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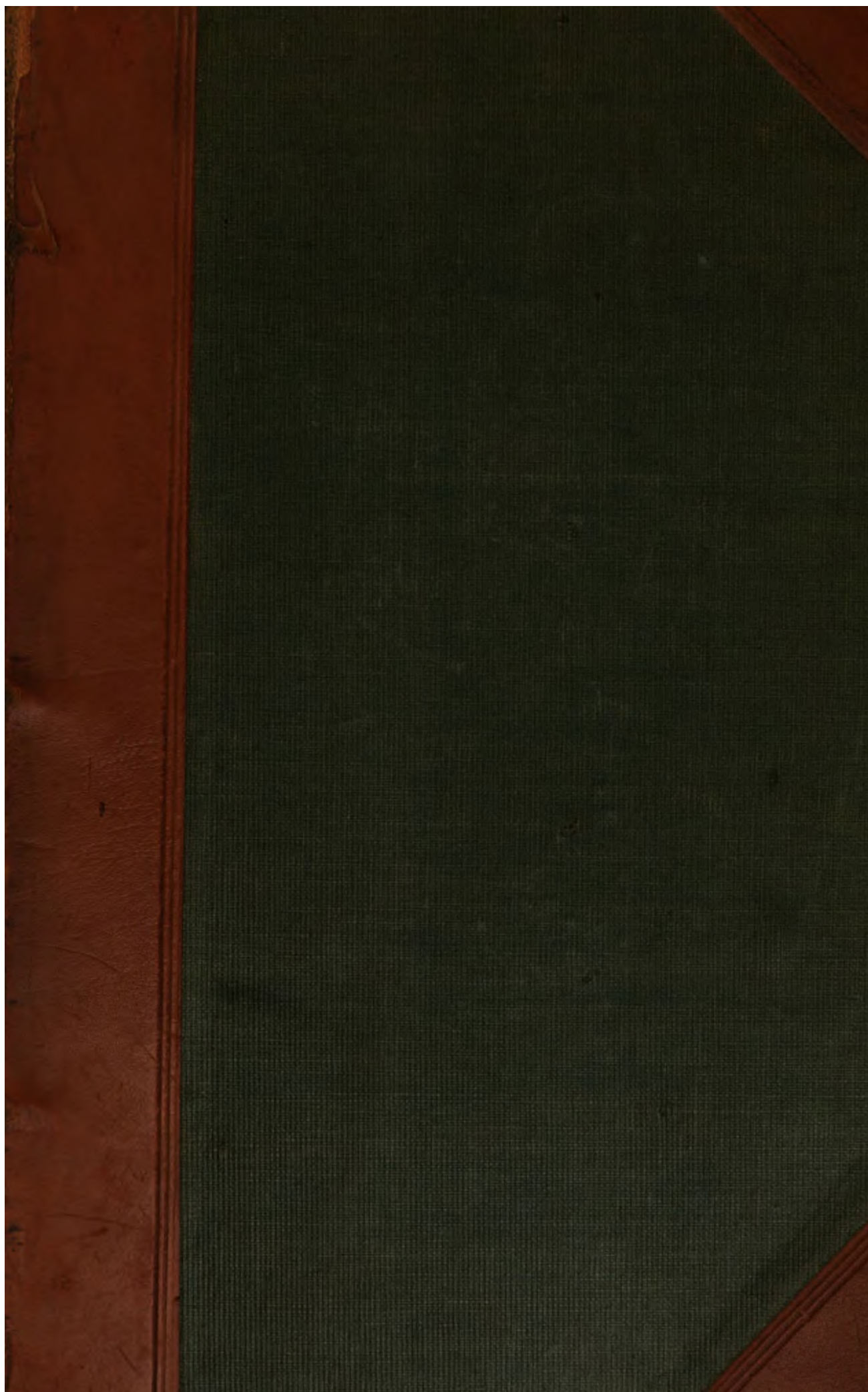
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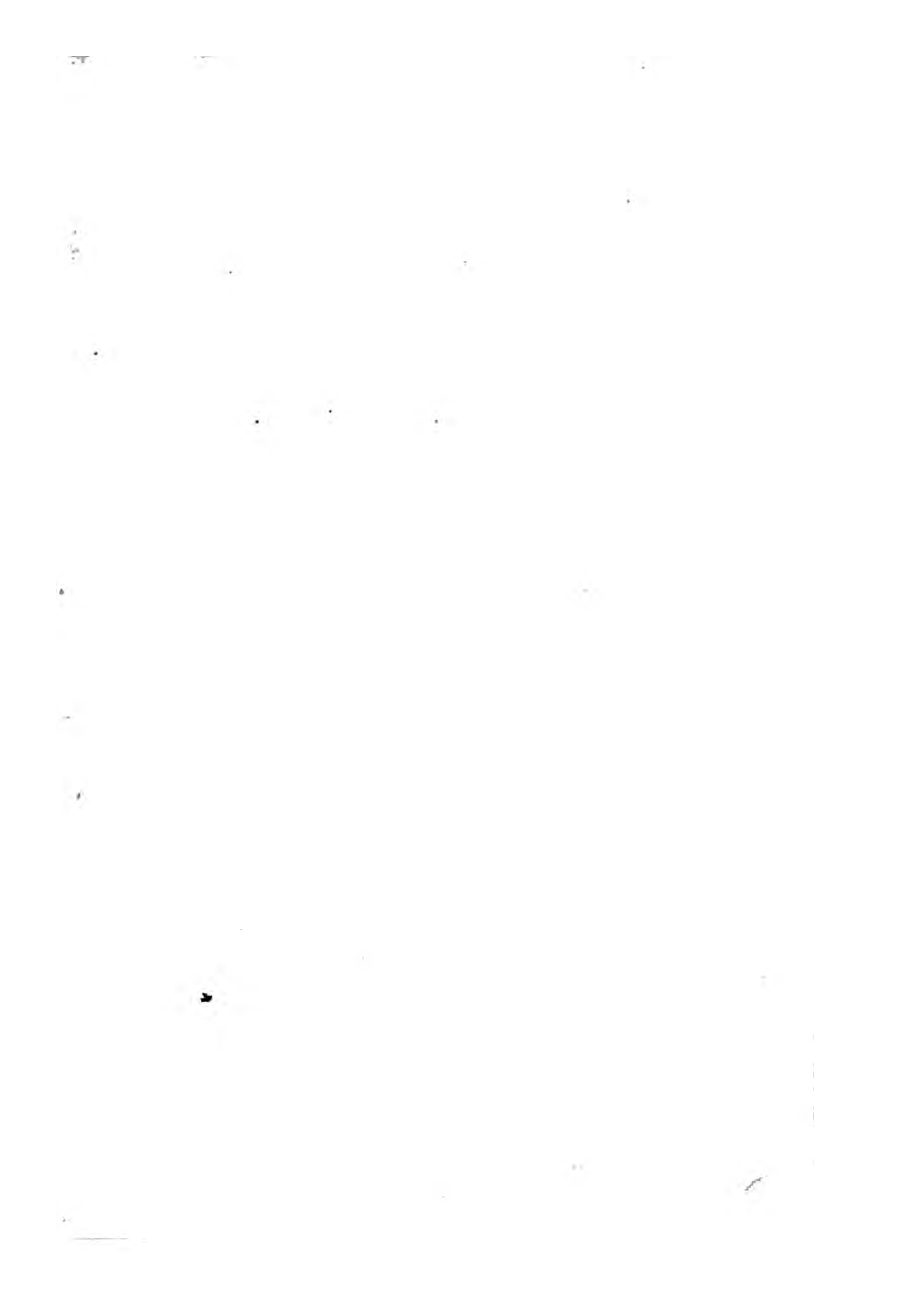


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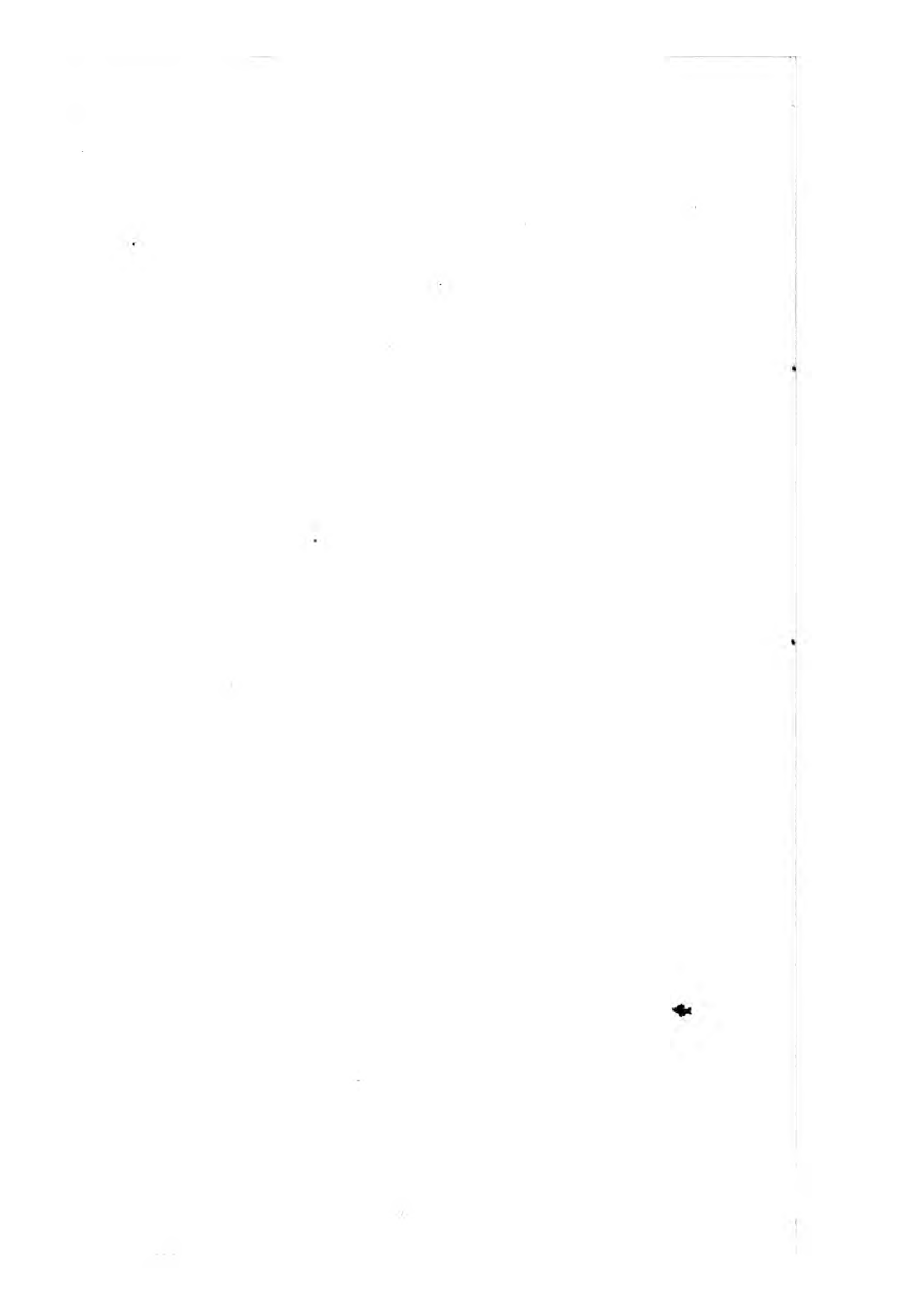


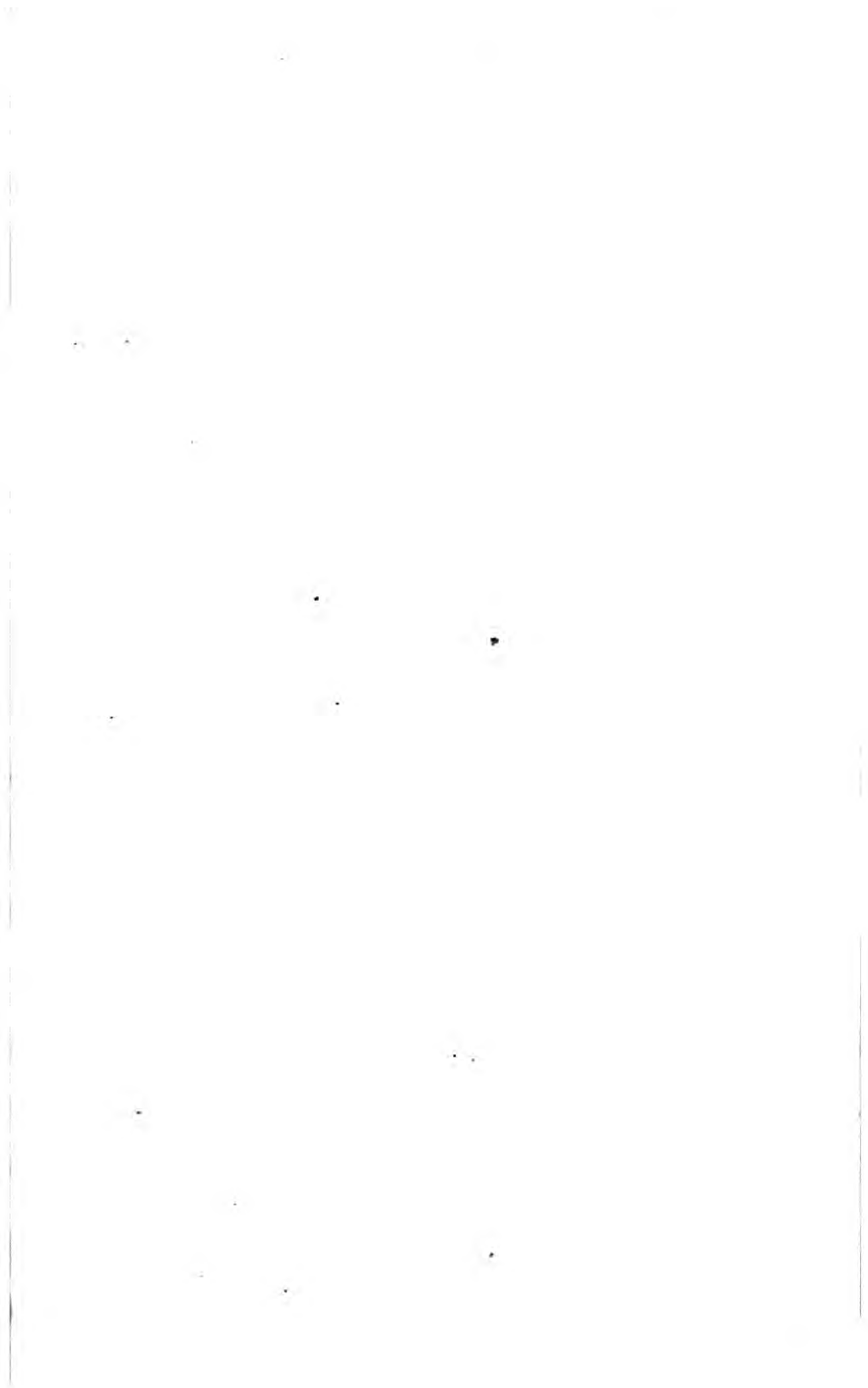
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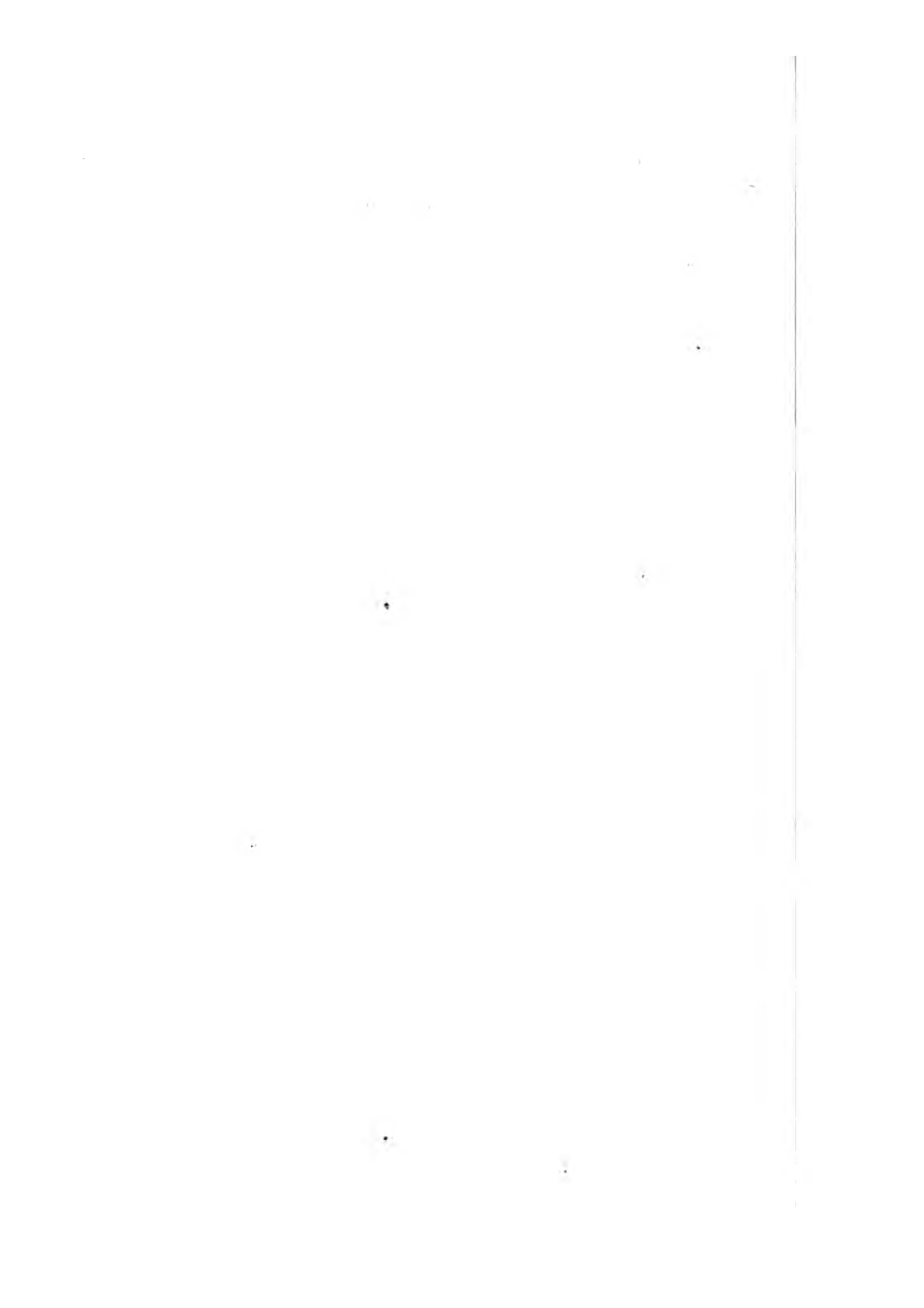




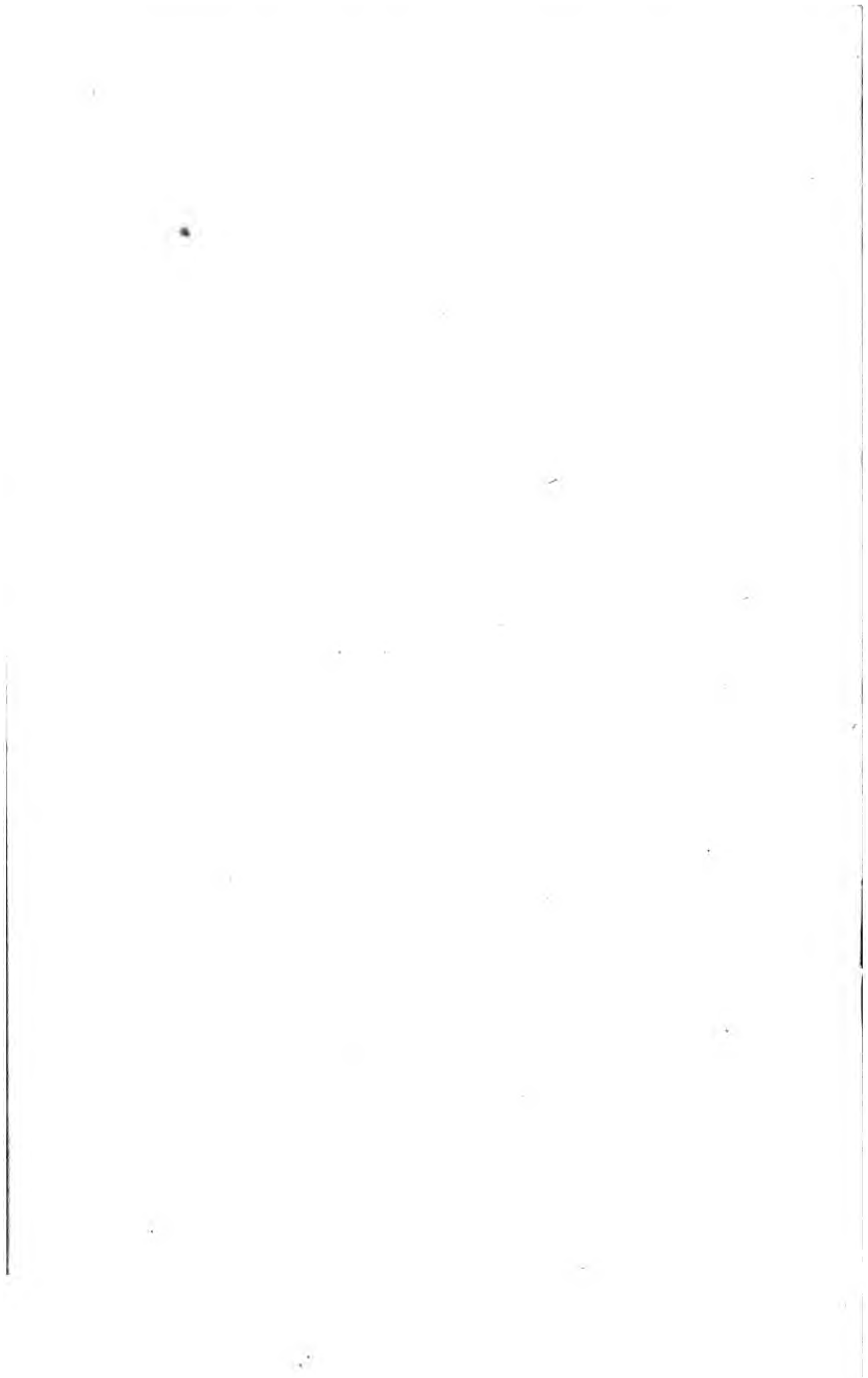








**UHLAND'S POEMS.**





**THE POEMS**  
**OF**  
**LUDWIG UHLAND.**

**NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.**  
**TOGETHER WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR AND**  
**NECESSARY NOTES**

**BY**  
**ALEXANDER PLATT.**

---

**LEIPZIG.**  
**FRIEDRICH VOLCKMAR.**  
**1848.**



To The Reverend

**WILLIAM EDELMAN B. A.**

(of Wimbledon, Surrey)

and

**HIS ACCOMPLISHED LADY**

This Volume is affectionately

dedicated by

**THE TRANSLATOR.**



## P R E F A C E.

---

The present work has cost me too much labour, to make me desirous of being unnecessarily diffuse in this place.

I here endeavour to present to the public, in an English form, the volume upon which one of the most renowned—I believe I may say, the *most* renowned—of living German Poets rests his fame. My book, in point of compass, may be said to be complete; those few poems only having been omitted, whose inclusion would generally be deemed superfluous or impossible. The clever and humorous Fragment entitled “Fortunatus and his Sons” might perhaps have been retained. However, I considered that, I had for the present



done enough, and might well be allowed to withhold the above-mentioned poem, until an approving public should encourage me to further exertion.

The form and metre of the original, as far as is feasible, have been strictly adhered to: and the deviations in this respect will be found to be very few.

These introductory words, I trust, are sufficient. It is true that, in conformity with the venerable usage of authors, I might feign a very modest estimate of my own capacity for the work I have undertaken, and might insinuate the existence of a thousand individuals, who would have acquitted themselves more worthily of the task;—but, at the thought of this traditional cant, I can only smile and—drop my pen.

**A. P.**

*Frankfort-on-Maine, Jan. 1848.*

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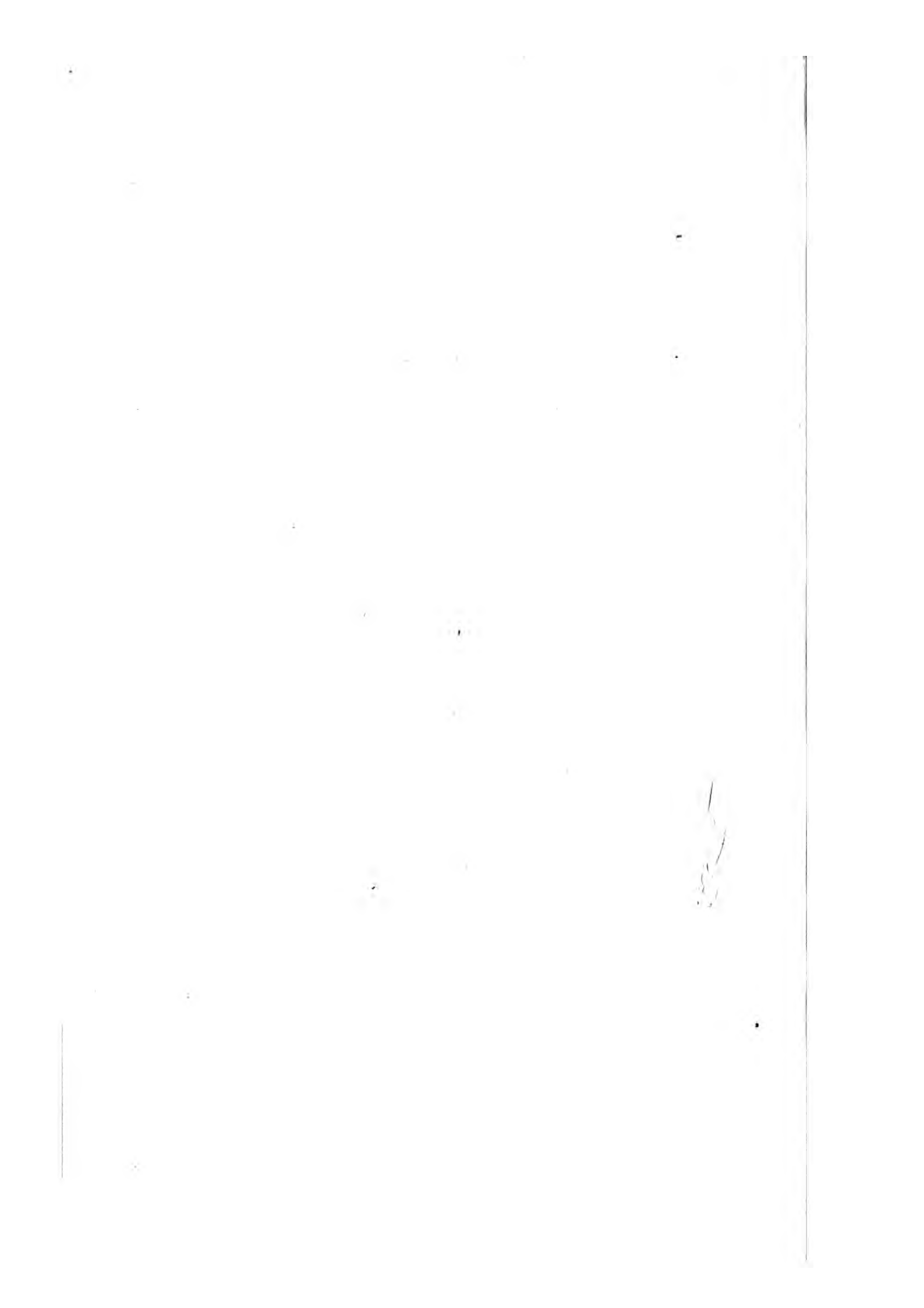
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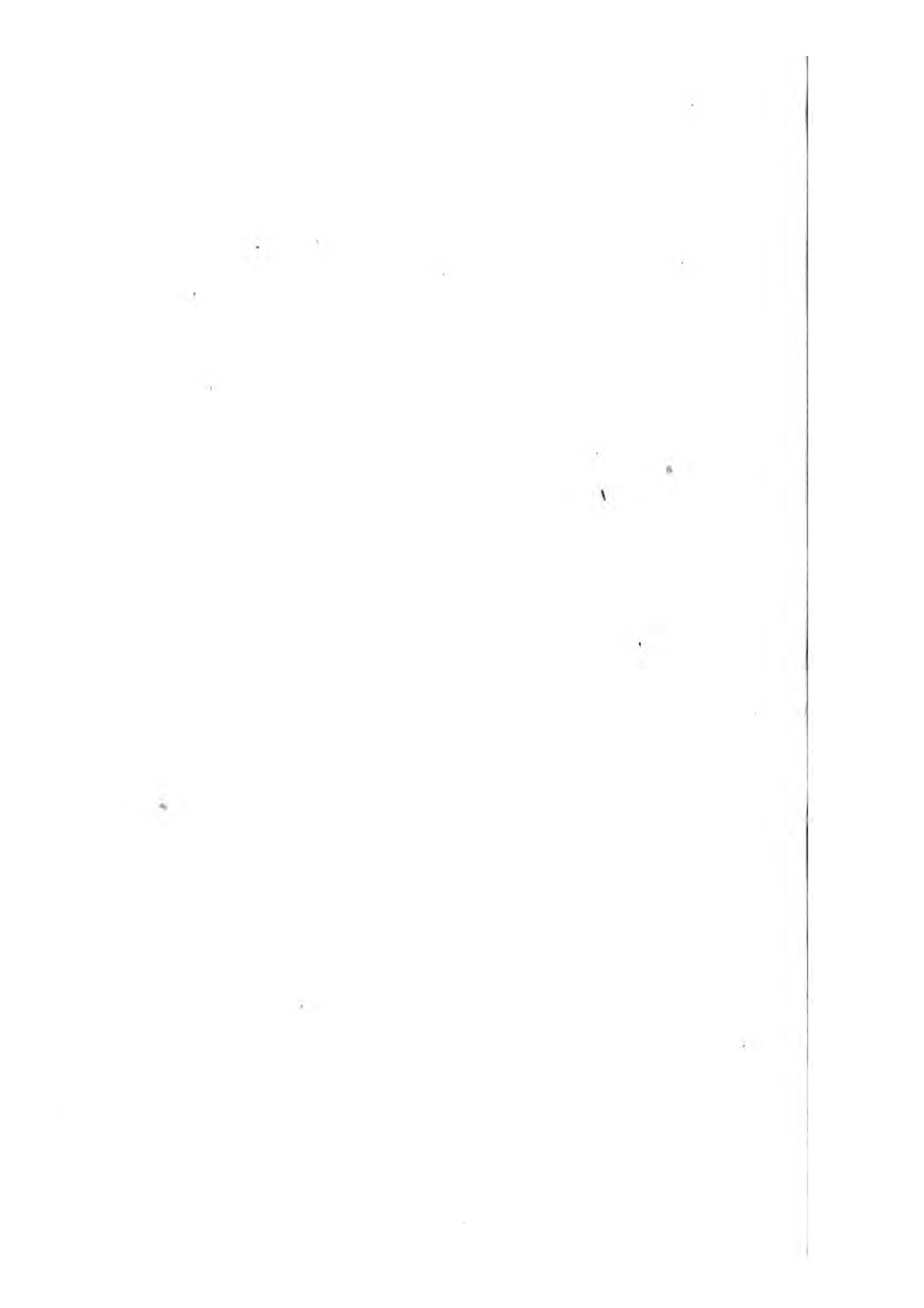






**BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.**





## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

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\* To have given this translation to the world without some biographical notice of the original poet, would undoubtedly have been deemed an omission.

We are naturally desirous to trace the career of those who have at any time become the objects of public distinction,—much more than of such as have gathered in abundantly the suffrages of fame. It does not always happen, it is true, that we are either benefited or gratified by overstepping the boundary-line between a celebrated book and its celebrated author. From such a voyage of discovery we frequently return disenchanted; and, angry with our own selves for having expected too much, we are apt to look with aversion or chagrin on the object of our former idolatry.

Such a revulsion of feeling, however, need in no wise be dreaded by those who become familiar with the author of the original volume. No man, more signally than Ludwig Uhland, enjoys universal celebrity and universal respect. Genial

in verse, erudite in prose, noble in his political career, amiable in his private life, and unostentatiously reverent of things divine,—he, indeed, has little cause to fear the scrutiny of the curious. Setting aside, however, that other considerations oblige me to be brief, it would be wholly out of place here to enter into those minute details, which so frequently form a prominent feature in biographical notices. Though I had the pleasure of residing for a considerable time in the vicinity of the poet, and of being honoured by his friendly attentions, I am persuaded that nothing would be more irrelevant here, and nothing more distasteful to Dr. Uhland himself, than to detail those unimportant minutiae of his domestic circle which such opportunities may have brought under my notice. I am too well aware that the great poet of Suabia recoils unaffectedly from the impertinence of petty observation, and equally deprecates that drivelling loquacity which babbles of the very crumbs under the table of fame.

Johann Ludwig Uhland, the subject of this notice, was born at Tübingen, in the then Dukedom of Württemberg on the 26<sup>th</sup> of April 1787. Tübingen (for some of my readers may be ignorant of this) is the University town of Württemberg, the olden place of sojourn of Melancthon, and a strong-hold of German Theology and Philosophy, that still enjoys extensive, nay European, cele-

brity, as the nursery and residence of the intellectually eminent. It is also the residence of Dr. Uhland himself. The father of our poet was, for a length of years, University Secretary. His Grandfather was a distinguished Professor of Theology and Principal of the Theological Seminary.

Uhland, in conformity with the usual custom, received a good classical education, as we term it, in the Lyceum of his native town. His progress was rapid; and in the year 1802. i. e. at the age of fifteen, he was admitted to University Matriculation, and enabled to attend the customary lectures preparatory to the more immediate study of the law.

To this vocation, which, as he informs us, "did his nature grievous wrong" he did not probably devote himself at first with any considerable energy. Like the great bard of Mid Lothian, we may imagine him to have been more kindly employed among the hoary forms of days gone by, the chivalrous spirits of the Middle Ages, and the broader details of the world's history, than among the musty volumes of legislative enactment. The Pandects of Justinian chimed ill to his taste with the wild tradition of the Goth or the light song of the Troubadour:—

"To the boy-god with the band on  
Many a warm lay told its tale;  
Not a scrap could'st thou lay hand on,  
Goddess of the sword and scale."

## XXIV

Nevertheless, whatever his disinclination to the less engaging study of the law may originally have been, we are by no means to infer his neglect of it at a later period. On the contrary, we have every reason to suppose that, being painstaking and profound in study, he would have obtained no inconsiderable celebrity as a lawyer, had he subsequently continued his juridical practice. It is true that the distribution of juridical labour, the system of the courts, and the eventual honours connected with the profession in Germany, differ widely from the scene which presents itself to the English advocate: neither had Uhland that great stimulus which has made so many renowned lawyers in our own country,—necessity. Blessed with a happy competency independently of his profession, with a predilection for poetry, history and language, and at a later period estranged from abstract and technical jurisprudence by the more engrossing scenes of political excitement, he had no great inducement to do outrage to his inclinations by devoting himself to that which could scarcely have aggrandized either his fortune or his fame. However, in the year 1808 he completed the usual law course and was enrolled among the number of the Advocates of the Crown. In February 1810 he wrote a juridical treatise, and supported the same at a public disputation in the University Theatre, obtaining the degree of Dr. Jur. As early as the year 1804 he had publicly

entered upon his poetical career, though merely as an occasional contributor to periodicals. In 1806—7 he contributed poetical articles to Leo von Seckendorf's Annual or Keepsake (Almanach). These early performances were well received; they gradually drew the attention of the public to the youthful poet, and were finally incorporated with the present volume. It was in the Spring of the year 1810, that Uhland set out on a literary journey to Paris. Here he sought to indulge his favourite bias by a use of the poetical treasures of the Middle Ages deposited in the Imperial library. He rifled the repository to advantage. A slight specimen of the result of his researches in this quarter was the incorporation with his other poems of several adaptations from the Old French. But the more important result of these labours was a work on the Poetry of the 13 Century published in the year 1820.

On his return from Paris in 1811 Uhland commenced, in Tübingen, his labours as Advocate. In the same quality he removed in 1812 to Stuttgart, where he was for a short period engaged in the Office of the Minister of Justice (Bureau des Justiz-Ministeriums). But although seriously occupied in in these severer duties, poetry was never neglected by him, or at least, as the dates of his several works will show, never wholly laid aside. He found ample time also for the study of the modern and mediæval languages; of which, for all the



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purposes of the scholar he is a consummate master: and, as an author, indeed, he now gave evidence of renewed activity. His article on "The Old-French Epos", in the periodical entitled "The Muses" (Berlin 1812) proved his talent for erudite and discriminating research. In 1812 his pen adorned the pages of the "Poetischer Almanach", and in 1813 he was a distinguished contributor to the "Deutscher Dichterwald" and other poetical collections of note.

It was at the Leipsic autumnal fair, in the year 1815, that Cotta produced the first collection of our poet's musings. The work was eminently successful; it was increased from time to time by the addition of the patriotic poems, the adaptations from the Old French already alluded to, a few new ballads, and "Fortunatus and his Sons." For many years no fresh addition has been made to the volume; yet I know not what stores may be destined for the public eye at a more distant date. One thing, however is certain, that the Germans are well satisfied with the book as it is, without craving more savoury dainties from one, who has already so amply regaled them. The annual issue of large editions is a sufficient proof of this.

Two other poetical works, however, distinct from the foregoing, have emanated from Uhland's pen,—The Tragedy of Ernest, Duke of Suabia (Heidelberg 1818) which, as the reader of the

present volume will see, was performed on a celebrated occasion in Stuttgart; and the Drama of Ludwig the Bavarian (Berlin 1819). I have never heard these productions placed upon a par with our author's other poems. They are acknowledged to be replete with beauty of expression and nobility of sentiment: and if they have failed to add considerably to the author's renown, it is because, on the stage, they are less effective in the eyes of the spectator, than they are otherwise acceptable to the reader. But a poet cannot always be successful; and tragedies for the last half century seldom have been so. A fresh edition of these plays appeared under the title "Dramatic Poems" (*Dramatische Dichtungen*, Heidelberg 1846).

Up to this period, considering the nature of his other avocations and the genuine solidity of his studies and researches, Uhland's pen had been sufficiently productive, though not exactly prolific. But the time was fast approaching, or had already arrived, when scenes of sterner interest were to engross the attention of the poet. Political excitement was rife throughout the whole of Europe in the earlier years of the present century. The French revolution had not passed away without leaving a scourge equally terrible behind it. Napoleon, its favoured offspring, was thundering through the world, dethroning kings, or setting up new ones, making and breaking with a daring

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hand, and inspiring even the strongest and bravest with awe. In these days of political embarrassment the German States played a distinguished part, sometimes alas! as grievous sufferers only, at others, as successful champions in the cause of outraged humanity. But, while thus collectively thrown into confusion by the great game that Napoleon was amusing himself with, many of them had individually to struggle against internal disorder. Württemberg was conspicuous in this respect. Its people had long been dissatisfied with their government, and a brief sketch of the nature of their grievances may be acceptable to the reader as elucidatory of Uhland's political career and of his patriotic cry for the "Good Old Right."

On the 23<sup>rd</sup> Dec. 1797 Friedrich II (Wilhelm Karl) succeeded to the ducal throne of Württemberg. His promises to the states were at first fair enough, but dissatisfaction soon ensued between the Duke and his subjects. The former espoused the cause of Austria and England, whilst the states demanded neutrality. These disagreements were increased by the destructive incursions of the French, and the heavy mulcts enforced by those invaders; Friedrich refusing to assist in paying them from the treasury either of Church or State. The peace of Luneville caused a temporary cessation of the troubles of war. Friedrich, who had long been sojourning abroad, now returned to his own territory; and a manifesto in his

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own hand, dated 18<sup>th</sup> May 1801 was one instrument that he employed to pacify his angry subjects. By the resolutions of the Reichsdeputation he received great additions to his territory, and finally the long desired rank of Elector. The condition of the country however was still unimproved. Count Geppelin, the Duke's salutary adviser, died, and pernicious counsellors succeeded him. Instead of incorporating the newly acquired land with his former territory, Friedrich constituted an entirely detached state of it under the name of New Württemberg; and being compelled on the 2 Oct. 1805 to unite himself with Napoleon, receiving moreover on the 12 Dec. following an additional and considerable increase of territory together with the dignity of king, he utterly demolished the ancient fabric of the constitution. Thus was the subversion of the "Good Old Right" or the ancient code of government effected, the restoration of which was subsequently so strenuously contended for by Pfitzer, Uhland, Schott, Kessler, and the other members of the Opposition.

The announcement of these changes was formally made by Friedrich on the 1<sup>st</sup> Jan. 1806, together with his acceptation of the style of King. The spirit of royal innovation now pressed daringly forward. The whole administration of state and court affairs was placed upon a different footing. A union of the ecclesiastical and fiscal revenues was effected. In 1808 four hereditary crown offices

were established. Old orders were abolished and new ones instituted. In 1806—7—11 three gradations of rank were appointed,— a specific dress arranged for the servants of the State,— and the National Cocade introduced. A Government and State Paper was established for the publication of new acts and ordinances. The whole system of the civil and ecclesiastical courts was remodelled, and Conscription introduced. Alterations, which were a grievous burden to the inhabitants of the larger towns, were made in the system of Police. Nevertheless, bold and arbitrary as these innovations were, and evidently significant of a strong love of autocracy, the King still evinced a laudable anxiety for the promotion of trade. He improved the roads, the salt and iron-works, and founded Friedrichshafen on the Lake of Constance, as the staple-place for the transport of goods into Switzerland and Italy.

Moreover he established new schools of various merit, improved the University of Tübingen in some respects, while he rendered the town itself less independent. The Religious Edict of 1806 also was his work, securing equal rights and privileges to the Members of the three Christian Churches \*), an arrangement which appears to tell very favourably in Württemberg. But then again, as a most invidious make-weight in the scale of kingly

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\*) The Churches here meant are the Lutheran, Helvetic and Roman Catholic.

authority, he introduced the Censorship of the Press. As a fatal concomitant of his league with Napoleon, Friedrich had to supply the "Rhenish League" with a contingent of 12,000 men. These latter did Buonaparte good service, gained a fresh award of land for their royal master and subsequently, under the personal command of the present King, shared the the misfortunes of the Russian campaign.

Such was the troubled state of the kingdom and such were the principal enactments of royalty, that ran directly counter to the privileges enjoyed under the former code of government. We may easily imagine the irritated state of feeling which then prevailed in Württemberg, sufferers as the people were both from external and internal oppression; while we may picture to ourselves the enthusiasm with which the patriotic call of Uhland's Muse was welcomed and responded to. The poem entitled "The Good Old Right" is a syllabus of the ancient code of the Württemberg Constitution. The exact date of it I have omitted to note; but this is of minor importance.

At this period Uhland was not old enough to take his seat in the Chambers: yet the earnest sincerity of his verse was perhaps more effective than any thing which in those stormy times he could have said in the senate.

Soon, however, the aspect of things changed. The battle of Leipsic had been fought, and Napo-



leon discomfited. The celebrated Congress assembled at Vienna. Friedrich attended it, but returned ill and dissatisfied before its close. Previously to this he had promised his people a new constitution, and he appears to have been further confirmed in his relapse from absolutism by the turn which affairs took during the Congress, where he had in vain opposed certain resolutions that seemed likely to curtail his sovereign power.

On the 15<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1815 the Chambers met. The king opened the sitting in person, addressed the house, and presented to it a sketch of the intended Constitution, in the form of fourteen fundamental articles, drawn up immediately under his own eye. These were almost unanimously rejected. Friedrich left the sitting in chagrin. No sooner was he gone, than several members rose at once; and the issue was an unanimous resolution to insist upon the restoration of the old Constitution, unaltered and unimpaired.

Now the cry of the "Good Old Right" resounded in the land. Uhland was not mute. On the 18<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1815 the first anniversary of the battle of Leipsic was celebrated. Uhland was present. A silver cup was presented to Burgomaster Klüpfel (See p. 109) who had so manfully insisted upon the necessity of basing the reformed Constitution upon the old one: the day was thus a double gala. These festivities were repeated in 1816, when, as will be seen, Uhland again graced the occasion

with his song. That powerfully patriotic appeal, "Wenn heut ein Geist herniederstiege" (See p. 119) was recited, as his poem on the former anniversary had been; but he himself was unable to attend.

Still the nation called loudly for its old constitution. Baron von Wangenheim, subsequently the author of the *Ideen der Staats-verfassung* (Ideal of the constitution of the State) sought in vain to mediate between the sovereign and his subjects. Friedrich clung obstinately to his fourteen fundamental articles, while nothing would content either poet, people, or the mass of the representatives but "The Good Old Right." It was not till the autumn of 1816 that the king appeared more disposed to yield, when a sudden attack of illness carried him for ever off the scene.

