother, with his children twain,
 Back to his kingdom ; these he seized and slew,
 Then placed the loathsome and abhorrent food
 At his first meal before the unconscious sire.
 And when Thyestes had his hunger stilled
 With his own flesh, a sadness seized his soul :
 He for his children asked, — their steps, their voice,
 Fancied he heard already at the door ;
 And Atreus, grinning with malicious joy,
 Threw in the members of the slaughtered boys.—
 Shuddering, O king, thou dost avert thy face !
 So did the sun his radiant visage hide,
 And swerve his chariot from the eternal path.
 These, monarch, are thy priestess' ancestors ;
 And many a dreadful fate of mortal doom,
 And many a deed of the bewildered brain,
 Dark night doth cover with her sable wing,
 Or shroud in gloomy twilight.

THOAS.

Hidden there

Let them abide. A truce to horror now,
And tell me by what miracle thou sprangest
From race so savage.

IPHIGENIA.

Atreus' eldest son

Was Agamemnon, — he, O king, my sire!
But I may say with truth, that, from a child,
In him the model of a perfect man
I witnessed ever. Clytemnestra bore
To him, myself, the firstling of their love,
Electra then. Peaceful the monarch ruled,
And to the house of Tantalus was given
A long-withheld repose. A son alone
Was wanting to complete my parents' bliss:
Scarce was this wish fulfilled, and young Orestes,
The household's darling, with his sisters grew,
When new misfortunes vexed our ancient house.
To you hath come the rumor of the war,
Which, to avenge the fairest woman's wrongs,
The force united of the Grecian kings
Round Ilion's walls encamped. Whether the town
Was humbled, and achieved their great revenge,
I have not heard. My father led the host.
In Aulis vainly for a favoring gale
They waited; for, enraged against their chief,
Diana stayed their progress, and required,
Through Chalcas' voice, the monarch's eldest daughter.
They lured me with my mother to the camp:
They dragged me to the altar, and this head
There to the goddess doomed. — She was appeased;
She did not wish my blood, and shrouded me
In a protecting cloud: within this temple
I first awakened from the dream of death;
Yes, I myself am she, Iphigenia,
Grandchild of Atreus, Agamemnon's child,
Diana's priestess, I who speak with thee.

THOAS.

I yield no higher honor or regard
To the king's daughter than the maid unknown:

Once more my first proposal I repeat ;
Come, follow me, and share what I possess.

IPHIGENIA.

How dare I venture such a step, O king?
Hath not the goddess who protected me
Alone a right to my devoted head?
'Twas she who chose for me this sanctuary,
Where she perchance reserves me for my sire,
By my apparent death enough chastised,
To be the joy and solace of his age.
Perchance my glad return is near ; and how,
If I, unmindful of her purposes,
Had here attached myself against her will?
I asked a signal, did she wish my stay.

THOAS.

The signal is, that still thou tarriest here.
Seek not evasively such vain pretexts.
Not many words are needed to refuse,
The *no* alone is heard by the refused.

IPHIGENIA.

Mine are not words meant only to deceive :
I have to thee my inmost heart revealed.
And doth no inward voice suggest to thee,
How I with yearning soul must pine to see
My father, mother, and my long-lost home?
Oh, let thy vessels bear me thither, king !
That in the ancient halls, where sorrow still
In accents low doth fondly breathe my name,
Joy, as in welcome of a new-born child,
May round the columns twine the fairest wreath.
New life thou wouldst to me and mine impart.

THOAS.

Then, go ! Obey the promptings of thy heart,
And to the voice of reason and good counsel
Close thou thine ear. Be quite the woman, give
To every wish the rein, that, bridleless,
May seize on thee, and whirl thee here and there.
When burns the fire of passion in her breast,

No sacred tie withholds her from the wretch
 Who would allure her to forsake for him
 A husband's or a father's guardian arms ;
 Extinct within her heart its fiery glow,
 The golden tongue of eloquence in vain
 With words of truth and power assails her ear.

IPHIGENIA.

Remember now, O king, thy noble words !
 My trust and candor wilt thou thus repay ?
 Thou seemest, methinks, prepared to hear the truth.

THOAS.

For this unlooked-for answer not prepared.
 Yet 'twas to be expected : knew I not
 That with a woman I had now to deal ?

IPHIGENIA.

Upbraid not thus, O king, our feeble sex !
 Though not in dignity to match with yours,
 The weapons woman wields are not ignoble.
 And trust me, Thoas, in thy happiness
 I have a deeper insight than thyself.
 Thou thinkest, ignorant alike of both,
 A closer union would augment our bliss ;
 Inspired with confidence and honest zeal
 Thou strongly urgest me to yield consent :
 And here I thank the gods, who give me strength
 To shun a doom unratified by them.

THOAS.

'Tis not a god, 'tis thine own heart, that speaks.

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis through the heart alone they speak to us.

THOAS.

To hear them have not an equal right ?

IPHIGENIA.

The raging tempest drowns the still small voice.

THOAS.

This voice no doubt the priestess hears alone.

IPHIGENIA.

Before all others should the prince attend it.

THOAS.

Thy sacred office, and ancestral right
To Jove's own table, place thee with the gods
In closer union than an earth-born savage.

IPHIGENIA.

Thus must I now the confidence atone
Thyself didst wring from me!

THOAS.

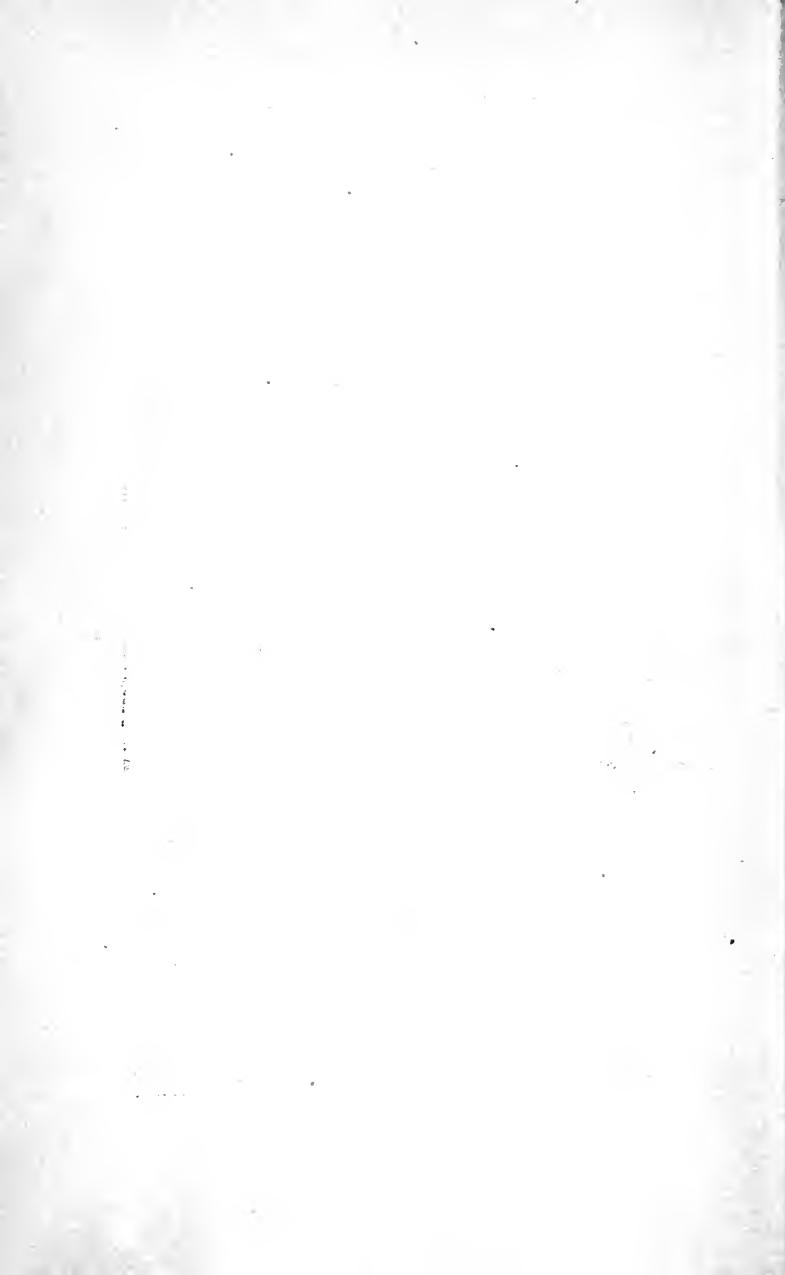
I am a man.

And better 'tis we end this conference.
Hear, then, my last resolve. Be priestess still
Of the great goddess who selected thee;
And may she pardon me, that I from her,
Unjustly, and with secret self-reproach,
Her ancient sacrifice so long withheld!
From olden time no stranger neared our shore
But fell a victim at her sacred shrine.
But thou, with kind affection (which at times
Seemed like a gentle daughter's tender love,
At times assumed to my enraptured heart
The modest inclination of a bride),
Didst so inthrall me, as with magic bonds,
That I forgot my duty. Thou didst rock
My senses in a dream: I did not hear
My people's murmurs; now they cry aloud,
Ascribing my poor son's untimely death
To this my guilt. No longer for thy sake
Will I oppose the wishes of the crowd,
Who urgently demand the sacrifice.

IPHIGENIA.

For mine own sake I ne'er desired it from thee.
Who to the gods ascribe a thirst for blood
Do misconceive their nature, and impute





To them their own inhuman dark desires.
 Did not Diana snatch me from the priest,
 Holding my service dearer than my death?

THOAS.

'Tis not for us, on reason's shifting grounds,
 Lightly to guide and construe rites divine.
 Perform thy duty: I'll accomplish mine.
 Two strangers, whom in caverns of the shore
 We found concealed, and whose arrival here
 Bodes to my realm no good, are in my power.
 With them thy goddess may once more resume
 Her ancient, pious, long-suspended rites!
 I send them here, — thy duty not unknown.

[*Exit.*

IPHIGENIA (*alone*).

Gracious protectress! thou hast clouds
 To shelter innocence distressed,
 And from the arms of iron fate,
 Gently to waft her o'er the sea,
 O'er the wide earth's remotest realms,
 Where'er it seemeth good to thee.
 Wise art thou, — thine all-seeing eye
 The future and the past surveys:
 Thy glance doth o'er thy children rest,
 E'en as thy light, the life of night,
 Keeps o'er the earth its silent watch.
 O Goddess! keep my hands from blood!
 Blessing it never brings, and peace;
 And still in evil hours the form
 Of the chance-murdered man appears
 To fill the unwilling murderer's soul
 With horrible and gloomy fears.
 For fondly the Immortals view
 Man's widely scattered, simple race;
 And the poor mortal's transient life
 Gladly prolong, that he may lift
 Awhile to their eternal heavens
 His sympathetic joyous gaze.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — ORESTES, PYLADES.

ORESTES.

It is the path of death that now we tread :
 At every step my soul grows more serene.
 When I implored Apollo to remove
 The grisly band of Furies from my side,
 He seemed, with hope-inspiring, god-like words,
 To promise aid and safety in the fane
 Of his loved sister, who o'er Tauris rules.
 Thus the prophetic word fulfils itself,
 That with my life shall terminate my woe.
 How easy 'tis for me, whose heart is crushed,
 Whose sense is deadened by a hand divine,
 Thus to renounce the beauteous light of day!
 And must the son of Atreus not intertwine
 The wreath of conquest round his dying brow?
 Must I, as my forefathers, as my sire,
 Bleed like a victim, — an ignoble death?
 So be it! Better at the altar here,
 Than in a nook obscure, where kindred hands
 Have spread assassination's wily net.
 Yield me this brief repose, infernal Powers!
 Ye, who, like loosened hounds, still scent the blood
 Which, trickling from my feet, betrays my path.
 Leave me! ere long I come to you below.
 Nor you, nor I, should view the light of day.
 The soft green carpet of the beauteous earth
 Is no arena for unhallowed fiends.
 Below I seek you, where an equal fate
 Binds all in murky, never-ending night.
 Thee only, thee, my Pylades, my friend,
 The guiltless partner of my crime and curse,
 Thee am I loath, before thy time, to take
 To yonder cheerless shore! Thy life or death
 Alone awakens in me hope or fear.

PYLADES.

Like thee, Orestes, I am not prepared
 Downwards to wander to yon realm of shade.

I purpose still, through the entangled paths,
 Which seem as they would lead to blackest night,
 Again to wind our upward way to life.
 Of death I think not: I observe and mark
 Whether the gods may not perchance present
 Means and fit moment for a joyful flight.
 Dreaded or not, the stroke of death must come,
 And though the priestess stood with hand upraised,
 Prepared to cut our consecrated locks,
 Our safety still should be my only thought:
 Uplift thy soul above this weak despair;
 Desponding doubts but hasten on our peril.
 Apollo pledged to us his sacred word,
 That in his sister's holy fane for thee
 Were comfort, aid, and glad return prepared.
 The words of Heaven are not equivocal.
 As in despair the poor oppressed one thinks.

ORESTES.

The mystic web of life my mother cast
 Around my infant head, and so I grew
 An image of my sire; and my mute look
 Was aye a bitter and a keen reproof
 To her and base Ægisthus. Oh, how oft,
 When silently within our gloomy hall
 Electra sat, and mused beside the fire,
 Have I with anguished spirit climbed her knee,
 And watched her bitter tears with sad amaze!
 Then would she tell me of our noble sire:
 How much I longed to see him — be with him!
 Myself at Troy one moment fondly wished,
 My sire's return the next. The day arrived —

PYLADES.

Oh, of that awful hour let fiends of hell
 Hold nightly converse! Of a time more fair
 May the remembrance animate our hearts
 To fresh heroic deeds. The gods require
 On this wide earth the service of the good,
 To work their pleasure. Still they count on thee;
 For in thy father's train they sent thee not,
 When he to Orcus went unwilling down.

ORESTES.

Would I had seized the border of his robe,
And followed him!

PYLADES.

They kindly cared for me
Who held thee here: for, hadst thou ceased to live,
I know not what had then become of me;
Since I with thee, and for thy sake alone,
Have from my childhood lived, and wish to live.

ORESTES.

Remind me not of those delightful days
When me thy home a safe asylum gave:
With fond solicitude thy noble sire
The half-nipped tender floweret gently reared;
While thou, a friend and playmate always gay,
Like to a light and brilliant butterfly
Around a dusky flower, didst day by day
Around me with new life thy gambols urge,
And breathe thy joyous spirit in my soul,
Until, my cares forgetting, I with thee
Was lured to snatch the eager joys of youth.

PYLADES.

My very life began when thee I loved.

ORESTES.

Say, then thy woes began, and thou speakest truly.
This is the sharpest sorrow of my lot,
That, like a plague-infected wretch, I bear
Death and destruction hid within my breast;
That, where I tread, e'en on the healthiest spot,
Ere long the blooming faces round betray
The anguished features of a lingering death.

PYLADES.

Were thy breath venom, I had been the first
To die that death, Orestes. Am I not,
As ever, full of courage and of joy?
And love and courage are the spirit's wings
Wafting to noble actions.

ORESTES.

Noble actions?

Time was, when fancy painted such before us !
 When oft, the game pursuing, on we roamed
 O'er hill and valley ; hoping, that ere long,
 Like our great ancestors in heart and hand,
 With club and weapon armed, we so might track
 The robber to his den, or monster huge.
 And then at twilight, by the boundless sea,
 Peaceful we sat, reclined against each other ;
 The waves came dancing to our very feet,
 And all before us lay the wide, wide world ;
 Then on a sudden one would seize his sword,
 And future deeds shone round us like the stars,
 Which gemmed in countless throngs the vault of night.

PYLADES.

Endless, my friend, the projects which the soul
 Burns to accomplish. We would every deed
 At once perform as grandly as it shows
 After long ages, when from land to land
 The poet's swelling song hath rolled it on.
 It sounds so lovely what our fathers did,
 When, in the silent evening-shade reclined,
 We drink it in with music's melting tones ;
 And what we do is, as their deeds to them,
 Toilsome and incomplete !
 Thus we pursue what always flies before :
 We disregard the path in which we tread,
 Scarce see around the footsteps of our sires,
 Or heed the trace of their career on earth.
 We ever hasten on to chase their shades,
 Which, god-like, at a distance far remote,
 On golden clouds, the mountain summits crown.
 The man I prize not who esteems himself
 Just as the people's breath may chance to raise him.
 But thou, Orestes, to the gods give thanks,
 That they through thee have early done so much.

ORESTES.

When they ordain a man to noble deeds,
 To shield from dire calamity his friends,
 Extend his empire, or protect its bounds,

Or put to flight its ancient enemies,
 Let him be grateful! For to him a god
 Imparts the first, the sweetest, joy of life.
 Me have they doomed to be a slaughterer,
 To be an honored mother's murderer,
 And, shamefully a deed of shame avenging,
 Me through their own decree they have o'erwhelmed.
 Trust me, the race of Tantalus is doomed;
 And I, his last descendant, may not perish,
 Or crowned with honor or unstained by crime.

PYLADES.

The gods avenge not on the son the deeds
 Done by the father. Each, or good or bad,
 Of his own actions reaps the due reward.
 The parents' blessing, not their curse, descends.

ORESTES.

Methinks their blessing did not lead us here.

PYLADES.

It was at least the mighty gods' decree.

ORESTES.

Then is it their decree which doth destroy us.

PYLADES.

Perform what they command, and wait the event.
 Do thou Apollo's sister bear from hence,
 That they at Delphi may united dwell,
 There by a noble-thoughted race revered:
 Thee, for this deed, the lofty pair will view
 With gracious eye, and from the hateful grasp
 Of the infernal Powers will rescue thee.
 E'en now none dares intrude within this grove.

ORESTES.

So shall I die at least a peaceful death.

PYLADES.

Far other are my thoughts, and not unskilled
 Have I the future and the past combined

In quiet meditation. Long, perchance,
 Hath ripened in the counsel of the gods
 The great event. Diana yearns to leave
 The savage coast of these barbarians,
 Foul with their sacrifice of human blood.
 We were selected for the high emprise:
 To us it is assigned, and strangely thus
 We are conducted to the threshold here.

ORESTES.

My friend, with wondrous skill thou linkest thy wish
 With the predestined purpose of the gods.

PYLADES.

Of what avail is prudence, if it fail
 Heedful to mark the purposes of Heaven?
 A noble man, who much hath sinned, some god
 Doth summon to a dangerous enterprise,
 Which to achieve appears impossible.
 The hero conquers, and atoning serves
 Mortals and gods, who thenceforth honor him.

ORESTES.

Am I foredoomed to action and to life,
 Would that a god from my distempered brain
 Might chase this dizzy fever, which impels
 My restless steps along a slippery path,
 Stained with a mother's blood, to direful death,
 And, pitying, dry the fountain, whence the blood,
 Forever spouting from a mother's wounds,
 Eternally defiles me!

PYLADES.

Wait in peace!

Thou dost increase the evil, and dost take
 The office of the Furies on thyself.
 Let me contrive — be still! And when at length
 The time for action claims our powers combined,
 Then will I summon thee, and on we'll stride,
 With cautious boldness to achieve the event.

ORESTES.

I hear Ulysses speak.

PYLADES.

Nay, mock me not.

Each must select the hero after whom
 To climb the steep and difficult ascent
 Of high Olympus. And to me it seems
 That him nor stratagem nor art defiles
 Who consecrates himself to noble deeds.

ORESTES.

I most esteem the brave and upright man.

PYLADES.

And therefore have I not desired thy counsel.
 One step's already taken. From our guards
 E'en now I this intelligence have gained, —
 A strange and godlike woman holds in check
 The execution of that bloody law :
 Incense and prayer, and an unsullied heart, —
 These are the gifts she offers to the gods.
 Rumor extols her highly : it is thought
 That from the race of Amazon she springs,
 And hither fled some great calamity.

ORESTES.

Her gentle sway, it seems, lost all its power
 When hither came the culprit whom the curse,
 Like murky night, envelops and pursues.
 Our doom to seal, the pious thirst for blood
 The ancient cruel rite again unchains :
 The monarch's savage will decrees our death ;
 A woman cannot save when he condemns.

PYLADES.

That 'tis a woman, is a ground for hope !
 A man, the very best, with cruelty
 At length may so familiarize his mind,
 His character through custom so transform,
 That he shall come to make himself a law
 Of what at first his very soul abhorred.
 But woman doth retain the stamp of mind
 She first assumed. On her we may depend
 In good or evil with more certainty.

She comes : leave us alone. I dare not tell
 At once our names, nor unreserved confide
 Our fortunes to her. Now, retire a while ;
 And ere she speaks with thee we'll meet again.

SCENE II. — IPHIGENIA, PYLADES.

IPHIGENIA.

Whence art thou? Stranger, speak! To me thy bearing
 Stamps thee of Grecian, not of Scythian, race.

(She unbinds his chains.)

The freedom that I give is dangerous :
 The gods avert the doom that threatens you !

PYLADES.

Delicious music ! dearly welcome tones
 Of our own language in a foreign land !
 With joy my captive eye once more beholds
 The azure mountains of my native coast.
 Oh, let this joy that I too am a Greek
 Convince thee, priestess ! How I need thine aid,
 A moment I forget, my spirit rapt
 In contemplation of so fair a vision.
 If fate's dread mandate doth not seal thy lips,
 From which of our illustrious races say,
 Dost thou thy god-like origin derive ?

IPHIGENIA.

The priestess whom the goddess hath herself
 Selected and ordained doth speak with thee.
 Let that suffice ; but tell me, who art thou,
 And what unblessed o'erruling destiny
 Hath hither led thee with thy friend ?

PYLADES.

The woe,
 Whose hateful presence ever dogs our steps,
 I can with ease relate. Oh, would that thou
 Couldst with like ease, divine one, shed on us
 One ray of cheering hope ! We are from Crete,
 Adrastus' sons, and I, the youngest born,
 Named Cephalus ; my eldest brother, he,

Laodamas. Between us stood a youth
 Savage and wild, who severed e'en in sport
 The joy and concord of our early youth.
 Long as our father led his powers at Troy,
 Passive our mother's mandate we obeyed ;
 But when, enriched with booty, he returned,
 And shortly after died, a contest fierce,
 Both for the kingdom and their father's wealth,
 His children parted. I the eldest joined ;
 He slew our brother ; and the Furies hence
 For kindred murder dog his restless steps.
 But to this savage shore the Delphian god
 Hath sent us, cheered by hope. He bade us wait
 Within his sister's consecrated fane
 The blessed hand of aid. Captives we are ;
 And, hither brought, before thee now we stand
 Ordained for sacrifice. My tale is told.

IPHIGENIA.

Fell Troy ! Dear man, assure me of its fall.

PYLADES.

Prostrate it lies. Oh, unto us insure
 Deliverance ! The promised aid of heaven
 More swiftly bring. Take pity on my brother.
 Oh, say to him a kind, a gracious word :
 But spare him when thou speakest, — earnestly
 This I implore ; for all too easily,
 Through joy and sorrow and through memory,
 Torn and distracted is his inmost being.
 A feverish madness oft doth seize on him,
 Yielding his spirit, beautiful and free,
 A prey to furies.

IPHIGENIA.

Great as is thy woe,
 Forget it, I conjure thee, for a while,
 Till I am satisfied.

PYLADES.

The stately town,
 Which ten long years withstood the Grecian host,
 Now lies in ruins, ne'er to rise again ;

Yet many a hero's grave will oft recall
Our sad remembrance to that barbarous shore.
There lies Achilles and his noble friend.

IPHIGENIA.

So are ye god-like forms reduced to dust!

PYLADES.

Nor Palamede, nor Ajax, e'er again
The daylight of their native land beheld.

IPHIGENIA.

He speaks not of my father, doth not name
Him with the fallen. He may yet survive!
I may behold him! still hope on, fond heart!

PYLADES.

Yet happy are the thousands who received
Their bitter death-blow from a hostile hand!
For terror wild, and end most tragical,
Some hostile, angry deity prepared,
Instead of triumph, for the home-returning.
Do human voices never reach this shore?
Far as their sound extends, they bear the fame
Of deeds unparalleled. And is the woe
Which fills Mycene's halls with ceaseless sighs
To thee a secret still?— And knowest thou not
That Clytemnestra, with Ægisthus' aid,
Her royal consort artfully ensnared,
And murdered on the day of his return?—
The monarch's house thou honorest! I perceive
Thy breast with tidings vainly doth contend
Fraught with such monstrous and unlooked-for woe.
Art thou the daughter of a friend? art born
Within the circuit of Mycene's walls?
Conceal it not, nor call me to account
That here the horrid crime I first announce.

IPHIGENIA.

Proceed, and tell me how the deed was done!

PYLADES.

The day of his return, as from the bath
 Arose the monarch, tranquil and refreshed,
 His robe demanding from his consort's hand,
 A tangled garment, complicate with folds,
 She o'er his shoulders flung and noble head :
 And when, as from a net, he vainly strove
 To extricate himself, the traitor, base
 Ægisthus, smote him ; and, enveloped thus,
 Great Agamemnon sought the shades below.

IPHIGENIA.

And what reward received the base accomplice?

PYLADES.

A queen and kingdom he possessed already.

IPHIGENIA.

Base passion prompted, then, the deed of shame?

PYLADES.

And feelings, cherished long, of deep revenge.

IPHIGENIA.

How had the monarch injured Clytemnestra?

PYLADES.

By such a dreadful deed, that, if on earth
 Aught could exculpate murder, it were this.
 To Aulis he allured her, when the fleet
 With unpropitious winds the goddess stayed ;
 And there, a victim at Diana's shrine,
 The monarch, for the welfare of the Greeks,
 Her eldest daughter doomed, Iphigenia.
 And this, so rumor saith, within her heart
 Planted such deep abhorrence, that forthwith
 She to Ægisthus hath resigned herself,
 And round her husband flung the web of death.

IPHIGENIA (*veiling herself*).

It is enough ! Thou wilt again behold me.

PYLADES (*alone*).

The fortune of this royal house, it seems,
Doth move her deeply. Whosoe'er she be,
She must herself have known the monarch well ; —
For our good fortune, from a noble house,
She hath been sold to bondage. Peace, my heart !
And let us steer our course with prudent zeal
Toward the star of hope which gleams upon us.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — IPHIGENIA, ORESTES.

IPHIGENIA.

Unhappy man, I only loose thy bonds
In token of a still severer doom.
The freedom which the sanctuary imparts,
Like the last life-gleam o'er the dying face,
But heralds death. I cannot, dare not, say
Your doom is hopeless ; for, with murderous hand,
Could I inflict the fatal blow myself ?
And, while I here am priestess of Diana,
None, be he who he may, dare touch your heads.
But the incensed king, should I refuse
Compliance with the rites himself enjoined,
Will choose another virgin from my train
As my successor. Then, alas ! with naught,
Save ardent wishes, can I succor you,
Much-honored countrymen ! The humblest slave,
Who had but neared our sacred household hearth,
Is dearly welcome in a foreign land :
How with proportioned joy and blessing, then,
Shall I receive the man who doth recall
The image of the heroes, whom I learned
To honor from my parents, and who cheers
My inmost heart with flattering gleams of hope !

ORESTES.

Does prudent forethought prompt thee to conceal
Thy name and race ? or may I hope to know
Who, like a heavenly vision, meets me thus ?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, thou shalt know me. Now conclude the tale
 Of which thy brother only told me half :
 Relate their end, who, coming home from Troy,
 On their own threshold met a doom severe
 And most unlooked for. Young I was in sooth
 When first conducted to this foreign shore,
 Yet well I recollect the timid glance
 Of wonder and amazement which I cast
 On those heroic forms. When they went forth,
 It seemed as though Olympus had sent down
 The glorious figures of a by-gone world,
 To frighten Ilion ; and above them all,
 Great Agamemnon towered pre-eminent !
 Oh, tell me ! Fell the hero in his home,
 Through Clytemnestra's and Ægisthus' wiles ?

ORESTES.

He fell !

IPHIGENIA.

Unblest Mycene ! Thus the sons
 Of Tantalus, with barbarous hands, have sown
 Curse upon curse ; and, as the shaken weed
 Scatters around a thousand poison-seeds,
 So they assassins ceaseless generate,
 Their children's children ruthless to destroy. —
 Now tell the remnant of thy brother's tale,
 Which horror darkly hid from me before.
 How did the last descendant of the race, —
 The gentle child, to whom the gods assigned
 The office of avenger, — how did he
 Escape that day of blood ? Did equal fate
 Around Orestes throw Avernus' net ?
 Say, was he saved ? and is he still alive ?
 And lives Electra too ?

ORESTES.

They both survive.

IPHIGENIA.

Golden Apollo, lend thy choicest beams !
 Lay them an offering at the throne of Jove !
 For I am poor and dumb !

ORESTES.

If social bonds,
Or ties more close, connect thee with this house,
As this thy rapturous joy betrayeth to me,
Oh, then, rein in thy heart and hold it fast!
For insupportable the sudden plunge
From happiness to sorrow's gloomy depth.
Thou knowest only Agamemnon's death.

IPHIGENIA

And is not this intelligence enough?

ORESTES.

Half of the horror only hast thou heard.

IPHIGENIA.

What should I fear? Oreste, Electra, live.

ORESTES.

And fearest thou for Clytemnestra naught?

IPHIGENIA.

Her, neither hope nor fear hath power to save.

ORESTES.

She to the land of hope hath bid farewell.

IPHIGENIA.

Did her repentant hand shed her own blood?

ORESTES.

Not so; yet her own blood inflicted death.

IPHIGENIA.

More plainly speak, nor leave me in suspense.
Uncertainty around my anxious head
Her dusky, thousand-folded pinion waves.

ORESTES.

Have, then, the powers above selected me
To be the herald of a dreadful deed,

Which in the drear and soundless realms of night
 I fain would hide forever? 'Gainst my will
 Thy gentle voice constrains me: it demands,
 And shall receive, a tale of direst woe.
 Electra, on the day when fell her sire,
 Her brother from impending doom concealed:
 Him Strophius, his father's relative,
 Received with kindest care, and reared him up,
 With his own son, named Pylades, who soon
 Around the stranger twined love's fairest bonds.
 And as they grew, within their inmost souls,
 There sprang the burning longing to revenge
 The monarch's death. Unlooked for, and disguised,
 They reach Mycene, feigning to have brought
 The mournful tidings of Orestes' death,
 Together with his ashes. Them the queen
 Gladly receives. Within the house they enter:
 Orestes to Electra shows himself;
 She fans the fires of vengeance into flame,
 Which, in the sacred presence of a mother,
 Had burned more dimly. Silently she leads
 Her brother to the spot where fell their sire;
 Where lurid blood-marks, on the oft-washed floor,
 With pallid streaks anticipate revenge.
 With fiery eloquence she pictured forth
 Each circumstance of that atrocious deed, —
 Her own oppressed and miserable life,
 The prosperous traitor's insolent demeanor,
 The perils threatening Agamemnon's race
 From her who had become their stepmother. —
 Then in his hand the ancient dagger thrust,
 Which often in the house of Tantalus
 With savage fury raged, — and by her son
 Was Clytemnestra slain.

IPHIGENIA.

Immortal powers!
 Whose pure and blest existence glides away
 'Mid ever-shifting clouds, me have ye kept
 So many years secluded from the world,
 Retained me near yourselves, consigned to me
 The child-like task to feed the sacred fire,
 And taught my spirit, like the hallowed flame,
 With never-clouded brightness to aspire

To your pure mansions, — but at length to feel
 With keener woe the horror of my house?
 Oh, tell me of the poor unfortunate!
 Speak of Orestes!

ORESTES.

Oh, could I speak to tell thee of his death!
 Forth from the slain one's spouting blood arose
 His mother's ghost;
 And to the ancient daughters of the night
 Cries, "Let him not escape, — the matricide!
 Pursue the victim, dedicate to you!"
 They hear, and glare around with hollow eyes,
 Like greedy eagles. In their murky dens
 They stir themselves; and from the corners creep
 Their comrades, dire Remorse and pallid Fear;
 Before them fumes a mist of Acheron;
 Perplexingly around the murderer's brow
 The eternal contemplation of the past
 Rolls in its cloudy circles. Once again
 The grisly band, commissioned to destroy,
 Pollute earth's beautiful and heaven-sown fields,
 From which an ancient curse had banished them.
 Their rapid feet the fugitive pursue:
 They only pause to start a wilder fear.

IPHIGENIA.

Unhappy one: thy lot resembles his;
 Thou feelest what he, poor fugitive, must suffer.

ORESTES.

What sayest thou? Why presume my fate like his?

IPHIGENIA.

A brother's murder weighs upon thy soul:
 Thy younger brother told the mournful tale.

ORESTES.

I cannot suffer that thy noble soul
 Should by a word of falsehood be deceived.
 In cunning rich and practised in deceit,
 A web ensnaring let the stranger weave
 To snare the stranger's feet: between us twain
 Be truth!

I am Orestes ! and this guilty head
 Is stooping to the tomb, and covets death :
 It will be welcome now in any shape.
 Whoe'er thou art, for thee and for my friend
 I wish deliverance ; — I desire it not.
 Thou seemest to linger here against thy will :
 Contrive some means of flight, and leave me here ;
 My lifeless corpse hurled headlong from the rock,
 My blood shall mingle with the dashing waves,
 And bring a curse upon this barbarous shore !
 Return together home to lovely Greece,
 With joy a new existence to commence.

(ORESTES *retires.*)

IPHIGENIA.

At length Fulfilment, fairest child of Jove,
 Thou dost descend upon me from on high !
 How vast thine image ! scarce my straining eye
 Can reach thy hands, which, filled with golden fruit
 And wreaths of blessing, from Olympus' height
 Shower treasures down. As by his bounteous gifts
 We recognize the monarch (for what seems
 To thousands opulence, is naught to him) ;
 So you, ye heavenly Powers, are also known
 By bounty long withheld, and wisely planned.
 Ye only know what things are good for us :
 Ye view the future's wide-extended realm,
 While from our eye a dim or starry veil
 The prospect shrouds. Calmly ye hear our prayers,
 When we like children sue for greater speed.
 Not immature ye pluck heaven's golden fruit,
 And woe to him who with impatient hand,
 His date of joy forestalling, gathers death.
 Let not this long-awaited happiness,
 Which yet my heart hath scarcely realized,
 Like to the shadow of departed friends,
 Glide vainly by with triple sorrow fraught !

ORESTES (*returning*).

Dost thou for Pylades and for thyself
 Implore the gods, blend not my name with yours :
 Thou wilt not save the wretch whom thou wouldst join,
 But will participate his curse and woe.

IPHIGENIA.

My destiny is firmly bound to thine.

ORESTES.

No, say not so : alone and unattended
 Let me descend to Hades. Though thou shouldst
 In thine own veil enwrap the guilty one,
 Thou couldst not shroud him from his wakeful foes ;
 And e'en thy sacred presence, heavenly maid,
 But driveth them aside and scares them not.
 With brazen, impious feet they dare not tread
 Within the precincts of this sacred grove ;
 Yet in the distance, ever and anon,
 I hear their horrid laughter, like the howl
 Of famished wolves, beneath the tree wherein
 The traveller hides. Without, encamped they lie ;
 And should I quit this consecrated grove,
 Shaking their serpent locks, they would arise,
 And, raising clouds of dust on every side,
 Ceaseless pursue their miserable prey.

IPHIGENIA.

Orestes, canst thou hear a friendly word ?

ORESTES.

Reserve it for one favored by the gods.

IPHIGENIA.

To thee they give anew the light of hope

ORESTES.

Through clouds and smoke I see the feeble gleam
 Of the death-stream which lights me down to nell

IPHIGENIA.

Hast thou one sister only, thy Electra ?

ORESTES.

I knew but one ; yet her kind destiny,
 Which seemed to us so terrible, betimes
 Removed an elder sister from the woe

Which o'er the house of Pelops aye impends.
 Oh, cease thy questions, nor thus league thyself
 With the Erinnyes! still they blow away,
 With fiendish joy, the ashes from my soul,
 Lest the last embers of the fiery brand,
 The fatal heritage of Pelops' house,
 Should there be quenched. Must, then, the fire for aye,
 Deliberately kindled and supplied
 With hellish sulphur, sear my tortured soul?

IPHIGENIA.

I scatter fragrant incense in the flame.
 Oh, let the pure, the gentle, breath of love,
 Low murmuring, cool thy bosom's fiery glow!
 Orestes, fondly loved, — canst thou not hear me?
 Hath the terrific Furies' grisly band
 Dried up the blood of life within thy veins?
 Creeps there, as from the Gorgon's direful head,
 A petrifying charm through all thy limbs?
 With hollow accents from a mother's blood,
 If voices call thee to the shades below,
 May not a sister's word, with blessing rife,
 Call from Olympus' height help-rendering gods?

ORESTES.

She calls! she calls! — Dost thou desire my doom?
 Is there a Fury shrouded in thy form?
 Who art thou, that thy voice thus horribly
 Can harrow up my bosom's inmost depths?

IPHIGENIA.

Thine inmost heart reveals it. I am she, —
 Iphigenia! — look on me, Orestes!

ORESTES.

Thou!

IPHIGENIA.

My own brother

ORESTES.

Hence, away, begone!
 I counsel thee, touch not these fatal locks!

As from Creusa's bridal robe, from me
 An inextinguishable fire is kindled.
 Leave me! Like Hercules, a death of shame,
 Unworthy wretch, locked in myself, I'll die!

IPHIGENIA.

Thou shalt not perish! Would that I might hear
 One quiet word from thee! dispel my doubts,
 Make sure the bliss I have implored so long.
 A wheel of joy and sorrow in my heart
 Ceaseless revolves. I from a man unknown
 With horror turn, but with resistless might
 My inmost heart impels me to my brother.

ORESTES.

Is this Lyæus' temple? Doth the glow
 Of holy rage unbridled thus possess
 The sacred priestess?

IPHIGENIA.

Hear me! Oh, look up!
 See how my heart, which hath been closed so long,
 Doth open to the bliss of seeing thee,
 The dearest treasure that the world contains, —
 Of falling on thy neck, and folding thee
 Within my longing arms, which have till now
 Met the embraces of the empty wind.
 Do not repulse me, — the eternal spring,
 Whose crystal waters from Parnassus flow,
 Bounds not more gayly on from rock to rock,
 Down to the golden vale, than from my heart
 The waters of affection freely gush,
 And round me form a circling sea of bliss.
 Orestes! O my brother!

ORESTES.

Lovely nymph!
 Nor thy caresses, nor thyself, I trust:
 Diana claims attendants more severe,
 And doth avenge her desecrated fane.
 Remove thy circling arm! Wilt thou indeed
 Safety and love upon a youth bestow,
 And fondly tender him earth's fairest joy?

Unto my friend, more worthy than myself,
Impart thy favors ; 'mong yon rocks he roves :
Go, seek him, guide him hence, and heed not me.

IPHIGENIA.

Brother, command thyself, and better know
Thy sister, newly found ! Miconstrue not
Her pure and heavenly rapture, blaming it
As lustful heat unbridled. O ye gods,
Remove delusion from his rigid gaze,
Lest that this moment, fraught with bliss supreme,
Should make us trebly wretched ! She is here,
Thine own, thy long-lost sister ! From the altar
The goddess rescued me, and placed me here,
Secure within her consecrated fane —
A captive thou, prepared for sacrifice,
And findest here a sister in the priestess.

ORESTES.

Unblessèd one ! So may the radiant sun
The final horror of our house behold !
Is not Electra here ? That she with us
May also perish, nor her life prolong
For heavier destiny and direr woe.
'Tis well — I follow, priestess ! Fratricide
Is an old custom of our ancient house ;
And you, ye gods, I thank, that ye resolve
Childless to root me hence. Thee let me counsel
To view too fondly neither sun nor stars.
Come, follow to the gloomy realms below !
As dragons, gendered in the sulphur pool,
Swallow each other with voracious rage,
So our accursed race destroys itself.
Childless and guiltless come below with me !
There's pity in thy look ! oh, gaze not so ! —
'Twas with such looks that Clytemnestra sought
An entrance to her son Orestes' heart,
And yet his upraised arm her bosom pierced.
His mother fell ! — Appear, indignant shade !
Within the circle step, ye fiends of hell,
Be present at the welcome spectacle,
The last, most horrible, that ye prepare !
Nor hate, nor vengeance whets the poniard now :

A loving sister is constrained to deal
 The fatal blow. Weep not! Thou hast no guilt.
 From earliest infancy I naught have loved,
 As thee I could have loved, my sister. Come,
 The weapon raise, spare not, this bosom rend,
 And make an outlet for its boiling streams!

(*He sinks exhausted.*)

IPHIGENIA.

Alone I cannot bear this bliss and woe.
 Where art thou, Pylades? Thine aid I need.

(*IPHIGENIA retires.*)

SCENE II.

ORESTES (*recovering from his swoon and standing up*).

Give yet another! reach from Lethe's stream
 The last reviving draught of cool refreshment!
 Soon shall its waters in my bosom still
 Life's fitful fever; and my spirit then
 Adown oblivion's stream shall glide to you,
 Ye spirits shrouded in eternal mist.
 With tranquil pleasure in your deep repose,
 A weary son of earth may lave his soul! —
 What whispering sounds pervade the dreary grove?
 What hollow murmurs haunt its twilight gloom? —
 They gather round to view the stranger guest!
 Who are yon troop in high communion met,
 Like an assembled family of princes?
 They mingle peacefully, of every age,
 Of either sex: godlike, of kindred mould,
 Appear the gliding figures. Yes, 'tis they,
 The fathers of my race! With Atreus,
 In friendly converse glides Thyestes' shade;
 And children playfully around them sport.
 Is there no enmity among you now?
 And is revenge extinguished with the sun?
 So am I also welcome, and may hope
 To mingle in your solemn company.
 Welcome, my sires! Orestes bids you hail!
 The seed that ye have sowed, that hath he reaped.
 Laden with curses he descends to you.
 But burdens here are lighter far to bear.
 Receive him, oh, receive him in your circle!

Thee, Atreus, I revere, and thee, Thyestes :
 Here all are free from enmity and hate. —
 Show me my father, whom I only once
 In life beheld. — Art thou my father, thou,
 My mother leading thus familiarly?
 Dares Clytemnestra reach her hand to thee?
 Then may Orestes also draw near her,
 And say, Behold thy son! — my ancestors,
 Behold your son, and bid him welcome here.
 Among the sons of ancient Tantalus,
 A kind salute on earth was murder's watchword ;
 And all their joys commence beyond the grave.
 Ye welcome me! Ye bid me join your circle!
 Oh, lead me to my honored ancestor!
 Where is our aged sire? Let me behold
 The dear, the venerable head of him
 Who with the immortal gods in council sat.
 Ye seem to shudder, and to turn away!
 What may this mean? Suffers the god-like man?
 Alas! the mighty gods, with ruthless hate,
 To his heroic breast, with brazen chains,
 Have cruel pangs indissolubly bound.

SCENE III. — ORESTES, IPHIGENIA, PYLADES.

ORESTES.

How! Are ye come already here below?
 Welcome, my sister! Still Electra fails:
 Oh that some kindly god, with gentle arrow,
 Her too, full speedily, would downward send!
 Thee, hapless friend, I must compassionate!
 Come with me! Come! To Pluto's gloomy throne,
 There to salute our hosts like stranger guests.

IPHIGENIA.

Celestial pair, who from the realms above
 By night and day shed down the beauteous light
 To cheer mankind, but who may not illumine
 Departed spirits, save a mortal pair,
 A brother's and a sister's anguish pity!
 For thou, Diana, lovest thy gentle brother
 Beyond what earth and heaven can offer thee;

And dost, with quiet yearning, ever turn
 Thy virgin face to his eternal light.
 Let not my only brother, found so late,
 Rave in the darkness of insanity!
 And is thy will, when thou didst here conceal me,
 At length fulfilled, — wouldst thou to me through him,
 To him through me, thy gracious aid extend, —
 Oh, free him from the fetters of this curse,
 Lest vainly pass the precious hours of safety.

PYLADES.

Dost thou not know us, and this sacred grove,
 And this blest light, which shines not on the dead?
 Dost thou not feel thy sister and thy friend,
 Who hold the living in their firm embrace?
 Us firmly grasp: we are not empty shades.
 Mark well my words! Collect thy scattered thoughts!
 Attend! Each moment is of priceless worth;
 And our return hangs on a slender thread,
 Which, as it seems, some gracious fate doth spin.

ORESTES (*to IPHIGENIA*).

My sister, let me for the first time taste,
 With open heart, pure joy within thine arms!
 Ye gods, who charge the heavy clouds with dread,
 And, sternly gracious, send the long-sought rain
 With thunder and the rush of mighty winds,
 A horrid deluge on the trembling earth,
 Yet dissipate at length man's dread suspense,
 Exchanging timid wonder's anxious gaze
 For grateful looks and joyous songs of praise,
 When, in each sparkling drop which gems the leaves,
 Apollo, thousand-fold, reflects his beam,
 And Iris colors with a magic hand
 The dusty texture of the parting clouds,
 Oh, let me also in my sister's arms,
 And on the bosom of my friend, enjoy
 With grateful thanks the bliss ye now bestow!
 My heart assures me that your curses cease.
 The dread Eumenides at length retire:
 The brazen gates of Tartarus I hear
 Behind them closing with a thunderous clang.
 A quickening odor from the earth ascends.

Inviting me to chase, upon its plains,
The joys of life and deeds of high emprise.

PYLADES.

Lose not the moments which are limited !
The favoring gale, which swells our parting sail,
Must to Olympus waft our perfect joy.
Quick counsel and resolve the time demands.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

IPHIGENIA.

When the Powers on high decree
For a feeble child of earth
Dire perplexity and woe,
And his spirit doom to pass
With tumult wild from joy to grief,
And back again from grief to joy,
In fearful alternation,
They in mercy then provide,
In the precincts of his home,
Or upon the distant shore,
That to him may never fail
Ready help in hours of need,
A tranquil, faithful friend.
Oh, bless, ye heavenly powers, our Pylades,
And whatsoever he may undertake !
He is in fight the vigorous arm of youth,
And his the thoughtful eye of age in counsel :
For tranquil is his soul ; he guardeth there
Of calm a sacred and exhaustless dower,
And from its depths, in rich supply, outpours
Comfort and counsel for the sore distressed.
He tore me from my brother, upon whom,
With fond amaze, I gazed and gazed again :
I could not realize my happiness,
Nor loose him from my arms, and heeded not
The danger's near approach that threatens us.

To execute their project of escape,
 They hasten to the sea, where, in a bay,
 Their comrades in the vessel lie concealed,
 Waiting a signal. Me they have supplied
 With artful answers, should the monarch send
 To urge the sacrifice. Alas! I see
 I must consent to follow like a child:
 I have not learned deception, nor the art
 To gain with crafty wiles my purposes.
 Detested falsehood! it doth not relieve
 The breast like words of truth: it comforts not,
 But is a torment in the forger's heart,
 And, like an arrow which a god directs,
 Flies back and wounds the archer. Through my heart
 One fear doth chase another: perhaps with rage,
 Again on the unconsecrated shore,
 The Furies' grisly band my brother seize.
 Perchance they are surprised. Methinks I hear
 The tread of armed men. A messenger
 Is coming from the king, with hasty steps.
 How throbs my heart, how troubled is my soul,
 Now that I gaze upon the face of one
 Whom with a word untrue I must encounter!

SCENE II. — IPHIGENIA, ARKAS.

ARKAS.

Priestess, with speed conclude the sacrifice!
 Impatiently the king and people wait.

IPHIGENIA.

I had performed my duty and thy will,
 Had not an unforeseen impediment
 The execution of my purpose thwarted.

ARKAS.

What is it that obstructs the king's commands?

IPHIGENIA.

Chance, which from mortals will not brook control.

ARKAS.

Possess me with the reason, that with speed
I may inform the king, who hath decreed
The death of both.

IPHIGENIA.

The gods have not decreed it.

The elder of these men doth bear the guilt
Of kindred murder: on his steps attend
The dread Erinys. In the inner fane
They seized upon their prey, polluting thus
The holy sanctuary. I hasten now,
Together with my virgin-train, to bathe
The goddess' image in the sea, and there
With solemn rites its purity restore.
Let none presume our silent march to follow!

ARKAS.

This hinderance to the monarch I'll announce:
Commence not thou the rite till he permit.

IPHIGENIA.

The priestess interferes alone in this.

ARKAS.

An incident so strange the king should know.

IPHIGENIA.

Here nor his counsel nor command avails.

ARKAS.

Oft are the great consulted out of form.

IPHIGENIA:

Do not insist on what I must refuse.

ARKAS.

A needful and a just demand refuse not.

IPHIGENIA.

I yield, if thou delay not.

ARKAS.

I with speed
Will bear these tidings to the camp, and soon
Acquaint thee, priestess, with the king's reply.
There is a message I would gladly bear him, —
'Twould quickly banish all perplexity:
Thou didst not heed thy faithful friend's advice.

IPHIGENIA.

I willingly have done whate'er I could.

ARKAS.

E'en now 'tis not too late to change thy purpose.

IPHIGENIA.

To do so is, alas! beyond our power.

ARKAS.

What thou wouldst shun, thou deemest impossible.

IPHIGENIA.

Thy wish doth make thee deem it possible.

ARKAS.

Wilt thou so calmly venture every thing?

IPHIGENIA.

My fate I have committed to the gods.

ARKAS.

The gods are wont to save by human means.

IPHIGENIA.

By their appointment every thing is done.

ARKAS

Believe me, all doth now depend on thee.
The irritated temper of the king
Alone condemns these men to bitter death.

The soldiers from the cruel sacrifice
 And bloody service long have been disused ;
 Nay, many, whom their adverse fortunes cast
 In foreign regions, there themselves have felt
 How god-like to the exiled wanderer
 The friendly countenance of man appears.
 Do not deprive us of thy gentle aid !
 With ease thou canst thy sacred task fulfil ;
 For nowhere doth benignity, which comes
 In human form from heaven, so quickly gain
 An empire o'er the heart, as where a race,
 Gloomy and savage, full of life and power,
 Without external guidance, and oppressed
 With vague forebodings, bear life's heavy load.

IPHIGENIA.

Shake not my spirit, which thou canst not bend
 According to thy will.

ARKAS.

While there is time,
 Nor labor nor persuasion shall be spared.

IPHIGENIA.

Thy labor but occasions pain to me ;
 Both are in vain : therefore, I pray, depart.

ARKAS.

I summon pain to aid me : 'tis a friend
 Who counsels wisely.

IPHIGENIA.

Though it shakes my soul,
 It doth not banish thence my strong repugnance.

ARKAS.

Can, then, a gentle soul repugnance feel
 For benefits bestowed by one so noble ?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, when the donor, for those benefits,
 Instead of gratitude, demands myself.

ARKAS.

Who no affection feels doth never want
Excuses. To the king I will relate
What hath befallen. Oh that in thy soul
Thou wouldst revolve his noble conduct to thee
Since thy arrival to the present day!

SCENE III.

IPHIGENIA (*alone*).

These words at an unseasonable hour
Produce a strong revulsion in my breast:
I am alarmed! — For as the rushing tide
In rapid currents eddies o'er the rocks
Which lie among the sand upon the shore,
E'en so a stream of joy o'erwhelmed my soul.
I grasped what had appeared impossible.
It was as though another gentle cloud
Around me lay, to raise me from the earth,
And rock my spirit in the same sweet sleep
Which the kind goddess shed around my brow,
What time her circling arm from danger snatched me.
My brother forcibly engrossed my heart;
I listened only to his friend's advice;
My soul rushed eagerly to rescue them;
And as the mariner with joy surveys
The lessening breakers of a desert isle,
So Tauris lay behind me. But the voice
Of faithful Arkas wakes me from my dream,
Reminding me that those whom I forsake
Are also men. Deceit doth now become
Doubly detested. O my soul, be still!
Beginnest thou now to tremble and to doubt?
Thy lonely shelter on the firm-set earth
Must thou abandon, and, embarked once more,
At random drift upon tumultuous waves,
A stranger to thyself and to the world?

SCENE IV. — IPHIGENIA, PYLADES.

PYLADES.

Where is she? that my words with speed may tell
The joyful tidings of our near escape!

IPHIGENIA.

Oppressed with gloomy care, I much require
The certain comfort thou dost promise me.

PYLADES.

Thy brother is restored! The rocky paths
Of this unconsecrated shore we trod
In friendly converse; while behind us lay,
Unmarked by us, the consecrated grove;
And ever with increasing glory shone
The fire of youth around his noble brow.
Courage and hope his glowing eye inspired;
And his exultant heart resigned itself
To the delight, the joy, of rescuing
Thee, his deliverer, also me, his friend.

IPHIGENIA.

The gods shower blessings on thee, Pylades!
And from those lips which breathe such welcome news,
Be the sad note of anguish never heard!

PYLADES.

I bring yet more; for fortune, like a prince,
Comes not alone, but well accompanied.
Our friends and comrades we have also found.
Within a bay they had concealed the ship,
And mournful sat expectant. They beheld
Thy brother, and a joyous shout upraised,
Imploring him to haste the parting hour.
Each hand impatient longed to grasp the oar;
While from the shore a gently murmuring breeze,
Perceived by all, unfurled its wing auspicious.
Let us then hasten: guide me to the fane,
That I may tread the sanctuary, and win
With sacred awe the goal of our desires.
I can unaided on my shoulder bear
The goddess' image: how I long to feel
The precious burden!

*(While speaking the last words, he approaches the Temple,
without perceiving that he is not followed by IPHIGENIA:
at length he turns round.)*

Why thus lingering stand?
Why art thou silent? wherefore thus confused?

Doth some new obstacle oppose our bliss?
Inform me, hast thou to the king announced
The prudent message we agreed upon?

IPHIGENIA.

I have, dear Pylades; yet wilt thou chide.
Thy very aspect is a mute reproach.
The royal messenger arrived; and I,
According to thy counsel, framed my speech.
He seemed surprised, and urgently besought,
That to the monarch I should first announce
The rite unusual, and attend his will.
I now await the messenger's return.

PYLADES.

Danger again doth hover o'er our heads!
Alas! Why hast thou failed to shroud thyself
Within the veil of sacerdotal rites?

IPHIGENIA.

I never have employed them as a veil.

PYLADES.

Pure soul! thy scruples will destroy alike
Thyself and us. Why did I not foresee
Such an emergency, and tutor thee
This counsel also wisely to elude?

IPHIGENIA.

Chide only me, for mine alone the blame.
Yet other answer could I not return
To him, who strongly and with reason urged
What my own heart acknowledged to be right.

PYLADES.

The danger thickens; but let us be firm,
Nor with incautious haste betray ourselves,
Calmly await the messenger's return,
And then stand fast, whatever his reply;
For the appointment of such sacred rites
Doth to the priestess, not the king, belong.

Should he demand the stranger to behold,
 Who is by madness heavily oppressed,
 Evasively pretend, that in the fane,
 Well guarded, thou retainest him and me.
 Thus you secure us time to fly with speed,
 Bearing the sacred treasure from this race,
 Unworthy its possession. Phœbus sends
 Auspicious omens, and fulfils his word,
 Ere we the first conditions have performed.
 Free is Orestes, from the curse absolved!
 Oh, with the freed one, to the rocky isle
 Where dwells the god, waft us, propitious gales!
 Thence to Mycene, that she may revive;
 That from the ashes of the extinguished hearth,
 The household gods may joyously arise,
 And beauteous fire illumine their abode!
 Thy hand from golden censers first shall strew
 The fragrant incense. O'er that threshold thou
 Shalt life and blessing once again dispense,
 The curse atone, and all thy kindred grace
 With the fresh bloom of renovated life.

IPHIGENIA.

As doth the flower revolve to meet the sun,
 Once more my spirit to sweet comfort turns,
 Struck by thy words' invigorating ray.
 How dear the counsel of a present friend,
 Lacking whose god-like power, the lonely one
 In silence droops! for, locked within his breast,
 Slowly are ripened purpose and resolve,
 Which friendship's genial warmth had soon matured.

PYLADES.

Farewell! I haste to re-assure our friends,
 Who anxiously await us: then with speed
 I will return, and, hid within the brake,
 Attend thy signal. — Wherefore, all at once,
 Doth anxious thought o'ercloud thy brow serene?

IPHIGENIA.

Forgive me! As light clouds athwart the sun,
 So cares and fears float darkling o'er my soul.

PYLADES.

Oh, banish fear! With danger it hath formed
A close alliance, — they are constant friends.

IPHIGENIA.

It is an honest scruple, which forbids
That I should cunningly deceive the king,
And plunder him who was my second father.

PYLADES.

Him thou dost fly, who would have slain thy brother.

IPHIGENIA.

To me, at least, he hath been ever kind.

PYLADES.

What fate commands is not ingratitude.

IPHIGENIA.

Alas! it still remains ingratitude:
Necessity alone can justify it.

PYLADES.

Thee, before gods and men, it justifies.

IPHIGENIA.

But my own heart is still unsatisfied.

PYLADES.

Scruples too rigid are a cloak for pride.

IPHIGENIA.

I cannot argue, I can only feel.

PYLADES.

Conscious of right, thou shouldst respect thyself.

IPHIGENIA.

Then only doth the heart know perfect ease,
When not a stain pollutes it.

PYLADES.

In this fane
 Pure hast thou kept thy heart. Life teaches us
 To be less strict with others and ourselves :
 Thou'lt learn the lesson too. So wonderful
 Is human nature, and its varied ties
 Are so involved and complicate, that none
 May hope to keep his inmost spirit pure,
 And walk without perplexity through life.
 Nor are we called upon to judge ourselves :
 With circumspection to pursue his path,
 Is the immediate duty of a man ;
 For seldom can he rightly estimate,
 Or his past conduct or his present deeds.

IPHIGENIA.

Almost thou dost persuade me to consent.

PYLADES.

Needs there persuasion when no choice is granted?
 To save thyself, thy brother, and a friend,
 One path presents itself ; and canst thou ask
 If we shall follow it?

IPHIGENIA.

Still let me pause,
 For such injustice thou couldst not thyself
 Calmly return for benefits received.

PYLADES.

If we should perish, bitter self-reproach,
 Forerunner of despair, will be thy portion.
 It seems thou art not used to suffer much,
 When, to escape so great calamity,
 Thou canst refuse to utter one false word.

IPHIGENIA.

Oh, that I bore within a manly heart!
 Which, when it hath conceived a bold resolve,
 'Gainst every other voice doth close itself.

PYLADES.

In vain thou dost refuse : with iron hand
 Necessity commands ; her stern decree

Is law supreme, to which the gods themselves
 Must yield submission. In dread silence rules
 The uncounselled sister of eternal fate.
 What she appoints thee to endure, — endure ;
 What to perform, — perform. The rest thou knowest.
 Ere long I will return, and then receive
 The seal of safety from thy sacred hand.

SCENE V.

IPHIGENIA (*alone*).

