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Fiedler J. 5130











# The Knight of Toggenburg.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

*Translator: W. W. W. W.*

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PRINTED FOR SALE AT THE SHELFORD BAZAAR,

OCTOBER 27TH AND 28TH, 1842.





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School for the Parishes of Great and Little Shelford.

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## The Knight of Toggenburg.

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“ Knight, a true-felt Sister’s love  
Owns my heart for you ;  
Ask me for no other love,  
It pains me when you do.

“ Calmly can I see you here ;  
Calm your going see ;  
And your silent bursting tear  
But bewilders me.”



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And he hears with woe supprest;—  
Tears him thence by force;—  
Clasps her wildly to his breast;—  
Leaps upon his horse.

Sends to all his men of war,  
In the Switzers' land;  
To the Holy Grave they fare,  
They, the Red Cross band.

There are mighty actions done;  
There his arm is strong;  
There their crests are ever shown  
'Mid the foremost throng.



And the Toggenburgher's name  
Frights each Moslem chief:  
Yet his woe is still the same,  
Nor can find relief.

Now a painful year is over,  
He no more can bear;  
Rest nor peace can he discover,  
And he leaves the war:

Sees a ship on Joppa's strand,  
With its swelling sails;  
Hies him to the much-lov'd land  
Where *she* breathes the gales.





There at her tall Castle's bounds  
Does the Pilgrim knock ;—  
Opes the door ;—the answer sounds  
Like the thunder's shock :

“ She you seek the veil now wears,  
Is the Bride of Heaven ;  
Yesterday with pomp and prayers  
She to God was given.”

Then he leaves, for aye and ever,  
Towers, his father's pride ;  
At his weapons looks he never,  
Nor his courser tried.



Down the Toggenburg's high stair  
Goes unmark'd, unknown;  
Sordid weeds and cloth of hair  
Round his body thrown.

And he builds him soon a shed  
Near that spot on earth,  
Where, in limes embowered,  
Look'd her Convent forth.

Waiting there from morning's rays  
Till the eve came on,  
Silent hope in straining gaze,  
There he sat alone.



Look'd across the cloister's grove,  
Stedfast, long, and hard,  
To the window of his love,  
Till the casement jarr'd;

Till the lovely form was shown ;  
Till the dear-loved face  
Bent into the valley down,  
Mild, with angel grace.

Then he laid him down to rest,  
Slept consoled, and fain  
Hoped the morrow might be blest  
With her look again.



Thus he sat for days and years  
On the rock so hard,  
Waiting with no complaints or tears,  
Till the window jarr'd;

Till the lovely form was shown;  
Till the dear-loved face  
Bent into the valley down,  
Mild, with angel grace.

And one morn, in that same place,  
Sat a corpse all chill,  
With its pale and stiffen'd face  
Towards that window still.

Dec. 27, 1839.

W. W.













































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