On the accession of his son Wilhelm, the present king, to the throne, the cause of the people seemed likely to prosper. His tendencies were far more conciliatory; he had fought and suffered with his people; and though constitutional matters could not be forthwith arranged, nor every demand of the anti-ministerial party be satisfied at once, yet, to use Uhland's own words, (p. 125) "a brighter light had shone of late", nor did the noon-day sun belie the beauty of his rising. Lively and unprofitable discussions, it is true, were still the order of the day; but on the 13<sup>th</sup> July 1819 the states were convened, when the king addressed



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the assembled body in person, and declared that the day on which he should be enabled to sign the articles of the new constitution would be the happiest of his life. On the 25<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1819 this grateful work was effected, and the constitutional deeds formally interchanged by the king and the Chambers.

“The Good Old Right” although not yet in reality restored, and although long afterwards the subject of warm discussion, had now gained a signal triumph. It had at least considerably modified the code of government which for many years had usurped its place. Whether the Members of the Opposition who at first so strenuously insisted upon its entire restoration, were not in some measure actuated by a misguided zeal, or whether some of the ordinances of Friedrich, especially as regards the standard of representative qualification, were not superior to its olden enactments,—must be determined by abler judges than myself. The point has often been argued with sufficient semblance of justice on both sides. Suffice it to say, that no doubt was ever entertained of the manly and straightforward sincerity of Uhland’s, and his coadjutors’, endeavours. In those turbulent times, when the after-swell of the French Revolution had scarcely subsided, or when, to say the least, the social and political institution of more than one European state had been so terribly convulsed, it was wiser perhaps to

cleave to a definite and approved good, than to permit innovations that had elsewhere been so obviously productive of evil.

Thenceforward Uhland took an active and personal share in the business of the Chambers. In 1819 he had already been elected Member for the Oberamts-bezirk (or District) of Tübingen; and in 1820, when the Representatives were convened for the first time under the new constitution, he took his seat as Member for the town. Nor were his literary labours during this engrossing political period unimportant. His celebrated dissertation on "Walther von der Vogelweide, an Old-German Poet" appeared, Stuttgart 1822. and, while still a Member, and at the same time a vigorous debater, he published a work entitled "Sagen-forschungen. 1. Der Mythus von Thor." (Legendary Researches. 1. The Myth of the god Thor.) Stuttgart 1836.)

The first session of the Chambers under the new Constitution lasted, with the exception of two day's prorogation till the 26<sup>th</sup> June 1821. The majority of the Representatives, this time, were of the ministerial party; but Pfitzer, Uhland and the other leaders of the opposition were not to be daunted. It was now that Mr. List was impeached of having slandered the government and the authorities of the state; and after a series of warm debates, in which Uhland, Schott and Kessler espoused his cause, he was sentenced to be deprived of his seat until the Supreme Court should

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have declared the indictments preferred against him to be invalid.

Uhland's influence in the Chambers continued to increase. About this period they elected him member of the Greater Committee ("größerer Ausschuß"), he having previously declined a place in the Close Committee ("Engerer Ausschuß") though awarded to him by a large majority of votes. The latter Committee is a permanent body consisting of twelve members elected by the Chambers in common, to whom the management of business is committed during the recess. At Easter 1830 Uhland was appointed Professor Extraordinary of the German Language and Literature in the University of Tübingen; but in May 1833 he resigned this appointment, that he might be unfettered in the fulfillment of his duties as Representative. His resignation of the Professorial Chair was a subject of regret to the students who had been his auditors; and a silver cup was presented to him as a testimony of their regard. From 1826 to 1833 Uhland had not been a Member of the Chambers; but in the latter year he again resumed his seat, having been elected Member for the City of Stuttgart. This triumph is sufficiently significant of the esteem in which he was held.

In this session Uhland again played a distinguished part; more especially on the occasion of Pfützer's motion with respect to the Decrees of the Diet (Bundes-beschlüsse) of the 28<sup>th</sup> June 1832.

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Contrary to the expectation of the government, this motion against the above-mentioned Decrees was triumphantly carried; and Uhland was deputed by the Lower Chamber to make a formal report of its decision. The address to the Government, drawn up by him on this occasion, was energetic and successful: it received the approval of a large majority of the Members on the 11<sup>th</sup> March 1833; and led to a no less important result than the dissolution of the Chambers on the 22<sup>nd</sup>. The enactments of the Diet, the freedom of the Press, and the qualification to elect, were, had been, and still continue to be, the great bone of contention between the Opposition and ministerial parties in Württemberg and the other German states.

But it is time to bid farewell to Uhland as a politician, lest I be tempted to overstep the limit I have prescribed to myself. Suffice it to say, that he occupied his seat in the Lower Chamber till the year 1839. Since that time he has taken no public part in political strife. Goethe is reported to have said of him that the politician (he might have said *the patriot*) would eat up the poet. How this may have been I know not: and even admitting that politics and poetry are somewhat antagonistic, a manly and versatile mind may surely be excused for preferring, in its maturity, the occupation by which it may best serve its country.

I have been induced to dwell so long on Uhland's political career, not because the "Poems of

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my Country" form any considerable portion of the present volume, but because the twenty years during which he was intermittingly a Representative Deputy, have hitherto been the most active period of his life, and the most prolific of matter for biographical remark. His private life, to the best of my knowledge, has been unusually tranquil and happy; though, as I before observed, it is not my intention to dwell upon it here. He resides in one of the most beautiful districts of Württemberg, has been long and happily married, and possesses in the precincts of his household all the appurtenances of affluent and learned ease.

Neither has opportunity or inclination failed him, though otherwise so contented with his own domestic sphere, (see p. 77) to diversify his life agreeably by travel. In 1838 he took a journey to Vienna, where he is held in great consideration. In the year 1842 he was in Lower Saxony, Holstein and Denmark. Both these journeys, and more especially the latter, were undertaken principally for literary purposes, Uhland being bent on collecting materials for a work to which he has latterly devoted himself with his characteristic diligence. Its title is "Old High and Low German Popular Songs." Vol. 1. consisting of two parts, has already appeared (Stuttgart 1844—5).

It would be interesting to notice, in this place, the honours which are invariably paid the poet on his travels. The quiet incognito which he



seeks to preserve does not always stand him in stead; and no sooner is his arrival in a town ascertained, than all ranks are emulous in doing him homage. Serenades, so much in vogue in Germany, are arranged, and torch-processions organized in honour of him; though he is the last of men to seek for these otherwise gratifying tokens of popular respect. I remember several instances of this popular demonstration of esteem; but space will not allow me to note them here.

In 1843 Uhland visited Upper Saxony; in 1844 he was in Belgium, and he has several times travelled in Switzerland, Bavaria, and the Rhine country. It is almost a matter of wonder to me that he has never visited England. The language, however, is here his principal obstacle; for, as he does not speak English, a residence among us would naturally be a constant source of vexation to him. Even in his own language (although for the purposes of the scholar he is master of so many tongues) he is not fluent of speech. What he says, however, is always to the purpose, and, when called forth by questions of great social importance, his words never fail to go home to the heart. A striking example, among many others, may be adduced in reference to the Grand Meeting of the "Germanists" in Frankfort-on-Maine 1846. This society, ostensibly formed for the preservation and cultivation of German Language, German History, and fundamental Ger-

man Law unites in its embrace the most eminent men in the country. The meeting alluded to was held in the Hall of the Emperors, (Kaiser-saal) and was graced by the presence of the greatest among the learned of Germany. The celebrated Grimm was President General. Dahlmann, Gervinus, Fallati, Pertz, Lappenberg, Mittermaier, Schmeller were there. Uhland rose, and in a brief but enthusiastic address, that breathed of love for Germany, he fascinated the gifted concourse around him. No dearth of diction, no confusion of thought was perceptible on the occasion. The impression the speaker made was one of surprise, admiration, and unmingled delight.

I have thus endeavoured to embody in this biographical sketch the prominent features of our poet's career. Though the sources I have drawn from have been slender, the details they have furnished, I believe, are correct. Some people may feel inclined to accuse me of having indited a running panegyric:— but how shall I speak unfavourably of a man of whom I have never heard any evil?

**A. P.**

## **P R O E M**

**TO THE FIRST EDITION 1815.**

**D**itties are we, our father  
Sends us on the wide world thus,  
**O**r, before the critic rather,  
On the stage he ushers us.  
We have no pert hope before us,  
'Tis a kindly ear we seek,  
**A**nd, as really we are come to you,  
Can we dream of being dumb to you?  
**F**or of old, in Grecian chorus,  
Even frogs were known to speak.



True, at first we're full of mourning;  
Endless tears bedew our eyes;  
Common-place existence scorning,  
Man or mouse, our hero dies.  
Youth, ye know, that might be merry,  
Loves to ponder and to pine,  
E'en the vine, the fragrant-blowing,  
Weeps anon, ere purple-flowing  
From the ripe autumnal berry  
Comes the gladdening gush of wine.

Truce to these, their cause is pleaded!  
See, another troop more gay,  
Who have found the cure they needed; —  
Noon has sunn'd their grief away.  
As of old, at revels knightly, —  
Death and clown together went,  
Here too, follow lays facetious,  
Do not deem the humour specious;  
Genuine sorrow jesteth brightly,  
Though its tears have easy vent.

Ditties are we, simple ballads;  
With a tripping step we come,  
Meet for catches gay or galliards,  
Such as you may pipe or hum.  
Yet, if some a deeper token  
Seek among us, they may find  
P'rhaps, in single forms and feelings,  
Higher Poesy's revealings,  
And a oneness in the broken  
Fragments of the poet's mind.

Still, if aught look tame or trifling,  
Luckless times have been to blame,  
In their chilly snow-shroud stifling  
Every spark of nobler flame.  
With the world around in durance,  
Minstrel numbers languish too;  
But, let Freedom, long a slumberer,  
Rise to rend the chains that cumber her,  
And, at once, in glad assurance  
Song awakes to life anew.

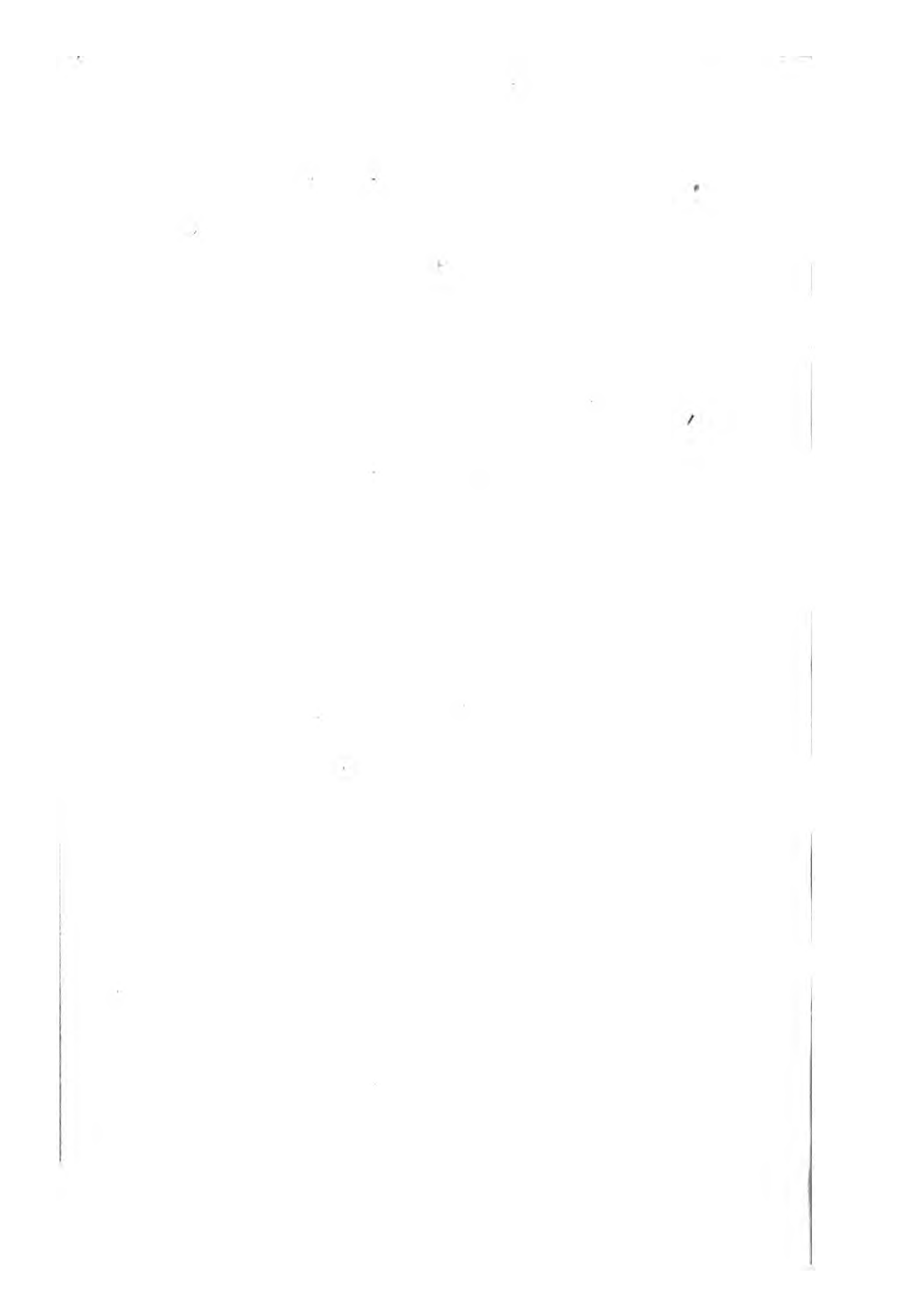
Ours be then a herald's duty  
To a younger brother-band,  
Healthier in growth and beauty,  
Wrought perchance with happier hand:  
Pledge, we cannot, their creation,  
But of heav'n we beg the boon,  
And do ye, like men of reason,  
Gather, from the present season  
And the young seed's germination,  
What the fruit will be at noon.

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**LYRICS AND OTHER POEMS.**





**THE POET'S EVENING WALK.**

While roving by the evening light,  
The time of rapt poetic story,  
As on the silent orb of sight  
The sunset pours its flush of glory,—  
With spirit solemnly elate,  
Thy gaze to temple halls is given,  
Where holy things are congregate  
'Mid undulating forms of heaven.

When round the sanctuary come  
The murky clouds their curtain folding,  
The spell is full, thou wander'st home  
Entranc'd and happy with beholding.  
In mute emotion 'twill be thine  
To feel the bliss of song within thee,  
The light so glorious, so divine  
On darker ways from care shall win thee.

---

**TO DEATH.**

Thou, who still at evening's hour  
Wander'st o'er the earth's domain,  
Gathering golden fruit and flower,  
Sown for thee to reap again; —  
Stay, for him, thy rude advances,  
Gentle nestler on the breast,  
Lull'd by soothing songs to rest,  
Feeding on a mother's glances.

In her young sons earth rejoices,  
Spare, O spare the stormy rout,  
When the mirth of happy voices  
From the still wood ringeth out.  
Quench not yet the sage's fire,  
Round the hallow'd sunlike glow,  
Younger moons, in measur'd row,  
Sweetly in the dance conspire.

On the silver cloudlet winging  
When the first bright star appears,  
Seek the old man who is bringing  
Night its wonted dole of tears :  
Whisper then the names he loveth,  
Lead him to their circle bright,  
Where the eye's eternal light  
Tear of parting never proveth.

When the youth, whose deep devotion  
Time so early fann'd to flame,  
Clasps in passionate emotion  
Beauteous phantoms void of name;  
When to heaven's starry flowers  
Warm with love his glances stray,  
Bear him on thy arm away  
To the blue, the distant bowers,—

Where await him bridal splendour,  
Scenes of love, and sounds of mirth,  
All that once, in prescience tender,  
Glanc'd across his soul on earth.  
Happy day, that endeth never!  
There the spirit, newly young,  
Countless fervid souls among,  
Shares their harmony for ever.

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**SONG OF THE HARPER AT THE BRIDAL  
BANQUET.**

Festively the voice of mirth  
Through this noble hall hath sounded,  
And from out the vaults of earth  
Echo sullenly rebounded:  
'Mid the gayest gala fires  
Ye have thought upon your sires,  
Sung of prowess manly-hearted  
Dawning out from days departed.

Oft hath this high festal hall  
Glimmer'd full of revellers merry,  
Like the tree, at summer's call,  
Prankt afresh in bud and berry.  
They, alas! who gaily wove  
Bond on bond of faithful love,  
One and all now, in the nether  
Hall of slumber, rest together.

Manhood courses down his path  
Fleetly as the tempest driveth,  
Then, while friendship memory hath,  
Still a little span surviveth.  
Here, array'd in imag'd line  
By-gone generations shine;  
Not an eye-lid raisd to meet us!  
Not a word of love to greet us!

No emprise of endless fame  
Tells, beyond the grave's dominion,  
How on thund'ring path ye came,  
Or upon the Zephyr's pinion;  
How to God ye wont to look,  
Or how friendship's hand ye shook,  
How the kiss of love ye tender'd; —  
Hush'd is all, when life's surrender'd.

E'en the babe, that smiling lay  
While a mother's arm caress'd it,  
And the child, that ceas'd its play  
While a raptur'd sire bles'd it;  
And the young and joyous bride  
Clinging to her true-love's side,  
All have liv'd, and liv'd, how sweetly!  
Would my song could praise them meetly.

---

**THE KING ON THE TOWER.**

Ah! there they all lie, the grey heights now,  
And darker vales, in gentle rest:  
Sleep reigneth, nor doth the night-wind blow,  
One plaint from a mourning breast.

For all I have car'd and striven;  
With care I have drunk of the sparkling bowl,  
The night is come, and a glittering heaven;  
Then, cheer thee now, my soul.

O! letters of gold, in the train of the stars,  
I look up with love to ye;  
Ye wondrous echoes, one scarcely hears  
How wistfully whisper ye me!

My hair now is grey, and dim mine eye,  
My hall the arms of conquest line;  
I have spoken and practis'd righteously;  
Oh! when shall rest be mine?

Thrice-blessed repose! How I long for thee;  
O! night-time of glory, why tarry so long?  
For I see the stars shine more lucidly  
And hear their resounding song.

---

**A MAY LAMENT.**

Though the sun already shineth  
Over mere, and mead and hill,  
And the early green entwined  
Trusting place for transport still;  
Yet, the lov'd one of my bosom  
Smileth not on me, like May,  
Wand'reth not in groves of blossom,  
Slumb'reth not by fount at play.

Ah! those beauteous times are over,  
Days of bloom, for ever gone!  
When sweet maid with shepherd lover  
To the sainted grove sped on;  
When the pitcher-laden virgin  
To the cool spring lightly flew,  
And, his thirsty needment urging,  
Pilgrim drank, nor fail'd to woo!

Ah! the din of ruder hours  
Swept that golden spring away,  
Castles rose, and banner'd towers,  
Woful then the virgin lay.  
Woo'd by song she left her slumbers,  
Gaz'd adown th'embattled dell,  
Saw where, in commingling numbers,  
Her betrothed warrior fell.

Then an era dull and dreary  
O'er the world asserted sway,  
Beautiful young Love grew weary,  
Till he dream'd his soul away.  
Fugitively giv'n, and sadly,  
Is the glance of greeting thrown  
By so many who would gladly  
Fold a true heart to their own.

Fade then, all ye trees and flowers,  
Mock no more the tender smart,  
Wither, all ye budding bowers,  
Break at once, thou bursting heart!  
In the tomb thy sorrow ceases;]  
Striplings, seek its darkling caves;  
Elders wave upon the breezes,  
Roses bloom around your graves.

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**A POOR MAN'S SONG.**

A poor forsaken man am I,  
Who travel all alone;  
Yet, once more would I gladly call  
A cheerful heart my own.

No child beneath his parents' roof  
A merrier smile put on,  
But bitter grief must be my lot  
Now they are dead and gone.

I see the rich man's garden bloom,  
His golden fruitage shine;  
A rugged unproductive path,  
And care and toil are mine.

But still in uncomplaining woe  
I mix among the crowd,  
Give each a seeming blithe "good day",  
A greeting warm and loud.

O bounteous God! Thou lettest me  
Not unencourag'd rove,  
A solace sweet for all the world  
Thou sendest from above.

In yonder little village there  
Thy holy house appears;  
The organ and the chorus'd hymn  
Are sounding in mine ears.

Still sun and moon, and twinkling stars  
Shine, full of love, on me,  
And when the evening curfew tolls,  
I commune, Lord, with Thee.

Hereafter, to Thy banquet halls  
Shall all the good repair,  
And then, in festal robe of white,  
I too shall seat me there.

---

**THE SONG OF THE YOUNG MEN.**

Holy are our youthful days!  
Enter we the spacious temple,  
Where, in sombre lonely ways,  
Hollow sounds the echo'd trample;  
Stern, nobler feelings fill  
Youthful souls in such a minute,  
Each, devotional and still,  
Weighs the holy strength within it.

If the fields we wander through  
Proudly 'neath a heaven spreading,  
That uplifts its solemn blue  
O'er the green earth we are treading;  
Soon, from out this blooming ring,  
Shall a fruitful world have broken:  
Holy are the words of Spring  
Unto youthful bosoms spoken!

Grasp the cup! its purple flood  
See ye not so brightly blinking?  
Nature's rich luxuriant blood  
Bids us be of cheer in drinking!  
Till the fiery force of wine  
Meetly with its brother mingle:  
Holy is the juicy vine!  
Youth and it were never single.



See! the lovely girl is nigh,  
Playfully the bud unfoldeth;  
O! how sweetly speaks her eye.  
What a world her bosom holdeth!  
She must thrive in sunny air,  
Cloud and storm to us are sweeter:  
Holy be the maiden fair!  
We are rip'ning on to meet her.

Enter then the sainted shrine  
Stern, nobler impulse seeking;  
Brace your limbs with spring and wine,  
Bask where beauty's eye is speaking.  
Youth and spring, the chalic'd dew,  
Maidens in the bloom of beauty,—  
All shall clothe in holy hue  
Our sterner path of duty.

---

**THE GARDENER'S SONG.**

Let me take you, let me take you,  
Shining flowers, that I love best;  
Lovely ones, I long to make you  
Deck my pretty princess' breast.

Purple blushes to the sweet one,  
Eyes of blue be upward cast;  
Ah! your fate will be a fleet one,  
Lustreless to die at last.

Once my cheek was flush'd as brightly,  
When for her my glances shone,  
But the flush has faded lightly  
And the kindly blue is gone.

---

**THE CHAPEL.**

See the chapel of the mountain  
Looking downward o'er the vale;  
Far beneath, by mead and fountain,  
Trills the shepherd boy his tale.

Hark! the little bell is ringing,  
Dolefully the dirges rise;  
Hush'd is now the shepherd's singing,  
Rais'd aloft his anxious eyes.

There they take to their last dwelling  
Those who fill'd the vale with glee;  
Shepherd-stripling! Shepherd-stripling!  
They shall one day sing for thee.

---

**I LOVE SO MUCH—**

I love so much the gentle sigh,  
The gentle sigh of early spring;  
When heaven's opening, azure eye  
Sheds light and warmth on every thing;  
When o'er the valley's icy grey,  
The sunny hill shines out so fair,  
And children ply their early play,  
And maidens woo the fresh'ning air.

Then, standing on the mountain-slope,  
I gaze in pleasure's mute excess,  
With gentle wish, and buoyant hope,  
Or soft emotion scarcely less.  
I seem a child, and musing there  
Make one in Nature's blithesome play,  
While every unavailing care  
That wrung my soul, is wil'd away.

I love so much the gentle sigh  
Of autumn's fields, which fond old men  
With deep emotion bid "good bye";  
'Tis Nature's holy-day again.  
Array'd no more in bud and bloom,  
She folds her powers in sweet repose,  
And lock'd within her peaceful home  
And teeming depths, she searcheth those.

'Tis then the heart, that beat so high,  
Will temper down its prouder flight,  
To taste of Memory's simple joy,  
And Resignation's still delight.  
Oh! then, when Nature's gentle touch  
Hath sooth'd my soul, and earth and air,  
Oh! then I've felt, 'twere not too much  
To seek my grave and rest me there.

---

**IN THE AUTUMN.**

Spring's salute to you be given  
Golden sunshine, bright blue heaven!  
O'er yon garden boundary stealing  
Comes the merry music pealing.

Can'st thou not, mine ear, discover  
Songs that tell of winter over?  
Only see, the trees how yellow!  
Pleasant, dreamy, treacherous pillow!

---

**A WONDER.**

She was a child a week ago,  
She is one now, no more, oh no!  
The bud that had so quickly blown  
Is shut again or scarcely shown:  
Oh! who will solve the mystery?  
Or, is her sweet face mocking me?

She speaks in such a childlike guise,  
So softly play her pretty eyes;  
But there are greater things, I see,  
If I would search, in store for me.  
Ah! surely Love has been this way,  
And Love does wonders every day.

---

**MY VERSE.**

Have I ne'er felt the thrill of pleasure,  
But always sung a sadden'd song?  
Ah no! my life's once happy measure  
Sped lightly carolling along.  
In glory shone the summer flowers,  
When she I lov'd was at my side;  
And all that morning's dreamy hours  
Could promise, evening verified.

No worthless witness might be given  
Of how those sweet times flew away,  
By streamlet blue and azure heaven  
By stilly grove and blooming spray.  
They once beheld the all I cherish'd,  
They once heard all those sounds divine,  
But ah! too soon their pride has perish'd,  
And they must grieve, like me for mine.

Far one, yet near one, lov'd so truly,  
O! thou can't speak to love's sweet thrill,  
Our childlike glee recalling newly,  
Our happy looks rememb'ring still.  
So one were we in thought and feeling,  
The thrall of words we would not try;  
O'er all we did came music stealing,  
In winged flow the hours flew by.



Thou diedst, and then, the world how lonely!  
No refuge but my darkling breast;  
And song with plaintive accent only  
To win to joy or soothe to rest.  
What now avails, but notes of sorrow,  
The short, the fleeting past to plain?  
To long for some more golden morrow,—  
For thee, for love, for heaven, again?

---

## THE MONK AND THE SHEPHERD

**Monk.**

Why standest thou in silent grief?  
O shepherd, prithee tell!  
Thy wounded heart would seek relief,  
And mine befits it well.

**Shepherd.**

Dost ask me! Oh! then look around  
On all the valley here!  
There's not a flow'ret to be found,  
And every tree is sear.

**Monk.**

Then grieve no more! 'tis idle woe  
Or visionary gloom,  
For soon the clover bright will blow  
The tree be drest in bloom.

Then kneeling to the cross I come,  
That marks the tree-clad heath,  
But ah! it cannot bud or bloom,  
It bears a form of death.

---

**THE SHEPHERD'S SUNDAY SONG.**

It is the Lord's own day!  
And on the wide moors I'm alone,  
The bell tells one more hour flown;  
Again how still are they!

I bend the adoring knee.  
O holy awe! O transport still!  
Methinks, a host invisible  
Is praying here with me!

Around me, far away,  
One grand unbroken blue!  
As heav'ns gate were glistening through.  
This is the Lord's own day!

---

**THE CHAUNT OF THE NUNS.**

By holy impulse borne above,  
Ye pious sisters, seek the sky;  
Float where the cloud-path glows on high;  
There where the sun is purest shining,  
Our voices spring-enraptur'd twining  
We'll sing of thee, eternal love!

Though every tender blossom fade  
That gives the glow of earth a zest,  
Thou art like young blood in the breast,  
Our bosoms' fulness, ever flaming,  
Thy lordship at the altar claiming,  
Or in our hearts so stilly laid.

Eternal bounty! Once descendent,  
Thou lay'st, a smiling heav'n-born child,  
Before the virgin fair and mild;  
'Twas hers from out those eyes so bright  
To drink of heav'n's delicious light,  
Till round her glory shone resplendent.

Divinely, mercifully, thou  
In agony the cross hast spann'd,  
Then shriek'd the storm, then moan'd the land:  
Come all, from every region come  
Ye dead, and rive the portal'd tomb!  
With open arms he takes you now.

O wondrous, O ecstatic love!  
If this be sleep, this worldly seeming,  
My wishful soul is only dreaming;  
And there will once a waking be,  
When I shall vanish quite in thee,—  
A beam in that great sun above.

---

**THE LITTLE MOUNTAINEER'S SONG.**

The mountain shepherd-boy am I,  
Who all the towers beneath me spy.  
I see the sun rise first of all,  
And I'm the last to see him fall;  
For I am the boy of the mountain!

The waters are here in their own native home,  
I drink them as fresh from the crag they come;  
They foam from the rock in unruly play,  
And I fill my hands ere they hasten away;  
For I am the boy of the mountain!

The mountain it is my heritage,  
Where wild storms all around me rage;  
From North and South they roar and fret;  
But oh! my song is louder yet;  
For I am the boy of the mountain!

Here stand I aloft in the bright blue sky,  
While thunder and lightning beneath me lie;  
I know them well, and shout my best,  
"Leave ye my father's house at rest!"  
For I am the boy of the mountain!

And when the alarm-bell sounds this way,  
And fires upon the mountain play ;  
Then down I go the ranks among,  
And brandish my sword, and sing my song ;  
For I am the boy of the mountain !

---

**BRIDAL - SONG.**

Thrice bless'd be the dwelling, and prais'd far and  
wide  
The house that has welcom'd the beautiful bride,  
Like a garden of gay flowers blowing.

From the bridal-room comes forth a radiant sun,  
While the flute's like a night-bird that calls from  
her bower,  
And the tables are gardens, with flower on flower;  
And the wine's golden streamlet doth laughingly run.

The matrons are glowing  
Like lilies and roses,  
When they have their loveliest dresses;  
Like the winds, creeping wanton  
'Mid flow'rs that they flaunt on,  
Is the sound of the mingling caresses.



**RESOLUTION.**

She must come to this still bower:  
Here my mind shall venture forth.  
Why before the dear one cower?  
Would she hurt a soul on earth?

Others are so glad to greet her,  
Like a coward, I pass by,  
And so often as I meet her,  
Dare not even raise mine eye.

See the flow'rs, they bend before her,  
And the birds their carols trill;  
While they prove how they adore her,  
Why am I a trembler still?

Oft my bitter plaint to heaven  
In the long night mounts above,  
Yet I dare not whisper even  
Those few words "tis thee I love".

'Neath a tree, then, I will lay me,  
Which she always wanders past;  
Dreamy murmurs shall betray me,  
Telling her the truth at last.

**Yes I will, but — how I tremble!  
She is here, — she'll see me too:  
Ha! behind this bush I'll scramble,  
Here I can at least peep through.**

---

**THE RUN OF THE WORLD.**

Along the mead, at evening hour,  
I wander every day,  
She always peepeth from her bower,  
'Tis close upon the way.  
We never fix to make it thus,  
But so the world runs round with us.

I kiss her, — why, I cannot guess,  
But it has long been so;  
I neither hear nor ask for “yes”,  
She never gives me “no”.  
And if lip will with young lip mingle,  
We cannot wish to keep them single.

The light wind comes the rose to woo,  
Yet asks not, — if it dare;  
The rose-bud drinks the cooling dew,  
And loves it every where.  
If kisses sweet our love betray,  
What is there for the tongue to say?

---

**FOREST SONG.**

In peace I thread the wood alone,  
For robbers what care I?  
A loving heart is all I own,  
And miscreants pass that by.

What rustles on through bush and bough?  
A wretch to take my breath?  
My true-love comes like springing doe!  
And kisses me to death.

---

**HAPPY DEATH.**

I had perish'd  
Of delight;  
In her arms lay  
Buried quite:  
Kisses woke my  
Death or dreaming;  
In her bright eye  
Heav'n was beaming.

---

**FAITHLESSNESS.**

Long hast thou had dominion over  
The lute and life of thy fond lover;  
But last night! — would I could free  
My burden'd spirit from the dream, —  
A strange and veiled form did seem  
To sit beneath our trysting tree!

The life-blood from my cheek retreating,  
With timid joy I dared the meeting;  
She only raised the veil, and then —  
Then saw I those dear eyes of blue,  
Those eyes so fond, and faithful too;  
And all was trust and peace again.

---

**THE ISOLATED.**

So is it mine at last to hold thee  
Afar from where the gay combine;  
In this enraptur'd arm to fold thee,  
To call thee mine, and only mine?  
At this soft moment all are sleeping,  
Yea, none are living now, but we,  
Like wave-god and his goddess keeping  
Their watch beneath the silent sea.

The din, that erst could overpower  
Thy honied words, hath rung its last,  
And whisper'd love, at this sweet hour,  
Is all my ravish'd ear's repast.  
The earth is darken'd, drear, and lonely,  
Nor heath, nor lake betrays a light;  
And with our lamp's faint glimmer only  
Our little realm of love is bright.

---

**CONTENTMENT.**

Our lime its sweet shade knitting,  
My love and I were sitting  
Beneath it, hand in hand.  
Then not a leaf was moving,  
The sun shone mild and loving  
Upon the peaceful land.

No whisper e'en was spoken;  
Their raptur'd trance unbroken,  
Our hearts scarce seem'd to beat.  
The tongue what could we task for?  
What lore had we to ask for?  
Our knowledge was complete.

No want had we t'embarrass us,  
Nor longing that could harass us;  
The all we lov'd was near;  
Fond eye a fond eye greeting,  
Dear lip with dear lip meeting;  
The look, the lip how dear!

---

**EXALTED LOVE.**

Ye rest in love's soft dalliance drunken,  
The feast of life awaits your call;  
A single look on me hath sunken,  
Yet I am rich beyond you all.

I lightly prize this pall'd existence,  
And cast a martyr's look above;  
For over me, in golden distance,  
Hath open'd out a heaven of love.

---



**NEARNESS.**

I seek thee in thy garden,  
But where art thou to-day?  
The butterflies, so lonely,  
Are winging time away.

But in what gay luxuriance  
Thy flower-beds appear!  
And how the perfum'd Zephyrs  
Disport around me here!

I feel that thou art near me,  
My solitude is cheer'd;  
Thus hovers The Invisible  
Above the worlds He rear'd.

---

### MAY-DAY EVE.

What glances by at evening grey?  
It is my Ellen fair,  
And with the rose's perfum'd spray  
Her basket scents the air.

Tomorrow, ah! 'tis sweet May-tide!  
Tomorrow will be blest,  
When she comes forth in pretty pride,  
With roses on her breast.

---

### THE GOSSAMER.

As through the fields we wander'd on,  
While morning's dew was lying,  
A lucid web, by fairy spun,  
A gossamer came flying;  
And wafted light from hand to hand,  
Entwin'd us in its tiny band.  
Then, quick as love is wont to do,  
I fondly seiz'd the happy token;  
O! hopes we ever hope anew,  
Of fragrance born, by breath too broken!

---

**AT NIGHT.**

Upon the quiet house I glance,  
And lean against a tree,  
Oh! there she lies in beauteous trance,  
And glowing reverie.

And then the upward sky I hail,  
With clustering cloudlets hung;  
Ha! see from forth that darkling veil  
The full moon's radiance flung.

---

**A FATAL NEIGHBOURHOOD.**

I seldom leave my room a minute,  
And yet my work has stopp'd an age;  
With books spread out and open in it,  
I can't get on a single page.

My neighbour, now, with flute entrancing,  
On all my ardour throws cold water,  
And now I cannot keep from glancing  
Across there at his pretty daughter.

---

**A RUSTIC'S RULES.**

In summer seek a sweetheart out  
In garden, field, or fallow ;  
The days just then are long enough,  
The nights are mild and mellow.

Ere winter, the delicious knot  
Must be fast tied together ; —  
No moonlight meetings in the snow  
In cold and cutting weather !

---

**WILL AND JENNY.**

**Jenny.**

Stealing at me looks so sly  
Must I ever find thee?  
Pray, shut up that little eye,  
Lest the labour blind thee.

**Will.**

Ah! 'tis you, by looking back,  
See what I'm about dear,  
Pray, draw in that little neck,  
Or you'll put it out dear.

---

**THE BLACKSMITH.**

I list to my dearie;  
The hammer he's swinging,  
'Tis rattling and ringing,  
On the distant ear falling,  
Like merry bells calling  
Through alley and square, never weary.

The black forge so grim  
My true-love doth sit by;  
But chance I to flit by,  
The bellows 'gin snoring  
The rude flames 'gin roaring  
And blazing round him.

---

**HUNTING - SONG.**

No better sport just now there seems,  
Than through the wood to ramble;  
Where throstle sings, and falcon screams,  
And deer in covert gambol,

O would, like throstle on the spray,  
My love sat warbling sweetly;  
Or would she fled, like doe, away,  
That I might follow fleetly!

---

**THE HERDSMAN'S WINTER-SONG.**

O Winter, cruel Winter!  
How small the world is now!  
You drive us to the vallies,  
And cabins deep in snow.

If past my true-love's cottage  
My homeward way I trace,  
She scarce behind the lattice,  
Dare show her little face.

And if I muster courage  
And call as I go by;  
She sits between father and mother,  
And scarce opes her dear little eye.

O Summer, lovely Summer!  
You make the world so wide!  
The higher we climb the mountain,  
The farther it spreads from the side.

And when on the crag thou standest  
Sweet love, and I call to thee,  
The echoes repeat and repeat it,  
But thy ear alone hears me.



And when in my arms I fold thee  
On some free mountain height,  
We see all the wide world around us,  
And yet are ourselves out of sight.

---

**THE LAY OF THE CAPTIVE.**

How lovely it rang!  
O sky-lark, thy song;  
How ye mount up in transport together!  
I am off on thy wing,  
And as gaily I sing,  
While we soar to the sun through the ether.

O warbler, thou'rt bending  
Thee downward, descending  
All hush'd on the pastures of bloom;  
And, as softly and still,  
I would follow at will; —  
But I sink in my dungeon of gloom!

---

**THE CHURCH-YARD IN SPRING.**

Quiet garden, haste thee now,  
Throw thy pretty spring-cloak o'er thee ;  
Every spot, where aught may grow,  
Let it teem with roses for thee.

Cover close the darkling ground,  
For its aspect makes me tremble,  
Lest some dreary blank be found,  
When the friends I love assemble.

If the damp pit think of me,  
Well and good — then let it take me ;  
Though this upper air, may be,  
Many a pretty job might make me.

---

## SPRING DITTIES.

### 1. PRESAGE OF SPRING.

Sweet airs, as ye come,  
Your soft whispering  
Wakes the music of spring,  
And soon too the violet shall bloom.

---

### 2. SPRING FAITH.

The gentle wind hath woke to play,  
It curleth and whispereth night and day,  
For ever at large and ranging;  
O fresh'ning fragrance, new-born voice!  
Poor, timid, trembling heart, rejoice,  
All, all must soon be changing.

The world grows lovelier every day,  
What sweet things wait thee, who shall say?  
From flower to flower we're ranging;  
The darkest deepest, vallies bloom;  
Poor anxious heart, be happy, come,  
All, all must soon be changing.

---

**3. SPRING REPOSE.**

Oh! in the dark grave lay me not,  
Nor low 'neath any verdant spot;  
If I must earthward pass,  
Let me lie in the long high grass.

How sweet to lie in grass and flowers,  
And list the lute from distant bowers,  
And watch too, up so high,  
The filmy spring-clouds sailing by.

---

**4. A SPRING HOLIDAY.**

Luscious, golden day of spring!  
Rapture too enchanting!  
If I ever wove the lay,  
Should it now be wanting?

Why, though, let so sweet a time  
Aught like toil embitter?  
Spring is high and holy tide,  
Prayer and rest were fitter.

---

**5. THE PRAISE OF SPRING.**

Violets fragrant, seed-fields fair,  
Warbling lark, and ousel's call,  
Sunny rain, and balmy air;

When such words the poet sings,  
Need he seek for greater things,  
Spring, to prove thee beautiful?

---

**6. THE SOLACE OF SPRING.**

My heart, what can thy quiet discompose,  
When e'en the thorns are bearing rose on rose?

---

**7. THE FUTURE SPRING.**

True, every year still brings us back  
The gentle spring anew;  
But Time, upon his brilliant track,  
Shall bring that great one too, —  
Which shall be thine, when here below  
Thy footsteps cease to rove;  
Thou feel'st a presage of it now,  
'Twill break on thee above.

---

**8. THE SPRING SONG OF THE REVIEWER.**

Spring is come, or so I'm told;  
And I'm glad beyond a doubt;  
There's some chance of getting out, —  
Not so much of catching cold.

Storks and swallows come afresh too,  
Not too soon though, not too soon;  
Bloom on, little tree, bloom on,  
If you wish to, if you wish to.

Yes! 'tis really rather pleasant,  
For the lark sings pretty well,  
So, I think, does Philomel,  
And the sun may do at present.

Queer world this! I would not shock it,  
If to green field I repair; —  
I don't mind a saunter there,  
While I've Kleist's Spring in my pocket.

---

**TO HER, THE NAMELESS ONE.**

Upon a hill-top hoary  
I fain would stand with thee,  
The vale's, the forest's glory  
Our downward view should be;  
And, all around, I'd show thee  
The world lit up in spring,  
And vow it all unto thee,  
Could it be mine to bring.

O! would the veil, that cumb'reth  
My soul, were torn away;  
And thou might'st see where slumb'reth  
Each heaven-sent voiceless lay;  
Might'st find a spirit fired  
With warm and genuine flame,  
A song, by thee inspired,  
That dare not breathe thy name.

---



**THE FREEDOM OF ART.**

O! let him, whom song inspires,  
Warble in the German grove;  
Free alone and fearless lyres  
Yield the voice of joy and love.

Not, that some proud few be flatter'd,  
Is our art to others bann'd;  
Every where the seed is scatter'd  
Far and wide o'er German land.

In the tide of song sonorous  
Boldly set thy full heart free,  
Whispering glide thy love before us,  
Thunder let thine anger be.

Though hereafter sleep thy bosom,  
Youth, at least, thy lip should move;  
Sweetest, in the month of blossom,  
Nightingales record their love.

Bound in books, what little pleases,  
May, when musing hours begin,  
Fly, a loose leaf, on the breezes,  
Merry youth will snatch it in.

Go, dark arts, nor seek to bind us,  
Necromancy, Alchymy!  
Formulae we leave behind us,  
Our art is Poesy.

Minds we reverence as holy,  
Names are all an empty plea,  
Masters call for homage lowly  
Still to us our art is free.

Not in cold memorial marble,  
Nor in hush'd fanes, dimly trod;  
But in groves of oak that warble  
Builds and breathes the German God.

---

**AN ENTREATY.**

Good singers, 'tis a saintly theme  
And very saintly sung;  
But hold, I pray ye, though it stream  
So smoothly off the tongue,  
He who would show his name enroll'd,  
His flag, for God, unfurl'd,  
Had better ply, like wrestler bold,  
The froward wicked world.

---

**TO A YOUNG GIRL DANCING.**

When thou the airy dance art leading,  
When thou, the smooth earth scarcely treading,  
Art floating on in youth and light;  
Then, every eye entranc'd with seeing  
Confesses thee no earthly being,  
Æthereal only, Spirit quite!

I shudder though; for if to heaven  
The summons suddenly were given,  
O Spirit! would'st thou ready be?  
Well, — even the slumberer on the flowers  
The butterfly of summer hours  
Is type of Immortality.

---

**TO A FAMISHED POET.**

A sky for ever low'ring, —  
A path of misery, —  
Self-trusting, self-devouring  
Hath been thy destiny.

The Muse herself denoted,  
Her cradled infant's lot,  
To song its life devoted,  
She knew not else to what.

Death snatch'd away the mother  
That lull'd the babe to rest;  
What hope then from another,  
From any earthly breast?

The world that teems with pleasure,  
Exuberant and waste,  
Could feast thine eye with pleasure,  
But others came to taste.

Thy life had spring's own lustre,  
Thy dreams were spring-tide's bloom,  
But others cull'd the cluster,  
And bore the rich fruit home.

The tasteless water-pitcher  
Upon thy lip hath hung,  
While blither boards and richer  
Were ringing with thy song.

A figment here of glory,  
A shadowy soul wert thou;  
Like gods in Grecian story,  
Ambrosia feeds thee now.

Borne to the grave unsightly,  
A shred of death thou'lt be,  
On earth thou weigh'd'st so lightly,  
It should lie light on thee.

---

**THE GLEN.**

What beauteous sight dost thou restore me!  
How rarely bright, my lovely glen;  
So lay thy loveliness before me  
In boyhood's years, — ah! only then.  
The sun is set; but sweetly steeping  
Their waves in light, the streamlets rove;  
The breeze that woo'd my cheek is sleeping,  
And yet a rustling wakes the grove.

It breathes again, — love long since perish'd,  
They bloom anew, — the joys of yore;  
And even song, the lightly cherish'd,  
Awakes this chilly breast once more.  
O Nature! less were unavailing,  
Than hours so warmly, fondly mine,  
To make this poor heart cease from ailing,  
This wounded soul forget to pine.

Then, sorer should the world oppress me,  
I'll turn to thee, once more, my glen,  
And bid thy gentle beauty bless me,  
And soothe the weary minstrel then.  
If faint, and lorn of heart, I woo thee,  
For me thy gentle bosom bare,  
Receive me, take me kindly to thee,  
And let my bright green grave be there.

**THE VALE OF REST.**

When the clouds of evening throng them  
Mountain-like upon the skies,  
And like pillar'd Alps arise,—  
Often then I ask in tears,  
Is perchance, the hope of years,  
My sweet vale of rest among them?