I must obey him, for I see my friends
 Beset with peril. Yet my own sad fate
 Doth with increasing anguish move my heart.
 May I no longer feed the silent hope
 Which in my solitude I fondly cherished?
 Shall the dire curse eternally endure?
 And shall our fated race ne'er rise again
 With blessings crowned? — All mortal things decay!
 The noblest powers, the purest joys of life,
 At length subside, — then, wherefore not the curse?
 And have I vainly hoped, that guarded here,
 Secluded from the fortunes of my race,
 I, with pure heart and hands, some future day,
 Might cleanse the deep defilement of our house?
 Scarce was my brother in my circling arms,
 From raging madness suddenly restored,
 Scarce had the ship, long prayed for, neared the strand,
 Once more to waft me to my native shores,
 When unrelenting fate, with iron hand,
 A double crime enjoins; commanding me
 To steal the image, sacred and revered,
 Confided to my care, and him deceive
 To whom I owe my life and destiny.
 Let not abhorrence spring within my heart!
 Nor the old Titan's hate toward you, ye gods,
 Infix its vulture talons in my breast!
 Save me, and save your image in my soul!

An ancient song comes back upon mine ear, —
 I had forgotten it, and willingly, —
 The Parcæ's song, which horribly they sang,
 What time hurled headlong from his golden seat,

Fell Tantalus. They with their noble friend
Keen anguish suffered : savage was their breast,
And horrible their song. In days gone by,
When we were children, oft our ancient nurse
Would sing it to us ; and I marked it well.

Oh, fear the immortals,
Ye children of men !
Eternal dominion
They hold in their hands,
And o'er their wide empire
Wield absolute sway.

Whom they have exalted
Let him fear them most !
Around golden tables,
On cliffs and clouds resting,
The seats are prepared.

If contest ariseth,
The guests are hurled headlong,
Disgraced and dishonored,
To gloomy abysses.
And, fettered in darkness,
Await, with vain longing,
A juster decree.

But in feasts everlasting,
Around the gold tables,
Still dwell the immortals.
From mountain to mountain
They stride ; while, ascending
From fathomless chasms,
The breath of the Titans,
Half-stifled with anguish,
Like volumes of incense
Fumes up to the skies.

From races ill-fated,
Their aspect joy-bringing,
Oft turn the celestials,
And shun in the children
To gaze on the features,
Once loved and still speaking,
Of their mighty sire.



So chanted the Parcæ :
 The banished one hearkens
 The song ; the hoar captive,
 Immured in his dungeon,
 His children's doom ponders,
 And boweth his head.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — THOAS, ARKAS.

ARKAS.

I own I am perplexed, and scarcely know
 'Gainst whom to point the shaft of my suspicion, —
 Whether the priestess aids the captives' flight,
 Or they themselves clandestinely contrive it.
 'Tis rumored that the ship which brought them here
 Is lurking somewhere in a bay concealed.
 This stranger's madness, these new lustral rites,
 The specious pretext for delay, excite
 Mistrust, and call aloud for vigilance.

THOAS.

Summon the priestess to attend me here ;
 Then go with speed, and strictly search the shore.
 From yonder headland to Diana's grove ;
 Forbear to violate its sacred depths ;
 A watchful ambush set ; attack and seize,
 According to your wont, whome'er ye find.

(ARKAS retires.)

SCENE II.

THOAS *(alone)*.

Fierce anger rages in my riven breast,
 First against her, whom I esteemed so pure ;
 Then 'gainst myself, whose foolish lenity
 Hath fashioned her for treason. Man is soon
 Inured to slavery, and quickly learns
 Submission, when of freedom quite deprived.

If she had fallen in the savage hands
 Of my rude sires, and had their holy rage
 Forborne to slay her, grateful for her life,
 She would have recognized her destiny,
 Have shed before the shrine the stranger's blood,
 And duty named what was necessity.
 Now my forbearance in her breast allures
 Audacious wishes. Vainly I had hoped
 To bind her to me: rather she contrives
 To shape an independent destiny.
 She won my heart through flattery, and, now
 That I oppose her, seeks to gain her ends
 By fraud and cunning, and my kindness deems
 A worthless and prescriptive property.

SCENE III. — IPHIGENIA, THOAS.

IPHIGENIA.

Me hast thou summoned? wherefore art thou here?

THOAS.

Wherefore delay the sacrifice? inform me.

IPHIGENIA.

I have acquainted Arkas with the reasons.

THOAS.

From thee I wish to hear them more at large.

IPHIGENIA.

The goddess for reflection grants thee time.

THOAS.

To thee this time seems also opportune.

IPHIGENIA.

If to this cruel deed thy heart is steeled,
 Thou shouldst not come! A king who meditates
 A deed inhuman, may find slaves enow,
 Willing for hire to bear one-half the curse,

And leave the monarch's presence undefiled.
 Enrapt in gloomy clouds he forges death :
 Flaming destruction then his ministers
 Hurl down upon his wretched victim's head ;
 While he abideth high above the storm,
 Calm and untroubled, an impassive god.

THOAS.

A wild song, priestess, issued from thy lips.

IPHIGENIA.

No priestess, king, but Agamemnon's daughter !
 While yet unknown, thou didst respect my words :
 A princess now, — and thinkest thou to command me ?
 From youth I have been tutored to obey,
 My parents first and then the deity ;
 And, thus obeying, ever hath my soul
 Known sweetest freedom. But nor then nor now
 Have I been taught compliance with the voice
 And savage mandates of a man.

THOAS.

Not I :

An ancient law doth thy obedience claim.

IPHIGENIA.

Our passions eagerly catch hold of laws
 Which they can wield as weapons. But to me
 Another law, one far more ancient, speaks,
 And doth command me to withstand thee, king !
 That law declaring sacred every stranger.

THOAS.

These men, methinks, lie very near thy heart,
 When sympathy with them can lead thee thus
 To violate discretion's primal law,
 That those in power should never be provoked.

IPHIGENIA.

Speaking or silent, thou canst always know
 What is, and ever must be, in my heart.
 Doth not remembrance of a common doom

To soft compassion melt the hardest heart?
 How much more mine? in them I see myself.
 I trembling kneeled before the altar once,
 And solemnly the shade of early death
 Environed me. Aloft the knife was raised
 To pierce my bosom, throbbing with warm life;
 A dizzy horror overwhelmed my soul;
 My eyes grew dim; — I found myself in safety.
 Are we not bound to render the distressed
 The gracious kindness from the gods received?
 Thou knowest we are, and yet wilt thou compel me?

THOAS.

Obey thine office, priestess, not the king.

IPHIGENIA.

Cease! nor thus seek to cloak the savage force
 Which triumphs o'er a woman's feebleness.
 Though woman, I am born as free as man.
 Did Agamemnon's son before thee stand,
 And thou requiredst what became him not,
 His arm and trusty weapon would defend
 His bosom's freedom. I have only words;
 But it becomes a noble-minded man
 To treat with due respect the words of woman.

THOAS.

I more respect them than a brother's sword.

IPHIGENIA.

Uncertain ever is the chance of arms;
 No prudent warrior doth despise his foe;
 Nor yet defenceless 'gainst severity
 Hath nature left the weak, — she gives him craft
 And wily cunning: artful he delays,
 Evades, eludes, and finally escapes.
 Such arms are justified by violence.

THOAS.

But circumspection countervails deceit.

IPHIGENIA.

Which a pure spirit doth abhor to use.

THOAS.

Do not incautiously condemn thyself.

IPHIGENIA.

Oh, couldst thou see the struggle of my soul,
 Courageously to ward the first attack
 Of an unhappy doom, which threatens me !
 Do I, then, stand before thee weaponless?
 Prayer, lovely prayer, fair branch in woman's hand,
 More potent far than instruments of war,
 Thou dost thrust back. What now remains for me
 Wherewith my inborn freedom to defend?
 Must I implore a miracle from heaven?
 Is there no power within my spirit's depths?

THOAS.

Extravagant thy interest in the fate
 Of these two strangers. Tell me who they are
 For whom thy heart is thus so deeply moved.

IPHIGENIA.

They are — they seem at least — I think them Greeks.

THOAS.

Thy countrymen : no doubt they have renewed
 The pleasing picture of return.

IPHIGENIA (*after a pause*).

Doth man

Lay undisputed claim to noble deeds?
 Doth he alone to his heroic breast
 Clasp the impossible? What call we great?
 What deeds, though oft narrated, still uplift
 With shuddering horror the narrator's soul,
 But those which, with improbable success,
 The valiant have attempted? Shall the man
 Who all alone steals on his foes by night,
 And, raging like an unexpected fire,
 Destroys the slumbering host, and, pressed at length
 By roused opponents on his foemen's steeds,
 Retreats with booty, be alone extolled?

Or he who, scorning safety, boldly roams
 Through woods and dreary wilds, to scour the land
 Of thieves and robbers? Is naught left for us?
 Must gentle woman quite forego her nature,
 Force against force employ, — like Amazons, —
 Usurp the sword from man, and bloodily
 Revenge oppression? In my heart I feel
 The stirrings of a noble enterprise;
 But if I fail — severe reproach, alas!
 And bitter misery will be my doom.
 Thus on my knees I supplicate the gods!
 Oh, are ye truthful, as men say ye are,
 Now prove it by your countenance and aid!
 Honor the truth in me! Attend, O king!
 A secret plot deceitfully is laid:
 Touching the captives thou dost ask in vain;
 They have departed hence, and seek their friends,
 Who, with the ship, await them on the shore.
 The eldest, — whom dire madness lately seized.
 And hath abandoned now, — he is Orestes,
 My brother, and the other Pylades,
 His early friend and faithful confidant.
 From Delphi, Phœbus sent them to this shore
 With a divine command to steal away
 The image of Diana, and to him
 Bear back the sister thither; and for this
 He promised to the blood-stained matricide,
 The Fury-haunted son, deliverance.
 I have surrendered now into thy hands
 The remnants of the house of Tantalus.
 Destroy us — if thou canst.

THOAS.

And dost thou think
 That the uncultured Scythian will attend
 The voice of truth and of humanity
 Which Atreus, the Greek, heard not?

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis heard
 By every one, born 'neath whatever clime,
 Within whose bosom flows the stream of life,
 Pure and unhindered. — What thy thought? O king!

What silent purpose broods in thy deep soul?
 Is it destruction? Let me perish first!
 For now, deliverance hopeless, I perceive
 The dreadful peril into which I have
 With rash precipitancy plunged my friends.
 Alas! I soon shall see them bound before me!
 How to my brother shall I say farewell? —
 I, the unhappy author of his death.
 Ne'er can I gaze again in his dear eyes!

THOAS.

The traitors have contrived a cunning web,
 And cast it round thee, who, secluded long,
 Givest willing credence to thine own desires.

IPHIGENIA.

No, no! I'd pledge my life these men are true.
 And shouldst thou find them otherwise, O king,
 Then let them perish both, and cast me forth,
 That on some rock-girt island's dreary shore
 I may atone my folly! Are they true,
 And is this man indeed my dear Orestes,
 My brother, long implored, release us both,
 And o'er us stretch the kind protecting arm,
 Which long hath sheltered me. My noble sire
 Fell through his consort's guilt, — she by her son:
 On him alone the hope of Atreus' race
 Doth now repose. Oh, with pure heart, pure hand,
 Let me depart to purify our house!
 Yes, thou wilt keep thy promise: thou didst swear,
 That, were a safe return provided me,
 I should be free to go. The hour is come.
 A king doth never grant like common men,
 Merely to gain a respite from petition;
 Nor promise what he hopes will ne'er be claimed.
 Then first he feels his dignity supreme
 When he can make the long-expecting happy.

THOAS.

As fire opposes water, and doth seek
 With hissing rage to overcome its foe,
 So doth my anger strive against thy words.

IPHIGENIA.

Let mercy, like the consecrated flame
Of silent sacrifice, encircled round
With songs of gratitude and joy and praise,
Above the tumult gently rise to heaven.

THOAS.

How often hath this voice assuaged my soul?

IPHIGENIA.

Extend thy hand to me in sign of peace.

THOAS.

Large thy demand within so short a time.

IPHIGENIA.

Beneficence doth no reflection need.

THOAS.

'Tis needed oft, for evil springs from good.

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis doubt which good doth oft to evil turn.
Consider not: act as thy feelings prompt thee.

SCENE IV. — ORESTES (*armed*), IPHIGENIA, THOAS.

ORESTES (*addressing his followers*).

Redouble your exertions! hold them back!
Few moments will suffice: maintain your ground,
And keep a passage open to the ship
For me and for my sister.

(*To IPHIGENIA, without perceiving THOAS.*)

Come with speed!

We are betrayed, — brief time remains for flight.

(*He perceives the king.*)

THOAS (*laying his hand on his sword*).

None in my presence with impunity
His naked weapon wears.

IPHIGENIA.

Do not profane
Diana's sanctuary with rage and blood.
Command your people to forbear a while,
And listen to the priestess, to the sister.

ORESTES.

Say, who is he that threatens us?

IPHIGENIA.

In him
Revere the king, who was my second father.
Forgive me, brother, that my child-like heart
Hath placed our fate thus wholly in his hands.
I have betrayed your meditated flight,
And thus from treachery redeemed my soul.

ORESTES.

Will he permit our peaceable return?

IPHIGENIA.

Thy gleaming sword forbids me to reply.

ORESTES (*sheathing his sword*).

Then, speak! thou seest I listen to thy words.

SCENE V. — ORESTES, IPHIGENIA, THOAS.

*Enter PYLADES, soon after him ARKAS, both with drawn
swords.*

PYLADES.

Do not delay! our friends are putting forth
Their final strength, and, yielding step by step,
Are slowly driven backward to the sea. —
A conference of princes find I here?
Is this the sacred person of the king?

ARKAS.

Calmly, as doth become thee, thou dost stand,
O king, surrounded by thine enemies!

Soon their temerity shall be chastised :
 Their yielding followers fly, — their ship is ours :
 Speak but the word, and it is wrapt in flames.

THOAS.

Go, and command my people to forbear !
 Let none annoy the foe while we confer. (ARKAS *retires.*)

ORESTES.

I willingly consent. Go, Pylades !
 Collect the remnant of our friends, and wait
 The appointed issue of our enterprise.
 (PYLADES *retires.*)

SCENE VI. — IPHIGENIA, THOAS, ORESTES.

IPHIGENIA.

Relieve my cares ere ye begin to speak.
 I fear contention, if thou wilt not hear
 The voice of equity, O king, — if thou
 Wilt not, my brother, curb thy headstrong youth !

THOAS.

I, as becomes the elder, check my rage.
 Now answer me : how dost thou prove thyself
 The priestess' brother, Agamemnon's son ?

ORESTES.

Behold the sword with which the hero slew
 The valiant Trojans. From his murderer
 I took the weapon, and implored the gods
 To grant me Agamemnon's mighty arm,
 Success, and valor, with a death more noble.
 Select one of the leaders of thy host,
 And place the best as my opponent here.
 Where'er on earth the sons of heroes dwell,
 This boon is to the stranger ne'er refused.

THOAS.

This privilege hath ancient custom here
 To strangers ne'er accorded.

ORESTES.

Then from us
Commence the novel custom! A whole race
In imitation soon will consecrate
Its monarch's noble action into law.
Nor let me only for our liberty, —
Let me, a stranger, for all strangers fight.
If I should fall, my doom be also theirs;
But, if kind fortune crown me with success,
Let none e'er tread this shore, and fail to meet
The beaming eye of sympathy and love,
Or unconsol'd depart!

THOAS.

Thou dost not seem
Unworthy of thy boasted ancestry.
Great is the number of the valiant men
Who wait upon me; but I will myself,
Although advanced in years, oppose the foe,
And am prepared to try the chance of arms.

IPHIGENIA.

No, no! such bloody proofs are not required.
Unhand thy weapon, king! my lot consider;
Rash combat oft immortalizes man;
If he should fall, he is renowned in song:
But after-ages reckon not the tears
Which ceaseless the forsaken woman sheds;
And poets tell not of the thousand nights
Consumed in weeping, and the dreary days,
Wherein her anguished soul, a prey to grief,
Doth vainly yearn to call her loved one back.
Fear warned me to beware lest robbers' wiles
Might lure me from this sanctuary, and then
Betray me into bondage. Anxiously
I questioned them, each circumstance explored,
Demanded proofs, now is my heart assured.
See here, the mark on his right hand impressed
As of three stars, which on his natal day
Were by the priest declared to indicate
Some dreadful deed therewith to be performed.
And then this scar, which doth his eyebrow cleave,
Redoubles my conviction. When a child,

Electra, rash and inconsiderate, —
 Such was her nature, — loosed him from her arms :
 He fell against a tripos. Oh, 'tis he! —
 Shall I adduce the likeness to his sire,
 Or the deep rapture of my inmost heart,
 In further token of assurance, king?

THOAS.

E'en though thy words had banished every doubt,
 And I had curbed the anger in my breast,
 Still must our arms decide. I see no peace.
 Their purpose, as thou didst thyself confess,
 Was to deprive me of Diana's image.
 And think ye I will look contented on?
 The Greeks are wont to cast a longing eye
 Upon the treasures of barbarians, —
 A golden fleece, good steeds, or daughters fair ; —
 But force and guile not always have availed
 To lead them, with their booty, safely home.

ORESTES.

The image shall not be a cause of strife !
 We now perceive the error which the god,
 Our journey here commanding, like a veil,
 Threw o'er our minds. His counsel I implored,
 To free me from the Furies' grisly band.
 He answered, " Back to Greece the sister bring,
 Who in the sanctuary on Tauris' shore
 Unwillingly abides ; so ends the curse ! " —
 To Phœbus' sister we applied the words,
 And he referred to thee. The bonds severe,
 Which held thee from us, holy one, are rent ;
 And thou art ours once more. At thy blest touch,
 I felt myself restored. Within thine arms,
 Madness once more around me coiled its folds,
 Crushing the marrow in my frame, and then
 Forever, like a serpent, fled to hell.
 Through thee the daylight gladdens me anew :
 The counsel of the goddess now shines forth
 In all its beauty and beneficence.
 Like to a sacred image, unto which
 An oracle immutably hath bound
 A city's welfare, thee she bore away,

Protectress of our house, and guarded here
 Within this holy stillness, to become
 A blessing to thy brother and thy race.
 Now when each passage to escape seems closed,
 And safety hopeless, thou dost give us all.
 O king, incline thine heart to thoughts of peace!
 Let her fulfil her mission, and complete
 The consecration of our father's house;
 Me to their purified abode restore,
 And place upon my brow the ancient crown!
 Requite the blessing which her presence brought thee,
 And let me now my nearer right enjoy!
 Cunning and force, the proudest boast of man,
 Fade in the lustre of her perfect truth;
 Nor unrequited will a noble mind
 Leave confidence, so child-like and so pure.

IPHIGENIA.

Think on thy promise: let thy heart be moved
 By what a true and honest tongue hath spoken!
 Look on us, king! an opportunity
 For such a noble deed not oft occurs.
 Refuse thou canst not, — give thy quick consent.

THOAS.

Then, go!

IPHIGENIA.

Not so, my king! I cannot part
 Without thy blessing, or in anger from thee:
 Banish us not! the sacred right of guests
 Still let us claim: so not eternally
 Shall we be severed. Honored and beloved
 As mine own father was, art thou by me;
 And this impression in my soul abides,
 Let but the least among thy people bring
 Back to mine ear the tones I heard from thee,
 Or should I on the humblest see thy garb,
 I will with joy receive him as a god,
 Prepare his couch myself, beside our hearth
 Invite him to a seat, and only ask
 Touching thy fate and thee. Oh, may the gods
 To thee the merited reward impart
 Of all thy kindness and benignity!

Farewell! Oh, turn thou not away, but give
One kindly word of parting in return!
So shall the wind more gently swell our sails,
And from our eyes with softened anguish flow
The tears of separation. Fare thee well!
And graciously extend to me thy hand,
In pledge of ancient friendship.

THOAS (*extending his hand*).

Fare thee well!

TORQUATO TASSO.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED BY ANNA SWANWICK.

This drama was written first in prose : during Goethe's residence at Rome in 1786-88 he began to versify it, and completed it on his journey home.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALPHONSO II., *Duke of Ferrara.*

LEONORA D'ESTE, *Sister to the Duke.*

LEONORA SANVITALE, *Countess of Scandiano.*

TORQUATO TASSO.

ANTONIO MONTECATINO, *Secretary of State.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE annals of biography offer no page the perusal of which awakens a greater variety of emotions than that which records the fate of Torquato Tasso. This great poet, distinguished alike by his genius and his misfortunes, concentrates in his own person the deepest interests of humanity : while the mystery which broods over his derangement and his love imparts to his story the air rather of poetic fiction than of sober truth. Goethe's poem, founded upon the residence of Tasso at the court of Ferrara, is justly celebrated for its fine delineations of character and its profound insight into the depths of the human heart. It exhibits a striking picture of the great bard at the most momentous period of his existence, which was signalized by the completion of his immortal work ; and though the action of the drama embraces only a few hours, by skilfully availing himself of retrospect and anticipation, Goethe has presented us with a beautiful epitome of the poet's life.

Thus, in the third scene of the drama, Tasso alludes to his early childhood, the sorrows of which he has so pathetically sung : we accompany the youthful bard, in his twenty-second year, to the brilliant court of Ferrara, where he arrived at a period when the nuptials of the duke with the emperor's sister were celebrated with unrivalled splendor. At the conclusion of these festivities, he was presented by the Princess Lucretia to her sister, Leonora, who was destined to exert such a powerful influence over his future life : we behold him the honored and cherished inmate of Belriguardo, a magnificent palace, surrounded by beautiful gardens, where the dukes of Ferrara were accustomed to retire with their most favored courtiers, and where, under the inspiring influences of love, beauty, and court favor, he completed his "Gerusalemme Liberata," one of the proudest monuments of human genius.

Goethe has with great skill made us acquainted with some

of the circumstances, which, acting upon the peculiar temperament of the poet, at length induced the mental disorder which cast so dark a shadow over his later years. His hopeless love for Leonora no doubt conspired with other causes to unsettle his fine intellect, — a calamity which in him appears like the bewilderment of a mind suddenly awakened from the visions of poetry and love passionately cherished for so many years, into the cold realities of actual life, where his too sensitive ear was stunned by the harsh and discordant voices of envy and superstition. We are thus prepared for his distracted flight from Ferrara; and Goethe has introduced prospectively the touching incident related by Manso, — how, in the disguise of a shepherd, he presented himself to his sister Cornelia, to whom he related his story in language so pathetic, that she fainted from the violence of her grief.

His return to Ferrara, his imprisonment in the Hospital of Santa Anna, and his subsequent miserable wanderings from city to city, are not mentioned in the drama; but the allusion of Alphonso to the crown which should adorn him on the Capitol, brings to our remembrance the affecting circumstances of his death.

It appears from his letters, that, at one period of his life, he earnestly desired a triumph similar to that which Petrarca had enjoyed; but when at length this honor was accorded him, when a period was assigned for this splendid pageant, a change had come over his spirit. His long sufferings had weaned his thoughts from earth: he felt that the hand of death was upon him, and hoped — to use his own words — “to go crowned, not as a poet to the Capitol, but with glory as a saint to heaven.” On the eve of the day appointed for the ceremony, he expired at the monastery of St. Onofrio; and his remains, habited in a magnificent toga, and adorned with a laurel crown, were carried in procession through the streets of Rome.

Goethe has faithfully portrayed the times in which Tasso lived; and circumstances apparently trivial have an historical significance, and impart an air of reality to the drama. Thus the fanciful occupation and picturesque attire of the princess and countess at the opening of the piece transport us at once to that graceful court where the pastoral drama was invented and refined, and where, not long before, Tasso's “*Aminta*,” which is considered one of the most beautiful specimens of this species of composition, had been performed for the first time with enthusiastic applause.

The crown adorning the bust of Ariosto, together with the enthusiastic admiration expressed for that poet by Antonio, is likewise characteristic of the age. The "Orlando Furioso" had been composed at the same court about fifty years before, and had become so universally popular, that, according to Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, "neither learned man nor artisan, no youth, no maid, no old man, could be satisfied with a single perusal: passengers in the streets, sailors in their boats, and virgins in their chambers, sang for their disport the stanzas of Ariosto."¹

The project of dethroning this monarch of Parnassus, or, at least, of placing upon his own brow a crown as glorious, appears from his own letters early to have awakened the ambition of Tasso.

The subordinate characters of the drama are also historical portraits. Alphonso II. is represented by his biographers as the liberal patron of the arts, and as treating Tasso at this period with marked consideration; nor had he yet manifested that implacable and revengeful spirit which has rendered his memory justly hateful to posterity. In the relation which subsisted between this prince and Tasso, Goethe has exhibited the evils resulting from the false spirit of patronage prevalent at that period throughout Italy, when talent was regarded as the necessary appendage of rank, and works of genius were considered as belonging rather to the patron than to the individual by whom they had been produced.

Antonio Montecatino, the duke's secretary, is also drawn from life. He is an admirable personification of that spirit of worldly wisdom which looks principally to material results, and contemplates promotion and court favor as the highest object of ambition. This "earth-born prudence," having little sympathy with poetic genius, affects to treat it with contempt, resents as presumptuous its violation of ordinary rules, holds up its foibles and eccentricities to ridicule, and at the same time envies the homage paid to it by mankind.

At the period of the drama, the court of Ferrara was graced by the presence of Leonora, Countess of Scandiano, in whom Goethe has portrayed a woman eminently graceful and accomplished, but who fails to win our sympathy because her ruling sentiment is vanity. Tasso paid to this

¹ Black's Life of Tasso.

young beauty the tribute of public homage, and addressed to her some of his most beautiful sonnets: according to Ginguéné, however, his sentiment for her was merely poetical, and could easily ally itself with the more genuine, deep, and constant affection which he entertained for Leonora of Este.

Lucretia and Leonora of Este were the daughters of Renée of France, celebrated for her insatiable thirst for knowledge, and for the variety and depth of her studies. She became zealously attached to the tenets of the Reformers, in consequence of which she was deprived of her children, and closely imprisoned for twelve years.

To the intellectual power, the knowledge, heresy, and consequent misfortunes of her unhappy mother, the Princess Leonora twice alludes in the course of the drama. The daughters of this heroic woman inherited her mental superiority; and Leonora, the younger, is celebrated by various writers for her genius, learning, beauty, and early indifference to the pleasures of the world.

TORQUATO TASSO.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Garden adorned with busts of the Epic Poets. To the right a bust of Virgil; to the left, one of Ariosto.*

PRINCESS and LEONORA, habited as shepherdesses.

PRINCESS.

SMILING thou dost survey me, Leonora;
And with a smile thou dost survey thyself.
What is it? Let a friend partake thy thought!
Thou seemest pensive, yet thou seemest pleased.

LEONORA.

Yes, I am pleased, my princess, to behold
Us twain in rural fashion thus attired.
Two happy shepherd-maidens we appear,
And like the happy we are both employed.
Garlands we wreath: this one, so gay with flowers,
Beneath my hand in varied beauty grows;
Thou hast with higher taste and larger heart
The slender pliant laurel made thy choice.

PRINCESS.

The laurel wreath, which aimlessly I twined,
Hath found at once a not unworthy head:
I place it gratefully on Virgil's brow.

(She crowns the bust of Virgil.)

LEONORA.

With my full joyous wreath the lofty brow
Of Master Ludovico thus I crown —

(She crowns the bust of Ariosto.)

Let him whose sportive sallies never fade
 Receive his tribute from the early spring.

PRINCESS.

My brother is most kind, to bring us here
 In this sweet season to our rural haunts :
 Here, by the hour, in freedom unrestrained,
 We may dream back the poet's golden age.
 I love this Belriguardo : in my youth
 Full many a joyous day I lingered here ;
 And this bright sunshine, and this verdant green,
 Bring back the feelings of that by-gone time.

LEONORA.

Yes : a new world surrounds us ! Grateful now
 The cooling shelter of these evergreens.
 The tuneful murmur of this gurgling spring
 Once more revives us. In the morning wind
 The tender branches waver to and fro.
 The flowers look upwards from their lowly beds,
 And smile upon us with their child-like eyes.
 The gardener, fearless grown, removes the roof
 That screened his citron and his orange trees ;
 The azure dome of heaven above us rests ;
 And, in the far horizon, from the hills
 The snow in balmy vapor melts away.

PRINCESS.

Most welcome were to me the genial spring,
 Did it not lead my friend away from me.

LEONORA.

My princess, in these sweet and tranquil hours,
 Remind me not how soon I must depart.

PRINCESS.

Yon mighty city will restore to thee,
 In double measure, what thou leavest here.

LEONORA.

The voice of duty and the voice of love,
 Both call me to my lord, forsaken long.

I bring to him his son, who rapidly
 Hath grown in stature, and matured in mind,
 Since last they met: I share his father's joy.
 Florence is great and noble; but the worth
 Of all her treasured riches doth not reach
 The prouder jewels that Ferrara boasts.
 That city to her people owes her power:
 Ferrara grew to greatness through her princes.

PRINCESS.

More through the noble men whom chance led here,
 And who in sweet communion here remained.

LEONORA.

Chance doth again disperse what chance collects:
 A noble nature can alone attract
 The noble, and retain them, as ye do.
 Around thy brother, and around thyself,
 Assemble spirits worthy of you both;
 And ye are worthy of your noble sires.
 Here the fair light of science and free thought
 Was kindled first, while o'er the darkened world
 Still hung barbarian gloom. E'en when a child
 The names resounded loudly in mine ear,
 Of Hercules and Hippolyte of Este.
 My father oft with Florence and with Rome
 Extolled Ferrara! Oft in youthful dream
 Hither I fondly turned: now am I here.
 Here was Petrarca kindly entertained,
 And Ariosto found his models here.
 Italia boasts no great, no mighty name,
 This princely mansion hath not called its guest.
 In fostering genius we enrich ourselves:
 Dost thou present her with a friendly gift,
 One far more beautiful she leaves with thee.
 The ground is hallowed where the good man treads:
 When centuries have rolled, his sons shall hear
 The deathless echo of his words and deeds.

PRINCESS.

Yes, if those sons have feelings quick as thine:
 This happiness full oft I envy thee.

LEONORA.

Which purely and serenely thou, my friend
 As few beside thee, dost thyself enjoy.
 When my full heart impels me to express
 Promptly and freely what I keenly feel,
 Thou feelest the while more deeply, and — art silent.
 Delusive splendor doth not dazzle thee,
 Nor wit beguile ; and flattery strives in vain
 With fawning artifice to win thine ear :
 Firm is thy temper, and correct thy taste,
 Thy judgment just ; and, truly great thyself,
 With greatness thou dost ever sympathize.

PRINCESS.

Thou shouldst not to this highest flattery
 The garment of confiding friendship lend.

LEONORA.

Friendship is just : she only estimates
 The full extent and measure of thy worth.
 Let me ascribe to opportunity,
 To fortune too, her portion in thy culture,
 Still in the end thou hast it, it is thine ;
 And all extol thy sister and thyself
 Before the noblest women of the age.

PRINCESS.

That can but little move me, Leonora,
 When I reflect how poor at best we are,
 To others more indebted than ourselves.
 My knowledge of the ancient languages,
 And of the treasures by the past bequeathed,
 I owe my mother, who, in varied lore
 And mental power, her daughters far excelled.
 Might either claim comparison with her,
 'Tis undeniably Lucretia's right.
 Besides, what nature and what chance bestowed
 As property or rank I ne'er esteemed.
 'Tis pleasure to me when the wise converse,
 That I their scope and meaning comprehend,
 Whether they judge a man of by-gone times
 And weigh his actions, or of science treat,

Which, when extended and applied to life,
 At once exalts and benefits mankind.
 Where'er the converse of such men may lead,
 I follow gladly, for with ease I follow.
 Well pleased the strife of argument I hear,
 When, round the powers that sway the human breast,
 Waking alternately delight and fear,
 With grace the lip of eloquence doth play;
 And listen gladly when the princely thirst
 Of fame, of wide dominion, forms the theme,
 When of an able man, the thought profound,
 Developed skilfully with subtle tact,
 Doth not perplex and dazzle, but instruct.

LEONORA.

And then, this grave and serious converse o'er,
 Our ear and inner mind with tranquil joy
 Upon the poet's tuneful verse repose,
 Who, through the medium of harmonious sounds,
 Infuses sweet emotions in the soul.
 Thy lofty spirit grasps a wide domain:
 Content am I to linger in the isle
 Of poesy, her laurel groves among.

PRINCESS.

In this fair land, I'm told, the myrtle blooms
 In richer beauty than all other trees:
 Here, too, the Muses wander; yet we seek
 A friend and playmate 'mong their tuneful choir
 Less often than we seek to meet the bard,
 Who seems to shun us,— nay, appears to flee
 In quest of something that we know not of,
 And which perchance is to himself unknown.
 How charming were it, if, in happy hour
 Encountering us, he should with ecstasy
 In our fair selves the treasure recognize,
 Which in the world he long had sought in vain!

LEONORA.

To your light raillery I must submit:
 So light its touch it passeth harmless by.
 I honor all men after their desert,

And am in truth toward Tasso only just.
 His eye scarce lingers on this earthly scene :
 To nature's harmony his ear is tuned.
 What history offers, and what life presents,
 His bosom promptly and with joy receives :
 The widely scattered is by him combined,
 And his quick feeling animates the dead.
 Oft he ennobles what we count for naught :
 What others treasure is by him despised.
 Thus moving in his own enchanted sphere,
 The wondrous man doth still allure us on
 To wander with him and partake his joy :
 Though seeming to approach us, he remains
 Remote as ever ; and perchance his eye,
 Resting on us, sees spirits in our place.

PRINCESS.

Thou hast with taste and truth portrayed the bard,
 Who hovers in the shadowy realm of dreams.
 And yet reality, it seems to me,
 Hath also power to lure him and enchain.
 In the sweet sonnets, scattered here and there,
 With which we sometimes find our trees adorned,
 Creating like the golden fruit of old
 A new Hesperia, perceivest thou not
 The gentle tokens of a genuine love?

LEONORA.

In these fair leaves I also take delight.
 With all his rich diversity of thought
 He glorifies one form in all his strains.
 Now he exalts her to the starry heavens
 In radiant glory, and before that form
 Bows down, like angels in the realms above.
 Then, stealing after her through silent fields,
 He garlands in his wreath each beauteous flower ;
 And, should the form he worships disappear,
 Hallows the path her gentle foot hath trod.
 Thus like the nightingale, concealed in shade,
 From his love-laden breast he fills the air
 And neighboring thickets with melodious plaints :
 His blissful sadness and his tuneful grief
 Charm every ear, enrapture every heart —

PRINCESS.

And Leonora is the favored name
Selected for the object of his strains.

LEONORA.

Thy name it is, my princess, as 'tis mine.
It would displease me were it otherwise.
Now I rejoice that under this disguise
He can conceal his sentiment for thee,
And am no less contented with the thought
That this sweet name should also picture me.
Here is no question of an ardent love,
Seeking possession, and with jealous care
Screening its object from another's gaze.
While he enraptured contemplates thy worth,
He in my lighter nature may rejoice.
He loves not us, — forgive me what I say, —
His loved ideal from the spheres he brings,
And doth invest it with the name we bear:
His feeling we participate; we seem
To love the man, yet only love in him
The highest object that can claim our love.

PRINCESS.

In this deep science thou art deeply versed,
My Leonora; and thy words in truth
Play on my ear, yet scarcely reach my soul.

LEONORA.

Thou Plato's pupil! and not comprehend
What a mere novice dares to prattle to thee?
It must be, then, that I have widely erred;
Yet well I know I do not wholly err.
For love doth in this graceful school appear
No longer as the spoilt and wayward child:
He is the youth whom Psyche hath espoused,
Who sits in council with the assembled gods.
He hath relinquished passion's fickle sway:
He clings no longer with delusion sweet
To outward form and beauty, to atone
For brief excitement by disgust and hate.

PRINCESS.

Here comes my brother ! let us not betray
Whither our converse hath conducted us ;
Else we shall have his raillery to bear,
As in our dress he found a theme for jest.

SCENE II. — PRINCESS, LEONORA, ALPHONSO.

ALPHONSO.

Tasso I seek, whom nowhere I can find ;
And even here, with you, I meet him not.
Can you inform me where he hides himself ?

PRINCESS.

I have scarce seen him for the last two days.

ALPHONSO.

'Tis his habitual failing that he seeks
Seclusion rather than society.
I can forgive him when the motley crowd
Thus studiously he shuns, and loves to hold
Free converse with himself in solitude ;
Yet can I not approve, that he should thus
Also the circle of his friends avoid.

LEONORA.

If I mistake not, thou wilt soon, O prince !
Convert this censure into joyful praise.
To-day I saw him from afar : he held
A book and scroll, in which at times he wrote,
And then resumed his walk, then wrote again.
A passing word, which yesterday he spoke,
Seemed to announce to me his work complete :
His sole anxiety is now to add
A finished beauty to minuter parts,
That to your grace, to whom he owes so much,
A worthy offering he at length may bring.

ALPHONSO.

A welcome, when he brings it, shall be his,
And long immunity from all restraint.

Great, in proportion to the lively joy
 And interest which his noble work inspires,
 Is my impatience at its long delay.
 After each slow advance he leaves his task :
 He ever changeth, and can ne'er conclude,
 Till baffled hope is weary ; for we see
 Reluctantly postponed to times remote
 A pleasure we had fondly deemed so near.

PRINCESS.

I rather praise the modesty, the care,
 With which thus, step by step, he nears the goal.
 His aim is not to string amusing tales,
 Or weave harmonious numbers, which at length,
 Like words delusive, die upon the ear.
 His numerous rhymes he labors to combine
 Into one beautiful, poetic whole ;
 And he whose soul this lofty aim inspires,
 Must pay devoted homage to the Muse.
 Disturb him not, my brother : time alone
 Is not the measure of a noble work ;
 And, is the coming age to share our joy,
 We of the present must forget ourselves.

ALPHONSO.

Let us, dear sister, work together here,
 As for our mutual good we oft have done.
 Am I too eager — thou must then restrain ;
 Art thou too gentle — I will urge him on.
 Then we perchance shall see him at the goal,
 Where to behold him we have wished in vain.
 His fatherland, the world, shall then admire
 And view with wonder his completed work.
 I shall receive my portion of the fame,
 And Tasso will be ushered into life.
 In a contracted sphere, a noble man
 Cannot develop all his mental powers.
 On him his country and the world must work.
 He must endure both censure and applause,
 Must be compelled to estimate aright
 Himself and others. Solitude no more
 Lulls him delusively with flattering dreams.
 Opponents will not, friendship dare not, spare :

Then in the strife the youth puts forth his powers,
Knows what he is, and feels himself a man.

LEONORA.

Thus will he, prince, owe every thing to thee,
Who hast already done so much for him.
Talents are nurtured best in solitude, —
A character on life's tempestuous sea.
Oh that according to thy rules he would
Model his temper as he forms his taste,
Cease to avoid mankind, nor in his breast
Nurture suspicion into fear and hate!

ALPHONSO.

He only fears mankind who knows them not,
And he will soon misjudge them who avoids.
This is his case, and so by slow degrees
His noble mind is trammelled and perplexed.
Thus to secure my favor he betrays,
At times, unseemly ardor; against some,
Who, I am well assured, are not his foes,
He cherishes suspicion; if by chance
A letter go astray, a hireling leave
His service, or a paper be mislaid,
He sees deception, treachery, and fraud,
Working insidiously to sap his peace.

PRINCESS.

Let us, beloved brother, not forget
That his own nature none can lay aside.
And should a friend, who with us journeyeth,
Injure by chance his foot, we would in sooth
Rather relax our speed, and lend our hand
Gently to aid the sufferer on his way.

ALPHONSO.

Better it were to remedy his pain,
With the physician's aid attempt a cure,
Then with our healed and renovated friend
A new career of life with joy pursue.
And yet, dear friends; I hope that I may ne'er
The censure of the cruel leech incur.

I do my utmost to impress his mind
 With feelings of security and trust.
 Oft purposely, in presence of the crowd,
 With marks of favor I distinguish him.
 Should he complain of aught, I sift it well,
 As lately when his chamber he supposed
 Had been invaded; then, should naught appear,
 I calmly show him how I view the affair.
 And, as we ought to practise every grace
 With Tasso, seeing he deserves it well,
 I practise patience: you, I'm sure, will aid.
 I now have brought you to your rural haunts,
 And must myself at eve return to town.
 For a few moments you will see Antonio:
 He calls here for me on his way from Rome.
 We have important business to discuss,
 Resolves to frame, and letters to indite,
 All which compels me to return to town.

PRINCESS.

Wilt thou permit that we return with thee?

ALPHONSO.

Nay: rather linger here in Belriguardo,
 Or go together to Consandoli;
 Enjoy these lovely days as fancy prompts.

PRINCESS.

Thou canst not stay with us? Not here arrange
 All these affairs as well as in the town?

LEONORA.

So soon, thou takest hence Antonio, too,
 Who hath so much to tell us touching Rome.

ALPHONSO.

It may not be, ye children: but with him
 So soon as possible will I return;
 Then shall he tell you all ye wish to hear,
 And ye shall help me to reward the man,
 Who, in my cause, hath labored with such zeal.
 And, when we shall once more have talked our fill,

Hither the crowd may come, that mirth and joy
 May in our gardens revel, that for me,
 As is but meet, some fair one in the shade
 May, if I seek her, gladly meet me there.

LEONORA.

And we meanwhile will kindly shut our eyes.

ALPHONSO.

Ye know that I can be forbearing too.

PRINCESS (*turned towards the scene*).

I long have noticed Tasso ; hitherward
 Slowly he bends his footsteps ; suddenly,
 As if irresolute, he standeth still ;
 Anon, with greater speed he draweth near,
 Then lingers once again.

ALPHONSO.

Disturb him not,
 Nor, when the poet dreams and versifies,
 Intrude upon his musings : let him roam.

LEONORA.

No : he has seen us, and he comes this way.

SCENE III. — PRINCESS, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, TASSO (*with a
 volume bound in parchment*).

TASSO.

Slowly I come to bring my work to thee,
 And yet I linger ere presenting it.
 Although apparently it seem complete,
 Too well I know, it is unfinished still.
 But, if I cherished once an anxious fear
 Lest I should bring thee an imperfect work,
 A new solicitude constrains me now :
 I would not seem ungrateful, nor appear
 Unduly anxious ; and as to his friends,
 A man can say but simply, " Here I am !"
 That they, with kind forbearance, may rejoice,
 So I can only say, " Receive my work !"

(*He presents the volume.*)

ALPHONSO.

Thou hast surprised me, Tasso, with thy gift,
 And made this lovely day a festival.
 I hold it, then, at length within my hands,
 And in a certain sense can call it mine.
 Long have I wished that thou couldst thus resolve,
 And say at length, "'Tis finished! here it is."

TASSO.

Are you contented? then it is complete,
 For it belongs to you in every sense.
 Were I to contemplate the pains bestowed,
 Or dwell upon the written character,
 I might, perchance, exclaim, "This work is mine!"
 But when I mark what 'tis that to my song
 Its inner worth and dignity imparts,
 I humbly feel I owe it all to you.
 If Nature from her liberal stores on me
 The genial gift of poesy bestowed,
 Capricious Fortune, with malignant power,
 Had thrust me from her; though this beauteous world
 With all its varied splendor lured the boy,
 Too early was his youthful eye bedimmed
 By his loved parents' undeserved distress.
 Forth from my lips, when I essayed to sing,
 There ever flowed a melancholy song;
 And I accompanied, with plaintive tones,
 My father's sorrow and my mother's grief.
 'Twas thou alone, who, from this narrow sphere,
 Raised me to glorious liberty, relieved
 From each depressing care my youthful mind,
 And gave me freedom, in whose genial air
 My spirit could unfold in harmony:
 Then, whatsoe'er the merit of the work,
 Thine be the praise, for it belongs to thee.

ALPHONSO.

A second time thou dost deserve applause,
 And honorest modestly thyself and us.

TASSO.

Fain would I say how sensibly I feel
 That what I bring is all derived from thee!

The inexperienced youth — could he produce
 The poem from his own unfurnished mind?
 Could he invent the conduct of the war,
 The gallant bearing and the martial skill
 Which every hero on the field displayed,
 The leader's prudence, and his followers' zeal,
 How vigilance the arts of cunning foiled,
 Hadst thou not, valiant prince, infused it all,
 As if my guardian genius thou hadst been,
 Through a mere mortal deigning to reveal
 His nature high and inaccessible?

PRINCESS.

Enjoy the work in which we all rejoice!

ALPHONSO.

Enjoy the approbation of the good!

LEONORA.

Rejoice, too, in thy universal fame!

TASSO.

This single moment is enough for me.
 Of you alone I thought while I composed:
 You to delight was still my highest wish,
 You to enrapture was my final aim.
 Who doth not in his friends behold the world,
 Deserves not that of him the world should hear.
 Here is my fatherland, and here the sphere
 In which my spirit fondly loves to dwell;
 Here I attend and value every hint;
 Here speak experience, knowledge, and true taste;
 Here stand the present and the future age.
 With shy reserve the artist shuns the crowd:
 Its judgment but perplexes. Those alone
 With minds like yours can understand and feel,
 And such alone should censure and reward!

ALPHONSO.

If thus the present and the future age
 We represent, it is not meet that we
 Receive the poet's song unrecompensed.

The laurel wreath, fit chaplet for the bard,
Which e'en the hero, who requires his verse,
Sees without envy round his temples twined,
Adorns, thou seest, thy predecessor's brow.

(Pointing to the bust of Virgil.)

Hath chance, hath some kind genius, twined the wreath,
And brought it hither? Not in vain it thus
Presents itself: Virgil I hear exclaim,
"Wherefore confer this honor on the dead?
They in their lifetime had reward and joy:
Do ye indeed revere the bards of old?
Then, to the living bard accord his due.
My marble statue hath been amply crowned,
And the green laurel branch belongs to life."

*(Alphonso makes a sign to his sister; she takes the crown
from the bust of Virgil, and approaches TASSO; he
steps back.)*

LEONORA.

Thou dost refuse? Seest thou what hand the wreath,
The fair, the never-fading wreath, presents?

TASSO.

Oh, let me pause! I scarce can comprehend
How after such an hour I still can live.

ALPHONSO.

Live in enjoyment of the high reward
From which thy inexperience shrinks with fear.

PRINCESS *(raising the crown)*.

Thou dost afford me, Tasso, the rare joy
Of giving silent utterance to my thought.

TASSO.

The beauteous burden from thy honored hands,
On my weak head, thus kneeling I receive.

*(He kneels down: the PRINCESS places the crown upon
his head.)*

LEONORA *(applauding)*.

Long live the poet, for the first time crowned!
How well the crown adorns the modest man!

(TASSO rises.)

ALPHONSO.

It is an emblem only of that crown
Which shall adorn thee on the Capitol.

PRINCESS.

There louder voices will salute thine ear :
Friendship with lower tones rewards thee here.

TASSO.

Take it, oh take it quickly, from my brow .
Pray thee remove it ! It doth scorch my locks :
And like a sunbeam, that with fervid heat
Falls on my forehead, burneth in my brain
The power of thought ; while fever's fiery glow
Impels my blood. Forgive ! it is too much.

LEONORA.

This garland rather doth protect the head
Of him who treads the burning realm of fame,
And with its grateful shelter cools his brow.

TASSO.

I am not worthy to receive its shade,
Which only round the hero's brow should wave.
Ye gods, exalt it high among the clouds,
To float in glory inaccessible,
That through eternity my life may be
An endless striving to attain this goal !

ALPHONSO.

He who in youth acquires life's noblest gifts,
Learns early to esteem their priceless worth ;
He who in youth enjoys, resigneth not
Without reluctance what he once possessed ;
And he who would possess, must still be armed.

TASSO.

And who would arm himself, within his breast
A power must feel that ne'er forsaketh him.
Ah, it forsakes me now ! In happiness
The inborn power subsides, which tutored me

To meet injustice with becoming pride,
 And steadfastly to face adversity.
 Hath the delight, the rapture, of this hour,
 Dissolved the strength and marrow in my limbs?
 My knees sink feebly! yet a second time
 Thou seest me, princess, here before thee bowed:
 Grant my petition, and remove the crown,
 That, as awakened from a blissful dream,
 A new and fresh existence I may feel.

PRINCESS.

If thou with quiet modesty canst wear
 The glorious talent from the gods received,
 Learn also now the laurel wreath to wear,
 The fairest gift that friendship can bestow.
 The brow it once hath worthily adorned,
 It shall encircle through eternity.

TASSO.

Oh, let me, then, ashamed from hence retire!
 Let me in deepest shades my joy conceal,
 As there my sorrow I was wont to shroud.
 There will I range alone: no eye will there
 Remind me of a bliss so undeserved.
 And if perchance I should behold a youth
 In the clear mirror of a crystal spring,
 Who in the imaged heaven, 'midst rocks and trees,
 Absorbed in thought appears, his brow adorned
 With glory's garland, — there, methinks, I see
 Elysium mirrored in the magic flood.
 I pause and calmly ask, Who may this be?
 What youth of by-gone times so fairly crowned?
 Whence can I learn his name? his high desert?
 I linger long, and musing fondly think:
 Oh, might there come another, and yet more,
 To join with him in friendly intercourse!
 Oh, could I see assembled round this spring
 The bards, the heroes, of the olden time!
 Could I behold them still united here
 As they in life were ever firmly bound!
 As with mysterious power the magnet binds
 Iron with iron, so do kindred aims
 Unite the souls of heroes and of bards.

Himself forgetting, Homer spent his life
 In contemplation of two mighty men ;
 And Alexander in the Elysian fields
 Doth Homer and Achilles haste to seek.
 Oh, would that I were present to behold
 Those mighty spirits in communion met !

LEONORA.

Awake ! awake ! let us not feel that thou
 The present quite forgettest in the past.

TASSO.

It is the present that inspireth me :
 Absent I seem alone, I am entranced !

PRINCESS.

When thou dost speak with spirits, I rejoice
 The voice is human, and I gladly hear.

(A page steps to the PRINCE.)

ALPHONSO.

He is arrived ! and in a happy hour :
 Antonio ! Bring him hither, — here he comes !

SCENE IV. — PRINCESS, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, TASSO, ANTONIO.

ALPHONSO.

Thou'rt doubly welcome ! thou who bringest at once
 Thyself and welcome tidings.

PRINCESS.

Welcome here !

ANTONIO.

Scarce dare I venture to express the joy
 Which in your presence quickens me anew.
 In your society I find restored
 What I have missed so long. You seem content
 With what I have accomplished, what achieved ;
 So am I recompensed for every care,

For many days impatiently endured,
 And many others wasted purposely.
 At length our wish is gained, — the strife is o'er.

LEONORA.

I also greet thee, though in sooth displeas'd :
 Thou dost arrive when I must hence depart.

ANTONIO.

As if to mar my perfect happiness,
 One lovely part forthwith thou takest hence.

TASSO.

My greetings too! I also shall rejoice
 In converse with the much-experienced man.

ANTONIO.

Thou'lt find me true, whenever thou wilt deign
 To glance a while from thy world into mine.

ALPHONSO.

Though thou by letter hast announced to me
 The progress and the issue of our cause,
 Full many questions I have yet to ask
 Touching the course thou hast pursued therein.
 In that strange region a well-measured step
 Alone conducts us to our destined goal.
 Who doth his sovereign's interest purely seek,
 In Rome a hard position must maintain ;
 For Rome gives nothing, while she grasps at all :
 Let him who thither goes some boon to claim,
 Go well provided, and esteem himself
 Most happy, if e'en then he gaineth aught.

ANTONIO.

'Tis neither my demeanor nor my art
 By which thy will hath been accomplished, prince.
 For where the skill which at the Vatican
 Would not be over-mastered? Much conspired
 Which I could use in furtherance of our cause.
 Pope Gregory salutes and blesses thee.

That aged man, that sovereign most august,
 Who on his brow the load of empire bears,
 Recalls the time when he embraced thee last
 With pleasure. He who can distinguish men
 Knows and extols thee highly. For thy sake
 He hath done much. ✓

ALPHONSO.

So far as 'tis sincere,
 His good opinion cannot but rejoice me.
 But well thou knowest, from the Vatican
 The Pope sees empires dwindled at his feet:
 Princes and men must needs seem small indeed.
 Confess what was it most assisted thee.

ANTONIO.

Good! if thou will'st: the Pope's exalted mind.
 To him the small seems small, the great seems great.
 That he may wield the empire of the world,
 He to his neighbor yields with kind good will.
 The strip of land, which he resigns to thee,
 He knoweth, like thy friendship, well to prize.
 Italia must be tranquil, friends alone
 Will he behold around him, peace must reign
 Upon his borders, that of Christendom
 The might which he so potently directs,
 May smite at once the Heretic and Turk.

PRINCESS.

And is it known what men he most esteems,
 And who approach him confidentially?

ANTONIO.

The experienced man alone can win his ear,
 The active man his favor and esteem.
 He, who from early youth has served the state,
 Commands it now, ruling those very courts
 Which, in his office of ambassador,
 He had observed and guided years before.
 The world lies spread before his searching gaze,
 Clear as the interests of his own domain.
 In action we must yield him our applause,
 And mark with joy, when time unfolds the plans

Which his deep forethought fashioned long before.
 There is no fairer prospect in the world
 Than to behold a prince who wisely rules ;
 A realm where every one obeys with pride,
 Where each imagines that he serves himself,
 Because 'tis justice only that commands.

LEONORA.

How ardently I long to view that realm !

ALPHONSO.

Doubtless that thou mayst play thy part therein,
 For Leonora never could remain
 A mere spectator : meet it were, fair friend,
 If now and then we let your gentle hands
 Join in the mighty game — say, is't not so ?

LEONORA (*to* ALPHONSO).

Thou wouldst provoke me, — thou shalt not succeed.

ALPHONSO.

I am already deeply in thy debt.

LEONORA.

Good : then to-day I will remain in thine !
 Forgive, and do not interrupt me now.

(*To* ANTONIO.)

Say, hath he for his relatives done much ?

ANTONIO.

Nor more nor less than equity allows.
 The potentate, who doth neglect his friends,
 Is even by the people justly blamed.
 With wise discretion Gregory employs
 His friends as trusty servants of the state,
 And thus fulfils at once two kindred claims.

TASSO.

Doth science, do the liberal arts, enjoy
 His fostering care ? and doth he emulate
 The glorious princes of the olden time ?

ANTONIO.

He honors science when it is of use, —
 Teaching to govern states, to know mankind :
 He prizes art when it embellishes, —
 When it exalts and beautifies his Rome,
 Erecting palaces and temples there,
 Which rank among the marvels of this earth.
 Within his sphere of influence he admits
 Naught inefficient, and alone esteems
 The active cause and instrument of good.

ALPHONSO.

Thou thinkest, then, that we may soon conclude
 The whole affair? that no impediments
 Will finally be scattered in our way?

ANTONIO.

Unless I greatly err, 'twill but require
 A few brief letters and thy signature,
 To bring this contest to a final close.

ALPHONSO.

This day with justice, then, I may proclaim
 A season of prosperity and joy.
 My frontiers are enlarged and made secure :
 Thou hast accomplished all without the sword,
 And hence deservest well a civic crown.
 Our ladies on some beauteous morn shall twine
 A wreath of oak to bind around thy brow.
 Meanwhile our poet hath enriched us too :
 He, by his conquest of Jerusalem,
 Hath put our modern Christendom to shame.
 With joyous spirit and unwearied zeal,
 A high and distant goal he had attained ;
 For his achievement thou beholdest him crowned

ANTONIO.

Thou solvest an enigma. Two crowned heads
 I saw with wonder on arriving here.

TASSO.

While thou dost gaze upon my happiness,
 With the same glance, oh, couldst thou view my *heart*,
 And witness there my deep humility!

ANTONIO.

How lavishly Alphonso can reward
I long have known : thou only provest now
What all enjoy who come within its sphere

PRINCESS.

When thou shalt see the work he hath achieved,
Thou wilt esteem us moderate and just.
The first, the silent, witnesses are we
Of praises which the world and future years
In tenfold measure will accord to him.

ANTONIO.

Through you his fame is certain. Who so bold
To entertain a doubt when you commend?
But tell me, who on Ariosto's brow
Hath placed this wreath?

LEONORA.

This hand.

ANTONIO.

It hath done well.

It more becomes him than a laurel crown.
As o'er her fruitful bosom Nature throws
Her variegated robe of beauteous green,
So he enshrouds in Fable's flowery garb,
Whatever can conspire to render man
Worthy of love and honor. Power and taste,
Experience, understanding, and content,
And a pure feeling for the good and true,
Pervade the spirit of his every song,
And there appear in person, to repose
'Neath blossoming trees, besprinkled by the snow
Of lightly-falling flowers, their heads entwined
With rosy garlands ; while the sportive Loves
With frolic humor weave their magic spells.
A copious fountain, gurgling near, displays
Strange variegated fish ; and all the air
Is vocal with the song of wondrous birds ;
Strange cattle pasture in the bowers and glades ;
Half hid in verdure, Folly slyly lurks ;

At times, resounding from a golden cloud,
 The voice of Wisdom utters lofty truth ;
 While Madness, from a wild, harmonious lute,
 Scatters forth bursts of fitful harmony,
 Yet all the while the justest measure holds.
 He who aspires to emulate this man,
 E'en for his boldness well deserves a crown.
 Forgive me if I feel myself inspired,
 Like one entranced forget both time and place,
 And fail to weigh my words ; for all these crowns,
 These poets, and the festival attire
 Of these fair ladies, have transported me
 Out of myself into a foreign land.

PRINCESS.

Who thus can prize one species of desert,
 Will not misjudge another. Thou to us,
 Some future day, shalt show in Tasso's song
 What we can feel, and thou canst comprehend.

ALPHONSO.

Come, now, Antonio ! many things remain
 Whereof I am desirous to inquire.
 Then, till the setting of the sun, thou shalt
 Attend the ladies. Follow me, — farewell !
 (ANTONIO follows the prince. TASSO *dies*.)

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room.* PRINCESS, TASSO.

TASSO.

I with uncertain footsteps follow thee,
 O princess : there arise within my soul
 Thoughts without rule and measure. Solitude
 Appears to beckon me : complaisantly
 She whispers, " Hither come, I will allay,
 Within thy breast, the newly wakened doubt."
 Yet catch I but a glimpse of thee, or takes
 My listening ear one utterance from thy lip,
 At once a new-born day around me shines,

And all the fetters vanish from my soul.
 To thee I freely will confess, the man
 Who unexpectedly appeared among us
 Hath rudely waked me from a beauteous dream :
 So strangely have his nature and his words
 Affected me, that more than ever now
 A want of inward harmony I feel,
 And a distracting conflict with myself.

PRINCESS.

'Tis not to be expected that a friend,
 Who long hath sojourned in a foreign land,
 Should, in the moment of his first return,
 The tone of former times at once resume :
 He in his inner mind is still unchanged ;
 And a few days of intercourse will tune
 The jarring strings, until they blend once more
 In perfect harmony. When he shall know
 The greatness of the work thou hast achieved,
 Believe me, he will place thee by the bard,
 Whom as a giant now he sets before thee.

TASSO.

My princess, Ariosto's praise from him
 Has more delighted than offended me.
 Consoling 'tis, to know the man renowned,
 Whom as our model we have placed before us :
 An inward voice then whispers to the heart,
 " Canst thou obtain a portion of his worth,
 A portion of his fame is also thine."
 No : that which hath most deeply moved my heart,
 Which even now completely fills my soul,
 Was the majestic picture of that world,
 Which, with its living, restless, mighty forms
 Around one great and prudent man revolves,
 And runs with measured steps the destined course
 Prescribed beforehand by the demigod.
 I listened eagerly, and heard with joy
 The wise discourse of the experienced man ;
 But, ah ! the more I heard, the more I felt
 Mine own unworthiness, and feared that I,
 Like empty sound, might dissipate in air,
 Or vanish like an echo or a dream.