---

**EVENING CLOUDS.**

See, on heaven's western part,—  
How the clouds are glowing bright!  
Melting quite away in light,  
They that look'd so black all day;—  
“Yea!” replies my prescient heart,  
“And from off this soul of thine,  
When thy sun is in decline,  
Darker clouds shall roll away.”

---



**A MAY SONG.**

Little have I learnt to measure  
What the worth of Spring may be,  
All its loveliness, its pleasure  
Never had a charm for me.  
Ah! what should they be to bosoms  
Torn and trouble-tost as mine?  
Now the tempest shakes the blossoms,  
May for me begins to shine.

---

**A LAMENTATION.**

To tread the gloomy tomb alive,  
That is a dreadful fate!  
Yet we may almost have to strive  
With woe as desolate.  
When, ere the heart's enthusiast glow  
Or inward life be gone,  
We feel old age, in pain and woe,  
Steal prematurely on.

---

**VINDICATION.**

In happy dreams youth loves to fly  
Across unnumber'd years,  
He loves to storm the starry sky  
With petulance and tears.  
And heav'n hears her suppliant pray,  
And sweetly smileth "No",—  
Then letteth gently pass away  
His wishes and his woe.

But, when its first deceitful lure  
The heart has learnt to spurn,  
And craves the genuine, the pure,  
The human for its bourne ;  
And yet finds every effort vain  
To compass end or plan,—  
Oh! let the silent tear of pain  
Be pardon'd to the man.

---

**LINES WRITTEN ONE FINE CLEAR MORNING.**

O blue sky, after days of gloom,  
To still my mourning art thou come?  
Ah! him who sicken'd at the rain  
The sun alone can heal again.

O blue sky after days of gloom,  
To still my mourning thou art come;  
Thou emblem'st forth the sweet balm given  
For earthly care by joy in heaven.

---

**THE GREETING OF SOULS.**

Do the bonds of earth dissever?  
Are my pinions loos'd and free?  
In the land of home for ever,  
Do I meet, dear friend, with thee?  
When thy light wing heav'nward soared,  
Ah! my fond look flew as fast,  
Now, to light and life restored,  
I have found the lost at last.

“Hark! O would she downward lure me,  
Or on bright wing hither rise?  
Lies a smiling earth before me,  
Or some lovelier paradise?  
Ah! this high translucent heaven  
Gave me erst no perfect bliss,  
Thou art here, and all is given,  
Scarce 'twere heaven, but for this!”

---

## AT THE FERRY.

O'er this stream, and in this werry,  
Years ago, 'twas mine to ferry;  
Still the eve-lit castle gloweth,  
Loud, as then, the lasher floweth.

Two beside me here were seated,  
Who with me the fare completed;  
One a father's name might merit,  
One was young and high of spirit.

Keeping peaceful aims before him  
One felt Death steal softly o'er him;  
One, in boisterous joy delighting,  
Fell in storm and battle fighting.

Thus, when I, more buoyant-hearted,  
Dare to think on days departed,  
Memory, then so seldom fickle,  
Shows where Death has plied his sickle.

But ere Friendship flourish truly,  
Soul with soul must mingle throughly;  
Soul-like then was our communion,  
Soul-like still subsists the union.

Take it, boatman, take thy guerdon  
Treble—for thy triple burden;  
Think not I went over lonely,—  
Two that pass'd were spirits only.

---

**THE LARKS.**

What a busy whir they made!  
Welcome, lightsome cavalcade!  
This one flits across the lea,  
That goes rustling through the tree.

Others take a heav'nward flight,  
Warbling up the path of light;  
One, with flow of song opprest,  
Chirps and flutters in my breast.

---

**A POET'S BLESSING.**

As I walk'd along the sward,  
List'ning to the lark's record,  
I descried an old man there  
Toiling on with hoary hair.

"Blest", cried I, "these fields shall be,  
Worked with so much industry;  
Blessing on the wither'd hand  
That still loves to sow the land".

"Poet", said his care-worn face,  
"All thy blessing's out of place;  
Burdensome as heaven's wrath  
Flow'rs, not corn, it calleth forth."

"Friend, the flow'rs, my homely song  
Waketh where it rills along,  
Will but serve to deck the scene,  
When thy grand-child comes to glean."

---



## MAY DEW.

Over mead 'and wood and mountain,  
With the morning's early grey,  
Falls a rill from Eden's fountain,—  
'Tis the soft fresh dew of May.  
There, the gems her fairy bowers  
Shrine in sanctuary sweet,  
Glossy leaves, enamell'd flowers,  
Spicy odours, mingled meet.

Soon a pearly wreath is forming,  
When the muscle drinks the dew,  
And the honey bees come swarming  
From the oak it trickles through.  
On the spray the little linnet  
Need but wet his tiny tongue,  
And he learns, that very minute,  
How to woo the woods in song.

Where the dewy May-bell waveth  
Hies the virgin ere the day,  
And her golden tresses laveth,  
Stealing bright as heav'n away.  
E'en the eye, all red with weeping,  
Loves to drink the liquid spar,  
Till, through dewy halo peeping,  
Kindly shines the morning star.

O then, let me not forego thee,  
Balm for every earthly smart!  
Gently on mine eyelids throw thee,  
Softly steep my thirsting heart.  
Give me youth and minstrel passion,  
Grant me forms of heav'n to view,  
To the sun my bold gaze fashion,  
Fresh and gentle morning dew!

---

**WINE AND BREAD.**

Such light things are my existence,  
Scaring every thought of pain;  
Vines are on the hilly distance,  
Corn is blooming on the plain.

Soon the threshing floors will thunder,  
And the noisy mill go round;  
And when they are spent, no wonder  
If the creaking wine-press sound.

Kindly hostess, thou art able,  
Sooth, to keep a nimble score;  
When thou puttest wine on table,  
Bread is always there before.

---

**THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.**

Now, his grand career completing,  
Must the sun in glory sink,  
How he lingers, ere retreating  
Toward the Oceans stilly brink.  
Nature too, with prescient feeling,  
Marks her youthful God's decline,  
And a boding calm is stealing  
O'er the western landscape line.

Only now, the quail, that utters  
Chiding call to drowsy day,  
To the spent gleam's fainting flutters  
Warbleth wild her notes away,  
While the lark too soareth singing  
High above the scented vale,  
Better thus a last look flinging  
Toward the radiance sunk and pale.

---

**THE POPPY.**

Upon the western breezes  
The poppies wave and shine;  
With these the dream-god pleases  
His sleeping brow to twine:  
Now, bright and purple, waving  
With evening's crimson glow,  
Now pale as moonlight paving  
The wintry fleece of snow.

“Take heed”, they said, “the sleeper  
That wears a poppy crown,  
To sombrous realms, and deeper,  
Is dreamily borne down.  
And even, when he waketh,  
The spell-work scarcely ends,  
For shadowy forms he taketh  
His lov'd and dearest friends.”

In life's young morning hours,  
I, too, was thus bested;  
Amid a vale of flowers  
I laid my weary head:  
Then softly, in a minute,  
Arose their fragrant steam,  
Life look'd a picture in it,  
The Real became a dream!

Since then, all else misgiving,  
No thought but this will do,—  
My pictur'd world's the living,  
My dream's the pure and true.  
The shades, that flit before me,  
Are clear as stars to ken;  
Wave, poet-poppy, o'er me,  
For ever wave as then.

---

**THE MALLOW.**

Once again art thou before me?  
Paly mallow, bloomest thou?  
Oh! the chill wind passeth o'er me,  
All my Spring is fading now!  
Child thou art of autumn's hour,  
Born beneath a fading sun; —  
Rose, within whose scentless bower  
After blossom bloometh none.

Welcome I would give thee gladly,  
Shon'st thou not in rosy pride,  
Did'st thou not belie so sadly  
Her who sweetly bloom'd and died.  
Tell me not of Spring's returning,  
'Twere but empty show in thee,  
With thy comely robe of mourning,  
With thy soft bright tracery.

---

**TRAVEL.**

Travel, my good friends, ye bid me,  
Give my prison'd thoughts a change,  
Of the day's cramp'd doings rid me,  
And betake myself to range.  
And yet I have, all the fonder,  
Made my vow I will not roam,  
Happier far, than when I wander,  
Freer, richer, here at home.

Through the endless pathways winding,  
Measuring o'er th' exhaustless vale,  
On the oft-trod bridges finding,  
Day by day, a moving tale.  
Oft when, on my way advancing,  
Lone it seems to thought and eye,  
Past me in the clear noon glancing  
Come dear shades of days gone by.

When the sun his last ray flingeth,  
Fancy wakes the inward war,  
And from mountain summits wingeth  
Unto fabled isles afar.  
Soon as peep the stars through ether,  
Mightier yearnings fill my soul,  
Worlds on worlds she leaves beneath her,  
Soaring for her heavenly goal.



Past and future are before me,  
Dreams of youth, the old and new,  
Heaven's boundless regions o'er me  
Here are every hour in view.  
So, my friends now, ye may ponder  
Where and wherefore I should roam;  
For this heart's too prone to wander  
'Mid the quiet sphere of home.

---

**A WANDERER'S CAROLS.****1. FAREWELL.**

Fare thee well, love, fare thee well;  
Oh, to-day we sever!  
Give the kiss, the kiss to tell  
How we part for ever.

Cull a blossom from the tree  
In the garden blowing,  
But no fruit, no fruit for me,  
May not wait its growing.

---

**2. PARTING.**

And must we, must we sever  
My only earthly bliss?  
One kiss, then part for ever,  
With heart to heart like this?

Ah, lov'd one, do they sever  
Who kiss and clasp them thus?  
Can any part for ever  
With heart to heart like us?

---

**3. FOR AWAY.**

How pleasant to rest 'neath the greenwood's shade,  
When the blithe singing birds in the tree are;  
But why do ye sing to my beating heart so?  
O whisper me, what of our love do ye know?  
So far away as ye are.

How pleasant to rest on the streamlet's brink,  
Where the sweet-smelling wild flowers greet one;  
Who bid ye, ye flowerets hitherward rove?  
Oh! are ye a pledge of affectionate love  
From her far away, from the sweet one?

---

**4. MORNING SONG.**

We scarcely yet can see the sun,  
The morning bells are hardly done  
Within the dark deep valley.

How still the forest's wide extent!  
The little birds dream their merriment,  
To song they cannot rally.

Yet I've been in the fields so long,  
And already have fashion'd forth this my song,  
And caroll'd it loud and gaily.

---

**5. NIGHT-JOURNEYING.**

I ride out into the gloom afar,  
No moon to light me; no kindly star;  
The chilly winds are wailing;—  
How often, when I pass'd this way,  
The golden sunshine laughing lay,  
Or came on Zephyr sailing.

I ride along by the garden dark,  
How whistles the wind on the trees' dry bark;  
The leaves how sear and harried!  
Here often, when the roses throve,  
And all was given to joy and love,  
With my sweet love I tarried.

But now the sunshine's smiles are o'er,  
The blooming roses are no more,  
And she I lov'd is sleeping;—  
No moon to light me, no kind star,  
In winter's storm I ride afar,  
My mantle closer keeping.

---

**6. WINTER - JOURNEYING.**

So cold the breath of Winter,  
The busy crowds are gone;  
The torrent's flow is stinter,  
But I must wander on.

The sun is waxing dimmer,  
And shorter grows the day,  
Love sheds a weary glimmer,  
And pleasure wanes away.

O would 'twere not so hilly,  
For that's the village spire;  
And though my heart be chilly,  
My hands shall feel the fire.

---

#### 7. DEPARTURE.

And so the town and I are parted,  
Where I have liv'd this many a day,  
I rattle forward lightsome-hearted,  
Yet no one speeds me on my way.

My coat they neither tore nor tatter'd,  
(And 'twere a shame to serve it so)  
Nor bit my cheek, which less had matter'd,  
In sheer exuberance of woe.

None found their sleep curtail'd in measure;  
Because next day I had to start,  
I left it to their private pleasure;—  
But *one* I *do* regret at heart.

---

**8. A NIGHT'S LODGING.**

A landlord once, with civil air,  
Receiv'd me in his mansion;  
A golden sign was swinging there  
Upon a tall high stanchion.

It was the goodly apple-tree  
Of whose house I avail'd me,  
Sweet luscious fare he spread for me,  
And plenteously regal'd me.

Of those, that sought his green home-stead,  
There came a light-wing'd number,  
Who leap'd about and banquetted,  
Then sung themselves to slumber.

My rest was sweet, as sweet could be,  
My couch, a soft green meadow;  
My host, as coverlet for me,  
Sent down his own cool shadow.

I begg'd my bill, — he shook his poll,—  
The items, he'd forgot 'em,  
O may his house, the good old soul,  
Be bless'd from top to bottom!

---

**9. THE RETURN HOME.**

O break not, tottering plank, with me!  
Stand, rock, that look'st so threateningly!  
Ye heavens, fall not in; great world, remain  
Unshaken, till I'm by my love again.

---

**THE DEDICATION OF THE HOUSE.**

The house is on the destin'd spot,  
Though roof'd and brick'd in it is not;  
But rain and sun can creep in still,  
From top to bottom, where they will.  
Then let us pray the world's Great Master  
To ward off every ill disaster,  
And send, from heaven's glorious tent,  
Good luck upon our tenement.  
And first, may He vouchsafe to bless  
And give the garner plenteousness,  
The parlour—active godliness,  
The kitchen—thrift and cleanliness,  
The stable—health, that special boon,  
The cellar—good wine for lord or loon;  
The doors and windows guard from sin,  
That nought unholy enter in,  
But soon across this doorway new  
Come springing childhood's artless crew;  
Now, quick my men, fall to this minute,  
Brick up the house, a blessing's in it!

---



**THE WEDDING-SONG BEHIND ITS TIME.**

Too oft, when poet pondereth;  
He finds the Muse at fault;  
From land to land she wandereth  
Without a place of halt.  
Too dreamy she, or idle,  
To mark the hours' chime,  
And, even when bid to bridal,  
A sorry judge of time.

But now, at your collation,  
Though late beyond a doubt,  
She craves consideration,  
That she be not shut out.  
For Fortune, in her splendour,  
Can bring no brighter day,  
Than when we sing the tender  
The happy bridal-lay.

---

**TEA - SONG.**

Ye strings, my light hand scarcely raises,  
O yield me soft and gentle strains,  
The tenderest theme demands your praises,  
The tenderest thing that earth contains.

In India's land of mythic glory,  
Where Spring may never know decay,  
O Tea, the very myth of story,  
Thou whil'st thy flowery youth away.

None dare from thee thy honey sunder,  
Except the little thin-lipp'd bee;  
And only lovely birds of wonder  
Attune their note in praise of thee.

When'lovers, pledg'd to those who love them,  
Beneath thy fragrant shade repair,  
Thou gently shak'st thy boughs above them,  
And strew'st thine odorous blossom there.

And though beside thy native rivers  
By purest sunshine cherish'd thus,  
A lovely handicraft delivers  
Thy gentle virtues e'en to us.

For, safe from sneer or deed of malice,  
Thou reign'st the ladies' blissful theme;  
We see them wield the fragrant chalice,  
Like nymphs beside the sacred stream.

Man's blunter taste, a stranger to thee,  
Thy potent virtues cannot tell;  
But woman's soft lip thrilling through thee  
Can probe at once thy magic spell.

E'en I, the bard, unkindly callous,  
Have never known thy wonders yet,  
Yet 'twere profane, what ladies tell us  
To call in question or forget.

Ye strings, my light hand scarcely raises,  
Surcease in softly dying strains;  
For woman's lip more fitly praises  
The tend'rest thing that earth contains.

---

**A PORK - SOUP SONG.**

To-day, as squares with ancient rule,  
We've kill'd a porker sprightly,  
And he's a Jewish squeamish fool  
Who holds such fare unsightly.  
Long live the porkers, wild and tame,  
They *do* live, great and small, the same;  
Blondinas and brunettas.

Then scruple not, my friends, to day  
To lay to, to your wishes,  
And give the goblet ample play  
Among the savoury dishes.  
They rhyme so patly, wine and swine,  
And eating pork is thirsty work,  
The throttle needs the bottle.

And our noble sour krout,  
Forget it, shall we? Never!  
A German found the secret out,  
So German 'tis for ever.  
With such a morsel, soft and white  
Among the krout, we have a sight  
Like Venus in the roses.

And, if by fairy fingers then  
The fairy flesh be parted,  
The German's bosom leaps again,  
He feels so lightsome-hearted.  
But Cupid smiles, nor smiles amiss,  
He thinks that they, who wish to kiss,  
Had better use their napkins.

Then blame me not, friends, if my lay  
Of pork and porker warble,  
For often thoughts of potent sway  
Are call'd forth by a bauble.  
You know that well-establish'd fact,  
That swine display a certain tact  
For pearls upon occasion.

---

**DRINKING SONG.**

This thirsty year! What shall I do?  
My throat's on fire the whole day through,  
My liver's nearly gone.  
I'm like a fish on arid sand  
I'm like the famish'd fallow land  
Wine, wine, O put it on.

There's such a sultry wind astir!  
The rain's a sorry comforter,  
And drink's as good as nought,  
I've drunk as deep, as deep can be,  
And yet, so far from helping me,  
It hisses down my throat.

What hot star is't that rules the roast?  
My marrow's dry as any toast;  
I'm at a desperate pass.  
'Tis Cupid perhaps, — Pshaw! what of him?  
Maid, fill my bumper to the brim,  
And then I'll love thee, lass.

Now, if 'tis just the same with ye,  
Wish luck to this year's wine with me,  
Ye revellers so true;  
O holy Urban, cheer us up,  
Bless every crop that fills the cup,  
And we will bless thee too.

---

**DRINKING SONG.**

We've drunk the first glass out and out;  
Then we'll think upon all that's worth thinking  
about; —

What's glorious and uproarious!

Then, what if we think of the wild wood first,  
Its raving storms unquiet;  
Of the bugle horn, and the hunting burst,  
And horse and hound at riot?  
How the stag with a dash through the water goes?  
The flood's white whirl has bound him;  
How the huntsman whoops to the scent and halloos,  
The deadly shots fly round him?

We've drunk the first glass out and out;  
Then we'll think upon all that's worth thinking  
about;—

What's glorious and uproarious!

Then what if we think on the wilder sea,  
And hear the billows beating,  
The thunder rolling magnificently,  
The whirlwind's din repeating?  
See, how the little bark heaves and groans!  
How mast and cordage fail her;  
And hear the distress-gun's booming tones  
And the curse of the careless sailor.

We've drunk the first glass out and out;  
Then we'll think upon all that's worth thinking  
about;—

What's glorious and uproarious!

So what of me think of war's wild chance,  
And Germans in fight engaging,  
Of the ringing sword, and the shivering lance,  
And the snorting coursers raging?  
Of the roll of the drum, and the trump's shrill call  
Speeding forth the beleaguering power,  
The roar of the cannon, the breach of the wall,  
And the crash of the toppling tower?

We've drunk the first glass out and out;  
Then we'll think upon all that's worth thinking  
about;—

What's glorious and uproarious!

Then what of we think of the last great day  
And the angel clarions calling,  
The graves that are rifted, the thunder's play,  
And the stars from the firmament falling:  
The yawning hell-gulf roaring loud,  
Its torrent of wild flame spouting;  
Or, high above the gilded cloud,  
The saints in triumph shouting?

We've drunk the first glass out and out;  
Then we'll think upon all that's worth thinking  
about;—

What's glorious and uproarious!



Then, after the wood and the wildering chace,  
And Ocean's billows heaving,  
And the fight of Germans, face to face,  
And the day where there's no reprieving.  
Oh! a thought for ourselves but mete appears,  
For our vociferous singing,  
Our loud Hurra! and lengthen'd cheers,  
Our glasses' joyous ringing.

We've drunk the first glsss out and out;  
Then we'll think upon all that's worth thinking  
about;—

What's glorious and uproarious!

---

**THE LAY OF A GERMAN MINSTREL.**

In days of olden glory,  
I sang me many a lay  
And many a good old story  
Of Love and Wine and May.  
Now vain would be th' endeavour,  
And spiritless the theme,  
Its pride is gone for ever,  
My fatherland's a dream!

As old historians give it,  
The Catti ring'd a limb,  
And none might move the rivet  
Till foe was slain by him.  
My country bids me fetter  
My patriot mind and tongue,  
Till I have serv'd her better  
Her warrior ranks among.

And though my hopes repose on  
No lofty hero-name,  
And though my ditty flows on  
To lowlier simpler fame,  
My country's strife is glorions  
And 'twere a noble thing  
To sing her sons victorious,  
Her noble Right to sing.

**ON THE CHILD OF A POET.**

Welcome to us, poet child,  
Who through life's gold gate hast broken!  
Fitting gift for thee are styl'd  
Songs and words of prophet token.

Times august beheld thy blooming,  
Wondrous days of sombre cast,  
Holy war, in thunder booming.  
O'er thine infant sleep hath past.

Sleep, and in that happy slumb'ring  
Dream thy birth-right reveries;  
Shining skies and green woods numb'ring  
Stars and flowers and blossom'd trees.

See! The tempest checks its madness;  
Gloom and carnage fade away;  
Thou appear'st in virgin gladness  
Heralding Love's better sway.

What alone as yearning presage  
To thy father's song was given,  
Falleth now, a blissful message  
Rich in life, on thee from heaven.

---

**FORWARDS.**

Forwards! hark ! the war-note proud!  
Forwards, Russia cries aloud:  
Forwards!

Prussia hears the word of pride,  
Marks its gladly, speeds it wide!  
Forwards!

Up then, mighty Austria too!  
Shew thyself as others do;  
Forwards!

Up, thou ancient Saxon land!  
Forwards with them, hand in hand:  
Forwards!

Bavaria, Hesse, join the ranks!  
Rhinewards, Suabians and Franks!  
Forwards!

Forwards! Holland, Netherlands,  
High your swords, and free your hands!  
Forwards!

Hail! all hail, ye Switzers free.—  
Lorrain, Alsace, Burgundy!  
Forwards!

**Forwards! Spain and Albion!**  
**Let the warrior cause be one!**  
**Forwards!**

**Forwards! where the brave resort:**  
**Fair the wind and nigh the port!**  
**Forwards!**

**Forwards is Field-Marshal too,**  
**Forwards! soldiers, brave and true!**  
**Forwards!**

---

**THE MESSAGE OF VICTORY.**

All was so gloomy, dead and drear,  
Ill bodings rang in every ear;  
And harsh on every ear they broke  
Like twilight bird's ill-omen'd croak.

The ill news speeds the country through,  
And darkling pictures follow too,  
Of luckless discord, treacherous deed,  
And trampling down of noble seed.

The friends of evil deal elate  
The spiteful laugh, the gibe of hate;  
In earnest guise the good attend,  
And wait and wonder where 'twill end.

Then, o'er the Rhine, a murmur loud  
Comes bursting through the thunder cloud;  
Is't eagle proud on sunward fling,  
Or swans more tuneful on the wing?

From golden light the song breaks out,—  
"The Lord leaves not His own in doubt,  
Nor aught so sacred doth deride":  
Victoria! God is on our side!

---

**TO MY MOTHER - COUNTRY.**

I fain would dedicate to thee  
These lays, my mother-country dear,  
For thou the newly-ris'n, the free,  
Art all my fancy dwells on here.

But thou hast seen thy heroes bleed  
Thy youthful chivalry decay,  
Such holy sacrifices need  
No sequel from the poet's lay.

---

**THE GERMAN LANGUAGE UNION.**

Approved men of learning,  
In German speech discerning,  
Unite, with willing hand,  
The faulty to abolish,  
To regulate and polish  
The language of their land.

Thus, whilst they are directing,  
Determining, perfecting  
Its native form and grace,  
May now the gather'd nation  
In lively emulation  
The noble scheme embrace.

Yea! free it from obscurity,  
Impart a heart-born purity  
And softness to the whole ;  
That strength and rich vibration,  
That glow and animation  
Which lighten from the soul.

Unsparingly exposing  
False speech and subtle glosing,  
Make truth its banner bright :  
Let only virtuous feeling,  
O'er German bosoms stealing,  
To German speech invite.



Away from wanton wooing  
And all lascivious doing  
Its stately march remove;  
But to its care surrender  
The timorousness tender  
That tells of faithful love.

The artful court-fed lisper,  
With his complacent whisper,  
Pollutes its every tone;  
'Tis giv'n to echo proudly,  
Where freedom's sons call loudly  
For freedom to the throne.

If thus its augmentation,  
Improvement and lustration  
Ye prosperously prepare,  
They'll say of every meeting  
Where Germans give their greeting,—  
“A God is breathing there!”

---

### THE DULLNESS OF THE TIMES.

O say, when first did garland-wreathings  
Or flying ball beguile the day?  
When danc'd they first to Music's breathings,  
Or sped the froward forfeit-play?

Ah! long, long gone by days of blessing  
Produc'd what ours could never yield,  
When gath'ring rage scarce brooks suppressing  
And nations throng the battle-field.

---

### THE NEW FAIRY TALE.

Fain were I to wake the lyre  
Where the golden fairies stray,  
But a spirit sterner, higher,  
Bids me speed my ling'ring lay.

Liberty is now my fairy,  
And the Right's my hero bold;  
Up then, champion, brave and wary,  
Slay the dragon in her hold.

---

**A PROSPECT.**

Is it then song's bounden duty  
To be ever grave and shrill?  
Must the field of mirthful beauty  
Lie uncultivated still?

When they've clear'd the forest for us,  
And have drain'd the marsh and fen,  
On the bright sun shining o'er us,  
Mov'd to tears, we'll gaze again.

---

**TO MOTHERS.**

Mothers, who with tender gaze  
O'er your infants fondly hover,  
And with prophet eye discover  
Guerdons fair for future days.

Oh! for once, with searching glance  
Probe their looks, and tell us whether  
Fields, their fathers fought together,  
Will their children's weal enhance.

---

**TO YOUNG GIRLS.**

Trust me, that I feel for ye,  
Poor young maidens, sensibly!  
That ye've chanc'd upon a day  
When there's little dance or play.

For it is a maiden's doom  
Soon to shed her beauty's bloom;  
And still less can blossom last  
Now the storm-wind flies so fast.

Ah! your youth oft seems to me  
Pass'd so sadly, joylessly;  
That your only refuge now  
Must be true love's faithful vow.

---

**THE NEW MUSE.**

'Mong the lawyers, and to read 'em  
Did my nature grievous wrong,  
I but half made good my freedom  
From the witching thrall of song.  
To the boy-god with the band on  
Many a warm lay told its tale;  
Not a scrap could'st thou lay hand on,  
Goddess of the sword and scale.

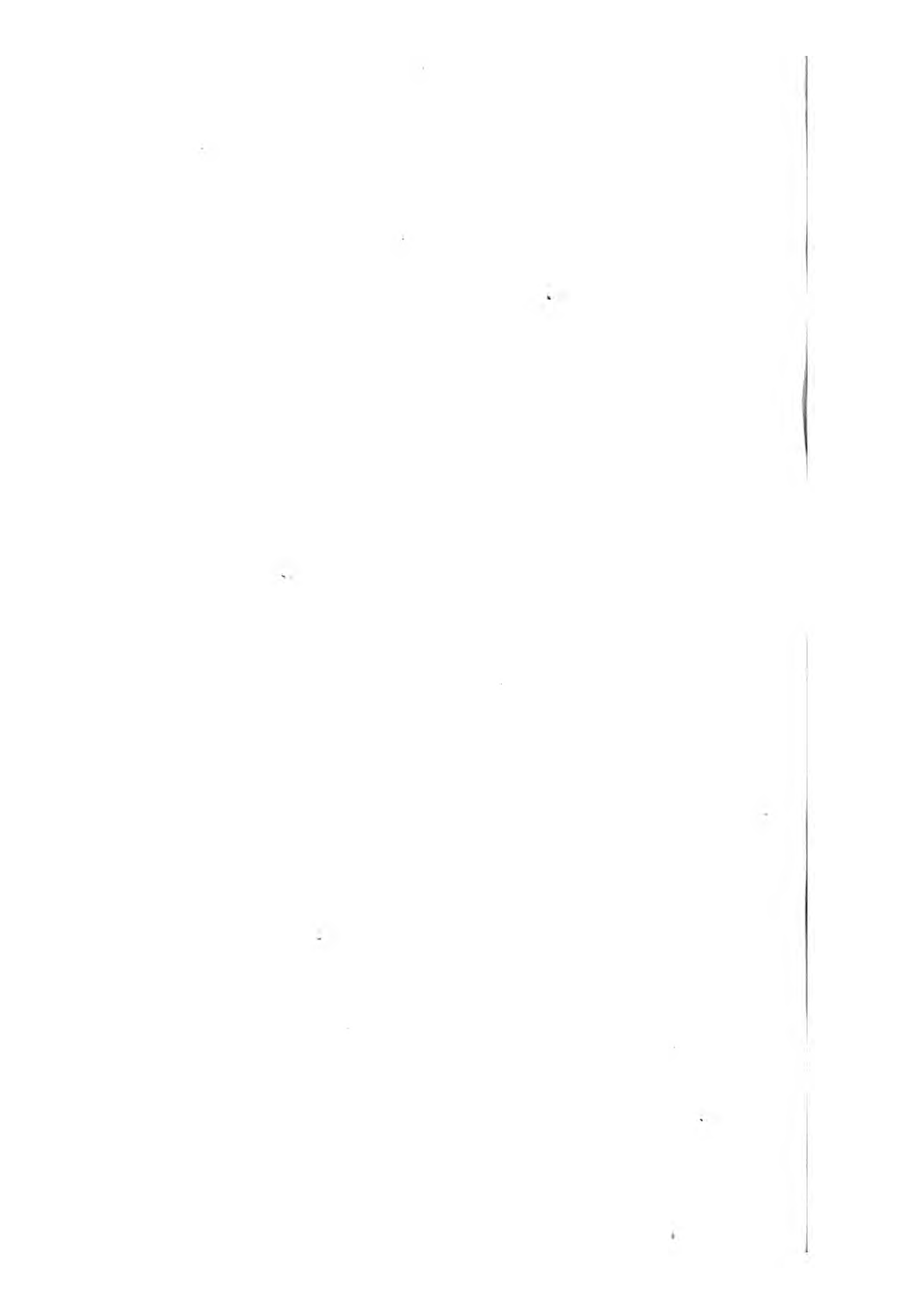
Now, the times and Muses changing  
Bring a season sterner far,  
Nor doth aught my bosom ranging  
Wake the glow of minstrel war,—  
As when, thou, in emblem'd glory,  
Themis, com'st thy throne to mount,  
Bidding nations plead their story,  
Calling princes to account.

---



**POEMS OF MY COUNTRY.**





1. ON THE 18<sup>th</sup> OF OCTOBER, 1815.

TO

BURGOMASTER KLÜPFEL,

REPRESENTATIVE DEPUTY FOR THE CITY OF STUTTGART.

They nobly fought the fight of nations,  
The stranger fled the German plain,  
Yet Oh! amid their exultations,  
Oppression's traces still remain.  
There's many an imag'd God that towers  
From forth a sunken city's grave,  
And many a sacred right of ours,  
That breathes 'mid ruin, we must save,

Yet saving all, or building newly,  
A worthless pledge of weal affords,  
When love and faith unite not truly  
The people and the people's lords.  
On princely rights, the boon of heaven,  
The German ne'er profanely trod;  
But still he loves the freedom given  
The form erect bestow'd by God.



'Tis thus, in firm association,  
Ye faithful champions onward press  
To rear upon the old foundation  
A future race's happiness.  
Each sordid benefit despising,  
O be ye dauntless, tireless, true,  
And, throne alike and people prizing,  
Retain their birth-right claims in view.

Then now, with festive pride before us,  
And thousand fires in brilliant glow,  
Which, where they fail the mountains o'er us,  
Warm every throbbing heart below.  
Let one unanimous endeavour  
Be ours, while assembled thus,  
To hail his name as dear for ever,  
Who is so truly one with us.

Who, born 'mong us, with us united,  
Esteems our weal his best reward,  
And, fondly by our love requited,  
Our dearest rights is proud to guard.  
Who, fearlessly his path pursuing,  
When dreadly rag'd the stormy strife,  
As tireless now in nobly doing,  
To this new work devotes his life.

O! vain are words, ye faithful sires,  
When hearts with gratitude o'errun,  
And vainly now the tongue aspires  
To tell how yours and ours are one.  
When late, at prayer's more solemn hour,  
Ye heard and worshipp'd with the throng,  
The silence spake with greater power  
Than all the jubilee of song.

Then, noble one, the board before thee  
Invites to thoughts of festive cheer;  
And oh! if care would mantle o'er thee,  
Bethink thee of a future year;  
When, memory of the strife recurring,  
Its blessings 'twill be ours to see,  
And young fruit in the bud be stirring,  
That, in the seed, was sown by thee.

---

## 2. THE GOOD OLD RIGHT.

Whene'er to quaff their good old wine  
My countrymen unite,  
The first of toasts in which they join  
Shall be the Good Old Right.

The Right, in which our Sovereign's pride  
Hath found a bulwark strong,  
Which, through the country far and wide,  
Protects the poor from wrong.

The Right, that fram'd those wholesome laws  
Which none may dare gainsay;  
Which public makes the culprit's cause,  
Yet lureth to obey.

The Right which neither impost fell  
Nor reckoning dark can foil;  
Which, o'er the treasury sentinel,  
Is chary of our toil.

That ever o'er our good church-land  
A guardian light hath shone;  
Or, holding out a kindly hand,  
Hath led young Genius on.

The Right which bids each freeman arm  
And bids each freeman sing,  
How he would fight in war's alarm  
For country and for king.

By which, to him who pants to rove,  
All lands are open thrown;  
But which, by one sweet bond of love,  
Unites him to his own.

The Right, with whose well-gotten fame  
Whole centuries are rife,  
And which the patriot loves the same  
With his dear creed or life.

The Right, that one disastrous hour  
To living ruin gave,  
But which anew, in stayless power,  
Hath risen from the grave.

Ah! when we too are passed hence,  
O! may it still be thus,  
Our children's children's sure defence,  
As it has been to us.

And whensoever the good old wine  
My countrymen invite,  
The first of toasts, in which they join,  
Shall be the Good Old Right!

---

## 3. WÜRTEMBERG.

Then where can'st thou be wanting  
My mother-country dear?  
While every tongue is vaunting  
Thy blessings far and near.

They say, thou art a garden,  
Thou art a paradise,  
Where Nature, kindly warden,  
Rears all of costly price.

A truth to last for ever  
An honour'd tongue made plain,—  
“Though potent the endeavour  
To ruin thee, 'twere vain.”

And see we not extending—  
Thy fruitage, like a sea?  
And floods of wine descending  
A thousand hills on thee?

Are not thy fishes swarming  
In every stream and lake?  
Thy merry hunters forming  
In thicket and in brake?

Blanch not a myriad fleeces  
Thine Alp's extended plain?  
While ox or horse increases  
Thy frugal peasant's gain?

Are not thy pinewood's praises  
By distant craftsmen told?  
The iron, thy miner raises  
And e'en the mite of gold?

Are not thy dames a glory—  
Domestic, kind, and true?  
And Weinsberg's noble story  
In memory ever new?

Thy men, are not they noted  
As active, frank, upright,—  
To peaceful toil devoted,  
And valiant when they fight?

Thou land so fairly dight!  
Thou race, so rich in blessing!  
Where, where's the Good Old Right,  
The *all* that's worth possessing?!

---

#### 4. A DIALOGUE.

"Still trumpeting the Good Old Right!

"How petulant of mood!"

I gladly keep the Old in sight,

Because I know 'tis good.

"The Better, not the Good alone,

"'Twere sometimes well to weigh."

A proof of Better there is none,

The Good is clear as day.

"But wait till I convince thee now,

"And with thy doubts have done."

By no one man I make my vow,

For I am also one.

"Is counsel of no consequence?

"Whose follower art thou?"

A follower of the honest sense

The people dare avow.

"I see that thou art nearly blind

"To quick creative power."

I rather praise the quiet mind

That toileth hour by hour.

“True Genius takes the lead of Time,  
“And heavenward seeks to shoot.”  
What yields no blossom in its prime  
Is rotten at the root.

“Thou comprehendest but in part  
“Man’s overwhelming woe.”  
Thou meanest fairly, but thy heart  
The people *will* not know.

---



## 5. TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PEOPLE

Blessing on your work be spoken,  
Power and prudence be its token;  
Never fear lest blame await you,  
Let not praise infatuate you.

Though some otherwise ones cavil,  
While their puny round they travel,  
Cling with resolute endeavour  
To the Really Right for ever.

Though the heartless or the jealous  
Call it folly to be zealous,  
Let your patriot hearts beat higher,  
Fan to flame the inward fire.

Though abusive tongues assail you,  
Doubtful, lest pure impulse fail you;  
Be your deeds a truthful dial  
Shining out in storm and trial.

For the faithful service render'd,  
Our truest thanks are tender'd;  
And, in trustful expectation,  
We will wait the consummation.

---

**6. ON THE 18<sup>th</sup> OF OCTOBER, 1816.**

If hitherward from heaven descending,  
A minstrel hero's soul could fly,  
Whose lot, on that great day contending,  
It was to conquer and to die.  
Throughout the German's wide dominion  
His song like flashing steel would strike,  
Not floating thus on feeble pinion,  
But heaven-spiced and thunder-like!

“Once merrily the belfries sounded,  
And brightly once the bonfires rose;  
But, why the festival was founded,  
Now scarce a living creature knows.  
O! well might they, who hover o'er you,  
Descend once more where strife hath been,  
Reope their bleeding wounds before you,  
And bid you thrust your fingers in.”

“Ye princes, in the pride of power,  
Have ye forgot the day of fight,  
When, prostrate laid, ye learn'd to cower  
And pay the homage due to might?  
The people rove your bonds ; how rarely,  
How nobly seal'd their loyal vow ;  
Then feed them not with hope so fairly,  
And falsify your promise now”.

“Ye people, who the battle breasted!  
Is that eventful day forgot?  
The fairest field ye e'er contested  
How comes it it availeth not?  
Ye crush'd, 'tis true, the tyrant demon,  
But still your souls are strange to light,  
And ye must shame the name of freemen,  
Till ye have gain'd your lawful Right”.

“Sages! must ye be made acquainted—  
Ye, who for wisdom's self have stood—  
How honest men, unschool'd, untainted  
Paid dues upon their Right in blood.  
Or do ye think that Time will rise  
A Phoenix from the flames that wreathe it,  
To hatch the embryo progenies  
That ye may care to strew beneath it?”

“Ye court-fed councillors of princes!  
With cloudy stars on breasts as cold,  
Scarce conscious how round Leipsic’s fences  
The thunder-car of war hath roll’d;—  
Be warned, that at this very hour  
God holds His grand assize on high;  
But go! ye heed no mortal power,  
And spirit-voices ye deny.”

“Thus have I sung my high commission,  
And now I soar again from earth,  
What there hath press’d upon my vision,  
Among the saints I’ll publish forth;  
Commending nought, and nothing blaming;  
Methought all comfortless and drear;  
Though many an eye fell on me flaming,  
And many a heart beat loud and clear!”

---

## 7. ERGOT OF RYE.

Hey! what elf has dared, this season,  
Thus to mingle with the grain  
Blighted corn and other treason  
Wont to turn the drowsy brain?  
Cockles, smut, but worse, alas!  
Ergot rank and darnel grass!

What the new year's grain was good for  
Plainly show'd the shooting day,  
No one saw the prize he stood for,  
No one hit the popinjay.  
In the new beer lurk'd, alas!  
Ergot rank and darnel grass!

Bolting, sifting, fanning, riddling,  
Turn the tainted grain about,  
Sort the finer from the middling,  
Dresh it, thresh it, sweep it out.  
Out with smut, and least let pass  
Ergot rank or darnel grass!

Ye, who in our name deputed,  
Sow the new eventful seed,  
Sift the bad grain as is suited  
To its many an evil deed.  
Out with it, but least let pass  
Ergot rank or darnel grass!

---

8. DOMESTIC LIBERTY.

Come, let my house receive thee,  
A welcome warm be thine;  
Of hat and cloak relieve thee,  
The wanderer's staff resign.

Take high place at my table,  
As suits an honour'd guest,  
And I, as I am able,  
Will give thee food and rest.

If cruel wrong hath driven thee  
In sorrowing mood to roam,  
Beneath my roof be given thee  
A dear friend's welcome home.

One thing alone I ask thee,  
Inviolable must be  
My fathers' goodly customs  
My house's liberty.

---

**9. A PATRIOT BREAST.**

With love the chronicles to con,  
That tell our fathers' deeds,  
And on the olden soil anon  
To sow those goodly seeds.  
By such memorial plans to trace  
Our country's weal aright,  
To feel aggriev'd at its disgrace,  
In its renown—delight.  
Not mindful what for selfish I  
But what for All were best,  
O! these are tokens that imply  
A truly patriot breast.

What 'twas our fathers' pride to rear  
To shatter stone from stone,  
And summon up a pile of air  
A nothing of one's own.  
The trusty few we've singled out,  
To slander and gainsay,—  
Because they dare disdain and doubt  
A plan of yesterday.  
To cite the honour'd names of old  
With sneer alone and jest,  
Bespeaks, and be it frankly told,  
No true, no patriot breast.

A brighter light hath shone of late,  
And hope awakes again,  
While History's watchful Genii wait  
With hand upon the pen.  
O Prince, whose ancestors could raise  
Our fathers' breasts to flame,  
'Neath whose triumphant banner's blaze  
Our youth hath fought for fame;  
Behold, unbiass'dly behold  
And lull our plaints to rest;  
Of thee be eminently told  
The true, the patriot breast.

---



**10. A NEW YEAR'S WISH. 1817.**

The wish, that fills each patriot bosom,  
Will be to see the harvest blest ;  
Of frost, and hail, and blighted blossom,  
Good angels set our fears at rest.  
And with the corn of late so scanty,  
And with the wine so long denied,  
May this year in its horn of plenty  
Bring in the Good Old Right beside.

In wishing, one may outrage reason,  
And wish an overweight of good ;  
But we wish nothing out of season,  
We wish the very thing we should.  
For man, to raise his body higher,  
Demands at least his daily bread ;  
And would he fan the spirit's fire,  
It must with liberty be fed.

---

**11. TO THE CHAMBERS.****ON ST. CHRISTOPHER'S DAY 1817.**

Again the pregnant scale is turning,  
The olden strife revives anew,  
The day is come to sate our yearning,  
When corn and chaff must bid adieu :  
When true from spurious must be parted,  
And sifted out each taint and flaw,  
The dauntless from the craven-hearted,  
The real man from the man of straw.

Then he shall claim illustrious token,  
Whose fairest lustre is the Right;  
Who holds his knightly word unbroken  
Shall compass then the name of Knight;  
As Spiritual he be respected,  
In whom there works a spirit free,  
And Burgher's name with him connected  
Who can his borough's guardian be.

Arouse ye then, and guard your honour,  
With manly purpose meet the shock,  
Nor be, to yours, a burden on her,  
To other lands a laughing-stock.  
We've had enough negotiation,  
We've had enough debating too,  
We've parchment past all calculation,  
We wait the final word from you.

And if it fail the end desired,  
Then join the people's ranks anew,  
To shrink from nought the Right required  
Shall be a proud reward to you.  
Work calmly on, remembering even  
The morn of freedom soon will rise,  
'Tis God who guides the sun in heaven,  
And staylessly he cleaves the skies.

---

**12. THE PRAYER OF A WÜRTTEMBERGER.**

O Thou on high, eternal, and the same,  
Who guard'st the nations, whatso'er they be,  
So surely Thou look'st down on mine and me.  
Thou see'st our sufferings, Thou see'st our shame.

But to our king, Thy servant truly hight,  
His people's plaintive voice can never go;  
Or, did he know it, as he fain would know,  
We long had gain'd again our dear lov'd Right.

But unto Thee unclos'd is every gate,  
Each dreadful barrier can Thy word remove  
Which soundeth like the thunder from above.  
O! tell our king how his lorn people wait!

---

### 13. PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF ERNEST, DUKE OF SUABIA.

(The following is the prologue to a Tragedy by the author of these poems, which was performed on the Anniversary of the Constitution of Württemberg. Oct. 18th. 1819, in the Royal and National Theatre in Stuttgart).

A solemn scene will pass before you now;—  
The curtain rises to reveal a world  
Which long ago went down the stream of time;  
And battles too, that long have been fought out,  
Will here renew once more their stormy strife.

Two men, both—noble, trusty, good and brave,  
Two friends in truest bond bound fast till death,—  
Praiseworthy names of German hero-days—  
These you will see as wanderers, lone and bann'd,  
And see them perish fighting in despair,

It is the curse of every luckless land  
Where liberty and law are prostrate fall'n,  
That in a fruitless unavailing grief  
The best, the noblest souls must pine away;  
That they who feel the purest patriot glow  
Must branded be as traitors to their country;

Whilst they but just now hail'd their country's  
saviours

Must fly for refuge to the stranger's hearth.  
And, while the choicest power goes to wreck,  
Fell Arrogance and coward Minionage  
Spring up luxuriant in the breath of hell.  
How different is it, when, from stormy times  
Law, Order Liberty, and manly Rights  
Rise struggling up and strike a healthy root.  
Then, they who sullen in the distance stood  
Press cheerly forward to the burgher ranks;  
Then every heart and every hand is busy  
In lively furtherance of the general weal;  
The throne shines out, the town awakes, and then  
Green show the fields, and men look free and proud;  
The Prince's and the People's Rights are one,  
Like closely interwoven elm and vine:  
And every one to guard the sacred bond  
Is fain to spend his substance and his blood.

We gladly fly a present scene of gloom  
To cheer us in the gayer field of Art;  
And for Reality's corroding cares  
We seek a balsam in the poet's dreams.  
Then let him, whom the acted scene to-day  
May pain perchance, remember to his comfort  
What festival this very day we hold;  
Then may he see for what these heroes died.

Still gods descend upon this nether world,  
Still thoughts which man holds dearest, spring to life,  
Yea! even now in these bewildering days,  
A Prince appears, and of his own free will  
Extends his people generously his hand,  
To seal the bond of Order and of Right.  
Ye all have seen it, witness be ye all,  
Engrave it on thy tablets, History!  
All hail to this King: to his people, hail!

---

**14. A PILGRIMAGE.**

I sought my way, with staff in hand,  
Through Germany to wind;  
They prais'd it more than any land  
For manners and for mind.  
I tarried from the land afar  
Where orange-allies blow,  
Where humbler herbs in blossom are,  
That land I long'd to know.

I first pass'd through the prince's gate  
To where the arts are crown'd,  
Where high alcove and room of state  
With imag'd gods shine round:  
A tree they seem'd, that could not bear  
From common soil to shoot,  
That proudly grew in upper air,  
Yea, turn'd to heaven its root.

I sought the high scholastic chair  
That chas'd each darkling doubt;  
I saw the prophet-tripod where  
True liberty speaks out—  
Where spirits plagu'd with useless pelf  
The cunning master frees,  
Because his high corporeal self  
Is tolerably at ease.



The singer's grove I sped to now  
To breathe a genial air,  
And, gathering laurel from the bough,  
A noble bard sat there.  
No time had he to note the pain  
With which a people smart,  
He ponder'd oer and o'er again  
His mighty, mangled heart.

I enter'd next the temple-hall,  
How pure the doctrine ran!  
Within were brothers, one and all,  
Without were lord and man:  
The burden of the priest's discourse  
Was "crouch thee and be still;"  
The bible seem'd a hobby-horse  
For kings to ride at will.

I gave the citizen a call,  
To think of it, how sweet!  
There, far from noise and party-brawl,  
True bliss and virtue meet.  
Live snugly on, and grant us yet  
From Belt to Rhine to see  
*One* house of goodly codgers met,  
Or cadger-house, may be.

What might the hospital afford?  
I found it trim and neat;  
Much greens and gruel grac'd the board;  
The bed—a snowy sheet.  
There fain will pity's kindly hand  
The orphan's grief assuage,  
But who regards in all the land  
The tears of helpless age?

I sat within the Senate Hall,  
And sleeping, still felt sure  
That I was in the Hospital  
Which I had left before.  
A man who lay in fever low  
Nor knew what he was at,  
Cried out: "The Diet, friend, O No!  
No! anything but that!"

I mingled with the motley throng  
That press'd to gala high,  
Where, thickening clouds of dust among,  
The spare-limb'd steed flew by.  
The horse, they said, by over-haste  
Might founder in career,  
And time was more agreeably past  
O'er sausages and beer.

An eagle once, with out-spread wing,  
The imperial banner grac'd;  
I saw him still, like living thing,  
O'er Nürnberg's portal plac'd:  
But flying's long been out of date,  
To say "God grant" is shorter,  
A snail's the crack device of late,  
A crab's the fit supporter.

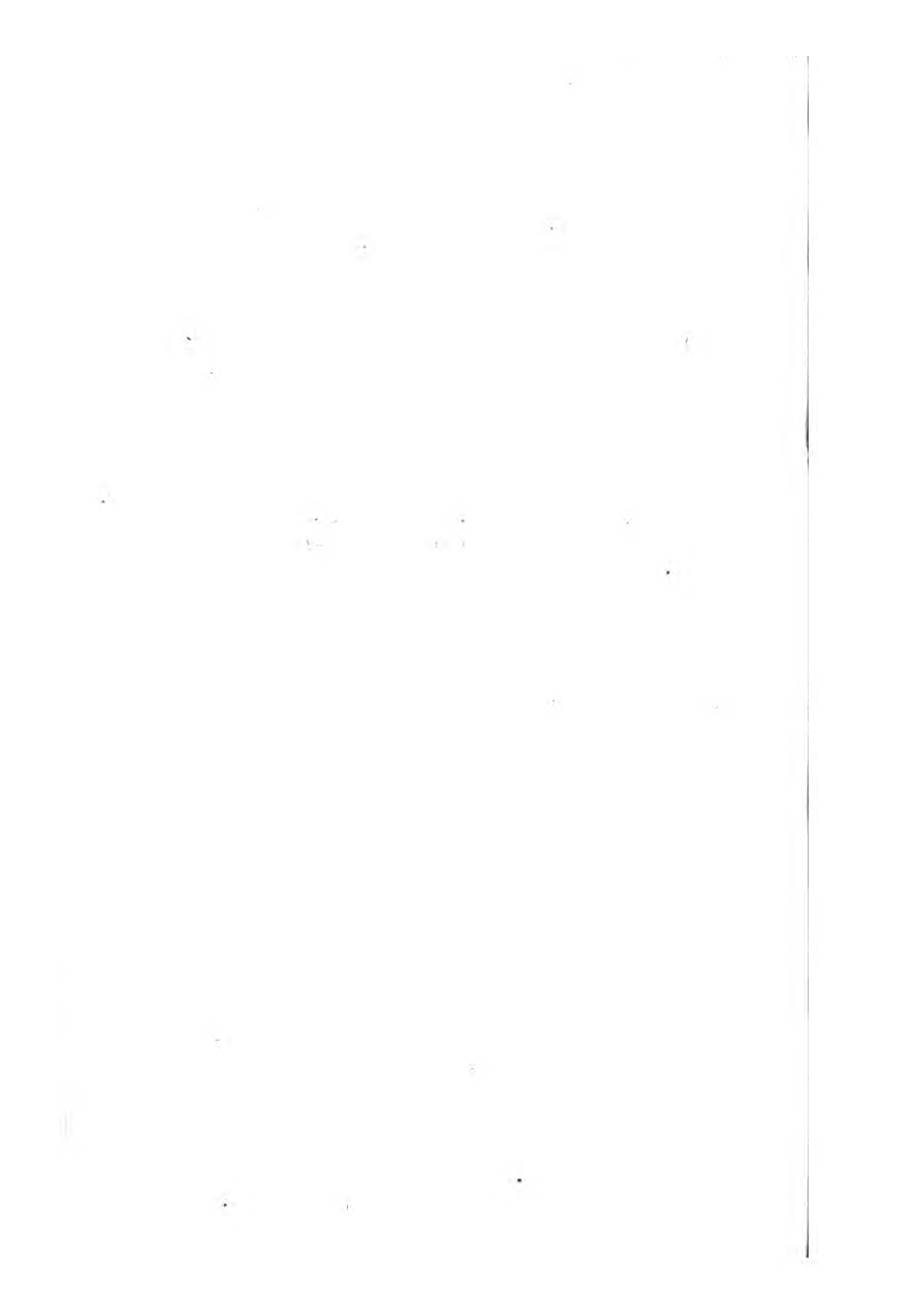
So, when all this had met my ken,  
I turn'd my footsteps home,  
If prosperous days return again,  
Again I'll dare to roam.  
Though these I scarcely live to view,  
Yet, led by Memory's hand,  
My pining shade shall wander through  
My free, my native land.

---



**POEMS OF FANCY.**





**DISTICHS.**

**TO APOLLO, THE BUTTERFLY.**

Godlike Son of the mountains, receive thou us  
epigrams kindly,  
Thou, o'er the darksome glen, flutterest playing  
in light.

---

**ACHILLES.**

1.

Through the heat of the fight hast thou ever safely  
past onward,  
By Scamander begirt, thou stepped'st safe from  
the wave.  
But when the virgin's hand in the temple of Peace  
thou receivedst,  
Godlike Thetis' son, Death wing'd his arrow at  
thee.

2.

Now sits Achilles enthron'd as a god in the land  
of the blessed;  
Waves gird it round, while thou, sea-goddess,  
circlest thy son.

---

**NARCISSUS AND ECHO.**

1.

Love, O how strangely thou often disportest with  
mortals, Narcissus  
Pineth away for a shade, while a sound sigheth  
for him.

2.

Once she solac'd herself to the coy lover's accents  
to listen,  
Sighing them back again;— now he is a mute-  
blooming flow'r.

3.

Mournfully ponder'd Narcissus — “Oh! could I  
return to my boyhood!”  
Echo as instantly thought—“could I to girl hood  
return!”

4.

Love, then is such thy sport? now lurest thou  
amorous Echo,  
Now in thine infantine hand twirlest the flow'ret  
of gold.

---

**THE GODS OF ANTIQUITY.**

Gods of Hellas, through pathways of flowers ye  
wander'd as mortals;  
Now of the poet's new verse ye are the flowerets  
become.

---

**TELL'S LANDING - PLACE.**

Here is the crag of the rock where Tell sprang  
forth from the vessel;

See, a perpetual sign speaks of the bold leaper  
here.

'Tis not the chapel above where annual masses  
they sing him,

No, 'tis the hero's form, see'st thou how nobly  
he stands?

Now already one foot on the hallow'd earth firmly  
is planted,

Far now the other repels out the despair-driven  
ship.

Pictur'd this is not in stone, nor in brass, nor in  
handiwork human,

But to the gaze of the soul, freeman, the vision  
is clear.

And now the wilder the storm, the deeper the  
roar of surges,

Mightier only therein rises the form of the brave.

---

**THE RUINS.**

Traveller, befitting it is thou should'st sleep in the  
ruinous castle,

Haply thou'lt dream, and again build it thee  
splendidly up.



**BURIAL.**

Soon as the consecrate earth was thrown o'er the  
bier of the righteous  
Kindly heaven thereon sprinkled its silvery dew.

---

**MOTHER AND CHILD.**

**Mother.**

Look up to heaven, my child, there dwelleth thy  
own sainted brother;  
He never griev'd me, and so angels have ta'en  
him away.

**Child.**

O may no angel e'er take me away from the love  
of thy bosom;  
So mother, tell me, I pray, how can I trouble  
thee most?

---

**A MARCH NIGHT.**

Hark, to the roar of the storm and the stream in  
the night-darkness swelling;  
Feeling how dread yet how sweet! Lovely Spring,  
thou comest on.

---

**IN MAY.**

Flowers and blossoms of light and the trees' leafy  
circle of gladness:  
What though the sky be o'ercast? Splendid  
is earth of itself.

---

**AN EXCHANGE.**

When the wind rose, then dishevell'd the leaves  
of the flower went flying;  
But the young butterfly came, fixing itself on  
the stem.

---

**LOVE'S ARROW.**

Cupid, thy powerful shaft hath fatally struck me,  
for blessed  
In the Elysium land I have already awoke.

---

**INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.**

Two nights ago in my dream, my love from her  
window was peeping;  
Yet, what saw I by day? Only the pretty one's  
flower's.  
Last night I dream'd and I thought 'twas the flower  
I saw in the window,  
Ah! then the lovely one's self surely will greet  
me to-day.

---

**THE ROSES.**

Formerly often she sent me a present of sweet-  
smelling roses;  
Just such another for me yesterday sprang from  
her grave.

---

**THE ANSWER.**

The little rose I had from you,  
And which your dear hand gather'd too,  
Could hardly live till evening's breath,  
But miss'd its home and pin'd to death;  
And now its little soul, you see,  
Is floating back in melody.

---

**THE FAIR SLUMBERER.**

O! when those envious lids decline,  
How fair the inward world must shine;  
When lovely, lustrous, dreams begin,  
And all the eye-light streams within!

---

**TO HER.**

Thine eyes are not of heavenly blue,  
Thy mouth is not a mouth of roses,  
Thine arm, thy beating bosom too,  
No lily hue discloses;  
But, what a fairy Spring were that,  
Where rose and lily thus were met,  
On hill and dale all blooming set;  
And where, amid them all, a heaven  
Like thy sweet blue eye were given.

---

**AN OLD MAN'S WORDS.**

Oh! say no more 'good morning', and 'good day!'  
But rather say 'good evening', and 'good night!'  
For evening gathers round me, and the night  
Is near, O must it ever thus delay?

Come hither, child, my sweet thou art, my life!  
Come hither, child, thou art my sweeter death!  
For bitter things I look upon as life,  
And all that's sweet to me I hail as death.

---

**ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.**

If parted spirits have the power to come  
And seek the sojourn of their earthly home,  
No pallid moon, that sheds her pensive light  
On wakeful grief, will see thine earthward flight;  
But when a summer morning shines below,  
And azure skies have not a cloud to show;  
When high and bright the golden harvest towers,  
Inwoven with the red and blue of flowers,  
Then, thou wilt wander where the peasants meet,  
And with thy friendly voice the reapers greet.

---

**MEMORIAL LINES.**

**1.**

Thou, Mother, saw'st my young eye drink  
The earthly day-gleam's earliest glance,  
And on thy death-pale countenance  
I saw the beams of heaven sink.

---

**2.**

A grave is dug for thee, my mother dear,  
Within a peaceful and familiar spot  
Thy birth-place shady trees are waving here,  
And threshold flowers too it lacketh not.

Thou liest as on thy death-bed, here untried  
Alike by pleasure's thrill or sorrow's smart;  
Nor is another life to thee denied,  
I've made a tomb for thee within my heart.

---

**3.**

Thy dirge hath died the hills along,  
To be renew'd — Oh! never;  
But in my breast a gentle song  
Shall sing of thee for ever.

---

4.

The earth was scarcely laid o'er thee  
Ere friendship pity show'd,  
And deck'd with roses tenderly  
Thy slumber's still abode.

Thy head had two of softer hue  
Thy feet two darker press'd;  
The white, the ever-blooming one  
He planted on thy breast.

---

5.

A leaf hath fallen at my feet,  
By rain undone and withering heat;  
When first this young leaf felt the wind,  
I still had parents dear and kind.

How quickly fades a leaf away,  
The child of Spring, the Autumn's prey!  
And yet this one, which leaves the tree,  
Outlives so much that's dear to me.

---

**WRITTEN ON A GRAVE-STONE.**

When on this grave-stone sculptur'd forth  
Thou see'st two hands entwined so fast,  
It speaks a union form'd on earth,  
Sincerely felt, but quickly past.

It speaks a parting hour's controul,  
When hand was wrung from hand with pain;  
It tells how soul with plighted soul  
Shall fondly meet in heaven again.

---



**WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.**

The flight of time despoileth not alone  
The gay field-flowers and the forest green,  
The bloom, the brilliancy, the strength of youth;  
His sternest foray's in the world of thought.  
What once was fair and noble, rich, divine,  
And worthy every toil and sacrifice,  
Appears to us so hueless, hollow, petty,  
So nothinglike, that we ourselves seem' nothing.  
Yet, if the cheated heart be not quite spent,  
'Tis good for us to fan the flame anew;  
Forsooth this glow is e'en the genuine fire;  
A painting passing the Original,  
A semblance realer than Reality;  
He, who has seen the truth, hath liv'd his last;  
For life is like the stage; as there, so here,  
Illusion ceases, and the curtain falls.

---

**ON WILHELM HAUFF'S EARLY DEATH.**

A life all youth and bloom and brilliant hue!  
A Spring of promise, which no Autumn knew:  
Upon his grave as offering we'll lay  
The blooming branch untimely snapt away.

'Tis but a moment since this Spring-tide bright  
Shed o'er its native land a radiant light.  
Upon the rugged and dismantled stone—  
The ruin'd site of castle overthrown—  
There rose in beauty, 'neath the poet's smile,  
An airy castle, an enchanted pile;  
And in the cavern, where the busy gnome  
Shapes mystic figures for his noiseless home,  
In fancy's torchlight brightening on his brain  
We saw the olden chiefs come forth again;  
And every sound, the crannied rocks among,  
Assum'd the lively speech of human tongue.

With hero pageants, scenes of dancing mirth,  
With satyr-masks, and garlands fresh from earth,  
Antiquity entwin'd the bier of old,  
That smiled upon the ashes quench'd and cold;  
And thus hath he, for whom our tears are shed  
Inurn'd in pictur'd life his coffin bed.

The ashes slumber; but the soul is flown  
On paths of life, to us how dimly known!  
Where art's creations own their heavenward call  
And pale before the Archetype of all.

---

**FATE.**

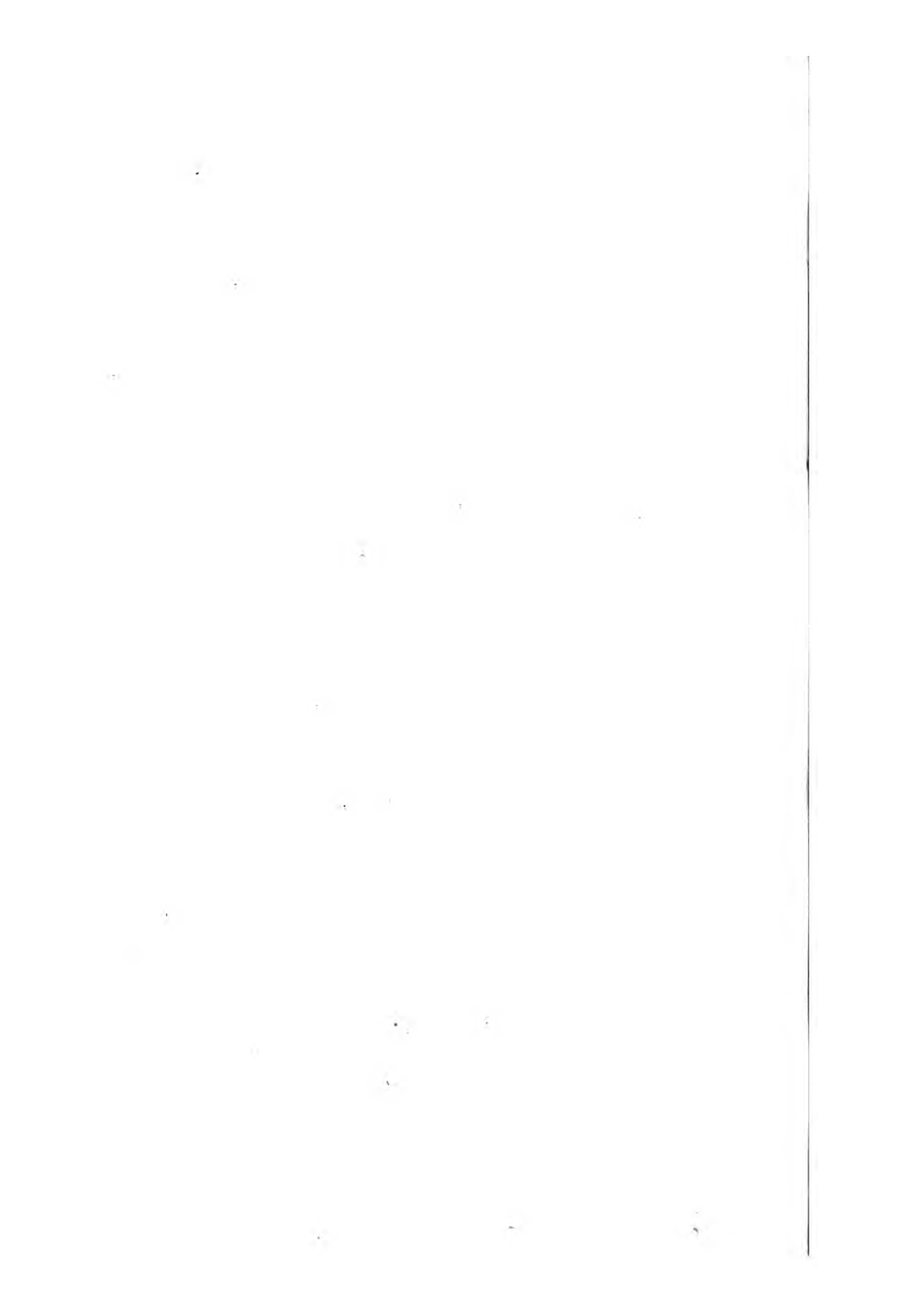
Ah! Fate, I understand thee now;  
My fortune is not of this world,  
'Tis in the dream of Poesy.  
Thou sendest me a troop of woes,  
And giv'st, with every woe, a song.

---



**SONNETS AND OCTAVES.**





**THE BEQUEST.**

A bard of yore, in knighthood's pious age,  
A valiant warrior in the Holy Land,  
Transfix'd with arrows lay upon the sand,  
With strength to say just thus much to his page.

“Enclose my heart, when it hath ceas'd to quiver,  
In yonder urn, which from my native strand  
I hither brought with pledges from love's hand,  
And bear it to my mistress, faithful ever.”

So lov'd one, I, thy charms alone extolling,  
Am bleeding far from thee in love's distress,  
My cheek already hath pale death upon it.

While round me, then, the grave's dark clouds  
  are rolling,  
Receive the heart that could not love thee less,  
Within the golden casket of a sonnet.

---

**TO PETRARCH.**

Oh! was thy lay on Laura's beauty true,  
Her lofty look, her heavenly port the same  
As thou hast pictur'd them,— and I can claim  
No right to question what thy worship drew;

Was she a flow'r that erst in Eden grew,  
An angel fetter'd in an earthly frame;  
A tender visitant, that earthward came,  
But, quickly frighted, to her bright home flew.

I fear that e'en amid the starry lights,  
The whither glorified thou now art fled,  
Thou never wilt the wish'd-for goal attain;—

For she, meanwhile, will soar to distant heights,  
And still to farther, holier, spheres have sped,  
While thou art murmuring on love's plaintive  
strain.

---

**IN VARNHAGEN'S ALBUM.**

When Phoebus help'd to pile the castled halls,  
The royal battlements, of Nisus' kings,  
Upon a stony bulwark of the walls  
He laid his golden lyre's trembling strings.

And, late and long, despite the wasting air,  
The inspiration to the marble clings,  
That e'en a finger, lightly dallying there,  
Would bring forth soft melodious murmurings.

Thus too, have I, on this memorial page,  
Which thou perhaps wilt leisurely run over,  
Repos'd my strings and they have breath'd a tone.

And yet I doubt, should this thine eye engage,  
If thou the slightest after-thrill discover;  
For I am neither Phoebus nor his son.



**TO KERNER.**

If was in sere and sad November days,  
That I had wander'd to the still pine grove;  
Against a tree, that rose the rest above,  
I lean'd, and held a volume of thy lays.

The goodly legends chain'd my raptur'd eye;  
I kneel'd before St. Alban's wondrous stone,  
Saw Regismund in roseate splendour thrown,  
And Helicena's minster tower on high.

Thy numbers were so magically sweet,  
The heights seem'd tinted with the gold of May;  
And through the tree-tops Spring-tide shouted forth.

But soon that wondrous Spring began to fleet;  
Adown the vale it could not find its way,  
But only glanc'd along the heights of earth.

---

**ON KARL GANGLOFF'S DEATH.**

(He died of a nervous fever, May 16th. 1814, at Merklingen in Württemberg, at the age of 24. The following sonnets allude to the last drawings and designs of this youthful genius.)

**1.**

These battling times, so rich in noble death  
And heroes perishing in life's young day,  
Refus'd on victory's field thy corse to lay,  
And crown thee with the hallow'd oaken wreath;

But wily fever stole thy strength away;  
And, whilst a father and a mother mourn,  
Thou from thy childhood's home wert thither borne,  
Where blood dyes not the field but flow'rets gay.

Yet no! thy soul the hour of glory fires;  
To pencil Hermann's fight her spell-work bound thee,  
Memorial fair of our heroic sires:

Thou heard'st, I weén, the parting trumpet-call,  
The clang of arms, and men, and chargers, round thee;  
And thus 'twas thine in Hermann's fight to fall.

2.

The high, the dignified would'st thou pourtray  
And shun the petty as the unchasten'd-bold;  
So did thy vigorous pencilling unfold  
The wonders of the Nibelungen Lay.

Great Hagen to thy heart had won his way,  
Chremilda stood Aveng'ress, as of old,  
But, more than all, on thee the meekness told  
Of noble Sifrid and of Giselher gay.

How aptly did'st thou dying Giselher mourn,  
Who perish'd blooming in the battle's press;  
Now thou hast reach'd the same untimely bourne;

Perchance, thou hung'st too wrapt in reverie  
Upon the lay, whose fatal fearfulness  
Brought death to all, and last of all to thee.

---

3.

Significantly wrought thy prescience fine,  
Thine artist life with that still picture ending,  
Where Abraham, with companion kindred wending,  
Now hails the land conferr'd by word divine.

Upon their staves the wanderers recline,  
Engirt with wood and rocky crag depending,  
While beauteously and far beneath extending  
They view the favour'd land of corn and wine.

Thus thou, enfranchis'd spirit, now art come,  
Freed from earth's turmoil and its dole of pain,  
To thy glad goal, thy pilgrimage's rest;—

And, through the sombre portal of the tomb,  
Can'st cast thy glance upon that happy plain—  
The heavenly land of promise to the blest.

---

**TO THE INVISIBLE.**

Thou, whom we seek on ways so dark and drear,  
Whom our most searching thoughts obscurely show,  
Who once Thy veiled sanctuary did'st forego  
To visit visibly Thy people here.

Sweet joy Thine image inwardly to wear,  
To glean Thy words of wisdom as they flow;  
O happy they who shar'd Thy table so,—  
O happy he upon Thy bosom there!

In truth 'twas no strange longing, when of yore  
Unnumber'd throngs of pilgrims dar'd the sea,  
And hosts contended on a distant shore

In simple 'worship at Thy grave to rest,  
And kiss the soil, in fervent piety,  
The hallow'd soil which Thy foot had press'd.

---

**SENSE OF DEATH.**

What do the dying feel? Oh! who hath guess'd?  
Yet wondrously, as late as yesternight,  
Death o'er my members seem'd to claim his right,  
The last faint pulse grew languid in my breast.

And then unwonted fear my soul possess'd;  
My soul, which erst could every peril slight  
Now struggled out, now gather'd up its light,  
A fluttering flame, the very breeze's jest.

What! Have I been the sport of visions dire?  
The sky-lark sings, and morning beams anew;  
I hail the stir of life with new desire.

Or pass'd the angel of destruction here;—  
The flow'rs, that freshly in the evening blew,  
Are drooping on the stem now, wan and sear.

---

**PERISHED LOVE.**

Oh! we were newly born when, beauty-rife,  
Love's morning on us both so brightly show'd;  
Thy lip, thy cheek, thine eye then, how they glow'd!  
How, Laura, heav'd thy bosom's billowy strife!

How boil'd in me that infant spring of life!  
What restless power through me careering rode;  
I knew no sleep, save slumber that bestow'd  
A dreamy glimpse of thee, so bright and brief.

Ah! Love's high life hath simple tokens here;  
And bright the signs of its existence then,—  
In thee and me now sought, alas! in vain.

So, Laura, for us both I drop the tear,  
As o'er the dead that cannot wake again;—  
The death of loveless life 'tis ours to plain!

---

**SPIRIT-LIFE.**

From thee dissever'd, lone as in the tomb,  
I cannot prize the gentle sigh of spring ;  
To me the sky-lark's song, the flowers' sweet bloom,  
The brightening morning sun no solace bring.

When slumber falls on every living thing,  
And when the dead from earth's dark caverns come,  
I wander dreaming over hill and dome,  
That keep me far from thee, unpitying.

Along the interdicted walks I go  
And, 'spite the massive door and portal bar,  
Attain thy beauty's peaceful sanctuary.

Sweet flower, can spirit-breathings frighten thee ?  
Tis love's own wings that o'er thee waving are.  
Farewell, I seek the grave, the cock doth crow.

---



**DESERT SPRING.**

I love to think how happily I dream'd  
In youthful days, though now their zest be gone ;  
How, when its first soft garb the Spring put on,  
My bosom with luxuriant blossom teem'd.

On distant worlds my prescient fancy beam'd ;  
And of the young year's witch-notes, rang but one,  
My venturous hope would struggle forth anon,—  
Like fresh green, from the budding tree, it seem'd.

Since then the highest transports have been mine.  
Who now, alas! must see those sweet bonds sever  
And pass my Paradise's boundary-line;

Oh! what are all the half-green fields to me,  
Or ousel in the dead grove piping ever,  
Or lowly violet, sweet as it may be ?

---

**A DEARLY REMEMBERED SPOT.**

The spot to which my winding way I took  
And chanc'd upon the child so passing fair,  
That, floating lightly by me on the air,  
Shed blessing on me with its pretty look,—

How dearly could I cherish it and love it,  
Engrave the bark of all that groweth there,  
With all its brightest flowers braid my hair,  
And slumber 'neath the cool boughs twin'd above it.

Yet, that bright glance had such bewildering power,  
So dazzlingly the phantom met my view;  
I felt within me like a drunken man;

And now, let anxious thought do all it can,  
And closely search the fields and meadows through;  
I cannot find the sweet spot to this hour.

---

**THE TWO MAIDENS.**

I saw two maidens on the mountain height,  
Their faces lovely as their forms were fair;  
They seem'd to scan the western fields of air,  
And sat in fond and sisterly delight.

I saw the lovely right arm rais'd by one  
While pointing over mount, and stream and lea;  
The other held, that she might better see,  
Her left hand interpos'd before the sun.

No wonder then that hope put forth its snare,  
And that the sweet wish ventur'd to intrude—  
'O would that either place 'twere mine to win;

But, when I eyed again that tender pair,  
I fain confess'd, with feeling more subdued,  
'No, really no,— to part them were a sin!

---

**THE WOOD.**

All, that could ever weave a spell around me  
In day's bright sheen, or evening's cool obscure,  
Enthrall'd me lately in its winning lure,  
When in the wood the pleasant May-tide found me.

All that my dreaming eye hath ever seen  
In shape of flowers or blossoms scarce mature,  
Came springing by me then on footstep sure,—  
The forest's bloom, the nimble huntress-queen.

She fled,— I follow'd swiftly, and would soon  
Have held the pretty captive in my thrall;  
The fading morning dream denied the boon.

O fate! ee'n hope is from my bosom banish'd!  
Not only she,— the sweetest form of all—  
But now, the very wood itself has vanish'd.

---

**THE GARLAND.**

If many a symbol from the flowers we borrow,  
If, in the rose, Love shineth on the lover,—  
Forget-me-not its very name discover,—  
If laurels— Fame, and cypresses speak Sorrow:

And if, where every other sign is wanting,  
The tender truth be in a colour spoken;  
If yellow Pride and Jealousy betoken;  
And young Hope in the bough of green come  
flaunting.

So might I, in my garden-plot, with reason  
Rear flow'rs of every kind, and hue, and season,  
And bring them *thee* in votive garland plaited;

For all my joy and sorrow, hope and shame,  
My love, my truth, my jealousy, my fame,  
My life, my death, to thee are dedicated.

---

**THE APOLOGY.**

What I have sung so often and so dearly  
Of kisses in the trusting evening hour,  
And of the rapt embrace' transporting power  
Is but a dream, alas, and fiction clearly.

And so thou call'st me to account, severely  
Inveighing 'gainst my braggadocio prattle;  
Because of favours never gain'd I tattle,  
Which, at the best, should bind to silence merely,

Beloved one! Oh, put thy frowns away,  
And smile upon the poet's fitful dream,—  
The shadowy forms of thought's unconscious play!

Oft-times the minstrel slumbers in the cool,  
And whilst his harp is hanging there, 'twould seem  
Across the strings the murmuring breezes stroll.

---

**A PROPOSAL.**

She left the bard her picture; it hath blest  
And solac'd many a lonely hour away,  
For, 'mid the turmoil of the busy day,  
He feels the dear one's image on his breast.

O'er what he sang, by weight of love distress,  
The fair one's gaze at evening loves to stray;  
And she has inly cherish'd many a lay,  
Till it is deeply on her heart impress'd.

Dear picture, many a wonder workest thou,  
And many a woe those numbers wile away,  
Yet separation's smart is busy still.

O Fate! deal kindly with our fortunes now,  
Lead back the poet to his love, the lay  
May fondle with the picture, as it will.

---

**THE CONVERSION TO THE SONNET.**

Thou, who but lately from the critic's stool  
So sorely jaded us poor sonneteers,  
And, spurting fire and gall about our ears,  
Did'st execrate us to hell's lowest pool.

Thou spotless ermine of the olden school,  
Oh! what a blot thy snow-white hide besmears!  
Thou'st toodled forth a sonnet, it appears,  
A whining sigh to win thy lady-fool.

Hast thou forgot thy proffer'd admonition?  
Forgot what veteran Voss, so oft dictating,  
Half angrily, half jestingly enjoin'd?

Forsooth thou'rt very like a new edition  
Of him, who gave his pilf'ring boy a rating,  
And then chopp'd up the cherries he'd purloin'd.



**CONCLUDING SONNET.**

As when the ringer's hand has left the rope,  
'Tis long before the sound has died away;  
As he has much ado his course to stay,  
Who springeth lightly down the mountain-slope;

As little flames will suddenly elope  
From brands which we had thought were quench'd  
for aye,  
And later blossom sprout upon the spray,  
In autumn, when no more seem'd left to hope;—

And, as the shepherd's carol to his fair,  
Pour'd forth in happy overflow of soul,  
The mountain echoes thoughtlessly prolong;

I may with these my sonnet-strain compare;  
Though thought and purpose fail me, yet the whole  
Must still be wound up with a sonnet-song.

---

**TO THE CONSPIRACY-SNUFFLERS.**

Ye, who with cunning nose have scented out  
So many leagues of secrecy and dread,  
Allow me now to tell you, in their stead,  
Of one, you scarcely yet have quak'd about.

I know what brims your life-cup o'er with gall,  
That plague, that olden sin, so widely spread,—  
That ardent hope, that liberty make head,  
And Germans grow firm, free, and national.

But more I know; and lend me but your ears,  
I will another mighty league unfold,  
Compacted in the stilly depth of night,—

I mean the starry leaguers of the spheres,  
And I was not long since by gazers told,  
The very sun is hidden by their light.

## TO K. M.

When Nature seeks to build or weave the band,  
In stilly depths she loves her task to ply;  
To see the Spring-tide moulded in her hand,  
Is only granted to th' initiate eye,—  
Or in the dark abodes at her command  
Her offspring rear'd in trust and harmony :  
'Tis only to convulse and crush again,  
She bursts in tempest and in hurricane.

And thus too, love, so gentle, so profound,  
Within the spirit-realm puts forth his power;  
Invisibly his magic charms are wound  
At golden evening or the star-light hour;  
He wakes by songs of sweet persuasive sound  
The kindred choir within some spirit-bower;  
Skill'd with the soft beam of the silent eye  
To knit young souls and bind eternally.

Yonder, with heart intemperately high,  
A stripling plung'd amid the torrent's roar;  
The boiling surges whirl'd him swiftly by,  
Then bore him back again upon the shore.  
But I beheld the rainbow of the sky  
And earth's enchantment on the lake's still floor;  
I sank, subdu'd in transport's soft excess;  
I sank for ever there—in happiness.

---

**AN EVENING.**

Now all was still, and nought bespoke the dead;  
The bell had ceas'd to toll, the dirge to flow;  
My heart grew lighter for the tears I shed,  
Since pious hands had laid her down below.  
While still these halls her wan form tenanted,  
I knew not where in quest of her to go;  
She seem'd a homeless thing to sorrow given,  
That hover'd doubtingly 'twixt earth and heaven.

The sunset gleam'd, and in the cool of day,  
I gaz'd upon the green and glistening wold;  
And there, methought, two children were at play,  
As blooming and as blest as we of old.  
The sun sank down enwrapt in veil of grey;  
The picture fled, as night her pall unroll'd;  
I rais'd mine eyes along the fields of air,—  
The crimson eve and all I lov'd were there!

---

**THE PAST AGAIN.**

I knelt beside her grave,—I could not stir;  
My spirit roam'd among th' enfranchised dead,  
Mine eye fell short of heaven, it saw not her;—  
The hope of meeting was so faint, 'twas fled.  
The future seem'd too dread a comforter;  
Days of the past, I turn'd to ye instead,  
The grave's dark pall from off the coffin tore,  
And led her back to this fair life once more.

Soon rose those pale lids, soon her pulse was strung,  
And languishingly beam'd her eye on me;  
Her limbs were brac'd afresh, and, newly young,  
She swept along in beauty and in glee;  
Love's golden hours return'd; entranc'd we hung  
As on the first sweet kiss's ecstasy;  
Till, in the fragrant morn of childhood's day,  
Her life and mine at once dissolv'd away.

---

## SONG AND WAR.

Oh! blasted by the Northland's stormy throng,  
Shall we behold the minstrel garland fade?  
The coward's brand disgrace the sons of song,  
And all be worthless but the lance and blade?  
Shall blushing minstrels fly from ruth and wrong,  
When warrior bands move forth in arms array'd?  
May not the harper, as in days more blest,  
Be e'en in hostile camps a welcome guest?

In woodland caves shall poesy be pent  
Till nations cease to wrangle and to strive?  
Till vanquish'd lies the fiery element,  
In earth's dark lap now ceaselessly alive?  
Had it been alway thus, the bright wreath blent  
Of minstrel verse had never learn'd to thrive.  
But no! though war maintain eternal sway,  
Eternal peace shall grace the minstrel's lay.

Each earthly thing hath its appointed date;  
The soul of Poesy shall deathless prove,  
Immortal 'mid the glorious and the great,  
Immortal in the tranquil depths of love;  
Alike immortal, when with mirth jellate,  
Or when the frowning skies to sadness move;  
Let thunders rend the welkin as they will,  
The sun and stars remain unshaken still.

The soldier comes to scatter ruin round,  
And Spring trips forth array'd for disport gay;  
The drum is heard, the signal clarions sound,  
The while the winter tempest wings away;  
War leaves its bloody trace on mead and mound  
That erst in bud and blossom smiling lay;  
If Nature's Spring thus open forth anew  
Oh! our Poet-Spring shall bourgeon too.

## 2.

No blushing bard shall fly from ruth and wrong  
When warrior troops move forth in arms array'd;  
No coward mark shall brand the sons of song,  
For they in turn can wield the lance and blade;  
The tempest of the North is dread and strong,  
Yet meetly for the noble sword-dance made;  
Through hostile camps the minstrel still may stray,  
And pass securely on or—carve his way.

Freedom and Fatherland! be this the cry;  
No song sounds sweeter on the manly ear;  
With such fair blazon bid the streamer fly,  
And mightier grows the bard in war's career.  
To Aeschylus who sang of victory,  
To Dante this the lot he held most dear;  
Cervantes, warring, of his right hand reft,  
Undaunted, wrote Don Quixote with his left.

No less the fostering names of Teuton song  
Illustrious in chivalric story shine;  
Loud is their note—the lyre-loving throng,  
And many a red wreath round their brows they  
twine;

Thou. Leo, shon'st the martial host among,  
An honour'd and a knightly death was thine;  
And Fouqué, thou who mak'st my heart-strings  
thrill,

Thou foughtest bravely—yet thou singest still.

The whistling tempest speaks the coming Spring;  
The march of armies sounds along the earth;  
And, like the stream its bounds o'er-mastering,  
The tide of German valour gusheth forth;  
The minstrel follows, ever boune to sing  
Of storm and battle, as of love and mirth.  
Soon Spring shall bloom, the blast of discord cease,  
And gentler song be ours, and golden Peace.

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## CATHERINE.

Of Liberty and Law the Muse must sing  
In lone retirement, far from palac'd towers ;  
When with the sound of festal mirth they ring,  
She careth not to tread those courtly bowers ;  
But now that Sorrow waves her darkling wing,  
She fain attunes her mournful voice to ours ;  
For, if to life she fail'd her song to raise,  
The dead, who hear not, she may dare to praise.

Above the city peals the funeral bell ;  
The multitude indue their dark array ;  
And smileless faces, tearful eyelids tell  
A general rivalry in woe to-day,  
But, for the Muse, she knows the true too well  
To be by feign'd emotion led astray ;  
To swinging hand the bell can scarce be mute,  
And tears there are that are not deep of root.

A costly bier adorn'd by artist-hand,  
A princess' flowing robe of purple sheen,  
A spangled crown, Oh ! tell they not the land  
Of some great woe that shall be or hath been ?  
But, shine their best, nor robe nor crown command  
One look of homage from the Muse's een ;  
Can merely earthly splendour dazzle eyes  
That drink the quenchless lustre of the skies ?

She looks to heaven, she looks the earth along,  
She spells the varied page of history through,  
There Queens arise and fall, an endless throng—  
Or vanish, as the forms of visions do ;  
And die away upon the lip of song ;  
And perish in the blaze of glory too ;  
While in the freshness, lowlier fortune gives,  
The name of many a burgher matron lives.

Then well her earnest question now may be—  
“Did this gold bravery entwine a brow,  
That fitly wore such sign of high degree ?  
And did this purple mantle’s costly glow  
Eushrine a heart that throb’d with royalty—  
A heart attun’d to heav’n while here below,  
Of active strength, in unconfi’d estate,  
Life-giving, bounteous, and humanely great?”

She asks, but erst has heard the answer ring  
Within her inmost soul in bitterness :  
Her voice of wailing scarce avails to sing,  
Her bosom struggles with untold distress.  
But she will bring her funeral offering—  
Her mark upon the mournful hour impress,  
And aptly, by the massive golden crown,  
She lays the wreathed ears of harvest down.

Receive them, sainted one, too early gone!  
Nor gold, nor jewel shall the tribute be;  
In stormy season thy career was run;  
No wreath of flowers must be twin'd for thee.  
The simple field fruits I have woven on,  
In days of dearth thou gav'st them plenteously:  
Like Ceres' wreath I twin'd the garland frail;  
Fond Mother, Fosterer of thy people, hail!

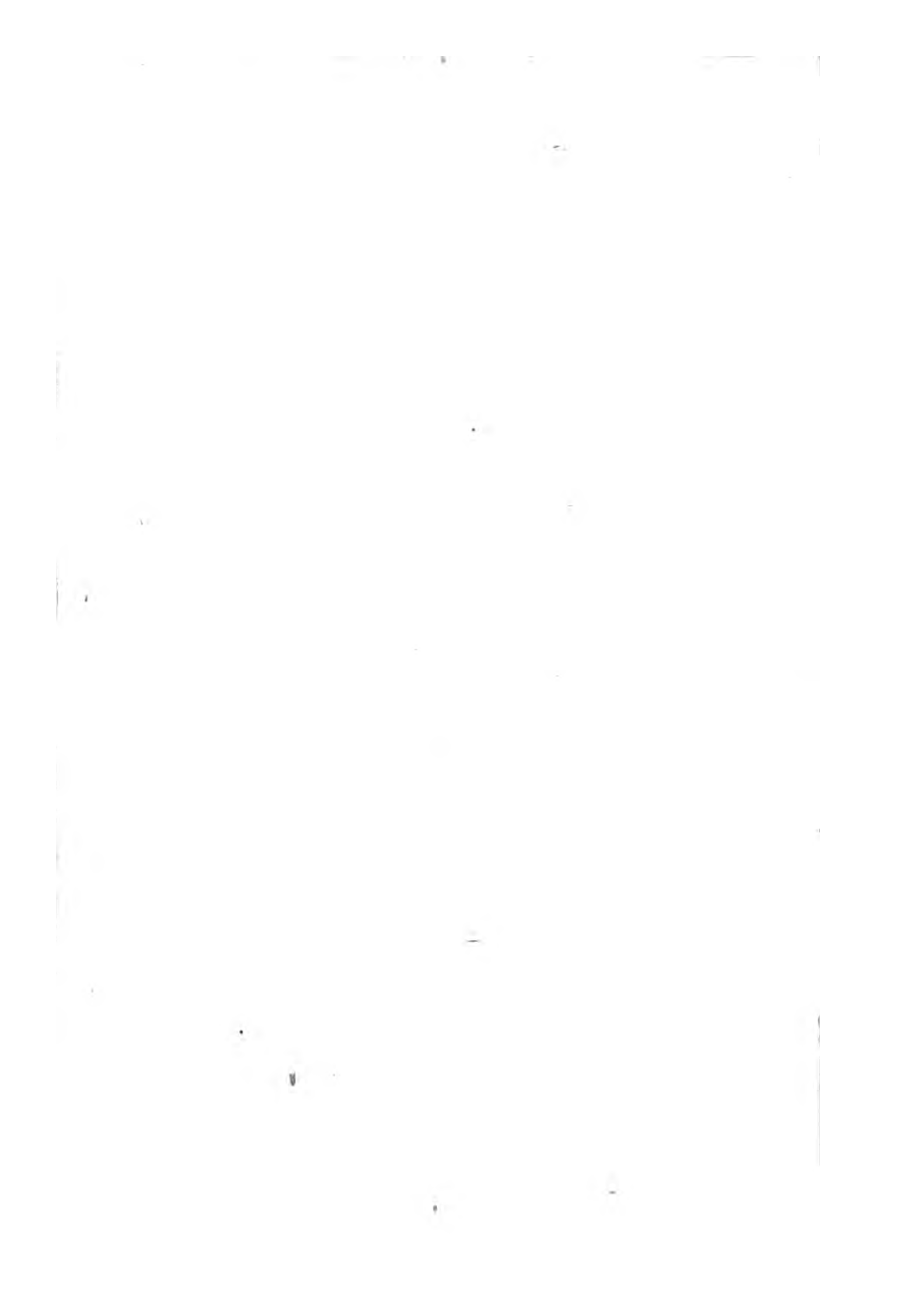
She speaks and points aloft,—and then recedes  
The vaulted arch,—the clouds parted fly;  
A view is open'd on the heavenly meads,  
And Catherine, adoring, kneels on high:  
Array'd no more in pomp of earthly weeds,  
The world, that gave, beheld her lay them by;  
But streaming on her brow, the pure, the bright,  
There falleth radiance from the source of light.