PRINCESS.

And yet erewhile thou didst so truly feel
 How bard and hero for each other live,
 How bard and hero to each other tend,
 And toward each other know no envious thought.
 Noble in truth are deeds deserving fame ;
 But it is also noble to transmit
 The lofty grandeur of heroic deeds,
 Through worthy song, to our posterity.
 Be satisfied to contemplate in peace,
 From a small, sheltering state, as from the shore,
 The wild and stormy current of the world.

TASSO.

Was it not here, amazed, I first beheld
 The high reward on valiant deeds bestowed?
 An inexperienced youth I here arrived,
 When festival on festival conspired
 To render this the centre of renown.
 Oh, what a scene Ferrara then displayed!
 The wide arena, where in all its pomp
 Accomplished valor should its skill display,
 Was bounded by a circle, whose high worth
 The sun might seek to parallel in vain.
 The fairest women sat assembled there,
 And men the most distinguished of the age.
 Amazed the eye ran o'er the noble throng:
 Proudly I cried, "And 'tis our fatherland,
 That small, sea-girded land, hath sent them here.
 They constitute the noblest court that e'er
 On honor, worth, or virtue, judgment passed.
 Survey them singly, thou wilt not find one
 Of whom his neighbor needs to feel ashamed!"—
 And then the lists were opened, chargers pranced,
 Esquires pressed forward, helmets brightly gleamed,
 The trumpet sounded, shivering lances split,
 The din of clanging helm and shield was heard,
 And for a moment eddying dust concealed
 The victor's honor and the vanquished's shame.
 Oh, let me draw a curtain o'er the scene,
 The all too brilliant spectacle conceal,
 That in this tranquil hour I may not feel
 Too painfully mine own unworthiness!

PRINCESS.

If that bright circle and those noble deeds
 Aroused thee then to enterprise and toil,
 I could the while, young friend, have tutored thee
 In the still lesson of calm sufferance.
 The brilliant festival thou dost extol,
 Which then and since a hundred voices praised,
 I did not witness. In a lonely spot,
 So tranquil, that, unbroken on the ear,
 Joy's lightest echo faintly died away,
 A prey to pain and melancholy thoughts,
 I was compelled to pass the tedious hours.
 Before me hovered, on extended wing,
 Death's awful form, concealing from my view
 The prospect of this ever-changing world.
 Slowly it disappeared: and I beheld,
 As through a veil, the varied hues of life,
 Pleasing but indistinct; while living forms,
 Began once more to flicker through the gloom.
 Still feeble, and supported by my women,
 For the first time my silent room I left,
 When hither, full of happiness and life,
 Thee leading by the hand, Lucretia came.
 A stranger then, thou, Tasso, wast the first
 To welcome me on my return to life.
 Much then I hoped for both of us; and hope
 Hath not, methinks, deceived us hitherto.

TASSO.

Stunned by the tumult, dazzled by the glare,
 Impetuous passions stirring in my breast,
 I by thy sister's side pursued my way
 In silence through the stately corridors,
 Then in the chamber entered, where ere long
 Thou didst appear supported by thy women.
 Oh, what a moment! Princess, pardon me!
 As in the presence of a deity
 The victim of enchantment feels with joy
 His frenzied spirit from delusion freed;
 So was my soul from every fantasy,
 From every passion, every false desire
 Restored at once by one calm glance of thine
 And if, before, my inexperienced mind

Had lost itself in infinite desires,
 I then, with shame, first turned my gaze within,
 And recognized the truly valuable.
 Thus on the wide seashore we seek in vain
 The pearl, reposing in its silent shell.

PRINCESS.

'Twas the commencement of a happy time.
 And had Urbino's duke not led away
 My sister from us, many years had passed
 For us in calm, unclouded happiness.
 But now, alas! we miss her all too much,
 Miss her free spirit, buoyancy, and life,
 And the rich wit of the accomplished woman.

TASSO.

Too well I know, since she departed hence,
 None hath been able to supply to thee
 The pure enjoyment which her presence gave.
 Alas, how often hath it grieved my soul!
 How often have I, in the silent grove,
 Poured forth my lamentation! How! I cried
 Is it her sister's right and joy alone
 To be a treasure to the dear one's heart?
 Does, then, no other soul respond to hers,
 No other heart her confidence deserve?
 Are soul and wit extinguished? and should one,
 How great soe'er her worth, engross her love?
 Forgive me, princess! Often I have wished
 I could be something to thee, — little, perhaps,
 But something: not with words alone, with deeds
 I wished to be so, and in life to prove
 How I had worshipped thee in solitude.
 But I could ne'er succeed, and but too oft
 In error wounded thee, offending one
 By thee protected, or perplexing more
 What thou didst wish to solve, and thus, alas!
 E'en in the moment when I fondly strove
 To draw more near thee, felt more distant still.

PRINCESS.

Thy wish I never have misconstrued, Tasso;
 How thou dost prejudice thyself I know:

Unlike my sister, who possessed the art
Of living happily with every one,
After so many years, thou art in sooth
Thyself well nigh unfriended.

TASSO.

Censure me!
But after say, where shall I find the man,
The woman where, to whom as unto thee
I freely can unbosom every thought?

PRINCESS.

Thou shouldest in my brother more confide.

TASSO.

He is my prince! — Yet do not hence suppose
That freedom's lawless impulse swells my breast.
Man is not born for freedom; and to serve
A prince deserving honor and esteem
Is a pure pleasure to a noble mind.
He is my sovereign, — of that great word
I deeply feel the full significance.
I must be silent when he speaks, and learn
To do what he commandeth, though perchance
My heart and understanding both rebel.

PRINCESS.

That with my brother never can befall.
And in Antonio, who is now returned,
Thou wilt possess another prudent friend.

TASSO.

I hoped it once, now almost I despair.
His converse how instructive, and his words
How useful in a thousand instances!
For he possesses, I may truly say,
All that in me is wanting. But, alas!
When round his cradle all the gods assembled
To bring their gifts, the Graces were not there;
And he who lacks what these fair Powers impart,
May much possess, may much communicate;
But on his bosom we can ne'er repose.

PRINCESS.

But we can trust in him, and that is much.
 Thou shouldst not, Tasso, in one man expect
 All qualities combined: Antonio
 What he hath promised surely will perform.
 If he have once declared himself thy friend,
 He'll care for thee, where thou dost fail thyself.
 Ye must be friends! I cherish the fond hope
 Ere long this gracious work to consummate.
 Only oppose me not, as is thy wont.
 Then, Leonora long hath sojourned here,
 Who is at once refined and elegant:
 Her easy manners banish all restraint,
 Yet thou hast ne'er approached her as she wished.

TASSO.

To thee I hearkened, or, believe me, princess,
 I should have rather shunned her than approached.
 Though she appear so kind, I know not why,
 I can but rarely feel at ease with her:
 E'en when her purpose is to aid her friends,
 They feel the purpose, and are thence constrained.

PRINCESS.

Upon this pathway, Tasso, nevermore
 Will glad companionship be ours! This track
 Leadeth us on through solitary groves
 And silent vales to wander; more and more
 The spirit is untuned; and fondly strives
 The golden age, that from the outer world
 For aye hath vanished, to restore within,
 How vain soever the attempt may prove.

TASSO.

Oh, what a word, my princess, hast thou spoken!
 The golden age, ah! whither is it flown,
 For which in secret every heart repines?
 When o'er the yet unsubjugged earth,
 Men roamed, like herds, in joyous liberty;
 When on the flowery lawn an ancient tree
 Lent to the shepherd and the shepherdess
 Its grateful shadow, and the leafy grove

Its tender branches lovingly entwined
 Around confiding love ; when still and clear,
 O'er sands forever pure, the pearly stream
 The nymph's fair form encircled ; when the snake
 Glided innoxious through the verdant grass,
 And the bold youth pursued the daring faun ;
 When every bird winging the limpid air,
 And every living thing o'er hill and dale,
 Proclaimed to man, — What pleases is allowed.

PRINCESS.

My friend, the golden age hath passed away ;
 Only the good have power to bring it back :
 Shall I confess to thee my secret thought ?
 The golden age, wherewith the bard is wont
 Our spirits to beguile, that lovely prime,
 Existed in the past no more than now ;
 And, did it ere exist, believe me, Tasso,
 As then it was, it now may be restored.
 Still meet congenial spirits, and enhance
 Each other's pleasure in this beauteous world ;
 But in the motto change one single word,
 And say, my friend, — What's fitting is allowed.

TASSO.

Would that of good and noble men were formed
 A great tribunal, to decide for all
 What is befitting ! then no more would each
 Esteem that right which benefits himself.
 The man of power acts ever as he lists,
 And whatsoe'er he doth is fitting deemed.

PRINCESS.

Wouldst thou define exactly what is fitting,
 Thou shouldst apply, methinks, to noble women ;
 For them it most behooveth that in life
 Naught should be done unseemly or unfit :
 Propriety encircles with a wall
 The tender, weak, and vulnerable sex.
 Where moral order reigneth, women reign ;
 They only are despised where rudeness triumphs,
 And wouldst thou touching either sex inquire,
 'Tis order woman seeketh ; freedom, man.

TASSO.

Thou thinkest us unfeeling, wild, and rude?

PRINCESS.

Not so! but ye with violence pursue
 A multitude of objects far remote.
 Ye venture for eternity to act;
 While we, with views more narrow, on this earth
 Seek only one possession, well content
 If that with constancy remain our own.
 For we, alas! are of no heart secure,
 Whate'er the ardor of its first devotion.
 Beauty is transient, which alone ye seem
 To hold in honor; what beside remains
 No longer charms, — what doth not charm is dead.
 If among men there were who knew to prize
 The heart of woman, who could recognize
 What treasures of fidelity and love
 Are garnered safely in a woman's breast;
 If the remembrance of bright single hours
 Could vividly abide within your souls;
 If your so searching glance could pierce the veil
 Which age and wasting sickness o'er us fling;
 If the possession which should satisfy
 Wakened no restless cravings in your hearts, —
 Then were our happy days indeed arrived,
 We then should celebrate our golden age.

TASSO.

Thy words, my princess, in my breast awake
 An old anxiety half lulled to sleep.

PRINCESS.

What meanest thou, Tasso? Freely speak with me.

TASSO.

I oft before have heard, and recently
 Again it hath been rumored, — had I not
 Been told, I might have known it, — princes strive
 To win thy hand. What we must needs expect
 We view with dread, — nay, almost with despair.
 Thou wilt forsake us, — it is natural;
 Yet how we shall endure it, know I not.

PRINCESS.

Be for the present moment unconcerned, —
 Almost, I might say, unconcerned forever.
 I am contented still to tarry here,
 Nor know I any tie to lure me hence.
 And if thou wouldst indeed detain me, Tasso,
 Live peaceably with all ; so shalt thou lead
 A happy life thyself, and I through thee.

TASSO.

Teach me to do whate'er is possible !
 My life itself is consecrate to thee.
 When to extol thee and to give thee thanks
 My heart unfolded, I experienced first
 The purest happiness that man can feel :
 My soul's ideal I first found in thee.
 As destiny supreme is raised above
 The will and counsel of the wisest men,
 So tower the gods of earth o'er common mortals.
 The rolling surge which we behold with dread,
 Doth all unheeded murmur at their feet
 Like gentle billows : they hear not the storm
 Which blusters round us, scarcely heed our prayers,
 And treat us as we helpless children treat,
 Letting us fill the air with sighs and plaints.
 Thou hast, divine one ! often borne with me,
 And, like the radiant sun, thy pitying glance
 Hath from mine eyelid dried the dew of sorrow.

PRINCESS.

'Tis only just that women cordially
 Should meet the poet, whose heroic song
 In strains so varied glorifies the sex.
 Tender or valiant, thou hast ever known
 To represent them amiable and noble ;
 And, if Armida is deserving hate,
 Her love and beauty reconcile us to her.

TASSO.

Whatever in my song doth reach the heart
 And find an echo there, I owe to one,
 And one alone ! No image undefined

Hovered before my soul, approaching now
 In radiant glory, to retire again.
 I have myself, with mine own eyes, beheld
 The type of every virtue, every grace ;
 What I have copied thence will aye endure :
 The heroic love of Tancred to Clorinda,
 Erminia's silent and unnoticed truth,
 Sophronia's greatness and Olinda's woe ;
 These are not shadows by illusion bred ;
 I know they are eternal, for they are.
 And what is more deserving to survive,
 And silently to work for centuries,
 Than the confession of a noble love
 Confided modestly to gentle song ?

PRINCESS.

And shall I name to thee another charm
 Which, all unconsciously, this song may claim ?
 It doth allure us still to listen to it :
 We listen, and we think we understand ;
 We understand, and yet we censure not ;
 So, with thy song, thou winnest us at last.

TASSO.

Oh, what a heaven thou dost open to me,
 My princess ! if this radiance blinds me not,
 I see unhoped-for and eternal bliss
 Descending gloriously on golden beams.

PRINCESS.

No further, Tasso ! many things there are
 That we may hope to win with violence ;
 While others only can become our own
 Through moderation and wise self-restraint.
 Such, it is said, is virtue, such is love,
 Which is allied to her. Think well of this !

SCENE II.

TASSO.

And art thou, then, allowed to raise thine eyes ?
 Around thee dar'st thou gaze ? Thou art alone !

O'erheard these pillars what the princess spake?
And hast thou witnesses, dumb witnesses
Of thine exalted happiness to fear?
The sun arises of a new life-day,
Whose splendor dims the light of former days.
The goddess, downward stooping, swiftly bears
Aloft the mortal. What a wide expanse
Is to mine eye discovered, what a realm!
How richly recompensed my burning wish!
In dreams the highest happiness seemed near:
This happiness surpasses all my dreams.
The man born blind conceiveth as he may
Of light and color: when upon his eye
The daylight pours, he hails a new-born sense.
Full of vague hope and courage, drunk with joy,
Reeling I tread this path. Thou givest me much:
Thou givest lavishly, as earth and heaven,
With bounteous hand, dispense their costly gifts,
Demanding in return what such a boon
Alone empowers thee to demand from me.
I must be moderate, I must forbear,
And thus deserve thy cherished confidence.
What have I ever done that she should choose me?
What can I do to merit her regard?
Her very confidence doth prove thy worth.
Yes, princess, to thine every word and look
Be my whole soul forever consecrate!
Ask what thou wilt, for I am wholly thine!
To distant regions let her send me forth
In quest of toil and danger and renown;
Or in the grove, present the golden lyre,
Devoting me to quiet and her praise.
Hers am I: me possessing, she shall mould!
For her my heart hath garnered every treasure.
Oh, had some heavenly power bestowed on me
An organ thousand-fold, I scarcely then
Could utter forth my speechless reverence.
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lip,
The sweetest that e'er sipped the vernal honey,
I covet now. No! 'Tasso shall henceforth
Wander no more forlorn, 'mong trees, 'mong men,
Lonely and weak, oppressed with gloomy care!
He is no more alone, he is with thee.
Oh, would that visibly the noblest deed

Were present here before me, circled round
 With grisly danger! Onward I would rush,
 And with a joyous spirit risk the life
 Now from her hand received — the choicest men
 As comrades I would hail, a noble band,
 To execute her will and high behest,
 And consummate what seemed impossible.
 Rash mortal! wherefore did thy lip not hide
 What thou didst feel, till thou couldst lay thyself
 Worthy, and ever worthier, at her feet?
 Such was thy purpose, such thy prudent wish!
 Yet be it so! 'Tis sweeter to receive,
 Free and unmerited, so fair a boon,
 Than, with self-flattery, dream one might perchance
 Successfully have claimed it. Gaze with joy!
 So vast, so boundless, all before thee lies!
 And youth, with hope inspired, allures thee on
 Towards the future's unknown, sunny realms!
 My bosom, heave! propitious seasons smile
 Once more with genial influence on this plant!
 It springeth heavenward, and shooteth out
 A thousand branches that unfold in bloom.
 Oh, may it bring forth fruit, — ambrosial fruit!
 And may a hand beloved the golden spoil
 Cull from its verdant and luxuriant boughs!

SCENE III. — TASSO, ANTONIO.

TASSO.

Gladly I welcome thee: it seems indeed
 As though I saw thee for the first time now!
 Ne'er was arrival more auspicious. Welcome!
 I know thee now, and all thy varied worth.
 Promptly I offer thee my heart and hand,
 And trust that thou wilt not despise my love.

ANTONIO.

Freely thou offerest a precious gift:
 Its worth I duly estimate, and hence
 Would pause a while before accepting it.
 I know not yet if I can render thee
 A full equivalent. Not willingly

Would I o'erhasty or unthankful seem :
Let, then, my sober caution serve for both.

TASSO.

What man would censure caution? Every step
Of life doth prove that 'tis most requisite ;
Yet nobler is it, when the soul reveals,
Where we, with prudent foresight, may dispense.

ANTONIO.

The heart of each be here his oracle,
Since each his error must himself atone.

TASSO.

So let it be! My duty I've performed :
It is the princess' wish we should be friends ;
Her words I honored and thy friendship sought.
I wished not to hold back, Antonio ;
But I will never be importunate.
Time and more near acquaintance may induce thee
To give a warmer welcome to the gift
Which now thou dost reject, almost with scorn.

ANTONIO.

Oft is the moderate man named cold by those
Who think themselves more warm than other men,
Because a transient glow comes over them.

TASSO.

Thou blamest what I blame, — what I avoid.
Young as I am I ever must prefer
Unshaken constancy to vehemence.

ANTONIO.

Most wisely said! Keep ever in this mind.

TASSO.

Thou'rt authorized to counsel and to warn ;
For like a faithful, time-approved friend,
Experience holds her station at thy side.
But trust me, sir, the meditative heart

Attends the warning of each day and hour,
 And practises in secret every virtue,
 Which in thy rigor thou wouldst teach anew.

ANTONIO.

'Twere well to be thus occupied with self,
 If it were only profitable too.
 His inmost nature no man learns to know
 By introspection: still he rates himself,
 Sometimes too low, but oft, alas! too high.
 Self-knowledge comes from knowing other men:
 'Tis life reveals to each his genuine worth.

TASSO.

I listen with applause and reverence.

ANTONIO.

Yet to my words I know thou dost attach
 A meaning wholly foreign to my thought.

TASSO.

Proceeding thus, we ne'er shall draw more near.
 It is not prudent, 'tis not well, to meet
 With purposed misconception any man,
 Let him be who he may! The princess' word
 I scarcely needed; — I have read thy soul:
 Good thou dost purpose and accomplish too.
 Thine own immediate fate concerns thee not.
 Thou thinkest of others, others thou dost aid;
 And on life's sea, vexed by each passing gale,
 Thou holdest a heart unmoved. I view thee thus;
 What, then, were I, did I not draw towards thee?
 Did I not even keenly seek a share
 Of the locked treasure which thy bosom guards?
 Open thine heart to me, thou'lt not repent;
 Know me, and I sure am thou'lt be my friend;
 Of such a friend I long have felt the need.
 My inexperience, my ungoverned youth,
 Cause me no shame; for still around my brow
 The future's golden clouds in brightness rest.
 Oh, to thy bosom take me, noble man!
 Into the wise, the temperate use of life
 Initiate my rash, my unfledged youth.

ANTONIO.

Thou in a single moment wouldst demand
What time and circumspection only yield.

TASSO.

In one brief moment love has power to give
What anxious toil wins not in lengthened years.
I do not ask it from thee, I demand.
I summon thee in Virtue's sacred name,
For she is zealous to unite the good ;
And shall I name to thee another name ?
The princess, she doth wish it, — Leonora.
Me she would lead to thee, and thee to me.
Oh, let us meet her wish with kindred hearts !
United let us to the goddess haste,
To offer her our service, our whole souls,
Leagued to achieve for her the noblest aims.
Yet once again ! — Here is my hand ! Give thine !
I do entreat, hold thyself back no longer,
O noble man, and grudge me not the joy,
The good man's fairest joy, without reserve,
Freely to yield himself to nobler men !

ANTONIO.

Thou goest with full sail ! It would appear
Thou'rt wont to conquer, everywhere to find
The pathways spacious and the portals wide.
I grudge thee not or merit or success, —
Only I see indeed, too plainly see,
We from each other stand too far apart.

TASSO.

It may be so in years and time-tried worth ; —
In courage and good will I yield to none.

ANTONIO.

Good will doth oft prove deedless : courage still
Pictures the goal less distant than it is.
His brow alone is crowned who reaches it,
And oft a worthier must forego the crown.
Yet wreaths there are of very different fashion, —
Light, worthless wreaths, which, idly strolling on,
The loiterer oft without the toil obtains.

TASSO.

What a divinity to one accords,
 And from another sternly doth withhold,
 Is not obtained by each man as he lists.

ANTONIO.

To Fortune before other gods ascribe it:
 I'll hear thee gladly, for her choice is blind.

TASSO.

Impartial Justice also wears a band,
 And to each bright illusion shuts her eyes.

ANTONIO.

Fortune 'tis for the fortunate to praise!
 Let him ascribe to her a hundred eyes
 To scan desert, — stern judgment, and wise choice.
 Call her Minerva, call her what he will,
 He holds as just reward her golden gifts,
 Chance ornament as symbol of desert.

TASSO.

Thou needest not speak more plainly. 'Tis enough!
 Deeply I see into thine inmost heart,
 And know thee now for life. Oh, would that so
 My princess knew thee also! Lavish not
 The arrows of thine eyes and of thy tongue!
 In vain thou aimest at the fadeless wreath
 Entwined around my brow. First be so great
 As not to envy me the laurel wreath,
 And then perchance thou mayst dispute the prize.
 I deem it sacred, yea, the highest good;
 Yet only show me him, who hath attained
 That after which I strive; show me the hero,
 Of whom on history's ample page I read;
 The poet place before me, who himself
 With Homer or with Virgil may compare;
 Ay, what is more, let me behold the man
 Who hath deserved threefold this recompense,
 And yet can wear the laurel round his brow,
 With modesty thrice greater than my own, —

Then at the feet of the divinity
 Who thus endowed me, thou shouldst see me kneel,
 Nor would I stand erect, till from my brow,
 She had to his the ornament transferred.

ANTONIO.

Till then thou'rt doubtless worthy of the crown.

TASSO.

Let me be justly weighed; I shun it not:
 But your contempt I never have deserved.
 The wreath considered by my prince my due,
 Which for my brow my princess' hand entwined,
 None shall dispute with me, and none asperse!

ANTONIO.

This haughty tone, methinks, becomes thee not,
 Nor this rash glow, unseemly in this place.

TASSO.

The tone thou takest here, becomes me too.
 Say, from these precincts is the truth exiled?
 Within the palace is free thought imprisoned?
 Here must the noble spirit be oppressed?
 This is nobility's appropriate seat, —
 The soul's nobility! and may she not,
 In presence of earth's mighty ones, rejoice?
 She may and shall. Nobles draw near the prince
 In virtue of the rank their sires bequeathed:
 Why should not genius, then, which partial Nature
 Grants, like a glorious ancestry, to few?
 Here littleness alone should feel confused,
 And envy shun to manifest its shame;
 As no insidious spider should attach
 Its noisome fabric to these marble walls.

ANTONIO.

Thyself dost show that my contempt is just!
 The impetuous youth, forsooth, would seize by force
 The confidence and friendship of the man!
 Rude as thou art, dost think thyself of worth?

TASSO.

I'd rather be what thou esteamest rude,
Than what I must myself esteem ignoble.

ANTONIO.

Thou art still so young that wholesome chastisement
May tutor thee to hold a better course.

TASSO.

Not young enough to bow to idols down,
Yet old enough to conquer scorn with scorn.

ANTONIO.

From contests of the lip and of the lyre,
A conquering hero, thou mayst issue forth.

TASSO.

It were presumptuous to extol my arm,
As yet 'tis deedless; still I'll trust to it.

ANTONIO.

Thou trustest to forbearance, which too long
Hath spoiled thee in thine insolent career.

TASSO.

That I am grown to manhood, now I feel:
It would have been the farthest from my wish
To try with thee the doubtful game of arms;
But thou dost stir the inward fire; my blood,
My inmost marrow, boils; the fierce desire
Of vengeance seethes and foams within my breast.
Art thou the man thou boastest thyself, — then stand.

ANTONIO.

Thou knowest as little who, as where, thou art.

TASSO.

No fane so sacred as to shield contempt.
Thou dost blaspheme, thou dost profane, this spot,
Not I, who fairest offerings, — confidence,

Respect, and love, — for thine acceptance brought.
 Thy spirit desecrates this paradise,
 And thy injurious words this sacred hall, —
 Not the indignant heaving of my breast,
 Which boils to wipe away the slightest stain.

ANTONIO.

What a high spirit in a narrow breast!

TASSO.

Here there is space to vent the bosom's rage.

ANTONIO.

The rabble also vent their rage in words.

TASSO.

Art thou of noble blood as I am; draw.

ANTONIO.

I am, but I remember where I stand.

TASSO.

Come, then, below, where weapons may avail.

ANTONIO.

Thou shouldst not challenge, therefore I'll not follow.

TASSO.

To cowards welcome such impediments.

ANTONIO.

The coward only threats where he's secure.

TASSO.

With joy would I relinquish this defence.

ANTONIO.

Degrade thyself : degrade the place thou canst not.

TASSO.

The place forgive me that I suffered it!

(*He draws his sword.*)

Or draw or follow, if, as now I hate,
I'm not to scorn thee to eternity!

SCENE IV. — TASSO, ANTONIO, ALPHONSO.

ALPHONSO.

In what unlooked-for strife I find you both?

ANTONIO.

Calm and unmoved, O prince, thou findest me here,
Before a man whom passion's rage hath seized!

TASSO.

As a divinity I worship thee
That thus thou tamest me with one warning look.

ALPHONSO.

Relate, Antonio, Tasso, tell me straight; —
Say, why doth discord thus invade my house?
How hath it seized you both, and hurried you
Confused and reeling from the beaten track
Of decency and law? I stand amazed.

TASSO.

I feel it, thou dost know nor him, nor me.
This man, reputed temperate and wise,
Hath towards me, like a rude, ill-mannered churl,
Behaved himself with spiteful insolence.
I sought him trustfully, he thrust me back:
With constancy I pressed myself on him;
And still, with growing bitterness imbued,
He rested not till he had turned to gall
My blood's pure current. Pardon! Thou, my prince,
Hast found me here, possessed with furious rage.
If guilty, to this man the guilt is due:
With violence he fanned the fiery glow
Which, seizing me, hath injured both of us.

ANTONIO.

Poetic frenzy hurried him away!
 Thou hast, O prince! addressed thyself to me,
 Hast questioned me: be it to me allowed
 After this rapid orator to speak.

TASSO.

Oh, yes! repeat again each several word:
 And if before this judge thou canst recall
 Each syllable, each look, — then dare to do so!
 Disgrace thyself a second time, and bear
 Witness against thyself! I'll not disown
 A single pulse-throb, nor a single breath.

ANTONIO.

If thou hast somewhat more to say, proceed:
 If not, forbear, and interrupt me not.
 Whether at first this fiery youth or I
 Began this quarrel, whether he or I
 Must bear the blame, is a wide question, prince,
 Which stands apart, and need not be discussed.

TASSO.

How so? The primal question seems to me,
 Which of the two is right, and which is wrong.

ANTONIO.

Not so precisely, as the ungoverned mind
 Might first suppose.

ALPHONSO.

Antonio!

ANTONIO.

Gracious prince!

Thy hint I honor, but let him forbear;
 When I have spoken, he may then proceed:
 Thy voice must then decide. I've but to say,
 I can no longer with this man contend;
 Can nor accuse him, nor defend myself,
 Nor give the satisfaction he desires:
 For, as he stands, he is no longer free.

There hangeth over him a heavy law,
 Which, at the most, thy favor may relax.
 Here hath he dared to threat, to challenge me,
 Scarce in thy presence sheathed his naked sword;
 And if between us, prince, thou hadst not stepped,
 Obnoxious to reproof, I now had stood,
 Before thy sight, the partner of his fault.

ALPHONSO (*to TASSO*).

Thou hast not acted well.

TASSO.

Mine own heart, prince,
 And surely thine, doth speak me wholly free.
 Yes, true it is, I threatened, challenged, drew;
 But how maliciously his guileful tongue,
 With words well chosen, pierced me to the quick!
 How sharp and rapidly his biting tooth
 The subtle venom in my blood infused!
 How more and more the fever he inflamed —
 Thou thinkest not! cold and unmoved himself,
 He to the highest pitch excited me.
 Thou knowest him not, and thou wilt never know him!
 Warmly I tendered him the fairest friendship;
 Down at my feet he flung the proffered gift:
 And had my spirit not with anger glowed,
 Of thy fair service and thy princely grace
 I were for aye unworthy. If the law
 I have forgotten, and this place, forgive!
 The spot exists not where I dare be base,
 Nor yet where I debasement dare endure.
 But if this heart in any place be false,
 Or to itself or thee, — condemn, reject, —
 And let me ne'er again behold thy face.

ANTONIO.

How easily the youth bears heavy loads,
 And shake^h misdemeanors off like dust!
 It were indeed a marvel, knew I not
 Of magic poesy the wondrous power,
 Which lo^teth still with the impossible
 In frolic nodd to sport. I almost doubt

Whether to thee, and to thy ministers,
 This deed will seem so insignificant.
 For Majesty extends its shield o'er all
 Who draw near its inviolate abode,
 And bow before it as a deity :
 As at the altar's consecrated foot,
 So on its sacred threshold rage subsides ;
 No sword there gleams, no threatening word resounds,
 E'en injured innocence seeks no revenge.
 The common earth affordeth ample scope
 For bitter hate, and rage implacable.
 There will no coward threat, no true man flee :
 Thy ancestors, on sure foundations, based
 These walls, fit shelter for their dignity,
 And, with wise forecast, hedged the palace round
 With fearful penalties. Of all transgressors ;
 Exile, confinement, death, the certain doom.
 Respect of persons was not, nor did mercy
 The arm of justice venture to restrain.
 The boldest culprit felt himself o'erawed.
 And now, after a lengthenèd reign of peace,
 We must behold unlicensed rage invade
 The realm of sacred order. Judge, O prince,
 And punish ! for unguarded by the law,
 Unshielded by his sovereign, who will dare
 To keep the narrow path that duty bounds ?

ALPHONSO.

More than your words, or aught that ye could say,
 My own impartial feelings let me heed.
 If that your duty ye had both fulfilled,
 I should not have this judgment to pronounce ;
 For here the right and wrong are near allied.
 If that Antonio hath offended thee,
 Due satisfaction he must doubtless give,
 In such a sort as thou shalt choose to ask.
 I gladly would be chosen arbiter.

(To TASSO.)

Meanwhile thy misdemeanor subjects thee
 To brief confinement, Tasso. I forgive thee,
 And therefore, for thy sake, relax the law.
 Now leave us, and within thy chamber bide,
 Thyself thy sole companion, thy sole guard.

TASSO.

Is this, then, thy judicial sentence, prince?

ANTONIO.

Discernest thou not a father's lenity?

TASSO (to ANTONIO).

With thee, henceforth, I have no more to say.

(To ALPHONSO.)

Thine earnest word, O prince, delivers me,

A freeman, to captivity! So be it!

Thou deemest it right. Thy sacred word I hear,

And counsel silence to mine inmost heart.

It seems so strange, so strange, — myself and thee,

This sacred spot I scarce can recognize.

Yet him I know full well. Oh! there is much

I might and ought to say, yet I submit.

My lips are mute. Was it indeed a crime?

At least, they treat me as a criminal.

Howe'er my heart rebel, I'm captive now.

ALPHONSO.

Thou takest it, Tasso, more to heart than I.

TASSO.

To me it still is inconceivable;

And yet not so, I am no child. Methinks

I should be able to unravel it.

A sudden light breaks in upon my soul;

As suddenly it leaves me in the dark;

I only hear my sentence, and submit.

These are, indeed, superfluous, idle words!

Henceforth inure thy spirit to obey.

Weak mortal! To forget where thou didst stand!

Thou didst forget how high the abode of gods,

And now art staggered by the sudden fall.

Promptly obey, for it becomes a man

Each painful duty to perform with joy.

Take back the sword thou gavest me, what time

The cardinal I followed into France.

Though not with glory, not with shame, I wore it, —

No, not to-day. The bright, auspicious gift,

With heart sore troubled, I relinquish now.

ALPHONSO.

Thou knowest not, Tasso, how I feel towards thee.

TASSO.

My lot is to obey, and not to think!
 And destiny, alas! demands from me
 Renunciation of this precious gift.
 Ill doth a crown become a captive's brow.
 I from my head myself remove the wreath
 Which seemed accorded for eternity.
 Too early was the dearest bliss bestowed,
 And is, alas! as if I had been boastful,
 Too early taken away.
 Thou takest back what none beside could take,
 And what no god a second time accords.
 We mortals are most wonderfully tried:
 We could not bear it, were we not endowed
 By Nature with a kindly levity.
 Calmly necessity doth tutor us
 With priceless treasures lavishly to sport:
 Our hands we open of our own free will—
 The prize escapes us, ne'er to be recalled.
 A tear doth mingle with this parting kiss,
 Devoting thee to mutability!
 This tender sign of weakness may be pardoned!
 Who would not weep when what was deemed immortal
 Yields to destruction's power! Now to this sword
 (Alas, it won thee not) ally thyself,
 And round it twined, as on a hero's bier
 Reposing, mark the grave where buried lie
 My short-lived happiness, my withered hopes!
 Here at thy feet, O prince, I lay them down!
 For who is justly armed if thou art wroth?
 Who justly crowned, on whom thy brow is bent?
 I go a captive, and await my doom.

[Exit.

(On a sign from the prince, a page raises the sword and wreath, and bears them away.)

SCENE V. — ALPHONSO, ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

Whither doth frenzied fancy lead the boy?
 And in what colors doth he picture forth

His high desert and glorious destiny?
 Rash, inexperienced, youth esteems itself
 A chosen instrument, and arrogates
 Unbounded license. He has been chastised;
 And chastisement is profit to the boy,
 For which the man will render cordial thanks.

ALPHONSO.

He is chastised too painfully I fear.

ANTONIO.

Art thou disposed to practise lenity,
 Restore to him his liberty, O prince!
 And then the sword may arbitrate our strife.

ALPHONSO.

So be it, if the public voice demands.
 But tell me, how didst thou provoke his ire?

ANTONIO.

In sooth, I scarce can say how it befell.
 As man, I may perchance have wounded him.
 As nobleman, I gave him no offence.
 And, in the very tempest of his rage,
 No word unseemly hath escaped this lip.

ALPHONSO.

Of such a sort your quarrel seemed to me,
 And your own word confirms me in my thought.
 When men dispute we justly may esteem
 The wiser the offender. Thou with Tasso
 Shouldst not contend, but rather guide his steps:
 It would become thee more. 'Tis not too late.
 The sword's decision is not called for here.
 So long as I am blessed with peace abroad,
 So long would I enjoy it in my house.
 Restore tranquillity, — thou canst with ease.
 Leonora Sanvitale may at first
 Attempt to soothe him with her honeyed lip;
 Then go thou to him; in my name restore
 His liberty; with true and noble words
 Endeavor to obtain his confidence.

Accomplish this with all the speed thou canst :
 As a kind friend and father speak with him.
 Peace I would know restored ere I depart :
 All, if thou wilt, is possible to thee.
 We gladly will remain another hour,
 Then leave it to the ladies' gentle tact
 To consummate the work commenced by thee.
 So when we come again, the last faint trace
 Of this rash quarrel will be quite effaced.
 It seems thy talents will not rust, Antonio !
 Scarcely hast thou concluded one affair,
 And on thy first return thou seekest another.
 In this new mission may success be thine !

ANTONIO.

I am ashamed : my error in thy words,
 As in the clearest mirror, I discern !
 How easy to obey a noble prince
 Who doth convince us while he doth command !

 ACT III.

SCENE I.

PRINCESS (*alone*).

Where tarries Leonora? Anxious fear,
 Augmenting every moment, agitates
 My inmost heart. Scarce know I what befell ;
 Which party is to blame I scarcely know.
 Oh, that she would return ! I would not yet
 Speak with my brother, with Antonio,
 Till I am more composed, till I have heard
 How matters stand, and what may be the issue.

SCENE II. — PRINCESS, LEONORA.

PRINCESS.

What tidings, Leonora? Tell me all :
 How stands it with our friends? Say, what befell?

LEONORA.

More than I knew before I have not learned,
 Contention rose between them ; Tasso drew ;
 Thy brother parted them : yet it would seem
 That it was Tasso who began the fray.
 Antonio is at large, and with his prince
 Converses freely. Tasso, in his chamber,
 Abides meanwhile, a captive and alone.

PRINCESS.

Doubtless Antonio irritated him,
 And met with cold disdain the high-toned youth.

LEONORA.

I do believe it : when he joined us first,
 A cloud already brooded o'er his brow.

PRINCESS.

Alas, that we so often disregard
 The pure and silent warnings of the heart !
 Softly a god doth whisper in our breast,
 Softly, yet audibly, doth counsel us,
 Both what we ought to seek and what to shun.
 This morn Antonio hath appeared to me
 E'en more abrupt than ever, — more reserved.
 When at his side I saw our youthful bard,
 My spirit warned me. Only mark of each
 The outward aspect, — countenance and tone,
 Look, gesture, bearing ! Every thing opposed :
 Affection they can never interchange.
 Yet Hope persuaded me, the flatterer :
 They both are sensible, she fondly urged,
 Both noble, gently nurtured, and thy friends.
 What bond more sure than that which links the good ?
 I urged the youth : with what devoted zeal,
 How ardently, he gave himself to me !
 Would I had spoken to Antonio then !
 But I delayed ; so recent his return,
 That I felt shy, at once and urgently,
 To recommend the youth to his regard :
 On custom I relied, and courtesy,
 And on the common usage of the world,

E'en between foes which smoothly intervenes.
 I dreaded not from the experienced man
 The rash impetuosity of youth.
 The ill seemed distant, now, 'alas, 'tis here.
 Oh, give me counsel! What is to be done?

LEONORA.

Thy words, my princess, show that thou dost feel
 How hard it is to counsel. 'Tis not here
 Between congenial minds a misconception :
 A word, if needful an appeal to arms,
 Peace in such case might happily restore.
 Two men they are, who therefore are opposed,
 I've felt it long, because by Nature cast
 In moulds so opposite, that she the twain
 Could never weld into a single man.
 And were they to consult their common weal,
 A league of closest friendship they would form :
 Then as one man their path they would pursue,
 With power and joy and happiness through life.
 I hoped it once, I now perceive in vain.
 To-day's contention, whatsoe'er the cause,
 Might be appeas'd ; but this assures us not
 Or for the morrow, or for future time.
 Methinks 'twere best, that Tasso for a while
 Should journey hence : to Rome he might repair,
 To Florence also bend forthwith his course ;
 A few weeks later I should meet him there,
 And as a friend could work upon his mind :
 Thou couldest here meanwhile Antonio,
 Who has become almost a stranger to us,
 Once more within thy friendly circle bring ;
 And thus benignant time, that grants so much,
 Might grant, perchance, what seems impossible.

PRINCESS.

A happiness will thus, my friend, be thine,
 Which I must needs forego ; say, is that right?

LEONORA.

Thou only wouldst forego what thou thyself,
 As things at present stand, couldst not enjoy.

PRINCESS.

So calmly shall I banish hence a friend?

LEONORA.

Rather retain whom thou dost seem to banish.

PRINCESS.

The duke will ne'er consent to part with him.

LEONORA.

When he shall see as we do, he will yield.

PRINCESS.

'Tis painful in one's friend to doom one's self.

LEONORA.

Yet, with thy friend, thou'lt also save thyself.

PRINCESS.

I cannot give my voice that this shall be.

LEONORA.

An evil still more grievous then expect.

PRINCESS.

Thou givest me pain, — uncertain thy success.

LEONORA.

Ere long we shall discover who doth err.

PRINCESS.

Well, if it needs must be so, say no more.

LEONORA.

He conquers grief who firmly can resolve.

PRINCESS.

Resolved I am not: nathless let it be,
If he for long doth not absent himself;

And let us, Leonora, care for him,
 That he may never be oppressed by want,
 But that the duke, e'en in a distant land,
 May graciously assign him maintenance.
 Speak with Antonio : with my brother he
 Can much accomplish, and will not remember
 The recent strife, against our friend or us.

LEONORA.

Princess, a word from thee would more avail.

PRINCESS.

I cannot, well thou knowest, Leonora,
 Solicit favors for myself and friends,
 As my dear sister of Urbino can.
 A calm, secluded life I'm fain to lead,
 And from my brother gratefully accept
 Whate'er his princely bounty freely grants.
 For this reluctance once I blamed myself :
 I've conquered now, and blame myself no more.
 A friend full oft would censure me, and say,
 Unselfish art thou, and unselfishness
 Is good ; but thou dost carry it so far,
 That even the requirements of a friend
 Thou canst not rightly feel. I let it pass,
 And even this reproach must also bear.
 It doth the more rejoice me, that I now
 Can be in truth of service to our friend :
 My mother's heritage descends to me,
 And to his need I'll gladly minister.

LEONORA.

Princess, I, too, can show myself his friend.
 In truth he is no thrifty manager :
 My skilful aid shall help him where he fails.

PRINCESS.

Well, take him then, — if part with him I must,
 To thee before all others be he given :
 I now perceive it will be better so.
 This sorrow also must my spirit hail
 As good and wholesome ? Such my doom from youth ;
 I am inured to it. But half we feel

Renunciation of a precious joy,
When we have deemed its tenure insecure.

LEONORA.

Happy according to my high desert
I hope to see thee.

PRINCESS.

Leonora! Happy?

Who, then, is happy? — So indeed I might
Esteem my brother, for his constant mind
Still with unswerving temper meets his fate:
Yet even he ne'er reaped as he deserved.
My sister of Urbino, is she happy?
With beauty gifted and a noble heart!
Childless she's doomed to live: her younger lord
Values her highly, and upbraids her not;
But happiness is stranger to their home.
Of what avail our mother's prudent skill,
Her varied knowledge, and her ample mind?
Her could they shield from foreign heresy?
They took us from her: now she is no more,
And, dying, left us not the soothing thought,
That, reconciled with God, her spirit passed.

LEONORA.

Oh, mark not only that which fails to each,
Consider rather what to each remains!
And, princess, what doth not remain to thee?

PRINCESS.

What doth remain to me, Leonora? Patience!
Which I have learned to practise from my youth,
When friends and kindred, knit in social love,
In joyous pastime whiled the hours away,
Sickness held me a captive in my chamber;
And, in the sad companionship of pain,
I early learned the lesson, — to endure!
One pleasure cheered me in my solitude, —
The joy of song. I communed with myself,
And lulled, with soothing tones, the sense of pain.
The restless longing, the unquiet wish,
Till sorrow oft would grow to ravishment,





And sadness' self to harmony divine.
 Not long, alas ! this comfort was allowed :
 The leech's stern monition silenced me ;
 I was condemned to live and to endure
 E'en of this sole remaining joy bereft.

LEONORA.

Yet many friends attached themselves to thee ;
 And now thou art in health, art joyous too.

PRINCESS.

I am in health ; that is, I am not sick
 And many friends I have, whose constancy
 Doth cheer my heart ; and, ah ! I had a friend —

LEONORA.

Thou hast him still.

PRINCESS.

But soon must part with him.

That moment was of deep significance
 When first I saw him. Scarce was I restored
 From many sorrows ; sickness and dull pain
 Were scarce subdued ; with shy and timid glance
 I gazed once more on life, once more rejoiced
 In the glad sunshine and my kindred's love
 And hope's delicious balm inhaled anew ;
 Forwards I ventured into life to gaze,
 And friendly forms saluted me from far ;
 Then was it, Leonora, that my sister
 First introduced to me the youthful bard :
 She led him hither ; and, shall I confess ? —
 My heart embraced him, and will hold for aye.

LEONORA.

My princess ! Let it not repent thee now !
 To apprehend the noble is a gain
 Of which the soul can never be bereft.

PRINCESS.

The fair, the excellent, we needs must fear :
 'Tis like a flame, which nobly serveth us,

So long as on our household hearth it burns,
 Or sheds its lustre from the friendly torch.
 How lovely then ! Who can dispense with it ?
 But if, unwatched, it spreads destruction round,
 What anguish it occasions ! Leave me now,
 I babble ; and 'twere better to conceal,
 Even from thee, how weak I am and sick.

LEONORA.

The sickness of the heart doth soonest yield
 To tender plaints and soothing confidence.

PRINCESS.

If in confiding love a cure be found,
 I'm whole, so strong my confidence in thee.
 Alas ! my friend, I am indeed resolved :
 Let him depart ! But, ah ! I feel already
 The long-protracted anguish of the day
 When I must all forego that glads me now.
 His beauteous form, transfigured in my dream,
 The morning sun will dissipate no more ;
 No more the blissful hope of seeing him,
 With joyous longing, fill my waking sense ;
 Nor, to discover him, my timid glance
 Search wistfully our garden's dewy shade.
 How sweetly was the tender hope fulfilled
 To spend each eve in intercourse with him !
 How, while conversing, the desire increased,
 To know each other ever more and more ;
 And still our souls, in sweet communion joined,
 Were daily tuned to purer harmonies.
 What twilight-gloom now falls around my path !
 The gorgeous sun, the genial light of day,
 Of this fair world the splendors manifold,
 Shorn of their lustre, are enveloped all
 In the dark mist which now environs me.
 In by-gone times, each day comprised a life :
 Hushed was each care. mute each foreboding voice.
 And, happily embarked, we drifted on,
 Without a rudder, o'er life's lucid wave.
 Now, in the darkness of the present hour,
 Futurity's vague terrors seize my soul.

LEONORA.

The future will restore to thee thy friend,
And bring to thee new happiness, new joy.

PRINCESS.

What I possess, that would I gladly hold :
Change may divert the mind, but profits not.
With youthful longing I have never joined
The motley throng who strive from fortune's urn
To snatch an object for their craving hearts.
I honored him, and could not choose but love him,
For that with him my life was life indeed,
Filled with a joy I never knew before.
At first I whispered to my heart, beware !
Shrinking I shunned, yet ever drew more near.
So gently lured, so cruelly chastised !
A pure, substantial blessing glides away ;
And, for the joy that filled my yearning heart,
Some demon substitutes a kindred pain.

LEONORA.

If friendship's soothing words console thee not,
This beauteous world's calm power, and healing time,
Will imperceptibly restore thy heart.

PRINCESS.

Ay, beauteous is the world ; and many a joy
Floats through its wide dominion here and there.
Alas ! That ever, by a single step,
As we advance, it seemeth to retreat,
Our yearning souls along the path of life
Thus step by step alluring to the grave !
To mortal man so seldom is it given
To find what seemed his heaven-appointed bliss ;
Alas ! so seldom he retains the good
Which, in auspicious hour, his hand had grasped ;
The treasure to our heart that came unsought
Doth tear itself away, and we ourselves
Yield that which once with eagerness we seized.
There is a bliss, but, ah ! we know it not :
We know it, but we know not how to prize.

SCENE III.

LEONORA (*alone*).

The good and noble heart my pity moves :
 How sad a lot attends her lofty rank !
 Alas she loses ! — thinkest thou to win ?
 Is his departure hence so requisite ?
 Or dost thou urge it for thyself alone, —
 To make the heart and lofty genius thine,
 Which now thou sharest, — and unequally ?
 Is't honest so to act ? What lackest thou yet ?
 Art thou not rich enough ? Husband and son,
 Possessions, beauty, rank, — all these thou hast,
 And him wouldst have beside ? What ? Lovest thou him ?
 How comes it else that thou canst not endure
 To live without him ? This thou dar'est confess !
 How charming is it in his mind's clear depths
 One's self to mirror ! Doth not every joy
 Seem doubly great and noble, when his song
 Wafts us aloft as on the clouds of heaven ?
 Then first thy lot is worthy to be envied !
 Not only hast thou what the many crave,
 But each one knoweth what thou art and hast !
 Thy fatherland doth proudly speak thy name :
 This is the pinnacle of earthly bliss.
 Is Laura's, then, the only favored name
 That aye from gentle lips shall sweetly flow ?
 Is it Petrarca's privilege alone,
 To deify an unknown beauty's charms ?
 Who is there that with Tasso can compare ?
 As now the world exalts him, future time
 With honor due shall magnify his name.
 What rapture, in the golden prime of life,
 To feel his presence, and with him to near,
 With airy tread, the future's hidden realm !
 Thus should old age and time their influence lose,
 And powerless be the voice of rumor bold,
 Whose breath controls the billows of applause.
 All that is transient in his song survives :
 Still art thou young, still happy, when the round
 Of changeful time shall long have borne thee on.
 Him thou must have, yet takest naught from her.
 For her affection to the gifted man
 Doth take the hue her other passions wear :

Pale as the tranquil moon, whose feeble rays
 Dimly illumine the night-wanderer's path,
 They gleam, but warm not, and diffuse around
 No blissful rapture, no keen sense of joy.
 If she but know him happy, though afar,
 She will rejoice, as when she saw him daily.
 And then, 'tis not my purpose from this court,
 From her, to banish both myself and friend.
 I will return, will bring him here again.
 So let it be! — My rugged friend draws near:
 We soon shall see if we have power to tame him.

SCENE IV. — LEONORA, ANTONIO.

LEONORA.

War and not peace thou bringest: it would seem
 As camest thou from a battle, from a camp,
 Where violence bears sway, and force decides,
 And not from Rome, where solemn policy
 Uplifts the hand to bless a prostrate world,
 Which she beholds obedient at her feet.

ANTONIO.

I must admit the censure, my fair friend;
 But my apology lies close at hand.
 'Tis dangerous to be compelled so long
 To wear the show of prudence and restraint.
 Still at our side an evil genius lurks,
 And, with stern voice, demands from time to time
 A sacrifice, which I alas! to-day
 Have offered, to the peril of my friends.

LEONORA.

Thou hast so long with strangers been concerned,
 And to their humors hast conformed thine own,
 That, once more with thy friends, thou dost their aims
 Mistake, and as with strangers dost contend.

ANTONIO.

Herein, beloved friend, the danger lies!
 With strangers we are ever on our guard,

Still are we aiming with observance due,
 To win their favor which may profit us :
 But, with our friends, we throw off all restraint ;
 Reposing in their love, we give the rein
 To peevish humor ; passion uncontrolled
 Doth break its bounds ; and those we hold most dear
 Are thus amongst the first whom we offend.

LEONORA.

In this calm utterance of a thoughtful mind
 I gladly recognize my friend again.

ANTONIO.

Yes : it has much annoyed me, I confess,
 That I to-day so far forgot myself.
 But yet admit, that when a valiant man
 From irksome labor comes, with heated brow,
 Thinking to rest himself for further toil,
 In the cool eve beneath the longed-for shade,
 And finds it, in its length and breadth, possessed
 Already by some idler, he may well
 Feel something human stirring in his breast !

LEONORA.

If he is truly human, then, methinks,
 He gladly will partake the shade with one
 Who lightens toil and cheers the hour of rest
 With sweet discourse and soothing melodies.
 Ample, my friend, the tree that casts the shade ;
 Nor either needs the other dispossess.

ANTONIO.

We will not bandy similes, fair friend.
 Full many a treasure doth the world contain,
 Which we to others yield and with them share :
 But there exists one prize, which we resign
 With willing hearts to high desert alone ;
 Another, that without a secret grudge,
 We share not even with the highest worth —
 And, wouldst thou touching these two treasures ask,
 They are the laurel, and fair woman's smile.

LEONORA.

How! Hath yon chaplet round our stripling's brow
 Given umbrage to the grave, experienced man?
 Say, for his toil divine, his lofty verse,
 Couldst thou thyself a juster meed select?
 A ministration in itself divine,
 That floateth in the air in tuneful tones,
 Evoking airy forms to charm our souls —
 Such ministration, in expressive form,
 Or graceful symbol, finds its fit reward.
 As doth the bard scarce deign to touch the earth,
 So doth the laurel lightly touch his brow.
 His worshippers, with barren homage, bring,
 As tribute meet, a fruitless branch, that thus
 They may with ease acquit them of their debt.
 Thou dost not grudge the martyr's effigy,
 The golden radiance round the naked head;
 And, certes, where it rests, the laurel crown
 Is more a sign of sorrow than of joy.

ANTONIO.

How, Leonora! Would thy lovely lips
 Teach me to scorn the world's poor vanities?

LEONORA.

There is no need, my friend, to tutor thee
 To prize each good according to its worth.
 Yet it would seem, that, e'en like common men,
 The sage philosopher, from time to time,
 Needs that the treasures he is blest withal,
 In their true light before him be displayed.
 Thou, noble man, wilt not assert thy claim
 To a mere empty phantom of renown.
 The service that doth bind thy prince to thee,
 By means of which thou dost attach thy friends,
 Is true, is living service; hence the meed
 Which doth reward it must be living too.
 Thy laurel is thy sovereign's confidence,
 Which, like a cherished burden, gracefully
 Reposes on thy shoulders, — thy renown,
 Thy crown of glory, is the general trust.

ANTONIO.

Thou speakest not of woman's smile, — that, surely,
Thou wilt not tell me is superfluous.

LEONORA.

As people take it. Thou dost lack it not ;
And lighter far, were ye deprived of it,
To thee would be the loss than to our friend.
For say, a woman were in thy behalf
To task her skill, and in her fashion strive
To care for thee, dost think she would succeed ?
With thee security and order dwell ;
And as for others, for thyself thou carest ;
Thou dost possess what friendship fain would give ;
Whilst in our province he requires our aid.
A thousand things he needs, which, to supply,
Is to a woman no unwelcome task.
The fine-spun linen, the embroidered vest,
He weareth gladly, and endureth not,
Upon his person, aught of texture rude,
Such as benefits the menial. For with him
All must be rich and noble, fair and good ;
And yet, all this to win, he lacks the skill,
Nor, even when possessed, can he retain ;
Improvident, he's still in want of gold ;
Nor from a journey e'er returneth home,
But a third portion of his goods is lost.
His valet plunders him ; and thus, Antonio,
The whole year round one has to care for him.

ANTONIO.

And these same cares endear him more and more.
Much-favored youth, to whom his very faults
As virtues count, to whom it is allowed
As man to play the boy, and who forsooth
May proudly boast his charming weaknesses !
Thou must forgive me, my fair friend, if here
Some little touch of bitterness I feel.
Thou sayest not all, — sayest not how he presumes,
And proves himself far shrewder than he seems.
He boasts two tender flames ! The knots of love,
As fancy prompts him, he doth bind and loose,

And wins with such devices two such hearts !
Is't credible?

LEONORA.

Well! Well! This only proves
That 'tis but friendship that inspires our hearts.
And, e'en if we returned him love for love,
Should we not well reward his noble heart,
Who, self-oblivious, dreams his life away
In lovely visions to enchant his friends?

ANTONIO.

Go on! Go on! Spoil him yet more and more;
Account his selfish vanity for love;
Offend all other friends, with honest zeal
Devoted to your service; to his pride
Pay voluntary tribute; quite destroy
The beauteous sphere of social confidence!

LEONORA.

We are not quite so partial as thou thinkest:
In many cases we exhort our friend.
We wish to mould his mind, that he may know
More happiness himself, and be a source
Of purer joy to others. What in him
Doth merit blame is not concealed from us.

ANTONIO.

Yet much that's blamable in him ye praise.
I've known him long, so easy 'tis to know him:
Too proud he is to wear the least disguise.
We see him now retire into himself,
As if the world were rounded in his breast;
Lost in the working of that inner world,
The outward universe he casts aside:
And his rapt spirit, self-included, rests.
Anon, as when a spark doth fire a mine,
Upon a touch of sorrow or of joy,
Anger or whim, he breaks impetuous forth.
Now he must compass all things, all retain,
All his caprices must be realized;
What should have ripened slowly through long years,
Must, in a moment, reach maturity;

And obstacles, which years of patient toil
 Could scarce remove, be levelled in a trice.
 He from himself the impossible demands,
 That he from others may demand it too :
 The extremest limits of existing things
 His soul would hold in contiguity ;
 This one man in a million scarce achieves,
 And he is not that man : at length he falls,
 No whit the better, back into himself.

LEONORA.

Others he injures not, himself he injures.

ANTONIO.

Yet others he doth outrage grievously.
 Canst thou deny, that in his passion's height,
 Which o'er his spirit oft usurps control,
 The prince and e'en the princess he contemns,
 And dares at whom he may to hurl abuse ?
 True, for a moment only it endures ;
 But then, the moment quickly comes again.
 His tongue, as little as his breast, he rules.

LEONORA.

To me, indeed, it seems advisable,
 That he should leave Ferrara for a while : —
 Himself would benefit, and others too.

ANTONIO.

Perchance, — perchance, too, not. But now, my friend,
 It is not to be thought of. For myself,
 I will not on my shoulders bear the blame.
 It might appear as if I drove him hence.
 I drive him not. As far as I'm concerned,
 He at the court may tarry undisturbed ;
 And if with me he will be reconciled,
 And to my counsel if he will give heed,
 We may live peaceably enough together.

LEONORA.

Now thou dost hope to work upon a mind
 Which lately thou didst look upon as lost.

ANTONIO.

We always hope ; and still, in every case,
 'Tis better far to hope than to despair :
 For who can calculate the possible ?
 Our prince esteems him ; he must stay with us ;
 And, if we strive to fashion him in vain,
 He's not the only one we must endure.

LEONORA.

So free from passion and from prejudice
 I had not thought thee : — thy conversion's sudden.

ANTONIO.

Age must, my friend, this one advantage claim,
 That, though from error it be not exempt,
 Its balance it recovers speedily.
 Thou didst at first essay to heal the breach
 Between thy friend and me. I urge it now.
 Do what thou canst to bring him to himself,
 And to restore things to their wonted calm.
 Myself will visit him, when I shall know,
 From thee, that he is tranquil, when thou thinkest
 My presence will not aggravate the evil.
 But what thou dost, that do within the hour :
 Alphonso will return to town ere night ;
 I must attend him there. Meanwhile, farewell.

SCENE V.

LEONORA (*alone*).

For once, dear friend, we are not of one mind :
 Our separate interests go not hand in hand.
 I'll use the time to compass my design,
 And will endeavor to win Tasso. Quick !

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Chamber.*TASSO (*alone*).

Art thou awakened from a dream, and is
 The fair delusion suddenly dissolved?
 Thee, in fruition of the highest joy,
 Hath sleep o'ermastered, and now holds thy soul
 Tortured and bound with heavy fetters? Ay,
 Thou art awake, and dreamest? Where the hours
 That round thy head with flowery garlands played?
 The days, when unrestrained thy yearning soul
 Freely explored the heaven's o'erarching blue?
 Thou'rt living still; art sensible to touch;
 Feelest, yet knowest not if thou livest still.
 Say! for mine own or for another's fault,
 Am I, as criminal, thus captive here?
 Have I been guilty that I suffer thus?
 Is not my fancied crime a merit rather?
 With kindly feeling I encountered him,
 Persuaded by the heart's delusive hope,
 He must be man who bears a mortal form:
 With open arms I sped to his embrace,
 And felt no human breast but bolts and bars.
 Oh, had I but with prudent forecast weighed,
 How I most fitly could receive the man,
 Who from the first inspired me with mistrust!
 Let me, however, whatso'er betide,
 Forever to this one assurance cling: —
 'Twas she herself! She stood before my view!
 She spoke to me! I hearkened to her voice!
 Her look, her tone, her words' sweet import, — **these,**
 These are forever mine; nor time nor fate,
 Nor ruthless chance, can plunder me of these!
 And if my spirit hath too swiftly soared,
 If all too promptly in my breast I gave
 Vent to the flame which now consumes my heart,
 So let it be, — I never can repent,
 E'en though my fortune were forever wrecked.
 To her devoted, I obeyed with joy
 The hand that beckoned me to ruin's brink.
 So let it be! Thus have I proved myself

Deserving of the precious confidence
 That cheers my soul, — ay, cheers it in this hour,
 When cruel fate unlocks the sable gates
 Of long-protracted woe. — Yes, now 'tis done!
 For me the sun of gracious favor sets,
 Never to rise again: his glance benign,
 The prince withdraws, and leaves me standing here,
 Abandoned on this narrow, gloomy path.
 The hateful and ill-boding feathered throng,
 Obscene attendants upon ancient night,
 Swarm forth, and whirl round my devoted head.
 Whither, oh whither, shall I bend my steps,
 To shun the loathsome brood that round me flit,
 And 'scape the dread abyss that yawns before?

SCENE II. — LEONORA; TASSO.

LEONORA.

Dear Tasso, what hath chanced? Hath passion's glow,
 Hath thy suspicious temper, urged thee thus?
 How hath it happened? We are all amazed.
 Where now thy gentleness, thy suavity,
 Thy rapid insight, thy discernment just,
 Which doth award to every man his due;
 Thine even mind, which beareth, what to bear
 The wise are prompt, the vain are slow, to learn;
 The prudent mastery over lip and tongue?
 I scarcely recognize thee now, dear friend.

TASSO.

And what if all were gone, — forever gone!
 If as a beggar thou shouldst meet the friend
 Whom just before thou hadst deemed opulent!
 Thou speakest truth: I am no more myself.
 Yet am I now as much so as I was.
 It seems a riddle, yet it is not one.
 The tranquil moon, that cheers thee through the night,
 Whose gentle radiance, with resistless power,
 Allures thine eye, thy soul, doth float by day
 An insignificant and pallid cloud.
 In the bright glare of daylight I am lost:
 Ye know me not, I scarcely know myself.

LEONORA.

Such words, dear friend, as thou hast uttered them,
 I cannot comprehend. Explain thyself.
 Say, hath that rugged man's offensive speech
 So deeply wounded thee, that now thou dost
 Misjudge thyself and us? Confide in me.

TASSO.

I'm not the one offended. Me thou seest
 Thus punished here because I gave offence.
 The knot of many words the sword would loose
 With promptitude and ease; but I'm not free.
 Thou art scarce aware, — nay, start not, gentle friend, —
 'Tis in a prison thou dost meet me here.
 Me, as a schoolboy, doth the prince chastise, —
 His right I neither can nor will dispute.

LEONORA.

Thou seemest moved beyond what reason warrants.

TASSO.

Dost deem me, then, so weak, so much a child,
 That this occurrence could o'erwhelm me thus?
 Not what has happened wounds me to the quick,
 'Tis what it doth portend, that troubles me.
 Now let my foes conspire! The field is clear.

LEONORA.

Many thou holdest falsely in suspect:
 Of this, dear friend, I have convinced myself.
 Even Antonio bears thee no ill will,
 As thou presumest. The quarrel of to-day —

TASSO.

Let that be set aside: I only view
 Antonio as he was and yet remains.
 Still hath his formal prudence fretted me,
 His proud assumption of the master's tone.
 Careless to learn whether the listener's mind
 Doth not itself the better track pursue,
 He tutors thee in much which thou thyself

More truly, deeply feeblest ; gives no heed
 To what thou sayest, and perverts thy words.
 Misconstrued thus by a proud man, forsooth,
 Who smiles superior from his fancied height !
 I am not yet or old or wise enough
 To answer meekly with a patient smile.
 It could not hold ; we must at last have broken ;
 The evil greater had it been postponed.
 One lord I recognize, who fosters me :
 Him I obey, but own no master else.
 In poesy and thought I will be free,
 In act the world doth limit us enough.

LEONORA.

Yet often with respect he speaks of thee.

TASSO.

Thou meanest with forbearance, prudent, subtle.
 'Tis that annoys me ; for he knows to use
 Language so smooth and so conditional,
 That seeming praise from him is actual blame :
 And there is nothing so offends my soul,
 As words of commendation from his lip.

LEONORA.

Thou shouldst have heard but lately how he spoke
 Of thee and of the gift which bounteous nature
 So largely hath conferred on thee. He feels
 Thy genius, Tasso, and esteems thy worth.

TASSO.

Trust me, no selfish spirit can escape
 The torment of base envy. Such a man
 Pardons in others honor, rank, and wealth ;
 For thus he argues, these thou hast thyself,
 Or thou canst have them, if thou persevere,
 Or if propitious fortune smile on thee.
 But that which Nature can alone bestow,
 Which aye remaineth inaccessible
 To toil and patient effort, which nor gold,
 Nor yet the sword, nor stern persistency,
 Hath power to wrest, — that he will ne'er forgive.

Not envy me? The pedant who aspires
 To seize by force the favor of the muse?
 Who, when he strings the thoughts of other bards,
 Fondly presumes he is a bard himself?
 The prince's favor he would rather yield, —
 Though that he fain would limit to himself, —
 Than the rare gift which the celestial powers
 Have granted to the poor, the orphaned youth.

LEONORA.

Oh that thy vision were as clear as mine!
 Thou readest him wrongly, thou art deceived in him.

TASSO.

And if I err, I err with right good will!
 I count him for my most inveterate foe,
 And should be inconsolable were I
 Compelled to think of him more leniently.
 'Tis foolish in all cases to be just:
 It is to wrong one's self. Are other men
 Towards us so equitable? No, ah no!
 Man's nature, in its narrow scope, demands
 The twofold sentiment of love and hate.
 Requires he not the grateful interchange
 Of day and night, of wakefulness and sleep?
 No: from henceforward I do hold this man
 The object of my direst enmity;
 And naught can snatch from me the cherished joy
 Of thinking of him ever worse and worse.

LEONORA.

Dear friend, I see not, if this feeling last,
 How thou canst longer tarry at the court:
 Thou knowest the just esteem in which he's held.

TASSO.

I'm fully sensible, fair friend, how long
 I have already been superfluous here.

LEONORA.

That thou art not, that thou canst never be!
 Thou rather knowest how both prince and princess

Rejoice to have thee in their company.
 The sister of Urbino, comes she not
 As much for thine as for her kindred's sake?
 They all esteem thee, recognize thy worth,
 And each confides in thee without reserve.

TASSO.

○ Leonora! Call that confidence!
 Of state affairs has he one single word,
 One earnest word, vouchsafed to speak with me?
 In special cases, when he has advised,
 Both with the princess, and with others too,
 To me, though present, no appeal was made.
 The cry was ever then, Antonio comes!
 Consult Antonio! To Antonio write!

LEONORA.

Thanks here, methinks, were juster than complaint.
 Thus in unchallenged freedom leaving thee,
 He to thy genius fitting homage pays.

TASSO.

He lets me rest, because he deems me useless.

LEONORA.

Thou art not useless, e'en because thou restest.
 Care and vexation, like a child beloved,
 Thou still dost cherish, Tasso, in thy breast.
 It oft has struck me, and the more I think,
 The more convinced I feel, on this fair soil,
 Where fate auspicious seemed to plant thy lot,
 Thou dost not flourish. — May I speak, my friend?
 May I advise thee? — Thou shouldst hence depart.

TASSO.

Spare not thy patient, gentle leech! — Extend
 The draught medicinal, nor think thereon
 If it is bitter. — This consider well,
 Kind, prudent friend, if he can yet be cured!
 I see it all myself, 'tis over now!
 Him I indeed could pardon, he not me;
 He's needful to them, I, alas! am not.

And he has prudence, I, alas! have none.
 He worketh to my injury, and I
 Can not and will not counterwork. My friends
 Leave things to chance; they see things otherwise;
 They scarcely struggle, who should stoutly fight.
 Thou thinkest I should depart, I think so too;—
 Then, farewell, friends!— This, too, I must endure.
 You're parted from me.— Oh, to me be given
 The courage and the strength to part from you!

LEONORA.

Seen from a distance things show less confused,
 That in the present serve but to perplex.
 Perchance, when absent, thou wilt recognize
 The love which here environs thee, wilt learn
 The worth of friends, and feel how the wide world
 Cannot replace those dearest to the heart.

TASSO.

I shall experience this! Alas! I've known
 The world from early youth, how, pressing on,
 She lightly leaves us, helpless and forlorn,
 Like sun and moon and other deities.

LEONORA.

Dear friend, if thou wilt lend an ear to me,
 This sad experience thou wilt not repeat.
 If I may counsel thee, thou wilt at first
 Repair to Florence, — there thou'lt find a friend
 Will cherish thee most kindly, — 'tis myself!
 Thither I travel soon to meet my lord;
 And there is nothing would afford us, Tasso,
 A richer pleasure than thy company.
 I need not tell thee, for thyself dost know,
 How noble is the prince who ruleth there;
 What men, what women too, our favored town
 Doth cherish in her bosom. — Thou art silent!
 Consider well my counsel, and resolve!

TASSO.

Full of sweet promise are thy words, dear friend,
 And in accordance with my secret wish.

But 'tis too sudden : let me pause a while, —
Let me consider ! I will soon resolve !

LEONORA.

I leave thee now, and with the fairest hope
For thee, for us, and also for this house.
Only reflect, and weigh the matter well :
Thou scarcely wilt devise a better plan.

TASSO.

Yet one thing more, tell me, beloved friend,
How is the princess minded towards me ? Speak !
Was she displeas'd with me ? Give me her words. —
Hath she severely blamed me ? — Tell me all !

LEONORA.

She knows thee well, and therefore has excus'd thee.

TASSO.

Say, have I lost her friendship ? Flatter not.

LEONORA.

A woman's friendship is not lightly lost.

TASSO.

Without reluctance will she let me go ?

LEONORA.

If 'twill promote thy welfare, certainly.

TASSO.

Shall I not lose the favor of the prince ?

LEONORA.

His nature's noble : thou mayest trust in **him**.

TASSO.

And shall we leave the princess all alone ?
Thou leavest her ; and though perhaps not much,
I know full well that I was something, to her.

LEONORA.

An absent friend is sweet society,
 When of his welfare we are well assured.
 My plan succeeds, I see thee happy now :
 Thou wilt not hence depart unsatisfied.
 The prince commands, — Antonio seeks thee, Tasso.
 He censures in himself the bitterness
 With which he wounded thee. I do entreat,
 Receive him with forbearance when he comes.

TASSO.

I have no cause to shun the interview.

LEONORA.

And O dear friend ! that heaven would grant me this :
 To make it clear to thee ere thou departest,
 That in thy fatherland there is not one
 Pursues thee, hates, or covertly molests.
 Thou art deceived ; and as for others' pleasure
 Wont art thou still to poetize, alas !
 Thou in this case dost weave a cunning web
 To blind thyself, the which to rend asunder
 I'll do mine utmost, that with vision clear
 Thou mayest pursue life's glad career untrammelled.
 Farewell ! I hope for happy words ere long.

SCENE III.

TASSO (*alone*).

I must believe, forsooth, that no one hates me, —
 That no one persecutes, that all the guile,
 The subtle malice, that environs me,
 Is but the coinage of my own sick brain !
 I must acknowledge that myself am wrong !
 And am unjust to many, who in sooth
 Deserve it not ! What ! This confess e'en now,
 When clearly, in the open face of day,
 Appear their malice and my rectitude !
 I ought to feel most deeply, how the prince
 To me with generous breast his grace imparts,
 And in rich measure loads me with his gifts,
 E'en at the time when he is weak enough

To let his eyes be blinded by my foes,
Yea, doubtless, and his hand be fettered too!

His own delusion he cannot perceive;
That they deluders are, I may not prove;
And that unchecked he may delude himself,
And they delude him whensoever they please,
I still must hold my peace, — must yield forsooth!

And who thus counsels me? With prudent zeal
And thoughtful kindness, who doth urge me thus?
Leonora's self, Leonora Santivale,
Considerate friend! Ha, ha, I know thee now!
Oh, wherefore did I ever trust her words?
She was not honest when she uttered forth
To me her favor and her tenderness
With honeyed words! No: hers hath ever been
And still remains a crafty heart: she turns
With cautious, prudent step where fortune smiles.
How often have I willingly deceived
Myself in her! And yet it was in truth
But mine own vanity deluded me!
I knew her, but, self-flattered, argued thus, —
True, she is so towards others; but towards thee
Her heart is honest, her intention pure.
Mine eyes are open now, — alas, too late!
I was in favor — on the favorite
How tenderly she fawned! I'm fallen now,
And she, like fortune, turns her back on me

Yes, now she comes, the agent of my foe:
She glides along, the little artful snake,
Hissing, with slippery tongue, her magic tones.
How gracious seemed she! More than ever gracious!
How soothingly her honeyed accents flowed!
Yet could the flattery not long conceal
The false intention: on her brow appeared
Too legibly inscribed the opposite
Of all she uttered. Quick I am to feel
Whene'er the entrance to my heart is sought
With a dishonest purpose. I should hence!
Should hie to Florence with convenient speed.

And why to Florence? Ah, I see it all!
There reigns the rising house of Medici,

True, with Ferrara not in open feud ;
 But secret rivalry, with chilling hand,
 Doth hold asunder e'en the noblest hearts.
 If from those noble princes I should reap
 Distinguished marks of favor, as indeed
 I may anticipate, the courtier here
 Would soon impugn my gratitude and truth,
 And would, with easy wile, achieve his purpose.

Yes, I will go, but not as ye desire :
 I will away, and farther than ye think.

Why should I linger? Who detains me here?
 Too well I understood each several word
 That I drew forth from Leónora's lips!
 With anxious heed each syllable I caught ;
 And now I fully know the princess' mind, —
 That too is certain : let me not despair!
 " Without reluctance she will let me go
 If it promote my welfare." Would her heart
 Were mastered by a passion that would whelm
 Me and my welfare! Oh, more welcome far
 The grasp of death than of the frigid hand
 That passively resigns me! — Yes, I go! —
 Now be upon thy guard, and let no show
 Of love or friendship bind thee! None hath power
 Now to deceive thee, if not self-deceived.

SCENE IV. — ANTONIO, TASSO.

ANTONIO.

Tasso, I come to say a word to thee,
 If thou'rt disposed to hear me tranquilly.

TASSO.

I am denied, thou knowest, the power to act :
 It well becomes me to attend and listen.

ANTONIO.

Tranquil I find thee, as I hoped to find,
 And speak to thee in all sincerity.
 But in the prince's name I first dissolve
 The slender band that seemed to fetter thee.

TASSO.

Caprice dissolves it, as caprice imposed :
I yield, and no judicial sentence claim.

ANTONIO.

Next, Tasso, on my own behalf I speak.
I have, it seems, more deeply wounded thee,
Than I — myself by divers passions moved —
Was conscious of. But no insulting word
Hath from my lip incautiously escaped.
Naught hast thou, as a noble, to avenge,
And, as a man, wilt not refuse thy pardon.

TASSO.

Whether contempt or insult galls the most,
I will not now determine : that doth pierce
The inmost marrow, this but frets the skin.
The shaft of insult back returns to him
Who winged the missile, and the practised sword
Soon reconciles the opinion of the world —
A wounded heart is difficult to cure.

ANTONIO.

'Tis now my turn to press thee urgently :
Oh, step not back, yield to mine earnest wish,
The prince's wish, who sends me unto thee !

TASSO.

I know the claims of duty, and submit.
Be it, as far as possible, forgiven !
The poets tell us of a magic spear,
Which could a wound, inflicted by itself,
Through friendly contact, once again restore.
The human tongue hath also such a power :
I will not peevishly resist it now.

ANTONIO.

I thank thee, and desire that thou at once
Wouldst put my wish to serve thee to the proof.
Then say if I in aught can pleasure thee ; —
Most gladly will I do so : therefore speak.

TASSO.

Thine offer tallies with my secret wish :
But now thou hast restored my liberty,
Procure for me, I pray, the use of it.

ANTONIO.

What meanest thou? More plainly state thy wish.

TASSO.

My poem, as thou knowest, I have ended :
Yet much it wants to render it complete.
To-day I gave it to the prince, and hoped
At the same time to proffer my request.
Full many of my friends I now should find
In Rome assembled ; they have writ to me
Their judgments touching divers passages ;
By many I could profit ; others still
Require consideration ; and some lines
I should be loath to alter, till at least
My judgment has been better satisfied.
All this by letter cannot be arranged,
While intercourse would soon untie the knots.
I thought myself to ask the prince to-day ;
The occasion failed : I dare not venture now,
And must for this permission trust to thee.

ANTONIO.

It seems imprudent to absent thyself
Just at the moment when thy finished work
Commends thee to the princess and the prince.
A day of favor is a day of harvest :
We should be busy when the corn is ripe.
Naught wilt thou win if thou departest hence,
Perchance thou'lt lose what thou hast won already.
Presence is still a powerful deity, —
Learn to respect her influence, — tarry here !

TASSO.

I nothing have to fear : Alphonse is noble,
Such hath he always proved himself towards me ; —
To his heart only will I owe the boon
Which now I crave. By no mean, servile arts

Will I obtain his favor. Naught will I receive
Which it can e'er repent him to have given.

ANTONIO.

Then, do not now solicit leave to go :
He will not willingly accord thy suit ;
And much I fear he will reject it, Tasso.

TASSO.

Duly entreated, he will grant my prayer .
Thou hast the power to move him, if thou wilt.

ANTONIO.

But what sufficient reason shall I urge ?

TASSO.

Let every stanza of my poem speak !
The scope was lofty that I aimed to reach,
Though to my genius inaccessible.
Labor and strenuous effort have not failed ;
The cheerful stroll of many a lovely day,
The silent watch of many a solemn night,
Have to this pious lay been consecrate.
With modest daring I aspired too near
The mighty masters of the olden time ;
With lofty courage planned to rouse our age
From lengthened sleep, to deeds of high emprise ;
Then, with a Christian host, I hoped to share
The toil and glory of a holy war.
And, that my song may rouse the noblest men,
It must be worthy of its lofty aim.
What worth it hath is to Alphonso due :
For its completion I would owe him thanks.

ANTONIO.

The prince himself is here, with other men,
Able as those of Rome to be thy guides.
Here is thy station, here complete thy work :
Then haste to Rome to carry out thy plan.

TASSO.

Alphonso first inspired my muse, and he
Will be the last to counsel me. Thy judgment,

The judgment also of the learned men
 Assembled at our court, I highly value :
 Ye shall determine when my friends at Rome
 Fail to produce conviction in my mind.
 But them I must consult. Gonzaga there
 Hath summoned a tribunal before which
 I must present myself. I scarce can wait:
 Flaminio de' Nobili, Angelio
 Da Barga, Antoniano, and Speron Speroni !
 To thee they must be known. — What names they are !
 They in my soul, to worth which gladly yields,
 Inspire at once both confidence and fear.

ANTONIO.

Self-occupied, thou thinkest not of the prince :
 I tell thee that he will not let thee go.
 And, if he does, 'twill be against his wish.
 Thou wilt not surely urge what he to thee
 Unwillingly would grant. And shall I here
 Still mediate, what I cannot approve ?

TASSO.

Dost thou refuse me, then, my first request
 When I would put thy friendship to the proof ?

ANTONIO.

Timely denial is the surest test
 Of genuine friendship : love doth oft confer
 A baneful good, when it consults the wish,
 And not the happiness, of him who sues.
 Thou, in this moment, dost appear to me
 To overprize the object of thy wish,
 Which, on the instant, thou wouldst have fulfilled.
 The erring man would oft by vehemence
 Compensate what he lacks in truth and power :
 Duty enjoins me now, with all my might,
 To check the rashness that would lead thee wrong.

TASSO.

I long have known this tyranny of friendship,
 Which of all tyrannies appears to me
 The least endurable. Because, forsooth,



Our judgments differ, thine must needs be right :
 I gladly own that thou dost wish my welfare,
 Require me not to seek it in thy way.

ANTONIO.

And wouldst thou have me, Tasso, in cold blood,
 With full and clear conviction, injure thee?

TASSO.

I will at once absolve thee from this care !
 Thou hast no power to hold me with thy words.
 Thou hast declared me free : these doors which lead
 Straight to the prince, stand open to me now.
 The choice I leave to thee. Or thou or I !
 The prince goes forth, no time is to be lost :
 Determine promptly ! Dost thou still refuse,
 I go myself, let come of it what will.

ANTONIO.

A little respite grant me ; not to-day :
 Wait, I beseech thee, till the prince returns !

TASSO.

If it were possible, this very hour !
 My soles are scorched upon this marble floor,
 Nor can my spirit rest until the dust
 Of the free highway shrouds the fugitive.
 I do not entreat thee ! How unfit I am
 Now to appear before the prince thou seest ;
 And thou must see, — how can I hide from thee —
 That I'm no longer master of myself ;
 No power on earth can sway my energies ;
 Fetters alone can hold me in control !
 No tyrant is the prince, he spake me free.
 Once to his words how gladly I gave ear !
 To-day to hearken is impossible.
 Oh, let me have my freedom but to-day,
 That my vexed spirit may regain its peace !
 Back to my duty I will soon return.

ANTONIO.

Thou makest me dubious. How shall I resolve?
 That error is contagious, I perceive.

TASSO.

If thy professions I'm to count sincere,
 Perform what I desire, as well as thou canst.
 Then will the prince release me, and I lose
 Neither his favor nor his gracious aid.
 For that I'll thank thee, — ay, with cordial thanks.
 But if thy bosom bear an ancient grudge,
 Wouldst thou forever banish me this court,
 Forever wouldst thou mar my destiny,
 And drive me friendless forth into the world,
 Then hold thy purpose and resist my prayer!

ANTONIO.

O Tasso! — for I'm doomed to injure thee, —
 I choose the way which thou thyself dost choose:
 The issue will determine who doth err!
 Thou wilt away! I warn thee ere thou goest:
 Scarce shalt thou turn thy back upon this house,
 Ere thou shalt yearn in spirit to return,
 While wilful humor still shall urge thee on.
 Sorrow, distraction, and desponding gloom
 In Rome await thee. There as well as here
 Thou'lt miss thine aim. But this I do not say
 To counsel thee: alas! I but predict
 What soon will happen, and invite thee, Tasso,
 In the worst exigence to trust to me.
 I now, at thy desire, will seek the prince.

SCENE V.

TASSO (*alone*).

Ay, go, and in the fond assurance go,
 That thou hast power to bend me to thy will.
 I learn dissimulation, for thou art
 An able master, and I prompt to learn.
 Thus life full oft compels us to appear,
 Yea, e'en to be, like those whom in our hearts
 We haughtily despise. How clearly now
 I see the subtle web of court intrigue!
 Antonio desires to drive me hence,
 Yet would not seem to drive me. He doth play
 The kind, considerate friend, that I may seem

Incapable and weak ; installs himself
 My guardian too, degrading to a child,
 Him whom he could not bend to be a slave.
 With clouds of error thus he darkens truth,
 And blinds alike the princess and the prince.

They should indeed retain me, so he counsels,
 For with fair talents Nature has endowed me ;
 Although, alas ! she has accompanied
 Her lofty gifts with many weaknesses,
 With a foreboding spirit, boundless pride,
 And sensibility too exquisite.
 It cannot now be otherwise, since Fate,
 In her caprice, has fashioned such a man :
 We must consent to take him as he is,
 Be patient, bear with him, and then, perchance,
 On days auspicious, as an unsought good,
 Find pleasure in his joy-diffusing gift ;
 While for the rest, why, e'en as he was born,
 He must have license both to live and die.

Where now Alphonso's firm and constant mind ?
 The man who braves his foe, who shields his friend,
 In him who treats me thus can I discover ?
 Now I discern the measure of my woe !
 This is my destiny, — towards me alone
 All change their nature, — ay, the very men
 Who are with others steadfast, firm, and true,
 In one brief moment, for an idle breath,
 Swerve lightly from their constant quality.

Has not this man's arrival here, alone,
 And in a single hour, my fortune marred ?
 Has he not, even to its very base,
 Laid low the structure of my happiness ?
 This, too, must I endure, — even to-day !
 Yea, as before all pressed around me, now
 I am by all abandoned ; as before
 Each strove to seize, to win me for himself,
 All thrust me from them, and avoid me now.
 And wherefore ? My desert, and all the love
 Wherewith I was so bounteously endowed,
 Does he alone in equal balance weigh ?
 Yes, all forsake me now. Thou too ! Thou too !

Beloved princess, thou, too, leavest me !
 Hath she, to cheer me in this dismal hour,
 A single token of her favor sent ?
 Have I deserved this from her ? — Thou poor heart,
 Whose very nature was to honor her ! —
 How, when her gentle accents touched mine ear,
 Feelings unutterable thrilled my breast !
 When she appeared, a more ethereal light
 Outshone the light of day. Her eyes, her lips,
 Drew me resistlessly : my very knees
 Trembled beneath me ; and my spirit's strength
 Was all required to hold myself erect,
 And curb the strong desire to throw myself
 Prostrate before her. Scarcely could I quell
 The giddy rapture. Be thou firm, my heart !
 No cloud obscure thee, thou clear mind ! She too !
 Dare I pronounce what yet I scarce believe ?
 I must believe, yet dread to utter it.
 She too ! She too ! Think not the slightest blame,
 Only conceal it not. She too ! She too !

Alas ! This word, whose truth I ought to doubt,
 Long as a breath of faith survived in me, —
 This word, like fate's decree, doth now at last
 Engrave itself upon the brazen rim
 That rounds the full-scrolled tablet of my woe.
 Now first mine enemies are strong indeed :
 Forever now I am of strength bereft.
 How shall I combat when she stands opposed
 Amidst the hostile army ? How endure
 If she no more reach forth her hand to me ?
 If her kind glance the suppliant meet no more ?
 Ay, thou hast dared to think, to utter it,
 And, ere thou couldst have feared, — behold, 'tis true !
 And now, ere yet despair, with brazen talons,
 Doth rend asunder thy bewildered brain,
 Lament thy bitter doom, and utter forth
 The unavailing cry, She too ! She too !

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Garden.* — ALPHONSO, ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

Obedient to thy wish, I went to Tasso
 A second time : I come from him but now.
 I sought to move him, yea, I strongly urged
 But from his fixed resolve he swerveth not ;
 He earnestly entreats, that for a time
 Thou wouldst permit him to repair to Rome.

ALPHONSO.

His purpose much annoys me, I confess : —
 I rather tell thee my vexation now,
 Than let it strengthen, smothered in my breast.
 He fain would travel, good ! I hold him not.
 He will depart, he will to Rome : so be it !
 Let not the crafty Medici, nor yet
 Scipio Gonzaga, wrest him from me, though !
 'Tis this hath made our Italy so great,
 That rival neighbors zealously contend
 To foster and employ the ablest men.
 Like chief without an army, shows a prince
 Who round him gathers not superior minds ;
 And who the voice of Poesy disdains
 Is a barbarian, be he who he may.
 Tasso I found, I chose him for myself,
 I number him with pride among my train ;
 And, having done so much for him already,
 I should be loath to lose him without cause.

ANTONIO.

I feel embarrassed, prince ; for in thy sight
 I bear the blame of what to-day befell :
 That I was in the wrong, I frankly own,
 And look for pardon to thy clemency ;
 But I were inconsolable couldst thou,
 E'en for a moment, doubt my honest zeal
 In seeking to appease him. Speak to me
 With gracious look, that so I may regain
 My self-reliance and my wonted calm.

ALPHONSO.

Feel no disquietude, Antonio ;—
 In no wise do I count the blame as thine :
 Too well I know the temper of the man,
 Know all too well what I have done for him,
 How often I have spared him, and how oft
 Towards him I have o'erlooked my rightful claims.
 O'er many things we gain the mastery,
 But stern necessity and lengthened time
 Scarce give a man dominion o'er himself.

ANTONIO.

When other men toil in behalf of one,
 'Tis fit this one with diligence inquire
 How he may profit others in return.
 He who hath fashioned his own mind so well,
 Who hath aspired to make each several science,
 And the whole range of human lore, his own,
 Is he not doubly bound to rule himself?
 Yet doth he ever give it e'en a thought?

ALPHONSO.

Continued rest is not ordained for man.
 Still, when we purpose to enjoy ourselves,
 To try our valor, fortune sends a foe ;
 To try our equanimity, a friend.

ANTONIO.

Does Tasso e'en fulfil man's primal duty,
 To regulate his appetite, in which
 He is not, like the brute, restrained by nature?
 Does he not rather, like a child, indulge
 In all that charms and gratifies his taste?
 When has he mingled water with his wine?
 Comfits and condiments, and potent drinks,
 One with another still he swallows down,
 And then complains of his bewildered brain,
 His hasty temper, and his fevered blood,
 Railing at nature and at destiny.
 How oft I've heard him in a bitter style
 With childish folly argue with his leech.
 'Twould raise a laugh, if aught were laughable
 Which teases others and torments one's self.

"Oh, this is torture!" anxiously he cries,
 Then, in splenetic mood, "Why boast your art?
 Prescribe a cure!" — "Good!" then exclaims the leech.
 "Abstain from this or that." — "That can I not." —
 "Then, take this potion." — "No: it nauseates me,
 The taste is horrid, nature doth rebel." —
 "Well, then, drink water." — "Water! never more!
 Like hydrophobia is my dread of it." —
 "Then, your disease is hopeless." — "Why, I pray?" —
 "One evil symptom will succeed another;
 And, though your ailment should not fatal prove,
 'Twill daily more torment you." — "Fine, indeed!
 Then, wherefore play the leech? You know my case:
 You should devise a remedy, and one
 That's palatable too, that I may not
 First suffer pain before relieved from it."
 I see thee smile, my prince: 'tis but the truth;
 Doubtless thyself hast heard it from his lips.

ALPHONSO.

Of I have heard, and have as oft excused.

ANTONIO.

It is most certain, an intemperate life,
 As it engenders wild, distempered dreams,
 At length doth make us dream in open day.
 What's his suspicion but a troubled dream?
 He thinks himself environed still by foes.
 None can discern his gift who envy not;
 And all who envy, hate and persecute.
 Oft with complaints he has molested thee:
 Notes intercepted, violated locks,
 Poison, the dagger! All before him float!
 Thou dost investigate his grievance, — well,
 Doth aught appear? Why, scarcely a pretext.
 No sovereign's shelter gives him confidence.
 The bosom of no friend can comfort him.
 Wouldst promise happiness to such a man,
 Or look to him for joy unto thyself?

ALPHONSO.

Thou wouldst be right, Antonio, if from him
 I sought my own immediate benefit;

But I have learned no longer to expect
 Service direct and unconditional.
 All do not serve us in the selfsame way :
 Who needeth much, according to his gifts
 Must each employ, so is he ably served.
 'This lesson from the Medici we learned,
 'Tis practised even by the popes themselves.
 With what forbearance, magnanimity;
 And princely patience, have they not endured
 Full many a genius, who seemed not to need
 Their ample favor, yet who needed it!

ANTONIO.

Who knows not this, my prince? The toil of life
 Alone can tutor us life's gifts to prize.
 In youth he hath already won so much,
 He cannot relish aught in quietness.
 Oh that he were compelled to earn the blessings
 Which now with liberal hand are thrust upon him!
 With manly courage he would brace his strength,
 And at each onward step feel new content.
 The needy noble has attained the height
 Of his ambition, if his gracious prince
 Raise him, with hand benign, from poverty,
 And choose him as an inmate of the court.
 Should he then honor him with confidence,
 And before others raise him to his side,
 Consulting him in war, or state affairs,
 Why, then, methinks, with silent gratitude,
 The modest man may bless his lucky fate.
 And with all this, Tasso enjoys besides
 Youth's purest happiness : — his fatherland
 Esteems him highly, looks to him with hope.
 Trust me for this, — his peevish discontent
 On the broad pillow of his fortune rests.
 He comes, dismiss him kindly, give him time
 In Rome, in Naples, wheresoe'er he will,
 To search in vain for what he misses here,
 Yet here alone can ever hope to find.

ALPHONSO.

Back to Ferrara will he first return?

ANTONIO.

He rather would remain in Belriguardo.
 And, for his journey, what he may require,
 He will request a friend to forward to him.

ALPHONSO.

I am content. My sister, with her friend,
 Returns immediately to town; and I,
 Riding with speed, hope to reach home before them.
 Thou'lt follow straight when thou for him hast cared;
 Give needful orders to the castellan,
 That in the castle he may here abide
 So long as he desires, until his friend
 Forward his equipage, and till the letters,
 Which we shall give him to our friends at Rome,
 Have been transmitted. Here he comes. Farewell!

SCENE II. — ALPHONSO, TASSO.

TASSO (*with embarrassment*).

The favor thou so oft has shown me, prince,
 Is manifest, in clearest light, to-day.
 The deed which, in the precincts of thy palace,
 I lawlessly committed, thou hast pardoned;
 Thou hast appeased and reconciled my foe;
 Thou dost permit me for a time to leave
 The shelter of thy side, and, rich in bounty,
 Wilt not withdraw from me thy generous aid.
 Inspired with confidence, I now depart,
 And trust that this brief absence will dispel
 The heavy gloom that now oppresses me.
 My renovated soul shall plume her wing,
 And pressing forward on the bright career,
 Which, glad and bold, encouraged by thy glance,
 I entered first, deserve thy grace anew.

ALPHONSO.

Prosperity attend thee on thy way!
 With joyous spirit, and to health restored,
 Return again amongst us. Thus thou shalt
 To us, in double measure, for each hour
 Thou now deprivest us of, requital bring.
 Letters I give thee to my friends at Rome,

And also to my kinsmen, and desire
 That to my people everywhere thou shouldst
 Confidingly attach thyself; — though absent,
 Thee I shall certainly regard as mine.

TASSO.

Thou dost, O prince! o'erwhelm with favors one
 Who feels himself unworthy, who e'en wants
 Ability to render fitting thanks.
 Instead of thanks I proffer a request:
 My poem now lies nearest to my heart.
 My labors have been strenuous, yet I feel
 That I am far from having reached my aim.
 Fain would I there resort, where hovers yet
 The inspiring genius of the mighty dead,
 Still raining influence: there would I become
 Once more a learner, then more worthily
 My poem might rejoice in thine applause.
 Oh, give me back the manuscript, which now
 I feel ashamed to know within thy hand!

ALPHONSO.

Thou wilt not surely take from me to-day
 What but to-day to me thou hast consigned.
 Between thy poem, Tasso, and thyself,
 Let me now stand as arbiter. Beware —
 Nor, through assiduous diligence, impair
 The genial nature that pervades thy rhymes,
 And give not ear to every critic's word!
 With nicest tact the poet reconciles
 The judgments thousand-fold of different men,
 In thoughts and life at variance with each other,
 And fears not numbers to displease, that he
 Still greater numbers may enchant the more.
 And yet I say not but that here and there
 Thou mayst, with modest care, employ the file.
 I promise thee at once, that in brief space,
 Thou shalt receive a copy of thy poem.
 Meanwhile I will retain it in my hands,
 That I may first enjoy it with my sisters.
 Then, if thou bring'st it back more perfect still,
 Our joy will be enhanced; and here and there
 We'll hint corrections, only as thy friends.

TASSO.

I can but modestly repeat my prayer :
 Let me receive the copy with all speed.
 My spirit resteth solely on this work,
 Its full completion it must now attain.

ALPHONSO.

I praise the ardor that inspires thee, Tasso !
 Yet, were it possible, thou for a while
 Shouldst rest thy mind, seek pleasure in the world,
 And find some means to cool thy heated blood.
 Then would thy mental powers, restored to health,
 Through their sweet harmony, spontaneous yield
 What now, with anxious toil, in vain thou seekest.

TASSO.

My prince, it seems so ; but I am in health
 When I can yield myself to strenuous toil,
 And this my toil again restores my health.
 Long hast thou known me ; thou must long have seen,
 I thrive not in luxurious indolence.
 Rest brings no rest to me. Alas ! I feel it :
 My mind, by nature, never was ordained,
 Borne on the yielding billows of the hour,
 To float in pleasure o'er time's ample sea.

ALPHONSO.

Thine aims, thy dreams, all overwhelm thee in thyself.
 Around us there doth yawn full many a gulf,
 Scooped by the hand of destiny ; but here,
 In our own bosoms, lies the deepest ; — ay !
 And tempting 'tis to hurl one's self therein !
 I charge thee, Tasso, snatch thee from thyself !
 The man will profit, though the bard may lose.

TASSO.

To quell the impulse I should vainly strive,
 Which, ceaseless in my bosom, day and night
 Alternates ever. Life were life no more
 Were I to cease to poetize, to dream.
 Wouldst thou forbid the cunning worm to spin,
 For that to nearer death he spins himself ?
 From his own being, he unfoldeth still

The costly texture, nor suspends his toil,
Till in his shroud he hath immured himself.
Oh, to us mortals may some gracious power
Accord the insect's enviable doom,
In some new sunny vale, with sudden joy,
To spread our eager pinions!

ALPHONSO.

List to me!

Thou givest still to others to enjoy
Life with a twofold relish. Learn thyself
To know the worth of life, whose richest boon
In tenfold measure is bestowed on thee.
Now fare thee well! The sooner thou returnest
All the more cordial will thy welcome be.

SCENE III.

TASSO (*alone*).

Hold fast my heart, thy work has been well done!
The task was arduous, for ne'er before
Didst thou or wish or venture to dissemble.
Ay, thou didst hear it, that was not his mind,
Nor his the words: to me it still appeared,
As if I heard again Antonio's voice.
Only give heed! Henceforth on every side
Thou'lt hear that voice. Be firm, my heart, be firm!
'Tis only for a moment. He who learns
The trick of simulation late in life,
Doth outwardly the natural semblance wear
Of honest faith: practise, and thou'lt succeed.

(*After a pause.*)

Too soon thou triumphest, for lo! she comes!
The gentle princess comes! Oh, what a feeling!
She enters now: suspicion in my breast
And angry sullenness dissolve in grief.

SCENE IV. — PRINCESS, TASSO. (*Towards the end of the Scene the others.*)

PRINCESS.

Thou thinkest to forsake us, or remainest
Rather behind in Belguardo, Tasso,

And then thou wilt withdraw thyself from us?
I trust thine absence will not be for long:
To Rome thou goest?

TASSO.

Thither first I wend ;
And if, as I have reason to expect,
I from my friends kind welcome there receive,
With care and patient toil I may, at length,
Impart its highest finish to my poem.
Full many men I find assembled there,
Masters who may be styled in every art.
Ay, and in that first city of the world,
Hath not each site, yea, every stone, a tongue?
How many thousand silent monitors,
With earnest mien, majestic, beckon us !
There if I fail to make my work complete,
I never shall complete it. Ah, I feel it —
Success doth wait on no attempt of mine !
Still altering, I ne'er shall perfect it.
I feel, yea, deeply feel, the noble art
That quickens others, and does strength infuse
Into the healthy soul, will drive me forth,
And bring me to destruction. Forth I haste !
I will to Naples first.

PRINCESS.

Darest thou venture?
Still is the rigid sentence unrepealed
Which banished thee, together with thy father.

TASSO.

I know the danger, and have pondered it.
Disguised I go, in tattered garb, perchance
Of shepherd or of pilgrim, meanly clad.
Unseen I wander through the city, where
The movements of the many shroud the one.
Then to the shore I hasten, find a bark,
With people of Sorrento, pleasant folk,
Returning home from market ; for I too
Must hasten to Sorrento. There resides
My sister, ever to my parents' heart,
Together with myself, a mournful joy.
I speak not in the bark ; I step ashore
Also in silence ; slowly I ascend

The upward path, and at the gate inquire,
 Where may she dwell, Cornelia Sersale?
 With friendly mien, a woman at her wheel
 Shows me the street, the house; I hasten on;
 The children run beside me, and survey
 The gloomy stranger with the shaggy locks.
 Thus I approach the threshold. Open stands
 The cottage door: I step into the house —

PRINCESS.

Oh, Tasso! if 'tis possible, look up,
 And see the danger that environs thee!
 I spare thy feelings, else I well might ask,
 Is't noble, so to speak as now thou speakest?
 Is't noble of thyself alone to think,
 As if thou didst not wound the heart of friends?
 My brother's sentiments, are they concealed?
 And how we sisters prize and honor thee, —
 Hast thou not known and felt it? Can it be,
 That a few moments should have altered all?
 Oh, Tasso! if thou wilt indeed depart,
 Yet do not leave behind thee grief and care.

(TASSO turns away.)

How soothing to the sorrowing heart to give,
 To the dear friend who leaves us for a season,
 Some trifling present, though 'twere nothing more
 Than a new mantle, or a sword perchance!
 There's naught, alas! that we can offer thee,
 For thou ungraciously dost fling aside
 E'en what thou hast. Thou choosest for thyself
 The pilgrim's scallop-shell, his sombre weeds,
 His staff to lean on, and departing thus,
 In willing poverty, from us thou takest
 The only pleasure we could share with thee.

TASSO.

Then, thou wilt not reject me utterly?
 O precious words! O comfort dear and sweet!
 Do thou defend me! Shield me with thy care! —
 Oh, send me to Consandoli, or here,
 Keep me in Belriguardo, where thou wilt!
 The prince is lord of many a pleasant seat,
 Of many a garden, which the whole year round

Is duly kept, whose paths ye scarcely tread
 A single day, perchance but for an hour.
 Then, choose among them all the most remote
 Which through long years ye have not visited,
 And which perchance e'en now untended lies.
 Oh, send me thither! There let me be yours!
 And I will tend thy trees; with screen and tile
 Will shield thy citrons from autumnal blasts,
 Fencing them round with interwoven reeds;
 Flowers of the fairest hue shall in the beds
 Strike deep their spreading roots; with nicest care
 Each pathway, every corner, shall be kept:
 And of the palace also give me charge;
 At proper times the windows I will open,
 Lest noxious vapors should the pictures mar;
 The walls, with choicest stucco-work adorned,
 I with light feather-work will free from dust;
 There shall the polished pavement brightly shine;
 There shall no stone, no tiling, be misplaced;
 There shall no weeds sprout from the crevices!

PRINCESS.

I find no counsel in my troubled breast,
 And find no comfort for thyself and — us.
 Around I look to see if some kind god
 Will haply grant us succor, and reveal
 Some healing plant, or potion, to restore
 Peace to thy bewildered senses, peace to us!
 The truest word that floweth from the lip,
 The surest remedy, hath lost its power.
 Leave thee I must, — yet doth my heart refuse
 From thee to part.

TASSO.

Ye gods! And is it she?
 She who thus pities, who thus speaks with thee?
 And couldst thou e'er mistake that noble heart?
 And, in her presence, was it possible,
 That thee dependency could seize, could master?
 No, no, 'tis thou! I am myself again!
 Oh, speak once more! Sweet comfort let me hear
 Again from thy dear lips! Speak, nor withdraw
 Thy counsel from me. Say, what must I do,
 That I may win the pardon of the prince,

That thou thyself mayst freely pardon me,
That ye may both with pleasure take me back
Into your princely service? Speak to me.

PRINCESS.

It is but little we require from thee,
And yet that little seemeth all too much.
Freely shouldst thou resign thyself to us.
We wish not from thee aught but what thou art,
If only with thyself thou wert at peace.
When joy thou feelest, thou dost cause us joy ;
When thou dost fly from it, thou grievest us ;
And if sometimes we are impatient with thee,
'Tis only that we fain would succor thee,
And feel, alas ! our succor all in vain,
If thou the friendly hand forbear to grasp,
Stretched longingly, which yet doth reach thee not.

TASSO.

'Tis thou thyself, a holy angel still,
As when at first thou didst appear to me !
The mortal's darkened vision, oh, forgive !
If, while he gazed, he for a moment erred,
Now he again discerns thee ; and his soul
Aspires to honor thee eternally.
A flood of tenderness o'erwhelms my heart —
She stands before me ! She ! What feeling this ?
Is it distraction draws me unto thee ?
Or is it madness ? or a sense sublime
Which apprehends the purest, loftiest truth ?
Yes : 'tis the only feeling that on earth
Hath power to make and keep me truly blest,
Or that could overwhelm me with despair,
What time I wrestled with it, and resolved
To banish it forever from my heart.
This fiery passion I had thought to quell,
Still with mine inmost being strove and strove,
And in the strife my very self destroyed,
Which is to thee indissolubly bound.

PRINCESS.

If thou wouldst have me, Tasso, listen to thee,
Restrain this fervid glow, which frightens me.

TASSO.

Restrains the goblet's rim the bubbling wine
 That sparkling foams, and overflows its bounds?
 Thine every word doth elevate my bliss,
 With every word more brightly gleams thine eye,
 Over my spirit's depths there comes a change:
 Relieved from dark perplexity, I feel
 Free as a god; and all I owe to thee!
 A charm unspeakable, which masters me,
 Flows from thy lips. Thou makest me all thine.
 Of mine own being naught belongs to me.
 Mine eye grows dim in happiness and light,
 My senses fail; no more my foot sustains me:
 Thou drawest me to thee with resistless might,
 And my heart rushes self-impelled to thee.
 Me hast thou won for all eternity,
 Then take my whole of being to thyself.

(He throws himself into her arms, and clasps her to his bosom.)

PRINCESS

(Throwing him from her, and retiring in haste).

Away!

LEONORA

(Who has for some time appeared in the background, hastening forward).

What hath befallen? Tasso! Tasso!

(She follows the PRINCESS.)

TASSO *(about to follow her).*

O God!

ALPHONSO

(Who has for some time been approaching with ANTONIO).

He is distracted: hold him fast.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. — TASSO, ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

If that a foeman — as thou deem'st thyself
 Environed by a multitude of foes —
 Beside thee stood, how would he triumph now!

Unhappy man ! I am not yet myself !
 When something quite unparalleled occurs,
 When something monstrous first arrests our sight,
 The staggered spirit stands a moment still ;
 For we know nothing to compare it with.

TASSO (*after a long pause*).

Fulfil thine office : I perceive 'tis thou !
 Ay, thou deservest the prince's confidence.
 Fulfil thine office, since my doom is sealed :
 With lingering tortures, torture me to death !
 Draw ! draw the shaft, that I may feel the barb
 That lacerates, with cruel pangs, my heart !
 The tyrant's precious instrument art thou ;
 Be thou his jailer — executioner —
 For these are offices become thee well !

(*Towards the scene.*)

Yes, tyrant, go ! Thou couldst not to the last
 Thy wonted mask retain ; in triumph go !
 Thy slave thou hast well pinioned, hast reserved
 For predetermined and protracted pangs ;
 Yes, go ! I hate thee. In my heart I feel
 The horror which despotic power excites,
 When it is grasping, cruel, and unjust.

(*After a pause.*)

Thus, then, at last, I see myself exiled,
 Turned off, and thrust forth like a mendicant !
 Thus they with garlands wreathed me, but to lead
 The victim to the shrine of sacrifice !
 Thus, at the very last, with cunning words,
 They drew from me my only property,
 My poem, — ay, and they retain it too !
 Now is my one possession in your hands,
 My bright credential wheresoe'er I went,
 My sole resource 'gainst biting poverty !
 Ay, now I see why I must take mine ease.
 'Tis a conspiracy, and thou the head.
 Thus that my song may not be perfected,
 That my renown may ne'er be spread abroad,
 That envy still a thousand faults may find,
 And my unhonored name forgotten die :
 Therefore I must consent to idleness,
 Therefore must spare my faculties, myself.

O precious friendship! Dear solicitude!
 Odious appeared the dark conspiracy
 Which ceaseless round me wove its viewless web,
 But still more odious does it now appear!

And thou too, Siren! who so tenderly
 Didst lead me on with thy celestial mien,
 Thee now I know! Wherefore, O God, so late!

But we so willingly deceive ourselves,
 We honor reprobates, who honor us.
 True men are never to each other known:
 Such knowledge is reserved for galley-slaves,
 Chained to a narrow plank, who gasp for breath,
 Where none hath aught to ask, nor aught to lose,
 Where for a rascal each avows himself,
 And holds his neighbor for a rascal too, —
 Such men as these, perchance, may know each other.
 But for the rest we courteously misjudge them,
 Hoping they may misjudge us in return.

How long thine hallowed image from my gaze
 Veiled the coquette, working with paltry arts!
 The mask has fallen! — Now I see Armida
 Denuded of her charms, — yes, thou art she,
 Of whom my bodeful verse prophetic sang!

And then the little, cunning go-between!
 With what profound contempt I view her now!
 I hear the rustling of her stealthy step,
 As round me still she spreads her artful toils.
 Ay, now I know you! And let that suffice!
 And misery, though it beggar me of all,
 I honor still, — for it hath taught me truth.

ANTONIO.

I hear thee with amazement, though I know
 How thy rash humor, Tasso, urges thee
 To rush in haste to opposite extremes.
 Collect thy spirit and command thy rage!
 Thou speakest slander, dost indulge in words
 Which to thine anguish though they be forgiven,
 Yet thou canst ne'er forgive unto thyself.

TASSO.

Oh, speak not to me with a gentle lip :
 Let me not hear one prudent word from thee !
 Leave me my sullen happiness, that I
 May not regain my senses, but to lose them.
 My very bones are crushed, yet do I live ; —
 Ay ! live to feel the agonizing pain.
 Despair infolds me in its ruthless grasp ;
 And, in the hell-pang that annihilates,
 These slanderous words are but a feeble cry,
 Wrung from the depth of my sore agony.
 I will away ! If honest, point the path,
 And suffer me at once to fly from hence.

ANTONIO.

In thine extremity I will not leave thee ;
 And, shouldst thou wholly lose thy self-control,
 My patience shall not fail.

TASSO.

And must I, then,
 Yield myself up a prisoner to thee ?
 Resigned I yield myself, and it is done :
 I cease to struggle, and 'tis well with me. —
 Now let mine anguished heart recall how fair
 What, as in sport, I madly flung away.
 They hence depart — O God ! I there behold
 The dust, ascending from their chariot-wheels —
 The riders in advance — ay, there they go
 E'en to the very place from whence I came !
 Now they are gone — they are estranged from me.
 Oh that I once again had kissed his hand !
 Oh that I once again might say farewell !
 Once only might I falter, Oh, forgive !
 Once only hear the word, Go, thou'rt forgiven !
 Alas ! I hear it, not : — I ne'er shall hear it —
 Yes, I will go ! Let me but say farewell,
 Only farewell ! Give me, oh, give me back
 Their longed-for presence for a single moment !
 Perchance I might recover ! Never more !
 I am rejected, doomed to banishment !
 Alas ! I am self-banished, never more
 To hear that gentle voice, that tender glance
 To meet no more —

ANTONIO.

Yet hear the voice of one
Who, not without emotion, stands beside thee!
Thou'rt not so wretched, Tasso, as thou thinkest.
Collect thyself! Too much thou art unmanned.

TASSO

And am I, then, as wretched as I seem?
Am I as weak as I do show myself?
Say, is all lost? Has sorrow's direful stroke,
As with an earthquake's sudden shock, transformed
The stately pile into a ruined heap?
Is all the genius flown that did erewhile
So richly charm, and so exalt my soul?
Is all the power extinguished which of yore
Stirred in my bosom's depths? Am I become
A nothing? A mere nothing? No: all's here!
I have it still, and yet myself am nothing!
I from myself am severed, she from me!

ANTONIO.

Though to thyself thou seemest so forlorn,
Be calm, and bear in mind what still thou art!

TASSO.

Ay, in due season thou remindest me! —
Hath history no example for mine aid?
Before me doth there rise no man of worth
Who more hath borne than I, that with his fate
Mine own comparing, I may gather strength?
No: all is gone! — But one thing still remains, —
Tears, balmy tears, kind nature has bestowed.
The cry of anguish, when the man at length
Can bear no more — yea, and to me beside,
She leaves in sorrow melody and speech,
To utter forth the fulness of my woe:
Though in their mortal anguish men are dumb,
To me a God hath given to tell my grief.

(ANTONIO approaches him, and takes his hand.)

Oh, noble man! thou standest firm and calm,
While I am like the tempest-driven wave.
But be not boastful of thy strength. Reflect!

Nature, whose mighty power hath fixed the rock,
Gives to the wave its instability.
She sends her storm, the passive wave is driven,
And rolls and swells and falls in billowy foam.
Yet in this very wave the glorious sun
Mirrors his splendor, and the quiet stars
Upon its heaving bosom gently rest.
Dimmed is the splendor, vanished is the calm! —
In danger's hour I know myself no longer,
Nor am I now ashamed of the confession.
The helm is broken, and on every side
The reeling vessel splits. The riven planks,
Bursting asunder, yawn beneath my feet!
Thus with my outstretched arms I cling to thee!
So doth the shipwrecked mariner at last
Cling to the rock whereon his vessel struck.

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN

WITH THE IRON HAND.

A DRAMA.

TRANSLATED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This drama was written in 1771; but it was not published until 1773, during which interval it underwent considerable alterations. It was the first work which Goethe submitted to the public; and it at once excited great attention, both on account of the originality of the subject, and of the vigorous and unconventional manner in which it was worked out.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAXIMILIAN, *Emperor of Germany.*

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN, *a free knight of the empire.*

ELIZABETH, *his wife.*

MARIA, *his sister.*

CHARLES, *his son, — a boy.*

GEORGE, *his page.*

BISHOP OF BAMBERG.

ADELBERT VON WEISLINGEN, *a free German knight of the empire.*

ADELAIDE VON WALLDORF, *widow of the Count von Walldorf.*

LIEBTRAUT, *a courtier of the Bishop's.*

ABBOT OF FULDA, *residing at the Bishop's court.*

OLEARIUS, *a doctor of laws.*

BROTHER MARTIN, *a monk.*

HANS VON SELBITZ, } *Free knights, in alliance with GOETZ.*

FRANZ VON SICKINGEN, }

LERSE, *a trooper.*

FRANCIS, *esquire to WEISLINGEN.*

Female attendant on ADELAIDE.

President, Accuser, and Avenger of the Secret Tribunal.

METZLER, }

SIEVERS, }

LINK, }

KOHL, }

WILD, }

Leaders of the insurgent peasantry.

Imperial Commissioners.

Two Merchants of Nuremberg.

Magistrates of Heilbronn.

MAXIMILIAN STUMF, *a vassal of the Palgrave.*

An unknown.

Bride's father, }

Bride, }

Bridegroom, }

Peasants.

Gypsy captain.

Gypsy mother and women.

STICKS and WOLF, *gypsies.*

Imperial captain.

Imperial officers.

Innkeeper.

Sentinel.

Sergeant-at-arms.

Imperial soldiers — Troopers belonging to GOETZ, to SELBITZ, to SICKINGEN, and to WEISLINGEN — Peasants — Gypsies — Judges of the Secret Tribunal — Jailers — Courtiers, etc.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN, the hero of the following drama, flourished in the fifteenth century, during the reign of Maximilian the First, Emperor of Germany. Previous to this period, every German noble holding a fief immediately from the emperor, exercised on his estate a species of sovereignty subordinate to the imperial authority alone. Thus, from the princes and prelates possessed of extensive territories, down to the free knights and barons, whose domains consisted of a castle and a few acres of mountain and forest ground, each was a petty monarch upon his own property, independent of all control but the remote supremacy of the emperor.

Among the extensive rights conferred by such a constitution, that of waging war against each other, by their own private authority, was most precious to a race of proud and military barons. These private wars were called feuds, and the privilege of carrying them on was named *Faustrecht* (club-law). As the empire advanced in civilization, the evils attending feuds became dreadfully conspicuous: each petty knight was by law entitled to make war upon his neighbors without any further ceremony than three days' previous defiance by a written form called *Fehdebrief*. Even the Golden Bull, which remedied so many evils in the Germanic body, left this dangerous privilege in full vigor. In time the residence of every free baron became a fortress, from which, as his passions or avarice dictated, sallied a band of marauders to back his quarrel, or to collect an extorted revenue from the merchants who presumed to pass through his domain. At length whole bands of these free-booting nobles used to league together for the purpose of mutual defence against their more powerful neighbors, as likewise for that of predatory excursions against the princes, free towns, and ecclesiastic states of the empire, whose

wealth tempted the needy barons to exercise against them their privilege of waging private war. These confederacies were distinguished by various titles expressive of their object: we find among them the Brotherhood of the Mace, the Knights of the Bloody Sleeve, etc. If one of the brotherhood was attacked, the rest marched without delay to his assistance; and thus, though individually weak, the petty feudatories maintained their ground against the more powerful members of the empire. Their independence and privileges were recognized and secured to them by many edicts; and though hated and occasionally oppressed by the princes and ecclesiastical authorities, to whom in return they were a scourge and a pest, they continued to maintain tenaciously the good old privilege (as they termed it) of *Faustrecht*, which they had inherited from their fathers. Amid the obvious mischiefs attending such a state of society, it must be allowed that it is frequently the means of calling into exercise the highest heroic virtues. Men daily exposed to danger, and living by the constant exertion of their courage, acquired the virtues as well as the vices of a savage state; and among many instances of cruelty and rapine, occur not a few of the most exalted valor and generosity. If the fortress of a German knight was the dread of the wealthy merchant and abbot, it was often the ready and hospitable refuge of the weary pilgrim and oppressed peasant. Although the owner subsisted by the plunder of the rich, yet he was frequently beneficent to the poor, and beloved by his own family dependents and allies. The spirit of chivalry doubtless contributed much to soften the character of these maurading nobles. A respect for themselves taught them generosity towards their prisoners, and certain acknowledged rules prevented many of the atrocities which it might have been expected would have marked these feuds. No German noble, for example, if made captive, was confined in fetters or in a dungeon, but remained a prisoner at large upon his parole (which was called knightly ward), either in the castle of his conqueror, or in some other place assigned to him. The same species of honorable captivity was often indulged by the emperor to offenders of a noble rank, of which some instances will be found in the following pages.

Such was the state of the German nobles, when, on the 7th of August, 1495, was published the memorable edict of Maximilian for the establishment of the public peace of the empire. By this ordinance, the right of private war was

totally abrogated, under the penalty of the Ban of the empire, to be enforced by the Imperial Chamber then instituted. This was at once a sentence of anathema secular and spiritual, containing the dooms of outlawry and excommunication. This ordinance was highly acceptable to the princes, bishops, and free towns, who had little to gain and much to lose in these perpetual feuds; and they combined to enforce it with no small severity against the petty feudatories: these, on the other hand, sensible that the very root of their importance consisted in their privilege of declaring private war, without which they foresaw they would not long be able to maintain their independence, struggled hard against the execution of this edict, by which their confederacies were declared unlawful, and all means taken from them of resisting their richer neighbors.

Upon the jarring interests of the princes and clergy on the one hand, and of the free knights and petty imperial feudatories on the other, arise the incidents of the following drama. The hero, Goetz von Bérlichingen, was in reality a zealous champion for the privileges of the free knights, and was repeatedly laid under the Ban of the empire for the feuds in which he was engaged, from which he was only released in consequence of high reputation for gallantry and generosity. His life was published at Nuremberg, 1731; and some account of his exploits, with a declaration of feud (*Fehdebrief*) issued by him against that city, will be found in Meusel's "Inquiry into History," vol. iv.