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**DRAMATIC POEMS.**





## SCHILDEIS.

(A Fragment.)

Scene. A Bohemian wood, with Castle Schildeis in the background.

**Enter Duke Eginhard, The Duchess, Sir Dietwald  
and a Hermit.**

**Hermit.**

There stands the hunting-castle, Schildeis nam'd,  
Deep in the heart of the Bohemian wood.

**Dietwald** (To The Duke).

It is the castle, which I told your Grace  
Would offer us, methought, the safest refuge.  
Sooth, of myself, I never should have found it,  
For path and bridle-way are overgrown.  
Since the last time the late Duke hunted here  
'Tis now full five and twenty years or more.

**Duke** (To The Hermit).

Thanks to thee, holy brother, for thy guidance;  
Thou know'st right cunningly this wild domain.

(To The Duchess.)

And you, my bonny wife, have now surmounted  
The hardships of the long and tedious way.

**Duchess.**

Far happier than in the splendid palace,  
Of which I often held myself unworthy,  
Have I been during our toilsome route.  
Methought I thus did penance for my fault,  
Ah! for a fault I never can regret.

**Duke.**

See there, a hunter coming round the rock!

**Hermit.**

Old Eckart, he,—the warder of the castle.

**Dietwald.**

How grey and bent with years we find him now!

(Enter Eckart.)

**Duke.**

Welcome, good Eckart.

**Eckart.**

May I trust my eyes?!

Then once more, once more ere my glass is run,  
Have I the joy of seeing my dear lord.

**Duke.**

How know'st thou him whom thou hast never seen?

**Eckart.**

Can it be so? See I not my young lord,  
Duke Welf?

**Duke.**

Alas! thou speakest of my father,  
Who three moons back returned to his ancestors.





**Duchess** (To Eckart).

You tell, I ween, a goodly score of years.

**Eckart.**

Sixty, may be.

**Dietwald.**

And thirty more to boot.

**Hermit.**

For that he knows not when he saw the light,  
 Year after year he rates himself at sixty;  
 Yet with the next year he is sure to think—  
 “May be, I’ve reckon’d them by one too many:”  
 And thus he never gets beyond three score.

**Eckart.**

And after all, it doth but little matter.

**Hermit.**

No wonder, sooth, that time stands still with him,  
 That he imagines all things as they were;  
 For little has there been to mark the days  
 Since hitherward the late Duke came to hunt.  
 And nought he hears of how the world is going.  
 In our wilderness the pine-woods green  
 So staid and dark, the rocks’ eternal waste  
 Uncheer’d by Spring allow us sparingly  
 To note the seasons in their changeful course.

**Eckart.**

Quite right, I never thought of that before!

**Hermit.**

Beloved friends! the life of man is only  
 A short-liv’d blossom and a long decay.

But on this simple transitory course  
 The seasons' quicker changefulness intrudes,  
 And brings on man, who stands between the two  
 And cannot follow, divers store of woes.  
 When Autumn strips the field of leaf and flower,  
 Then e'en the spirit of the youth repines,  
 Since he must taste of age before his time.  
 And oh! more painful sight, when Spring awakes,  
 The old man's cheek is fain to bloom again;  
 His poor spent heart believes 'tis growing young.  
 Ah! brief delusion only!  
 The sapless trunk puts forth a tender leaf,  
 But never shooteth into healthy blossom;  
 And therefore do I praise this changeless country  
 Where nothing wakes the torment of regret.

**Dietwald** (Aside To The Duke).

The preacher in the desert, I'll be bound,  
 Hath not held forth before for many a year.

**Hermit.**

To look on it, it seems as though this spot  
 Had halted far behind the march of time.  
 These lone wide forests, where the form of man,  
 Last work of the Creator, still is wanting.  
 And that still farther distant mountain-range,  
 Which Time seems utterly unconscious of,  
 The green thing findeth not existence there,  
 And there the elements are not yet sunder'd.  
 It is a chaos of stupendous rocks  
 And chasms deep, where never light hath fall'n,  
 Save flames that oft-times flicker from th' abyss.

Dark waters there below roar terribly;  
 And clouds hang brooding stagnate o'er the hollows.  
 Once it fared marvellously there with me!  
 As I across those lifeless masses strode  
 With wonted energy of limb, mine eye  
 Shone full and glowing, and my arm was rais'd;  
 My mantle flew in air, my loose hair flutter'd:  
 I shouted through the stillness—'Let there be'—  
 Impotent challenge of the feeble creature.

**Duke.**

But restless Time is hasting hither too.  
 These pines which stand so sturdily, must yield  
 And seam themselves to fashion man's abode.  
 The rocks too must be roll'd down from the moun-  
                                 tains,  
 And tower up anew as lofty domes.

**Dietwald.**

Scarce hath your foot betrod the wilderness;  
 And yet you nurse these thoughts of deep device.

**Duke.**

Well now, good Eckart, be thou true to me,  
 As thou wast formerly to my good father;  
 We take up our abode within the castle,  
 I and the worthy lady here, my spouse:  
 But, mind thee, who we are must rest untold.

**Duchess.**

Then let us to our Castle Court anon.

Exeunt all.

(Enter **Two Wayfarers** singing.)

**First Wayfarer.**

O forest-pine, thy noble bough  
Is Summer and Winter green.  
And oh! my love is like thee,  
'Tis ever of verdant sheen.

O forest-pine, yet thou may'st ne'er  
In sprightly hue be seen.  
And ah! my love is like thee,  
'Tis ever of darkling green.

**Second Wayfarer.**

O birch-tree, thou that gaily  
Shoot'st forth from the dusky pine ;  
The first of all the forest,  
Thy tender leaflets shine.

My youthful hopes, O birch-tree,  
Say, are they not like thee?  
So early and so brightly  
Thou bow'st thy tracery.

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**THE SERENADE.**

**David, with Absalom and other of his attendants.**

Scene. A garden by moonlight.

**David.**

How warm and pleasant is this summer-night.  
The frogs are croaking, the cicadas chirping;  
So let us tune our music too to theirs.

**Absalom.**

No! we should rather wait a blacker night,  
Ere we commit our outrage upon music;  
Fell misdeeds ever take delight in darkness.

**David.**

This is no outrage; to my lady's heart  
I fain would make a ladder of sweet sounds.

**Absalom.**

Be not so trustful of your self-same ladder,  
Its every spar is cracking, splitting—

**David.**

Tush!

Why ever murmuring, thou ungrateful wight,  
Whom breadless I receiv'd into my service.

**Absalom.**

Bread had I still, and breadless first became  
In your same service; no one lives by that.  
But this is not the worst I have to rue.

**David.**

Did I not have thee at thy sore entreaty  
Tutor'd in music?

**Absalom.**

True! And now for once  
You chance to harp upon the proper string.  
When I was yet a boy, the strolling harpers  
Would often wander to my father's door.  
To me they seem'd like precious messengers  
Sent from a world that teem'd with harmony.  
And soon I left my father's hearth and home,  
And went in quest of that fair promised land  
Where music's heavenly language might be heard;  
And woe is me, alas! I came to you,  
Th' antipodes of that melodious Zone.

**David.**

What then, is not my music-loving race  
Descended from King David, first of harpers?

**Absalom.**

From David and Bathsheba, that may be;  
And so the taste clings to you like a curse.

**David.**

So then 'twas all in vain I sought to win thee,  
When I bestow'd on thee the name of Absalom,  
And nurs'd thy skill with all a father's care.

**Absalom.**

I cannot tell by what hell-witchery,  
 You tore me from the realms of Christendom,  
 And held me fast in hateful banishment.

**David.**

In vain then gave I thee that splendid fiddle,  
 That precious heir-loom with its mellow'd tone.

**Absalom.**

'Tis *that* I murmur at.— To think that you  
 Have fetter'd me to this ill-humour'd tool,  
 This monstrous foe to all melodious sound,  
 This brainless stock for aught like harmony.  
 I beg and pray, but my most fervent wish  
 Hath never wean'd a pure tone from it yet.  
 Do what I will, I scrape it, shake it, strike it,  
 Its answer is a querimonious squeak.  
 Report doth speak of evil spirits oft  
 Tied up in sacks and buried in the flood.  
 In sooth, methinks, within my fiddle's sides  
 All Discord's torment devils are confin'd  
 And ever groaning, whining, howling there.  
 Oh! let me sink it in the ocean wave  
 So deaf and deep, among the speechless fishes;  
 And then if aught such dissonance break loose,  
 Up, up, ye tossing waves, and swallow it;  
 Ye tempests, rouse yourselves to mangle it  
 Before it jars upon the ear of man.

**David.**

Hold, hold! To work, my fellows, tune up quickly.

(They tune)

**Absalom.**

Is there no help for me? Is harmony  
Stone dead? And must I think that music's angels  
Are fall'n and chang'd to fiends?

**David.**

Hush, hush!

(he sings to the harp)

Michal, his devoted consort,  
Lower'd David down the wall;  
Holding fast the silken thread that  
Rescu'd him from cruel Saul.  
Fairest damsel, dearest Michal!  
Hear my trilling quavers run;  
And to thy inviting window  
Draw *up* David's happier son.

**Absalom.**

Ye priests of Baal, with your furious din,  
Must I then perish as your victim here?  
Am I not grown awry, mine eye asquint,  
With this foul discord?

**David.**

Wicked slanderer!

Dost thou insult the presence of thy lord?

**Absalom.**

Ah! now I know what Absalom endur'd,  
When hanging from the branches by his hair  
Three lances pierc'd his heart.

**David.**

Alas! alas!

What foul ingratitude, thou second Absalom!



**Absalom.**

I should be loth to censure Absalom.  
For rising, as he did, against his father;  
If David play'd no better then than you.

**David**

He played right touchingly, he mov'd the stones.

**Absalom.**

Take care then, lest this house fall down upon us.  
Amphion's godlike music mov'd the stones  
To range themselves in architectural form;  
Then surely ours will loose the commissures.

**David.**

What shows so white there in the window? See  
Those eyes of fire! List, she speaks, she speaks!

**Absalom.**

The lady's cat is squeaking forth our praise;  
The lady, sooth, is creeping 'neath the coverlet,  
In terror at the midnight goblin's din.

**David.**

One trial more, and then she will appear.

**Absalom.**

The moon and stars, which pleasantly e'en now  
Look'd down upon us in the hope of music,  
Have, like the lady, hid themselves, and we  
Have call'd forth nothing but the wrath of heaven.  
Anon I hear the distant thunders growl,  
And heaven hurls its lightnings after us,  
As Saul at your forefather hurl'd his lance.

**David.**

Is lightning fond of keeping time with music?  
A shivering fit has seiz'd me. Let us run.

**Absalom.**

If this vile discord had but lasted long,  
Forsooth we had had earthquakes, and the world  
Had trembled from its innermost recess.

*It thunders. Exeunt all but Absalom.*

I hear, I hear thee, mighty thunder-voice,  
The welkin's choir magnificent.  
Perish, thou sorry handiwork! — I'm free.

*He dashes the fiddle against the wall. Exit.*

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## A NORMAN CUSTOM.

Dedicated to Baron de la Motte Fouqu .

Scene. A Fisher's hut on an island on the coast of Normandy.

Persons. **Balder**, a seafarer. — **Richard**, a fisherman. — **Thorilda**.

**Balder.**

This to thy weal, my thrice-respected host;  
In truth I have to thank the frantic storm  
That drove me inland to your island creek;  
For such a cordial meal and quiet hearth  
Have not refresh'd me for this many a day.

**Richard.**

Nought better can a fisher's hut afford;  
If thou art pleas'd, well-pleas'd and honour'd I.  
And passing dear to me a noble guest  
Who cometh from our northern native land;  
For thence it was our fathers hither sail'd,  
And much e'en now is said and sung of it.  
Yet, gentle Sir, I must confess to thee  
That poor as he may be, who shares my board,  
I never fail to claim the stranger's gift.

**Balder.**

My craft, that lies at anchor in the creek,  
Encloses merchandise both rich and rare,  
Which from the Mediterranean I have brought,  
Gold fruits, and luscious wines, and brilliant birds.

Arms too she holds, the work of Northern smith,  
And two-edg'd swords, with corslet, helm, and shield.

**Richard.**

I spake not of the like; thou tak'st me wrongly.  
It is a custom here in Normandy,  
That he, who welcomes stranger to his hearth,  
Shall ask of him a story or a song,  
And fashion him another in return.  
E'en I, in my old age, set store upon  
The good old legends and the songs of yore,  
And am not minded now to waive my claim.

**Balder.**

A tale is often sweet as Cyprus wine,  
Fragrant as fruits and chequer'd as the birds;  
And many an ancient lay of hero days  
Resounds like clashing swords and ringing shields.  
Wherefore my error was not very great.  
Forsooth I have no splendid count to give,  
And yet I fain would grace a goodly custom.  
List then to what not long ago I heard  
A ship-mate tell of on the moonlight deck.

**Richard.**

Come one stoup more, good friend, and then begin.

**Balder.**

Two northern Counts, for many a livelong year,  
Beneath united flags had sail'd the seas.  
They brav'd together many a fearful storm  
And many a fiery fight on sea and shore,  
And now in southern, now in eastern climes,  
Repos'd together on the blooming strand.

When lo! they turn them to their castle-homes  
 Each deeply mers'd in sorrow now, for each  
 Has laid a fond spouse in his fathers' tomb.  
 And yet amid their pensiveness and gloom  
 A presage sweet of happiness sprang up.  
 The one possess'd a merry blooming boy,  
 A darling daughter was the other's care;  
 Wherefore, to crown their olden league of friendship,  
 And stamp endurance on its memory,  
 They straight determin'd that their children dear  
 In holy bond should be at once betroth'd.  
 Two golden rings they bade prepare, the which,  
 Because such little fingers could not hold them,  
 Were hung on pretty ribands round their necks.  
 A sapphire, like the maiden's eye of blue,  
 Was chastely centred in the young Count's ring.  
 A rose-red gem within the other glow'd  
 Bright as the fresh cheek of the blooming boy.

**Richard.**

A rose-red jewel in a ring of gold  
 The maiden wore? Thou said'st so, did'st thou not?

**Balder.**

For sooth, 'twas so, but that can matter little.  
 The boy grew up of tall and slender frame,  
 Was early train'd in exercise of arms,  
 And taught to curb a palfrey light and trim.  
 Not, like his father, should he tempt the seas  
 And range the ocean on adventurous quest,  
 But guard in after times, with doughty hand,

Those mighty fiefdoms and those lofty castles,  
The joint inheritance of either Earl.  
Meanwhile the young knight's little promis'd bride  
Lay cradled in a soft-lit twilight room,  
Well watch'd and tended by her trusty nurses.  
But now a mild Spring day came o'er the land;  
And so, to please the little fretful child,  
They bore it to the sunny calm sea-shore,  
And brought it flow'rs and muscle shells to play  
with.

The sea, scarce trembling in the gentle breeze  
Gave back the image of the sun so bright,  
And cast a quivering light upon the green.  
Just there, a little boat lay on the beach:  
The matrons deck'd it out with weeds and flowers,  
And laid their little nursling in it; then  
They rock'd her from the shore upon the sea.  
The infant laugh'd, the women laugh'd us well;  
But just amidst their wildest merriment,  
The riband slipp'd that held their floating toy,  
And when they saw it, it was all too late,  
They could not reach the shallop from the strand.  
So waveless seem'd the sea, and so serene;  
Yet further, further still, the boat work'd out.  
Still they could hear the infant's hearty laugh,  
And still despairingly gaz'd after it,  
And wrung their hands and shriek'd in wild distress.  
It happen'd that the boy just then was come  
To see his little love, and haply then  
His light steed pranc'd upon the verdant shore.

He heard their cries and gallop'd to the spot,  
And bravely urg'd his palfrey to the sea  
Expecting to outswim the flowery craft;  
But scarcely had it felt the frigid flood,  
When lo! the trembling beast turn'd sullen round  
And bore its rider back upon the shore.  
Meanwhile the little shallop with the child  
Had drifted outward from the placid bay,  
And fresh'ning breezes on the open main  
Soon bore it out of sight.

**Richard.**

Alas, poor child!

May holy angels hover round thee now.

**Balder.**

The tale of horror meets the father's ears;  
And forthwith all his vessels, small and great,  
Run out, the swiftest sailer bearing him.  
But trackless is the sea; the evening wanes,  
The breezes veer, the tempest roars at night,  
And after many a month of search, they bring  
The empty crusted shallop only back,  
Its flowers all faded.

**Richard.**

What wounds thee in the tale, my worthy guest?  
Thou falterest and breath'st so hard.

**Balder.**

Well, well!

From that disastrous day the boy no more  
Took pleasure in his horse as formerly;  
But rather would he try to swim, to dive,



And gladly prove his sinews with the oar.  
 And when he grew to be a stalwart youth,  
 He begg'd for vessels of his father.  
 The firm-set earth had nought that he desir'd,  
 No maiden of the castles charmed him.  
 He seem'd affianc'd to the tossing sea,  
 Wherein the infant and the ring were lost.  
 And so he deck'd his flag-ship fancifully  
 With purple pennons, figure-head of gold,  
 Like one who sought his bride upon the waves.

**Richard.**

I ween 'twas like thy own there in the cove;  
 Was it not so, my seaman bold?

**Balder.**

That may be.—

And in that richly garnish'd wedding bark  
 He reel'd and roll'd in many a cruel storm;  
 When to the thunder's crash and tempest's roar  
 The waves were dancing him his marriage-dance.  
 And many a bloody sea-fight has he fought,  
 And gain'd renown thereby throughout the North.  
 A name of mark they fix upon him there.  
 Let him but sally forth, with brandish'd sword,  
 To seize a grappl'd bark, the crew shriek out  
 "Woe to us, spare us, bridegroom of the sea!"  
 So ends my tale.

**Richard.**

I truly thank thee for't;  
 For it hath deeply touch'd mine aged heart.



Only, methinks, it lacks a fitting close.  
Who shall say if the child did really sink,  
Or whether some strange sail fell in with it,  
And straightway took the little foundling in,  
Leaving the fragil shallop to the sea?  
Perhaps to some far island, such as ours.  
The tender child was afterward convey'd,  
Was kindly tended there by careful hands,  
And now has budded to a lovely girl.

**Balder.**

Well, on my word, thou can'st spin out a tale;  
So let me hear thine own.

**Richard.**

In long long by-gone days full many a tale  
Of our old Dukes and heroes I could tell;  
And more than all, of Richard, Fearless hight,  
Who saw by night as clearly as by day,  
Who rode at midnight through the lonesome wood,  
And stood out many a bout with goblin foes.  
But now my memory is weak with age,  
All floats in dizzy doubt before my brain.  
So the young maiden there shall speak for me,  
Who sits so still and turns away her face,  
Plying her netting by the paly lamp.  
For she has noted many brave old lays,  
And has a throat that shames the nightingale.  
Thorilda dear, fear not our noble guest;  
Sing us the song—"The maiden and the ring",  
Which the old singing-man once rhym'd for you;  
A pretty song, I know you love to sing it.

**Thorilda** sings.

Long by the summer ocean  
A little maid hath lain,  
And angled many an hour,  
But angled all in vain.

A ring upon her finger,  
A precious ruby, shone;  
She fix'd it on her angling line,  
And cast it in anon.

Then from the deep, like ivory  
There came a little hand,  
And caught the little ring thrown in  
By her upon the strand.

There came up from the waters,  
A knight so fine and young,  
Array'd in mail that glisten'd  
The sunny waves among.

Then cried th' affrighted maiden  
"No! noble warrior, no!  
I did not think of catching thee,  
So let my ringlet go."

"Sure, none would snare the fishes  
With gold and precious stone;  
Let go the ring, I cannot,  
But thou must be mine own."

**Balder.**

What do I hear? Wondrous and ominous sound!  
What do I see? A heavenly countenance  
Is sweetly blushing 'mid those locks of gold,  
Reminding me of by-gone childhood's days.  
Yes! on the right hand shines the golden ring,  
The ruby gem;— 'tis thou, my long-lost bride,  
And I am he they call the Ocean Bridegroom.  
Here is the sapphire like thine eye of blue,  
And there below our wedding-bark awaits us.

**Richard.**

Long have I guess'd of this, thrice-honour'd knight.  
Yes, take her now my darling foster-child;  
Hold her in safety in your lusty arm,  
And press a faithful heart upon your breast.  
But stay a moment, see, your foot is caught  
Among the netting that my fondling plies.

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## CONRADIN.

(A Fragment.)

Scene. The sea-coast near Naples.

**Conradin, Frederick of Baden, The Grand Sewer of Waldburg,** are disembarking with a martial train. **Galvano Lancia,** Marshal of Sicily, with his son; **Tarfe,** a Saracen Chieftain; **Frangipane,** a Roman Noble with his daughter **Julia.** Girls with garlands and music. Apulian nobility, Saracens, and a throng of people assembled to give them a festive reception.

**Conradin.**

Land of Apulia, hail! with joy I hail thee!  
 O earth, that 'neath our newly-landed feet  
 Art trembling still, with fervour I embrace thee;—  
 With fervour as a bridegroom doth his bride.  
 Land of my ancestors! Thou blessed land;  
 How blooming spreadest thou thyself before me,  
 With festal canopy of purest blue,  
 And all thy beauty mirror'd in the sea.

**Galvano.**

Tis he, 'tis he, yes, it is Conradin,  
 Look, look, my son Galotto, it is he,

The Suabian stripling, the expected one  
 In fealty to whom I brought thee up.  
 Look all of ye! O! say, who knows him not?  
 That open brow, that eye that speaks the soul,  
 Those golden tresses waving down his shoulders.  
 Yes! there we see the race of Hohenstaufen,—  
 The only scion of that lordly stock,  
 That intellectual one beyond compare,  
 Whose excellence hath never ceas'd to blossom,  
 Whose noble sires beget as noble sons.  
 Now place me here th' oppressor of the land,  
 The low'ring Anjou; set them side by side,  
 And say in which the kingly blood doth run.

(he advances towards Conradin.)

Illustrious youth, a thousand welcomes thine.  
 The messengers, we lately sent to thee,  
 Return'd with nothing but a robe of thine  
 To sate our longing till thyself should'st come.  
 This robe we bore about, we clung to it,  
 We kiss'd it as it were a holy relic.  
 Now, blessed be the day, thyself art come:  
 Then let me press thy hand and kiss it now  
 Bedewing it with glowing tears of joy.

**Conradin.**

Say then, who art thou, venerable sire,  
 Whom rapture seemeth to make young again?

**Galvano.**

I was a faithful servant to thy fathers;

**Galvano Lancia, Marshal of Sicilia.**  
 Oh! at the sight of thee, what memories  
 Resistlessly come crowding on me now.  
 I melt away in transport and in tears.

**Conradin.**

**Galvano Lancia, the lauded hero,**  
 Who serv'd my house for half a century,  
 With word and deed, in weal and woe the same;  
 Who Frederick's, Conrad's, Manfred's battles fought.

**Galvano.**

And in thine own will gladly shed his blood.

**Conradin.**

O what could come to me more wish'd-for now  
 Upon the threshold of my new career,  
 Than this experienc'd sire tendering thus  
 My doubtless right? Then, old man, lead me on,  
 Thou know'st the paths we sons of Staufen tread.

**Galvano.**

They are the lion's paths, beloved prince.  
 The little I, the old man, can for thee,  
 Is small in deed. But these assembled here,  
 The flower of Apulia's chivalry,  
 But wait thy nod, and they will draw their swords,  
 And give thee once again thy kingly rights.

**Tarfe.**

Let me too, noble one, embrace thy knee,  
 And let me kiss the dust from off thy shoe.

Thou son of light! Great Allah's blessing on thee!  
 Thou spring'st from Ocean like the golden day,  
 Before which night with all its terrors, flies.

**Conradin.**

Arise, and let me know then, who thou art.

**Tarfe.**

Oh! I am thy least servant, one whose name  
 Deserves not to be noted in thy presence.  
 Over the Saracens inhabiting  
 Lucera's town, I am appointed Chief.  
 Thy great forefather, Sire, that Frederick,  
 Whose glory stands emblazon'd in the stars,  
 Bestow'd on us this place of safe abode.  
 The learning of the East was dear to him,  
 He spoke the language of Arabia,  
 Did not disdain the use of our attire;  
 He let us build us temples to our God;  
 He shone, as doth the sun, on all alike,  
 Like Allah's Self, The All-Directing One.

**Conradin.**

I know you. Manfred fled to you for safety.  
 His Christian soldiers had deserted him:  
 But ye in triumph bore him on your arms.

**Tarfe.**

Command, my liege, and through the stormy fight  
 On our shoulders we will carry thee.  
 My archers long have liv'd in burning hope  
 To wing their arrows to thy enemies' hearts.

**Frangipane.**

The spot, my prince, which thou hast honour'd thus,  
 By landing at it on Apulia's coast,  
 I hold of Naples as a feudal grant;  
 And I must ever prize the destiny  
 That brings me so illustrious a guest.  
 My name is Giovanni Frangipané.  
 I dare not hope that I am known to thee,  
 Yet thou hast perhaps heard mention of my line;  
 'Tis corporate in Rome, and often there,  
 From fortress towers, which we rear'd ourselves,  
 Has fought the battles of the Ghibellines;  
 Whether against the Lateran tyranny,  
 Or 'gainst the arrogance of Guelphic rank.

**Conradin.**

Could I forget the house of Frangipane?  
 Not yet indeed my foot so firm and high  
 That I disown my friends.

**Frangipane.**

Then may it be,  
 Illustrious one, thy pleasure from the toils  
 Of travel to repose thee in my house,  
 That lies embosom'd in yon orange-grove.  
 To give thee greeting, to invite thee in,  
 My daughter Julia hitherward has sped  
 With other damsels of these sea-girt shores.  
 Step nearer, Julia, speak now for thyself.



**Julia.**

We hail thee King, high sir, and soon we hope,  
 Within the dome and in the sight of all,  
 Thou wilt receive a kingly consecration.  
 Yet, till the crown, the future golden one,  
 Enwreathes thy temples, oh! do not forbid  
 A maiden's trembling hand with flowers thus  
 To crown thee our King: for well indeed  
 A flowery wreath may emblem forth the land  
 The blooming country thou art soon to rule.

(she crowns him.)

Then to my father's house, O crowned King,  
 Repair with us, I pray thee, for the song  
 And stringed music and the dance await  
 To celebrate thy festal coronation.

**Conradin.**

The wreath with which a tender hand hath  
                             crown'd me  
 Rustles upon my temples like a dream  
 A bright presentiment of future glory.  
 To fight for this and win it must be mine.  
 As yet no time for festival have I  
 Nor plea for tarrying in the house of glee;  
 Still I must steer unwearied towards the goal.  
 But soon as victory has wreath'd my brow,  
 I will return to you and glad myself  
 Among you all with merry dance and song.  
 My fathers ever lov'd and exercis'd  
 The lay that speaks the praise of noble dames,

And Emperor Henry's song was—"what would be  
 The crown to me, if she I love were gone?"  
 Nay in life's ruder Spring-tide even I  
 Have tun'd my lyre to the strains of love.  
 Wherefore if I return from victory's field,  
 Bring me the lute, and then my earliest song  
 Shall praise thy loveliness, fair Julia.

(Julia and the rest retire Conradin and Frederick of Baden remain  
 alone in the foreground.)

### Conradin.

O Frederick, thou companion of my youth,  
 Upon thy faithful breast I us'd to pour  
 My bitter plaints against my destiny:  
 Now let my gladsome, overflowing heart  
 Gush forth on thee; Oh! help me bear my fortune.  
 How different was it, Frederick, formerly,  
 When I at Landshut at my Uncle's court  
 Stole lonely, landless, fatherless about.  
 My mother only look'd on me in tears;  
 And those, my fathers' favour had made great,  
 With cold contemptuousness strode by me then.  
 The minstrels, wandering from court to court,  
 Attun'd their harps to Hohenstaufen's fall,  
 As if it were some tale of olden days,  
 And even I no more among the living.  
 How different is it now, for now the world  
 Lies open to me, full of bloom and life.  
 The joy of youth, the fame of noble deeds,  
 And all that's beautiful in hope or aim

Smile on me here, and this once drooping head  
Is rising freshly garnitur'd with flowers.

**Frederick.**

Upon thy hopes alone, O Conradin,  
Repose my own; a twin-born fate unites us.  
Thy plunderer is Karl, while mine is Ottokar.  
If in Apulia I aid thee now  
To quell the Austrian, thou, full well I know,  
Wilt lend me thy more mighty arm hereafter.  
But if thy rising fortunes, if perchance  
The landscape's beauty win upon me less,  
And if thou often see me sorrowful,  
Remember, in my German home remains  
The gentle bride, but lately wed to me;  
And there where she is, is my fairest land.

**Conradin.**

Bring me the future, what it will, of glory,  
My highest privilege will still be this,  
Upon the friends,— who in the hour of need  
Have borne me up, who in the brunt of war  
Have bravely stood by me,— on these hereafter  
To pour the fulness of my gratitude.

**Grand Sewer.**

(who had approached while Conradin was speaking).

Already thou dispensest boons! Already  
Thou comest flush'd with victory, while I  
Must speak the parting word, yet fail to hide  
The anguish, the misgiving of my heart.  
Thy Uncle's and thy anxious Mother's charge

Direct me to Viterbo, there to try  
 To soothe the anger of His Holiness,  
 Who hurls at thee his banning thunderbolts.  
 But now that I am landed, now that I  
 Must give thee to the guardianship of strangers,  
 My spirit quails, I cannot part from thee  
 Before thy heart, inebriate with joy,  
 Hath ta'en a faithful word of parting from me.

**Conradin.**

Speak, gentle Sewer, thy words have ever found  
 A welcome in the ear of Conradin.

**Grand Sewer.**

Son of my princes, say, this alien soil  
 That blinds thee with its glistening blandishments,  
 What is it but a whited sepulchre?  
 Recline among these flowers, there shall rise  
 The poisonous viper there to bruise thy heel.  
 Or softly sleep away the balmy night  
 To wooing lutes, and fast the wall shall void  
 The spiteful scorpion and tarantula.  
 The sultry sun shall breed thee strangury,  
 With leprosy and foul impostume smite thee;  
 The very ground, thou plant'st thy foot upon,  
 Is false, for hell itself ferments beneath it.  
 Anon the abyss disparts and spawleth flame;  
 The green earth trembles, while above thy head  
 The vault of heaven bursts to blast thy towers.  
 Assassination lurks in every nook.  
 The burning eye of woman lappeth up

The hero's marrow; nay, the friendly cup  
Is poison'd, nor the waver's self untainted.

**Conradin.**

Thou paintest darkly.

**Grand Sewer.**

Ah! this hapless thirst  
For power, for treasure, and for idle fame!  
Accursed craving, driving us abroad,  
While all the joys of home dishonour'd die.  
How oft, alas! how oft the German host,  
Of chosen men composed and comely youths,  
Their native country's pride, their kinsmen's joy,  
Have march'd adown the Alps, to fade away  
Upon the stranger's plain like summer grass!  
Thy forefathers—my princes—where are they?  
Disdainfully they left their German home  
To sip the poison of Apulia's garden.  
Henry drew venom from the crystal stream;  
If in the goblet Frederick quaff'd it not,  
He drank it in his best friend's treachery.  
Thy father sipp'd it in the leech's drug;  
What should have heal'd so writh'd and tortur'd him  
He curs'd the very hour of his birth.  
And oh! if thou—No! No! the hideous thought!  
I dare not for a moment fashion it.

**Conradin.**

Wherefore these images of horror now?

**Grand Sewer.**

When Henry wed Constantia at Milan,  
 And in a circle of Italian lords  
 At table sat within the high saloon,  
 Ambassadors came in from Suabia.  
 They brought him, as a wedding-gift, a cradle  
 Of pierced silver, beautifully chas'd,  
 The cunning work of craftsmen in Gemünd.  
 The cradle was to signify that he  
 And all his house on Teuton soil were rear'd.  
 Thus, Conradin, would I admonish thee,  
 Lest in the witchery of this foreign land  
 Thou should'st become forgetful of thy cradle.  
 O! think upon the height that, high in air,  
 Shoots up the fairest of the Suabian hills,  
 And on its royal summit fearlessly  
 The olden seat of Hohenstaufen rears;  
 And far around it, shining like the sea,  
 A green and fruitful land with winding vales,  
 And glistening streams, and pastures richly graz'd,—  
 Chase-merry Waldgebirg, and from the glen  
 The neighbouring cloister's lowly vesper-chime  
 Then farther onward, see in tower and town  
 A favour'd race, true-hearted loyal men,  
 And women fair, and mannerly, and modest,  
 Yea angel-like, as olden Walther sang.

**Frederick.**

Ah! angel-like! Oh, why revive in me  
 The pining qualm I scarcely yet have still'd?

**Grand Sewer.**

Oh would that I could wake the like in him!  
O Conradin, why didst thou ever leave  
The hopes that germ'd for thee on Teuton soil?  
The rival Kings, who wrangle for the crown,  
Alike are aliens to the German blood.  
The one was prison'd in an English keep;  
The other dwells beyond the Pyrenees.  
Three times the princely council spake of thee  
And cried, "but Hohenstaufen still is ours!"  
Had not thy youth appear'd too immature  
To steer the vessel in these stormy times.  
And yet thou tarriest not, but sailest off  
To seek th' allurements of a distant land.  
Ah! perilous the path thou enterest on,  
And hard, thrice hard this parting hour to me.

**Conradin.**

My friend, thou spak'st of my ancestral seat,  
The eyrie whence the eagles wont to swoop  
But 'tis no more my own: the little that  
To me of our heritage devolv'd,  
Was alienated, bonded, mortgaged  
To furnish out th' Apulian campaign.  
Yet if nought else were left, to me on earth  
Still that were left,—the spirit of my fathers,  
Aspiring, reckoning nothing yet as lost.  
Their noble schemes for fame were left me still.  
Not light the daily task of Hohenstaufen;  
And I must ply it early as did they.



The petty confines of no single land  
Are our goal. From every spot on earth  
Can our ambition mount. If first of all  
Apulia hath call'd me, in Apulia  
Will I begin my path, though where it end  
Lies hidden in the bosom of the future.  
Thou know'st the burden of the song—"A King  
Or eagle low of flight is little worth."  
Then fare thee well, fulfill thine errand now:  
But, soldiers, let our banner forwards fly.

---



The first part of the paper  
is devoted to the study of  
the properties of the  
operator  $T$  defined by  
 $Tf(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$   
for  $f \in L^1(\mathbb{R})$ . It is shown  
that  $T$  is a bounded operator  
from  $L^1(\mathbb{R})$  to  $L^1(\mathbb{R})$  and  
that its norm is 1. The second  
part of the paper is devoted  
to the study of the properties  
of the operator  $S$  defined by  
 $Sf(x) = \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} f(t) dt$   
for  $f \in L^1(\mathbb{R})$ . It is shown  
that  $S$  is a bounded operator  
from  $L^1(\mathbb{R})$  to  $L^1(\mathbb{R})$  and  
that its norm is 1.



**BALLADS AND LAYS OF ROMANCE.**





## RESIGNATION.

Through the garden see him roaming  
By the star-light pale and dim ;  
Doth some sweet joy wait his coming  
Will the night be bless'd to him ?  
Ah ! it is the harper, he  
'Neath the stately tower reclineth ;  
Sweet shall sound his minstrelsy  
Where yon little taper shineth.

“Maiden, from thy lofty bower,  
List, O list thy minstrel's strain,  
Till around thee childhood's hour  
Weave its rosy dream again.  
With the evening bell I came,  
Doom'd to shun the day-star's gleaming ;  
Oh ! I dare not see his flame  
On my lordly birth-place beaming.

Where around thy throne assembled  
Joyous forms of high degree,  
Where the brilliant table trembled  
'Neath the feast, they found not me.  
Hearts that glow'd with pleasure's flame  
Would have crav'd a blithesome ditty,—  
Deaf to Childhood's early claim,  
Deaf to Love's soft tale of pity.

Gloomy twilight, fade before me;  
Smile again, thou darkling grove,  
Childhood's magic realm restore me,  
Give me little childhood's love.  
Let me lie, and *she* shall come,  
Fairy-like, across the clover,  
Till with grass and scented bloom,  
Heap on heap I'm mantled over.

Ah! those days are flown too fleetly;  
Memory never never dies!  
Like the lucid bow that sweetly  
Breaketh forth on cloudy skies.  
Pain so sweet forbids me gaze,  
Lest I miss the cherish'd token;  
Tell me only, do those days  
Hold with thee their charm unbroken?"

When the son of song, reclining  
'Neath the tower, ceas'd to sing,  
In the grass was seen a shining,  
And a voice came answering—  
"Take the ring, and many a year  
Think of days we pass'd so sweetly;  
Take it, ah! the gem and tear,  
They sparkle on it meetly."

---

## THE WREATH.

When o'er the mead, in summer's sheen,  
To cull the flow'rs a maiden came,  
There issu'd from the forest green  
A passing lovely dame.

The lady twin'd, when she was come,  
The maiden's locks with garland fair;  
"It blooms not yet, but it will bloom  
O wear it ever there."

And, when the little maid was grown,  
And lov'd to wander by the moon,  
And weep her soft sweet tears alone,  
The garland budded soon.

And when her comely true-love's arm  
Enclasp'd her in an after hour,  
O! 'twas a most delicious charm,  
The bud became a flower.

Soon in her lap a sweet babe lay  
And claim'd a mother's tender care;  
She look'd upon the leafy spray  
And golden fruit was there.

And when her love was in the grave,  
And she was lone and lost in grief,  
About her wilder'd locks 'gan wave  
A sear autumnal leaf.

Soon she too lay in pale decay,  
But still the precious wreath she wore;  
Then, wondrous sight! the little spray  
Both fruit and blossom bore.

---

**THE SHEPHERD.**

The comely shepherd bent his way  
The kingly castle by,  
There watch'd him from the turret grey  
A maiden's longing eye.

And soon her sweet voice fill'd the air  
"O could I be with thee" she said,  
"How white the lambs are shining there,  
The flowers here, how red!"

The stripling gave her answer fine,—  
"That were a sweet delight;  
How red those little cheeks do shine!  
Those little arms how white!"

And thus when, early every morn,  
His flock did thither move,  
He stay'd awhile, with look so lorn,  
To see his pretty love.

Then "welcome, welcome princess sweet"  
His greeting met her ear;  
And him she did as gently greet  
"I thank thee, shepherd dear."



When Winter fled, and Spring appear'd  
With flowers of rosy sheen,  
And he again the castle near'd,  
No lady could be seen.

Then cried he, "welcome princess sweet"  
So dolefully and drear ;  
A deathlike voice his ear did meet,  
"Farewell, my shepherd dear."

**THE VAULT OF HIS SIRES.**

Over the heath so dreary,  
To the chapel so old and grey  
There travell'd a pilgrim weary,  
In helm'd and arm'd array.

His forefathers, sire on sire,  
Lay coffin'd the vault along;  
And the pilgrim, as he drew nigher,  
Was welcom'd with wondrous song.

"Yea! I wot right well your greeting  
Ye warrior spirits", quoth he;  
"The death-roll needs completing;  
'Tis well, for it shames not me."

There stood, of that dismal number,  
One coffin without its dead;  
So softly he laid him to slumber.  
His shield, it pillow'd his head.

He cross'd his hands so lowly,  
And clos'd his weary een;  
Then hush'd was that warbling holy.  
How still it must have been!

---

**THE DYING HEROES.**

The Danish swords were driving Sweden's host  
To the sea-beat coast.  
The war-cars rattled, glaives were seen to gleam  
In the pale moonbeam.  
Then dying on the bloody field there lay  
The beauteous Sven and Ulf the hero grey.

**Sven.**

O father, Wo! that young as this I come  
To Norna's home;  
No gentle mother will be with me there  
To bind my hair:  
And all in vain my singing love will gaze  
From her high tower for me a thousand ways.

**Ulf.**

Ah! wail will they, and dream they see us come  
In night and gloom;  
But cheer thee, for their true hearts soon shall break  
For our sake:  
At Odin's board thy bright-hair'd love shall laugh  
And hand the cup once more, and bid thee quaff.

**Sven.**

I had begun a song of festal glee  
For minstrelsy;  
Of mighty kings of old and heroes bright  
In love and fight:

Now all forsaken hangs my harp, its strings  
Give answer to the cold wind's murmurrings.

**Ulf.**

O! high and grand the glow when sun-beams fall  
On Odin's hall!  
The stars roll on beneath him, big with wrath  
The storms go forth!  
There we shall banquet with our fathers grey;  
Then wake thy harp again and end thy lay.

**Sven.**

O father, Wo! that young as this I come  
To Norna's home;  
No deed of high emprize on glory's field  
Adorns my shield.  
Twelve judges there sit frowning fearfully;  
They will not ope the banquet-hall to me.

**Ulf.**

There is that far outshineth other fame;  
They know its name:  
'Tis when obedient to their country's call  
The valiant fall.  
Behold! the foeman quaieth: look on high,  
How bright the heavens! Thither we must fly.

---

**THE BLIND KING.**

Why gathereth now the armed band  
Upon the sounding shore?  
What doth the King upon the strand,  
The King so blind and hoar?  
His wail is loud—a staff of gold  
His trembling steps must stay,—  
From yonder rocky island hold  
The echoes wind their way.

“Unbar thy gate, thou robber strong,  
And set my daughter free;  
Her minstrelsy, her pretty song  
Were all that solac’d me.  
She danc’d upon the silver strand,  
When she was torn away;  
Eternal shame disgrace the hand  
That bows my head of grey.”

The robber left his rocky cave,  
To plaint and pity steel’d;  
He swung on high his mighty glaive,  
And smote his sounding shield,  
“Say wherefore did thy warders fine  
The robber raid allow?  
So many men of war are thine,  
Will none be valiant now?”

Of all the swordsmen at his side  
Not one would dare the fray;  
"Am I alone?" the blind King cried,  
He spake and turn'd away.  
Then grasp'd his hand his youthful son,  
It was a grasp so warm;  
"O father, I will be the one,  
I have a stalwart arm."

"My son, thou hast a giant foe,  
And none dare bid him stand;  
Yet thou art nobly wrought, I know,  
I feel it in thy hand.  
This blade of proof then take of me,  
That bards have lov'd to praise;  
But if thou fall, the chilly sea  
Shall end the old man's days."

And hark! a shallop cleaves the flood,  
And speeds its foaming way;  
The blind old King a listener stood  
With all his arm'd array.  
Until the clang of sword and shield  
Resounded on the shore,  
And shouts like those of battle-field;  
And Echo's sullen roar.

Then joyfully the old man spoke  
"Now say what ye behold ;  
My sword, I know its goodly stroke  
It rang as shrill of old."  
"The robber falls, the fight is won,  
A bloody grave hath he ;  
O happy father, valiant son !  
Young hero, hail to thee !"

Now hush'd again is all around,  
The King doth listening stand ;  
"I hear a foaming whistling sound,  
They row them towards the land."  
"Yea, hitherward the rowers ply,  
Thy son with sword and shield ;  
And she, with hair of sunny dye  
Thy daughter, fair Gunild."

"O welcome!" from the rocky height  
The old man answer gave,—  
"Once more mine age shall know delight,  
And honour gild my grave.  
Then thou, my son, shalt lay by me  
The sword so shrill and sharp ;  
And thou my daughter, thou, the free,  
Shalt strike the mourner's harp."

---

**THE MINSTREL.**

The minstrel boy, in free-born strain,  
To listening Echo sings;  
The playful elf gives back again  
His young imaginings.  
His ditties turn to shining flow'rs  
Around him, as he roves;  
His brothers in the shady bow'rs  
And in the silent groves.

Alike among the lowly gay,  
Or near the kingly throne;  
In wonderment they hear his lay,  
And gaze on him alone.  
The loveliest maidens come to crown  
The lowly minstrel boy;  
And while his tears fall trickling down,  
His cheek is flush'd with joy.

---



**ELLEN'S JOY.**

What can the noisy trumpets mean,  
And all this festal rout?  
I'll ope my lattice, though I ween  
What it is all about.

'Tis he, the tournament is done;  
It must be he, I knew;  
The King is proud of such a son,  
And I of love so true.

How bounds and rears his jennet light  
Beneath his manly sway!  
That hand, ah! who would think at night  
How softly it can play?

How brightly doth his helmet beam,  
The meed of knightly worth!  
But brighter than its golden gleam  
Those blue eyes glitter forth.

How fairly flows the knightly vest  
The steely mail above!  
But 'neath it throbs a gentle breast  
That giveth love for love.

His right hand waves a greeting fair  
To many a noble dame;  
They bow them low; it fills the air—  
The people's loud acclaim!

Why bow ye low? Why shout ye so?  
That greeting fair was mine;  
My heart is light: ah! love, I know  
How I shall gladden thine.