While the princes and free knights were thus banded against each other, the peasants and bondsmen remained in the most abject state of ignorance and oppression. This occasioned at different times the most desperate insurrections, resembling in their nature, and in the atrocities committed by the furious insurgents, the rebellions of Tyler and Cade in England, or that of the *Jacquerie* in France. Such an event occurs in the following tragedy. There is also a scene founded upon the noted institution called the Secret or Invisible Tribunal. With this extraordinary judicatory, the members and executioners of which were unknown, and met in secret to doom to death those criminals whom other courts of justice could not reach, the English reader has been made acquainted by several translations from the German, particularly the excellent romances called "Herman of Unna," and "Alf von Duilman."

The following drama was written by the elegant author of

the "Sorrows of Werther," in imitation, it is said, of the manner of Shakspeare. This resemblance is not to be looked for in the style or expression, but in the outline of the characters, and mode of conducting the incidents of the piece. In Germany it is the object of enthusiastic admiration, partly owing doubtless to the force of national partiality towards a performance in which the ancient manners of the country are faithfully and forcibly painted. Losing, however, this advantage, and under all the defects of a translation, the translator ventures to hope, that, in the following pages, there will still be found something to excite interest. Some liberties have been taken with the original, in omitting two occasional disquisitions upon the civil law as practised in Germany.¹ Literal accuracy has been less studied in the translation, than an attempt to convey the spirit and general effect of the piece. Upon the whole, it is hoped the version will be found faithful; of which the translator is less distrustful, owing to the friendship of a gentleman of high literary eminence, who has obligingly taken the trouble of superintending the publication.

WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, 3d February, 1799.

¹ In the present revision these omitted portions are restored, whilst a few corrections have been made with a view to greater literalness.—ED.

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN

WITH THE IRON HAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn at Schwarzenberg in Franconia.*

METZLER and SIEVERS, two Swabian peasants, are seated at a table. At the fire, at some distance from them, two troopers from Bamberg. The Innkeeper.

SIEVERS. Hänsel! Another cup of brandy—and Christian measure.

INNKEEPER. Thou art a Never-enough.

METZLER (*apart to SIEVERS*). Repeat that again about Berlichingen.—The Bambergers, there, are so angry they are almost black in the face.

SIEVERS. Bambergers!—What are they about here?

METZLER. Weislingen has been two days up yonder at the castle with the earl—they are his attendants—they came with him, I know not whence. They are waiting for him—He is going back to Bamberg.

SIEVERS. Who is that Weislingen?

METZLER. The Bishop of Bamberg's right hand! a powerful lord, who is lying in wait to play Goetz some trick.

SIEVERS. He had better take care of himself.

METZLER (*aside*). Prithee go on! (*Aloud.*) How long is it since Goetz had a new dispute with the bishop? I thought all had been agreed and squared between them.

SIEVERS. Ay! Agreement with priests!—When the bishop saw he could do no good, and always got the worst of it, he pulled in his horns, and made haste to patch up a truce—and honest Berlichingen yielded to an absurd extent, as he always does when he has the advantage.

METZLER. God bless him! a worthy nobleman.

SIEVERS. Only think! Was it not shameful? They fell upon a page of his, to his no small surprise; but they will soon be mauled for that.

METZLER. How provoking that his last stroke should have missed. He must have been plaguily annoyed.

SIEVERS. I don't think any thing has vexed him so much for a long time. Look you, all had been calculated to a nicety: the time the bishop would come from the bath, with how many attendants, and which road; and, had it not been betrayed by some traitor, Goetz would have blessed his bath for him, and rubbed him dry.

FIRST TROOPER. What are you prating there about our bishop? do you want to pick a quarrel?

SIEVERS. Mind your own affairs: you have nothing to do with our table.

SECOND TROOPER. Who taught you to speak disrespectfully of our bishop?

SIEVERS. Am I bound to answer *your* questions?— Look at the fool!

[*The first TROOPER boxes his ears.*

METZLER. Smash the rascal! [*They attack each other.*

SECOND TROOPER (*to METZLER*). Come on if you dare—

INNKEEPER (*separating them*). Will you be quiet?

Zounds! Take yourself off if you have any scores to settle: in my house I will have order and decency. (*He pushes the TROOPERS out of doors.*)—And what are you about, you jackasses?

METZLER. No bad names, Hänsel! or your sconce shall pay for it. Come, comrade, we'll go and thrash those blackguards.

Enter two of BERLICHINGEN'S TROOPERS.

FIRST TROOPER. What's the matter?

SIEVERS. Ah! Good-day, Peter!— Good-day, Veit!— Whence come you?

SECOND TROOPER. Mind you don't let out whom we serve.

SIEVERS (*whispering*). Then, your master Goetz isn't far off?

FIRST TROOPER. Hold your tongue!— Have you had a quarrel?

SIEVERS. You must have met the fellows without—they are Bambergers.

FIRST TROOPER. What brings them here?

SIEVERS. They escort Weislingen, who is up yonder at the castle with the earl.

FIRST TROOPER. Weislingen!

SECOND TROOPER (*aside to his companion*). Peter, that is grist to our mill— How long has he been here?

METZLER. Two days; but he is off to-day, as I heard one of his fellows say.

FIRST TROOPER (*aside*). Did I not tell you he was here? — We might have waited yonder long enough— Come, Veit—

SIEVERS. Help us first to drub the Bambergers.

SECOND TROOPER. There are already two of you— We must away— Farewell! [*Exeunt both TROOPERS.*]

SIEVERS. Scurvy dogs, these troopers! They won't strike a blow without pay.

METZLER. I could swear they have something in hand.— Whom do they serve?

SIEVERS. I am not to tell— They serve Goetz.

METZLER. So!— Well, now we'll cudgel those fellows outside— While I have a quarter-staff I care not for their spits.

SIEVERS. If we durst but once serve the princes in the same manner, who drag our skins over our ears! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.— *A Cottage in a thick Forest.*

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN *discovered walking among the trees before the door.*

GOETZ. Where linger my servants?— I must walk up and down, or sleep will overcome me— Five days and nights already on the watch— It is hardly earned, this bit of life and freedom. But when I have caught thee, Weislingen, I shall take my ease. (*Fills a glass of wine, and drinks; looks at the flask.*)— Again empty.— George! — While this and my courage last, I can laugh at the ambition and chicanery of princes!— George!— You may send round your obsequious Weislingen to your uncles and cousins to calumniate my character— Be it so— I am on the alert.— Thou hast escaped me, bishop: then thy dear Weislingen shall pay the score.— George!— Doesn't the boy hear?— George! George!

GEORGE (*entering in the cuirass of a full-grown man*). Worshipful sir.

GOETZ. What kept you? Were you asleep?— What in the Devil's name means this masquerade?— Come hither:

you don't look amiss. Be not ashamed, boy: you look bravely. Ah! if you could but fill it! — Is it Hans' cuirass?

GEORGE. He wished to sleep a little, and unbuckled it.

GOETZ. He takes things easier than his master.

GEORGE. Do not be angry! I took it quietly away and put it on, then fetched my father's old sword from the wall, ran to the meadow, and drew it —

GOETZ. And laid about you, no doubt? — Rare times for the brambles and thorns! — Is Hans asleep?

GEORGE. He started up and cried out to me when you called — I was trying to unbuckle the cuirass when I heard you twice or thrice.

GOETZ. Go take back his cuirass, and tell him to be ready with his horses.

GEORGE. I have fed them well, and they are ready bridled: you may mount when you will.

GOETZ. Bring me a stoup of wine. Give Hans a glass too, and tell him to be on the alert — there is good cause: I expect the return of my scouts every moment.

GEORGE. Ah! noble sir!

GOETZ. What's the matter?

GEORGE. May I not go with you?

GOETZ. Another time, George — when we waylay merchants and seize their wagons —

GEORGE. Another time! — You have said that so often. — Oh, this time, this time! I will only skulk behind; just keep on the look-out — I will gather up all the spent arrows for you.

GOETZ. Next time, George! — You must first have a doublet, a steel cap, and a lance.

GEORGE. Take me with you now! — Had I been with you last time, you would not have lost your cross-bow.

GOETZ. Do you know about that?

GEORGE. You threw it at your antagonist's head: one of his followers picked it up, and off with it he went. Don't I know about it?

GOETZ. Did my people tell you?

GEORGE. Oh, yes! and for that, I whistle them all sorts of tunes while we dress the horses, and teach them merry songs too.

GOETZ. Thou art a brave boy.

GEORGE. Take me with you to prove myself so.

GOETZ. The next time, I promise you! You must not go to battle unarmed as you are. There is a time coming

which will also require men. I tell thee, boy, it will be a dear time. Princes shall offer their treasures for a man whom they now hate. Go, George, give Hans his cuirass again, and bring me wine. (*Exit GEORGE.*) Where can my people be? It is incomprehensible!— A monk! What brings him here so late?

Enter Brother MARTIN.

GOETZ. Good-evening, reverend father! Whence come you so late? Man of holy rest, thou shamest many knights.

MARTIN. Thanks, noble sir! I am at present but an unworthy brother, if we come to titles. My cloister name is Augustin; but I like better to be called by my Christian name, Martin.

GOETZ. You are tired, brother Martin, and doubtless thirsty.

Enter GEORGE with wine.

GOETZ. Here, in good time, comes wine.

MARTIN. For me a draught of water. I dare not drink wine.

GOETZ. Is it against your vow?

MARTIN. Noble sir, to *drink* wine is not against my vow; but because *wine* is against my vow, therefore I drink it not.

GOETZ. How am I to understand that?

MARTIN. 'Tis well for thee that thou dost not understand it. Eating and drinking nourish man's life.

GOETZ. Well!

MARTIN. When thou hast eaten and drunken, thou art, as it were, new-born, stronger, bolder, fitter for action. Wine rejoices the heart of man, and joyousness is the mother of every virtue. When thou hast drunk wine, thou art double what thou shouldst be! twice as ingenious, twice as enterprising, and twice as active.

GOETZ. As I drink it, what you say is true.

MARTIN. 'Tis when thus taken in moderation that I speak of it. But we — [*GEORGE brings water.*]

GOETZ (*aside to GEORGE*). Go to the road which leads to Daxbach: lay thine ear close to the earth, and listen for the tread of horses. Return immediately.

MARTIN. But we, on the other hand, when we have eaten and drunken, are the reverse of what we should be. Our sluggish digestion depresses our mental powers; and, in the

indulgence of luxurious ease, desires are generated which grow too strong for our weakness.

GOETZ. One glass, brother Martin, will not disturb your sleep. You have travelled far to-day. (*Raises his glass.*) Here's to all fighting-men!

MARTIN. With all my heart. (*They ring their glasses.*) I cannot abide idle people — yet will I not say that all monks are idle; they do what they can: I am just come from St. Bede, where I slept last night. The prior took me into the garden: that is their hive. Excellent salad, cabbages in perfection, and such cauliflowers and artichokes as you will hardly find in Europe.

GOETZ. So that is not the life for you?

[*Goes out, and looks anxiously after the boy. Returns.*]

MARTIN. Would that God had made me a gardener or day-laborer! I might then have been happy! My convent is Erfurt in Saxony: my abbot loves me; he knows I cannot remain idle; and so he sends me round the country, wherever there is business to be done. I am on my way to the bishop of Constance.

GOETZ. Another glass. Good speed to you!

MARTIN. The same to you.

GOETZ. Why do you look at me so steadfastly, brother?

MARTIN. I am in love with your armor.

GOETZ. Would you like a suit? It is heavy and toilsome to the wearer.

MARTIN. What is not toilsome in this world? — But to me nothing is so much so as to renounce my very nature! Poverty, chastity, obedience, — three vows, each of which taken singly seems the most dreadful to humanity — so insupportable are they all; — and to spend a lifetime under this burden, or to groan despairingly under the still heavier load of an evil conscience — Ah! Sir Knight, what are the toils of your life compared to the sorrows of a state, which, from a mistaken desire of drawing nearer to the Deity, condemns as crimes the best impulses of our nature, — impulses by which we live, grow, and prosper!

GOETZ. Were your vow less sacred, I would give you a suit of armor and a steed, and we would ride out together.

MARTIN. Would to Heaven my shoulders had strength to bear armor, and my arm to unhorse an enemy! Poor, weak hand, accustomed from infancy to swing censers, to bear crosses and banners of peace, how couldst thou manage the lance and falchion? My voice, tuned only to Aves and

Hallelujahs, would be a herald of my weakness to the enemy; while yours would overpower him: otherwise no vows should keep me from entering an order founded by the Creator himself.

GOETZ. To your happy return! [*Drinks.*]

MARTIN. I drink that only in compliment to you! A return to my prison must ever be unhappy. When you, Sir Knight, return to your castle, with the consciousness of your courage and strength, which no fatigue can overcome; when you, for the first time, after a long absence, stretch yourself unarmed upon your bed, secure from the attack of enemies, and resign yourself to a sleep sweeter than the draught after a long thirst, — then can you speak of happiness.

GOETZ. And accordingly it comes but seldom!

MARTIN (*with growing ardor*). But, when it does come, it is a foretaste of paradise. When you return home laden with the spoils of your enemies, and remember, “such a one I struck from his horse ere he could discharge his piece — such another I overthrew, horse and man,” then you ride to your castle, and —

GOETZ. And what?

MARTIN. And your wife — (*Fills a glass.*) To her health! (*He wipes his eyes.*) You have one?

GOETZ. A virtuous, noble wife!

MARTIN. Happy the man who possesses a virtuous wife: his life is doubled. This blessing was denied me, yet was woman the glory or crown of creation.

GOETZ (*aside*). I grieve for him. The sense of his condition preys upon his heart.

Enter GEORGE, breathless.

GEORGE. My lord, my lord, I hear horses in full gallop! — two of them — 'Tis they for certain.

GOETZ. Bring out my steed: let Hans mount. Farewell, dear brother, God be with you. Be cheerful and patient. He will give you ample scope.

MARTIN. Let me request your name.

GOETZ. Pardon me — Farewell! [*Gives his left hand.*]

MARTIN. Why do you give the left? — Am I unworthy of the knightly right hand?

GOETZ. Were you the emperor, you must be satisfied with this. My right hand, though not useless in combat, is

unresponsive to the grasp of affection. It is one with its mailed gauntlet — You see, it is *iron*!

MARTIN. Then art thou Goetz of Berlichingen. I thank thee, Heaven, who hast shown me the man whom princes hate, but to whom the oppressed throng! (*He takes his right hand.*) Withdraw not this hand: let me kiss it.

GOETZ. You must not!

MARTIN. Let me, let me — Thou hand, more worthy even than the saintly relic through which the most sacred blood has flowed! lifeless instrument, quickened by the noblest spirit's faith in God.

[*GOETZ adjusts his helmet, and takes his lance.*]

MARTIN. There was a monk among us about a year ago, who visited you when your hand was shot off at the siege of Landshut. He used to tell us what you suffered, and your grief at being disabled for your profession of arms, till you remembered having heard of one who had also lost a hand, and yet served long as a gallant knight — I shall never forget it.

Enter the two TROOPERS. They speak apart with GOETZ.

MARTIN (*continuing*). I shall never forget his words, uttered in the noblest, the most childlike, trust in God: "If I had twelve hands, what would they avail me without thy grace? then may I with only one" —

GOETZ. In the wood of Haslach, then. (*Turns to MARTIN.*) Farewell, worthy brother! [*Embraces him.*]

MARTIN. Forget me not, as I shall never forget thee!

[*Exeunt GOETZ and his TROOPERS.*]

MARTIN. How my heart beat at the sight of him! He spoke not, yet my spirit recognized his. What rapture to behold a great man!

GEORGE. Reverend sir, you will sleep here?

MARTIN. Can I have a bed?

GEORGE. No, sir! I know of beds only by hearsay: in our quarters there is nothing but straw.

MARTIN. It will serve. What is thy name?

GEORGE. George, reverend sir.

MARTIN. George! Thou hast a gallant patron saint.

GEORGE. They say he was a trooper: that is what I intend to be.

MARTIN. Stop! (*Takes a picture from his breviary, and gives it to him.*) There behold him — follow his example; be brave, and fear God. [*Exit into the cottage.*]





GEORGE. Ah! what a splendid gray horse! If I had but one like that—and the golden armor. There is an ugly dragon. At present I shoot nothing but sparrows. O St. George! make me but tall and strong; give me a lance, armor, and such a horse, and then let the dragons come!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *An Apartment in Jaxthausen, the Castle of Goetz von Berlichingen.*

ELIZABETH, MARIA, and CHARLES discovered.

CHARLES. Pray, now, dear aunt, tell me again that story about the good child: it is so pretty —

MARIA. Do you tell it to me, little rogue! that I may see if you have paid attention.

CHARLES. Wait, then, till I think. — “There was once upon” — Yes — “There was once upon a time a child, and his mother was sick: so the child went” —

MARIA. No, no! — “Then his mother said, ‘Dear child’” —

CHARLES. “‘I am sick’” —

MARIA. “‘And cannot go out’” —

CHARLES. “‘And gave him money, and said, ‘Go and buy yourself a breakfast.’ There came a poor man” —

MARIA. “‘The child went. There met him an old man who was’” — Now, Charles!

CHARLES. “‘Who was — old’” —

MARIA. Of course. “‘Who was hardly able to walk, and said, ‘Dear child’” —

CHARLES. “‘Give me something: I have eaten not a morsel yesterday or to-day.’ Then the child gave him the money” —

MARIA. “‘That should have bought his breakfast’” —

CHARLES. “‘Then the old man said’” —

MARIA. “‘Then the old man took the child by the hand’” —

CHARLES. “‘By the hand, and said — and became a fine beautiful saint — and said — ‘Dear child’” —

MARIA. “‘The holy Virgin rewards thee for thy benevolence through me: whatever sick person thou touchest’” —

CHARLES. “‘With thy hand’” — It was the right hand, I think.

MARIA. Yes.

CHARLES. “‘He will get well directly’” —

MARIA. "Then the child ran home, and could not speak for joy" —

CHARLES. "And fell upon his mother's neck, and wept for joy" —

MARIA. "Then the mother cried, 'What is this?' and became" — Now, Charles.

CHARLES. "Became — became" —

MARIA. You do not attend — "and became well. And the child cured kings and emperors, and became so rich that he built a great abbey."

ELIZABETH. I cannot understand why my husband stays. He has been away five days and nights, and he hoped to have finished his adventure so quickly.

MARIA. I have long felt uneasy. Were I married to a man who continually incurred such danger, I should die within the first year.

ELIZABETH. I thank God that he has made me of firmer stuff!

CHARLES. But must my father ride out if it is so dangerous?

MARIA. Such is his good pleasure.

ELIZABETH. He must, indeed, dear Charles!

CHARLES. Why?

ELIZABETH. Do you not remember the last time he rode out, when he brought you those nice things?

CHARLES. Will he bring me any thing now?

ELIZABETH. I believe so. Listen: there was a tailor at Stutgard who was a capital archer, and had gained the prize at Cologne.

CHARLES. Was it much?

ELIZABETH. A hundred dollars; and afterwards they would not pay him.

MARIA. That was naughty, eh, Charles?

CHARLES. Naughty people!

ELIZABETH. The tailor came to your father, and begged him to get his money for him: then your father rode out, and intercepted a party of merchants from Cologne, and kept them prisoners till they paid the money. Would not you have ridden out too?

CHARLES. No; for one must go through a dark, thick wood, where there are gypsies and witches —

ELIZABETH. You're a fine fellow; afraid of witches!

MARIA. Charles, it is far better to live at home in your castle, like a quiet Christian knight. One may find opportu-

nities enough of doing good on one's own lands. Even the worthiest knights do more harm than good in their excursions.

ELIZABETH. Sister, you know not what you are saying. — God grant our boy may become braver as he grows up, and not take after that Weislingen, who has dealt so faithlessly with my husband.

MARIA. We will not judge, Elizabeth. My brother is highly incensed, and so are you: I am only a spectator in the matter, and can be more impartial.

ELIZABETH. Weislingen cannot be defended.

MARIA. What I have heard of him has interested me. — Even your husband relates many instances of his former goodness and affection — How happy was their youth when they were both pages of honor to the margrave!

ELIZABETH. That may be. But only tell me, how can a man ever have been good who lays snares for his best and truest friend? who has sold his services to the enemies of my husband; and who strives, by invidious misrepresentations, to poison the mind of our noble emperor, who is so gracious to us? [A horn is heard.]

CHARLES. Papa! papa! the warder sounds his horn! Joy! joy! Open the gate!

ELIZABETH. There he comes with booty!

Enter PETER.

PETER. We have fought — we have conquered! God save you, noble ladies!

ELIZABETH. Have you captured Weislingen?

PETER. Himself and three followers.

ELIZABETH. How came you to stay so long?

PETER. We lay in wait for him between Nuremberg and Bamberg; but he would not come, though we knew he had set out. At length we heard of his whereabouts: he had struck off sideways, and was staying quietly with the earl at Schwarzenberg.

ELIZABETH. They would also fain make the earl my husband's enemy.

PETER. I immediately told my master. — Up and away we rode into the forest of Haslach. And it was curious, that, while we were riding along that night, a shepherd was watching; and five wolves fell upon the flock, and attacked them stoutly. Then my master laughed, and said, "Good

luck to us all, dear comrades, both to you and us!" And the good omen overjoyed us. Just then Weislingen came riding toward us with four attendants —

MARIA. How my heart beats!

PETER. My comrade and I, as our master had commanded, threw ourselves suddenly on him, and clung to him as if we had grown together, so that he could not move; while my master and Hans fell upon the servants, and overpowered them. They were all taken, except one who escaped.

ELIZABETH. I am curious to see him. Will he arrive soon?

PETER. They are riding through the valley, and will be here in a quarter of an hour.

MARIA. He is, no doubt, cast down and dejected?

PETER. He looks gloomy enough.

MARIA. It will grieve me to see his distress!

ELIZABETH. Oh! I must get food ready. You are, no doubt, all hungry?

PETER. Hungry enough, in truth.

ELIZABETH (*to Maria*). Take the cellar-keys and bring the best wine. They have deserved it. [*Exit ELIZABETH.*

CHARLES. I'll go too, aunt.

MARIA. Come, then, boy. [*Exeunt CHARLES and MARIA.*

PETER. He'll never be his father, else he would have gone with me to the stable.

Enter GOETZ, WEISLINGEN, HANS, and other TROOPERS.

GOETZ (*laying his helmet and sword on a table*). Unbuckle my armor, and give me my doublet. Ease will refresh me. Brother Martin, thou saidst truly. You have kept us long on the watch, Weislingen!

[*WEISLINGEN paces up and down in silence.*

GOETZ. Be of good cheer. Come, unarm yourself! Where are your clothes? I hope nothing has been lost. (*To the attendants.*) Go, ask his servants: open the baggage, and see that nothing is missing. Or I can lend you some of mine.

WEISLINGEN. Let me remain as I am — it is all one.

GOETZ. I can give you a handsome doublet, but it is only of linen: it has grown too tight for me. I wore it at the marriage of my Lord the Palsgrave, when your bishop was so incensed at me. About a fortnight before I had sunk

two of his vessels upon the Main — I was going up-stairs in the Stag at Heidelberg, with Franz von Sickingen. Before you get quite to the top, there is a landing-place with iron rails — there stood the bishop, and gave his hand to Franz as he passed, and to me also as I followed close behind him. I laughed in my sleeve, and went to the Landgrave of Hanau, who was always a kind friend to me, and said, “The bishop has given me his hand, but I’ll wager he did not know me.” The bishop heard me, for I was speaking loud on purpose. He came to us angrily, and said, “True, I gave thee my hand, because I knew thee not.” To which I answered, “I know that, my lord; and so here you have your shake of the hand back again!” The manikin grew red as a turkey-cock with spite; and he ran up into the room, and complained to the Palsgrave Lewis and the Prince of Nassau. We have laughed over the scene again and again.

WEISLINGEN. I wish you would leave me to myself.

GOETZ. Why so? I entreat you be of good cheer. You are my prisoner, but I will not abuse my power.

WEISLINGEN. I have no fear of that. That is your duty as a knight.

GOETZ. And you know how sacred it is to me.

WEISLINGEN. I am your prisoner — the rest matters not.

GOETZ. You should not say so. Had you been taken by a prince, fettered, and cast into a dungeon, your jailer directed to drive sleep from your eyes —

Enter SERVANTS with clothes. WEISLINGEN unarms himself.

Enter CHARLES.

CHARLES. Good-morrow, papa!

GOETZ (*kisses him*). Good-morrow, boy! How have you been this long time?

CHARLES. Very well, father! Aunt says I am a good boy.

GOETZ. Does she?

CHARLES. Have you brought me any thing?

GOETZ. Nothing this time.

CHARLES. I have learned a great deal.

GOETZ. Ay!

CHARLES. Shall I tell you about the good child?

GOETZ. After dinner.

CHARLES. I know something else too.

GOETZ. What may that be?

CHARLES. "Jaxthausen is a village and castle on the Jaxt, which has appertained in property and heritage for two hundred years to the Lords of Berlichingen" —

GOETZ. Do you know the Lord of Berlichingen? (CHARLES *stares at him. Aside.*) His learning is so abstruse that he does not know his own father! To whom does Jaxthausen belong?

CHARLES. "Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt" —

GOETZ. I did not ask that. I knew every path, pass, and ford about the place before ever I knew the name of the village, castle, or river. — Is your mother in the kitchen?

CHARLES. Yes, papa. They are cooking a lamb and turnips.

GOETZ. Do you know that too, Jack Turnspit?

CHARLES. And my aunt is roasting an apple for me to eat after dinner —

GOETZ. Can't you eat it raw?

CHARLES. It tastes better roasted.

GOETZ. You must have a tidbit, must you? — Weislingen, I will be with you immediately. I must go and see my wife. — Come, Charles!

CHARLES. Who is that man?

GOETZ. Bid him welcome. Tell him to be merry.

CHARLES. There's my hand for you, man! Be merry — for dinner will soon be ready.

WEISLINGEN (*takes up the child and kisses him*). Happy boy! that knowest no worse evil than the delay of dinner. May you live to have much joy in your son, Berlichingen!

GOETZ. Where there is most light the shades are deepest. Yet I should thank God for it. We'll see what they are about.

[*Exit with CHARLES and SERVANTS.*]

WEISLINGEN. Oh that I could but wake and find this all a dream! In the power of Berlichingen! — from whom I had scarcely detached myself — whose remembrance I shunned like fire — whom I hoped to overpower! and he still the old true-hearted Goetz! Gracious God! what will be the end of it? O Adelbert! Led back to the very hall where we played as children; when thou didst love and prize him as thy soul! Who can know him and hate him? Alas! I am so thoroughly insignificant here. Happy days! ye are gone. There, in his chair by the chimney, sat old Berlichingen, while we played around him, and loved each other like

cherubs! How anxious the bishop and all my friends will be! Well, the whole country will sympathize with my misfortune. But what avails it? Can they give me the peace after which I strive?

Re-enter GOETZ with wine and goblets.

GOETZ. We'll take a glass while dinner is preparing. Come, sit down—think yourself at home! Fancy you've once more come to see Goetz. It is long since we have sat and emptied a flagon together. (*Lifts his glass.*) Come: a light heart!

WEISLINGEN. Those times are gone by.

GOETZ. God forbid! To be sure, we shall hardly pass more pleasant days than those we spent together at the margrave's court, when we were inseparable night and day. I think with pleasure on my youth. Do you remember the scuffle I had with the Polander, whose pomaded and frizzled hair I chanced to rub with my sleeve?

WEISLINGEN. It was at table; and he struck at you with a knife.

GOETZ. I gave it him, however; and you had a quarrel upon that account with his comrades. We always stuck together like brave fellows, and were the admiration of every one. (*Raises his glass.*) Castor and Pollux! It used to rejoice my heart when the margrave so called us.

WEISLINGEN. The bishop of Wurtzburg first gave us the name.

GOETZ. That bishop was a learned man, and withal so kind and gentle. I shall remember as long as I live how he used to caress us, praise our friendship, and say, "Happy is the man who is his friend's twin-brother."

WEISLINGEN. No more of that.

GOETZ. Why not? I know nothing more delightful after fatigue than to talk over old times. Indeed, when I recall to mind how we bore good and bad fortune together, and were all in all to each other, and how I thought this was to continue forever! Was not that my sole comfort when my hand was shot away at Landshut, and you nursed and tended me like a brother? I hoped Adelbert would in future be my right hand. And now—

WEISLINGEN. Alas!

GOETZ. Hadst thou but listened to me when I begged thee to go with me to Brabant, all would have been well.

But then that unhappy turn for court-dangling seized thee, and thy coquetting and flirting with the women. I always told thee, when thou wouldst mix with these lounging, vain court sycophants, and entertain them with gossip about unlucky matches and seduced girls, scandal about absent friends, and all such trash as they take interest in, — I always said, Adelbert, thou wilt become a rogue!

WEISLINGEN. To what purpose is all this?

GOETZ. Would to God I could forget it, or that it were otherwise! Art not thou free and nobly born as any in Germany; independent, subject to the emperor alone; and dost crouch among vassals? What is the bishop to thee? Granted, he is thy neighbor, and can do thee a shrewd turn; hast thou not power and friends to requite him in kind? Art thou ignorant of the dignity of a free knight, who depends only upon God, the emperor, and himself, that thou degradest thyself to be the courtier of a stubborn, jealous priest?

WEISLINGEN. Let me speak!

GOETZ. What hast thou to say?

WEISLINGEN. You look upon the princes as the wolf upon the shepherd. And can you blame them for defending their territories and property? Are they a moment secure from the unruly knights, who plunder their vassals even upon the high-roads, and sack their castles and villages? Upon the other hand, our country's enemies threaten to overrun the lands of our beloved emperor; yet, while he needs the princes' assistance, they can scarce defend their own lives: is it not our good genius which at this moment leads them to devise means of procuring peace for Germany, of securing the administration of justice, and giving to great and small the blessings of quiet? And can you blame us, Berlichingen, for securing the protection of the powerful princes, our neighbors, whose assistance is at hand, rather than relying on that of the emperor, who is so far removed from us, and is hardly able to protect himself?

GOETZ. Yes, yes, I understand you. Weislingen, were the princes as you paint them, we should all have what we want. Peace and quiet! No doubt! Every bird of prey naturally likes to eat its plunder undisturbed. The general weal! If they would but take the trouble to study that. And they trifle with the emperor shamefully. Every day some new tinker or other comes to give his opinion. The emperor means well, and would gladly put things to rights; but because he happens to understand a thing readily, and, by a single word,

can put a thousand hands into motion, he thinks every thing will be as speedily and as easily accomplished. Ordinance upon ordinance is promulgated, each nullifying the last; while the princes obey only those which serve their own interest, and prate of peace and security of the empire, while they are treading under foot their weaker neighbors. I will be sworn, many a one thanks God in his heart that the Turk keeps the emperor fully employed!

WEISLINGEN. You view things your own way.

GOETZ. So does every one. The question is, which is the right way to view them? And your plans at least shun the day.

WEISLINGEN. You may say what you will: I am your prisoner.

GOETZ. If your conscience is free, so are you. How was it with the general tranquillity? I remember going as a boy of sixteen with the margrave to the Imperial Diet. What harangues the princes made! And the clergy were the most vociferous of all. Your bishop thundered into the emperor's ears his regard for justice, till one thought it had become part and parcel of his being. And now he has imprisoned a page of mine, at a time when our quarrels were all accommodated, and I had buried them in oblivion. Is not all settled between us? What does he want with the boy?

WEISLINGEN. It was done without his knowledge.

GOETZ. Then, why does he not release him?

WEISLINGEN. He did not conduct himself as he ought.

GOETZ. Not conduct himself as he ought! By my honor he performed his duty, as surely as he has been imprisoned both with your knowledge and the bishop's! Do you think I am come into the world this very day, that I cannot see what all this means?

WEISLINGEN. You are suspicious, and do us wrong.

GOETZ. Weislingen, shall I deal openly with you? Inconsiderable as I am, I am a thorn in your side, and Selbitz and Sickingen are no less so, because we are firmly resolved to die sooner than to thank any one but God for the air we breathe, or pay homage to any one but the emperor. This is why they worry me in every possible way, blacken my character with the emperor, and among my friends and neighbors, and spy about for advantage over me. They would have me out of the way at any price; that was your reason for imprisoning the page whom you knew I had despatched for intelligence: and now you say he did not con-

duct himself as he should do, because he would not betray my secrets. And you, Weislingen, are their tool!

WEISLINGEN. Berlichingen!

GOETZ. Not a word more. I am an enemy to long explanations: they deceive either the maker or the hearer, and generally both.

Enter CHARLES.

CHARLES. Dinner is ready, father!

GOETZ. Good news! Come, I hope the company of my women folk will amuse you. You always liked the girls. Ay, ay, they can tell many pretty stories about you. Come!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *The Bishop of Bamberg's Palace.*

The BISHOP, the ABBOT of Fulda, OLEARIUS, LIEBTRAUT, and COURTIERs at table. The dessert and wine before them.

BISHOP. Are there many of the German nobility studying at Bologna?

OLEARIUS. Both nobles and citizens; and I do not exaggerate in saying that they acquire the most brilliant reputation. It is a proverb in the university, — “As studious as a German noble.” For while the citizens display a laudable diligence, in order to compensate by learning for their want of birth, the nobles strive, with praiseworthy emulation, to enhance their ancestral dignity by superior attainments.

ABBOT. Indeed!

LIEBTRAUT. What may one not live to hear! We live and learn, as the proverb says. “As studious as a German noble.” I never heard that before.

OLEARIUS. Yes: they are the admiration of the whole university. Some of the oldest and most learned will soon be coming back with their doctor's degree. The emperor will doubtless be happy to intrust to them the highest offices.

BISHOP. He cannot fail to do so.

ABBOT. Do you know, for instance, a young man — a Hessian? —

OLEARIUS. There are many Hessians with us.

ABBOT. His name is — is — Does nobody remember it? His mother was a Von — Oh! his father had but one eye, and was a marshal —

LIEBTRAUT. Von Wildenholz!

ABBOT. Right. Von Wildenholz.

OLEARIUS. I know him well. A young man of great abilities. He is particularly esteemed for his talent in disputation.

ABBOT. He has that from his mother.

LIEBTRAUT. Yes; but his father would never praise her for that quality.

BISHOP. How call you the emperor who wrote your "Corpus Juris?"

OLEARIUS. Justinian.

BISHOP. A worthy prince:—here's to his memory!

OLEARIUS. To his memory! [*They drink.*]

ABBOT. That must be a fine book.

OLEARIUS. It may be called a book of books; a digest of all laws; there you find the sentence ready for every case; and, where the text is antiquated or obscure, the deficiency is supplied by notes, with which the most learned men have enriched this truly admirable work.

ABBOT. A digest of all laws!— Indeed!— Then the Ten Commandments must be in it.

OLEARIUS. Implicité; not explicité.

ABBOT. That's what I mean: plainly set down, without any explication.

BISHOP. But the best is, you tell us that a state can be maintained in the most perfect tranquillity and subordination by receiving and rightly following that statute-book.

OLEARIUS. Doubtless.

BISHOP. All doctors of laws! [*They drink.*]

OLEARIUS. I'll tell them of this abroad. [*They drink.*]
Would to heaven that men thought thus in my country.

ABBOT. Whence come you, most learned sir?

OLEARIUS. From Frankfort, at your eminence's service!

BISHOP. You gentlemen of the law, then, are not held in high estimation there?— How comes that?

OLEARIUS. It is strange enough—when I last went there to collect my father's effects, the mob almost stoned me when they heard I was a lawyer.

ABBOT. God bless me!

OLEARIUS. It is because their tribunal, which they hold in great respect, is composed of people totally ignorant of the Roman law. An intimate acquaintance with the internal condition of the town, and also of its foreign relations, acquired through age and experience, is deemed a sufficient qualification. They decide according to certain established

edicts of their own, and some old customs recognized in the city and neighborhood.

ABBOT. That's very right.

OLEARIUS. But far from sufficient. The life of man is short, and in one generation cases of every description cannot occur: our statute-book is a collection of precedents, furnished by the experience of many centuries. Besides, the wills and opinions of men are variable: one man deems right to-day, what another disapproves to-morrow; and confusion and injustice are the inevitable results. Law determines absolutely, and its decrees are immutable.

ABBOT. That's certainly better.

OLEARIUS. But the common people won't acknowledge that; and, eager as they are after novelty, they hate any innovation in their laws which leads them out of the beaten track, be it ever so much for the better. They hate a jurist as if he were a cut-purse or a subverter of the state, and become furious if one attempts to settle among them.

LIEBTRAUT. You come from Frankfort?— I know the place well—we tasted your good cheer at the emperor's coronation. You say your name is Olearius— I know no one in the town of your name.

OLEARIUS. My father's name was Oilman— But, after the example and with the advice of many jurists, I have Latinized the name to Olearius, for the decoration of the title-page of my legal treatises.

LIEBTRAUT. You did well to translate yourself: a prophet is not honored in his own country—in your native guise you might have shared the same fate.

OLEARIUS. That was not the reason.

LIEBTRAUT. All things have two reasons.

ABBOT. A prophet is not honored in his own country.

LIEBTRAUT. But do you know why, most reverend sir?

ABBOT. Because he was born and bred there.

LIEBTRAUT. Well, that may be one reason. The other is, because, upon a nearer acquaintance with these gentlemen, the halo of glory and honor shed around them by the distant haze totally disappears: they are then seen to be nothing more than tiny rushlights!

OLEARIUS. It seems you are placed here to tell pleasant truths.

LIEBTRAUT. As I have wit enough to discover them, I do not lack courage to utter them.

OLEARIUS. Yet you lack the art of applying them well.

LIEBTRAUT. It is no matter where you place a cupping-glass, provided it draws blood.

OLEARIUS. Barbers are known by their dress, and no one takes offence at their scurvy jests. Let me advise you, as a precaution, to bear the badge of your order,—a cap and bells!

LIEBTRAUT. Where did you take your degree? I only ask, so that, should I ever take a fancy to a fool's cap, I could at once go to the right shop.

OLEARIUS. You carry face enough.

LIEBTRAUT. And you paunch.

[*The BISHOP and ABBOT laugh.*]

BISHOP. Not so warm, gentlemen!— Some other subject. At table all should be fair and quiet. Choose another subject, Liebtraut.

LIEBTRAUT. Opposite Frankfort lies a village called Sachsenhausen—

OLEARIUS (*to the BISHOP*). What news of the Turkish expedition, your excellency?

BISHOP. The emperor has most at heart, first of all to restore peace to the empire, put an end to feuds, and secure the strict administration of justice: then, according to report, he will go in person against the enemies of his country and of Christendom. At present internal dissensions give him enough to do; and the empire, despite half a hundred treaties of peace, is one scene of murder. Franconia, Swabia, the Upper Rhine, and the surrounding countries are laid waste by presumptuous and reckless knights.— And here, at Bamberg, Sickingen, Selbitz with one leg, and Goetz with the iron hand, scoff at the imperial authority.

ABBOT. If his majesty does not exert himself, these fellows will at last thrust us into sacks.

LIEBTRAUT. He would be a sturdy fellow indeed who should thrust the wine-butt of Fulda into a sack!

BISHOP. Goetz especially has been for many years my mortal foe, and annoys me beyond description. But it will not last long, I hope. The emperor holds his court at Augsburg. We have taken our measures, and cannot fail of success.— Doctor, do you know Adelbert von Weislingen?

OLEARIUS. No, your eminence.

BISHOP. If you stay till his arrival, you will have the pleasure of seeing a most noble, accomplished, and gallant knight.

OLEARIUS. He must be an excellent man indeed to deserve such praises from such a mouth.

LIEBTRAUT. And yet he was not bred at any university.

BISHOP. We know that. (*The attendants throng to the window.*) What's the matter?

ATTENDANT. Färber, Weislingen's servant, is riding in at the castle-gate.

BISHOP. See what he brings. He most likely comes to announce his master.

[*Exit* LIEBTRAUT. *They stand up and drink.*]

LIEBTRAUT *re-enters.*

BISHOP. What news?

LIEBTRAUT. I wish another had to tell it — Weislingen is a prisoner.

BISHOP. What?

LIEBTRAUT. Berlichingen has seized him and three troopers near Haslach — One is escaped to tell you.

ABBOT. A Job's messenger!

OLEARIUS. I grieve from my heart.

BISHOP. I will see the servant: bring him up — I will speak with him myself. Conduct him into my cabinet.

[*Exit* BISHOP.]

ABBOT (*sitting down*). Another draught, however.

[*The SERVANTS fill round.*]

OLEARIUS. Will not your reverence take a turn in the garden? "Post cœnam stabis, seu passus mille meabis."

LIEBTRAUT. In truth, sitting is unhealthy for you. You might get an apoplexy. (*The ABBOT rises. Aside.*) Let me but once get him out of doors, I will give him exercise enough!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *Jaxthausen.*

MARIA, WEISLINGEN.

MARIA. You love me, you say. I willingly believe it, and hope to be happy with you, and make you happy also.

WEISLINGEN. I feel nothing but that I am entirely thine.

[*Embraces her.*]

MARIA. Softly! — I gave you one kiss for earnest, but you must not take possession of what is only yours conditionally.

WEISLINGEN. You are too strict, Maria! Innocent love

is pleasing in the sight of Heaven, instead of giving offence.

MARIA. It may be so. But I think differently; for I have been taught that caresses are, like fetters, strong through their union, and that maidens, when they love, are weaker than Samson after the loss of his locks.

WEISLINGEN. Who taught you so?

MARIA. The abbess of my convent. Till my sixteenth year I was with her — and it is only with you that I enjoy happiness like that her company afforded me. She had loved, and could tell — She had a most affectionate heart. Oh! she was an excellent woman!

WEISLINGEN. Then, you resemble her. (*Takes her hand.*) What will become of me when I am compelled to leave you?

MARIA (*withdrawing his hand*). You will feel some regret, I hope; for I know what my feelings will be. But you must away!

WEISLINGEN. I know it, dearest; and I will — for well I feel what happiness I shall purchase by this sacrifice! Now, blessed be your brother, and the day on which he rode out to capture me!

MARIA. His heart was full of hope for you and himself. “Farewell,” he said at his departure: “I go to recover my friend.”

WEISLINGEN. That he has done. Would that I had studied the arrangement and security of my property, instead of neglecting it, and dallying at that worthless court! — then couldst thou have been instantly mine.

MARIA. Even delay has its pleasures.

WEISLINGEN. Say not so, Maria, else I shall fear that thy heart is less warm than mine. True, I deserve punishment; but what hopes will brighten every step of my journey! To be wholly thine, to live only for thee and thy circle of friends — far removed from the world, in the enjoyment of all the raptures which two hearts can mutually bestow. What is the favor of princes, what the applause of the universe, to such simple yet unequalled felicity? Many have been my hopes and wishes, but this happiness surpasses them all.

Enter GOETZ.

GOETZ. Your page has returned. He can scarcely utter a word for hunger and fatigue. My wife has ordered him

some refreshment. Thus much I have gathered: the bishop will not give up my page — imperial commissioners are to be appointed, and a day named, upon which the matter may be adjusted. Be that as it may, Adelbert, you are free. Pledge me but your hand that you will for the future give neither open nor secret assistance to my enemies.

WEISLINGEN. Here I grasp thy hand. From this moment be our friendship and confidence firm and unalterable as a primary law of nature! Let me take this hand also (*takes MARIA's hand*). and with it the possession of this most noble lady.

GOETZ. May I say yes for you?

MARIA (*timidly*). If — if it is your wish —

GOETZ. Happily our wishes do not differ on this point. Thou need'st not blush — the glance of thine eye betrays thee. Well, then, Weislingen, join hands; and I say *Amen!* My friend and brother! I thank thee, sister: thou canst do more than spin flax, for thou hast drawn a thread which can fetter this wandering bird of paradise. Yet you look not quite at your ease, Adelbert. What troubles you? I am perfectly happy! What I but hoped in a dream, I now see with my eyes, and feel as though I were still dreaming. Now my dream is explained. I thought last night, that, in token of reconciliation, I gave you this iron hand, and that you held it so fast that it broke away from my arm: I started, and awoke. Had I but dreamed a little longer, I should have seen how you gave me a new living hand. You must away this instant, to put your castle and property in order. That cursed court has made you neglect both. I must call my wife. — Elizabeth!

MARIA. How overjoyed my brother is!

WEISLINGEN. Yet I am still more so.

GOETZ (*to MARIA*). You will have a pleasant residence.

MARIA. Franconia is a fine country.

WEISLINGEN. And I may venture to say that my castle lies in the most fertile and delicious part of it.

GOETZ. That you may, and I can confirm it. Look you, here flows the Main, round a hill clothed with cornfields and vineyards, its top crowned with a Gothic castle: then the river makes a sharp turn, and glides round behind the rock on which the castle is built. The windows of the great hall look perpendicularly down upon the river, and command a prospect of many miles in extent.

Enter ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH. What are ye about?

GOETZ. You, too, must give your hand, and say, God bless you! They are a pair.

ELIZABETH. So soon?

GOETZ. But not unexpectedly.

ELIZABETH. May you ever adore her as ardently as while you sought her hand! And then, as your love, so be your happiness!

WEISLINGEN. Amen! I seek no happiness but on this condition.

GOETZ. The bridegroom, my love, must leave us for a while; for this great change will involve many smaller ones. He must first withdraw himself from the bishop's court, in order that their friendship may gradually cool. Then he must rescue his property from the hands of selfish stewards, and . . . But come, sister; come, Elizabeth; let us leave him; his page has, no doubt, private messages for him.

WEISLINGEN. Nothing but what you may hear.

GOETZ. 'Tis needless. Franconians and Swabians! Ye are now more closely united than ever. Now we shall be able to keep the princes in check.

[Exeunt GOETZ, ELIZABETH, MARIA.]

WEISLINGEN (*alone*). God in heaven! And canst thou have reserved such happiness for one so unworthy? It is too much for my heart. How meanly I depended upon wretched fools, whom I thought I was governing, upon the smile of princes, upon the homage of those around me! Goetz, my faithful Goetz, thou hast restored me to myself; and thou, Maria, hast completed my reformation. I feel free, as if brought from a dungeon into the open air. Bamberg will I never see more, — will snap all the shameful bonds that have held me beneath myself. My heart expands, and never more will I degrade myself by struggling for a greatness that is denied me. He alone is great and happy who fills his own station of independence, and has neither to command nor to obey.

Enter FRANCIS.

FRANCIS. God save you, noble sir! I bring you so many salutations that I know not where to begin. Bamberg, and ten miles round, cry with a thousand voices, God save you!

WEISLINGEN. Welcome, Francis! Bring'st thou aught else?

FRANCIS. You are held in such consideration at court that it cannot be expressed.

WEISLINGEN. That will not last long.

FRANCIS. As long as you live; and after your death it will shine with more lustre than the brazen characters on a monument. How they took your misfortune to heart!

WEISLINGEN. And what said the bishop?

FRANCIS. His eager curiosity poured out question upon question, without giving me time to answer. He knew of your accident already; for Färber, who escaped from Haslach, had brought him the tidings. But he wished to hear every particular. He asked so anxiously whether you were wounded. I told him you were whole, from the hair of your head to the nail of your little toe.

WEISLINGEN. And what said he to the proposals?

FRANCIS. He was ready at first to give up the page and a ransom to boot for your liberty. But when he heard you were to be dismissed without ransom, and merely to give your parole that the boy should be set free, he was for putting off Berlichingen with some pretence. He charged me with a thousand messages to you, more than I can ever utter. Oh, how he harangued! It was a long sermon upon the text, "I cannot live without Weislingen!"

WEISLINGEN. He must learn to do so.

FRANCIS. What mean you? He said, "Bid him hasten: all the court waits for him."

WEISLINGEN. Let them wait on. I shall not go to court.

FRANCIS. Not go to court! My gracious lord, how come you to say so? If you knew what I know, could you but dream what I have seen —

WEISLINGEN. What ails thee?

FRANCIS. The bare remembrance takes away my senses. Bamberg is no longer Bamberg. An angel of heaven, in semblance of woman, has taken up her abode there, and has made it a paradise.

WEISLINGEN. Is that all?

FRANCIS. May I become a shaven friar if the first glimpse of her does not drive you frantic!

WEISLINGEN. Who is it, then?

FRANCIS. Adelaide von Walldorf.

WEISLINGEN. Indeed! I have heard much of her beauty.

FRANCIS. Heard! You might as well say I have *seen*

music. So far is the tongue from being able to rehearse the slightest particle of her beauty, that the very eye which beholds her cannot drink it all in.

WEISLINGEN. You are mad.

FRANCIS. That may well be. The last time I was in her company I had no more command over my senses than if I had been drunk, or, I may rather say, I felt like a glorified saint enjoying the angelic vision! All my senses exalted, more lively and more perfect than ever, yet not one at its owner's command.

WEISLINGEN. That is strange!

FRANCIS. As I took leave of the bishop, she sat by him: they were playing at chess. He was very gracious, gave me his hand to kiss, and said much, of which I heard not a syllable; for I was looking on his fair antagonist. Her eye was fixed upon the board, as if meditating a bold move. — A touch of subtle watchfulness around the mouth and cheek. — I could have wished to be the ivory king. The mixture of dignity and feeling on her brow — and the dazzling lustre of her face and neck, heightened by her raven tresses —

WEISLINGEN. The theme has made you quite poetical.

FRANCIS. I feel at this moment what constitutes poetic inspiration, — a heart altogether wrapt in one idea. As the bishop ended, and I made my obeisance, she looked up, and said, "Offer to your master the best wishes of an unknown. Tell him he must come soon. New friends await him: he must not despise them, though he is already so rich in old ones." I would have answered; but the passage betwixt my heart and my tongue was closed, and I only bowed. I would have given all I had for permission to kiss but one of her fingers! As I stood thus, the bishop let fall a pawn; and, in stooping to pick it up, I touched the hem of her garment. Transport thrilled through my limbs, and I scarce know how I left the room.

WEISLINGEN. Is her husband at court?

FRANCIS. She has been a widow these four months, and is residing at the court of Bamberg to divert her melancholy. You will see her, and to meet her glance is to bask in the sunshine of spring.

WEISLINGEN. She would not make so strong an impression on me.

FRANCIS. I hear you are as good as married.

WEISLINGEN. Would I were really so! My gentle Maria will be the happiness of my life. The sweetness of her soul

beams through her mild blue eyes ; and, like an angel of innocence and love, she guides my heart to the paths of peace and felicity ! Pack up, and then to my castle. I will not to Bamberg, though St. Bede came in person to fetch me. [Exit WEISLINGEN.

FRANCIS (*alone*). Not to Bamberg ! Heavens forbid ! But let me hope the best. Maria is beautiful and amiable, and a prisoner or an invalid might easily fall in love with her. Her eyes beam with compassion and melancholy sympathy ; but in thine, Adelaide, is life, fire, spirit. I would . . . I am a fool : one glance from her has made me so. My master must to Bamberg, and I also, and either recover my senses or gaze them quite away.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Bamberg. A Hall.*

THE BISHOP and ADELAIDE (*playing at chess*), LIEBTRAUT (*with a guitar*), LADIES and COURTIERS (*standing in groups*).

LIEBTRAUT (*plays and sings*).

Armed with quiver and bow,
With his torch all aglow,
Young Cupid comes winging his flight.
Courage glows in his eyes,
As adown from the skies,
He rushes, impatient for fight.

Up ! up !
On ! on !
Hark ! the bright quiver rings !
Hark ! the rustle of wings !
All hail to the delicate sprite !

They welcome the urchin ; —
Ah, maidens, beware !
He finds every bosom
Unguarded and bare.
In the light of his flambeau
He kindles his darts ; —
They fondle and hug him
And press to their hearts.

ADELAIDE. Your thoughts are not in your game. Check to the king!

BISHOP. There is still a way of escape.

ADELAIDE. You will not be able to hold out long. Check to the king!

LIEBTRAUT. Were I a great prince, I would not play at this game, and would forbid it at court, and throughout the whole land.

ADELAIDE. 'Tis indeed a touchstone of the brain.

LIEBTRAUT. Not on that account. I would rather hear a funeral bell, the cry of the ominous bird, the howling of that snarling watch-dog, conscience, — rather would I hear these through the deepest sleep, than from bishops, knights, and such beasts, the eternal — Check to the king!

BISHOP. Into whose head could such an idea enter?

LIEBTRAUT. A man's, for example, endowed with a weak body and a strong conscience, which, for the most part, indeed, accompany each other. Chess is called a royal game, and is said to have been invented for a king, who rewarded the inventor with a mine of wealth. If this be so, I can picture him to myself. He was a minor, either in understanding or in years, under the guardianship of his mother or his wife; had down upon his chin, and flaxen hair around his temples; was pliant as a willow-shoot, and liked to play at draughts with women, not from passion, God forbid! only for pastime. His tutor, too active for a scholar, too intractable for a man of the world, invented the game, *in usum Delphini*, that was so homogeneous with his majesty — and so on.

ADELAIDE. Checkmate! You should fill up the chasms in our histories, Liebtraut. [*They rise.*

LIEBTRAUT. To supply those in our family registers would be more profitable. The merits of our ancestors, as well as their portraits, being available for a common object, namely, to cover the naked sides of our chambers and of our characters, one might turn such an occupation to good account.

BISHOP. He will not come, you say.

ADELAIDE. I beseech you, banish him from your thoughts.

BISHOP. What can it mean?

LIEBTRAUT. What! The reasons may be told over like the beads of a rosary. He has been seized with a fit of compunction, of which I could soon cure him.

BISHOP. Do so: ride to him instantly.

LIEBTRAUT. My commission —

BISHOP. Shall be unlimited. Spare nothing to bring him back.

LIEBTRAUT. May I venture to use your name, gracious lady?

ADELAIDE. With discretion.

LIEBTRAUT. That's a vague commission.

ADELAIDE. Do you know so little of me, or are you so young, as not to understand in what tone you should speak of me to Weislingen?

LIEBTRAUT. In the tone of a fowler's whistle, I think.

ADELAIDE. You will never come to your senses.

LIEBTRAUT. Does ever any one, gracious lady?

BISHOP. Go! Go! Take the best horse in my stable; choose your servants, and bring him hither.

LIEBTRAUT. If I do not conjure him hither, say that an old woman who charms warts and freckles knows more of sympathy than I.

BISHOP. Yet, what will it avail? Berlichingen has wholly gained him over. He will no sooner be here than he will wish to return.

LIEBTRAUT. Wish, no doubt he will; but will he be able? A prince's squeeze of the hand and the smiles of a beauty, from these no Weislingen can tear himself away. I have the honor to take my leave.

BISHOP. A prosperous journey!

ADELAIDE. Adieu!

[Exit LIEBTRAUT.

BISHOP. When once he is here, I must trust to you.

ADELAIDE. Would you make me your lime-twig?

BISHOP. By no means.

ADELAIDE. Your call-bird, then?

BISHOP. No: that is Liebtraut's part. I beseech you do not refuse to do for me what no other can.

ADELAIDE. We shall see.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *Jaxthausen. A Hall in Goetz's Castle.*

Enter GOETZ and HANS VON SELBITZ.

SELBITZ. Every one will applaud you for declaring feud against the Nurembergers.

GOETZ. It would have eaten my very heart away had I remained longer their debtor. It is clear that they betrayed my page to the Bambergers. They shall have cause to remember me.

SELBITZ. They have an old grudge against you.

GOETZ. And I against them. I am glad they have begun the fray.

SELBITZ. These free towns have always taken part with the priests.

GOETZ. They have good reason.

SELBITZ. But we will cook their porridge for them!

GOETZ. I reckon upon you. Would that the Burgo-master of Nuremberg, with his gold chain round his neck, fell in our way: we'd astonish him with all his cleverness.

SELBITZ. I hear Weislingen is again on your side. Does he really join in our league?

GOETZ. Not immediately. There are reasons which prevent his openly giving us assistance, but for the present it is quite enough that he is not against us. The priest without him is what the stole would be without the priest!

SELBITZ. When do we set forward?

GOETZ. To-morrow or next day. There are merchants of Bamberg and Nuremberg returning from the fair of Frankfort — We may strike a good blow.

SELBITZ. Let us hope so!

SCENE III. — *The Bishop's Palace at Bamberg.*

ADELAIDE and her WAITING-MAID.

ADELAIDE. He is here, sayest thou? I can scarce believe it.

MAID. Had I not seen him myself, I should have doubted it.

ADELAIDE. The bishop should frame Liebtraut in gold for such a masterpiece of skill.

MAID. I saw him as he was about to enter the palace. He was mounted on a gray charger. The horse started when he came on the bridge, and would not move forward. The populace thronged up the street to see him. They rejoiced at the delay of the unruly horse. He was greeted on all sides, and he thanked them gracefully all round. He sat the curvetting steed with an easy indifference, and by threats and soothing brought him to the gate, followed by Liebtraut and a few servants.

ADELAIDE. What do you think of him?

MAID. I never saw a man who pleased me so well. He is as like that portrait of the emperor as if he were his son

(*pointing to a picture*). His nose is somewhat smaller, but just such gentle light-brown eyes, just such fine light hair, and such a figure! A half-melancholy expression on his face, I know not how; but he pleased me so well.

ADELAIDE. I am curious to see him.

MAID. He would be the husband for you!

ADELAIDE. Foolish girl!

MAID. Children and fools —

Enter LIEBTRAUT.

LIEBTRAUT. Now, gracious lady, what do I deserve?

ADELAIDE. Horns from your wife! — for, judging from the present sample of your persuasive powers, you have certainly endangered the honor of many a worthy family.

LIEBTRAUT. Not so, be assured, gracious lady.

ADELAIDE. How did you contrive to bring him?

LIEBTRAUT. You know how they catch snipes, and why should I detail my little stratagems to you? — First, I pretended to have heard nothing, did not understand the reason of his behavior, and put him upon the disadvantage of telling me the whole story at length; then I saw the matter in a light altogether different from what he did — could not find — could not see, and so forth; then I gossiped things great and small about Bamberg, and recalled to his memory certain old recollections; and, when I had succeeded in occupying his imagination, I knitted together many a broken association of ideas. He knew not what to say — felt newly attracted to Bamberg — he would, and he would not. When I found him begin to waver, and saw him too much occupied with his own feelings to suspect my sincerity, I threw over his head a halter, woven of the three powerful cords, beauty, court-favor, and flattery, and dragged him hither in triumph.

ADELAIDE. What said you of me?

LIEBTRAUT. The simple truth, — that you were in perplexity about your estates, and had hoped, as he had so much influence with the emperor, all would be satisfactorily settled.

ADELAIDE. 'Tis well.

LIEBTRAUT. The bishop will introduce him to you.

ADELAIDE. I expect them. (*Exit* LIEBTRAUT.) And with such feelings have I seldom expected a visitor.

SCENE IV. — *The Spessart.*

Enter SELBITZ, GOETZ, and GEORGE in the armor and dress of a trooper.

GOETZ. So, thou didst not find him, George?

GEORGE. He had ridden to Bamberg the day before, with Liebraut and two servants.

GOETZ. I cannot understand what this means.

SELBITZ. But I do: your reconciliation was almost too speedy to be lasting. Liebraut is a cunning fellow, and has, no doubt, inveigled him over.

GOETZ. Think'st thou he will become a traitor

SELBITZ. The first step is taken.

GOETZ. I can't believe it. Who knows what he may have to do at court? — his affairs are not yet settled. Let us hope for the best.

SELBITZ. Would to Heaven he may deserve of your good opinion, and may act for the best!

GOETZ. A thought strikes me! — We will disguise George in the spoils of the Bamberg trooper, and furnish him with the password: he may then ride to Bamberg, and see how matters stand.

GEORGE. I have long wished to do so.

GOETZ. It is thy first expedition. Be careful, boy: I should be sorry if ill befell thee.

GEORGE. Never fear. I care not how many of them crawl about me. I think no more of them than of rats and mice.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *The Bishop's Palace. His Cabinet.**The BISHOP and WEISLINGEN.*

BISHOP. Then, thou wilt stay no longer?

WEISLINGEN. You would not have me break my oath.

BISHOP. I could have wished thou hadst not sworn it. — What evil spirit possessed thee? — Could I not have procured thy release without that? Is my influence so small in the imperial court?

WEISLINGEN. The thing is done: excuse it as you can.

BISHOP. I cannot see that there was the least necessity for taking such a step — To renounce me? — Were there not a thousand other ways of procuring thy freedom? — Had we not his page? And would not I have given gold enough

to boot, and thus satisfied Berlichingen? Our operations against him and his confederates could have gone on . . . But, alas! I do not reflect that I am talking to his friend, who has joined him against me, and can easily counter-work the mines he himself has dug.

WEISLINGEN. My gracious lord —

BISHOP. And yet — when I again look on thy face, again hear thy voice — it is impossible — impossible!

WEISLINGEN. Farewell, good my lord!

BISHOP. I give thee my blessing — formerly, when we parted, I was wont to say “Till we meet again!” — Now, Heaven grant we meet no more!

WEISLINGEN. Things may alter.

BISHOP. Perhaps I may live to see thee appear as an enemy before my walls, carrying havoc through the fertile plains which now owe their flourishing condition to thee.

WEISLINGEN. Never, my gracious lord!

BISHOP. You cannot say so. My temporal neighbors all have a grudge against me; but while thou wert mine . . . Go, Weislingen! — I have no more to say — Thou hast undone much — Go —

WEISLINGEN. I know not what to answer.

[*Exit* BISHOP.]

Enter FRANCIS.

FRANCIS. The lady Adelaide expects you. She is not well, but she will not let you depart without bidding her adieu.

WEISLINGEN. Come.

FRANCIS. Do we go for certain?

WEISLINGEN. This very night.

FRANCIS. I feel as if I were about to leave the world —

WEISLINGEN. I too, and as if, besides, I knew not whither to go.

SCENE VI. — *Adelaide's Apartment.*

ADELAIDE and WAITING-MAID.

MAID. You are pale, gracious lady.

ADELAIDE. I love him not; yet I wish him to stay — for I am fond of his company, though I should not like him for my husband.

MAID. Does your ladyship think he will go?

ADELAIDE. He is even now bidding the bishop farewell.

MAID. He has yet a severe struggle to undergo.

ADELAIDE. What meanest thou?

MAID. Why do you ask, gracious lady? The barbed hook is in his heart: ere he tear it away, he must bleed to death.

Enter WEISLINGEN.

WEISLINGEN. You are not well, gracious lady?

ADELAIDE. That must be indifferent to you — you leave us, leave us forever: what matters it to you whether we live or die?

WEISLINGEN. You do me injustice.

ADELAIDE. I judge you as you appear.

WEISLINGEN. Appearances are deceitful.

ADELAIDE. Then, you are a chameleon.

WEISLINGEN. Could you but see my heart —

ADELAIDE. I should see fine things there.

WEISLINGEN. Undoubtedly! — You would find in it your own image —

ADELAIDE. Thrust into some dark corner, with the pictures of defunct ancestors! I beseech you, Weislingen, consider with whom you speak: false words are of value only when they serve to veil our actions; a discovered masquerader plays a pitiful part. You do not disown your deeds, yet your words belie them: what are we to think of you?

WEISLINGEN. What you will — I am so agonized at reflecting on what I am, that I little reck for what I am taken.

ADELAIDE. You came to say farewell.

WEISLINGEN. Permit me to kiss your hand, and I will say adieu! . . . You remind me — I did not think — but I am troublesome —

ADELAIDE. You misinterpret me. Since you will depart, I only wished to assist your resolution.

WEISLINGEN. Oh, say rather, I must! — were I not compelled, by my knightly word, — my solemn engagement —

ADELAIDE. Go to! Talk of that to maidens who read “*Theuerdanck*,” and wish they had such a husband. — Knightly word! — Nonsense!

WEISLINGEN. That is not your opinion.

ADELAIDE. On my honor, you are dissembling. What have you promised? and to whom? You have pledged your alliance to one who is a traitor to the emperor, at the very

moment when he incurred the ban of the empire by taking you prisoner. Such an agreement is no more binding than an extorted, unjust oath. And do not our laws release you from such oaths? Go, tell that to children, who believe in Rubezahl. There is something behind all this. — To become an enemy of the empire — a disturber of public happiness and tranquillity, an enemy of the emperor, the associate of a robber! — Thou, Weislingen, with thy gentle soul!

WEISLINGEN. If you knew him —

ADELAIDE. I would deal justly with Goetz. He has a lofty, indomitable spirit; and woe to thee, therefore, Weislingen! Go, and persuade thyself thou art his companion. Go, and receive his commands. Thou art courteous, gentle —

WEISLINGEN. And he too.

ADELAIDE. But thou art yielding, and he is stubborn. Imperceptibly will he draw thee on. Thou wilt become the slave of a baron, — thou that mightest command princes! — Yet it is cruel to make you discontented with your future position.

WEISLINGEN. Did you but know what kindness he showed me.

ADELAIDE. Kindness! — Do you make such a merit of that? It was his duty. And what would you have lost had he acted otherwise? I would rather he had done so. An overbearing man like —

WEISLINGEN. You are speaking of your enemy.

ADELAIDE. I was speaking for your freedom; yet I know not why I should take so much interest in it. Farewell!

WEISLINGEN. Permit me, but a moment. [*Takes her hand. A pause.*]

ADELAIDE. Have you aught to say?

WEISLINGEN. I must hence.

ADELAIDE. Then, go.

WEISLINGEN. Gracious lady, I cannot.

ADELAIDE. You must.

WEISLINGEN. And is this your parting look?

ADELAIDE. Go: I am unwell, very inopportunistly.

WEISLINGEN. Look not on me thus!

ADELAIDE. Wilt thou be our enemy, and yet have us smile upon thee? — go!

WEISLINGEN. Adelaide!

ADELAIDE. I hate thee!

Enter FRANCIS

FRANCIS. Noble sir, the bishop inquires for you.

ADELAIDE. Go! go!

FRANCIS. He begs you to come instantly.

ADELAIDE. Go! go!

WEISLINGEN. I do not say adieu: I shall see you again.

[*Exeunt WEISLINGEN and FRANCIS.*]

ADELAIDE. Thou wilt see me again? We must provide for that. Margaret, when he comes, refuse him admittance. Say I am ill, have a headache, am asleep, any thing. If this does not detain him, nothing will. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. — *An Ante-room.*

WEISLINGEN and FRANCIS.

WEISLINGEN. She will not see me!

FRANCIS. Night draws on: shall we saddle?

WEISLINGEN. She will not see me!

FRANCIS. Shall I order the horses?

WEISLINGEN. It is too late: we stay here.

FRANCIS. God be praised!

[*Exit.*]

WEISLINGEN (*alone*). Thou stayest! Be on thy guard — the temptation is great. My horse started at the castle-gate. My good angel stood before him: he knew the danger that awaited me. Yet it would be wrong to leave in confusion the various affairs intrusted to me by the bishop, without, at least, so arranging them, that my successor may be able to continue where I left off. Thus much I can do without injury to Berlichingen, and my alliance with him; and, when it is done, no one shall detain me. Yet it would have been better that I had never come. But I will away — tomorrow — or next day. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. — *The Spessart.* — *Enter GOETZ, SELBITZ, and GEORGE.*

SELBITZ. You see, it has turned out as I prophesied.

GOETZ. No, no, no!

GEORGE. I tell you the truth, believe me. I did as you commanded, took the dress and pass-word of the Bamberg trooper, and escorted some peasants of the Lower Rhine, who paid my expenses for my convoy.

SELBITZ. In that disguise? It might have cost thee dear.

GEORGE. So I begin to think, now that it's over. A trooper who thinks of danger beforehand will never do any thing great. I got safely to Bamberg; and in the very first inn I heard them tell how the bishop and Weislingen were reconciled, and how Weislingen was to marry the widow of Von Walldorf.

GOETZ. Mere gossip!

GEORGE. I saw him as he led her to table. She is lovely, by my faith, most lovely! We all bowed—she thanked us all. He nodded, and seemed highly pleased. They passed on; and everybody murmured, "What a handsome pair!"

GOETZ. That may be.

GEORGE. Listen further. The next day, as he went to mass, I watched my opportunity; he was attended only by his squire: I stood at the steps, and whispered to him as he passed, "A few words from your friend Berlichingen." He started—I marked the confession of guilt in his face. He had scarcely the heart to look at me—me, a poor trooper's boy!

SELBITZ. His evil conscience degrades him more than thy condition does thee.

GEORGE. "Art thou of Bamberg?" said he. "The Knight of Berlichingen greets you," said I, "and I am to inquire"—"Come to my apartment to-morrow morning," quoth he, "and we will speak further."

GOETZ. And you went?

GEORGE. Yes, certainly, I went, and waited in his antechamber a long, long time; and his pages, in their silken doublets, stared at me from head to foot. Stare on, thought I. At length I was admitted. He seemed angry. But what cared I? I gave my message. He began blustering like a coward who wants to look brave. He wondered that you should take him to task through a trooper's boy. That angered me. "There are but two sorts of people," said I, "true men and scoundrels; and I serve Goetz of Berlichingen." Then he began to talk all manner of nonsense, which all tended to one point; namely, that you had hurried him into an agreement, that he owed you no allegiance, and would have nothing to do with you.

GOETZ. Hadst thou that from his own mouth?

GEORGE. That, and yet more. He threatened me—

GOETZ. It is enough. He is lost forever. Faith and

confidence, again have ye deceived me. Poor Maria! how am I to break this to you?

SELBITZ. I would rather lose my other leg than be such a rascal.

SCENE IX. — *Hall in the Bishop's Palace at Bamberg.*

ADELAIDE and WEISLINGEN *discovered.*

ADELAIDE. Time begins to hang insupportably heavy here. I dare not speak seriously, and I am ashamed to trifle with you. Ennui, thou art worse than a slow fever.

WEISLINGEN. Are you tired of me already?

ADELAIDE. Not so much of you as of your society. I would you had gone when you wished, and that we had not detained you.

WEISLINGEN. Such is woman's favor! At first she fosters with maternal warmth our dearest hopes; and then, like an inconstant hen, she forsakes the nest, and abandons the infant brood to death and decay.

ADELAIDE. Yes, you may rail at women. The reckless gambler tears and curses the harmless cards which have been the instruments of his loss. But let me tell you something about *men*. What are you that talk about fickleness? You that are seldom even what you would wish to be, never what you should be. Princes in holiday garb! the envy of the vulgar. Oh, what would not a tailor's wife give for a necklace of the pearls on the skirt of your robe, which you kick back contemptuously with your heels.

WEISLINGEN. You are severe.

ADELAIDE. It is but the antistrophe to your song. Ere I knew you, Weislingen, I felt like the tailor's wife. Hundred-tongued rumor, to speak without metaphor, had so extolled you, in quack-doctor fashion, that I was tempted to wish, Oh, that I could but see this quintessence of manhood. this phœnix, Weislingen! My wish was granted.

WEISLINGEN. And the phœnix turned out a dunghill-cock.

ADELAIDE. No, Weislingen: I took an interest in you.

WEISLINGEN. So it appeared.

ADELAIDE. So it *was* — for you really surpassed your reputation. The multitude prize only the reflection of worth. For my part, I do not care to scrutinize the character of those I like and esteem: so we lived on for some time.

I felt there was a deficiency in you, but knew not what I missed: at length my eyes were opened — I saw instead of the energetic being who gave impulse to the affairs of a kingdom, and was ever alive to the voice of fame; who was wont to pile princely project on project, till, like the mountains of the Titans, they reached the clouds, — instead of all this, I saw a man as querulous as a love-sick poet, as melancholy as a slighted damsel, and more indolent than an old bachelor. I first ascribed it to your misfortune, which still lay at your heart, and excused you as well as I could; but now that it daily becomes worse, you must really forgive me if I withdraw my favor from you. You possess it unjustly: I bestowed it for life on a hero who cannot transfer it to you.

WEISLINGEN. Dismiss me, then.

ADELAIDE. Not till all chance of recovery is lost. Solitude is fatal in your distemper. Alas! poor man! you are as dejected as one whose first love has proved false, and therefore I won't give you up. Give me your hand, and pardon what affection has urged me to say.

WEISLINGEN. Couldst thou but love me, couldst thou but return the fervor of my passion with the least glow of sympathy. — Adelaide, thy reproaches are most unjust. Couldst thou but guess the hundredth part of my sufferings, thou wouldst not have tortured me so unmercifully with encouragement, indifference, and contempt. You smile. To be reconciled to myself after the step I have taken must be the work of more than one day. How can I plot against the man who has been so recently and so vividly restored to my affection?

ADELAIDE. Strange being! Can you love him whom you envy? It is like sending provisions to an enemy.

WEISLINGEN. I well know that here there must be no dallying. He is aware that I am again Weislingen, and he will watch his advantage over us. Besides, Adelaide, we are not so sluggish as you think. Our troopers are re-enforced and watchful; our schemes are proceeding; and the Diet of Augsburg will, I hope, soon bring them to a favorable issue.

ADELAIDE. You go there?

WEISLINGEN. If I could carry a glimpse of hope with me. [Kisses her hand.]

ADELAIDE. Oh! ye infidels! Always signs and wonders required. Go, Weislingen, and accomplish the work! The interest of the bishop, yours and mine, are all so linked together, that were it only for policy's sake —

WEISLINGEN. You jest.

ADELAIDE. I do not jest. The haughty duke has seized my property. Goetz will not be slow to ravage yours; and if we do not hold together, as our enemies do, and gain over the emperor to our side, we are lost.

WEISLINGEN. I fear nothing. Most of the princes think with us. The emperor needs assistance against the Turks, and it is therefore just that he should help us in his turn. What rapture for me to rescue your fortune from rapacious enemies; to crush the mutinous chivalry of Swabia; to restore peace to the bishopric, and then —

ADELAIDE. One day brings on another, and fate is mistress of the future.

WEISLINGEN. But we must lend our endeavors.

ADELAIDE. We do so.

WEISLINGEN. But seriously.

ADELAIDE. Well, then, seriously. Do but go —

WEISLINGEN. Enchantress! [Exeunt.]

SCENE X. — *An Inn.*

The Bridal of a PEASANT.

The BRIDE'S FATHER, BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, and other Country-folks, GOETZ OF BERLICHINGEN, and HANS OF SELBITZ all discovered at table. TROOPERS and PEASANTS attend.

GOETZ. It was the best way thus to settle your lawsuit by a merry bridal.

BRIDE'S FATHER. Better than ever I could have dreamed of, noble sir, — to spend my days in quiet with my neighbor, and have a daughter provided for to boot.

BRIDEGROOM. And I to get the bone of contention and a pretty wife into the bargain! Ay, the prettiest in the whole village. Would to Heaven you had consented sooner!

GOETZ. How long have you been at law?

BRIDE'S FATHER. About eight years. I would rather have the fever for twice that time, than go through with it again from the beginning. For these periwigged gentry never give a decision till you tear it out of their very hearts; and, after all, what do you get for your pains? The Devil fly away with the assessor Sapupi for a damned swarthy Italian!

BRIDEGROOM. Yes, he's a pretty fellow: I was before him twice.

BRIDE'S FATHER. And I thrice : and look ye, gentlemen, we got a judgment at last, which set forth that he was as much in the right as I, and I as much as he ; so there we stood like a couple of fools, till a good Providence put it into my head to give him my daughter, and the ground besides.

GOETZ (*drinks*). To your better understanding in future.

BRIDE'S FATHER. With all my heart ! But, come what may, I'll never go to law again as long as I live. What a mint of money it costs ! For every bow made to you by a procurator, you must come down with your dollars.

SELBITZ. But there are annual imperial visitations.

BRIDE'S FATHER. I have never heard of them. Many an extra dollar have they contrived to squeeze out of me. The expenses are horrible.

GOETZ. How mean you ?

BRIDE'S FATHER. Why, look you, these gentlemen of the law are always holding out their hands. The assessor alone, God forgive him, eased me of eighteen golden guilders.

BRIDEGROOM. Who ?

BRIDE'S FATHER. Why, who else but Sapupi ?

GOETZ. That is infamous.

BRIDE'S FATHER. Yes : he asked twenty ; and there I had to pay them in the great hall of his fine country-house. I thought my heart would burst with anguish. For look you, my lord, I am well enough off with my house and little farm ; but how could I raise the ready cash ? I stood there, God knows how it was with me. I had not a single farthing to carry me on my journey. At last I took courage, and told him my case : when he saw I was desperate, he flung me back a couple of guilders, and sent me about my business.

BRIDEGROOM. Impossible ! Sapupi ?

BRIDE'S FATHER. Ay, he himself ! What do you stare at ?

BRIDEGROOM. Devil take the rascal ! He took fifteen guilders from me too !

BRIDE'S FATHER. The deuce he did !

SELBITZ. They call us robbers, Goetz !

BRIDE'S FATHER. Bribed on both sides ! That's why the judgment fell out so queer. Oh ! the scoundrel !

GOETZ. You must not let this pass unnoticed.

BRIDE'S FATHER. What can we do ?

GOETZ. Why — go to Spire, where there is an imperial visitation : make your complaint ; they must inquire into it, and help you to your own again.

BRIDEGROOM. Does your honor think we shall succeed?

GOETZ. If I might take it in hand, I could promise it you.

SELBITZ. The sum is worth an attempt.

GOETZ. Ay: many a day have I ridden out for the fourth part of it.

BRIDE'S FATHER (to BRIDEGROOM). What think'st thou?

BRIDEGROOM. We'll try, come what may.

Enter GEORGE.

GEORGE. The Nurembergers have set out.

GOETZ. Whereabouts are they?

GEORGE. If we ride off quietly, we shall just catch them in the wood betwixt Berheim and Mühlbach.

SELBITZ. Excellent.

GOETZ. Well, my children, God bless you, and help every man to his own!

BRIDE'S FATHER. Thanks, gallant sir! Will you not stay to supper?

GOETZ. We cannot. Adieu!

[*Exeunt* GOETZ, SELBITZ, and TROOPERS.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Garden at Augsburg.*

Enter two MERCHANTS *of Nuremburg.*

FIRST MERCHANT. We'll stand here, for the emperor must pass this way. He is just coming up the long avenue.

SECOND MERCHANT. Who is he that's with him?

FIRST MERCHANT. Adelbert of Weislingen.

SECOND MERCHANT. The bishop's friend. That's lucky!

FIRST MERCHANT. We'll throw ourselves at his feet.

SECOND MERCHANT. See! they come.

Enter the EMPEROR *and* WEISLINGEN.

FIRST MERCHANT. He looks displeased.

EMPEROR. I am disheartened, Weislingen. When I review my past life, I am ready to despair. So many half — ay, and wholly ruined undertakings — and all because the

pettiest feudatory of the empire thinks more of gratifying his own whims than of seconding my endeavors.

[*The MERCHANTS throw themselves at his feet.*

FIRST MERCHANT. Most mighty! Most gracious!

EMPEROR. Who are ye? What seek ye?

FIRST MERCHANT. Poor merchants of Nuremberg, your majesty's devoted servants, who implore your aid. Goetz von Berlichingen and Hans von Selbitz fell upon thirty of us as we journeyed from the fair of Frankfort, under an escort from Bamberg: they overpowered and plundered us. We implore your imperial assistance to obtain redress, else we are all ruined men, and shall be compelled to beg our bread.

EMPEROR. Good heavens! What is this? The one has but one hand, the other but one leg: if they both had two hands and two legs, what would you do then?

FIRST MERCHANT. We most humbly beseech your majesty to cast a look of compassion upon our unfortunate condition.

EMPEROR. How is this?— If a merchant loses a bag of pepper, all Germany is to rise in arms; but when business is to be done, in which the imperial majesty and the empire are interested, should it concern dukedoms, principalities, or kingdoms, there is no bringing you together.

WEISLINGEN. You come at an unseasonable time. Go, and stay at Augsburg for a few days.

MERCHANTS. We make our most humble obeisance.

[*Exeunt MERCHANTS.*

EMPEROR. Again new disturbances; they multiply like the hydra's heads!

WEISLINGEN. And can only be extirpated with fire and sword, and a courageous enterprise.

EMPEROR. Do you think so?

WEISLINGEN. Nothing seems to me more advisable, could your majesty and the princes but accommodate your other unimportant disputes. It is not the body of the state that complains of this malady—Franconia and Swabia alone glow with the embers of civil discord; and even there many of the nobles and free barons long for quiet. Could we but crush Sickingen, Selbitz—and—and Berlichingen, the others would fall asunder; for it is the spirit of these knights which quickens the turbulent multitude.

EMPEROR. Fain would I spare them: they are noble and hardy. Should I be engaged in war, they would follow me to the field.

WEISLINGEN. It is to be wished they had at all times

known their duty: moreover it would be dangerous to reward their mutinous bravery by offices of trust. For it is exactly this imperial mercy and forgiveness which they have hitherto so grievously abused, upon which the hope and confidence of their league rest; and this spirit cannot be quelled till we have wholly destroyed their power in the eyes of the world, and taken from them all hope of ever recovering their lost influence.

EMPEROR. You advise severe measures, then?

WEISLINGEN. I see no other means of quelling the spirit of insurrection which has seized upon whole provinces. Do we not already hear the bitterest complaints from the nobles that their vassals and serfs rebel against them, question their authority, and threaten to curtail their hereditary prerogatives? A proceeding which would involve the most fearful consequences.

EMPEROR. This were a fair occasion for proceeding against Berlichingen and Selbitz, but I will not have them personally injured. Could they be taken prisoners, they should swear to renounce their feuds and to remain in their own castles and territories upon their knightly parole. At the next session of the diet we will propose this plan.

WEISLINGEN. A general exclamation of joyful assent will spare your majesty the trouble of particular detail.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Jaxthausen.*

Enter GOETZ *and* FRANZ VON SICKINGEN.

SICKINGEN. Yes, my friend, I come to beg the heart and hand of your noble sister.

GOETZ. I would you had come sooner. Weislingen, during his imprisonment, obtained her affections, proposed for her; and I gave my consent. I let the bird loose, and he now despises the benevolent hand that fed him in his distress. He flutters about to seek his food, God knows upon what hedge.

SICKINGEN. Is this so?

GOETZ. Even as I tell you.

SICKINGEN. He has broken a double bond. 'Tis well for you that you were not more closely allied with the traitor.

GOETZ. The poor maiden passes her life in lamentation and prayer.

SICKINGEN. I will comfort her.

GOETZ. What! Could you make up your mind to marry a forsaken —

SICKINGEN. It is to the honor of you both, to have been deceived by him. Should the poor girl be caged in a cloister because the first man who gained her love proved a villain? Not so: I insist on it. She shall be mistress of my castles!

GOETZ. I tell you, he was not indifferent to her.

SICKINGEN. Do you think I cannot efface the recollection of such a wretch? Let us go to her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The Camp of the Party sent to execute the Imperial Mandate.*

Imperial CAPTAIN and OFFICERS discovered.

CAPTAIN. We must be cautious, and spare our people as much as possible. Besides, we have strict orders to overpower and take him alive. It will be difficult to obey, for who will engage with him hand to hand?

FIRST OFFICER. 'Tis true. And he will fight like a wild boar. Besides, he has never in his whole life injured any of us; so each will be glad to leave to the other the honor of risking life and limb to please the emperor.

SECOND OFFICER. 'Twere shame to us should we not take him. Had I him once by the ears, he should not easily escape.

FIRST OFFICER. Don't seize him with your teeth, however: he might chance to run away with your jaw-bone. My good young sir, such men are not taken like a runaway thief.

SECOND OFFICER. We shall see.

CAPTAIN. By this time he must have had our summons. We must not delay. I mean to despatch a troop to watch his motions.

SECOND OFFICER. Let me lead it.

CAPTAIN. You are unacquainted with the country.

SECOND OFFICER. I have a servant who was born and bred here.

CAPTAIN. That will do. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Jarxhausen.*

SICKINGEN (*alone.*)

All goes as I wish! She was somewhat startled at my proposal, and looked at me from head to foot: I'll wager

she was comparing me with her gallant. Thank Heaven I can stand the scrutiny! She answered little and confusedly. So much the better! Let it work for a time. A proposal of marriage does not come amiss after such a cruel disappointment.

Enter GOETZ.

SICKINGEN. What news, brother?

GOETZ. They have laid me under the ban.

SICKINGEN. How?

GOETZ. There, read the edifying epistle. The emperor has issued an edict against me, which gives my body for food to the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air.

SICKINGEN. They shall first furnish them with a dinner themselves. I am here in the very nick of time.

GOETZ. No, Sickingen, you must leave me. Your great undertakings might be ruined, should you become the enemy of the emperor at so unseasonable a time. Besides, you can be of more use to me by remaining neutral. The worst that can happen, is my being made prisoner; and then your good word with the emperor, who esteems you, may rescue me from the misfortune into which your untimely assistance would irremediably plunge us both. To what purpose should you do otherwise? These troops are marching against me; and, if they knew we were united, their numbers would only be increased, and our position consequently be no better. The emperor is at the fountain-head; and I should be utterly ruined were it as easy to inspire soldiers with courage as to collect them into a body.

SICKINGEN. But I can privately re-enforce you with a score of troopers.

GOETZ. Good. I have already sent George to Selbitz, and to my people in the neighborhood. My dear brother, when my forces are collected, they will be such a troop as few princes can bring together.

SICKINGEN. It will be small against the multitude.

GOETZ. One wolf is too many for a whole flock of sheep.

SICKINGEN. But if they have a good shepherd!

GOETZ. Never fear! They are all hirelings; and then, even the best knight can do but little if he cannot act as he pleases. It happened once, that, to oblige the Palsgrave, I went to serve against Conrad Schotten: they then presented me with a paper of instructions from the chancery, which set forth, Thus and thus must you proceed. I threw down

the paper before the magistrates, and told them I could not act according to it; that something might happen unprovided for in my instructions, and that I must use my own eyes and judge what it is best for me to do.

SICKINGEN. Good luck, brother! I will hence, and send thee what men I can collect in haste.

GOETZ. Come first to the women. I left them together. I would you had her consent before you depart! Then send me the troopers, and come back in private to carry away my Maria; for my castle, I fear, will shortly be no abode for women.

SICKINGEN. We will hope for the best. [Exit.

SCENE V. — *Bamberg. Adelaide's Chamber.*

ADELAIDE and FRANCIS.

ADELAIDE. They have already set out to enforce the ban against both?

FRANCIS. Yes; and my master has the happiness of marching against your enemies. I would gladly have gone also, however rejoiced I always am at being despatched to you. But I will away instantly, and soon return with good news: my master has allowed me to do so.

ADELAIDE. How is he?

FRANCIS. He is well, and commanded me to kiss your hand.

ADELAIDE. There! — Thy lips glow.

FRANCIS (*aside, pressing his breast*). Here glows something yet more fiery. (*Aloud.*) Gracious lady, your servants are the most fortunate of beings!

ADELAIDE. Who goes against Berlichingen?

FRANCIS. The Baron von Sirau. Farewell! Dearest, most gracious lady, I must away. Forget me not!

ADELAIDE. Thou must first take some rest and refreshment.

FRANCIS. I need none, for I have seen you! I am neither weary nor hungry.

ADELAIDE. I know thy fidelity.

FRANCIS. Ah, gracious lady!

ADELAIDE. You can never hold out: you *must* repose and refresh yourself.

FRANCIS. You are too kind to a poor youth. [Exit.

ADELAIDE. The tears stood in his eyes. I love him from

my heart. Never did man attach himself to me with such warmth of affection. [Exit.

SCENE VI. — *Jaxthausen.*

GOETZ and GEORGE.

GEORGE. He wants to speak with you in person. I do not know him: he is a tall, well-made man, with keen dark eyes.

GOETZ. Admit him. [Exit GEORGE.

Enter LERSE.

GOETZ. God save you! What bring you?

LERSE. Myself: not much; but, such as it is, it is at your service.

GOETZ. You are welcome, doubly welcome! A brave man, and at a time when, far from expecting new friends, I was in hourly fear of losing the old. Your name?

LERSE. Franz Lerse.

GOETZ. I thank you, Franz, for making me acquainted with a brave man!

LERSE. I made you acquainted with me once before, but then you did not thank me for my pains.

GOETZ. I have no recollection of you.

LERSE. I should be sorry if you had. Do you recollect when, to please the Palsgrave, you rode against Conrad Schotten, and went through Hassfurt on an All-hallow's eve?

GOETZ. I remember it well.

LERSE. And twenty-five troopers encountered you in a village by the way?

GOETZ. Exactly. I at first took them for only twelve. I divided my party, which amounted but to sixteen, and halted in the village behind the barn, intending to let them ride by. Then I thought of falling upon them in the rear, as I had concerted with the other troop.

LERSE. We saw you, however, and stationed ourselves on a height above the village. You drew up beneath the hill, and halted. When we perceived that you did not intend to come up to us, we rode down to you.

GOETZ. And then I saw for the first time that I had thrust my hand into the fire. Five and twenty against eight is no jesting business. Everard Truchsess killed one of my fol-

lowers, for which I knocked him off his horse. Had they all behaved like him and one other trooper, it would have been all over with me and my little band.

LERSE. And that trooper—

GOETZ. Was as gallant a fellow as I ever saw. He attacked me fiercely; and when I thought I had given him enough, and was engaged elsewhere, he was upon me again, and laid on like a fury: he cut quite through my armor, and wounded me in the arm.

LERSE. Have you forgiven him?

GOETZ. He pleased me only too well.

LERSE. I hope, then, you have cause to be contented with me; since the proof of my valor was on your own person.

GOETZ. Art thou he? Oh, welcome! welcome! Canst thou boast, Maximilian, that, amongst thy followers, thou hast gained one after this fashion?

LERSE. I wonder you did not sooner hit upon me.

GOETZ. How could I think that the man would engage in my service who did his best to overpower me?

LERSE. Even so, my lord. From my youth upwards I have served as a trooper, and have had a tussle with many a knight. I was overjoyed when we met you; for I had heard of your prowess, and wished to know you. You saw I gave way, and that it was not from cowardice; for I returned to the charge. In short, I learnt to know you; and from that hour I resolved to enter your service.

GOETZ. How long wilt thou engage with me?

LERSE. For a year, without pay.

GOETZ. No: thou shalt have as much as the others; nay, more, as befits him who gave me so much work at Remlin.

Enter GEORGE.

GEORGE. Hans of Selbitz greets you. To-morrow he will be here with fifty men.

GOETZ. 'Tis well.

GEORGE. There is a troop of Imperialists riding down the hill, doubtless to reconnoitre.

GOETZ. How many?

GEORGE. About fifty.

GOETZ. Only fifty! Come, Lerse, we'll have a slash at them; so that when Selbitz comes he may find some work done to his hand.

LERSE. 'Twill be capital practice.

GOETZ. To horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. — *A Wood, on the Borders of a Morass.*

Two IMPERIALIST TROOPERS meeting.

FIRST IMPERIALIST. What dost thou here?

SECOND IMPERIALIST. I have leave of absence for ten minutes. Ever since our quarters were beat up last night, I have had such violent attacks that I can't sit on horseback for two minutes together.

FIRST IMPERIALIST. Is the party far advanced?

SECOND IMPERIALIST. About three miles into the wood.

FIRST IMPERIALIST. Then, why are you playing truant here?

SECOND IMPERIALIST. Prithee, betray me not. I am going to the next village to see if I cannot get some warm bandages, to relieve my complaint. But whence comest thou?

FIRST IMPERIALIST. I am bringing our officer some wine and meat from the nearest village.

SECOND IMPERIALIST. So, so! he stuffs himself under our very noses, and we must starve, — a fine example!

FIRST IMPERIALIST. Come back with me, rascal.

SECOND IMPERIALIST. Call me a fool if I do! There are plenty in our troop who would gladly fast, to be as far away as I am.

[*Trampling of horses heard.*]

FIRST IMPERIALIST. Hearest thou? — Horses!

SECOND IMPERIALIST. Oh dear! oh dear!

FIRST IMPERIALIST. I'll get up into this tree.

SECOND IMPERIALIST. And I'll hide among the rushes.

[*They hide themselves.*]

Enter on horseback, GOETZ, LERSE, GEORGE, and TROOPERS, all completely armed.

GOETZ. Away into the wood, by the ditch on the left — then we have them in the rear.

[*They gallop off.*]

FIRST IMPERIALIST (*descending*). This is a bad business — Michael! — He answers not — Michael, they are gone! (*Goes towards the marsh.*) Alas, he is sunk! — Michael! — He hears me not: he is suffocated. — Poor coward, art thou done for? — We are slain — Enemies! Enemies on all sides!

Re-enter GOETZ and GEORGE on horseback.

GOETZ. Yield thee, fellow, or thou diest!

IMPERIALIST. Spare my life!

GOETZ. Thy sword! — George, lead him to the other prisoners, whom Lerse is guarding yonder in the wood — I must pursue their fugitive leader. [Exit.

IMPERIALIST. What has become of the knight, our officer?

GEORGE. My master struck him head over heels from his horse, so that his plume stuck in the mire. His troopers got him up, and off they were as if the Devil were behind them. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. — *Camp of the Imperialists.*

CAPTAIN and FIRST OFFICER.

FIRST OFFICER. They flee from afar towards the camp.

CAPTAIN. He is most likely hard at their heels — Draw out fifty as far as the mill: if he follows up the pursuit too far, you may perhaps entrap him. [Exit OFFICER.

The SECOND OFFICER is borne in.

CAPTAIN. How now, my young sir — have you got a cracked headpiece?

OFFICER. A plague upon you! The stoutest helmet went to shivers like glass. The demon! — he ran upon me as if he would strike me into the earth!

CAPTAIN. Thank God that you have escaped with your life.

OFFICER. There is little left to be thankful for: two of my ribs are broken — where's the surgeon?

[He is carried off.

SCENE IX. — *Jaxthausen.*

Enter GOETZ and SELBITZ.

GOETZ. And what say you to the ban, Selbitz?

SELBITZ. 'Tis a trick of Weislingen's.

GOETZ. Do you think so?

SELBITZ. I do not think — I know it.

GOETZ. How so?

SELBITZ. He was at the diet, I tell thee, and near the emperor's person.

GOETZ. Well, then, we shall frustrate another of his schemes.

SELBITZ. I hope so.

GOETZ. We will away, and course these hares.

SCENE X. — *The Imperial Camp.*

CAPTAIN, OFFICERS, and FOLLOWERS.

CAPTAIN. We shall gain nothing at this work, sirs! He beats one troop after another; and whoever escapes death or captivity, would rather flee to Turkey than return to the camp. Thus our force diminishes daily. We must attack him once for all, and in earnest — I will go myself, and he shall find with whom he has to deal.

OFFICER. We are all content; but he is so well acquainted with the country, and knows every path and ravine so thoroughly, that he will be as difficult to find as a rat in a barn.

CAPTAIN. I warrant you we'll ferret him out. On towards Jaxthausen! Whether he like it or not, he must come to defend his castle.

OFFICER. Shall our whole force march?

CAPTAIN. Yes, certainly — do you know that a hundred of us are melted away already?

OFFICER. Then, let us away with speed, before the whole snow-ball dissolves; for this is warm work, and we stand here like butter in the sunshine.

[*Exeunt. A march sounded.*]

SCENE XI. *Mountains and a Wood.*

GOETZ, SELBITZ, and TROOPERS.

GOETZ. They are coming in full force. It was high time that Sickingen's troopers joined us.

SELBITZ. We will divide our party — I will take the left hand by the hill.

GOETZ. Good — and do thou, Lerse, lead fifty men straight through the wood on the right. They are coming across the heath — I will draw up opposite to them. George, stay by me — when you see them attack me, then fall upon their flank: we'll beat the knaves into a mummy — they little think we can face them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XII. — *A Heath. On one side an Eminence with a ruined Tower, on the other the Forest.*

Enter, marching, the CAPTAIN OF THE IMPERIALISTS with OFFICERS and his SQUADRON. — Drums and standards.

CAPTAIN. He halts upon the heath! that's too impudent. He shall smart for it — what! not fear the torrent that threatens to overwhelm him!

OFFICER. I had rather you did not head the troops: he looks as if he meant to plant the first that comes upon him in the mire with his head downmost. Prithee ride in the rear.

CAPTAIN. Not so.

OFFICER. I entreat you. You are the knot which unites this bundle of hazel-twigs: loose it, and he will break them separately like so many reeds.

CAPTAIN. Sound, trumpeter — and let us blow him to hell!
[A charge sounded. Exeunt in full career.]

SELBITZ, with his TROOPERS, comes from behind the hill, galloping.

SELBITZ. Follow me! They shall wish that they could multiply their hands.

[They gallop across the stage, et exeunt.]

Loud alarm. LERSE and his party sally from the wood.

LERSE. Ho! to the rescue! Goetz is almost surrounded. — Gallant Selbitz, thou hast cut thy way — we will sow the heath with these thistle-heads. *[Gallop off.]*

A loud alarm, with shouting and firing for some minutes.

SELBITZ is borne in wounded, by two TROOPERS.

SELBITZ. Leave me here, and hasten to Goetz.

FIRST TROOPER. Let us stay, sir — you need our aid.

SELBITZ. Get one of you on the watch-tower, and tell me how it goes.

FIRST TROOPER. How shall I get up?

SECOND TROOPER. Mount upon my shoulders — you can then reach the ruined part, and thence scramble up to the opening. *[FIRST TROOPER gets up into the tower.]*

FIRST TROOPER. Alas, sir!

SELBITZ. What seest thou?

FIRST TROOPER. Your troopers fly towards the hill.

SELBITZ. Rascally cowards! — I would that they stood their ground, and I had a ball through my head. — Ride, one of you, full speed — Curse and thunder them back to the field — Seest thou Goetz? *[Exit SECOND TROOPER.]*

TROOPER. I see his three black feathers floating in the midst of the wavy tumult.

SELBITZ. Swim, brave swimmer — I lie here.

TROOPER. A white plume — whose is that?

SELBITZ. The captain's.

TROOPER. Goetz gallops upon him — crash! Down he goes

SELBITZ. The captain?

TROOPER. Yes, sir.

SELBITZ. Hurrah! hurrah!

TROOPER. Alas! alas! I see Goetz no more.

SELBITZ. Then die, Selbitz!

TROOPER. A dreadful tumult where he stood — George's blue plume vanishes too.

SELBITZ. Come down! Dost thou not see Lerse?

TROOPER. No. — Every thing is in confusion.

SELBITZ. No more. Come down. — How do Sickingen's men bear themselves?

TROOPER. Well; — one of them flies to the wood — another — another — a whole troop. Goetz is lost!

SELBITZ. Come down.

TROOPER. I cannot — Hurrah! hurrah! I see Goetz, I see George.

SELBITZ. On horseback?

TROOPER. Ay, ay, high on horseback — Victory! victory! — they flee.

SELBITZ. The Imperialists?

TROOPER. Yes, standard and all, Goetz behind them. They disperse — Goetz reaches the ensign — he seizes the standard: he halts. A handful of men rally round him — My comrade reaches him — they come this way.

Enter GOETZ, GEORGE, LERSE, and TROOPERS, on horseback.

SELBITZ. Joy to thee, Goetz! — Victory! victory!

GOETZ (*dismounting*). Dearly, dearly bought. Thou art wounded, Selbitz!

SELBITZ. But thou dost live and hast conquered! I have done little; and my dogs of troopers! How hast thou come off?

GOETZ. For the present, well! And here I thank George, and thee, Lerse, for my life. I unhorsed the captain: they stabbed my horse, and pressed me hard. George cut his way to me, and sprang off his horse. I threw myself like lightning upon it, and he appeared suddenly like a thunderbolt upon another. How camest thou by thy steed?

GEORGE. A fellow struck at you from behind: as he raised his cuirass in the act, I stabbed him with my dagger.

Down he came; and so I rid you of an enemy, and helped myself to a horse.

GOETZ. There we held together till Francis here came to our help, and thereupon we mowed our way out.

LERSE. The hounds whom I led were to have mowed their way in, till our scythes met; but they fled like Imperialists.

GOETZ. Friend and foe all fled, except this little band who protected my rear. I had enough to do with the fellows in front, but the fall of their captain dismayed them: they wavered and fled. I have their banner, and a few prisoners.

SELBITZ. The captain has escaped you?

GOETZ. They rescued him in the scuffle. Come, lads, come, Selbitz. — Make a litter of lances and boughs: thou canst not mount a horse, come to my castle. They are scattered, but we are very few; and I know not what troops they may have in reserve. I will be your host, my friends. Wine will taste well after such an action.

[*Exeunt, carrying SELBITZ.*]

SCENE XIII. — *The Camp.*

The CAPTAIN and IMPERIALISTS.

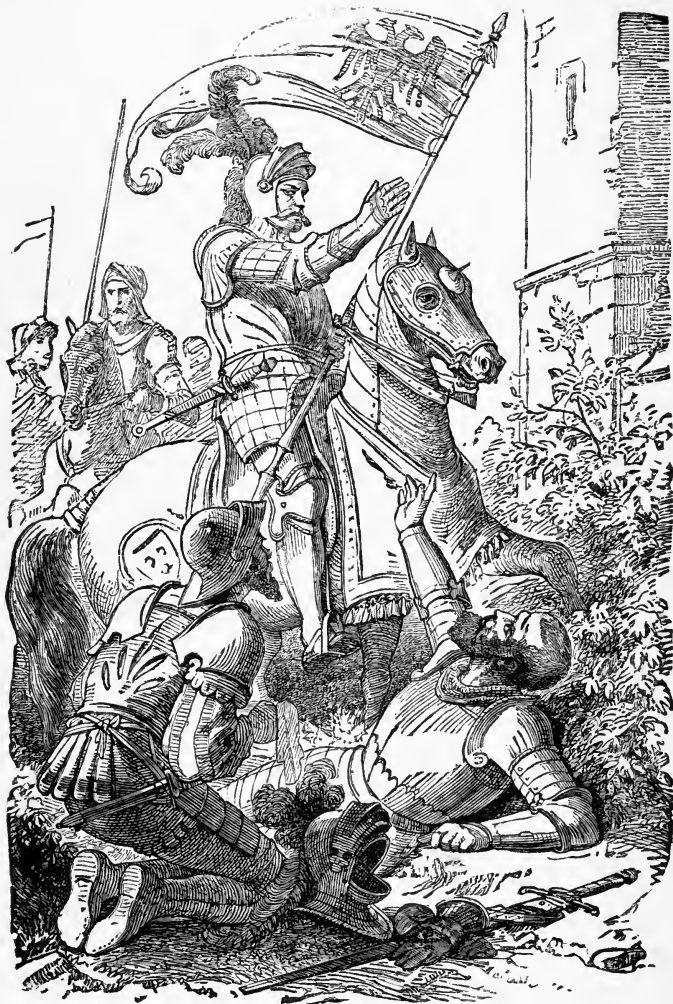
CAPTAIN. I could kill you all with my own hand. — What! to turn tail! He had not a handful of men left. To give way before one man! No one will believe it but those who wish to make a jest of us. Ride round the country, you, and you, and you: collect our scattered soldiers, or cut them down wherever you find them. We must grind these notches out of our blades, even should we spoil our swords in the operation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIV. — *Jaxthausen.*

GOETZ, LERSE, and GEORGE.

GOETZ. We must not lose a moment. My poor fellows, I dare allow you no rest. Gallop round and strive to enlist troopers, appoint them to assemble at Weilern, where they will be most secure. Should we delay a moment, they will be before the castle. — (*Exeunt LERSE and GEORGE.*) — I must send out a scout. This begins to grow warm. — If we





had but brave foemen to deal with! But these fellows are formidable only through their number. [*Exit.*

Enter SICKINGEN and MARIA.

MARIA. I beseech thee, dear Sickingen, do not leave my brother! His horsemen, your own, and those of Selbitz, all are scattered: he is alone. Selbitz has been carried home to his castle wounded. I fear the worst.

SICKINGEN. Be comforted: I will not leave him.

Enter GOETZ.

GOETZ. Come to the chapel, the priest waits: in a few minutes you shall be united.

SICKINGEN. Let me remain with you.

GOETZ. You must come now to the chapel.

SICKINGEN. Willingly! — and then —

GOETZ. Then you go your way.

SICKINGEN. Goetz!

GOETZ. Will you not to the chapel?

SICKINGEN. Come, come!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV. — *Camp.*

CAPTAIN *and* OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN. How many are we in all?

OFFICER. A hundred and fifty —

CAPTAIN. Out of four hundred. — That is bad. Set out for Jaxthausen at once, before he recovers, and attacks us once more.

SCENE XVI. — *Jaxthausen.*

GOETZ, ELIZABETH, MARIA, *and* SICKINGEN.

GOETZ. God bless you, give you happy days, and keep those for your children which he denies to you!

ELIZABETH. And may they be virtuous as you — then let come what will.

SICKINGEN. I thank you. — And you, my Maria! As I led you to the altar, so shall you lead me to happiness.

MARIA. Our pilgrimage will be together towards that distant and promised land.

GOETZ. A prosperous journey.

MARIA. That was not what I meant — we do not leave you.

GOETZ. You must, sister.

MARIA. You are very harsh, brother.

GOETZ. And you more affectionate than prudent.

Enter GEORGE.

GEORGE (*aside to GOETZ*). I can collect no troopers: one was inclined to come, but he changed his mind, and refused.

GOETZ (*to GEORGE*). 'Tis well, George. Fortune begins to look coldly on me. I foreboded it, however. (*Aloud.*) Sickingen, I entreat you, depart this very evening. Persuade Maria. — You are her husband: let her feel it. When women come across our undertakings, our enemies are more secure in the open field, than they would else be in their castles.

Enter a TROOPER.

TROOPER (*aside to GOETZ*). The Imperial squadron is in full and rapid march hither.

GOETZ. I have roused them with stripes of the rod! How many are they?

TROOPER. About two hundred. They can scarcely be six miles from us.

GOETZ. Have they passed the river yet?

TROOPER. No, my lord.

GOETZ. Had I but fifty men, they should not cross it. Hast thou seen Lerse?

TROOPER. No, my lord.

GOETZ. Tell all to hold themselves ready. We must part, dear friends. Weep on, my gentle Maria. Many a moment of happiness is yet in store for thee. It is better thou shouldst weep on thy wedding-day, than that present joy should be the forerunner of future misery. Farewell, Maria! — Farewell, brother!

MARIA. I cannot leave you, sister. Dear brother, let us stay. Dost thou value my husband so little as to refuse his help in thy extremity?

GOETZ. Yes: it is gone far with me. Perhaps my fall is near. You are but beginning life, and should separate your lot from mine. I have ordered your horses to be saddled: you must away instantly.

MARIA. Brother! brother!

ELIZABETH (*to SICKINGEN*). Yield to his wishes. Speak to her.

SICKINGEN. Dear Maria! we must go.

MARIA. Thou too? My heart will break!

GOETZ. Then, stay. In a few hours my castle will be surrounded.

MARIA (*weeping bitterly*). Alas! alas!

GOETZ. We will defend ourselves as long as we can.

MARIA. Mother of God, have mercy upon us.

GOETZ. And at last we must die or surrender. Thy tears will then have involved thy noble husband in the same misfortune with me.

MARIA. Thou torturest me!

GOETZ. Remain! Remain! We shall be taken together! Sickingen, thou wilt fall with me into the pit, out of which I had hoped thou shouldst have helped me.

MARIA. We will away — Sister — sister!

GOETZ. Place her in safety, and then think of me.

SICKINGEN. Never will I repose a night by her side till I know thou art out of danger.

GOETZ. Sister! dear sister.

[*Kisses her.*]

SICKINGEN. Away! away!

GOETZ. Yet one moment! I shall see you again. Be comforted, we shall meet again. (*Exit SICKINGEN and MARIA.*) I urged her to depart — yet now that she leaves me, what would I not give to detain her! Elizabeth, thou stayest with me.

[*Exit.*]

ELIZABETH. Till death!

GOETZ. Whom God loves, to him may he give such a wife.

Enter GEORGE.

GEORGE. They are near! I perceived them from the tower. The sun is rising, and I saw their lances glitter. I cared no more for them than a cat would for a whole army of mice. It is we, though, who act the rats in this play.

GOETZ. Look to the fastenings of the gates: barricade them with beams and stones. (*Exit GEORGE.*) We'll exercise their patience, and they may chew away their valor in biting their nails. *A trumpet from without.* GOETZ goes to the window.) Aha! Here comes a red-coated rascal to ask me whether I will be a scoundrel! What says he? (*The voice of the HERALD is heard indistinctly, as from a distance.* GOETZ mutters to himself.) A rope for thy throat! (*Voice*

again.) "Offended majesty!" — Some priest has drawn up that proclamation. (*Voice concludes, and GOETZ answers from the window.*) Surrender — surrender at discretion! With whom speak you? Am I a robber? Tell your captain, that for the emperor I entertain, as I have ever done, all due respect; but, as for him, he may —

[*Shuts the window with violence.*]

SCENE XVII. — *The Kitchen.*

ELIZABETH *preparing food.* Enter GOETZ.

GOETZ. You have hard work, my poor wife!

ELIZABETH. Would it might last! But you can hardly hold out long.

GOETZ. We have not had time to provide ourselves.

ELIZABETH. And so many people as you have been wont to entertain. The wine is well-nigh finished.

GOETZ. If we can but hold out a certain time, they must propose a capitulation. We are doing them some damage, I promise you. They shoot the whole day, and only wound our walls and break our windows. Lerse is a gallant fellow. He slips about with his gun: if a rogue comes too nigh — Pop! there he lies!

[*Firing.*]

Enter TROOPER.

TROOPER. We want live coals, gracious lady!

GOETZ. For what?

TROOPER. Our bullets are spent: we must cast some new ones.

GOETZ. How goes it with the powder?

TROOPER. There is as yet no want: we save our fire.

[*Firing at intervals.* *Exeunt* GOETZ and ELIZABETH.]

Enter LERSE *with a bullet-mould.* *Servants with coals.*

LERSE. Set them down, and then go and see for lead about the house: meanwhile I will make shift with this. (*Goes to the window, and takes out the leaden frames.*) Every thing must be turned to account. So it is in this world — no one knows what a thing may come to: the glazier who made these frames little thought that the lead here was to give one of his grandsons his last headache; and the father that begot me little knew whether the fowls of heaven or the worms of the earth would pick my bones.

Enter GEORGE with a leaden spout.

GEORGE. Here's lead for thee! If you hit with only half of it, not one will return to tell his majesty, "Thy servants have sped ill!"

LERSE (*cutting it down*). A famous piece!

GEORGE. The rain must seek some other way. I'm not afraid of it—a brave trooper and a smart shower will always find their road. [*They cast balls.*]

LERSE. Hold the ladle. (*Goes to the window.*) Yonder is a fellow creeping about with his rifle: he thinks our fire is spent. He shall have a bullet warm from the pan.

[*He loads his rifle.*]

GEORGE (*puts down the mould*). Let me see.

LERSE. (*Fires.*) There lies the game!

GEORGE. He fired at me as I stepped out on the roof to get the lead. He killed a pigeon that sat near me: it fell into the spout. I thanked him for my dinner, and went back with the double booty. [*They cast balls.*]

LERSE. Now let us load, and go through the castle to earn our dinner.

Enter GOETZ.

GOETZ. Stay, Lerse, I must speak with thee. I will not keep thee, George, from the sport. [*Exit GEORGE.*]

GOETZ. They offer terms.

LERSE. I will go and hear what they have to say.

GOETZ. They will require me to enter myself into war in some town on my knightly parole.

LERSE. That won't do. Suppose they allow us free liberty of departure? for we can expect no relief from Sickingen. We will bury all the valuables where no divining-rod shall find them; leave them the bare walls, and come out with flying colors.

GOETZ. They will not permit us.

LERSE. It is worth the asking. We will demand a safe conduct, and I will sally out.

SCENE XVIII. — *A Hall.*

GOETZ, ELIZABETH, GEORGE, and TROOPERS *at table.*

GOETZ. Danger unites us, my friends! Be of good cheer: don't forget the bottle! The flask is empty. Come,

another, dear wife! (ELIZABETH *shakes her head.*) Is there no more?

ELIZABETH (*aside*). Only one, which I have set apart for you.

GOETZ. Not so, my love! Bring it out: they need strengthening more than I, for it is my quarrel.

ELIZABETH. Fetch it from the cupboard.

GOETZ. It is the last, and I feel as if we need not spare it. It is long since I have been so merry. (*They fill.*) To the health of the emperor!

ALL. Long live the emperor!

GOETZ. Be it our last word when we die! I love him, for our fate is similar; but I am happier than he. To please the princes, he must direct his imperial squadrons against mice, while the rats gnaw his possessions. — I know he often wishes himself dead, rather than to be any longer the soul of such a crippled body. (*They fill.*) It will just go once more round. And when our blood runs low, like this flask; when we pour out its last ebbing drop (*empties the wine drop by drop into his goblet*), — what then shall be our cry?

GEORGE. Freedom forever!

GOETZ. Freedom forever!

ALL. Freedom forever!

GOETZ. And, if that survive us, we can die happy; for our spirits shall see our children's children and their emperor happy! Did the servants of princes show the same filial attachment to their masters as you to me — did their masters serve the emperor as I would serve him —

GEORGE. Things would be widely different.

GOETZ. Not so much so as it would appear. Have I not known worthy men among the princes? And can the race be extinct? Men, happy in their own minds and in their subjects, who could bear a free, noble brother in their neighborhood without harboring either fear or envy; whose hearts expanded when they saw their table surrounded by their free equals, and who did not think the knights unfit companions till they had degraded themselves by courtly homage.

GEORGE. Have you known such princes?

GOETZ. Ay, truly. As long as I live I shall recollect how the Landgrave of Hanau gave a grand hunting-party, and the princes and free feudatories dined under the open heaven, and the country people all thronged to see them;

it was no selfish masquerade instituted for his own private pleasure or vanity. To see the great round-headed peasant lads and the pretty brown girls, the sturdy hinds and the venerable old men, a crowd of happy faces, all as merry as if they rejoiced in the splendor of their master, which he shared with them under God's free sky!

GEORGE. He must have been as good a master as you.

GOETZ. And may we not hope that many such will rule together some future day, to whom reverence for the emperor, peace and friendship with their neighbors, and the love of their vassals, shall be the best and dearest family treasure handed down to their children's children? Every one will then keep and improve his own, instead of reckoning nothing as gain that is not stolen from his neighbors.

GEORGE. And should we have no more forays?

GOETZ. Would to God there were no restless spirits in all Germany! — we should still have enough to do! We would clear the mountains of wolves, and bring our peaceable laborious neighbor a dish of game from the wood, and eat it together. Were that not full employment, we would join our brethren, and, like cherubims with flaming swords, defend the frontiers of the empire against those wolves the Turks, and those foxes the French, and guard for our beloved emperor both extremities of his extensive empire. That would be a life, George! To risk one's head for the safety of all Germany. (GEORGE *springs up.*) Whither away?

GEORGE. Alas! I forgot we were besieged — besieged by the very emperor; and, before we can expose our lives in his defence, we must risk them for our liberty.

GOETZ. Be of good cheer.

Enter LERSE.

LERSE. Freedom! freedom! The cowardly poltroons — the hesitating, irresolute asses. You are to depart with men, weapons, horses, and armor: provisions you are to leave behind.

GOETZ. They will hardly find enough to exercise their jaws.

LERSE (*aside to* GOETZ). Have you hidden the plate and money?

GOETZ. No! Wife, go with Lerse: he has something to tell thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIX. — *The Court of the Castle.*

GEORGE (*in the stable. Sings*).

An urchin once, as I have heard,

Ha! ha!

Had caught and caged a little bird,

Sa! sa!

Ha! ha!

Sa! sa!

He viewed the prize with heart elate,

Ha! ha!

Thrust in his hand — ah, treacherous fate!

Sa! sa!

Ha! ha!

Sa! sa!

Away the titmouse winged its flight,

Ha! ha!

And laughed to scorn the silly wight,

Sa! sa!

Ha! ha!

Sa! sa!

Enter GOETZ.

GOETZ. How goes it?

GEORGE (*brings out his horse*). All saddled.

GOETZ. Thou art quick.

GEORGE. As the bird escaped from the cage.

Enter all the besieged.

GOETZ. Have you all your rifles? Not yet! Go, take the best from the armory; it is all one: we'll ride on in advance.

GEORGE (*sings*).

Ha! ha!

Sa! sa!

Ha! ha!

SCENE XX. — *The Armory.*

Two TROOPERS choosing guns.

FIRST TROOPER. I'll have this one.

SECOND TROOPER. And I this — but yonder's a better.

FIRST TROOPER. Never mind—make haste.

[*Tumult and firing without.*]

SECOND TROOPER. Hark!

FIRST TROOPER (*springs to the window*). Good heavens, they are murdering our master! He is unhorsed! George is down!

SECOND TROOPER. How shall we get off? Over the wall by the walnut-tree, and into the field. [*Exit.*]

FIRST TROOPER. Lerse keeps his ground: I will to him. If they die, I will not survive them. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *An Inn in the City of Heilbronn.*

GOETZ (*solus*).

GOETZ. I am like the evil spirit whom the Capuchin conjured into a sack. I fret and labor, but all in vain. The perjured villains! (*Enter ELIZABETH.*) What news, Elizabeth, of my dear, my trusty followers?

ELIZABETH. Nothing certain: some are slain, some are prisoners; no one could or would tell me further particulars.

GOETZ. Is this the reward of fidelity, of filial obedience? — “That it may be well with thee, and that thy days may be long in the land!”

ELIZABETH. Dear husband, murmur not against our heavenly Father. They have their reward. It was born with them, — a noble and generous heart. Even in the dungeon they are free. Pay attention to the imperial commissioners: their heavy gold chains become them —

GOETZ. As a necklace becomes a sow! I should like to see George and Lerse in fetters!

ELIZABETH. It were a sight to make angels weep.

GOETZ. I would not weep — I would clench my teeth, and gnaw my lip in fury. What! in fetters? Had ye but loved me less, dear lads! I could never look at them enough . . . What! to break their word, pledged in the name of the emperor!

ELIZABETH. Put away these thoughts. Reflect: you must appear before the council — you are in no mood to meet them, and I fear the worst.

GOETZ. What harm can they do me?

ELIZABETH. Here comes the sergeant.

GOETZ. What! the ass of justice that carries the sacks
to the mill and the dung to the field? What now?

Enter SERGEANT.

SERGEANT. The lords commissioners are at the Council
House, and require your presence.

GOETZ. I come.

SERGEANT. I am to escort you.

GOETZ. Too much honor.

ELIZABETH. Be but cool.