But now he seeks his father's sight  
The golden prize to bring;  
And kneeling doffs the helmet bright,  
And hands it to the King.

At evening, to his true-love's door  
His yearning footsteps rove,  
And bring me too a golden store—  
Of kisses and of love.

**THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.**

Oh! did'st thou see the castle,  
The castle by the sea;  
And the rosy cloudlets floating  
Above it peacefully?

It seems as if 'twould bow itself  
To the crystal flood below;  
As if 'twould struggle upward  
To evening's crimson glow.

"Yea! I beheld the castle,  
The castle by the sea;  
And the moon, that hung above it,  
Through mist shone pallidly."

Did the mingling of winds and waters  
Beget a gladsome sound?  
Did festal lutes from those high towers  
Shed melody around?

"The winds and the waves together  
Lay hush'd in deep repose;  
And from forth those lofty towers  
A wailing dirge arose."

Did'st thou see, in grandeur moving,  
The aged King and Queen,—  
The flow of the scarlet mantles,  
The crowns of golden sheen?

Did'st thou not see them leading  
A beautiful maiden there,  
With a face of sun-bright loveliness,  
And a flow of golden hair?

“Without their crowns I saw them—  
The aged kingly pair;  
In sable robes they wandered;  
The maiden was not there!”

---

**FAITHFUL WALTHER.**

The faithful Walther prick'd his way  
Ypast our lady's shrine ;  
All at the gate a maiden lay,  
And sadly did repine.

“O stay, O stay, my Walther dear,  
O can'st thou now no longer hear  
The voice thou heard'st so gladly ?”

“Who art thou? Ah! 'tis thou, false maid ;  
Who gav'st me once thy vow.  
Where are thy silken trappings laid,  
Thy gold and jewels now ?”  
“Oh! woe is me, who truth forswore ;  
My paradise of joy is o'er ;  
Thou only can'st restore it.”

He rais'd the fair one from the ground  
With kindly pitying hand ;  
Around his body close she wound  
Her lily arm and hand :  
“Ah! Walther, this fond heart, I feel,  
Is beating fast on cold hard steel ;  
Thine does not give it answer.”

They rode through Walther's castle-gate,  
But all look'd lone and dead;  
She loos'd the helm of knightly state,—  
The cheek's bright glow was fled.  
"Ah! though thine eye have lost its light,  
Thou still art fair, my faithful knight;  
Thou never look'dst so lovely."

Her lily hand, with gentle sway,  
With clasp and buckle strove;  
"What see I? Why this black array?  
Is dead, whom thou did'st love?"  
"Oh! 'tis my dearest love I plain,  
Who never more on earth again  
This side the grave shall greet me."

She falls to earth; her faltering voice  
And gestures speak her pain;—  
"O bid thy penitent rejoice,  
Nor let her plead in vain.  
O raise me up to joy anew,  
And let me on thy bosom true  
Forget my griefs for ever."

"Arise, arise, poor penitent!  
My strength to raise is fled;  
My arms are closely lock'd and pent,  
My bosom—cold and dead.  
Like me the mourner's weeds put on;  
For love is gone, for ever gone:  
To come again—Oh! never."

---

**THE PILGRIM.**

A pilgrim rov'd intent to reach  
The city where the bless'd abide;  
The halls of heavenly song and speech,  
To which the Spirit loves to guide.

“Thou, lucid stream, in mirror bright  
Wilt soon those blest abodes display;  
E'en now, O sun-bright rocky height,  
'Tis thine to see them far away.

I note the sweet bells, distant chime,  
The crimson flush that lights the grove;  
Oh! had I wings to soar sublime,  
O'er rock and vale, to peace and love!”

Now ebriate with supreme delight,  
And languid in the bliss of pain,  
He sinks among the flow'rets bright.  
And ponders o'er his goal again.

“Too vast this arch of earth and sky,  
To still the flame that thrills me through;  
Ye sweet dreams, show my wistful eye  
The blessed vale I long to view.”

Then, looking from a heavenly bower,  
His bright attendant angel see:  
"Shall I deny the active power,  
Who gave the will to do to thee?"

To mould in dreams some fair ideal  
For tender souls is sweet employ;  
But nobler far the contest real  
That certifies the dream of joy."

At morn the angel form was gone!  
The pilgrim rose with hope elate;  
O'er rock and hill he journey'd on,  
And reach'd at last the golden gate.

In motherly and tender guise  
He saw the portal wide unfold;  
And heaven's thousand harmonies  
Bid welcome to her pilgrim bold.

---



## LEAVING.

Hark to them singing and hasting along!  
Girls, up with the windows and list to the song.  
The Student is leaving to-day;  
They are speeding him on his way.

Shouting and waving their caps they come,  
With ribands upon them and flowers in bloom:  
But ill can the traveller the custom brook,  
Mutely he walks on, with pale, lorn look.

How sparkles the wine! and how rattles the cup!  
"Again, my good fellow, drink up, drink up."  
"Yea, for the parting wine that flows,  
Shall cool my heart that burns and glows."

And now, at the very last house of all,  
A maiden looks out from the casement small,  
And fain would she hide her weeping,  
Through roses and wall-flowers peeping.

And now, at the very last house of all,  
The traveller looks up to that casement small;  
Then turns away with an inward smart  
And lays his hand upon his heart.

“How! Brother, hast thou no nosegay yet,  
Where nodding and waving so many are met?  
O loveliest flower of them all,  
For once let a nosegay fall.”

“Brothers mine, what were the flowers to me?  
I have no one that loves me, as ye.  
They would wither away in the sun,  
By the rude wind would be undone.”

And farther, still farther, with noise and with song  
And the little girl looketh and listeneth long.  
“Oh, he is going, woe is me!  
Whom I have lov'd so silently.

Ah! here am I now with love alone,  
And roses and wall-flowers all my own.  
I would have given them all to-day  
To him who is wandering far away.”

---

**THE DREAM.**

Through the garden bedight so gaily,  
There wander'd, hand in hand,  
Two lovers wan and paly,  
In flowery fairy-land.

Sweetly they meet while they wander—  
That lip and that cheek so fair;  
Each lengthen'd embrace grows fonder,  
And they grow younger there.

Hark to the little bell knelling!  
The dream hath lost its power:  
The cloister is her dank dwelling;  
And his is the vault of the tower.

---

**THREE MAIDENS.****1.**

Three maidens sought the castle height,  
And gaz'd adown the vale ;  
Their father came on palfrey light.  
Yclad in steely mail.  
"O welcome! welcome! father dear,  
What hast thou for thy children?  
For we have all been good."

"My child in robe of saffron hue,  
This morn methought of thee,  
For thy delight, full well I knew,  
Was jewell'd bravery.  
The chainlet here, of burnish'd gold,  
From stately knight I wrested,  
And death was all his dole."

Then quickly round her neck so bright,  
The golden chain she wound ;  
And on the place of bloody fight  
Her dying lover found.  
"Oh! woe is me! to find thee here  
Like roadside robber lying,  
My life! my true-love dear!"

She bore him, where the church-yard tree  
Above the dead doth wave ;  
And 'mong his fathers, tenderly,  
She laid him in the grave ;—  
Then tight the golden chainlet drew,  
And sank beside her lover,  
Her stately knight so true.

---

## 2.

Two maidens sought the castle height  
And gaz'd adown the vale ;  
Their father came on palfrey light,  
Yclad in steely mail.  
"O welcome ! welcome ! father dear ;  
What hast thou for thy children ?  
For we have both been good."  
  
"My child in robe of green-wood hue,  
I bring thee dear delight ;  
Thy joy, I wot, it is to woo  
The chace by day and night.  
This spear, that hangs on brace of gold,  
From huntsman wild I wrested ;  
And death was all his dole."  
  
She took the proffer'd spear in hand ;  
And, labouring hard for breath, —  
She swept across the forest-land, —  
Her hunting-whoop was 'Death'.

There, by the linden-tree, she found  
Her slaughter'd true-love lying  
Beside his good blood-hound.

“I come to seek the linden here;  
My true-love had my troth”;  
Then in her breast she plung'd the spear,  
And Death hath ta'en them both.  
How sound they slumber'd, who shall tell?  
The forests-birds sang o'er them,  
And little leaflets fell.

## 3.

A maiden sought the castle-height,  
And gaz'd adown the vale,  
Her father came on palfrey light;  
Yclad in steely mail.  
“O welcome! welcome! father dear,  
What hast thou brought me, father,  
I have been very good.”

“My child in robe so lily-white,  
This morn methought of thee;  
In flow'rets thou hast more delight  
Than golden bravery.  
This little silver flow'r behold;  
Of gardener bold I won it,  
And death was all his dole.”

“Oh! wherefore did he dare the fight?  
Why soughtest thou to slay?  
He tended well the flow’rets bright  
That now must fade away.”  
“Forsooth, too saucily he said  
He would not yield the fairest;  
He spar’d it for his maid.”

She screen’d the little silver flower  
Within her tender breast,  
And sought the stilly garden-bower  
Where she did love to rest.  
Upon a little hill o’ergrown  
With pretty snow-white lilies  
She sat her down alone.

“O would the help for me were found  
That gave my sisters joy!  
But little flow’rets cannot wound,  
They are so soft and coy.”  
She eyed the flow’r of silvery sheen,  
Till she sank down as paly,  
And slumber clos’d her een.

---

**THE BLACK KNIGHT.**

It was Whitsun-tide so gay;  
Heath and wood kept holiday.  
Quoth the merry-hearted King:  
"From these old walls  
And stately halls  
There shall break a joyous Spring."

Hark to drum and trumpet's sound!  
Festal streamers wave around;  
And the King beholds with joy  
Full many a knight,  
In tourney bright,  
Worsted by his stalwart boy.

But toward the tilting-rail  
Pricks a knight in sable mail,  
"Speak, Sir Knight, your name and sign;"  
"The tale would make  
Ye quiver and quake:  
Mighty sovereignty is mine."



As he rode the entry through,  
Dark the arch of heaven grew,  
And the castle-keep 'gan rock.  
The boy perforce  
Is ousted from his foundering horse,  
Scarce survives the mighty shock.

Pipe and tabor sound to dance;  
Torches through the high hall glance;  
Stalks a shade august and tall  
With courtly air  
To the King's own daughter fair;  
Craves her hand to lead the ball.

In his black mail dances he,  
Dances strangely, fearfully;  
Round her is his cold arm wound:  
From her breast and hair  
The flower-braid fair  
Wither'd falls upon the ground.

To the costly banquet came  
Many a knight and noble dame;  
'Twixt his children sat the King;  
From boy to maid  
His terror-stricken glances stray'd  
Tenderly and pitying.

Pale were both: the stranger spake,  
"O! of me the goblet take,  
Grateful is the liquid gold."  
They lifted up  
In courtesy the proffer'd cup;  
"Ah! Sir Knight, the draught was cold!"

On their father's bosom lie  
Boy and maid; from cheek and eye  
Health and loveliness are fled.  
Their sire so grey  
Looks with horror either way;  
On either side a child is dead!

"Woe! my beauteous girl and boy,  
In the prime of youth of joy,  
Thou hast ta'en; then spare not me!"  
The phantom grim  
In hollow murmurs answer'd him,  
"Spring-tide's fruit the rose must be!"

**THE GARDEN OF ROSES.**

Of the lovely garden of roses  
O list to my ditty so bright:  
At morn the fair dames took their pleasure,  
The heroes, they battled by night.

“My lord is the King of the land,  
I rule in the garden of roses;  
He chooses the golden crown,  
And I love the wreathlet of posies.

Then list to me, valiant squires,  
Ye faithful warders three;  
Let never a knight to my garden;  
To all tender maidens 'tis free.

Knights lightly would ruin my roses,  
And bring me a burden of sorrow.”  
So quoth the beautiful queen  
Ere she went away on the morrow.

To and fro pac'd the three good squires  
And kept the garden bound;  
O! sweet was the scent of the roses  
And lovely they peep'd up around.

Then thither came wandering tender  
And beautiful maidens three ;  
“Ye warders, ye dear good warders,  
To us be the entry free.”

When the maidens had cull'd them roses,  
Then every one straight 'gan sing  
“O why is my hand so blood-red?  
Can dear little roses sting?

To and fro pac'd the three good squires  
And kept the garden bound ;  
O! sweet was the scent of the roses,  
And lovely they peep'd up around.

Then thither there came careering  
Three knights of proud estate :  
“Ye squires, ye base-born squires,  
We wot, ye shall ope us the gate.”

“The gate shall barr'd abide ;  
And bare is every blade ;  
For each of the costly roses  
A wound is the forfeit paid.”

Then knight and squire battle  
The knights in the medley gain ;  
They have trampled down all the roses ;—  
The warders three are slain.

She came at fall of evening,  
The lovely queen, again :  
“And Oh! are my dear roses ruin’d?  
And are my true warders slain ?

Then I’ll lay them on the rose-leaves,  
And bury the faithful three ;  
And what was a garden of roses  
A garden of lilies shall be.

And who are they now who truly  
Hold watch o’er the lilies so bright ?  
By day, the beautiful sun,—  
And the moon and the stars by night.”

---

**THE SONGS OF THE OLDEN TIME.**

To lonely halls, in boyhood's hour,  
The castled steep I often clomb,  
Beheld the lofty minster-tower,  
And made old towns my pilgrim home.  
Then, while his stilly tale he tender'd,  
The past world's spirit sought my side,  
And presciently to me surrender'd  
The after lore that books supplied.

The virgin songs, in days long perish'd,  
Had call'd, he said, those halls their own;  
And there, by noble matrons cherish'd,  
Had reign'd upon their festal throne.  
Then came a warrior race besetting  
The merry piles with flame and dread;  
Till, every thing but fear forgetting,  
By gloomy night the sisters fled.

How many, doom'd to cruel durance,  
In some lone dungeon life prolong,  
And even lack the sweet assurance  
That gentle ears receive their song.  
Ah! she, poor wanderer, who wended,  
So worn with grief, by suffering tried;  
With life alone her sorrows ended,  
Yet once she sang before she died.

A maiden's lonely chamber sharing  
Another makes her friendly stay,  
And mourns with her when, stilly faring,  
The moon is on her pilgrim way.  
And many, nerv'd to martyr boldness,  
Have pierc'd the market's saucy throng,  
To ply the flinty bosom's coldness  
With gentle sway of lute and song.

Then cheer ye now, your bonds are riven;  
See, east and west, an envoy band;  
And town-ward has the call been given,  
The festal call to Neckar's strand.  
Ye gay ones, whom the dance inviteth,  
Shall loose the robe of rosy flow:  
Ye graver, whom the veil delighteth,  
With lily pale in hand shall go.

---

**THE THREE SONGS.**

In his lofty hall sat King Sifred;  
"Ye harpers, who sings the best song?" he said.  
And a youth from the band sprang nimbly forth,  
With a harp in his hand, and a sword at his girth.

"Three songs know I; but the first, I wot,  
My liege, you've long ago forgot.  
My brother, did'st slay assassin-like!  
Yes, yes, did'st slay assassin-like!

The next, it struck upon my brain  
In a night of darkness, storm and pain.  
For life and death with me must thou battle;  
Yes, yes, with me must thou battle."

Then he lean'd the harp on the kingly board:  
Then featly both unsheath'd the sword,  
And battled out their frantic brawl  
Till the King sank down in his own high hall.

"And now for my third and fairest song—  
A carol I never can sing too long:  
King Sifred lies in his red blood weltering;  
Yes, yes, in his red blood weltering."

---



**THE YOUNG KING AND THE SHEPHERDESS.****1.**

While May is sweetly smiling  
Upon this flowery plain,—  
Amid this golden sunshine,  
O what shall be my strain ?

Blue little rills are flowing,  
The golden cloudlets sail;  
And dainty knights are pricking  
Adown the meadow vale.

The sunny boughs are waving  
O'er flow'rs of glistening sheen;  
And shepherd-maids are roving  
About the valley green.

Right merrily Sir Goldmar  
His doughty swordsmen led,  
With flowing silken mantle,  
And gold crown on his head.

Now near a friendly linden  
He lighteth from his steed,  
And bids his bold retainers  
Without him forward speed.

A little bright spring bubbled  
Among the bushes there ;  
How sweetly the little birds warbled,  
The flowerets shone so fair.

Why did they warble so sweetly?  
Why were they so brightly array'd?  
There sat beside the fountain  
The loveliest shepherd-maid.

Sir Goldmar pierc'd the bushes  
A rustling sound made he ;  
The lambkins all in terror  
Unto the maid did flee.

"Thrice welcome," quoth Sir Goldmar,  
"Thou maiden, wondrous bright !  
It would have griev'd me sorely  
If thou had'st known affright."

"In sooth, I did not tremble,  
As I am free to say ;  
I thought some little wood-bird  
Was wantoning this way.

"Ah ! if thou would'st refresh me  
From thy cool flagon here ;  
My heart would ne'er forget it,  
But count it very dear."

“I’ll fill for thee the flagon ;  
Sooth, ’tis denied to none ,  
I’d fill it for the noblest,  
For king or king’s own son.”

She stoops to fill the flagon,  
And gives the knight to drink ;  
Though tenderly he eyes her  
The maiden doth not shrink.

He speaks as love doth bid him,—  
“Thou art of beauteous birth,  
As though thou wert a sister  
Of other buds of earth.

And yet thou art with noble  
And high-born grace bedight,  
As ’twere in kingly chambers  
Thou first did’st see the light.”

“O ask my father the shepherd  
If he a King hath been ;  
O ask of my shepherdess mother,  
If she were ever queen.”

He lays his courtly mantle  
Upon her neck so fair ;  
He sets the golden crownlet  
Upon her nut-brown hair.

Right proudly the maiden showeth;  
She shouteth in her glee,  
"Bow, all ye trees and flowers;  
Ye lambkins, bow to me."

And when again she tenders  
The jewell'd bravery;  
Into the sparkling waters  
The crownlet throweth he.

"With thee I leave my crownlet  
The guage of love to be;  
Till I have stood the battle  
And come again to thee.

There is a king in thraldom  
For sixteen years hath lain;  
His land is lorded over  
By wicked foes amain.

My men and me it listeth  
To save the captive King,  
To break his bonds and grant him  
To hear the voice of Spring.

I ride to range the battle,  
Beneath a sultry sun;  
Say, wilt thou here refresh me  
When victory is won?"

“To draw and tender to thee  
The waters sweet, I vow;  
And thou shalt find the crownlet  
As bright as it is now.”

My first song now is caroll'd;  
The close shall be sung aright.  
A little bird is soaring;  
I wot where he will light.

---

2.

Now must I rede and carol  
Of trump and of ringing swords,  
Though the skalm of shepherd soundeth,  
And the young Spring lark records.

Now must I rede and carol  
Of dying and of dead;  
Albeit the trees are budding,  
And blooming—the flowerets red.

List to my rede of Sir Goldmar;  
Ye never the like had guess'd;  
The hero of winsome ladyes  
In fight was the valiantest.

He has storm'd and ta'en the castle;  
His banner o'er it flies;  
And lo! from his dismal dungeon  
The poor old King doth rise.

“Thou sun, and ye fair mountains,  
And glistening wood and wold;  
Oh! ye are as young as ever;  
And ah! I am grown so old.”

With sounds and sights of splendour  
The jubilee began;  
But he, who was not bidden,  
May rede them if he can.

And e'en if to share the banquet  
By good hap had been mine;  
There is that I might have forgotten  
For love of the noble wine.

Then asked he of Sir Goldmar,  
The old and hoary King:  
“Say, what shall now be the guerdon,  
The meed of the tilting-ring?”

“My liege, if so it please thee,  
Let the meed of the tourney bright,  
In lieu of the spur and helmet,  
Be a staff and a lambkin white.”

The prize for which simple shepherds  
Run a course o'er the flowery field,—  
Proud knights were seen careering  
For this with lance and shield.

But one and all Sir Goldmar  
Hath worsted in tourney bright;  
And taken by sound of trumpet  
The staff and the lambkin white.

And again he spake Sir Goldmar—  
That old and hoary King;  
“Now higher shall be the guerdon  
The prize of the tilting-ring.

And ye will hold the tourney  
No empty sport, I ween;  
My crown shall be the guerdon  
From the hand of a lovely queen.”

The knights they spring to saddle,  
And loud the trumpets bray;  
But all by brave Sir Goldmar  
Are worsted in the fray.

The King stood in the chamber  
'Mong lords and ladies bright,  
And bade them cite Sir Goldmar  
The comely, valiant knight.

The hero of the tourney  
Appear'd with staff in hand;  
At his side the milk-white lambkin,  
Led by a rose-red band.

“Now shall I prove the tourney  
No empty sport, I ween;  
Receive ye my crown as guerdon,  
From the hand of a lovely queen.”

He spake and drew so gently  
The fair Queen's veil aside.  
But faithful stood Sir Goldmar  
Nor once the fair Queen eyed.

“No charming queen to win me  
Nor bright crown shall avail;  
My heart is set for ever  
On the shepherdess in the dale.

I speed me hence to greet her  
With staff and lambkin gay;  
To the dale now where she dwelleth  
I wend me, by my fay.”

Then a sweet voice rose beside him;  
And he at once 'gan think,  
The birds by the well were singing  
To the buds that shone on its brink.



Anon his een he raised,  
The 'shepherd-maid there did stand,  
Bedeck'd with costly jewels,  
And bright crown in her hand.

"Thrice welcome, naughty truant,  
Thou knight so noble, hail!  
Now say, wilt thou still wend thee  
Away to the bright green vale?"

Then take the crown thou gav'st me  
The pledge of love to be;  
Since now two lands it ruleth,  
Thou hast good usury."

Not long then far from each other  
Stood knight and maiden dear;  
And what befell soon after,  
I ween, were sweet to hear.

And if a maiden would know it,  
I'd tell her all I wis,  
If I only might halse her and plunder  
Her bright red lip of a kiss.

---

**THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.**

A goldsmith stood where shone around  
His pearls and diamonds clear;  
"The brightest gem I ever found,  
Art thou, my pet, my Helen,  
My little daughter dear."

A dainty knight just then came in;  
"Good day, my pretty maid;  
Good day, my brave old goldsmith too,  
I need a rich set garland  
My sweet bride's locks to braid."

Now, when the finish'd garland shone  
And sparkled all so bright,  
And Helen could be quite alone,—  
Upon her arm she hung it,  
And sadden'd at the sight.

"Ah! happy sure the bride will be,  
Who wears this pretty toy;  
Ah! if the dear knight would give me  
A simple wreath of roses,—  
Oh! I should die for joy."

Ere long the knight came in again,  
And close the garland eyed;  
“My good old goldsmith, make me then  
A little ring of diamonds  
For my sweet little bride.”

And when the finish'd circlet shone  
With precious diamonds bright,  
And Helen could be quite alone,—  
She drew it on her finger,  
And sadden'd at the sight.

“Ah! happy sure the bride will be,  
Who wears the pretty toy;  
Ah! if the dear knight would give me  
A little lock of hair only,—  
Oh! I should die for joy!”

Ere long the knight came in again  
And close the ringlet eyed;  
“I see, my good old goldsmith, then  
Thou mak'st quite beautifully  
The gifts for my sweet bride.

But that their fitness I may see,  
Come, pretty maiden, now;  
And let me try at once on thee  
The jewels of my dearest,—  
For she is fair as thou.”

'Twas early on a Sunday morn;  
And so the maiden fair  
Had put her very best dress on,  
And deck'd herself for Service  
With neat and comely care.

In pretty shame, with cheek on fire,  
Before him did she stand:  
He plac'd on her the golden tire,  
The ringlet on her finger,  
And press'd her little hand.

"My Helen sweet, my Helen dear,  
The jest is over now;  
What bride shall claim the pretty gear,  
The jewell'd gold-bright garland  
And little ring, but thou?"

With gold and pearl and precious gem  
Hast thou grown up to be—  
As, sweet, thou should'st have learnt from them—  
The sharer of high honours  
In after days with me."

---

**THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.**

There travell'd three wayfarers over the Rhine;  
They stopp'd at the landlady's hostel to dine.

"Landlady, hast thou good beer and wine?  
Where hast thou that sweet little daughter of thine?"

"My beer and my wine are as prime as they were;  
My little girl lies in her coffin there."

They stepp'd to the chamber all darken'd and dread,  
Where the lovely one lay in her black coffin-bed.

The first, he gently uplifted the pall,  
And sad was his look, though so young withal:

"Ah! would thou wert living, thou beautiful maid,  
From this day forth I would love thee", he said.

The second, he clos'd the covering well,  
And turn'd him away while the warm tears fell:

"Ah! dost thou lie on thy gloomy bier?  
In secret I've lov'd thee many a year."

The third again lifted the black death-veil,  
And printed a kiss on that lip so pale:

"Thee have I lov'd, still I love thee to-day:  
Alone I'll remember and love thee for aye!"

---

**THE MOWING-GIRL.**

‘Good morning, my Mary, what! up now and stirring  
so early?  
Thou truest of maids, love does not make thee  
indolent really.  
Now, I vow if thou’lt mow me this meadow in  
three days, throughout it,  
I’ll give thee my son, and no longer dare scruple  
about it.’

The farmer has promis’d, the farmer so rich and  
respected:  
And Mary, how feels she her tender young bosom  
distracted!  
A lusty life darts through her limbs, and refresh’d  
for the toil,  
How she swings round the scythe as she strews  
the green swathe on the soil.

The sultry noon comes, and the mowers in toil-  
weary number  
Hie for drink to the spring, or repair to the shade  
for their slumber.  
The bees, in the hot fields, are working and bear-  
ing their song with them;  
Poor Mary, she rests not, but plies for a wager  
along with them.

The sun now is set, and the breeze to the evening-  
bell sighing,—  
And “Mary, enough for to-day”, her gay comrades  
are crying.  
Now homeward the mowers and herdsmen may  
wearily wander,  
While Mary is whetting her scythe for the clover-  
piece yonder.

The gentle dew falls, and the moon through the  
stars moveth fleetly ;  
Afar on the fragrant air warbleth the nightingale  
sweetly ;  
But, sweet as she singeth, and fair as the night-  
heavens glisten,  
With bold-swinging scythe Mary cares not to look  
or to listen.

So from morning to night, and from night till the  
sunbeams salute her,  
With love for her food, and a sweet spring of  
hope to recruit her,  
She toil'd till the third time the day o'er the blue  
hills came peeping:  
Then might you see Mary in innocent transport  
stand weeping.

“Good morrow, my Mary; ah! sooth, what a diligent  
spirit!

The meadow all mown! Then I’ll richly acknow-  
ledge thy merit.

But marriage! why, beauty, then didn’t thee see I  
was jesting?

Ah! true, all ye young hearts that love are so  
foolish and trusting.”

He went on his way; but, poor Mary, all cons-  
ciousness fleeth her;

Her heart-strings are chill’d, and her young limbs  
are quailing beneath her.

Cold, senseless, and mute, and the pulse of life  
nearly departed,

They found the poor girl where she lay on the  
swathe, broken-hearted.

So drags she her life on, a poor, dumb, emaciate  
creature;

And honey, a little drop, serves for the cravings  
of nature.

Oh! make her a grave where the flowers of the  
field bloom the fairest;

Of all loving maidens, that mow, surely she was  
the rarest.

---



**DEATH-SOUNDS.****I. THE SERENADE.**

“What breaketh on my happy sleep  
And sweetly soundeth so?  
O Mother, see, what can it be?  
For it is late, I know.”

“’Tis nought I hear, ’tis nought I see  
O be thy slumbers mild:  
No one would come to serenade  
My poor, my dying child.”

“True Mother, ’tis no earthly sound  
That fills me thus with joy;  
I hear, I hear the angels call,—  
O Mother dear, good bye!”

---

**2. THE ORGAN.**

“O touch the organ once again,  
My good old neighbour, do;  
And try if now its solemn strain  
Can rouse my heart anew.”

The sick girl bade, her neighbour played,  
So played he ne'er before;  
So clear and masterly, he knew  
His wonted notes no more.

Beneath his trembling hand there rose  
A stranger, happier tone;  
In dread he pauses on the chords:—  
The maiden's soul is gone!

---

### 3. THE THRUSH.

“I will not to the garden go,  
But lie the summer long.  
O could I hear the pretty thrush  
That sang so sweet a song.”

The thrush is caught to please the child,  
And cag'd within her sight;  
But sing it will not, hanging down  
Its little head in spite.

Once more the child's beseeching eye  
Was towards her prisoner cast:  
The thrush's note rose sweet and clear;—  
One bright look!—'twas her last!

---

**THE HARP.**

Through trackless woods, in woful plight,  
There roves a slighted love-lorn knight;  
When, all at once, a gentle pair  
Of happy lovers meet him there.

Ah! well he wots that soft caress,  
That single-hearted tenderness  
Of two, who, pining long in vain,  
Now meet to live and love again.

Must all he saw his grief renew?  
He fled the pine-tree forest through:  
When lo! amid the darkling wood,  
A hermitage forsaken stood.

There lay the cowl by hermit worn,  
There hung the harp, so mute and lorn;  
Ah! sure 'twas here that lover gay  
Had sought to while his grief away.

In haste he donn'd the cowl and cloak,  
The sullen strings to music woke.  
"How long then, parted from my dear,  
Must I, poor harper, sojourn here?"

---

**THE LODE-STAR.**

The stripling who, for stranger steering,  
Across the eastern billows roll'd,—  
Behold him in his own bark veering  
On homeward track, with freight of gold.

One star he singles out to speed him,  
From all the glistening host above;  
And bids the little pilot lead him  
Where he may find his plighted love.

He lands; but still the goal he faileth;  
Through all the peopled town he wends;  
O who shall tell him where she dwelleth,  
Or where the mighty labyrinth ends?

The eye, in which his own rejoices,  
How shall he see through walls of stone?  
Or 'mid the market's busy voices  
Distinguish hers he loves, alone?

A lattice sounds! Was't she that gazed  
And drew yon curtaining gauze aside?  
That floating veil, if it were raised,  
Would he behold his promised bride?

The darkling shades of eve enwreath him,  
And streets unknown bring new delay;  
His weary limbs may sink beneath him,  
But still his wishful heart is gay.

But why that sudden pause of wonder?  
A lute is heard,—a sweet voice sings!  
Not vainly has he travell'd under  
The faithful lode-star's signalings.

---

**THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.**

There lies the minstrel on his bier,  
His wan lip clos'd and songless now;  
While Daphne's tresses, dull and sear,  
Enwreath his thought-deserted brow.

They lay by him in neat array  
The latest songs he lov'd to trill;  
The harp, that swell'd so high and gay,  
Within his cold embrace is still.

While thus he sleeps the sleep profound,  
Through every ear his verse is sped,  
Embitt'ring, whilst it circles round,  
The wailing o'er the noble dead.

And many a month and year are past,  
The cypress waves above his tomb,  
And they themselves are gone at last  
Who wail'd and wept the poet's doom.

Yet, like the sweet returning Spring,  
With livelier strength and vigour rife,  
On glorified and younger wing  
The minstrel roves the realms of life.

To them who live for ever wed,  
The savour of the grave is past;  
The earlier world, that deem'd him dead,  
Lives only in his lay at last.

---

**THE SHALLOP.**

A shallop, lightly flying,  
A down the stream is hying;  
They speak not, who are in it;  
They met not till that minute.

What draws he from its cover,  
The swarthy woodland rover?  
A horn that soundeth sweetly,  
While echo answers fleetly.

A wand'rer from his staff then  
Unscrews the peg and haft then;  
And, sweeter now than single,  
The flute and cornet mingle.

With eye, that glow'd and glisten'd,  
The bashful maiden listen'd.  
Now, soft as Zephyr sigheth,  
Her mellow song replieth.

The rowers list with pleasure,  
And mark the gentle measure;  
The shallop flies the faster  
With Music for its master.

But see! 'tis at the landing,  
The farewell word commanding.  
When shall we meet, my brothers,  
In this bark or in others?

---

**THE MINSTREL'S PASSAGE.**

While on a bank of flowers  
A slumberer I lay,  
To lovely, golden dream-land  
My fancy wing'd away.

Like one from heaven fallen,  
I woke amaz'd and mute,  
And saw behind me ling'ring  
The minstrel with his lute.

Among the trees he vanish'd,—  
I heard a distant sound:  
Oh! was it he whose witch-notes  
My dreamy spirit bound?

---



**A DREAM.**

In dreaming slumber lately  
Upon a hill I lay;  
'Twas on the ocean strand,—  
I saw far o'er the land,  
And far o'er the boundless sea.

A pretty bark was floating  
With streamers on the gale;  
And well the helmsman I could see,  
Upon the lonely beach stood he,  
As if he long'd to sail.

Then from the distant mountains  
Came down a frolic band,  
Like angels shining bright,  
With wreaths of flowers bedight,  
And hasten'd towards the strand.

Before, in merry numbers,  
A children throng advance;  
The others swung the chalice high  
And sang the song or, tripping by,  
Disported in the dance.

Then spake they to the helmsman,  
"Can'st take us as we are?  
We are the joys and Blisses;  
From such an earth as this is,  
We sally forth afar."

Alas! he bid them enter,  
The Blisses, one and all;  
And said, "may I remind you?  
Is not one left behind you,  
Whom you would wish to call?"

"No! all are here," they cried;  
"Heave off, for we must haste!"  
With fresh'ning breeze and favouring star,  
They vanish'd in the blue afar;—  
The bliss of earth was past!

---

**THE SOLDIER'S COMRADE.**

I had a jolly comrade,  
A better was there never.  
The drum, it might be beating  
For charging or retreating,—  
Together went we ever.

A ball came whizzing to us.  
“Will, is't for me or thee?”  
Ah! him it tore away,  
And at my feet he lay  
As 'twere a piece of me.

“Thy hand once more!” he cried.  
“What, leave my musquet? — Never!  
My hand may not be given;  
God speed thee; be in heaven  
My comrade true as ever.”

---

**THE ROSE - WREATH.**

In the lovely gleam of May-tide,  
While the mead in splendour glows,  
Noble youths contend and tourney,  
For the sweetly wreathed rose.  
Little do they care to gather  
Flow'rets on the open plain,  
But the guerdon bright of conquest  
From a virgin's hand to gain.

Blooming in her silent bower  
See the wondrous maiden sit;  
Never, till that happy hour,  
Beauty thus hath brighten'd it.  
Teeming sprays of lovely roses  
Curtain o'er her wreathed head;  
And the blooming tendril closes  
Round her form embowered.

See a steel-clad knight approaching  
On a jaded charger now :  
Low his lance,—the weary war-man  
Bows his slumber-laden brow.  
Sunken cheeks and hoary tresses!  
Hand that fails to grasp the rein!  
Suddenly he halts, affrighted,  
Waking from a dream of pain.

“Hail to ye, ye festal flowers,  
Lovely virgin, noble lords!  
Speed your sports, for I have ever  
Lov'd the sound of ringing swords.  
Gladly would I join the combat,  
Did I know a healing charm  
For a knee that age hath palsied,  
For an old man's trembling arm.

Well I wot such gallant disport,  
Am with sword and lance grown old,  
Like the scales that clothe the dragon,  
Sheatheth me the panser's fold.  
Mine by land has been the battle,  
Mine by sea the stormy wave ;  
Rest hath never blest me, saving  
What a dreary dungeon gave.

Woe! ye days by love unbrighten'd  
Or by tender minstrel's glee;  
War-hand, woman's gentle pressure  
Hath been ever strange to thee.  
From the pleasance-ground of Hertha  
Yon bright maiden still was far,  
Who to-day hath risen on me  
Like a newly-kindled star.

Woe! were youth again restor'd me,  
I would learn to wake the lute,  
And prefer in minstrel ditties  
Unto her my tender suit.  
In the lovely gleam of May-tide,  
While the mead in splendour glows,  
I would come to strive and tourney  
For the sweetly wreathed rose.

Woe is me! that woman bore me  
Ere this golden dawn of day;  
Spring has now a fadeless bower,  
Hate and envy flee away;  
She, that sits enwreath'd in roses,  
Must the world's fair regent be;  
In the realm of cold corruption  
Death and darkness wait for me."

Ceas'd his plaint the hoary sire :  
See! his lips are clos'd and pale;  
O'er his eye the film hath gather'd;  
'Gins each stalwart limb to fail.  
And the brave youths hasten to him;  
Lay him on the bright green sward.  
Ah! no balsam can restore him,  
Cunning hand nor gentle word.

But the virgin bright descendeth  
From her glistening bower now;  
And the rosy wreath she twineth  
Round the hoary war-man's brow.  
"Be the king of festal May-tide;  
None hath equal'd thee," she said:  
"Though but little store of solace  
Garland bright may bring the dead."

---

**THE WOFUL TOURNEY.**

Seven knights did ride, with shield and spear,  
Upon a gallant journey;  
In honour of the king's own child,  
They vow'd to hold a tourney.

Now when they spied the turret wall,  
They heard a little bell knelling:  
And seven tapers gleaming bright  
They saw in the kingly dwelling.

There Adelaide lay pale and dead:  
How lovely was the sleeper!  
The king her father watch'd the bier,  
A sorrow-stricken weeper.

Then quoth the haughty Degenwerth,  
"To me 'tis cause of sorrow,  
That vainly I come with shield and spear  
For the tourney we vow'd tomorrow."

Thereon quoth Adelbert so young,  
"Tis little cause of sorrow:  
'Twere well worth, for fair Adelaide,  
To cleave and thrust tomorrow."

Sir Walther spake, a gallant knight;  
"I counsel for returning:  
'Twere little weal to fight for the dead  
For whom we should be mourning."



Quoth Adelbert, "though she be dead,  
Her beauty still doth linger;  
She wears a wreath of roses red,  
And gold ring on her finger."

They rode forth to the tilting ground  
And fought for the king's fair daughter,  
Till six brave knights lay cold in death;  
It was a fearful slaughter!

The seventh was Sir Adelbert;  
Ah! where was victory's pleasance?  
He lighted pale from off his steed,  
And sought the kingly presence.

He took the wreath of roses red  
And the golden meed of slaughter;  
Then fell to earth all pale and dead,  
As pale as the king's fair daughter.

The king drew on a sable robe;  
And the six that fell in tourney,  
While rung the bell its sullen knell,  
He sped on their last sad journey.

The seventh was Sir Adelbert.  
And they, who did so love them,  
Now lie together side by side  
With one cold stone above them.

---

**FAIR SIEGELINDE.**

Fair Siegelinde woke betimes,  
Her maiden train were ready ;  
She fain would seek at matin chimes  
The Minster of our Lady.  
She went in gold and silk so gay,  
In jewels bright and flower'd array,  
Ah! Siegelinde, woe the day!

Three linden-trees kept lightsome guard  
Before the Minster gate,  
There, lispng many a tender word,  
The noble Heime sate.  
"Ah! what are gold and jewell'd stone?  
Had I the little flower alone  
That gems thy hair, thou lovely one."

The stripling spake in gentle guise;  
The wind awoke to play,  
And see! the lovely rosebud flies  
From forth the garland gay.  
Young Heime bends him low to take  
The little bud, whereof to make  
A breast-knot for Sieglinde's sake.

There pac'd an old approved knight  
In Siegelinde's train;  
Right bitterly he bore the sight,  
And quoth in angry strain,  
"Then must I teach thee courtly care?  
Can'st thou, proud boy, aspire to wear  
A leaflet from that garland fair?"

Oh! woe betide the garden-bound  
Where such fell flow'ret grows!  
Oh! woe betide the linden-round,  
Where falchions meet like those.  
How did those bright blades ring again!  
What savage blows were dealt and ta'en!  
Until the comely youth was slain.

To raise the hapless rose-bud then,  
Sieglinde bent her low,  
And twin'd it in the wreath again  
Around her queenly brow.  
She went in gold and silk so gay,  
In jewels bright and flower'd array  
Along the Minster's sainted way.

Before St. Mary's semblance fair  
The flowery-wreath she set;  
"O take, pure maid, the buds I bear,  
Not one is faded yet.  
I will renounce the world for thee;  
The saintly veil my pride shall be,  
The dead—my woful memory."

---

**THE VICTOR.**

Looking on the tournament  
Sat a hundred lovely ladies :  
They were nothing more than leaves  
Round my rose-like pretty princess.  
Unto her I sent my glance,  
Like the eagle sun-ward gazing,  
E'en as though my glowing cheek  
Sought to melt mine iron vizor,  
Or my heart's impetuous beat  
Suddenly my corslet shiver.  
Softly as her glances shone,  
Wild they flam'd within my bosom;  
And her gentle accents seem'd  
Unto me a deafening tempest.  
She, a balmy soft-May day,  
Woke a hurricane within me  
Frenzied thus, I broke away,  
Bearing victory before me.

---

**THE MIDNIGHT KNIGHT.**

In the still and moonless night  
    Stood he 'neath the light verandah,  
    Singing with an angel's sweetness  
    Melting lays of love and passion.  
Then anon against his rivals  
    Bravely would he stand the battle,  
    Till the steely sparks flew brightly,  
    Till the walls gave back the echo.  
Thus he practis'd every service,  
    Dedicate to noble ladies,  
    That with love my bosom kindled  
    For the dear, the valiant stranger.  
But when I, at early morning,  
    Trembling, look'd from the verandah,  
    There was nothing to discover  
    But the blood he shed for my sake.

---

## THE KNIGHT OF CASTILE.

## 1.

Knicht of Castile, dearest, noblest,  
When the distant hills are roaring,  
I can fancy it thy combat;  
No! it is the thunder rolling.  
When, behind the mountain yonder,  
Red and gold the morn is glowing,  
I can fancy thou art coming,  
No! the sun soars up above them.

## 2.

Therefore has a road been trodden  
Long by pilgrims, singers, heralds;  
Therefore have they rear'd a castle  
Grandly on the margin of it.  
Therefore from the lofty rampart  
Gaz'd full many a lovely ladye  
Since the knight the brave, the comely,  
Was to pass upon his charger.  
Woe is me! now all is over  
That so patiently was look'd for.  
Woe is me! the sight will fail me  
That hath gaz'd on such a noble.

Woe is me! the walls will totter,  
Where his charger's step hath echo'd.  
Woe is me! the path he quitted  
In the long high grass will vanish.

---

3.

Never was he to be wounded  
By the tender glance of beauty ;  
Never was he to be worsted  
By the clashing swords and lances.  
• As he rode along the mountain,  
Shot a lightning-flash through ether ;  
Thus the noble knight was conquer'd  
By a beam from heaven only.

---

4.

Now the sombre clouds are setting,  
Now the golden sun is beaming,  
Lightnings fade upon the distance,  
And the feather'd choir is singing.  
Flowers lift their heads, the green trees  
By the thunder-shower are freshen'd ;  
Travellers, who fled to covert,  
On their way again are faring.

But the oak that crown'd the forest  
Lifts no more its top so proudly;  
Castile's gallant champion only  
At the monarch's feet is lying.

---

5.

Every lovely ladye hopeth  
Castile's comely knight to welcome;  
Every Moorish war-man trembles  
At the gallant warrior's coming.  
Ladies, ye would hope no longer;  
Moors, ye would no longer tremble,  
If ye knew that in the mountain  
Long ago the storm had slain him.

---



**THE KNIGHT OF ST. GEORGE.**

Shrilly sounds the signal trumpet  
Over high St. Stephan's wall,  
Where the valiant Count Fernandez  
Lies encamp'd and boune for war.  
Almansor, the Moorish chieftain,  
From Cordova marcheth on,  
Leading forth a mighty army  
To besiege St. Stephan's town.  
All the brave Castilian knighthood  
Are on horse in fair array;  
Through their ranks the brave Fernandez  
Rideth with a wistful gaze.  
"Pascal Vivas, Pascal Vivas!  
Star of Castile's chivalry!  
Not a knight but what is mounted;  
Thou alone art still away.  
Thou who erst would'st mount thy charger  
And be first at battle's call;  
Hear'st thou not my shout of summons?  
Hear'st not the clarion's sound?  
Wilt thou fail the Christian leaguers  
On this hot eventful day?  
Shall thy laurel-garland wither?  
Shall thy glory fade away?"  
Pascal Vivas cannot hear him;  
He is in the wood afar,

Where upon the verdant hillock  
 Stands the chapel of St. George.  
**At** the gate his charger standeth ;  
 There his spear and mail are laid ;  
 Kneeling there, the knight is praying ;  
 At the sainted chapel's shrine.  
**Bead** and orison engage him,  
 Nought he knows of battle's din,  
 Like the storm-wind's sullen moaning,  
 Through the woods it reacheth him.  
**Nought** he knows of charger neighing,  
 Ringing arms and rattling mail ;  
 But his patron saint is watchful,  
 Watchful is the good St. George.  
**From** the clouds the saint descendeth,  
 Dons the knightly mail and arms,  
 Throws him on the ready charger,  
 Pricketh swiftly to the fight.  
**See** him charging! none can charge so ;  
 Heav'n-sent hero, lightning-like!  
 He has won Almansor's banner,  
 He has put the Moor to flight.  
**Pascal Vivas** now has ended  
 Every orison and prayer ;  
 From St. George's fane he turneth,  
 Findeth steed and armour there.  
**Pondering** towards the camp he rideth,  
 Wotting not what it betide,—  
 Why they raise the trumpet-flourish,  
 Why they sing the festal song.