GOETZ. Fear nothing.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The Town House at Heilbronn.*

*The IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS seated at a table. The CAP-
TAIN and the MAGISTRATES of the city attending.*

MAGISTRATE. In pursuance of your order, we have col-
lected the stoutest and most determined of our citizens.
They are at hand, in order, at a nod from you, to seize
Berlichingen.

COMMISSIONER. We shall have much pleasure in com-
municating to his imperial majesty the zeal with which you
have obeyed his illustrious commands. — Are they artisans?

MAGISTRATE. Smiths, coopers, and carpenters, men with
hands hardened by labor; and resolute here.

[*Points to his breast.*]

COMMISSIONER. 'Tis well.

Enter SERGEANT.

SERGEANT. Goetz von Berlichingen waits without.

COMMISSIONER. Admit him.

Enter GOETZ.

GOETZ. God save you, sirs! What would you with me?

COMMISSIONER. First, that you consider where you are,
and in whose presence.

GOETZ. By my faith, I know you right well, sirs.

COMMISSIONER. You acknowledge allegiance.

GOETZ. With all my heart.

COMMISSIONER. Be seated.

GOETZ. What, down there? I'd rather stand. That stool smells so of poor sinners, as indeed does the whole apartment.

COMMISSIONER. Stand, then.

GOETZ. To business, if you please.

COMMISSIONER. We shall proceed in due order.

GOETZ. I am glad to hear it. Would you had always done so.

COMMISSIONER. You know how you fell into our hands, and are a prisoner at discretion.

GOETZ. What will you give me to forget it?

COMMISSIONER. Could I give you modesty, I should better your affairs.

GOETZ. Better my affairs! could you but do that! To repair is more difficult than to destroy.

SECRETARY. Shall I put all this on record?

COMMISSIONER. Only what is to the purpose.

GOETZ. You may put it in print, if you like: what do I care!

COMMISSIONER. You fell into the power of the emperor, whose paternal goodness got the better of his justice, and, instead of throwing you into a dungeon, ordered you to repair to his beloved city of Heilbronn. You gave your knightly parole to appear, and await the termination in all humility.

GOETZ. Well: I am here, and await it.

COMMISSIONER. And we are here to intimate to you his imperial majesty's mercy and clemency. He is pleased to forgive your rebellion, to release you from the ban and all well-merited punishment, provided you do, with becoming humility, receive his bounty, and subscribe to the articles which shall be read unto you.

GOETZ. I am his majesty's faithful servant, as ever. One word ere you proceed. My people—where are they? What will be done with them?

COMMISSIONER. That concerns you not.

GOETZ. So may the emperor turn his face from you in the hour of your need. They were my comrades, and are so now. What have you done with them?

COMMISSIONER. We are not bound to account to you.

GOETZ. Ah! I forgot that you are not even pledged to perform what you have promised, much less—

COMMISSIONER. Our business is, to lay the articles before

you. Submit yourself to the emperor, and you may find a way to petition for the life and freedom of your comrades.

GOETZ. Your paper.

COMMISSIONER. Secretary, read it.

SECRETARY (*reads*). "I, Goetz of Berlichingen, make public acknowledgment, by these presents, that I, having lately risen in rebellion against the emperor and empire" —

GOETZ. 'Tis false! I am no rebel, I have committed no offence against the emperor, and with the empire I have no concern.

COMMISSIONER. Be silent, and hear further.

GOETZ. I will hear no further. Let any one arise and bear witness. Have I ever taken one step against the emperor, or against the house of Austria? Has not the whole tenor of my conduct proved that I feel better than any one else what all Germany owes to its head, and especially what the free knights and feudatories owe to their liege lord the emperor? I should be a villain could I be induced to subscribe that paper.

COMMISSIONER. Yet we have strict orders to try and persuade you by fair means, or, in case of your refusal, to throw you into prison.

GOETZ. Into prison! — Me?

COMMISSIONER. Where you may expect your fate from the hands of justice, since you will not take it from those of mercy.

GOETZ. To prison! You abuse the imperial power! To prison! That was not the emperor's command. What, ye traitors, to dig a pit for me, and hang out your oath, your knightly honor, as the bait! To promise me permission to ward myself on parole, and then again to break your treaty!

COMMISSIONER. We owe no faith to robbers.

GOETZ. Wert thou not the representative of my sovereign, whom I respect even in the vilest counterfeit, thou should swallow that word, or choke upon it. I was engaged in an honorable feud. Thou mightest thank God, and magnify thyself before the world, hadst thou ever done as gallant a deed as that with which I now stand charged. (*The COMMISSIONER makes a sign to the MAGISTRATE of Heilbronn, who rings a bell.*) Not for the sake of paltry gain, not to wrest followers or lands from the weak and the defenceless, have I sallied forth. To rescue my page and defend my own person — see ye any rebellion in that? The emperor and his magnates, reposing on their pillows, would never

nave felt our need. I have, God be praised, one hand left; and I have done well to use it.

Enter a party of Artisans armed with halberds and swords.

GOETZ. What means this?

COMMISSIONER. You will not listen. — Seize him!

GOETZ. Let none come near me who is not a very Hungarian ox. One salutation from my iron fist shall cure him of headache, toothache, and every other ache under the wide heaven! (*They rush upon him. He strikes one down, and snatches a sword from another. They stand aloof.*) Come on! come on! I should like to become acquainted with the bravest among you.

COMMISSIONER. Surrender!

GOETZ. With a sword in my hand! Know ye not that it depends but upon myself to make way through all these hares and gain the open field? But I will teach you how a man should keep his word. Promise me but free ward, and I will give up my sword, and am again your prisoner.

COMMISSIONER. How! Would you treat with the emperor, sword in hand?

GOETZ. God forbid! — only with you and your worthy fraternity! You may go home, good people: you are only losing your time, and here there is nothing to be got but bruises.

COMMISSIONER. Seize him! What! does not your love for the emperor supply you with courage?

GOETZ. No more than the emperor supplies them with plaster for the wounds their courage would earn them.

Enter SERGEANT hastily.

OFFICER. The warder has just discovered, from the castle-tower, a troop of more than two hundred horsemen hastening towards the town. Unperceived by us, they have pressed forward from behind the hill, and threaten our walls.

COMMISSIONER. Alas! alas! What can this mean?

A SOLDIER enters.

SOLDIER. Francis of Sickingen waits at the drawbridge, and informs you that he has heard how perfidiously you have broken your word to his brother-in-law, and how the Council of Heilbronn have aided and abetted in the treason. He is now come to insist upon justice, and, if refused it, threatens, within an hour, to fire the four quarters of your town, and abandon it to be plundered by his vassals

GOETZ. My gallant brother!

COMMISSIONER. Withdraw, Goetz. (*Exit GOETZ.*) What is to be done?

MAGISTRATE. Have compassion upon us and our town! Sickingen is inexorable in his wrath: he will keep his word.

COMMISSIONER. Shall we forget what is due to ourselves and the emperor?

CAPTAIN. If we had but men to enforce it; but, situated as we are, a show of resistance would only make matters worse. It is better for us to yield.

MAGISTRATE. Let us apply to Goetz to put in a good word for us. I feel as though I saw the town already in flames.

COMMISSIONER. Let Goetz approach. (*Enter GOETZ.*)

GOETZ. What now?

COMMISSIONER. Thou wilt do well to dissuade thy brother-in-law from his rebellious interference. Instead of rescuing thee, he will only plunge thee deeper in destruction, and become the companion of thy fall!

GOETZ (*sees Elizabeth at the door, and speaks to her aside*). Go, tell him instantly to break in and force his way hither, but to spare the town. As for these rascals, if they offer any resistance, let him use force. I care not if I lose my life, provided they are all knocked on the head at the same time.

SCENE III. — *A large Hall in the Council-House, beset by SICKINGEN'S Troops.*

Enter SICKINGEN and GOETZ.

GOETZ. That was help from heaven. How camest thou so opportunely and unexpectedly, brother?

SICKINGEN. Without witchcraft. I had despatched two or three messengers to learn how it fared with thee: when I heard of the perjury of these fellows, I set out instantly; and now we have them safe.

GOETZ. I ask nothing but knightly ward upon my parole.

SICKINGEN. You are too noble. Not even to avail yourself of the advantage which the honest man has over the perjurer! They are in the wrong, and we will not give them cushions to sit upon. They have shamefully abused the imperial authority; and, if I know any thing of the emperor, you might safely insist upon more favorable terms. You ask too little.

GOETZ. I have ever been content with little.

SICKINGEN. And therefore that little has always been denied thee. My proposal is, that they shall release your servants, and permit you all to return to your castle on parole — you can promise not to leave it till the emperor's pleasure be known. You will be safer there than here.

GOETZ. They will say my property is escheated to the emperor.

SICKINGEN. Then we will answer, thou canst dwell there, and keep it for his service till he restores it to thee again. Let them wriggle like eels in the net, they shall not escape us! They may talk of the imperial dignity — of their commission. We will not mind that. I know the emperor, and have some influence with him. He has ever wished to have thee in his service. You will not be long in your castle without being summoned to serve him.

GOETZ. God grant it, ere I forget the use of arms!

SICKINGEN. Valor can never be forgotten, as it can never be learnt. Fear nothing! When thy affairs are settled, I will repair to court, where my enterprises begin to ripen. Good fortune seems to smile on them. I want only to sound the emperor's mind. The towns of Triers and Pfalz as soon expect that the sky should fall, as that I shall come down upon their heads. But I will come like a hail-storm! and, if I am successful, thou shalt soon be brother to an elector. I had hoped for thy assistance in this undertaking.

GOETZ (*looks at his hand*). Oh! that explains the dream I had the night before I promised Maria to Weislingen. I thought he vowed eternal fidelity, and held my iron hand so fast that it loosened from the arm. Alas! I am at this moment more defenceless than when it was shot away. Weislingen! Weislingen!

SICKINGEN. Forget the traitor! We will thwart his plans, and undermine his authority, till shame and remorse shall gnaw him to death. I see, I see the downfall of our enemies. — Goetz, only other six months!

GOETZ. Thy soul soars high! I know not why, but for some time past no fair prospects have dawned upon me. I have been ere now in sore distress — I have been a prisoner before — but never did I experience such a depression.

SICKINGEN. Success gives courage. Come, let us to the bigwigs. They have had time enough for holding forth: let us for once take the trouble upon ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *The Castle of Adelaide, Augsburg.*

ADELAIDE and WEISLINGEN discovered.

ADELAIDE. This is detestable.

WEISLINGEN. I have gnashed my teeth. So good a plan — so well followed out — and, after all, to leave him in possession of his castle! That cursed Sickingen!

ADELAIDE. The council should not have consented.

WEISLINGEN. They were in the net. What else could they do? Sickingen threatened them with fire and sword — the haughty, vindictive man! I hate him! His power waxes like a mountain torrent — let it but gain a few brooks, and others come pouring to its aid.

ADELAIDE. Have they no emperor?

WEISLINGEN. My dear wife, he waxes old and feeble: he is only the shadow of what he was. When he heard what had been done, and I and the other counsellors murmured indignantly, "Let them alone!" said he: "I can spare my old Goetz his little fortress; and, if he remains quiet there, what have you to say against him?" We spoke of the welfare of the state: "Oh," said he, "that I had always had counsellors who would have urged my restless spirit to consult more the happiness of individuals!"

ADELAIDE. He has lost the spirit of a prince!

WEISLINGEN. We inveighed against Sickingen! — "He is my faithful servant," said he: "and, if he has not acted by my express order, he has performed better what I wished than my plenipotentiaries; and I can ratify what he has done as well after as before."

ADELAIDE. 'Tis enough to drive one mad.

WEISLINGEN. Yet I have not given up all hope. Goetz is on parole to remain quiet in his castle. 'Tis impossible for him to keep his promise, and we shall soon have some new cause of complaint.

ADELAIDE. That is the more likely, as we may hope that the old emperor will soon leave the world; and Charles, his gallant successor, will display a more princely mind.

WEISLINGEN. Charles! He is neither chosen nor crowned.

ADELAIDE. Who does not expect and hope for that event?

WEISLINGEN. You have a great idea of his abilities: one might almost think you looked on him with partial eyes.

ADELAIDE. You insult me, Weislingen. For what do you take me?

WEISLINGEN. I do not mean to offend, but I cannot be silent upon the subject. Charles's marked attentions to you disquiet me.

ADELAIDE. And do I receive them as —

WEISLINGEN. You are a woman, and no woman hate those who pay their court to her.

ADELAIDE. This from you!

WEISLINGEN. It cuts me to the heart — the dreadful thought — Adelaide.

ADELAIDE. Can I not cure thee of this folly?

WEISLINGEN. If thou wouldst — Thou canst leave the court.

ADELAIDE. But upon what pretence? Art thou not here? Must I leave you and all my friends, to shut myself up with the owls in your solitary castle? No, Weislingen, that will never do: be at rest, thou knowest I love thee.

WEISLINGEN. That is my anchor so long as the cable holds. [Exit.

ADELAIDE. Ah! It is come to this? This was yet wanting. The projects of my bosom are too great to brook the interruption. Charles — the great, the gallant Charles — the future emperor — shall he be the only man unrewarded by my favor? Think not, Weislingen, to hinder me — else shalt thou to earth: my way lies over thee!

Enter FRANCIS (with a letter).

FRANCIS. Here, gracious lady.

ADELAIDE. Hadst thou it from Charles's own hand?

FRANCIS. Yes.

ADELAIDE. What ails thee? Thou lookest so mournful!

FRANCIS. It is your pleasure that I should pine away, and waste my fairest years in agonizing despair.

ADELAIDE (*aside*). I pity him; and how little would it cost me to make him happy! (*Aloud.*) Be of good courage, youth! I know thy love and fidelity, and will not be ungrateful.

FRANCIS (*with stifled breath*). If thou wert capable of ingratitude, I could not survive it. There boils not a drop of blood in my veins but what is thine own — I have not a single feeling but to love and to serve thee!

ADELAIDE. Dear Francis!

FRANCIS. You flatter me. (*Bursts into tears.*) Does my attachment deserve only to be a stepping-stool to another, — to see all your thoughts fixed upon Charles?

ADELAIDE. You know not what you wish, and still less what you say.

FRANCIS (*stamping with vexation and rage*). No more will I be your slave, your go-between!

ADELAIDE. Francis, you forget yourself.

FRANCIS. To sacrifice my beloved master and myself —

ADELAIDE. Out of my sight!

FRANCIS. Gracious lady!

ADELAIDE. Go, betray to thy beloved master the secret of my soul! Fool that I was to take thee for what thou art not!

FRANCIS. Dear lady! you know how I love you.

ADELAIDE. And thou, who wast my friend — so near my heart — go, betray me.

FRANCIS. Rather would I tear my heart from my breast! Forgive me, gentle lady! my heart is too full, my senses desert me.

ADELAIDE. Thou dear, affectionate boy! (*She takes him by both hands, draws him towards her, and kisses him. He throws himself weeping upon her neck.*) Leave me!

FRANCIS (*his voice choked by tears*). Heavens!

ADELAIDE. Leave me! The walls are traitors. Leave me! (*Breaks from him.*) Be but steady in fidelity and love, and the fairest reward is thine. [*Exit.*]

FRANCIS. The fairest reward! let me but live till that moment — I could murder my father, were he an obstacle to my happiness! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. — *Jaxthausen.*

GOETZ seated at a table with writing materials. ELIZABETH beside him with her work.

GOETZ. This idle life does not suit me. My confinement becomes more irksome every day: I would I could sleep, or persuade myself that quiet is agreeable.

ELIZABETH. Continue writing the account of thy deeds which thou hast commenced. Give into the hands of thy friends evidence to put thine enemies to shame: make a noble posterity acquainted with thy real character.

GOETZ. Alas! writing is but busy idleness: it wearies

me. While I am writing what I have done, I lament the misspent time in which I might do more.

ELIZABETH (*takes the writing*). Be not impatient. Thou hast got as far as thy first imprisonment at Heilbronn.

GOETZ. That was always an unlucky place to me.

ELIZABETH (*reads*). "There were even some of the confederates who told me that I had acted foolishly in appearing before my bitterest enemies, who, as I might suspect, would not deal justly with me." And what didst thou answer? Write on.

GOETZ. I said, "Have I not often risked life and limb for the welfare and property of others, and shall I not do so for the honor of my knightly word?"

ELIZABETH. Thus does fame speak of thee.

GOETZ. They shall not rob me of my honor. They have taken all else from me, — property — liberty — every thing.

ELIZABETH. I happened once to stand in an inn near the Lords of Miltenberg and Singlingen, who knew me not. Then I was joyful as at the birth of my first-born; for they extolled thee to each other, and said, "He is the mirror of knighthood, noble and merciful in prosperity, dauntless and true in misfortune."

GOETZ. Let them show me the man to whom I have broken my word. Heaven knows, my ambition has ever been to labor for my neighbor more than for myself, and to acquire the fame of a gallant and irreproachable knight, rather than principalities or power; and, God be praised! I have gained the meed of my labor.

Enter GEORGE and LERSE with game.

GOETZ. Good luck to my gallant huntsmen!

GEORGE. Such have we become from gallant troopers. Boots can easily be cut down into buskins.

LERSE. The chase is always something — 'tis a kind of war.

GEORGE. Yes: if we were not always crossed by these imperial gamekeepers. Don't you recollect, my lord, how you prophesied we should become huntsmen when the world was turned topsy-turvy? We are become so now without waiting for that.

GOETZ. 'Tis all the same: we are pushed out of our sphere.

GEORGE. These are wonderful times! For eight days a

dreadful comet has been seen: all Germany fears that it portends the death of the emperor, who is very ill.

GOETZ. Very ill! Then, our career draws to a close.

LERSE. And in the neighborhood there are terrible commotions: the peasants have made a formidable insurrection.

GOETZ. Where?

LERSE. In the heart of Swabia: they are plundering, burning, and slaying. I fear they will sack the whole country.

GEORGE. It is a horrible warfare! They have already risen in a hundred places, and daily increase in number. A hurricane, too, has lately torn up whole forests: and, in the place where the insurrection began, two fiery swords have been seen in the sky crossing each other.

GOETZ. Then, some of my poor friends and neighbors no doubt suffer innocently.

GEORGE. Alas! that we are pent up thus!

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Village plundered by the insurgent Peasantry. Shrieks and tumult. Women, old Men, and Children fly across the Stage.*

OLD MAN. Away! away! let us fly from the murdering dogs.

WOMAN. Sacred heaven! How blood-red is the sky! how blood-red the setting sun!

ANOTHER. That must be fire.

A THIRD. My husband! my husband!

OLD MAN. Away! away! To the wood! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LINK and Insurgents.

LINK. Whoever opposes you, down with him! The village is ours. Let none of the booty be injured, none be left behind. Plunder clean and quickly. We must soon set fire —

Enter METZLER, coming down the hill.

METZLER. How do things go with you, Link?

LINK. Merrily enough, as you see: you are just in time for the fun. — Whence come you?

METZLER. From Weinsberg. There was a jubilee.

LINK. How so?

METZLER. We stabbed them all, in such heaps, it was a joy to see it!

LINK. All whom?

METZLER. Dietrich von Weiler led up the dance. The fool! We were all raging round the church-steeple. He looked out, and wished to treat with us. — Baf! A ball through his head! Up we rushed like a tempest, and the fellow soon made his exit by the window.

LINK. Huzza!

METZLER (*to the peasants*). Ye dogs, must I find you legs? How they gape and loiter, the asses!

LINK. Set fire! Let them roast in the flames! forward! Push on, ye dolts.

METZLER. Then we brought out Helfenstein, Eltershofen, thirteen of the nobility, — eighty in all. They were led out on the plain before Heilbronn. What a shouting and jubilee among our lads as the long row of miserable sinners passed by! they stared at each other; and, heaven and earth! we surrounded them before they were aware, and then despatched them all with our pikes.

LINK. Why was I not there?

METZLER. Never in all my life did I see such fun.

LINK. On! on! Bring all out!

PEASANT. All's clear.

LINK. Then, fire the village at the four corners.

METZLER. 'Twill make a fine bonfire! Hadst thou but seen how the fellows tumbled over one another, and croaked like frogs! It warmed my heart like a cup of brandy. One Rexinger was there, a fellow with a white plume and flaxen locks, who, when he went out hunting, used to drive us before him like dogs, and with dogs. I had not caught sight of him all the while, when suddenly his fool's visage looked me full in the face. Push! went the spear between his ribs, and there he lay stretched on all-fours above his companions. The fellows lay kicking in a heap like the hares that used to be driven together at their grand hunting-parties.

LINK. It smokes finely already!

METZLER. Yonder it burns! Come, let us with the booty to the main body.

LINK. Where do they halt?

METZLER. Between this and Heilbronn. They wish to

choose a captain whom every one will respect, for we are after all only their equals: they feel this, and turn restive.

LINK. Whom do they propose?

METZLER. Maximilian Stumpf, or Goetz von Berlichingen.

LINK. That would be well. 'Twould give the thing credit should Goetz accept it. He has ever been held a worthy, independent knight. Away, away! We march towards Heilbronn! Pass the word.

METZLER. The fire will light us a good part of the way. Hast thou seen the great comet?

LINK. Yes. It is a dreadful ghastly sign! As we march by night we can see it well. It rises about one o'clock.

METZLER. And is visible but for an hour and a quarter, like an arm brandishing a sword, and bloody red!

LINK. Didst thou mark the three stars at the sword's hilt and point?

METZLER. And the broad haze-colored stripe illuminated by a thousand streamers like lances, and between them little swords.

LINK. I shuddered with horror. The sky was pale red, streaked with ruddy flames, and among them grisly figures with shaggy hair and beards.

METZLER. Did you see them too? And how they all swam about as though in a sea of blood, and struggled in confusion, enough to turn one's brain!

LINK. Away! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Open Country. In the distance two Villages and an Abbey are burning.*

KOHL, WILD, MAXIMILIAN STUMF, *Insurgents.*

STUMF. You cannot ask me to be your leader; it were bad for you and for me: I am a vassal of the Palsgrave, and how shall I make war against my liege lord? Besides, you would always suspect I did not act from my heart.

KOHL. We knew well thou wouldst make some excuse.

Enter GEORGE, LERSE, *and* GOETZ.

GOETZ. What would you with me?

KOHL. You must be our captain.

GOETZ. How can I break my knightly word to the emperor? I am under the ban: I cannot quit my territory.

WILD. That's no excuse.

GOETZ. And were I free, and you wanted to deal with the lords and nobles as you did at Weinsberg, laying waste the country round with fire and sword, and should wish me to be an abettor of your shameless, barbarous doings, rather than be your captain, you should slay me like a mad dog!

KOHL. What has been done cannot be undone.

STUMF. That was just the misfortune, that they had no leader whom they honored, and who could bridle their fury. I beseech thee, Goetz, accept the office! The princes will be grateful: all Germany will thank thee. It will be for the weal and prosperity of all. The country and its inhabitants will be preserved.

GOETZ. Why dost not thou accept it?

STUMF. I have given them reasons for my refusal.

KOHL. We have no time to waste in useless speeches. Once for all! Goetz, be our chief, or look to thy castle and thy head! Take two hours to consider of it. Guard him!

GOETZ. To what purpose? I am as resolved now as I shall ever be. Why have ye risen up in arms? If to recover your rights and freedom, why do you plunder and lay waste the land? Will you abstain from such evil doings, and act as true men who know what they want? Then will I be your chief for eight days, and help you in your lawful and orderly demands.

WILD. What has been done was done in the first heat, and thy interference is not needed to prevent it for the future.

KOHL. Thou must engage with us at least for a quarter of a year.

STUMF. Say four weeks: that will satisfy both parties.

GOETZ. Then, be it so.

KOHL. Your hand!

GOETZ. But you must promise to send the treaty you have made with me in writing to all your troops, and to punish severely those who infringe it.

WILD. Well, it shall be done.

GOETZ. Then, I bind myself to you for four weeks:

STUMF. Good fortune to you! In whatever thou doest, spare our noble lord the Palsgrave.

KOHL (*aside*). See that none speak to him without our knowledge.

GOETZ. Lerse, go to my wife. Protect her: you shall soon have news of me.

[*Exeunt* GOETZ, STUMF, GEORGE, LERSE, and some PEASANTS.]

Enter METZLER, LINK, and their followers.

METZLER. Who talks of a treaty? What's the use of a treaty?

LINK. It is shameful to make any such bargain!

KOHL. We know as well what we want as you, and we may do or let alone what we please.

WILD. This raging and burning and murdering must have an end some day or other; and, by renouncing it just now, we gain a brave leader.

METZLER. How? An end? Thou traitor! why are we here but to avenge ourselves on our enemies, and enrich ourselves at their expense? Some prince's slave has been tampering with thee.

KOHL. Come, Wild: he is like a brute-beast.

[*Exeunt WILD and KOHL.*

METZLER. Ay, go your way: no band will stick by you. The villains! Link, we'll set on the others to burn Miltenberg yonder; and, if they begin a quarrel about the treaty, we'll cut off the heads of those that made it.

LINK. We have still the greater body of peasants on our side.

[*Exeunt with Insurgents.*

SCENE III. — *A Hill, and Prospect of the Country. In the flat scene a Mill. A Body of Horsemen.*

WEISLINGEN comes out of the Mill, followed by FRANCIS and a COURIER.

WEISLINGEN. My horse! Have you announced it to the other nobles?

COURIER. At least seven standards will meet you in the wood behind Miltenberg. The peasants are marching in that direction. Couriers are despatched on all sides: the entire confederacy will soon be assembled. Our plan cannot fail, and they say there is dissension among them.

WEISLINGEN. So much the better. Francis!

FRANCIS. Gracious sir!

WEISLINGEN. Discharge thine errand punctually. I bind it upon thy soul. Give her the letter. She shall from the court to my castle instantly. Thou must see her depart, and bring me notice of it.

FRANCIS. Your commands shall be obeyed.

WEISLINGEN. Tell her she *shall* go. (*To the COURIER.*)
Lead us by the nearest and best road.

COURIER. We must go round: all the rivers are swollen with the late heavy rains.

SCENE IV. — *Jaxthausen.*

ELIZABETH and LERSE.

LERSE. Gracious lady, be comforted!

ELIZABETH. Alas! Lerse, the tears stood in his eyes when he took leave of me. It is dreadful, dreadful!

LERSE. He will return.

ELIZABETH. It is not that. When he went forth to gain honorable victories, never did grief sit heavy at my heart. I then rejoiced in the prospect of his return, which I now dread.

LERSE. So noble a man.

ELIZABETH. Call him not so. There lies the new misery. The miscreants! they threatened to murder his family and burn his castle. Should he return, gloomy, most gloomy, shall I see his brow. His enemies will forge scandalous accusations against him, which he will be unable to refute.

LERSE. He will and can.

ELIZABETH. He has broken his parole. — Canst thou deny that?

LERSE. No! he was constrained: what reason is there to condemn him?

ELIZABETH. Malice seeks not reasons, but pretexts. He has become an ally of rebels, malefactors, and murderers: — he has become their chief. Say No to that.

LERSE. Cease to torment yourself and me. Have they not solemnly sworn to abjure all such doings as those at Weinsberg? Did not I myself hear them say, in remorse, that, had not that been done already, it never should have been done? Must not the princes and nobles return him their best thanks for having undertaken the dangerous office of leading these unruly people, in order to restrain their rage, and to save so many lives and possessions?

ELIZABETH. Thou art an affectionate pleader. Should they take him prisoner, deal with him as with a rebel, and bring his gray hairs . . . Lerse, I should go mad!

LERSE. Send sleep to refresh her body, dear Father of mankind, if thou deniest comfort to her soul.

ELIZABETH. George has promised to bring news, but he will not be allowed to do so. They are worse than prisoners. Well I know they are watched like enemies. — The gallant boy! he would not leave his master.

LERSE. The very heart within me bled when he bade me leave him. — Had you not needed my help, all the terrors of grisly death should not have separated us.

ELIZABETH. I know not where Sickingen is. — Could I but send a message to Maria!

LERSE. Write your message: I will take charge of it.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *A Village.*

Enter GOETZ and GEORGE.

GOETZ. To horse, George! Quick! I see Miltenberg in flames. Is it thus they keep the treaty? Ride to them, tell them my purpose. The murderous incendiaries — I renounce them — Let them make a thieving gypsy their captain, not me! — Quick, George! (*Exit George.*) Would that I were a thousand miles hence, at the bottom of the deepest dungeon in Turkey! Could I but come off with honor from them! I have thwarted them every day, and told them the bitterest truths, in the hope they might weary of me and let me go.

Enter an UNKNOWN.

UNKNOWN. God save you, gallant sir!

GOETZ. I thank you! What is your errand? Your name?

UNKNOWN. My name does not concern my business. I come to tell you that your life is in danger. The insurgent leaders are weary of hearing from you such harsh language, and are resolved to rid themselves of you. Speak them fair, or endeavor to escape from them; and God be with you.

[*Exit.*

GOETZ. To quit life in this fashion, Goetz, to end thus? But be it so — My death will be the clearest proof to the world that I have had nothing in common with the miscreants.

Enter INSURGENTS.

FIRST INSURGENT. Captain, they are prisoners, they are slain!

GOETZ. Who?

SECOND INSURGENT. Those who burned Miltenberg: a troop of confederate cavalry suddenly charged upon them from behind the hill.

GOETZ. They have their reward. O George! George! They have taken him prisoner with the caitiffs — My George! my George!

Enter INSURGENTS in confusion.

LINK. Up, sir captain, up! — There is no time to lose. The enemy is at hand and in force.

GOETZ. Who burned Miltenberg?

METZLER. If you mean to pick a quarrel, we'll soon show you how we'll end it.

KOHL. Look to your own safety and ours. — Up!

GOETZ (*to METZLER*). Darest thou threaten me, thou scoundrel? . . . Thinkest thou to awe me, because thy garments are stained with the Count of Helfenstein's blood?

METZLER. Berlichingen!

GOETZ. Thou mayest call me by my name, and my children will not be ashamed to hear it.

METZLER. Out upon thee, coward! — prince's slave!

[*GOETZ strikes him down. The others interpose.*

KOHL. Ye are mad! — The enemy are breaking in on all sides, and you quarrel!

LINK. Away! Away! [*Cries and tumult. The INSURGENTS flee across the stage.*

Enter WEISLINGEN and TROOPERS.

WEISLINGEN. Pursue! Pursue! they flee! — Stop neither for darkness nor rain. — I hear Goetz is among them: look that he escape you not. Our friends say he is sorely wounded. (*Exeunt TROOPERS.*) And when I have caught thee — it will be merciful secretly to execute the sentence of death in prison. Thus he perishes from the memory of man; and then, foolish heart, thou mayest beat more freely.

SCENE VI. — *The Front of a Gypsy Hut in a wild Forest. Night. A Fire before the Hut, at which are seated the Mother of the Gypsies and a Girl.*

MOTHER. Throw some fresh straw upon the thatch. Jaughter: there'll be heavy rain again to-night.

Enter a GYPSY BOY.

BOY. A dormouse, mother! and look! two field-mice!

MOTHER. I'll skin them and roast them for thee, and thou shalt have a cap of their skins. Thou bleedest!

BOY. Dormouse bit me.

MOTHER. Fetch some dead wood, that the fire may burn bright when thy father comes: he will be wet through and through.

Another Gypsy Woman, with a child at her back.

FIRST WOMAN. Hast thou had good luck?

SECOND WOMAN. Ill enough. The whole country is in an uproar: one's life is not safe a moment. Two villages are in a blaze.

FIRST WOMAN. Is it fire that glares so yonder? I have been watching it long. One is so accustomed now to fiery signs in the heavens.

The CAPTAIN OF THE GYPSIES enters with three of his gang.

CAPTAIN. Heard ye the wild huntsman?

FIRST WOMAN. He is passing over us now.

CAPTAIN. How the hounds give tongue! Wow! Wow!

SECOND MAN. How the whips crack!

THIRD MAN. And the huntsmen cheer them — Hallo — ho!

MOTHER. 'Tis the Devil's chase.

CAPTAIN. We have been fishing in troubled waters. The peasants rob each other: there's no harm in our helping them.

SECOND WOMAN. What hast thou got, Wolf?

WOLF. A hare and a capon, a spit, a bundle of linen, three spoons and a bridle.

STICKS. I have a blanket and a pair of boots, also a flint and tinder-box.

MOTHER. All wet as mire: I'll dry them, give them here!

[*Trampling without.*]

CAPTAIN. Hark! — A horse! Go see who it is.

Enter GOETZ on horseback.

GOETZ. I thank thee, God! I see fire — they are gypsies — My wounds bleed sorely — my foes are close behind me! — Great God, this is a fearful end!

CAPTAIN. Is it in peace thou comest?

GOETZ. I crave help from you — My wounds exhaust me: assist me to dismount!

CAPTAIN. Help him! — A gallant warrior in look and speech.

WOLF (*aside*). 'Tis Goetz von Berlichingen!

CAPTAIN. Welcome! welcome! — All that we have is yours.

GOETZ. Thanks, thanks!

CAPTAIN. Come to my hut. [*Exeunt to the hut.*]

SCENE VII. — *Inside the Hut.*

CAPTAIN, GYPSIES, and GOETZ.

CAPTAIN. Call our mother: tell her to bring bloodwort and bandages. (*GOETZ unarms himself.*) Here is my holiday doublet.

GOETZ. God reward you!

[*The MOTHER binds his wounds.*]

CAPTAIN. I rejoice that you are come.

GOETZ. Do you know me?

CAPTAIN. Who does not know you, Goetz? Our lives and heart's blood are yours.

Enter STICKS.

STICKS. Horsemen are coming through the wood. They are confederates.

CAPTAIN. Your pursuers! They shall not harm you. Away, Sticks, call the others: we know the passes better than they. We shall shoot them ere they are aware of us.

[*Exeunt CAPTAIN and MEN-GYPSIES with their guns.*]

GOETZ (*alone*). O Emperor! Emperor! Robbers protect thy children. (*A sharp firing.*) The wild foresters! Steady and true!

Enter WOMEN.

WOMEN. Flee, flee! The enemy has overpowered us.

GOETZ. Where is my horse?

WOMEN. Here.

GOETZ (*girds on his sword and mounts without his armor*). For the last time shall you feel my arm. I am not so weak yet.

[*Exit. — Tumult.*]

WOMEN. He gallops to join our party. [*Firing.*]

Enter WOLF.

WOLF. Away! Away! All is lost! — The captain is shot! — Goetz a prisoner.

[*The WOMEN scream, and fly into the wood.*]

SCENE VIII. — ADELAIDE'S *Bed-chamber.*

Enter ADELAIDE with a letter.

ADELAIDE. He, or I! The tyrant — to threaten me! We will anticipate him. Who glides through the ante-chamber? (*A low knock at the door.*) Who is there?

FRANCIS (*in a low voice*). Open, gracious lady!

ADELAIDE. Francis! He well deserves that I should admit him. [*Opens the door.*]

FRANCIS (*throws himself on her neck*). My dear, my gracious lady!

ADELAIDE. What audacity! If any one should hear you!

FRANCIS. Oh — all — all are asleep!

ADELAIDE. What wouldst thou?

FRANCIS. I cannot rest. The threats of my master — your fate — my heart.

ADELAIDE. He was incensed against me when you parted from him?

FRANCIS. He was as I have never seen him. — “To my castle,” said he, “she must — she *shall* go.”

ADELAIDE. And shall we obey?

FRANCIS. I know not, dear lady!

ADELAIDE. Thou foolish, infatuated boy! Thou dost not see where this will end. Here he knows I am in safety. He has long had designs on my freedom, and therefore wishes to get me to his castle — there he will have power to use me as his hate shall dictate.

FRANCIS. He shall not!

ADELAIDE. Wilt thou prevent him?

FRANCIS. He shall not!

ADELAIDE. I foresee the whole misery of my fate. He will tear me forcibly from his castle to immure me in a cloister.

FRANCIS. Hell and damnation!

ADELAIDE. Wilt thou rescue me?

FRANCIS. Any thing! Every thing!

ADELAIDE (*throws herself weeping upon his neck*). Francis! Oh, save me!

FRANCIS. He shall fall. I will plant my foot upon his neck.

ADELAIDE. No violence. You shall carry a submissive letter to him announcing obedience — Then give him this vial in his wine.

FRANCIS. Give it me! Thou shalt be free!

ADELAIDE. Free! — And then no more shalt thou need to come to my chamber trembling and in fear. No more shall I need anxiously to say, "Away, Francis! the morning dawns."

SCENE IX. — *Street before the Prison at Heilbronn.*

ELIZABETH *and* LERSE.

LERSE. Heaven relieve your distress, gracious lady! Maria is come.

ELIZABETH. God be praised! Lerse, we have sunk into dreadful misery. My worst forebodings are realized! A prisoner — thrown as an assassin and malefactor into the deepest dungeon.

LERSE. I know all.

ELIZABETH. Thou knowest nothing. Our distress is too — too great! His age, his wounds, a slow fever — and, more than all, the despondency of his mind, to think that this should be his end.

LERSE. Ay, and that Weislingen should be commissioner!

ELIZABETH. Weislingen!

LERSE. They have acted with unheard-of severity. Metzler has been burnt alive — hundreds of his associates broken upon the wheel, beheaded, quartered, and impaled. All the country round looks like a slaughter-house, where human flesh is cheap.

ELIZABETH. Weislingen commissioner! O Heaven! a ray of hope! Maria shall go to him: he cannot refuse her. He had ever a compassionate heart; and when he sees her whom he once loved so much, whom he has made so miserable — Where is she?

LERSE. Still at the inn.

ELIZABETH. Take me to her. She must away instantly. I fear the worst.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. — *An Apartment in Weislingen's Castle.*WEISLINGEN, *alone.*

WEISLINGEN. I am so ill, so weak — all my bones are hollow — this wretched fever has consumed their very marrow. No rest, no sleep, by day or night! and when I slumber, such fearful dreams! Last night methought I met Goetz in the forest. He drew his sword, and defied me to combat. I grasped mine, but my hand failed me. He darted on me a look of contempt, sheathed his weapon, and passed on. He is a prisoner, yet I tremble to think of him. Miserable man! Thine own voice has condemned him, yet thou tremblest like a malefactor at his very shadow. And shall he die? Goetz! Goetz! we mortals are not our own masters. Fiends have empire over us, and shape our actions after their own hellish will, to goad us to perdition. (*Sits down.*) Weak! Weak! Why are my nails so blue? A cold, clammy, wasting sweat drenches every limb. Every thing swims before my eyes. Could I but sleep! Alas!

Enter MARIA.

WEISLINGEN. Mother of God! Leave me in peace — leave me in peace! This spectre was yet wanting. Maria is dead, and she appears to the traitor. Leave me, blessed spirit! I am wretched enough.

MARIA. Weislingen, I am no spirit. I am Maria.

WEISLINGEN. It is her voice!

MARIA. I came to beg my brother's life of thee. He is guiltless, however culpable he may appear.

WEISLINGEN. Hush! Maria — Angel of heaven as thou art, thou bringest with thee the torments of hell! Speak no more!

MARIA. And must my brother die? Weislingen, it is horrible that I should have to tell thee he is guiltless; that I should be compelled to come as a suppliant to restrain thee from a most fearful murder. Thy soul to its inmost depths is possessed by evil powers. Can this be Adelbert?

WEISLINGEN. Thou seest — the consuming breath of the grave hath swept over me — my strength sinks in death — I die in misery, and thou comest to drive me to despair. — Could I but tell thee all, thy bitterest hate would melt to sorrow and compassion. O Maria! Maria!

MARIA. Weislingen, my brother is pining in a dungeon





— The anguish of his wounds — his age — Oh, hadst thou the heart to bring his gray hairs . . . Weislingen, we should despair!

WEISLINGEN. Enough!

[*Rings a hand-bell.*

Enter FRANCIS, in great agitation.

FRANCIS. Gracious sir.

WEISLINGEN. Those papers, Francis. (*He gives them.*
WEISLINGEN *tears open a packet, and shows MARIA a paper.*)
Here is thy brother's death-warrant signed!

MARIA. God in heaven!

WEISLINGEN. And thus I tear it. He shall live! But can I restore what I have destroyed? Weep not so, Francis! Dear youth, my wretchedness lies deeply at thy heart.

[*FRANCIS throws himself at his feet, and clasps his knees.*

MARIA (*apart*). He is ill — very ill. The sight of him rends my heart. I loved him! And now that I again approach him, I feel how dearly —

WEISLINGEN. Francis, arise, and cease to weep — I may recover! While there is life, there is hope.

FRANCIS. You cannot! You must die!

WEISLINGEN. Must?

FRANCIS (*beside himself*). Poison! poison! — from your wife! I — I gave it. [*Rushes out.*

WEISLINGEN. Follow him, Maria — he is desperate.

[*Exit MARIA.*

Poison from my wife! Alas! alas! I feel it. Torture and death!

MARIA (*within*). Help! help!

WEISLINGEN (*attempts in vain to rise*). God! I cannot.

MARIA (*re-entering*). He is gone! He threw himself desperately from a window of the hall into the river.

WEISLINGEN. It is well with him. Thy brother is out of danger. The other commissioners, especially Seckendorf, are his friends. They will readily allow him to ward himself upon his knightly word. Farewell, Maria! Now go.

MARIA. I will stay with thee — thou poor forsaken one!

WEISLINGEN. Poor and forsaken indeed! O God, thou art a terrible avenger! My wife!

MARIA. Remove from thee that thought. Turn thy soul to the throne of mercy.

WEISLINGEN. Go, thou gentle spirit! leave me to my misery! Horrible! Even thy presence, Maria, even the attendance of my only comforter, is agony.

MARIA (*aside*). Strengthen me, Heaven! My soul droops with his.

WEISLINGEN. Alas! alas! Poison from my wife! My Francis seduced by the wretch! She waits — listens to every horse's hoof for the messenger who brings her the news of my death. And thou, too, Maria, wherefore art thou come to awaken every slumbering recollection of my sins? Leave me, leave me that I may die!

MARIA. Let me stay! Thou art alone: think I am thy nurse. Forget all. May God forgive thee as freely as I do!

WEISLINGEN. Thou spirit of love! pray for me! pray for me! My heart is seared.

MARIA. There is forgiveness for thee. — Thou art exhausted.

WEISLINGEN. I die! I die! and yet I cannot die. In the fearful contest between life and death lie the torments of hell.

MARIA. Heavenly Father, have compassion upon him. Grant him but one token of thy love, that his heart may be opened to comfort, and his soul to the hope of eternal life, even in the agony of death!

SCENE XI. — *A Narrow Vault dimly illuminated. The Judges of the Secret Tribunal discovered seated, all muffled in Black Cloaks.*

ELDEST JUDGE. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, sworn by the cord and the steel to be inflexible in justice, to judge in secret, and to avenge in secret, like the Deity! Are your hands clean and your hearts pure? Raise them to heaven, and cry, Woe upon evil-doers!

ALL. Woe! woe!

ELDEST JUDGE. Crier, begin the diet of judgment.

CRIER. I cry, I cry for accusation against evil-doers! He whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean to swear by the cord and the steel, let him lift up his voice and call upon the steel and the cord for vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

ACCUSER (*comes forward*). My heart is pure from misdeed, and my hands are clean from innocent blood: God pardon my sins of thought, and prevent their execution. I raise my hand on high, and cry for vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

ELDEST JUDGE. Vengeance upon whom?

ACCUSER. I call upon the cord and the steel for vengeance against Adelaide of Weislingen. She has committed adultery and murder. She has poisoned her husband by the hands of his servant — the servant hath slain himself — the husband is dead.

ELDEST JUDGE. Dost thou swear by the God of truth, that thy accusation is true?

ACCUSER. I swear!

ELDEST JUDGE. Dost thou invoke upon thine own head the punishment of murder and adultery, should thy accusation be found false?

ACCUSER. On my head be it.

ELDEST JUDGE. Your voices!

[*They converse a few minutes in whispers.*]

ACCUSER. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, what is your sentence upon Adelaide of Weislingen, accused of murder and adultery?

ELDEST JUDGE. She shall die! — she shall die a bitter and twofold death! By the double doom of the steel and the cord shall she expiate the double crime. Raise your hands to heaven and cry, Woe, woe upon her! Be she delivered into the hands of the avenger.

ALL. Woe! woe!

ELDEST JUDGE. Woe! Avenger, come forth.

[*A man advances.*]

Here, take thou the cord and the steel! Within eight days shalt thou blot her out from before the face of heaven: wheresoever thou findest her, down with her into the dust. Judges, ye that judge in secret, and avenge in secret like the Deity, keep your hearts from wickedness, and your hands from innocent blood!

[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE XII. — *The Court of an Inn.*

LERSE and MARIA.

MARIA. The horses have rested long enough: we will away, Lerse.

LERSE. Stay till to-morrow: this is a dreadful night.

MARIA. Lerse, I cannot rest till I have seen my brother. Let us away: the weather is clearing up — we may expect a fair morning.

LERSE. Be it as you will.

SCENE XIII. — *The Prison at Heilbronn.*

GOETZ and ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH. I entreat thee, dear husband, speak to me. Thy silence alarms me: thy spirit consumes thee, pent up within thy breast. Come, let me see thy wounds: they mend daily. In this desponding melancholy I know thee no longer!

GOETZ. Seekest thou Goetz? He is long since gone! Piece by piece have they robbed me of all I held dear, — my hand, my property, my freedom, my good name! My life! Of what value is it to me? What news of George? Is Lerse gone to seek him?

ELIZABETH. He is, my love! Be of good cheer: things may yet take a favorable turn.

GOETZ. He whom God hath stricken lifts himself up no more! I best know the load I have to bear. — To misfortune I am inured. — But now it is not Weislingen alone, not the peasants alone, not the death of the emperor, nor my wounds, — it is the whole united. . . . My hour is come! I had hoped it should have been like my life. But his will be done!

ELIZABETH. Wilt not thou eat something?

GOETZ. Nothing, my love. See how the sun shines yonder!

ELIZABETH. It is a fine spring day!

GOETZ. My love, wilt thou ask the keeper's permission for me to walk in his little garden for half an hour, that I may look upon the clear face of heaven, the pure air, and the blessed sun?

ELIZABETH. I will — and he will readily grant it.

SCENE THE LAST. — *The Prison Garden.*

LERSE and MARIA.

MARIA. Go in, and see how it stands with them.

[*Exit LERSE.*]

Enter ELIZABETH and KEEPER.

ELIZABETH (*to the KEEPER*). God reward your kindness and attention to my husband! (*Exit KEEPER.*) Maria, how hast thou sped?

MARIA. My brother is safe! But my heart is torn asunder. Weisingen is dead! Poisoned by his wife. My husband is in danger—the princes are becoming too powerful for him: they say he is surrounded and besieged.

ELIZABETH. Believe not the rumor, and let not Goetz hear it.

MARIA. How is it with him?

ELIZABETH. I feared he would not survive till thy return: the hand of the Lord is heavy on him. And George is dead!

MARIA. George! The gallant boy!

ELIZABETH. When the miscreants were burning Miltenberg, his master sent him to check their villany. A body of cavalry charged upon them: had they all behaved as George, they must all have had as clear a conscience. Many were killed, and George among them: he died the death of a warrior.

MARIA. Does Goetz know it?

ELIZABETH. We conceal it from him. He questions me ten times a day concerning him, and sends me as often to see what is become of him. I fear to give his heart this last wound.

MARIA. O God! What are the hopes of this world?

Enter GOETZ, LERSE, and KEEPER.

GOETZ. Almighty God! How lovely it is beneath thy heaven! How free! The trees put forth their buds, and all the world awakes to hope. . . . Farewell, my children! My roots are cut away, my strength totters to the grave.

ELIZABETH. Shall I not send Lerse to the convent for thy son, that thou mayst once more see and bless him?

GOETZ. Let him be: he needs not my blessing, he is holier than I.— Upon our wedding-day, Elizabeth, could I have thought I should die thus!— My old father blessed us, and prayed for a succession of noble and gallant sons.— God, thou hast not heard him. I am the last . . . Lerse, thy countenance cheers me in the hour of death, more than in our most daring fights: then, my spirit encouraged all of you; now, thine supports me . . . Oh that I could but once more see George, and sun myself in his look! You turn away, and weep. He is dead? George is dead? Then, die, Goetz! Thou hast outlived thyself, outlived the noblest of thy servants. . . . How died he? Alas! they took him among the incendiaries, and he has been executed?

ELIZABETH. No! he was slain at Miltenberg, while fighting for his freedom like a lion.

GOETZ. God be praised! He was the kindest youth under the sun, and one of the bravest. . . . Now release my soul. My poor wife! I leave thee in a wicked world. Lerse, forsake her not! Lock your hearts more carefully than your doors. The age of fraud is at hand, treachery will reign unchecked. The worthless will gain the ascendancy by cunning, and the noble will fall into their net. Maria, may God restore thy husband to thee! May he not fall the deeper for having risen so high! Selbitz is dead, and the good emperor, and my George. . . . Give me a draught of water! . . . Heavenly air! Freedom! freedom!

[*He dies.*]

ELIZABETH. Freedom is above, — above, with thee! The world is a prison-house.

MARIA. Noble man! Woe to this age that rejected thee!

LERSE. And woe to the future, that shall misjudge thee!

THE FELLOW-CULPRITS.

A COMEDY IN VERSE AND IN THREE ACTS. .

TRANSLATED BY EDGAR A. BOWRING, C.B.

This clever comedy, like the preceding piece, was written during Goethe's residence at Leipsic; but it was touched up and improved at intervals, during subsequent years, until it was printed in his collected works. That its author considered it of some importance, is shown by the fact that it was one of the plays acted by the amateur company at the Court of Weimar.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The HOST.

SOPHIA, *his* daughter.

SÖLLER, *her* husband.

ALCESTES.

A WAITER.

The Scene is in the Inn.

THE FELLOW-CULPRITS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Inn Parlor.*

SÖLLER, *in a domino at a table, with a bottle of wine before him.* SOPHIA, *opposite him, sewing a white feather on to a hat.* The HOST *enters.* *At the back of the stage is a table with pen, ink, and paper. A large easy-chair is near it.*

HOST.

Another ball! My son, I'm sick of all this riot;
I thought that by this time you'd like a little quiet.
I certainly ne'er gave my daughter's hand to you,
To see my hard-won cash so recklessly run through.
I'm getting old, and sought my forces to recruit;
Assistance wanted I, and so allow'd your suit:
A nice assistance yours, to waste each little earning!

(SÖLLER *hums a tune to himself.*)

Yes, sing away! You'll soon another song be learning.
A good-for-nothing chap, whose folly few men's matches,
Plays, drinks, tobacco smokes, and plots of all kinds hatches.
You revel all the night, are half the day in bed:
No prince throughout the land an easier life e'er led.
There the adventurer sits, with spreading sleeves. Ha! ha!
The king of coxcombs he!

SÖLLER (*drinks.*)

I drink your health, papa!

HOST.

You drink my health, indeed! Enough to give me fever!

SOPHIA.

My father, pray be kind!

SÖLLER (*drinks*).

Soph, happy be forever!

SOPHIA.

Be happy! Ah, could I but see you two agree!

HOST.

Unless he changes much, that certainly can't be.
I've long indeed been sick of these disputes eternal;
But while he thus behaves, the nuisance is infernal.
He is a wicked man, cold, thankless to the last;
He sees not what he is, remembers not the past:
The poverty from which I saved him, he forgets,
And my munificence in paying all his debts.
Distress, repentance, time, no change in him have wrought:
The man who's once a scamp is always good for nought.

SOPHIA.

He'll surely change some day.

HOST.

He little hurry shows.

SOPHIA.

'Tis but the way of youth.

SÖLLER (*drinks*).

To all we love, here goes!

HOST.

In at one ear, forsooth, and at the other out.
He doesn't hear me. I a cipher am, no doubt.
I now for twenty years an honor'd life have led:
What I have saved, you hope to make your own instead,

And bit by bit consume? If this is what you're at,
 You're much mistaken, friend! 'Tis not so bad as that.
 Long has endured, and long will still last, my vocation :
 The host of the Black Bear is known throughout creation.
 No foolish Bear is he, his skin he looks to well :
 My house is painted now, I call it a hotel.
 Soon cavaliers will come, and gold will fall in showers :
 We none must idle be, or waste in drink our hours.
 To bed at twelve o'clock, up soon as it is day,
 That's it!

SÖLLER.

All this, just now, is pretty far away.
 May things go on as now, and never get less steady!
 Where are our many guests? The rooms above are ready.

HOST.

Few travel at this time : the house will fill up soon.
 Has Squire Alcestes not two rooms and the saloon?

SÖLLER.

That's nothing, yes : a right good customer is he ;
 Yet sixty minutes good in ev'ry hour there be,
 And Squire Alcestes knows why he is here.

HOST.

Knows why?

SÖLLER.

But, apropos, papa! To-day informed was I :
 A corps of brave young folks in Germany's preparing
 To help America, both gold and succor bearing.
 If they get men enough, and courage for the mission,
 Next spring, 'tis said, they'll start upon their expedition.

HOST.

Yes, oft I've heard them boast, as they a bottle share,
 What wonders they would do for my compatriots there ;
 Then freedom was the cry, vast valor they affected,
 But when the morning came their vows none recollected.

SÖLLER.

Ah, there are chaps enough, who're always gushing over :
 There's one not far from you who is an ardent lover ;

Would he romantic be, or aim at the sublime,
With head well placed in front, he'll scour the world in time

HOST.

If from our customers that one would take a hint,
'Twould be so nice, and he could write us, without stint,
Such letters! What a joke!

SÖLLER.

'Tis deuced far from here.

HOST.

What matters that? In time the letters would appear.
I'll go up-stairs at once, and with the map's assistance,
That's in the little room, I'll soon find out the distance.

SCENE II.

SOPHIA, SÖLLER.

SÖLLER.

One's pretty well off here, when one can read the papers.

SOPHIA.

Yes, let him have his way.

SÖLLER.

I'm calm, and have no vapors:
'Tis well for him, indeed! Was ever such a bully!

SOPHIA.

I pray you —

SÖLLER.

No! I needs must speak my mind out fully!
A year ago was I, as I can ne'er forget,
A trav'ler here by chance, head over ears in debt —

SOPHIA.

My dear, be not so cross!

SÖLLER.

Those thoughts will still molest me,
And yet Sophia found she didn't quite detest me.

SOPHIA.

You leave me ne'er in peace, reproaching night and day.

SÖLLER.

I don't reproach you, dear; 'tis but my little way.
A pretty woman ne'er can be by man held hateful,
Whatever may betide! You see I'm not ungrateful.
Sophia pretty is, and I am not of stone:
'Tis my delight that you now me as husband own.
I love you —

SOPHIA.

Yet you ne'er allow a moment's bliss.

SÖLLER.

There's nothing in it, love! But I can tell you this:
Alcestes loved you well, for you with love did burn;
You long have known him too, and loved him in return.

SOPHIA.

Ah!

SÖLLER.

No: don't be disturb'd. I see no evil there:
If we should plant a tree, it shoots up in the air;
And when it brings forth fruit, who happens to be by
Will eat it, and next year there's more. Sophia, I
Know you too well to feel the least annoyance after.
I find it laughable.

SOPHIA.

I see no cause for laughter.
"Alcestes loved me well, for me with love did burn;
I long have known him too, and loved him in return."
What's after that?

SÖLLER.

Why, nought! I never said, in truth,
That more remains behind. For in her early youth,

When first a maiden blooms, she loves in make-believe :
 A something stirs her heart, but what, she can't conceive.
 At forfeits she will kiss : she presently grows bigger ;
 The kiss still nicer is, impress'd with greater vigor.
 She knows not why she now her mother's blame incurs :
 'Tis virtue when she loves, she's guileless when she errs.
 And if experience comes her other gifts to swell,
 And makes a prudent wife, her husband likes it well.

SOPHIA.

You understand me not.

SÖLLER.

I only meant to quiz ;
 What drinking is to men, a kiss to maidens is :
 One glass, and then one more, till on the ground we sink
 If we would sober keep, the plan is — not to drink.
 Enough that you are mine ! — Is't not three years and more
 Since Squire Alcestes here was guest and friend before ?
 How long was he away ?

SOPHIA.

Three years, I think.

SÖLLER.

He's been a fortnight here this time —

And now

SOPHIA.

I know not what you mean. My love, I vow

SÖLLER.

'Tis only conversation :
 'Tween man and wife there is so little explanation.
 But wherefore is he here ?

SOPHIA.

For pleasure, I suppose.

SÖLLER.

Perchance his heart for you with love still overflows.
 If he still loves, would you still treat him as before ?

SOPHIA.

Love's capable of much, but duty is of more.
You think —

SÖLLER.

I nothing think ; and understand the saying :
A man's worth more than fops who live by fiddle-playing.
The sweetest tunes we hear in any shepherd's song
Are only tunes ; and tunes the palate cloy ere long.

SOPHIA.

'Tis well to talk of tunes. Does yours sound much more
gayly?
The state of discontent in which you live grows daily.
No moment in the day is from your teasing free :
If folks would be beloved, they lovable must be.
And were you quite the man, happy to make a maiden?
Why should I always be with your reproaches laden
For what is nothing? Yes, the house is near a crash :
You will not do a stroke, and only spend the cash.
You live from hand to mouth ; your debts are always many ;
And when your wife wants aught, she cannot get a penny,
And you won't take the pains to earn it for her. Yes :
Be a good man, would you a worthy wife possess.
Help her to pass her time, and what she needs, obtain ;
And as concerns the rest, you may in peace remain.

SÖLLER.

Speak to your father, then !

SOPHIA.

That's what I've done quite lately.
There's many a thing we want, and trade has suffer'd greatly.
I asked him yesterday to hand me something over :
"What," cried he, "you no cash, and Söller there in clo-
ver!"

He gave me nothing, swore, with much abuse behind it.
Now tell me, please, where you expect that I shall find it?
You're not a man who e'er would for his wife feel sorrow.

SÖLLER.

Oh, wait, dear child ! perchance I shall receive to-morrow
From a good friend —

SOPHIA.

Oh, yes! from one who is a ninny.
I often hear of friends prepared to lend their guinea;
But when we want gold, I never see that friend.
No, Söller, you must know that game is at an end!

SÖLLER.

You have what needful is —

SOPHIA.

I know what you are at;
But those who ne'er were poor need something more than that.
The gifts of Fortune oft to spoil us are inclined:
We have what needful is, yet fancy her unkind.
'The pleasure maidens love, and women too, — that joy
I neither hunger for, nor do I find it cloy.
Fine dresses, balls! Enough, I am a woman true.

SÖLLER.

Then go with me to-day. That's what I say to you.

SOPHIA.

That like the carnival our mode of life may be,
A revel for a time, that's ended suddenly.
I'd sooner sit alone whole years together here.
If you will nothing save, your wife must save, — that's clear.
Enough already is my father's indignation:
I calm his wrath, and am his only consolation.
No! with my money, sir, you shall not make so free:
A little save yourself, and something spend on me!

SÖLLER.

My child, for just this once allow me to be merry:
When comes the time for mass, we'll then be serious, — very.

A WAITER enters.

Squire Söller!

SÖLLER.

Well, what now?

WAITER.

Here s Herr von Tirinette !

SOPHIA. .

The gambler?

SÖLLER.

Send him off ! Could I his name forget !

WAITER.

See you he must, he says.

SOPHIA.

What can he want with you?