"Pascal Vivas! Pascal Vivas!  
 Pride of Castile's chivalry,  
 Hail! thrice hail! thou gallant victor,  
 Who hast won Almanson's flag.  
 Oh! thy mail, how blurr'd and bloody!  
 Dented o'er with bruise and blow;  
 Seam'd with wounds thy gallant charger;  
 Breathing flame he met the foe."  
 Pascal Vivas, shunning vainly  
 Shout of praise and song of joy,  
 Bendeth lowly o'er his saddle,  
 Pointeth mutely to the sky.

## 2.

Evening gather'd, in the garden  
 Julia, lovely Countess, stray'd:  
 Fatiman, Almanson's kinsman,  
 Pounc'd upon the lovely prey.  
 Off he bore his precious booty  
 Through the woodland night and day;  
 Ten true knights, of Moorish kinship,  
 Follow him in arm'd array.  
 On the third sad morning early  
 To that very wood they came,  
 Where upon a verdant hillock  
 Stood St. George's holy fane.  
 From afar the captive Countess  
 On the imag'd saint had gaz'd,

Where he stood above the portal  
Carv'd in stone in full array.  
Through the dragon's maw of fire  
Flew the spear with mighty sway;  
Whilst the king's devoted daughter  
Near the rock in fetters lay.  
Wringing then her hands, and weeping,  
Cried the Countess Julia,  
"Oh! St. George, thou holy war-man,  
Save me from my cruel fate."  
See, who now on milk-white charger  
From the chapel speeds his way;  
In the wind his golden tresses  
And his scarlet mantle wave.  
Mightily his spear is flourish'd,  
And the robber Fatiman  
Writhes upon the ground a victim,  
As whilome the dragon lay.  
And the Moorish knights are stricken  
One and all with wild dismay,  
Throw aside the lance and buckler,  
Fly away o'er hill and dale.  
There in ecstasy of wonder,  
Kneels the Countess Julia,  
"O St. George, thou holy war-man,  
Hail to thee! for ever hail!"  
When again her eyes she raised  
Vanish'd was the saint, they say:  
Only busy rumour whispers—  
Pascal Vivas won the day.

---

**ROMAUNT OF LITTLE THUMBLING.**

Little Thumbling, little Thumbling,  
Far and wide your fame hath travell'd;  
E'en the children in the cradle,  
Are astounded at your story.

Every eye must weep to think of  
How you ran through dismal forests,  
Where the hungry wolves were howling,  
And the stormy night-wind whistling.

Every heart must thrill to think of  
How you lay and heard the ogre  
Coming nearer still, and nearer,  
With a greedy wish to eat you.

Then how skilfully you rescued  
You yourself and your six brothers,  
Cunningly the seven night-caps  
With the seven crowns exchanging.

On the rock the sleepless giant  
Snor'd so loud, the forest rustled;  
Then you boldly ran and pilfer'd  
Those great seven-league boots from off him.

To a king in grievous straitness,  
You perform'd a mighty errand;  
Sweet the guerdon you received,—  
To a princess you were wedded.

Little Thumbling, little Thumbling,  
Wondrously your fame has travell'd;  
For the seven-league boots have sped it  
Many a thousand years already.

---

**THE ROMAUNT OF THE REVIEWER.**

See the knight, the brave reviewer,  
Mount his war-horse, proud and cool,  
Not his Andalusian charger,  
But his safer three-legg'd stool.  
Sword he has none, but his sharper  
Pen is drawn to wage the fight;  
Spectacles, in lieu of vizard,  
Curtain o'er his flaming sight.  
Publica, the noble ladye,  
Lives in critical distress,  
Threaten'd now by epic dragon  
Shouting flame and savageness;  
By sweet sonneteer entreated  
With the lute's romantic tale;  
Or by mystic, preaching friar  
Worried till her senses fail.  
Lo! the knight, the brave reviewer,  
Slays the dragon-brood apace;  
Rends the luckless lute in shivers,  
Hurls the friar from his place.  
Yet, maganimously modest,  
Nearer name he must decline;  
On his weird escutcheon bearing  
Scarce a cypher or a sign.

Critic knight, the weak one's refuge,  
Use us gently while we live;  
Be thy meed that blessed god-send,--  
What the publisher will give.

---



**KNIGHT PARIS.**

Paris is the star of knighthood,  
    Making every heart his own;  
    All the loveliest and fairest  
    Ladies dream of him alone.  
Shining store of tender tokens  
    Fortune to the victor brings,—  
    Billets rustling full of kisses,  
    Countless glossy locks and rings.  
Ah! they speak of easy conquest,  
    Tenderness that he decries;  
    Paris calls them weary fetters  
    From the happy thraldom flies;  
Mounts a charger brightly barbed,  
    Glowing with the lust of fight;  
    Hastes away from winsome ladies,  
    Yearns to do the brave despight.  
Not a foeman comes to meet him;  
    Spring-tide brightens flood and field;  
    With his crest the Zephyr sporteth;  
    Sunshine sparkles on his shield.  
Long and far the knight has ridden,  
    Till behold, in warring sort,  
    Other knight on lofty charger  
    Meets him with his lance in port.  
Knightly Paris spurs to battle,  
    Swift as if the dance he fled,  
    Ousts his foeman from the saddle,  
    Looks around right proud bestead.

Up he hastes to aid the fallen,  
Looses band and helmet-brace;  
Ha! a flow of glossy tresses  
Mantle round a lovely face.  
Now the plated panser yieldeth;  
Oh! the sight that met him there!  
Lovely reveal'd before him  
Lay the grace of woman fair.  
Oh! those pale cheeks, if they rallied,  
If they learn'd to glow again;  
If those marble lids were raised,—  
Paris, Paris, say, how then?  
Ah! she lives, she breathes already,  
Languishingly opes her eyes:  
She who died as savage foeman  
Shall as gentle lover rise.  
See the shell in fragments lying,  
That was erst a sturdy knight:  
Paris holds the luscious kernel  
Holds in arm the ladye bright.  
Quoth anon the star of knighthood:  
“Where the conquest? where the fame?  
Shall I never work achievement  
Worthy knighthood's noble name?  
Must then every thing I handle  
Turn to sportive love with me?  
Little god of easy favour,  
Shall I thank or censure thee?”

---

**THE ROBBER.**

From the wood the robber hied him,  
In the prime of lovely May,  
When, behold, a comely maiden  
Tripp'd along the hollow way.  
"If in lieu of simple May-bells"  
Said the hardy forest king,  
"Thou wert bearing queenly jewels,  
Free should be thy wandering."  
Following the pretty pilgrim  
How his wistful glances roam,  
While across the mead she hieth  
To her lowly village home;  
Soon the fair, embowering garden  
Screens her from her robber's ken;  
And he turns his lonely footsteps  
To his own dark wood again.

---

**POET LOVE.**

Since the god that rules the lyre  
 Pal'd away in love's sweet sorrow,  
 Since the bay that wreath'd his temple  
 Was the sign of luckless passion;  
 Is it strange that earthly singers,  
 Whom the self-same token garlands  
 Whilst they tell of love, so seldom  
 See a bright star shining o'er them?  
 But that darkly they, and sadly,  
 Ever tune their lutes to sorrow,  
 Knowing little store of pleasure,  
 But so much of painful longing,  
 Poet love then, deep and painful,  
 Shall be shown in gloomy limnings  
 From the days to song devoted,  
 When the minstrel woke the lyre.

**I. RUDELLO.**

Minstrel ditties were the offspring  
 Of the fair Provençal vallies;  
 Children they of Spring and passion;  
 Lovely, fondly-dear companions.  
 Brilliant bloom and warbled descant  
 Were the birth-day gift of Spring-tide;

Thoughts of fire and deep repining  
Were the dowry passion gave them.  
Happy, sweet Provençal vallies,  
Ye were ever rife in blossom ;  
But the fairest bloom ye boasted  
Was the minstrel ditty's brightness.  
Ah! those gallant dainty lance-men,  
What a noble race of minstrels!  
Ah! those lovely gifted ladyes,  
Sweetly were their praises warbled.  
High of note among the minstrels  
Was the name of great Rudello;  
Prais'd aloud and dearly envied  
Was the ladye bright he chaunted.  
Though no mortal could discover  
What her name or where her dwelling,  
Who in high Rudello's ditty,  
Shone in most unearthly glory.  
For beneath night's mantle only  
Stole she softly to the minstrel;  
Lightly on her pathway flitting,  
Vague and trackless as a dream is.  
If perchance he would embrace her,  
In the clouds the fairy vainsh'd ;  
And his very tears and sighings  
Turn'd at once to soft sweet ditties.  
Sailors, pilgrims, brave crusaders,  
Then-a-days brought frequent tidings  
That fair Tripolis's Countess  
Was the star of lovely ladyes.

At the sweet report, Rudello  
    Felt a throbbing heart within him  
    And a yearning for the harbour  
    Where the ready ships were lying.  
Ocean, restless, ever-heaving,  
    Bottomless and unconfined ;  
    Fitly o'er thy rolling desert  
    May uncertain longing wander.  
Wide of Tripolis by tempests  
    Are the bark and minstrel driven ;  
    Outward storm and inward yearning  
    Brave Rudell can bear no longer.  
Languishing upon his pallet,  
    Ever eastward stray his glances,  
    Till, upon the far horizon,  
    Shines a morn-illumin'd palace.  
Heaven now with fond compassion  
    Hears the sick, imploring minstrel ;  
    Into Tripolis's haven  
    Flies the bark on favouring breezes.  
Soon as hears the lovely Countess  
    That so high a guest hath ventur'd,  
    In despite of doubt and danger,  
    O'er the vasty deep for her sake,—  
She, with her attendant ladyes,  
    Hastens forth, yet unentreated,  
    E'en as brave Rudello's trembling  
    Footstep on the shore is planted.  
She extends her hand in greeting,  
    But the firm earth swims before him,

On a kindly arm he swooneth,  
 Breathing forth his soul for ever,  
 Then the Countess seeks to grace him  
 With a costly funeral pageant;  
 And a monumental marble  
 Speaks Rudello's hapless fortune.  
 And his lays she bids emblazon  
 One and all in golden letters:  
 Cunning clasp and costly moulding  
 Keep the tender leaves unsullied.  
 She pores o'er them many an hour,  
 While the scorching tears come trickling  
 Down her fair cheek, till she yieldeth  
 To a vague and nameless longing.  
 Far from gay and courtly splendour,  
 Far from friendship's gladdening circle,  
 In a gloomy cloister's precinct  
 Seeketh she her soul to solace.

---

**2. DURAND.**

Unto Balbi's lofty towers  
 With his lute Durand repaireth;  
 Pondering many a winning ditty,  
 He has nearly gain'd the castle.  
 Well he knows will lovely ladye,  
 When the voice and lute are chiming,  
 With a glance of tender passion  
 And a heaving bosom hearken.

In the shady linden-pleasance  
     He hath woke the chords already,  
     And with honied voice is singing  
     All the sweetest lays he knoweth.  
 From the windows and verandah  
     Lovely flowers wave a greeting;  
     But the lovely one he praiseth  
     Cannot gaze upon her minstrel.  
 Suddenly a stranger passeth,  
     And in woful guise accosts him,  
     “Trouble not the dead that slumber  
     Ladye Blanca is departed.”  
 But Durand the youthful singer,  
     Cannot give the stranger answer,  
     Ah! his eye is dimm’d already,  
     Ah! his tender heart is broken.  
 Yonder, in the castle chapel—  
     Where unnumber’d tapers glisten,  
     Where the lovely sleeper lieth,  
     Deck’d with pretty funeral flowers—  
 Suddenly the startled gazers  
     Thrill with wonderment and gladness,  
     For they see the Ladye Blanca  
     Slowly rise upon her death-bed.  
 From the trance’s heavy slumber  
     Brightly blooming she hath risen,  
     In her paly death-attire  
     As in bridal-robcs she cometh.  
 Still unwitting, all unconscious,  
     Still as if in dreamy thraldom,



Fondly, tenderly she asketh—  
 “Hath not here Durand been singing?”  
 Yea! Durand hath here been singing,  
 Never more to woo the lyre;  
 He hath woke whom Death had taken;  
 He is gone whence none returneth.  
 In the realm, where roam the blessed,  
 Now he lives, and with entreaty  
 Seeketh for the lovely ladye,  
 Who, he deem’d, was gone before him.  
 All the lucid realm of heaven  
 Breaketh brightly on his vision;  
 “Blanca! Blanca!” still he crieth  
 Through the desert land of glory.

---

### 3. THE CASTELLAN OF COUCI.

How the Castellan of Couci  
 Press’d his hand upon his bosom,  
 When the Ladye of Fayel  
 For the first time stood before him!  
 Ever since that witching moment,  
 Whatsoe’er the lay he warbleth,  
 Whatsoe’er the strain he trieth,  
 Is that early throb repeated.  
 Ah! but little they avail him—  
 Plaintive song and minstrel wooing;  
 Never shall his hope be granted  
 Nor on his her heart repose it.

In the play of tender feeling,  
     She may list the minstrel ditty,  
     Yet a faultless wife she wand'reth  
     At her haughty partner's side.  
 Now the Castellan resolveth  
     Mail shall sheathe his panting bosom :  
     And beneath the pendant crosslet  
     Hopes to still that ceaseless heart-throb.  
 When on holy ground already  
     Many a hot day he had battled,  
     Wing'd a dart through cross and panser,  
     Chafing on his very heart-strings.  
 "List to me, my faithful squire ;  
     When this heart hath ceas'd to quiver,  
     To the Ladye of Fayel  
     Thou shalt swear to bear it truly.  
 Coldly 'neath this sainted soil  
     Shall the noble body slumber ;  
     But the heart, the weary heart,  
     Must not even then be tranquil."  
 In a golden urn already  
     Carefully embalm'd it lieth,  
     And the squire seeks the vessel  
     That shall bear him o'er the ocean.  
 Tempests roar, and billows heave them,  
     Lightnings quiver, masts are riven,  
     Every heart is wrung with terror,  
     One alone remains unshaken.  
 Shines the golden sun of morning,  
     Frankland's coast is looming yonder ;

Every heart is tun'd to gladness,  
 One alone remains uncheered.  
 Now, within Fayel's high forest,  
 Strides the faithful squire forward:  
 Suddenly a merry bugle  
 And the cry of huntsmen greet him.  
 See! a stag the thicket cleareth,  
 Through his heart a shaft hath ridden;  
 Rampant rises he,— then falleth  
 Dead before the startled squire.  
 Now Fayel, the knight, appeareth,  
 He who shot the fated quarry;  
 With his hunting troop he cometh,  
 And the squire is surrounded.  
 At the shining golden casquet  
 Clutch the covetous retainers;  
 But the squire, nothing daunted,  
 Speaks, the while his fist he clencheth,  
 "Here I hold the heart of minstrel,  
 Of a brave and pious war-man,—  
 Sooth, the Castellan of Couci;  
 Let his heart in peace pass onward.  
 By the hest he gave in dying,  
 When this heart should cease to quiver,  
 To the Ladye of Fayel  
 I was bound to bear it truly."  
 "Well I know the noble ladye!"  
 Quoth the chace's knightly chieftain;  
 And the golden urn he wrested  
 Rudely from the daunted bearer;

Hid it neath his hunting-mantle,  
Rode upon his way in anger,  
Holding close the lifeless heart  
On his own with vengeance glowing.  
When he gains his lordly castle  
They, that deck his board with viands,  
Must prepare the hunted quarry  
With a heart unmeet for mortal.  
Then, with flowers richly garnish'd,  
Serve it in a golden charger,  
When the lord, the Knight Fayel,  
And his ladye share the banquet.  
Sweetly to his lovely consort  
Spake the knight in sprightly seeming,  
"When thy huntsman maketh capture,  
Unto thee the heart belongeth."  
Scarcely had the ladye tasted,  
When the lovely one fell weeping,  
Free and fast the tear-drops trickled,  
As her tender soul were melting.  
But her lord, the Knight Fayel,  
Quoth to her with savage laughter,  
"Little doves' hearts are reported  
To make people melancholy ;  
Much more then, my lovely ladye,  
This may do, on which you banquet,  
'Tis the Castellan's of Couci,  
Who those tender ditties warbled."  
When the haughty knight hath vented  
These and other words of anger,

Suddenly the ladye riseth,  
 Solemnly to him replying,—  
 “Grievous wrong indeed you do me,  
 I was ever true and faithful,  
 But on such a heart to banquet  
 Wonderfully alters feeling.  
 Many a once unheeded ditty  
 Now upon my ear returneth;  
 He, in life to me a stranger,  
 Takes me captive in the coffin.  
 Yea! to death am I devoted;  
 Feasting thoughts must I relinquish;  
 Never dare I taste a viand  
 After such a heart hath fed me.  
 But I wish for you, in dying,  
 Mild award from heaven’s tribunal.”  
 Think, oh! think, what sad disaster  
 Did a poet’s heart occasion.

---

#### 4. DON MASSIAS.

Don Massias of Gallicia,  
 He, by surname, “The Enamour’d,”  
 Lay in Arjouilla’s fortress,  
 Plaining her he lov’d so dearly.  
 For a Count so rich and mighty  
 Hath been made her happy consort;  
 And her dear, her faithful minstrel  
 Is an exile and a captive.

At his tuneful barred lattice  
Many a wanderer stops to hearken:  
Precious leaves with music teeming,  
From his casement often flutter.  
Whether passing pilgrims sang them,  
Or the light wind bore them onward,  
Sooth it is, his dear beloved  
Heard the minstrel songs of sorrow.  
But her watchful jealous consort,  
Faieth not to glean her secret:  
"Must I quail before a minstrel  
Even while he pines in durance?"  
Forthwith sprang he on his courser,  
Arm'd as if to battle riding,  
Gallop'd to Granada's frontier,  
And to Arjouilla's fortress.  
Don Massias, the Enamour'd,  
Stood behind his grated lattice,  
Warbling free his song of passion,  
Toying sweetly with the zittar.  
Rose the proud knight in his saddle,  
Brandishing his lance in fury;  
Don Messias is his victim;  
Like a swan he sang in dying.  
And the victor Count in triumph  
Wended homeward to Gallicia,  
Idle hope! the minstrel perish'd,  
But his lays were fresh as ever.  
They through all the Spanish country  
Tunefully and winged speed them;

They are nightingales to others,  
But to his ears, shrieking harpies.  
Often in the hour of gladness,  
They have rous'd him from the banquet;  
Often from his midnight slumber  
Have they painfully awoke him.  
In the street, or in the garden,  
Every where he hears the zittar;  
And Massias' tender ditties  
Sound to him as spirit-voices.

---

### 5. DANTE.

Was it Florence's high portal,  
Or the shining gate of heaven,  
Whence, one lovely morn of Spring-tide,  
Came a festal throng of joyaunce?  
Children bright as are the angels,  
Richly dight with flowery garlands,  
Wander'd to the vale of roses,  
To the gladsome festal dances.  
'Neath the laurel-bough stood Dante,  
Who had seen but nine sweet summers,  
And who in the fairest maiden  
Knew his angel in a minute.  
Rustled not the verdant laurel  
By the breath of Spring-tide flurried?  
Did not Dante's young soul tremble  
'Neath the gentle breath of passion?

Yea! from him that very hour  
Came the gush of minstrel feeling,  
In the canzonet and sonnet  
Love in him was early vocal.  
When in woman's riper beauty  
She across his pathway flitted,  
Stood his minstrel inspiration  
Like a tree that raineth blossom.  
From the gate of lovely Florence,  
Issu'd forth another pageant;  
Slow it came and sorrowfully  
To the sound of woful ditties,  
For beneath that sable pall  
With the snow-white cross surmounted,  
Lovely Beatrice resteth,  
Snatch'd away by death so early.  
Dante in his silent chamber  
Sat alone while evening gather'd,  
Heard the distant belfry knelling,  
And his face in sorrow veiled.  
To the dark, the gloomy forest  
Soon the noble youth descended:  
Like the peal of distant death-bell,  
Rang his ditties ever after.  
But amid the wildest desert,  
Where in groaning woe he wander'd,  
Came to him a kindly envoy  
From the lovely one departed,—  
Who in faithful conduct led him  
Through the deepest dells of Hades,



Where his earth-born woe was silenc'd  
At the sight of his beloved.

Soon to blest and lucid regions  
From those dark ways he emerged;  
And from paradise' bright portal  
She he lov'd came forth to meet him.

Higher still aud higher soaring  
Through the joyous sheen of heaven,  
While she gazes still undazzled,  
To the sun of suns they wing them.

He regards his sweet companion  
With a look that cannot leave her;  
She, in glorified reflection,  
Casts on him the light of heaven.

In a lay of wondrous power  
All his passion he embodied,  
In those characters eternal  
That are written with the lightning.

Yea! most rightly was the surname  
'The Divine' conferr'd on Dante;  
Him, in whose breast earthly passion  
Kindled into heavenly transport.

**LOVE-PLAINTS.****THE STUDENT.**

Once, in Salamanca's garden,  
I, a rover late and long,  
While the nightingales were warbling,  
Read intently Homer's song:  
How in flowing robes of splendour  
Helen trod the battlement,  
And a glance of queenly beauty  
To the Trojan senate sent;  
Till this hero and the other  
Murmurr'd in his beard of grey,  
"Woman never was so lovely,  
Goddess-like, sooth, one may say."  
Whilst the epic page absorb'd me,—  
How, I cannot well make out—  
Through the leaves there came a rustling,  
And I turn'd and look'd about:  
On a neighbouring balcony,  
Bright phenomenon of air,  
In her flowing robes of splendour  
Stood a second Helen there.  
And a grey-beard, close beside her,  
Show'd such quaint yet kind intent,  
I could swear he was a Member  
Of the Trojan Parliament.

As for me, I turn'd Achæan,  
And from that eventful day,  
Soldier-like, before the bower  
Of a second Troy I lay.  
Or, to tell my story simply,  
Week by week, the summer long,  
I went wooing thither nightly  
With the voice of lute and song;  
Told in many a plaintive ditty  
All my torment, all my pain,  
Till at last the high balcony  
Gave them sweetly back again.  
Thus we whisper'd, thus we warbled  
While six sweet moons shed their light,  
Though we never could have done so,  
Had the old man heard aright.  
But as often as he rose up  
Sleepless, full of jealous fears,  
He could no more hear our voices  
Than the music of the spheres.  
Yet, one night, ah! it was dismal,  
Starless, gloomy as the grave;  
When I made the wonted signal,  
There was none that answer gave;  
No one but a toothless beldame  
Started at my voice of pain;  
Echo only, aged beldame,  
Groan'd me back my plaint again.  
Vanish'd was the peerless beauty!  
Empty then were court and hall:

Desert was the scented bower;  
Hill and vale were desert all.  
Ah! and I had not inform'd me  
Of her rank or native land;  
She had sworn to keep them secret  
By the pledge of word and hand.  
So I mann'd myself to seek her,  
Far to roam on wanderer's vow:  
Little thought had I for Homer,  
I was an Ulysses now.  
Now to every high balcony,  
With my faithful lute I stray,  
And at every winning lattice,  
Breathe a soft inquiring lay;  
Singing every where the ditty,  
Which in Salamanca dear,  
Was the wonted evening signal  
For the lov'd one to appear.  
But the answer, ah! the answer,  
Honied sound, it cometh not!  
Old tormenting Echo only  
Follows me from spot to spot.

---

## 2. THE HUNTER.

Once when I in forest ambush  
Carefully had ta'en my stand,  
On the watch, and leaning forward  
With my rifle in my hand.

Suddenly the light leaves rustled,  
And my pointer stood to game;  
I was ready with my rifle,  
Hammer up! when lo! there came  
Tripping lightly from the bushes,  
Neither nimble roe nor hare,  
But a passing lovely maiden,  
Young and blooming, fresh and fair.  
Now such store of strange emotions  
In my frantic bosom stir;  
That in very wanton fondness  
I have nearly shot at her.  
Tirelessly still I follow  
On the noble quarry's view,  
And I post me near her harbour  
Every eve like huntsman true.  
Or, to tell my story simply,  
Every evening, long and late,  
'Neath the lovely one's balcony  
Wo-begone I watch and wait.  
But to her this mute complaining  
Makes the weary night too long;  
She would like, in minstrel fashion,  
Tender lute and gentle song.  
Ah! those arts of soft allurements  
Must her huntsman's skill defy;  
Nought he knows but shrilly quail-call  
Or the simple cuckoo's cry.

---

**BERTRAN DE BORN.**

See, on Autafort's proud summit,  
Stone and tower in ruin blent,  
And its Castellán in fetters  
Standing at the conqueror's tent.  
"Comest thou, whose sword and lyre  
Were rebellion's instrument,  
Who against his aged father  
With the child colleagu'ing went?

Art thou he who, self-confiding,  
Vaunted with a braggart's boast  
That he never us'd or needed  
More than half his wits at most?  
Now the half hath fail'd to save thee,  
Summon up the all thou know'st,  
Till thou build'st again thy castle,  
And aside thy fetters throw'st."

"Yea! my liege, my royal master  
Here behold Bertran de Born,  
Who awoke to wild rebellion  
Perigord and Ventadorn  
Who hath ever to his ruler  
Been an eye-sore and a thorn;  
Rous'd by whose song royal children  
Left an aged father lorn.

In the high saloon thy daughter  
Sat a Duke's betrothed bride,  
When my envoy sang before her  
Lays my pensive lute supplied,—  
Sang the flame that fill'd her minstrel,  
Once her happiness, her pride;  
Till the little diamond tear-drops  
With the bridal jewels vied.

'Neath the olive, where he slumber'd,  
Rose thy favourite son, elate,  
When my fierce-resounding war-song  
Did his ear infatuate.  
Quickly he bestrode his charger;  
And the deadly shaft of fate,  
While I wav'd his banner o'er him,  
Pierc'd him through at Montfort's gate.

Bleeding in my arms I held him,  
While his suffering seem'd to be  
Not the sharp, the chilly weapon,  
But the dying curs'd by thee.  
Unto thee his hand he proffer'd  
Over hill and dale and sea;  
Then, as all in vain he call'd thee,  
Fell his dying grasp on me.

Then my failing strength betoken'd  
Autafort in ruin laid;  
Not so much as half was left me,  
Neither lute nor trenchant blade.  
Easily my arm was fetter'd,  
When my spirit's hope decay'd;  
When my hand across my lyre  
Seeking only sorrow stray'd."

Quoth the king, the old and drooping,  
"Thou did'st wile away my son;  
Thou did'st charm my guileless daughter,  
And my heart too thou hast won.  
Take then now the hand of pardon,  
Thou and he that died are one.  
Fetters off! I feel thy spirit  
Into mine commingling run."

---



**THE WANDERER.**

O'er Galicia's rocky sea-coast  
Looms a holy shrine on high;  
Where the pure, the gentle Virgin  
Doth her blessed gifts supply.  
They, that roam the desert, love it  
Like the lode-star in the sky;  
Sailors on the the stormy ocean  
Know their happy port is nigh.

When the bell of evening soundeth,  
Echo answers o'er the lea,  
All the chimes in town and cloister  
Wake anew to harmony.  
Then the raving, roaring billow  
Sinks to silence on the sea;  
And the helmsman, murmuring Ave!  
Passeth on with bended knee.

On that day of holy import,  
When the Virgin sought the skies,  
When the Son, whom she had nourish'd  
Stood a God before her eyes.  
Then, within her sanctuary,  
Miracles of note arise;  
She with more than pictur'd presence  
Cheereth then the heavenly-wise.

Banners with crusading crosslet  
Over mount and meadow play  
Every ship and every shallop  
Glitters fair with streamers gay.  
Up the craggy pathway climbing  
Wanderers come in trim array;  
Like a ladder, heavenward leading,  
Looks the rugged hill to-day.

But beside the merry pilgrims  
Others wend with feet all bare;  
On their heads the penance ashes,  
On their bodies shirts of hair.  
These are they, of whose communion  
Pious Christians must beware,—  
They who at the Church's portal  
Kneel, but never enter there.

Last is one, whose straining eye-ball  
Wanders comfortless around,  
Whose disorder'd tresses mingle  
With a beard that courts the ground.  
In a rusty hoop of iron  
Is his meagre body bound;  
While at every step he taketh  
Manacles and fetters sound.

He, because he slew his brother  
In the heat of passion's glow,  
Bade them forge him ring of iron,  
From the sword that dealt the blow.  
Far from hearth and home a wand'rer,  
Rest or peace he will not know,  
Till some miracle of heaven  
Rend the bonds that bind him so.

Had each foot, that now is naked,  
Been ensheath'd in iron shoe,  
Long ago, the Unassoiled  
Would have worn the iron through.  
Vain his search for saint or angel,  
Saving miracle to do;  
Every image fam'd for healing  
Proves to him at least untrue.

See at last the rock surmounted  
And the chapel portal won;  
Rings the vesper-bell, the many  
Breathe a silent orison.  
Never dared the wand'rer trespass  
Where the pictur'd Virgin shone,  
Brightly as in western Ocean  
Sinks at eve the setting sun.

Oh! the flood of splendour breaking  
Over sea and earth and sky!  
Heav'n hath left its portal open,  
While the fair saint soars on high.  
On the clouds her rosy foot-print  
Plants a sign to follow by:  
She herself from fields of azure  
Watches earth with angel eye.

All the pilgrims wend rejoicing  
On their way, with hope elate:  
One alone with face so pallid  
Lies a lingerer at the gate.  
Closely ring and fetter clasp him;  
He has sunk beneath the weight;  
But his soul is flown already  
Unto heaven's bright estate.

---

**THE BRIDGE OVER THE BIDASSOA.**

On the bridge of Bidassoa  
Stands a saint so hoar and old,  
Blessing here the Spanish mountains,  
Blessing there the Frankish wold.  
Well this fateful frontier needeth  
Gentle solace from above;  
Where so many part for ever  
From the native land they love.

On the bridge of Bidassoa  
Fancy speeds a witching play;  
Unto some eyes all is shadow,  
Unto others all is gay.  
Where the roses smile on one man,  
Others gaze on arid sand:  
Dark to all are thoughts of sorrow,  
Bright to all— their native land.

Softly murmurs Bidassoa  
To the sheep-fold's little bell,  
While the mountain-range is booming  
With the cannon's fitful knell.  
And at eve a weary number,  
Wen them slowly toward the flood;  
See, they bear a tatter'd banner,  
See, they track their path in blood.

On the bridge of Bidassoa,  
Soldier-like, their arms they pile,  
Bind their bleeding wounds, and number  
Who are left alive the while.  
Long they wait for missing comrades;  
But the dead, ah! who shall wake?  
Once again the drum was beaten,  
And a hoary war-man spake.—

“Furl ye then the tatter’d banner  
Wont to wave above the free;  
Oft before have Freedom’s liegemen  
’Neath it pass’d the boundary.  
Oft before have they gone seeking  
Some free place of rest afar:  
They can speak of honour’s blazon,  
They can boast a favouring star.

Thou, who in the fight for Freedom,  
More than any, scathe hast known,—  
Now that every heart is bleeding—  
Mina, art thou safe alone?  
Still unharm’d is our preserver;  
Still the weal of Spain secure;  
Cheerly pass the boundary-river,  
Fear not to return no more.”

Mina left the stony pillow  
Where his weary head had lain,  
Saw again the waning day-star,  
Sink behind the hills of Spain.  
Ah! his bosom bled, to stanch it  
Baffled all the warrior's skill;  
On the bridge of Bidassoa  
Olden wounds were active still.

---

**LUCKLESS.**

Luckless, simple-hearted sinner,  
Suffer'd much from fortune's spite;  
He was often all but winner  
At her wheel, but never quite.  
All the stars of gentler power  
Would have smil'd upon his birth,  
Had his mother just an hour  
Sooner plac'd him on the earth.

Deeds of prowess, with their palmy  
Honours would have grac'd his brow,  
For in all the gather'd army  
None so brave as he, I trow:—  
On they mov'd in marching order,  
Doubt of victory must cease;  
When at full speed o'er the border  
Came the messenger of peace.

He was on the eve of marriage,  
And his love look'd very sweet;  
But a rich man, and a carriage,  
Were, she thought, a greater treat.  
Yet this cruelly-bested man  
Might have had the widow then,  
Had not he, they thought a dead man,  
Suddenly come back again.



P'rhaps in trade he would have sooner  
Prov'd his luck of better sort,  
Had not his ill-fated schooner  
Founder'd just in reach of port.  
Off he swam though, notwithstanding,  
Buoy'd up by a saving plank,  
Only, just as he was landing,  
Back he fell again, and sank.

Then he would have found his level  
Somewhere up in heaven, they say;  
But there came a stupid devil  
Running headlong in his way.  
Devil thought he had to fetch him,  
And a pretty chace he had,  
Though, when he contriv'd to catch him,  
Off he ran with him like mad.

But an angel, bearing thunder  
From the bright sky whence he came,  
Made the sooty rogue knock under  
Into hell's engulfing flame,—  
Then to heaven's golden distance  
Bore him where the blessed are,  
There to lead a bright existence,  
Far from good or evil star.

---

## THE RING.

There wander'd one bright morning  
A knight across the plain,  
Anxiously of his ladye fair,  
He thought and thought again.

“Dear little golden ringlet,  
Now speak me words of sooth;  
Thou pledge from my lovely ladye,  
How fares it with her truth?”

Then, as he fain would eye it,  
The little ring made a pass  
And hopp'd from off his finger,  
And roll'd along the grass.

He quickly sought to catch it,  
Upon the meadow green,  
But amid the golden flowers  
The ringlet was not seen.

There sat a watchful falcon  
Upon the linden-tree,  
Then down he swoop'd and far he flew,  
With the ring away flew he.

And when his mighty pinions  
Had borne him high in air,  
His fellow-robbers battled  
The golden prize to share.

None won it, for the ringlet  
Fell down again so fast;  
The knight beheld it vanish  
In a deep, deep lake at last.

The fishes leap'd and bounded  
To catch the jewel bright,  
But further it sank and further,  
And soon was out of sight.

“O little ring, in the meadow  
The play-thing of flow'rets gay;  
O little ring, upward flying,  
The saucy falcon's prey;—

O little ring, in the water  
The sport of the fishes forsooth;—  
My ringlet, are these all the tidings,  
The tidings of ladye's truth?”

---

## THE THREE CASTLES.

I know where three fair castles stand  
Within my lov'd, my native land;  
And I, the minstrel, wont to rove  
On lightsome foot through field and grove,  
Why need I fear to sing the three  
That deck the land so fairily ?

The first is ruin'd, and the name  
Of castle it can barely claim;  
For tower and turret, long ere now,  
Have moulder'd on the mountain's brow,  
And heedless wanderers hie them on  
Nor ask about the old and gone.  
But if thou fear not on thy face  
The swinging bough thy steps displace,  
There—where the strokes of woodmen fall,  
And bugle-horns on echo call—  
Right wondrous tidings thou may'st glean  
Of turrets now no longer seen.  
Yea, if on ruin'd stone thou sit,  
While moonlight soft illumines it,  
The vision of the perish'd fair  
Will rise, unbid, before thee there.

The second of the three, I wot,  
Appears the castle that 'tis not.

Thou see'st it soaring, proud and bright,  
In sunshine on the mountain height,  
Begirt with bartizan and keep,  
With turrets high and moat as deep.  
There imag'd heroes stand in state;  
Two marble lions guard the gate;  
But all within is still and lone,  
The court itself with grass o'ergrown;  
The flow of water stint and small;  
The mansion void of stair and hall;  
Through windows twin'd with ivy spray  
The birds of passage find their way.  
Augustly there, in crowns of gold,  
Enthroned rulers sate of old;  
And others thence, of hero-line,  
On history's page came forth to shine.  
But slumbering in the vaulted grave  
Are rulers now and heroes brave.  
When ceas'd the sounds of war and mirth,  
The blasting lightning flew to earth,  
And wrapp'd in flames the castle fair  
With spacious hall and gilded stair:  
But though, within, the scathe was great,  
Without was all inviolate.  
The house that saw its heroes fade  
Was thus itself in ruin laid.  
But yet, as history loves to tell  
The rulers and the brave that fell,  
We still behold those towers shine  
With imag'd forms of hero-line;

And long the wondering eye shall gaze  
Upon this pile of other days,  
And see it soaring, proud and bright,  
In sunshine on the mountain height.

But midway now between the two  
A little castle stands in view,  
Not towering high in mountain pride,  
But nestling on the upland's side.  
Not couch'd amid the forest's gloom,  
And yet begirt with bud and bloom;  
With facing bright and tiling dun,  
And windows shining like the sun;  
Too small for chroniclers to praise,  
Too young for legendary lays.  
But I, the minstrel, wont to rove  
On lightsome foot through field and grove,  
Must sing of this my treasure-trove.  
Ah! thitherward I love to stray  
At fall of eve or break of day.  
And oh! if Clelia, fond and fair,  
Reward me with her greeting there,  
The castle on the upland slope,  
Awakes in me the gentle hope  
That tidings, in the course of time,  
May be enwoven with my rhyme,—  
The tidings, sweet as sweet can be,  
Of little Clelia's love for me.

---

**COUNT EBERHARD'S HAWTHORN.**

Count Eberhard Rustle-Beard,  
From Württemberg's fair land,  
On holy errand steer'd  
To Palestina's strand.

The while he slowly rode  
Along a woodland way;  
He cut from the hawthorn bush  
A little fresh green spray.

Then in his iron helm  
The little sprig he plac'd;  
And bore it in the wars,  
And over the ocean waste.

And when he reach'd his home,  
He plac'd it in the earth;  
Where little leaves and buds  
The gentle Spring call'd forth.

He went each year to it,  
The Count so brave and true;  
And overjoy'd was he  
To witness how it grew.

The Count was worn with age  
The sprig became a tree;  
'Neath which the old man oft  
Would sit in reverie.

The branching arch so high,  
Whose whisper is so bland,  
Reminds him of the past  
And Palestina's strand.

---



**THE HIRSAU ELM.**

O'er Hirsau's lofty ruins,  
Along the mouldering eaves,  
A goodly elm-tree waveth  
Its coronet of leaves.

Its roots have burrow'd deeply  
And search'd the basement through;  
And, like a roof, its branches  
Shoot up to heaven's blue.

For since the narrow ruin  
Doth sun and air despite,  
Still higher now and higher  
The tree must soar for light.

The four walls tower upward,  
As if they were design'd  
To guard the hardy climber  
From savage storm and wind.

When through the fresh green valley  
My pathway leadeth me,  
I think upon the lofty,  
The goodly, tall elm-tree.

When 'mid the silent ruins  
In listening mood I stop,  
I hear the breezes stirring  
The wavy elm-tree's top.

Oh! I have seen it often  
In morning's beam grow bright;  
And I have seen it shining  
When all around was night.

In Wittenberg's famed cloister  
A kindred giant grew,  
And soon its mighty branches  
The gloomy cell broke through.

There is a light that maketh  
The darkest cavern bright.  
There is a Spirit struggleth  
Aloft to air and light!

---

**A MINSTER LEGEND.**

Within the Minster tower,  
In cyphers large or small,  
A host of names are carved  
Upon the patient wall.

A youthful bard ascended  
The stairway's airy coil;  
And, looking first around him,  
Began the carver's toil.

Around his busy chisel  
The nimble sparks are thrown;  
The massive minster trembles  
From roof to corner-stone.

The quiv'ring frame of Erwin  
The buried artist heaves;  
The ringing belfry stirreth  
The stony cornice-leaves.

The building is in labour,  
As if, in wondrous wise,  
It would itself deliver  
Of infant progenies.

To thousand eyes, when written,  
That was an unknown name,  
But it has stood and flourish'd  
Upon the rolls of fame.

And who is there who wonders  
For him the minster rang,  
In whom for half a century  
The world of beauty sang?

On the platform of Strasbourg Cathedral, Goethe's name may be seen, as cut out while he was a student at the Academy.

---

**THE ROE-BUCK.**

A huntsman chas'd the roe-buck light  
A down the woodland glade,  
When o'er the garden-bound so bright  
Look'd forth a rosy maid.

Oh! what is come to the goodly horse?  
He cannot sure be lame.  
Oh! why does the huntsman check his course,  
And cheer no more to the game?

O'er vale and mountain, wing'd with fear,  
Still faster flies the roe:  
O stay thy flight, thou silly deer,  
He has left thee long ago.

---

**THE WHITE HART.**

Away for the covert three sportsmen start;  
They are minded to shoot them the snow-white hart.

They lay them to sleep 'neath the tall pine-tree,  
And a wonderful dream they dream all three.

**The First.**

I dream'd I was beating the thicket e'en now,  
When the hart of a sudden left harbour: how! how!

**The Second.**

With the hounds on his traces away he sprang,  
And I put in my charge on his frontlet: bang! bang!

**The Third.**

I saw him the first as he fell on the brae,  
And merrily blew him a mort: trara!

E'en thus, as they lay there, all three of them spoke,  
When forth from the covert the white hart broke.

And before the three huntsmen could mark him  
aright,

He was off o'er the lea and was soon out of sight.

How! how! Bang, bang! Trara!

---

**THE HUNT NEAR WINCHESTER.**

King William had a fever'd dream,  
He sprang from his couch amain;  
He is boune to ride in Winchester's wood  
With his royal hunting train.

Now, when they came to Winchester's wood,  
The king awhile did tarry  
And give each liegeman a goodly shaft  
Whom it listed to hunt the quarry.

A stag of ten swept by the king,  
As he stood by the high old oak;  
He bent his bow like yeoman true,  
But alas! the bow string broke.

Sir Walter hop'd for better sport,  
Sir Walter aim'd aright;  
But, glinting off, to the heart of the king  
The fell shaft wing'd its flight.

Sir Walter fled o'er wood and wold,  
He fled o'er land and sea;  
He fled as fast as the frightened deer,  
But nevermore rest found he.

Prince Henry through the forest rode,  
On store of roe he came;  
Quoth he "the shaft from a kingly hand  
Should get me nobler game."

When lo! a train of noble lords  
Prick'd fleetly the vale adown;  
They told him of the kingly death,  
And proffer'd him the crown.

"On this ill-fated day of chace,  
Right costly is the prey;  
For thou hast ta'en, most mighty Sir,  
The noble pard to-day."

---



**HARALD.**

Before his retinue of war  
Brave Harald far'd on horse,  
Through woodland wild, by soft moon-light,  
They held their iron course.

With many a streamer, won in fight,  
Those forest breezes play,  
And many a song of triumph bold  
Is echo'd on the brae.

What is it rocks upon the tree,  
And rustles through the wood?  
What is it droppeth from the clouds,  
And flitteth from the flood?

What is it whisks the buds about  
And warbles o'er the mead?  
What is it dances through the ranks,  
And bounds upon the steed?

What is it gives the gentle kiss,  
And holds in winning thrall,  
Unseats the man, and lames the horse,  
And laughs and teases all?

It is the lightsome elfin crew  
Too strong for mortal hand.  
The gallant troop are all astray  
Are all in fairy-land.

'Twas Harald only who could bide  
From elfin art aloof;  
The gallant knight, from top to toe,  
Was cas'd in mail of proof.

His doughty war-men all are gone;  
Around lie sword and shield;  
The goodly coursers stray at large  
Through forest and through field.

And forwards still, in sore distress,  
Brave Harald fares on horse;  
And through the wide wood, all alone,  
Holds on his moonlight course.

But hark! it bubbles from the rock,  
And fain is he to 'light;  
He doffs the helm of saving steel,  
And quaffs the ripple bright.

Alas! no sooner hath he quaff'd  
Than uumb'd is every limb;  
And there he slumbers on the rock  
Where he hath seated him.

And thus he slumbereth on the stone  
This many a weary day;  
So sound he sleeps, with drooping head,  
And beard all hoar and grey.

When tempests roar and thunders roll,  
And fitful lightnings gleam,  
Bold Harald clutches at his sword,  
And waves it in his dream.

---

**THE ELVES.**

**First Elf.**

Hither, hither, airy sisters,  
Ere the child of earth hath past;  
Oh! make haste before we lose her,  
Such a little witch runs fast.

**All.**

Maiden, dance with those who love you;  
Moon and stars are bright above you.

**Second Elf.**

You, my little lightsome darling,  
Scarce weigh more than fifty pound;  
On a foot so small and pretty,  
Trip it with us, round and round.

**Third Elf.**

On the light air you may hover  
Till I've counted, one, two, three,—  
And may even stamp a little,  
Just to keep in time with me.

**All.**

Ah! no pouting! no repining!  
Trip it, while the moon is shining.

**Fourth Elf.**

Darling, are you fond of laughing,  
Or of weeping by the moon?  
Weep, and we shall see you melted  
To a little elfie soon.

**Fifth Elf.**

Tell me, do you love the labour  
Unto maiden hands allow'd?  
Are the bridal curtains woven?  
Are you spinning for the shroud?

**Sixth Elf.**

With the mystic lard and butter  
Are you never found at fault?  
Can you by the feel determine  
How much pepper, how much salt?

**All.**

Darling, let us ask you still;  
Only answer when you will.

**Seventh Elf.**

Do you feel upon your conscience  
What so many a poor child may,—  
Store of sweet and stolen kisses;  
Grievous sins indeed are they!

**Eighth Elf.**

Or, are you already plighted  
To a lover fond and true,  
Who's allow'd to take you with him  
For a walk from one to two?

**Ninth Elf.**

Have you, twin'd around your finger,  
Ring of gold with jewels bright?  
Truth and love, oh! never trust them,  
Till they hold the finger tight.