SÖLLER.

He's leaving nere — (*to the* WAITER) — I'll come !
 (*to* SOPHIA.) He wants to say adieu.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

SOPHIA (*alone*).

He comes to dun him ! Yes, his money's lost at play :
 He's ruining us all, and I must bear it ! Say,
 Is this where all thy joys, thy dreams of pleasure, are ?
 The wife of such a man ! Hast thou gone back so far ?
 Where is the vanished time, in which the youngsters sweet
 In troops were wont to pay their homage at thy feet ?
 When each one sought to read his fate within thine eyes ?
 In affluence I stood, a goddess from the skies.
 The servants of my whims all watchful round me pressed :
 It was enough to fill with vanity my breast.
 And, ah ! a maiden is in evil case, in truth.
 If she is pretty, she is ogled by each youth ;
 All day her head's confused by praises loud and strong :
 What maiden can withstand such fiery trial long ?
 Ye could so nobly act, one thinks your word enough,
 Ye men ! But all at once the Devil takes you off :
 When ye can taste by stealth, all join the feast instanter ;
 But if a girl's in love, ye vanish in a canter.

Thus gentlemen themselves in these hard times amuse,
 Some twenty disappear, and half a one then woos.
 I found myself at last not utterly passed o'er ;
 But chances fewer grow, when one is twenty-four.
 Then Söller came, and soon accepted was by me :
 He's an unworthy wretch, but still a man is he.
 Here sit I now, and might as well be in my grave.
 Admirers by the score I still, indeed, might have,
 But what would be the use? If haply they are silly,
 They would but breed ennui, and bore me, willy-nilly ;
 And dang'rous 'tis to love, suppose your friend is clever :
 He'll to your detriment his cleverness turn ever.
 When love was absent, I for no attentions cared, —
 And now, — Oh my poor heart ! wert thou for this prepared?
 Alcestes has returned. Ah, what new torment this !
 To see him formerly — ay, those were days of bliss.
 How loved I him ! — And yet — I know not what I will.
 I shun him timidly, he is reserved and still ;
 I am afraid of him ; my fear is fully grounded.
 Ah, knew he that my heart still throbs with love unbounded !
 He comes. I tremble now. My breast feels anguish new :
 I know not what I will, still less what I should do.

SCENE IV. — SOPHIA, ALCESTES.

ALCESTES (*dressed, but without hat and sword*).

Your pardon, ma'am, I pray, if I appear intrusive.

SOPHIA.

You're joking, sir : you know this room is not exclusive.

ALCESTES.

I feel that you no more to others me prefer.

SOPHIA.

I do not understand how that can hurt you, sir.

ALCESTES.

You do not, cruel one? Can I survive your ire?

SOPHIA.

Excuse me, if you please : I fear I must retire.

ALCESTES.

O where, Sophia, where? — You turn your face away,
Withdraw your hand? Have you no mem'ry left to-day?
Behold. Alcestes 'tis! A hearing he entreats.

SOPHIA.

Alas! how my poor heart with wild excitement beats

ALCESTES.

If you're Sophia, stay!

SOPHIA.

In mercy, spare me, spare me!

I must, I must away!

ALCESTES.

Sophia, can't you bear me?

O cruel one! Methought, She now is quite alone:
This is the very time to have some kindness shown.
I hoped that she could speak one friendly word to me.
But go now, go! 'Twas in this very room that she
The ardor of her love to me discovered first;
'Twas here that into flames our mutual passion burst.
Upon this very spot, — remember you no more? —
Eternal faith you pledged! —

SOPHIA.

O spare me, I implore!

ALCESTES.

I never can forget, — the evening was enchanting:
Your eyes spoke out, and I in ardor was not wanting.
Your lips against my lips you tremblingly did press, —
My heart still deeply feels that utter happiness.
Your only joy was then to see or think of me;
And now, for me not e'en one hour will you keep free.
You see me seek for you; you see how I am sad:
Go, false heart, go! you ne'er for me affection had.

SOPHIA.

You torture me, when now my heart enough oppressed is?
You dare to say that I have never loved Alcestes?

You were my one sole wish, my greatest joy were you ;
 For you my blood was stirred, for you my heart beat true ;
 And this good heart which I did then to you surrender,
 Must still remember you, can never be untender :
 I'm often troubled still with all this recollection :
 As fresh as it was then, remaineth my affection.

ALCESTES.

You angel ! Dearest heart ! (*He attempts to embrace her.*)

SOPHIA.

There's some one coming now.

ALCESTES.

What, not one single word ? I ne'er can this allow.
 Thus the whole day is spent. How wretched is my lot !
 I've been a fortnight here, to you have spoken not.
 I know you love me still, but this I painful find :
 We never are alone, we ne'er can speak our mind.
 Not for one moment e'er this room in peace abides :
 Sometimes your father 'tis, your husband then besides.
 I shall not stay here long : I can endure it never.
 All things are possible to those who will, however.
 Once you were always prompt, expedients to devise ;
 And jealousy was blind, though with a hundred eyes.
 And if you only —

SOPHIA.

What ?

ALCESTES.

Would bear in mind that ne'er
 Alcestes must by you be driven to despair.
 Beloved one, do not fail to seek a fitting spot
 For private converse, since this place affords it not.
 But hark ! this very night goes out your worthy spouse.
 'Tis thought I, too, shall join a carnival-carouse.
 The back-door to my stairs is quite adjacent, so
 No person in the house of my return will know.
 The keys are in my hands, and if you'll me receive —

SOPHIA.

Alcestes, I'm surprised —

ALCESTES.

And am I to believe
That you're no woman false? that still your heart is mine?
The only means that yet are left us, you decline?
Know you Alcestes not? And can you still delay
During the night one hour to while with him away?
Enough! Sophia, I to-night may visit you?
Or, if it safer seems, you'll come to me? Adieu!

SOPHIA.

This is too much!

ALCESTES.

Too much! A pretty way to speak!
The deuce! too much! too much! Am I week after week
To waste for nothing here?—Damnation! why remain
If you don't care? I'll go to-morrow off again.

SOPHIA.

Beloved one! Best one!

ALCESTES.

Ay, my grief you see and know,
And you remain unmoved! I'll hence forever go.

SCENE V.

THE ABOVE. THE HOST.

HOST.

A letter, sir, — from some great person, I opine.
The seal is very large: the paper, too, is fine.

(ALCESTES tears open the letter.)

HOST (*aside*).

What's in this letter, I should vastly like to know!

ALCESTES (*who has read the letter through hastily*).

To-morrow morning hence full early I must go.
The bill!

HOST.

To start off thus, at such a time of rain,
The letter must indeed important news contain.
May I perchance presume to ask your Honor why?

ALCESTES.

No!

HOST (*to SOPHIA*).

Ask him: he to you will certainly reply.

(*He goes to the table at the bottom of the stage, where he takes his books out of the drawer, sits down, and makes out the bill.*)

SOPHIA.

Alcestes, is it so?

ALCESTES.

Her coaxing face, just see!

SOPHIA.

Alcestes, I entreat, depart not thus from me!

ALCESTES.

Make up your mind at once to see me, then, to-night.

SOPHIA (*aside*).

What shall — what can I do! He must not leave my sight:
My only joy is he —

(*Aloud.*)

You see, I never can —

Remember, I'm a wife.

ALCESTES.

The Devil take the man!

You'll be a widow then! These passing hours employ:
Perchance they'll be the last, as well as first, of joy.
One word. At midnight, then, my love, I shall appear.

SOPHIA.

My father's chamber is to mine so very near.

ALCESTES.

Well, then, you'll come to me! Why this consideration?
The moments fly away 'midst all your hesitation.
Here, take the keys.

SOPHIA.

My key will open ev'ry door.

ALCESTES.

Then come, my darling child! Why trifle any more?
Now, will you?

SOPHIA.

Will I?

ALCESTES.

Well?

SOPHIA.

Yes, I will come to you.

ALCESTES (*to the* HOST).

Mine host, I shall not go.

HOST (*advancing*).

Good!

(*To* SOPHIA) Wherefore this ado?

SOPHIA.

Nought will he say.

HOST.

What, nought?

SCENE VI.

THE ABOVE. SÖLLER.

ALCESTES.

My hat!

SOPHIA.

There lies it! here!

ALCESTES.

Adieu, I must be off.

SÖLLER.

I wish you, sir, good cheer!

ALCESTES.

Fair madam, fare you well!

SOPHIA.

Farewell!

SÖLLER.

Your humble servant!

ALCESTES.

I first must go up-stairs.

SÖLLER (*aside*).

Each day he grows more fervent.

HOST (*taking a light*).

Allow me, sir.

ALCESTES (*taking it, politely out of his hand*).

Good host, indeed I can't consent!

(Exit.)

SOPHIA.

Well, Söller, you are off! How if I also went?

SÖLLER.

Aha! you now would fain —

SOPHIA.

No, go! I spoke in jest.

SÖLLER.

No, no! I understand this longing in your breast.
 If one a person sees who's going to a ball
 While one must go to bed, full hard 'tis after all.
 There'll be another soon.

SOPHIA.

O yes, to wait I'm able.
 Now, Söller, be discreet, and shun the gaming-table.
 (*To the Host, who has meanwhile been standing in deep thought.*)

And now, good-night, papa. I'm off to bed, you see.

HOST.

Good-night, Sophia dear.

SÖLLER.

Sleep well!
 (*Looking after her.*) Right fair is she!
 (*He runs after her, and kisses her again at the door.*)
 Sleep well, my lamb!
 (*To the Host.*) And you will also go to bed!

HOST.

A Devil's letter that! I'd like to hear it read!

(*To SÖLLER.*)
 Now, Carnival! Good-night!

SÖLLER.

Thanks! Calm be your repose!

HOST.

Good Söller, when you go, take care the door to close!

(*Exit*)

SÖLLER.

You needn't be alarmed!

SCENE VII.

SÖLLER (*alone*).

What song will now be sung?
 Oh that accursed play! I wish the rogue were hung!
 His figures were not fair, and I must bear it too!
 He storms and fumes away: I know not what to do.
 Suppose . . . Alcestes gold has got . . . and my false
 keys—
 I'm sure at my expense he fain himself would please.

I long have hated him ; around my wife he slinks ;
 And now, just for this once, I'll be his guest, methinks.
 But then, if it were known, there'd be the deuce to pay —
 I'm now in such distress, I know no other way.
 The gamester claims his gold, or threatens vengeance deep.
 Then, Söller, courage take ! The whole house is asleep.
 And if it be found out, they'll find me safely bedded :
 Thieves oft escape who are to handsome women wedded.
 (Exit.)

 ACT II.

Alcestes' Room.

The stage is divided in its whole length into parlor and alcove. On one side of the parlor stands a table, on which are papers and a strong box. At the bottom is a large door, and at the side a small one, opposite the alcove.

SCENE I.

SÖLLER (*in his domino, with a mask on his face, without shoes, a dark lantern in his hand, enters at the little door, and turns the light fearfully round the room: he then advances more boldly, takes off his mask, and speaks*).

One need not valiant be, in following one's calling :
 One through the world may go by cunning and by crawling.
 While one, to get a bag of gold, or p'rhaps his death,
 With pistols armed, will come and say with bated breath,
 " Give up your purse, and lose no time about it, pray,"
 As quietly as if he only said, Good-day.
 Another round you steals, and with his magic passes
 And sleight-of-hand your watch soon in his power, alas ! is ;
 And when you seek it, he says boldly to your face,
 " I'll steal it. Take good care ;" and that is soon the case.
 But Nature gave me ne'er endowments such as that :
 My heart too tender is, my fingers are too fat.
 Yet, not to be a rogue, is difficult indeed :
 Each day the cash grows less, each day the more we need.
 You now have made the leap : take care that you don't fall !
 Each person in the house believes I'm at the ball.

Alcestes at the fête is now ; my wife's alone :
Has constellation e'er a better aspect shown ?

(*Approaching the table.*)

Oh come thou holy one ! Thou god in this strong-box !
Without thee, e'en a king is scarcely orthodox.

Ye pick-locks, many thanks ! your merit is untold :

Through you I capture him, the mighty pick-lock, — Gold !

(*Whilst he is trying to open the strong-box.*)

An extra-clerk I once was in a court of justice :

I didn't stop there long, — so little people's trust is.

'Twas write, write, write, all day, with trouble still increas-
ing :

The prospects were not good, the drudgery unceasing ;

'Twas insupportable. A thief was caught one day :

False keys were on him found, and he was hanged straight-
way.

Tenacious of her rights is justice known to be :

A subaltern was I, the false keys fell to me.

I picked them up. A thing may seem for little fit,

But there may come a time when you'll be glad of it.

And now (*the lock springs open*).

O lovely coin ! I feel like one possessed.

(*He puts money in his pocket.*)

My pocket swells with cash, with rapture swells my breast —

Unless 'tis fright. But hark ! Ye coward limbs ! Pooh,
pooh !

Why tremble thus ? — Enough !

(*He looks into the strong-box again, and takes more money.*)

Once more ! Yes, that will do.

(*He closes it and starts.*)

Again ? There's something stirs ! This house was never
haunted —

The Devil 'tis, perchance ! His presence isn't wanted.

Is it a cat ? But no ! Tom-cats walk lighter, rather.

Be quick ! They're at the lock —

(*He springs into the alcove.*)

SCENE II.

The Host (entering at the side door with a wax candle).

SÖLLER.

SÖLLER.

The deuce ! It's my wife's father !

HOST.

'Tis folly to possess a nervous disposition :
 Half guilty only yet, my heart's in ebullition.
 Inquisitive I ne'er in all my life have been,
 But in that letter some great secret may be seen.
 The papers are so dull, they long have nothing told :
 The newest thing one hears is always one month old.
 And then, indeed, it is a most excessive bore,
 When each one says : " Oh, yes ! I've read your tale be-
 fore."

Were I a cavalier, a minister I'd be ;
 Then all the couriers needs must bring their news to me.
 This letter I can't find. Perchance he left it not :
 If so, confound it all ! There's nothing to be got.

SÖLLER (*aside*).

You good old fool ! I see the god of news and thieves
 Less worship gets from you than he from me receives.

HOST.

I cannot find it — Hah ! — Just hark ! What noise is that
 In the saloon ? —

SÖLLER.

Perchance he smells me !

HOST.

By the pat,

It is a woman's foot.

SÖLLER.

That hardly meets my case.

HOST (*blows out his candle, and lets it fall, whilst in his confu-
 sion he cannot unlock the little door.*)

This lock still bothers me.

(*Pushes open the door, and exit.*)

SCENE III. — SOPHIA, *entering at the bottom door with a light.*

SÖLLER.

SÖLLER (*aside, in the alcove*).

It is a woman's face !

Hell ! Devil ! 'Tis my wife ! What can this indicate ?

SOPHIA.

I quake at this bold step.

SÖLLER.

'Tis she, as sure as fate
A pretty rendezvous! But now suppose again
I showed myself! My neck would be in danger then.

SOPHIA.

Just follow in Love's wake! With friendly mien he first
Allures you on a while —

SÖLLER.

I feel that I shall burst.

But I dare not —

SOPHIA.

. . . But if you ever lose your way,
No *ignis-fatuus* e'en such cruel tricks will play.

SÖLLER.

A bog to you would prove less than this room a curse.

SOPHIA.

Matters have long gone ill, but now grow daily worse.
My husband gets quite wild. He always caused me
trouble;
But now so bad is he, I hate him nearly double.

SÖLLER.

You wretch!

SOPHIA.

He has my hand. Alcestes, as erewhile,
My heart possesses still.

SÖLLER.

Enchantment, poison vile,
Were not so bad!

SOPHIA.

This heart, which for him fiercely burned,
And which from him alone the art of love first learned —

SÖLLER.

The deuce!

SOPHIA.

. . . Was calm and cold, ere softened by Alcestes.

SÖLLER.

Ye husbands, hear the tale that now by her confessed is!

SOPHIA.

Alcestes loved me well.

SÖLLER.

That's over long ago.

SOPHIA.

And how I loved him too!

SÖLLER.

Mere child's play, as you know.

SOPHIA.

Fate parted us; and, ah! my sins to expiate,
I needs must wed a brute. — Oh what a dreadful fate!

SÖLLER.

A brute am I? — A brute? A brute with horns, too, now.

SOPHIA.

What see I?

SÖLLER.

Madam, what?

SOPHIA.

My father's candle! — How
Could it come here? — Suppose . . . If so, I needs must fly.
Perchance he's watching us! —

SÖLLER.

Your scourge, O conscience, ply!

SOPHIA.

Yet I can't understand how he could lose it here.

SÖLLER.

Fears she her father not, the Devil she won't fear.

SOPHIA.

Ah, no! all in the house in deepest slumber lie.

SÖLLER.

Ay, lust more potent is than fear of penalty.

SOPHIA.

My father is in bed. — How ever could it be?
Well, be it so!

SÖLLER.

Alas!

SOPHIA.

Alcestes, where is he?

SÖLLER.

Oh could I but —

SOPHIA.

My heart forebodes some coming evil:
I love and fear him too.

SÖLLER.

I fear him like the Devil,
And more too. If he came, I'd say: "Good king infernal,
If you will take them off, I'll owe you thanks eternal."

SOPHIA.

Thou art too honest, heart! What crime committest thou?
Thou vowedst to be true? Why care for such a vow?
True to that man to be, who has no single merit,
Who is so very coarse, false, foolish?

SÖLLER.

Thanks, I hear it!

SOPHIA.

If one may not detest such monsters for their pains,
I much prefer the land where Devil-worship reigns.
He is a devil!

SÖLLER.

What? A devil? Monster? Me!
I cannot bear it more.
(*He is about to spring out.*)

SCENE IV. — ALCESTES (*dressed with hat and sword, covered with a cloak, which he immediately takes off.*) THE ABOVE.

ALCESTES.

You're waiting then, I see.

SOPHIA.

Sophia came here first.

ALCESTES.

You fear?

SOPHIA.

I'm fainting nearly.

ALCESTES.

No, dearest, no?

SÖLLER.

How fond! Preliminaries merely.

SOPHIA.

You feel how much this heart has suffered for your sake,—
This heart you understand: forgive the step I take!

ALCESTES.

Sophia!

SOPHIA.

Ne'er shall I, if you forgive it, rue.

SÖLLER.

You'd better ask of me if I forgive it too.

SOPHIA.

What made me hither come? In truth, I scarce know why.

SÖLLER.

I know it but too well.

SOPHIA.

As one that dreams am I.

SÖLLER.

Would I were dreaming too!

SOPHIA.

A heart full of distress

I bring to you.

ALCESTES.

To tell one's trouble makes it less.

SOPHIA.

A sympathetic heart like yours I ne'er did see.

SÖLLER.

When you together yawn, you call that sympathy!
Delightful!

SOPHIA.

And when thus a perfect man I've found,
Why to your opposite am I forever bound?
I have a heart which ne'er to virtue said adieu.

ALCESTES.

I know it.

SÖLLER.

Yes, and I.

SOPHIA.

Though lovable are you,
One single word from me you never should have guessed,
Unless this hapless heart were hopelessly oppressed.

I day by day behold our house to ruin go.
 The life my husband leads! How can we go on so!
 I know he loves me not; my tears he never sees:
 And when my father storms, him too must I appease.
 Each morning with it brings fresh ground for provocation.

SÖLLER (*touched after a fashion*).

Poor woman! I confess there's cause for her vexation.

SOPHIA.

My husband has no wish to lead a proper life:
 In vain I talk; no man has such a yielding wife.
 He revels all the day, makes debts on ev'ry side:
 At once he plays, fights, sneaks, and quarrels far and wide.
 His only wit consists in folly and wild pranks,
 His only cleverness is that of mountebanks.
 He lies, traduces, cheats.

SÖLLER.

She's gath'ring now, I see,
 Materials to compose my fun'ral eulogy.

SOPHIA.

The torments I endure are quite enough to kill,
 Did I not know —

SÖLLER.

Speak out!

SOPHIA.

Alcestes loves me still.

ALCESTES.

He loves, complains like you.

SOPHIA.

It mitigates my pain,
 From one, at least, — from you, — compassion to obtain.
 Alcestes, by this hand, this dear hand, I entreat
 That you will ever keep your heart unchanged.

SÖLLER.

Her words are!

How sweet

SOPHIA.

For this heart, which save for you ne'er glowed,
No other comfort knows than that by you bestowed.

ALCESTÈS.

I know of nought that's fit to match your noble heart.
(*He takes SOPHIA in his arms and kisses her.*)

SÖLLER.

Alas! will no kind fate appear, to take my part?
My heart is full of woe.

SOPHIA.

My friend!

SÖLLER.

'Tis quite enough.
I'm altogether sick of friendship and such stuff.
And since it seems that they have nothing more to say,
I wish they'd kiss no more, and forthwith go their way!

SOPHIA.

Unkind one, let me go!

SÖLLER.

The deuce! What affectation!
"Unkind one, let me go!" that means capitulation.
"You ought to be ashamed!" the stale cry is of many,
As down the hill they fall. I wouldn't give a penny
Now for her virtue.

SOPHIA (*extricating herself*).

Friend, one final parting kiss,
And then farewell!

ALCESTES.

You go?

SOPHIA.

I go, for needful 'tis.

ALCESTES.

You love me, and you go?

SOPHIA.

I go, because I love.
 I soon should lose a friend, did I not quickly move.
 The course of one's laments to run at night prefers,
 In some sure spot, where nought to startle us occurs.
 We more confiding grow, when calmly we complain;
 But for our weaker sex, the risks increase amain.
 In over-confidence too many dangers lie:
 A sorrow-softened heart the mouth will not deny
 At such a happy time to friends for friendship's kisses.
 A friend is still a man —

SÖLLER.

She knows full well what this is.

SOPHIA.

Farewell, and be assured that I am still your lover.

SÖLLER.

Quite close above my head the storm is passing over.
(Exit SOPHIA. ALCESTES accompanies her through the middle door, which remains open. They are seen to stand together in the distance.)

For this once be content. I've small time for reflection:
 The moment 'tis to fly; I'm off in this direction.

(He quits the alcove, and hastens through the side door).

SCENE V.

ALCESTES *(returning)*.

What wouldest thou, my heart? Indeed, 'tis passing strange,
 How that dear creature has for thee endured no change!
 Thy early gratitude for those past hours so bright
 Of love's first happiness, has not departed quite.
 What have I purposed not! What feelings have been mine!
 Still uneffaced remains that image all divine,
 Where love, in glorious wise, its presence first avowed, —
 The image at whose shrine my heart with reverence bowed.
 How all is altered now! What change comes o'er our lives!
 Yet of that sacred glow a something still survives.
 If truly thou'lt confess what made thee hither come,
 The page will be turned o'er, thy love afresh will bloom.

And thy free-thinking ways, thy distant schemes, the shame
 By thee for her devised, the plan which thou didst frame, —
 How vile they now appear! Thou art distressed at last?
 Before thou snaredst her, she long had held thee fast!
 This is the lot of man! We hurry on apace,
 And he who thinks the most is in the saddest case.
 But now to urgent things: a plan must I invent
 Whereby to-morrow she may have some money lent.
 It is a cursed mischance: her fate my pity wakes.
 Her husband, that vile wretch, her life a burden makes.
 I've got here just enough. Let's think! — yes, it will do.
 Were I a stranger e'en, her hard lot I must rue.
 But, ah! this mournful thought my heart and mind op-
 presses —

My conduct far too much the cause of her distress is.
 I could not hinder it; to happen thus 'twas fated.
 What cannot now be changed, may be alleviated.

(He opens the strong-box.)

The Devil! What is this? My strong-box empty nearly?
 Of all the silver there, three-fourths have vanished clearly.
 I have the gold with me. The keys are in my pocket! —
 All since the afternoon! My room — who could unlock it?
 Sophia? Pshaw! But yes, — Sophia! Base suspicion!
 My servant? No! that's, too, a foolish supposition.
 He's fast asleep. Good man, his innocence I know.
 Who then? By Heaven, the thought impatient makes me
 grow.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The Inn Parlor.*

HOST.

(In a dressing-gown, sitting near the table, on which are a half-burnt candle, coffee-things, pipes and newspapers. After the first few verses he rises, and dresses himself during this scene and the beginning of the next.)

That letter, hang the thing! of sleep and rest it robs me.
 This comes from doing what I oughtn't, well I see.
 It seems impossible to make this matter out:
 When one is doing wrong, the Devil's there, no doubt.

'Twas my vocation ne'er, and therefore I'm afraid ;
 And yet of any host it never should be said
 He fears, when in the house strange noises he perceives.
 For ghosts, as is well known, are close allied with thieves.
 No man was in the house, not Söller nor Alcestes ;
 The waiter it was not ; each maiden gone to rest is.
 But stop ! At early dawn, perchance 'tween three and four,
 I heard a gentle noise : it was Sophia's door.
 She, maybe, was the ghost at whose approach I fled :
 It was a woman's foot, just like Sophia's tread.
 But then, what did she there ? One knows that women-kind
 To pulling things about and meddling are inclined :
 Guests' clothes and linen they inspect. I wish I first
 Had finely frightened her, then into laughter burst.
 She would have searched with me — the letter had been
 found :
 My efforts, now in vain, had with success been crowned.
 Curse it ! One ne'er can think when one is in a strait,
 And any plan that's good is thought of just too late !

SCENE II. — *The Host, SOPHIA.*

SOPHIA.

My father, only think ! —

HOST.

You do not say good-morrow ?

SOPHIA.

Oh, pardon me, papa ! my head is full of sorrow.

HOST.

And why ?

SOPHIA.

Alcestes' cash, which he received so lately,
 Has altogether gone.

HOST.

That comes from gambling greatly.
 They can't restrain themselves.

SOPHIA.

Not so: 'tis stolen!

HOST.

What?

SOPHIA.

Yes, stolen from his room!

HOST.

I wish the thief were shot!

Who is it? Quick!

SOPHIA.

Who knows?

HOST.

What! In this house, you say?

SOPHIA.

Out of the box which on his table stands all day.

HOST.

And when?

SOPHIA.

This night!

HOST (*aside*).

Since I so curious was, the scandal
Will surely fall on me, for they will find my candle.

SOPHIA (*aside*).

He mutters, looks confused. Can he the culprit be?
That he was in the room, his candle proves to me.

HOST (*aside*).

Can she have taken it? The notion makes me swear:
Cash yesterday ran short, and she to-night was there.

(*Aloud.*)

This is a dreadful mess. Who injures us take heed!
Respectable and cheap our watchwords are indeed.

SOPHIA.

Though he may bear the loss, 'tis we who'll suffer most :
The public will be sure to lay it to the host.

HOST.

I know that but too well. A dreadful mess, no doubt.
If 'tis a house-thief, who will find the rascal out?
Much trouble it will give.

SOPHIA.

What shall we do? Good luck!

HOST (*aside*).

Aha, she's much disturbed!

(*Aloud, in a more peevish tone.*)

I wish he had it back!

Right glad were I.

SOPHIA (*aside*).

He now repents, 'tis my belief.

(*Aloud.*)

And if it were restored, whoever was the thief,
He need not know, and soon 'twill from his memory pass.

HOST (*aside*).

If she is not the thief then write me down an ass.

(*Aloud.*)

A good child you have been. My confidence in you —
Just wait! (*He goes to the door to see.*)

SOPHIA (*aside*).

By Heaven! he means to make confession true!

HOST.

My child, I know you well. A lie you never told —

SOPHIA.

Sooner from all the world than you I'd aught withhold;
And so I hope that now you'll also be assured —

HOST.

You are my child: what can't be cured must be endured.

SOPHIA.

The best of hearts sometimes is subject to temptation.

HOST.

Oh let the past no more occasion us vexation!
That you were in the room, no mortal knows but I.

SOPHIA (*startled*).

You know?—

HOST.

Yes, I was there. I heard you passing by.
I knew not who it was, and started off full speed.

SOPHIA (*aside*).

Yes, he the money has. There's now no doubt indeed.

HOST.

This morning heard I you, I lately recollected.

SOPHIA.

And, what is best of all, you will not be suspected:
I found the candle—

HOST.

You?

SOPHIA.

Yes, I!

HOST.

'Tis passing strange!
To give it back again, how can we best arrange?

SOPHIA.

You'll say, "Alcestes, sir, do spare my house, I pray!
Behold your money, I have found the thief to-day.
You know yourself how great we find temptation's force:
He scarcely had the cash, when vast was his remorse.
He came and gave it me. Here 'tis! Let him be pardoned
For his offence!" — I'm sure Alcestes' heart's not
hardened.

THE FELLOW-CULPRITS.

HOST.

You certainly can use persuasion soft as honey.

SOPHIA.

Yes, that's the proper way.

HOST.

I first must have the money.

SOPHIA.

You have it not?

HOST.

How I should have it, I can't see.

SOPHIA.

How have it?

HOST.

Yes! Well, how? Unless you give it me.

SOPHIA.

Who has it?

HOST.

Who?

SOPHIA.

Of course, if 'tis not you?

HOST.

Absurd.

SOPHIA.

Where have you put it?

HOST.

I can't understand a word.

You haven't got it?

SOPHIA.

I?

HOST.

Yes!

SOPHIA.

How could that be so? .

HOST (*making signs as if he were stealing*).

Eh!

SOPHIA.

I can't understand!

HOST.

Quite shameless, child, you grow.
 You slip away when comes the time for restitution.
 You have confess'd. For shame on such irresolution!

SOPHIA.

This is too much! You now make this vile accusation.
 Just now you said that you gave way to the temptation.

HOST.

You toad! I said so? When? Is this the way you love
 me,
 And show me due respect? A thief you try to prove me,
 When you're the thief yourself!

SOPHIA.

My father!

HOST.

Yet you were

This morning in the room?

SOPHIA.

Yes!

HOST.

Yet you still can dare

To say you've not the cash?

SOPHIA.

That does not follow.

HOST.

Yes!

SOPHIA.

You, too, were there to-day —

HOST.

I'll pull your hair, unless
You hold your tongue and go!

(Exit SOPHIA, crying.)

You take the joke too far,
Unworthy one! — She's gone! Too impudent you are.
Perchance she thinks that lies will make him overlook it.
Enough, the money's gone, and she's the one who took it.

SCENE III.

ALCESTES (*in deep thought, in a frock-coat*). The Host.

HOST (*in an embarrassed and entreating tone*).

Right sorrowful am I at what I've lately heard.
Well understand I, sir, how you by wrath are stirr'd;
And yet I beg that you will nothing say about it,
And I will do what's right. I pray you do not doubt it.
If in the town 'tis known, 'twill fill my foes with glee,
And their maliciousness will throw the guilt on me.
It was no stranger, sir. The culprit is indoors.
Be calm, and soon again the money shall be yours.
Pray, what was the amount?

ALCESTES.

A hundred dollars!

HOST.

What!

ALCESTES.

A hundred dollars, though —

HOST.

Contemptible are not!

ALCESTES.

Yet I am quite disposed my pardon to bestow,
 Could I the culprit's name, and how he did it, know.

HOST.

Had I the money back, I ne'er would ask, I vow,
 If Michael or if Jack had taken it, or how.

ALCESTES (*aside*).

My old attendant? No, he cannot be the thief.
 And from my chamber too — It passes all belief.

HOST.

Why rack your brains like this? The trouble is in vain.
 Enough, I'll find the cash!

ALCESTES.

My cash?

HOST.

I ask again

That none may know of it! We long have known each
 other:
 Enough, I'll find your cash, so give yourself no bother!

ALCESTES.

You know then? —

HOST.

H'm! The cash you soon shall have, however.

ALCESTES.

But only tell me this —

HOST.

Not for the world, no, never!

ALCESTES.

Just tell me who it was.

THE FELLOW-CULPRITS.

HOST.

I say, I dare not say.

ALCESTES.

'Twas some one in the house?

HOST.

Don't ask me that, I pray!

ALCESTES.

Was it the servant girl?

HOST.

Good Hannah? No, not she.

ALCESTES.

The waiter 'twas, perchance?

HOST.

No, neither was it he.

ALCESTES.

The cook's a skilful hand —

HOST.

At dishing up a dinner.

ALCESTES.

The scullion Jack?

HOST.

He ne'er would be so great a sinner.

ALCESTES.

The gard'ner it might be?

HOST.

No, wrong again, I guess.

ALCESTES.

The gard'ner's son?

HOST.

No, no!

ALCESTES.

Perchance —

HOST.

The house-dog? — Yes!

ALCESTES (*aside*)

Just wait a bit, old fool! I'll catch you by and by,

(Aloud.)

Whoever was the thief, it doesn't signify,

If I my money get. *(He pretends to be leaving.)*

HOST.

True!

ALCESTES (*as if a sudden thought struck him*).

Host, I see by chance, sir,

My inkstand's empty. I this letter straight must answer.

HOST.

What! Yesterday it came: to answer it to-day,
Shows that it weighty is.

ALCESTES.

I ought not to delay.

HOST.

It is a charming thing to have to correspond.

ALCESTES.

It is not always so. The time one loses on't
Is worth more than the game.

HOST.

'Tis like a game of cards :
A single trump turns up, and past ill-luck rewards.
The letter yesterday important news, however,
Contains. Might I inquire —

ALCESTES.

Not for the world, no, never

HOST.

Nought from America?

ALCESTES.

I say, I dare not say

HOST.

Is Frederick ill again?

ALCESTES.

Don't ask me that, I pray!

HOST.

Are matters changed in Hesse? are people going?

ALCESTES.

No!

HOST.

Perchance the Emperor —

ALCESTES.

Yes, that may well be so.

HOST.

Things in the North go wrong?

ALCESTES.

I cannot swear to that.

HOST.

They secretly conspire?

ALCESTES.

Oh! people love to chat.

HOST.

There's no disaster, though?

ALCESTES.

Bravo! You soon will guess.

HOST.

Perchance in the late frost —

ALCESTES.

The hares were frozen? — Yes!

HOST.

You don't appear to place much confidence in me.

ALCESTES.

When folks mistrustful are, we trust them not, you see.

HOST.

What mark of confidence will suit your purpose better?

ALCESTES.

Well, tell me who's the thief: you then shall read my letter.
Right good the bargain is, which I to you now offer.
Will you the letter have?

HOST (*confused and eagerly.*)

I must accept your proffer!

(*Aside.*)

Would it were something else, which he from me would
learn!

ALCESTES.

You see that one good turn deserves another turn.
That I'll the secret keep, I by my honor swear.

HOST (*aside*).

Would that this letter now less appetizing were!
But if Sophia — she should see my tribulation!
No mortal could resist such wonderful temptation.
To master its contents, I all impatience am.

ALCESTES (*aside*).

No greyhound ever rushed so wildly at a ham.

HOST (*ashamed, giving way, and still hesitating*).

Well, as you wish it, sir, your great civility —

ALCESTES (*aside*).

He's biting now —

HOST.

Demands like confidence from me.
(*Doubtfully and half entreatingly.*)
You'll let me see at once the letter, sir, because —

ALCESTES (*holding out the letter.*)

This moment!

HOST (*slowly approaching ALCESTES with his eyes fixed on the letter*).

Well, the thief —

ALCESTES.

The thief!

HOST.

Who stole it, was —

ALCESTES.

Well, out with it!

HOST.

Was my —

ALCESTES.

Well!

HOST (*in a resolute tone, whilst he comes up to ALCESTES, and tears the letter from his hand*).

Was my daughter!

ALCESTES (*astonished*).

What?

HOST (*comes forward, tears the cover to pieces in his eagerness to open the letter, and begins to read*).

“Right honorable sir!”

ALCESTES (*taking him by the shoulder*).

’Twas she? You’re telling not

The truth.

HOST (*impatiently*).

Yes, it was she! And much distressed am I.
(*He reads.*)

“And also” —

ALCESTES (*as above*).

No, good host! Sophia! ’Tis a lie!

HOST (*tears himself loose, and continues without answering him*).

“My much respected” —

ALCESTES (*as above*).

What! The guilty one was she?

I’m quite confounded.

HOST.

“Sir” —

ALCESTES (*as above*).

Now, pray just answer me!

How came it all about?

HOST.

You by and by shall hear.

ALCESTES.

Is it quite sure?

HOST.

Quite sure!

ALCESTES (*to himself, as he goes out*).

Methinks my course is clear.

SCENE IV.

HOST (*reads and speaks between whites*).

“ And patron ” — Has he gone? — “ The very friendly way
In which you view my faults, induces me to-day
Once more to trouble you ” — What faults would he confess?

“ I feel assured, kind sir, you'll share my happiness.”
That's good! — “ To-day kind Heaven another joy has
brought,
And you're the first of whom my thankful heart has
thought.

My dear wife is confined of her sixth son ” — With rage
I'm fit to die! — “ The boy appeared upon the stage
Quite early.” — Hang or drown the brat! the vile invention.

“ And I make bold to ask if, in your condescension ” —
I feel about to choke! To suffer such a blow,
Just when I'm getting old! I will not bear it, no!
Just wait a bit! Your due reward shall you receive:
Alcestes, you shall see! My house you straight shall leave.
So good a friend as me thus shamefully to treat!
I'd fain inflict on him a retribution meet.

But then my daughter! Oh! in such a scrape to get her!
And I've betrayed her for a mere godfather's letter!

(*He seizes hold of his wig.*)

Oh donkey that I am! I'm in my dotage now!
Oh letter, cash, and trick! I'll kill myself, I vow!
With what shall I begin? How punish such vile tricks?

(*He grasps a stick, and runs round the stage.*)

If any one comes near, I'll thrash him into snicks.
If I but had them here who planned the thing so wisely,
By all the powers that be, I'd currycomb them nicely!

I'll die unless I can — I'd give a sight of cash
 To see the servant now a glass or bottle smash!
 I shall devour myself. — Revenge, revenge for me!
 (*He attacks his arm-chair and thrashes it.*)

Ha! Thou art dusty? Come! I'll take it out of thee!

SCENE V.

The Host continuing to strike. SÖLLER enters and is frightened. He is in his domino, with his mask bound to his arm, and is half intoxicated.

SÖLLER.

What's this? Why, is he mad? Methinks I'd best be
 mute!

I shouldn't care to be that arm-chair's substitute!

Some evil spirit has the old man seized to-day:

'Twere better I were off. It isn't safe to stay.

HOST (*without seeing SÖLLER*).

I can no more! Alas! how ache both back and arm!

(*He throws himself into the arm-chair*).

My body's in a sweat.

SÖLLER (*aside*).

Yes, motion makes us warm.

(*He shows himself to the Host.*)

Good father!

HOST.

Oh the brute! The night in revels spends he:

I vex myself to death, and de'il a bit attends he.

The Shrovetide fool his cash at play and dancing loses,

And laughs, while holding here his carnival the dence is!

SÖLLER.

In such a rage!

HOST.

Just wait! No longer will I call so.

SÖLLER.

What now?

HOST.

Alcestes! Child! Shall I inform him also?

SÖLLER.

No! no!

HOST.

If you were hanged, 'twould be for me much better;
And that Alcestes, too, with his confounded letter.

(Exit.)

SCENE VI.

SÖLLER (*the very picture of terror*).

What's this? Alas! Perchance, ere many minutes flee —
Take good care of your skull! Your back will cudgelled be.
P'raps all has been found out. I'm in a burning fever,
So dreadful is my fright. Why, Doctor Faustus never
Was in so bad a case, or Richard Crook-back e'en!
Hell here, the gallows there, the cuckold in between!
(He runs about like a madman, and finally recovers himself.)
One's never happy made by stolen goods, you know.
Go, coward, scoundrel, go! Why are you frightened so?
Perchance 'tis not so bad. I'll soon know how I'll fare.

(He sees ALCESTES and runs away.)

Alas! 'tis he! 'tis he! He'll seize me by the hair!

SCENE VII.

ALCESTES (*fully dressed, with hat and sword*).

How fearful is the blow by which my heart oppressed is!
That wondrous creature whom the fancy of Alcestes
So tenderly the shrine of ev'ry virtue thought,
Who him the highest grade of fairest love first taught,
In whom god, maiden, friend, in one were all so blended,
And now so much abased! That vision now is ended.
'Tis well p'raps to descend a height so superhuman:
Like other women now, she's nothing but a woman;

But then, so deep! so deep! That drives me into madness.
 My contumacious heart yearns after her with sadness.
 How mean? Canst thou not turn to good account the change?
 Seize on the proffer'd bliss that comes in form so strange!
 A matchless woman, whom you love so very dearly,
 Needs cash. Alcestes, quick! The pence you give her,
 clearly
 Would turn to pounds. But now, the cash herself she
 takes, —
 'Tis well! If she once more parade of virtue makes,
 Go! pluck your courage up, and speak thus in cold blood:
 “ You, madam, have perchance the money taken? Good!
 I'm heartily rejoiced. Let no reserve be shown
 In such a small affair, but treat mine as your own.”
 A confidential tone, as though 'tween man and wife, —
 And virtue's self, if you enact it to the life,
 Won't be alarmed, but e'en to yield will soon incline.
 She comes! You are confused? 'Tis an unhappy sign!
 You guilty deem yourself; you cheat me in addition;
 Your heart is ill-disposed, but weak's your disposition.¹

SCENE VIII.

ALCESTES, SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

Alcestes, what means this? My sight you seem to shun —
 Has solitude for you such vast attractions won?

ALCESTES.

I know not what it is impels me at this season:
 We oft soliloquize without a special reason.

SOPHIA.

Your loss indeed is great, and well may cause vexation.

¹ In the later editions, the following five lines take the place of the nine concluding lines of this scene:—

“ You find yourself in need of ready money? Good!
 No secret of it make! Let no reserve be shown
 In taking what is mine, but treat it as your own.”—
 She comes! All my false calm at once has flown away.
 You think she took the cash, and yet would say her nay.

ALCESTES.

It nothing signifies : I feel no irritation.
 To lose a little cash small self-restraint demands :
 Who knows but that it may have fallen in good hands?

SOPHIA.

No loss will your kind heart allow on us to fall.

ALCESTES.

A little openness this pain had saved us all.

SOPHIA.

How must I take this?

ALCESTES (*smiling*).

What?

SOPHIA.

What can your meaning be?

ALCESTES.

Sophia, me you know ! Have confidence in me !
 The money's gone, and where 'tis lying, let it lie !
 I should have held my tongue, if sooner known had I
 That thus the matter stands —

SOPHIA (*astonished*).

You know, then, all about it?

ALCESTES (*with tenderness ; he seizes her hand and kisses it.*)
 Your father ! Yes, I know : my dearest, do not doubt it !

SOPHIA (*surprised and ashamed*).

And you forgive?

ALCESTES.

A joke, who'd deem it as a crime?

SOPHIA.

Methinks —

ALCESTES.

Pray suffer me to speak my mind this time.
 Alcestes' heart towards you with love's still running over.
 Fate severed you from me, and yet I am your lover ;
 Your heart is ever mine, as mine unchanged you find ;
 My money's yours as though by law assigned ;
 You have an equal right to all that I possess :
 Take what you will, if with your love you me will bless.

(He embraces her, and she is silent.)

Command whate'er you want ! I'm quite prepared to grant it.

SOPHIA *(haughtily, whilst she tears herself away from him)*.

I prize your money, sir ! Indeed, I do not want it.
 I scarcely understand a tone so strange and fervent.
 Ha ? You mistake me —

ALCESTES *(piqued)*.

Oh ! your most obedient servant
 Knows you indeed too well ; and what he wants, he knows,
 And sees not why your wrath thus suddenly o'erflows.
 When one so far goes wrong —

SOPHIA *(astonished)*.

Goes wrong ? Pray, in what sense ?

ALCESTES.

Madam !

SOPHIA *(angrily)*.

What mean you, sir ?

ALCESTES.

Forgive my diffidence :
 I love you far too much to think of telling it.

SOPHIA *(with indignation)*.

Alcestes !

ALCESTES.

Well, then, ask papa, if you think fit ?
 He knows, so seems it —

SOPHIA (*with an outbreak of vehemence as above*).

I am not joking, sir!
What? Give me an answer true!

ALCESTES.

He says that it was you —

SOPHIA (*as above*).

Well, what?

ALCESTES.

That it was you, — by whom the cash was taken.

SOPHIA (*with anger and tears, while she turns away*).

He dares? O God! By shame so utterly forsaken!

ALCESTES (*entreatingly*).

Sophia!

SOPHIA (*turned away from him*).

You're not worth —

ALCESTES (*as above*).

Sophia!

SOPHIA.

Leave the place!

ALCESTES.

Pray pardon me!

SOPHIA.

Away! Forgive such conduct base?

My father scruples not to rob me of my honor!

O poor Sophia! Thus Alcestes looks upon her?

Sooner than tell the truth, my life I'd forfeit rather —

But now it must come out! — The robber was — my father!

(*Exit hastily.*)

SCENE IX.

ALCESTES. *Afterwards* SÖLLER.

ALCESTES.

Would I could make it out! Here is a pretty mess!
Only the Devil now this riddle strange can guess?

Two persons who the best of characters have had,
 Accuse each other! — 'Tis enough to drive one mad.
 No story such as this has ever reached my ears,
 And yet I've known them both for many, many years.
 This is a case where thought no proper clew reveals:
 The more one meditates, the greater fool one feels.
 Sophia! the old man! Could either of them thief?
 Had Söller been accused, that well could I believe:
 On him could but one spark of mere suspicion fall!
 But he the livelong night, I know, was at the ball.

SÖLLER (*in his usual dress and rather intoxicated*).

There sits the Devil's imp, after his night-long revel!
 Could I but seize your neck, I'd scrag you, master Devil!

ALCESTES (*aside*).

He comes as if bespoke!

(*Aloud.*) Well, Söller, what's the news?

SÖLLER.

The noise the music made has given me the blues.

(*He rubs his forehead.*)

My headache's dreadful.

ALCESTES.

You were at the ball: were many

Ladies there too?

SÖLLER.

About as usual! When there's any

Bacon, the mice will seek the trap.

ALCESTES.

Was't merry?

SÖLLER.

Quite!

ALCESTES.

You danced?

SÖLLER.

I but looked on.

(*Aside.*) At your fine dance last night!

ALCESTES.

What! Söller did not dance? Why, how came that about?

SÖLLER.

I went there with the full intention, there's no doubt.

ALCESTES.

And yet you didn't?

SÖLLER.

No! My headache was so bad.
And so, for dancing not, a good excuse I had.

ALCESTES.

Indeed!

SÖLLER.

And what was worse, I found out to my cost,
The more I heard and saw, I sight and hearing lost.

ALCESTES.

So bad? I'm sorry for't! 'Twas quite a sudden fit?

SÖLLER.

Oh, no! since you first came I've twinges had of it,
And longer.

ALCESTES.

That is strange!

SÖLLER.

No remedy I know.

ALCESTES.

Your head with warm cloths rub: 'twill put you in a glow,
And p'raps you'll then be cured.

SÖLLER (*aside*).

You're chaffing me, my friend?
(*Aloud.*) 'Tis not such easy work.

ALCESTES.

'Twill answer in the end.
 And yet you're rightly served. I'll one suggestion make :
 You ne'er by any chance your poor wife with you take,
 When to a ball you go. Small wisdom, sir, is shown,
 In leaving a young wife in her cold bed alone.

SÖLLER.

She likes to stop at home, and let me masquerade :
 Well knows she how to warm herself, without my aid.

ALCESTES.

That's funny !

SÖLLER.

Yes ! When one is fond of dainty food,
 One doesn't need a hint to scent out what is good.

ALCESTES (*piqued*).

Why all this hyperbole ?

SÖLLER.

My meaning's plain I think :
Exempli gratiâ, I vastly like to drink
 Father's old wine : but he my taste for it deplores, —
 He spares his own ; and so I drink it out of deors.

ALCESTES (*with resentment*).

You'd best be careful, sir ! —

SÖLLER.

Most noble squire of ladies,
 She's now my wife : to that, by you no def'rence paid is.
 Her husband maybe deems she's something in addition.

ALCESTES (*with suppressed anger*).

Fine husband ! I defy the slightest admonition ;
 And if you should presume a single word to say —

SÖLLER (*frightened. Aside*).

How fine! The end will be, that I must ask him, Pray
How virtuous is she?

(*Aloud.*) My hearth is still my hearth,
Despite strange cooks!

ALCESTES.

•Beside your wife, how small your worth?
So virtuous and fair! A soul of purity!
What matchless dower she brought! A very angel she!

SÖLLER.

Her blood, too, as I've found, has much expansive power:
Head-ornaments for me were also in her dower.
For such a wife was I predestinated found,
And e'en before my birth was as a cuckold crowned.

ALCESTES (*breaking out*).

Now, Söller!

SÖLLER (*impertinently*).

Well, what now?

ALCESTES (*restraining himself*).

I tell you, hold your peace!

SÖLLER.

I'd like to see the man who'd make my talking cease!

ALCESTES.

If place allowed, you'd get a proper castigation!

SÖLLER (*half aloud*).

He'd fight a duel for my wife's good reputation!

ALCESTES.

Indeed!

SÖLLER (*as before*).

No mortal knows so well, how lies the land.

ALCESTES.

The deuce!

SÖLLER.

Alcestes, we perceive how matters stand.
 Now wait! just wait a bit! The subject we'll pursue;
 And we shall understand how gentlemen like you
 The corn-fields for themselves will reap, yes, ev'ry one,
 And for the husbands leave the gleanings, when they've
 done.

ALCESTES.

I wonder much that you should be so bold, sir, knowing—

SÖLLER.

Full often-times my eyes with tears are overflowing:
 Each day I feel as though I'm sniffing onions.

ALCESTES (*angrily and resolutely*).

How?

You go too far! Speak out! Explain your meaning now!
 Your tongue to loosen I shall be compelled, I ween.

SÖLLER (*boldly*).

I have a right, methinks, to know what I have seen.

ALCESTES.

Seen? What does seeing mean?

SÖLLER.

It means, what we discover
 When we both see and hear.

ALCESTES.

Ha!

SÖLLER.

Why with wrath boi'

ALCESTES (*with the most determined anger*)

What have you heard? What seen? Reply with passions—

SÖLLER (*frightened, trying to go away*).

Allow me, my good sir!

ALCESTES (*holding him back*).

Where go you?

SÖLLER.

Right away!

ALCESTES.

You shall not leave this spot!

SÖLLER (*aside*).

I would the man were dead!

ALCESTES.

What have you heard?

SÖLLER.

I? Nought! 'Twas only what they said!

ALCESTES (*with angry impetuosity*).

Who was the man?

SÖLLER.

The man? A man —

ALCESTES (*more violently, and attacking him*).

Be quick! Begin!

SÖLLER (*in anguish*).

Who saw it with his eyes.

(*More boldly*.) I'll call the servants in!

ALCESTES (*seizing him by the neck*).

Who was it?

SÖLLER (*trying to tear himself loose*).

What? The deuce!

ALCESTES (*holding him more firmly*).

No more my temper try!

(*Drawing his sword.*)

Who is the wicked wretch? the rogue? the liar?

SÖLLER (*falling on his knees in his terror*).

I!

ALCESTES (*threateningly*).

What did you see?

SÖLLER (*timidly*).

I saw what proves that we're but human:
You, sir, are but a man; Sophia is a woman.

ALCESTES (*as above*).

And then?

SÖLLER.

Precisely what we see in each direction,
When men and women have reciprocal affection.

ALCESTES.

And that's? —

SÖLLER.

I should have thought you'd know by intuition.

ALCESTES.

Well?

SÖLLER.

Surely you'll not dare to scout the supposition.

ALCESTES.

Indeed! More plainly speak!

SÖLLER.

Release me! Oh, pray do!

ALCESTES (*still as above*).

It's called? The Devil!

SÖLLER.

Well, it's called a rendezvous

ALCESTES (*startled*).

You lie!

SÖLLER (*aside*).

He's frightened now.

ALCESTES (*aside*).How could he know it e'er?
(*He sheathes his sword.*)SÖLLER (*aside*).

Take courage!

ALCESTES (*aside*).Who betrayed that we together were?
(*Recovering himself.*)

What mean you by your words?

SÖLLER (*insolently*).We'll now make all things pleasant.
The comedy last night! I happened to be present.ALCESTES (*astonished*).

Where?

SÖLLER.

In the closet.

ALCESTES.

Oh! you thus were at your ball!

SÖLLER.

And you were at your feast! Without one drop of gall,
Two words: though secret plans you gentry may pursue,
Be sure that by and by they'll be exposed to view.

ALCESTES.

Its clear that you're the thief. I'd sooner have a raven
Or jackdaw in my house, than such a wicked craven
As you! For shame, bad man!

SÖLLER.

I'm bad, I must confess ;
 But then you gentlemen are always right, I guess !
 Our property you think to handle at your pleasure :
 No laws you keep, but deal to us another measure.
 The principle's the same : some woman love, some gold.
 If you would hang us, let your passions be controlled !

ALCESTES.

You're very impudent -

SÖLLER.

I'm impudent, no doubt :
 In truth, it is no joke with horns to go about.
 In short, we mustn't make the thing a cause of strife :
 'Twas I who took your cash, and you who took my wife.

ALCESTES (*threateningly*).

What took I?

SÖLLER.

Nothing, sir ! It long had been your own,
 Before 'twas mine.

ALCESTES.

If -

SÖLLER.

I must leave the thing alone.

ALCESTES.

The gallows for the thief !

SÖLLER.

Is it unknown to you
 That stringent laws provide for other people too ?

ALCESTES.

Söller !

SÖLLER (*makes a sign of heheading*).

Yes : there's the axe, if you indulge your passions -

ALCESTES.

Are you an expert, then, and understand the fashions?
You'll certainly be hanged, or flogged in any case.

SÖLLER (*pointing to his forehead*).

I'm branded as it is.

SCENE X. — *The above.*

The HOST, SOPHIA.

SOPHIA (*at the bottom of the stage*).

His accusations base

My father still maintains.

HOST (*at the bottom of the stage*).

My daughter still won't yield.

SOPHIA.

There is Alcestes!

HOST (*seeing ALCESTES*).

Ha!

SOPHIA.

The truth will be revealed.

HOST (*to ALCESTES*).

She is the thief, good sir!

SOPHIA (*on the other side*).

The thief, sir, there you see!

ALCESTES (*looks at them both laughingly, and then says in the same tone as they, pointing to SÖLLER*).

He is the thief!

SÖLLER (*aside*).

Alas for my poor skin!

SOPHIA.

He?

HOST.

He?

ALCESTES.

You are both innocent: 'tis he!

HOST.

I'd run a nail

With pleasure through his head!

SOPHIA.

You?

SÖLLER (*aside*).

Thunderbolts and hail!

HOST.

I'd like —

ALCESTES.

Be patient, sir: your wrath is ill-directed.
Although she guiltless was, Sophia was suspected.
She came to visit me. The step was bold, 'tis true;
Yet for her virtue I —

(to SÖLLER).

But you were present too!

(SOPHIA *is astonished*.)

To us was this unknown: propitious was the night,
Her virtue —

SÖLLER.

There it was I had a pretty fright.

ALCESTES (*to the HOST*).

But you?

HOST.

Sir, I was there from curiosity;
That cursèd letter I so anxious was to see.
I wonder, sir, that you such conduct manifested!
That fine godfather's trick I have not yet digested.

ALCESTES.

Excuse the jest! And you, Sophia, faithful wife—
Will surely pardon me?

SOPHIA.

Alcestes!

ALCESTES.

Ne'er in life
Your virtue will I doubt. Forgive that rendezvous!
As virtuous as good—

SÖLLER.

I half believe it too!

ALCESTES (*to SOPHIA*)

And also you'll forgive our Söller?

SOPHIA.

Willingly!

(She gives him her hand.)

There!

ALCESTES (*to the HOST*).*Allons!*HOST (*gives SÖLLER his hand*).

Steal no more!

SÖLLER.

What's distant, time brings nigh!

ALCESTES.

But where's my money now?

SÖLLER.

I took it in my trouble:
That gamester plagued me till he nearly bent me double.
I knew not what to do; I stole, and paid the debt:
And now I'll give you back the dollars left me yet.

ALCESTES.

I'll give you what is spent.

SÖLLER.

Now all has come out right.

ALCESTES.

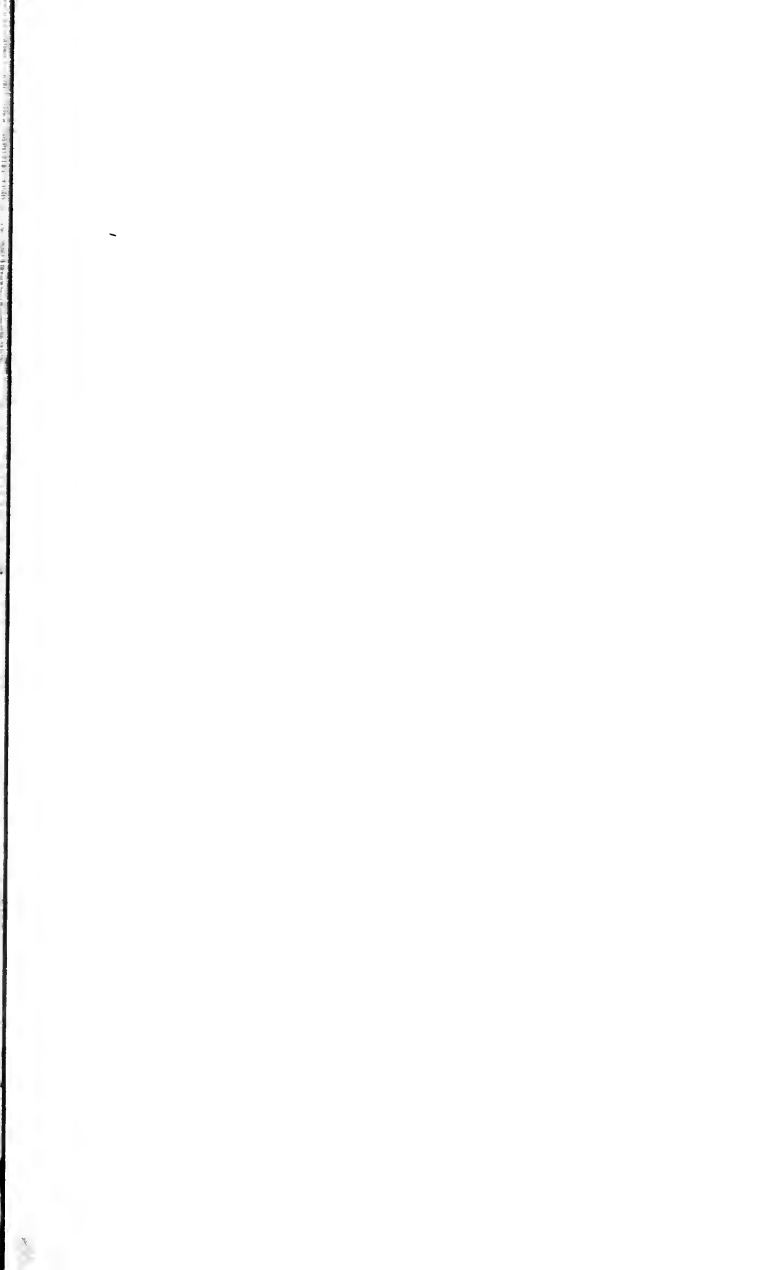
I only hope you'll grow quite honest, staid, polite!
And if you ever dare again with me to palter! —

SÖLLER.

So be it! — For this once, we've all escaped the halter.

342:64

hat game
knew not
nd now I'll give



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Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von,
Poems of Goethe