**Tenth Elf.**

Pretty one, what! still so angry  
With the playful elfin crew?  
You must lose that little temper,  
In a wife 'twill never do.

**All.**

Darling, dance with those who love you;  
Moon and stars are bright above you.

---

**MERLIN OF THE WOOD.****To Carl Mayer.**

Thou send'st me, friend, a wreath of song  
For woodland pleasance fit;  
This harp, it has been mute so long,  
Thou fain would'st waken it.  
To where the sedgy waters flow  
Thou show'st the hill-side path,  
And lur'st abroad a timid roe  
To tempt the cooling bath.

Now, poring o'er an ancient book,  
I while away the hours;  
Though fancy not I only look  
Therein for wither'd flowers.  
For I can mark the pathway bright  
That threads the written maze,  
Until at last 'tis lost to sight  
In lonely woodland ways.

There Merlin, near the lake, hath ta'en  
His seat on mossy stone;  
He sees upon the lucid plane  
His darkling image thrown.  
He sees himself grown hoar and old  
Among the din of men;  
But here, within the woodland wold,  
His strength awakes again.

The green, the dewy, glistening green,  
Revives his languid eye,  
Till things, by wizard glamour seen,  
In filmy show flit by.  
At night around his wakeful ear  
The forest murmurs roam,  
Till busy spirits he can hear  
Within their earthy home.

The deer so tame, that wont to play  
Around their peaceful guest,  
Now fly affrighted o'er the brae,  
By bugle-note distress'd,  
And yeomen, bounè for woodland sport,  
In hunting garb appear,  
And fleetly carry off to court  
The long desired seer.

"Blest" quoth the king "the morn that brings  
Such goodly prize to me,  
The silent man of lore who sings  
To beasts of forestry.  
For vain would I the virtue hear  
Of charmed sign and saw,  
Which thou hast learn'd, this many a year,  
In shady glade and shaw.



How course the starlets through the sky—?  
My question shall not be ;  
But with a trifle I would try  
Thy skill in gramarye.  
To come at my behest was well ;  
And small will be the pain,  
For one so wise as thou, to tell  
What sorely racks my brain.

Last night, in yonder linden shade,  
The while I chanc'd to rove,  
I heard a whispering, soft as made  
By those who speak of love.  
In wistful mood I lent an ear,  
And waited late and long :  
But just as seem'd the riddle clear,  
The night-bird woke to song.

Then thee I ask—Who tarried then  
Beneath the linden tree?  
For spirits in the woodland glen  
Reveal the truth to thee.  
For thee the forest warblers sing,  
For thee the leaflets stir ;  
Then tell me boldly every thing,  
Thou know'st, of him or her."

There stood the king with gallants trim  
And all his court array :  
When lo! his fair child tender'd him  
The greeting of the day.  
But Merlin saw with faultless sight,  
His prophet glance was brief,  
He took from off her tresses bright  
A little linden leaf.

“To tender thee the leaf be mine,  
And thus to end my task;  
For him, who cannot now divine  
The wonder, I would ask—  
If often thus in kingly hall  
A leaf-like rain appear.  
Oh! sure, where linden leaflets fall,  
The linden must be near.

Since thus, my liege, I prove my claim  
To prophet wisdom true,  
Thou may'st believe what busy fame  
Hath whisper'd I can do.  
If thus one little leaf avails  
To solve a doubt so well,  
Oh! think how many wondrous tales  
The leafy wood can tell.”

The king in silence stands; his child  
Is crimson'd o'er with shame;  
The wizard of the woodland wild  
Descends to whence he came.  
His stag attends him at the gate;  
A trusty courser--he;  
And Merlin mounts in wizard state,  
And flies o'er stream and lea.

He died,—this chief of wizard men;  
But still his wondrous song,  
From forth the shady forest glen,  
Resounded loud and long.  
Time may have brought the charm to end,  
And stay'd his tuneful skill;  
Yet, Merlin of the Wood, my friend,  
In thee is vocal still.

---

**THE STATUE OF BACCHUS.**

Callisthenes, a youth of ancient Athens,  
Exhausted with a night of wild debauch,  
With faded ivy-wreath and straggling hair,  
Came reeling in the morning twilight home;  
Himself, too, like the twilight, weak and pale.  
Now while his slave was lighting him the way  
Towards his chamber through the high arcade,  
In flaming torch-light suddenly stepp'd forth  
The godlike, marble effigy of Bacchus.  
Offspring of masterly creative hand,  
The figure stood voluptuously young,  
With long luxuriant fall of wavy locks  
Adown the finely arched shoulders flung:  
And 'neath the richly interwoven braid  
Of shady vine-leaves and the clustering grape,  
Appear'd the round and blooming countenance.  
Then, terrified, Callisthenes shrank back,  
And, looking on the bright, the glorious form,  
He felt as though the thyrsus of the god  
Had touch'd him chasteningly upon the brow;  
As though in anger spake the quicken'd tongue—  
"Why hauntest thou my hall, thou tottering ghost,  
Thou shade of Hades, nerveless, stupefied,  
Outraging me beneath the name of priest;  
My holy ivy-wreath dost thou profane.  
Avaunt from me! I recognise thee not.

I am the fulness of creative Nature,  
And in the noble blood that dyes the grape  
Am richly and divinely manifest.  
If your abandon'd follies need a god,  
Upon the sunny vine-hill seek him not,  
No, seek ye him below in Hades' night."  
The God is mute, the fluttering torch expires,  
Shame-stricken steals the conscious youth away,  
Takes from his head the faded ivy-wreath,  
And, in the still recesses of his soul,  
He swears a holy vow.

---

**THE SPIRITS' WINE-PRESS.**

At Weinsberg, olden town of fame,  
To which good wine has given a name,  
Where song there, is all joy and youth,  
And fortress old, hight Woman's Truth,—  
No day to Luther had been long  
Among such women, wine and song;  
And there are quarters that might do  
For devil and for inkstand too;  
For spirits roam at large about;—  
Hear, what at Weinsberg once fell out.

The Watch, who keeps the rogues in bounds,  
Was going his accustom'd rounds  
On that weird night, when one year dies,  
And straight another 'gins arise.  
The jarring clock spoke spirit-time,  
The Watch was boune to sing his rhyme,  
When, 'twixt the stroke and warning jar  
That old and new year's boundaries are,  
He hears the noise of revel roar,  
And next beholds an open door.  
The wall recedes, and shows him there  
A wine-press towering high in air;  
And old and young, in frolic glee,  
Are dancing round it noisily.  
From forth its pipes, in purple glow,

The generous blood-red juices flow:  
Like dinning mill the dances sound,  
The wild wine whirls the ladles round;  
The watchman, sore bewilder'd then,  
Betakes him to the hills again.  
But o'er the town they shine as bright  
As it were noon instead of night;  
The Autumn's golden sunshine weaves  
Its glory round the vine-yard leaves,  
And scatter'd o'er the hills are seen  
The blithesome maids that cull and glean.  
Luxuriantly heap'd and spread,  
The grapes o'ertop the bearer's head;  
The treading boys are almost hid  
The generous juicy gush amid;  
And Music laughs, and Mirth harangues,  
The lath-wand cracks, the pistol bangs.—  
At length the sun forsakes the sky,  
When sheaves of fire soar on high,  
And starlets in a shower are sent  
To dimple o'er the firmament.  
But hark! the hammer marks the hour  
Of twelve from yonder old grey tower!  
The songs are hush'd, the starlets gay  
And wine-press all are whisk'd away;  
And through the quiet chamber's seams  
A little dying taper gleams.  
And now the Watch sings in amain  
The new year in the good old strain.  
Like honey, shed in virgin prime,

To olden saw flows right new rhyme.  
He lauds aloud, and bruits about  
What in that wondrous night fell out.  
For, when the spirits work the wood  
The wine will doubtlessly be good.

Then suddenly, with touch as light  
As spirit's, though not spirit quite,  
A jolly toper twitch'd his sleeve;  
Quoth he, "old fellow, by your leave,  
The wine, that sped your wine-press through,  
Was of the old year, not the new."

---



**LORDING RECHBERGER.**

Rechberger was a lording bold,  
Who lov'd the travelling merchant's gold.  
Within a church, in lonesome plight,  
Rechberger sought to pass the night.

Anon on goodly prey intent,  
Soon after midnight forth he went;  
A merchant train would pass that way,  
So rumour said, by break of day.

In midway course he drew his rein;  
"My groom," quoth he, "ride back amain,  
For on the coffin you will find  
A glove that I have left behind."

The groom came back all pale and blue,—  
"The de'el may fetch the glove for you;  
Upon the bier a ghost doth sit;  
My hair's on end to think of it.

I saw him take the glove in his hand,  
With a glance that glow'd like a fire-brand;  
He smooth'd it over his finger slim,  
Till it made me quake to look at him."

Back rode Rechberger and there fought out  
Man against ghost, a valorous bout.  
He forc'd the spirit to yield outright,  
And gain'd his glove as the meed of fight.

Then spake the ghost with greedy guile,  
"So thou'lt not give, then lend awhile;  
Thou'lt lend me for a year or so  
The nice and soft smooth pair, I know."

"For a year they shall be thine forsooth,  
It will help me to test the devil's truth :  
To fear a rent, I've little cause,  
Upon thy skinny, scraggy paws."

Rechberger proudly gallop'd away.  
They enter'd the wood by break of day ;  
The barn-cock in the distance crew,  
And horsemen came the forest through.

At this Rechberger's heart beat high,  
When lo! a sable troop pass'd by  
Of knights in closely-mask'd array :—  
Rechberger fain gave way.

But one came trotting behind the train ;  
He led a horse by the bridle-rein,  
With saddle and head-gear duly dight,  
And housings—black as night !

Up rode Rechberger bold. Quoth he,  
"Pray rede me who may the riders be?  
Good squire, I prithce, rede,—  
For whom is the spare black steed?"

"For my master's servant prov'd and tried;  
Rechberger they call him far and wide.  
Slain will he be, ere a year is flown,  
And this black steed shall be his own."

The sable yeoman went his way.  
Then quoth the whilome lording gay,  
"O woe is me! Undone, undone!  
My hour-glass is well-nigh run."

If thou, my groom, can'st rein my steed  
And wield my heavy arms at need;  
O take them now, and of them ever  
Make holier use than did the giver."

Rechberger to a cloister went,  
"Sir Abbot, behold a penitent;  
To hope for a cowl he may not dare,  
But the amice of layman he fain would wear."

"Ah! stranger, by thy spurs, I trow,  
Thou'st been a horseman bold till now.  
So thou shalt tend with careful hand,  
The steeds that in the stable stand."

The year had nearly run its course,  
When the Abbot bought him a wild black horse;  
But bold Rechberger sought in vain  
To use it to curb and rein.

The steed did nought but rear and start,  
It smote the lording on the heart,  
Then sped to the forest away,  
And was seen no more from that day.

Then, at his grave, at dead of night,  
A dark-clad yeoman did alight;  
A pair of horse-gloves swung below  
His coal-black courser's saddle-bow.

Rechberger rose in shroud and vair,  
And took the gloves that dangled there;  
He sprang on the black horse, now his own;  
The grave-mound serv'd as a stepping-stone.

Young lads and lordings, the lay is for you;  
Beware what with your gloves ye do:  
And never, above all, take delight  
In watching by the way at night.

---

**THE COUNT VON GREIERS.**

The youthful Count von Greiers 'twas, he stood  
before his door;

He saw afar, in morning bright, the mountain-range  
so hoar.

He saw the golden sunshine on the craggy sum-  
mits play,

While, 'mid them all, the Alpine vale in mellow  
twilight lay.

“O Alp, thou bright green Alp,” he said, “how do  
I long for thee!

O happy, sure, thy mountain swains and shepherd-  
maids must be.

How often have I look'd to thee without the wish  
to roam;

But now how eagerly I yearn to range thy moun-  
tain home.”

And nearer now, and nearer still, the shepherd  
shalm is heard;

The shepherd-swains and shepherd-maids come  
bounding thitherward:

Upon the castle lawn the dance, the merry dance,  
they twine;

And fair their snow-white sleevelets glance, and  
wreath and ribbon shine.

Now see the youngest shepherd-maid of slender  
form advance:

She grasps the Greiers by the hand, and leads him  
to the dance.

The merry circle closes round its unresisting prey,  
"Ha! Count of Greiers, you must be the shepherd's  
thrall to-day."

They hurry him away from thence with lightsome  
dance and song;

Their numbers gather as they go, and still they  
dance along;

They trip it o'er the shining mead and o'er the  
woodland hill,

Till on the distant Alpine heights the frolic band  
is still.

The second morn hath broken fair, and now the  
third hath shone.

Where is the Greiers tarrying? O whither is he  
gone?

Again the weary sun of eve is sinking in the  
skies,

When thunders shake the mountain-range, and lurid  
clouds arise.

The clouds are burst, the little rill is swollen to  
a stream,  
And while athwart the gloom of night the fitful  
lightnings gleam,  
A man is in the torrent seen; he strives and  
struggles sore,  
Till he hath grasp'd a friendly bough and swung  
himself ashore.

“Ah! here am I, an outcast from the lovely Al-  
pine hill:  
Amid the dance the tempest seiz'd and bore me  
off at will.  
Ye all are safely shelter'd now in cot and rocky  
cave,  
But me the deluge bore away and nigh to ruin  
gave.

Farewell! thou bright green Alp, farewell! thou  
band of frolic glee;  
Farewell! three happy days, that made a shepherd  
swain of me.  
O little am I born to tread that paradise so gay,  
From which the angry flash of heav'n hath driven  
me away.

Thee, lovely Alpine rose, no more my fated hand  
shall twine;

The chilly wave can never cool a touch that glows  
like mine.

O witching dance, allure no more thy willing thrall  
to roam:

Receive me in thy desert bounds, thou joyless  
County home!"



**COUNT EBERSTREIT.**

In Spire's saloon, hark to revelry sounding!  
 By torch-light and taper, a dancing and bounding.  
     Count Eberstreit  
     Trippeth it light  
 With the Emperor's fair little daughter to-night.

And as blithely they circle again and again,  
 She whispers him softly,—she cannot refrain,—  
     “Count Eberstreit,  
     Ward thee aright,  
 'Tis like to go hard with thy castle to-night.”

‘Ho! ho!’ thinks the Count, ‘your Imperial Grace!  
 So for this then you please to set store on my face.’  
     His steed he has sought,  
     Turn'd his back on the court;  
 And is off at full speed to his jeopardiz'd fort.

Round Eberstreit's hold the beleagu'ers are swarm-  
   ing.  
 They steal through the fog with their tackle for  
   storming.  
     Count Eberstreit  
     Greets them aright,  
 Hurls them into the moat from the bartizan'd height.

When the Emperor comes the next day to review,  
He fancies the fort his, without more ado.

But, on the wall,  
Their boisterous ball  
Are dancing the Count and his armed men all.

“Sir Emp’ror, when forts you’d surprise or lay waste,  
In case of need, dancing were more to your taste.

Your daughter so bright  
Trippeth it light,  
So for her to my strong-hold I’ll open a right.”

In the hall of the Count, hark to revelry sounding!  
By torch-light and taper, a dancing and bounding.

Count Eberstreit,  
In the Emperor’s sight,  
Leads the ball with the Emperor’s daughter to-night.

And now as they circle, again and again,  
He whispers her softly,—how can he refrain?—

“Ladye-love bright,  
Ward thee aright,  
’Tis like to go hard with a castle to-night.”

---

**SUABIAN CRAFT.**

As Emperor Red-Beard, worthy name,  
To Palestine crusading came,  
He had to lead his goodly band  
Through rugged, lonely mountain-land.  
And there he found him sore bested,  
With store of stones, but little bread;  
And many a German cavalier  
Had laid aside his drinking-gear,  
For lack of water' wine, or beer.  
So faint the steeds, that, ere much older,  
The man had had the mare to shoulder.  
A certain knight, from Suabia's land,  
Of stately growth and stalwart hand,  
Beheld how sick his horse was ta'en,  
And led it by the bridle-rein.  
For lose his own life, he would, rather  
Than move without his palfrey farther.  
Thus he had soon the luck to find  
That he was grievously behind.—  
Across his path, in full career,  
Fifty Turkish horsemen steer.  
They 'gin as if inclin'd to shoot him,  
And hurl their javelins to salute him.  
The valiant knight cares not a flip,  
Walks coolly onward, step by step.  
His shield they lard with arrows thickly,  
He sends them back his sneers as quickly;  
Till one, on whom time heavy hung,  
The crooked sabre at him swung.

The German's blood boil'd up at that;  
He hit the Moslem's horse so pat,—  
One single stroke, just dealt in play,  
And both forelegs were hewn away:  
Then, when the beast was tame and still,  
He grasp'd his sword in right good will,  
Made play upon the rider's sponce,  
Cut through to saddle-tree at once,  
Cut up the saddle's self in chips,  
And ended with the horse's ribs.  
The rest, ere they had time for thinking,  
Saw, right and left, a half-Turk sinking.  
Cold horror seizes man for man;  
Each gallops off as best he can,  
And fancies, poor affrighted elf,  
He's little more than half himself.  
Just then, it chanc'd, a Christian troop,  
That had been loitering too, came up,  
And recogniz'd, with honour due,  
The work the brave knight had got through.  
The Emperor hears the story told,  
And cites anon the Suabian bold:  
"Come, let me hear, my champion true,  
Who taught such tricks as these to you?"  
Our hero answer'd, nothing slow,  
"These things, with us, are all the go.  
To our folk the proverb sticks;  
They call them our Suabian tricks."

---

**VENGEANCE.**

The squire slew his knight, in honour's despite,  
For the squire had lusted himself to be knight.

The depth of the grove saw the poniard gleam,  
And the corse was sunk in the Rhine's blue stream.

He hath donn'd the armour so goodly to see,  
He hath sprung on the courser, so frank and so free.

He will dash jo'er the bridge, but the charger, alas!  
Rears and curvets and refuses the pass.

He buries the spur in the good steed's blood;  
It hurls off the false squire into the flood.

With arm and with leg see him struggling {again:  
The panser is heavy,—he struggles in vain!

---

**THE SWORD.**

A hero, whilome, young and brave,  
Gave orders for a goodly glaive;  
But far too heavy seem'd the brand,  
When first he pois'd it in his hand.

The hoary smith look'd wondrous sage—  
“No whit too heavy I'll engage;  
'Tis your weak arm would have it light,  
But, natheless, I'll set it right.”

“No!” quoth the youth, “by knighthood's need,  
My arm, not thine, shall do the deed.”  
He seem'd to gather strength anew,  
And high in air the falchion flew.

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### SIEGFRIED'S SWORD.

The proud young Siegfried long'd to roam;  
He sigh'd to leave his castle home.

In his father's house he would not bide,  
But roam the world through, far and wide.

There met him many a stalwart knight,  
With good broad-sword and buckler bright.

A stick was all that Siegfried bore,  
A sorry aid, that griev'd him sore.

Now, as he wended through the wood,  
He came to where a smithy stood.

There store of iron he did see,  
And flames that flicker'd merrily.

"O master, gentle master, pray,  
Make me thy journeyman to-day,

And tell me, as thou best can'st tell,  
How bright broad-swords are forg'd so well."

He swung the hammer round and round,  
He drove the anvil into the ground.

He hammer'd till the wide wood rang,  
And every bar in shivers sprang.

And then, from the last of all, he made  
A long and doughty falchion-blade.

“Now I have forg'd me a falchion bright;  
I am boune for war as the bravest knight.

And now I will slay, like hero bold,  
The giants and dragons in field and wold.”

---



**YOUNG ROWLAND.**

Dame Berta in her cavern lay,  
And wail'd her bitter fate;  
Young Rowland was abroad at play;  
His griefs, they were not great.

“O wo! my brother, mighty king,  
That e'er I fled from thee;  
For love I left what wealth could bring,  
And thou art wroth with me.

O Milon, wo! my tender mate,  
The flood hath swallow'd thee:  
For love I fled from queenly state,  
Now love hath flown from me.

Come Rowland, list thy mother's call,  
My gentle, darling boy;  
Come, Rowland mine, thou art my all,  
Thou art my only joy!

My Rowland, hie thee to the town,  
Be food and drink thy prayer;  
And God shall send a blessing down  
On him who hears thee there.”

King Karl sat in the gilded hall  
With many a noble knight;  
And liveried page and foot-man tall  
Brought cup and charger bright.

With lute and song and mirthful speech  
Each high-born heart was gay;  
But ah! their joyaunce could not reach  
The cave where Berta lay.

And, round-a-bout, within the court,  
There sat a beggar throng;  
And food and drink were better sport  
To them than lute and song.

The king, he look'd well-pleas'd to see  
The poor carousers' joy;  
When through their ranks all suddenly  
Appear'd a comely boy.

The boy was drest in wondrous sort,  
In garment four-fold dyed;  
He turn'd him from the beggars' court,  
And near'd the hall of pride.

He trod the hall like one assur'd  
'Twas his beyond a doubt;  
He rais'd a dish from off the board,  
And straightway bore it out.

“Well,” quoth the king, “if I must speak,  
This feat is something new.”  
But as he did not stop the freak,  
The rest allow’d it too.

An hour had pass’d, with smiling face  
The boy again came up;  
He walk’d towards the king’s own place,  
And grasp’d his golden cup.

“Hey!” cried the king, “thou saucy wight,  
What means this daring whim?”  
Young Rowland held the goblet tight,  
And only look’d at him.

The king grew wroth, his visage fell,  
But soon he smil’d and said,  
“Thou tread’st the golden hall as well  
As ’twere the woodland glade.

Thou pluck’st away my chargers fine  
Like apples off the tree,  
And draw’st, as from a well, the wine  
That mantles here for me,”

“The peasant draws the bucket-line,  
And spoils the apple-tree;  
But, with my mother, venison fine  
And mantling wine agree.”

"If she be of the high-born strain  
Thou vauntest her to be,  
She surely has her waiting train  
And palace fair and free.

So tell me, who may be her sewer,  
And her cup-bearer true?"  
"My right hand is her trusty sewer,  
My left her cup-bearer true."

"Then say, who may her warders be?"  
"My eyes of blue till now."  
"And say, who makes her minstrelry?"  
"My ruddy mouth I trow."

"The ladye clothes her servants, sooth,  
In garb of motley guise;  
'Tis very rain-bow like, in truth,  
So varied are its dyes."

"Twelve lads I worsted in the town,—  
In every quarter, three,  
By way of fine, they paid me down  
The four-fold cloth you see."

"Not all the world, that I have seen,  
Could better page afford:  
The ladye must be the beggar queen,  
With open house and board.

Unknown at court, so bright a dame  
No longer must abide.  
Up! ladyes three, and lords the same,  
And bring her in her pride."

Young Rowland with the goblet hies  
From forth the hall of state.  
Three lords and three fair ladyes rise  
Upon his steps to wait.

The king look'd forth, for he was fain  
To see the merry sight:  
And now they hasten back again,  
Those lords and ladyes bright.

"Gramercy!" cried, in wilder'd mood,  
The wonder-stricken king,  
"That I upon the royal blood  
This sore contempt should bring.

Gramercy! Sister Berta, pale,  
In pilgrim garb of grey!  
That thou shoud'st come with tatter'd veil  
And beggar's staff to-day!"

Before the king, with paly mien  
The ladye cast her down,  
But wrothful glanc'd the kingly e'en  
And dark—the kingly frown.

The ladye durst not meet the sight,  
Her tongue was tied with shame;  
Young Rowland's glance was free and bright,  
He call'd the king by name.

Then quoth the king, in milder tone,  
"Sweet sister, rise and live;  
Thy Rowland here, thy little son,  
Hath taught me to forgive."

The ladye rose with look so bright,—  
"Dear brother mine," quoth she,  
"My little Rowland shall requite  
What thou hast done for me,—

Shall bear him worthy hero race  
Upon the tented field,  
And win him kingly arms to grace  
His banner and his shield,—

Shall grasp at many a kingly board  
With bold, unflinching hand;  
And see to honour bright restor'd  
His pining mother-land."

---

**ROWLAND THE SHIELD-BEARER.**

At Aachen, with his princes fine,  
King Karl once sate at table,  
His pages serv'd him game and wine,  
The best that they were able.  
And golden cups of brilliant sheen,  
And jewels bright, the red and green,  
Were sparkling at the banquet.

Then quoth King Karl, that man of might,  
"What boots this tawdry glitter?  
That gem, the brightest of the bright,  
To grace the board were fitter.  
That gem, that sparkles like the sun,  
In Ardennes' forest may be won,  
May be from giant wrested."

Count Richard, Archbishop Turpin,  
Bavarian Naims and Haimon,  
Milon von Aglant, Count Garin,—  
Right pleasant names to rhyme on,—  
Sprang up to do achievement brave,  
Bade henchmen bring them lance and glaive,  
And rode to seek the giant.

Young Rowland, son of Milon, spoke;—  
“Dear father, prithee, hear me;  
If aught be in the giant’s stroke  
At which I need to fear me;  
Yet I am not too little, now,  
To bear your goodly shield, I trow,  
And your long spear to carry.”

The six brave souls in company  
To Ardennes’ forest hied them;  
But when they reach’d its boundary,  
They straightway did divide them.  
The little Rowland rode afield  
Behind his sire; the hero’s shield  
And spear he lov’d to carry.

By moonlight soft and sunny sheen  
The hardy war-men prick it;  
But still no giant foe is seen  
In cavern or in thicket.  
At noon-tide, on the fourth long day,  
The Duke von Aglant sleeping lay  
Beneath a shady oak-tree.

Then Rowland saw a brilliant glow,  
A sparkling and a flashing!  
At sight of which the frightened roe  
Through covert green went dashing.  
He saw it came from buckler bright  
By giant borne, of monstrous height,  
Who strode adown the mountain.



“Well,” thought Rowland, “this monster here  
May be the source of cumber;  
But shall I wake my father dear,  
While soundest is his slumber?  
His steed is still awake, I see;  
His spear and shield and sword are free,  
His Rowland is awake too.”

Thereon he grasp'd the mighty hand,  
That foe was wont to yield to;  
• He took the lengthy lance in hand,  
And gather'd up the shield too;  
Then, mounting on Sir Milon's horse,  
He rode quite softly on his course,  
Lest he should wake his father.

The giant spied him, “well indeed!”  
Quoth he, with bursts of laughter,  
“A pretty doll for such a steed!  
What is the puppet after?  
His sword is twice as long as he,  
His spear will drag him off, I see;  
His shield is nigh to smother him.”

Young Rowland cried,—“Up, giant strong,  
Thy silly gibes to swallow;  
If I have target broad and long,  
It screens me in its hollow.  
A little man, a large-boned steed,  
Short arm, long sword, are good at need;  
For one can help the other.”

Then, lunging out, the giant tried  
To smite the foe that brav'd him,  
Young Rowland sway'd his horse aside,  
And dexterously sav'd him.  
He hurl'd his lance upon the foe,  
But from the magic shield the blow  
Rebounded on the caster.

Now all his hopes young Rowland plac'd  
In his good brand to aid him;  
The giant sought his own in haste;  
His awkward hand betray'd him.  
A nimble blow dealt young Rowland,  
And hew'd away the buckler-hand,  
The hand and shield together.

The giant's prowess quail'd at length  
His wonted valour left him;  
Of that bright gem, that gave him strength,  
Young Rowland had bereft him.  
He runs to rescue it; but see!  
Young Rowland stabs him in the knee,  
And featly throws him over.

Then Rowland grasp'd him by the hair,  
And trunk and head did sever;  
The blood flow'd down in torrents there,  
As if 'twould flow for ever.  
And then, with many a goodly stroke,  
The jewel from the shield he broke,  
And gloried in its brightness.

He snugly pouch'd the gem of charms,  
And, at a spring of water,  
He wash'd away from clothes and arms  
The bloody signs of slaughter.  
Then, riding back again, he found  
His father still upon the ground  
Beneath the shady oak-tree.

He laid him at his father's side,  
Till sleep stole gently o'er him;  
Sir Milon rose at evening-tide,  
And rose, he thought, before him.  
"Wake up, wake up, my son Rowland;  
Take quickly shield and lance in hand,  
And let us seek the giant."

Then up they rose and rode afield,  
They were asham'd to tarry;  
Young Rowland bore the sparkling shield  
And spear he lov'd to carry.  
And they have reach'd the place at length  
Where Rowland tried the giant's strength.  
The bloody corse still lay there.

How Rowland started, who shall say?  
And how he stared with wonder!—  
The head and hand he hew'd away  
Had been borne off as plunder.  
No more were seen or sword, or spear,  
Nor shield, nor mail, nor other gear,  
But trunk and limbs all bloody

Sir Milon eyed the carcase well  
"Whose is this corse, I wonder?  
A mighty oak-tree one may tell,  
Though it be torn asunder.  
The giant 'tis, and I, oh! shame!  
Have slept away the hope of fame,  
And sorely shall I rue it."—

At Aachen, at his palace gate  
Stood Karl, their kingly master;  
"What makes my trusty knights so late?  
I fear some dread disaster.  
No! by my kingly faith," he said,  
"Duke Haimon comes, the giant's head  
Upon his spear is spitted."

Sir Haimon came, all wo-bested;  
His spear he lower'd slowly;  
Before the king the gory head  
He laid with gesture lowly.  
"Within the wood the head I found,  
And very near it, on the ground,  
The giant's trunk was lying."

His only prize, the brave Turpin  
Produc'd the glove soon after;  
The brawny hand was still therein,  
He drew it out with laughter,  
"My fay! it is a relic fair,  
I found it in the forest there,  
Rough-hew'd, as you behold it."

Bavarian Naims came dragging in  
The lance-pole of the giant;  
'Twas neither very short nor thin,  
And any thing but pliant.  
"Within the wood I found this gear.  
Ho! bring me good Bavarian beer;  
A draught, may be, will cool me."

Count Richard came on foot so hale,  
Of his good courser chary;  
For in the giant's sword and mail  
It had enough to carry.  
"There's many a splinter missing still;  
Let him go seek for them, who will;  
I have my share already."

Count Garin show'd the shield afar  
Of him whilome so cruel.  
"He has the shield as prize of war,  
And he must have the jewel!"  
"The shield, good sirs, I bring, 'tis true,  
And fain had brought the jewel too;  
But some one has forestall'd me."

Then Milon and his page were seen  
Toward the palace trooping;  
Quite slow they rode; and Milon's mien  
Was wo-begone and drooping.  
Behind his father rode Rowland,  
With mighty shield and spear in hand,  
Which he so lov'd to carry.

And when they reach'd the court at length  
Where all the knights were waiting,  
He loos'd from out the targe of strength  
The boss of gilded plating.  
Then, putting in the jewel bright,  
It gave as wonderful a light  
As doth the sun at noon-day.

Now when the raptur'd king did see  
The splendid jewel burning,  
"Thrice bless'd," he shouted in his glee,  
"Our valiant Duke's returning.  
Anglante smote the giant foe;  
Anglante dealt the conquering blow,  
And won the costly jewel!"

Sir Milon too hath turn'd about  
To see the wondrous glaring,  
"Rowland, you little rogue, speak out;—  
Say, where have you been faring?"  
"Good father, do me not despite,  
If I despatch'd the unco' wight  
While you were at your slumbers."

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**KING KARL'S SEA-TRIP.**

King Karl with twelve companions bold  
To Palestine was steering;  
And heavily the vessel roll'd,  
O'er foamy waves careering.

Then quoth that hero bold, Rowland,  
"I'd fight a score brave fellows,  
But 'tis no use to make a stand  
Against the stormy billows."

"I," said the Dane, Sir Holger strong,  
"Could sing or dance ye galliards;  
But now the wind, in lieu of song,  
Is piping through the halliards."

Sir Oliver, good-natur'd elf,  
Was in a sad quandary,  
"I care not so much for myself  
As for my poor old Clary."

His churlish words in treacherous sort  
Sir Ganelon half smothers;  
"Provided I get safe to port,  
The devil take the others."

Archbishop Turpin fetch'd a sigh,  
"For God we fight and tourney;  
Then, gracious heaven, hear our cry,  
And speed us on our journey."

Count Richard spake,—The Fearless hight—  
"Ye sprites of hell attend me;  
I've done ye many a service bright,  
So ye may now befriend me."

Sir Naimis gave his feelings vent;  
"I've seldom much to fret at;  
But, on this unco' element,  
Good things are hard to get at."

"Well," spake Riol, a veteran gay,  
"I'm us'd to scenes of cumber,  
Yet, high and dry, so people say,  
'Twere pleasantest to slumber."

Next young Sir Lambert spake his wish,  
"Rough work for plates and dishes!  
But still, I'd rather eat a fish  
Than be the prey of fishes."

"Yea" quoth the noble Count Garein,  
"And I, too, have a notion,  
I'd rather drink the ruddy wine  
Than water in the ocean."



The spruce Sir Guy put in a word,  
Half simpering, half singing;  
"O would I were a little bird  
Unto my ladye winging."

Good Gottfried said, "right well I wis,  
That I should hold it sordid  
To ask a better fate, than is  
To my good mates accorded."

King Karl said nought, nor thought of land,  
He was too bold a rover,  
But steer'd the ship with stalwart hand  
Until the storm was over.

---

## TAILLEFER.

Norman Duke William once aloud did call—  
“Who singeth in my court and in my hall?  
Who singeth so witchingly, from morn to night,  
And makes my heart leap up in sheer delight?”

“It is Taillefer, as he is free to tell,  
Who sings in the court when he is at the well,—  
Who sings in the hall when he fans the faggot-  
flame,  
At break of morn, and at fall of eve the same.”

Then quoth the Duke, “I have a groom right true,  
Taillefer,—he serveth me with honour due;  
He draws me water and fans my fire aright,  
And sings so loud, that it nerves my arm with  
might.”

Quoth Taillefer, “and sooth, if I were free,  
Far better, my lord would I serve and sing to thee.  
How would I serve my Duke on a charger high!  
Would sing and ring with shield sword thereby.”

Not long was it ere Taillefer rode afield  
Upon a charger tall, with sword and shield.  
Duke William’s sister gaz’d from the turret high,  
Quoth she—“by heavens! a stately knight rides by.”

As he rode past where stood that sweet lady-form,  
He sang like the light breeze, and now he sang  
like the storm.

“Such lovely sounds,” quoth she, “I never yet knew!  
The tower doth quiver, my bosom is quivering too.”

Norman Duke William sail'd across the sea;  
To England with a mighty host steer'd he;  
Then he leap'd ashore and fell upon his hand,  
“Ha!” cried he, “I clutch and seize on thee England.”

When now the Normans to the battle strode,  
The noble Taillefer 'fore Duke William rode:  
“Full many a year have I sung and fed the brand,  
Full many a year have I sung with sword in hand.

And if I have faithfully serv'd and sung to you,  
First as a groom, and anon as a knight so true,—  
Then grant me to-day my guerdon bright to know,  
Forsooth, let me be the first to smite the foe.”

Foremost of all did Taillefer ride afield,  
Upon a lofty charger, with sword and shield.  
And cheerily swept his song o'er Hastings' plain;  
Of Rowland and knighthood brave he sang amain.

The lay anent Rowland, it sounded like the storm,  
And banners wav'd, and many a heart grew warm;  
Then knight and vassal were nerv'd to deeds of  
might.

Ha! Taillefer sang and fann'd the fire aright!

Then onward he prick'd and gave the leading thrust:  
An English champion needs must bite the dust.  
Then he brandish'd his sword and gave the leading  
blow:  
And again an English knight on earth lay low.

The Northmen saw it and charg'd across the field;  
Onward they rush'd with shout and clashing shield.  
How hurtled the arrow! how rang the falchion-  
blade!  
Till Harald and his bold vassals low were laid.

The Duke o'er the red field bid his banner wave,  
And his tent he pitch'd among the dead and brave.  
Then he sate at the feast with the golden cup in hand,  
On his head the crown so kingly of England.

“Taillefer brave, come, drink me a pledge,” quoth he,  
“In weal and woe thou hast serv'd and sung to me;  
But to-day, on Hastings' field, thou sang'st a song  
That shall ring in my ears, I ween, my whole life  
long.”

---

**THE CHARMED MAIL.**

“I must to field, my daughter dear;  
The frowning stars bespeak me fear:  
Then, work thy virgin hand of snow  
The charmed mail before I go.”

“My father! shall a maiden dare  
With her weak hand thy mail prepare?  
In stubborn steel I ne'er have wrought,  
I spin and weave as maiden ought.”

“Yea, spin, my child; at dead of night  
Let hell direct the thread aright.  
Then weave a vesture broad and long,  
The bloody fight shall prove it strong.”

At dead of night the full moon shone;  
The maiden spun the thread alone.  
“Hell speed” she cried; -the charm was wound,  
The spindle ran a fiery round!

Anon she near'd the weaving-stool,  
With trembling fingers plied the spool:  
Then came a hurried, whistling whir,  
As spirit-hands were helping her.

And when the host rode out by day,  
The Duke was seen in quaint array,—  
In white and wide and flowing vest,  
With blazon strange, and signs unblest.

The foe must own a demon's hand!  
Not one so bold as bid him stand.  
On him, the sword is snapp'd in twain;  
From him—the shaft recoils again.

Then pricks a stripling to the spot,  
“Hold, murderer, hold, I fear thee not.  
Thy hell-work stands thee ill in stead;  
The spell is broke, the charm is dead.”

Their glaives are met, their stroke is good;  
The charmed vest is bath'd in blood.  
They fight, till, fall'n on the sand,  
Each curses deep his foeman's hand.

The maiden sought the field of fray;  
She knew the quaint, the white array;  
But, when the death-wounds met her eye,  
She shriek'd in wildering agony.

“Is't thou, my child? Oh! maid unblest!  
How did'st thou spin the traitor vest?  
Did'st thou no hellish aid command?  
Or hast thou not a virgin's hand?”

“Ah! hellish aid I did command,  
But mine was not a virgin’s hand.  
I knew the foe that fought with thee,  
And spun thy shroud,—oh! woe is me!”

---

**THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL.**

In Eden Hall, its youthful lord  
Bade loud the festal trumpet call;  
Then, rising at the noisy board,  
He shouted, 'mid the wassail brawl,  
"Now bring me the Luck of Eden Hall."

The house's steward, old and tried,  
In sorrow heard the frantic call,  
And drew reluctantly aside  
The crystal goblet's silken pall;—  
They call'd it the Luck of Eden Hall.

Then quoth his lord; "now brim me up  
The blushing juice of Portugal."  
The trembling old man fill'd the cup,  
And purple light was shed on all:  
It stream'd from the Luck of Eden Hall.

"This crystal cup, of lucid ray,"—  
The young lord wav'd it high o'er all,—  
"Was erst the gift of fountain fay;  
Quoth she, but if the goblet fall,  
Farewell the Luck of Eden Hall!"



A goodly boon, for long have quaff'd  
The joyous line of Eden Hall;  
'Tis we who love to drain the draught  
And ring the glass of wassail brawl:—  
Come, strike to the Luck of Eden Hall!"

First, soft the sound, yet full and deep  
As is the tuneful night-bird's call;  
Then, like the mountain-torrent's sweep,—  
Till soon, with thunder-like appal,  
Resounds the Luck of Eden Hall!

"A fearless race hath kept till now  
The brittle glass from flaw or fall;  
And kept it all too long, I trow;  
Then strike, my gladsome revellers all,  
I'll prove me the Luck of Eden Hall."

The glass was shiver'd:—loud its cry!  
And loud the crash of roof and wall!  
Red flames rush'd in and rose on high.  
And whirl'd away were the revellers all  
With the vanishing Luck of Eden Hall.

Now in they dash, the ruthless horde,  
Who scal'd by night the castle-wall;  
The sword has slain the youthful lord,  
But still he grasps the goblet tall,  
The wreck of the Luck of Eden Hall.

At dawn the steward strays alone,  
An old man—in a ruin'd hall.  
He seeks his master's charred bone,  
He seeks, in the grisly scene of fall,  
The wreck of the Luck of Eden Hall.

“Stone walls,” he cries, “must fail, alas!  
The lofty pillar find its fall,  
The pride of earth prove frail as glass,  
And rifted be this earthly ball,  
One day, like the Luck of Eden Hall.”

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**COUNT EBERHARD RAUSCHEBART.**

Oh! on the hills of Suabia, is song for ever dead,  
 Where once so loud in Staufen's praise the minstrel  
 lay was sped?

Or, if not wholly perish'd yet, why tells it now  
 no more

Our gallant father's bravery, the knightly deeds of  
 yore?

We lisp full many a ditty still, point many a  
 fancy gay,

But scorn fair dame and damozel, the light of  
 whilome lay;

Where lusty hero-prowess lies and waits the wa-  
 kening spell,

We hurry by and shudder now, as bard may blush  
 to tell.

O rive thy coffin prison then, forswear the gloomy  
 fane,

And with thy son heroic come, thou Rauschebart,  
 again! \*)

Unblenchingly ye fought the fight till hoary age  
 came round;

Then rise once more that we may hear the cheery  
 falchion sound.

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\*) Count Eberhard of Würtemberg surnamed The Woful One, or Rustle-Beard (+ 1392) and his Son, Ulrich (+ 1388) lie buried beneath the Choir of Stuttgart Cathedral.

## I. THE SURPRISE IN WILDBAD.

It was a sun-bright summer's day, and balmy was  
the air;  
The woods were green, the gardens all were full  
of blossom fair:  
When forth at Stuttgart's gate there rode a knight  
of lofty part,  
Count Eberhard, The Woful, he, the hoary Rau-  
schebart.

With scanty show of company he far'd upon his  
way;  
Nor helm, nor panser bearing then, nor boune for  
bloody fray;  
To Wildbad he was |pricking where the kindly  
water sprung.—  
It is a spring that heals the sick and makes the  
old man young.

At Hirsau's noble priory, the knight, he drew his  
rein:  
Right fain was he the cooling cup of cloister-wine  
to drain.  
Then through the pine-wood, down the vale, the  
green vale wended he,  
Where o'er its rocky bed the Ens ran murmur-  
ring pleasantly.

At Wildbad, on the market place, there stands a  
hostel fair;  
As sign to bid the sojourner a bright spear hang-  
eth there.  
The Count alighted from his steed, partook of  
kindly rest,  
And daily wended to the spring, like noble knightly  
guest.

There, having doff'd his bright array, and snatch'd  
a short repose,  
And murmur'd fitting orison, he bath'd him where  
it flows:  
Right well aware to place him where, from forth  
the rocky rent,  
In fullest and in hottest gush the noble stream is  
sent.

A sorely wounded boat, they say, that wash'd his  
gory snout,  
Betray'd the spring to merry folk that hunted  
thereabout.  
And now the noble knight must own, 'tis pastime  
sweet to him,  
To wash, and stretch at listless length, each scarr'd  
and stalwart limb.

But lo! runs up a lightsome page, all hurriedly  
and pale,—

“Sir Count, there winds an armed band adown  
the upper vale.

They come with heavy bludgeon-brands; their chief-  
tain’s shield, before,  
Shows little rose of gold above a savage, grisly  
boar.”

“My son, they are the Hackmen bold, they hack  
right free and fine:

Give me my mail of proof, my page; their chief  
is Eberstein.

Right well I ken the grisly boar in savage soulder  
born;

Right well I know the little rose, it bears a prickly  
thorn.”

“Gramercy!” up a shepherd runs, as breathless  
and as pale,—

“Sir Count, there winds a motley troop adown the  
lower vale.

Their chieftain bears three mighty bills; his ar-  
mour beams and blinks,  
That, eke as at the levin-flash, my dazzled eye-  
ball winks.”

“Aha! ’tis he of Wunnenstein, the Blinking Wolf-  
ling hight.  
My mantle, page, I know him well and his escut-  
cheon bright.  
Stint cause of joy he bringeth me; his axe’s stroke  
is good;  
But gird me on my sword, my page; the Wolfing  
snuffeth blood.”

To startle in the soft warm flood some little maid-  
en shy,  
Is harmless sport that neither man nor maiden  
suffers by;  
But, when a hoary knight is caught, thus unad-  
dress’d to strife,  
A heavy ransom pays the jest, if not the hero’s  
life.

Then quoth the shepherd, honest soul,—“now list,  
Sir Knight, to me;  
I know of many a secret path that never man  
did see.  
No steed avails to climb, forsooth, where chamois  
frisk and play;  
But if ye’ll only follow me, I’ll bring ye safe  
away.”

They clamber up the weary steep, and pierce the  
tangled green:  
The Count must hew him way with sword so  
trusty and so keen.  
To him the thought of coward flight was bitter-  
ness and rue:  
He yearn'd for fight, "the bath," quoth he, "hath  
nerv'd my arm anew."

But in the sultry heat of noon, all over hill and  
dale!  
Ah! he must lean him on his sword, his strength  
has 'gun to quail.  
The shepherd felt in piteous sort his noble mas-  
ter's plight,  
And hove him on his back; quoth he, "I do it  
with delight."

"Ah!" thought the Count, The Woful One, "'tis  
cheery, by my fay,  
To be thus borne by trusty soul along a weary  
way.  
In danger's hour my liegemen true are boune for  
service bright,  
And shame it were to trample on their dear, their  
Good Old Right!"



When, after this, the rescued Count in Stuttgart  
sate in pride,  
He had memorial medals struck and issu'd far  
and wide.  
Then many a shining piece unto his faithful swain  
gave he;  
And sent the doughty Hackmen some by way of  
mockery.

Then many a cunning mason he to Wildbad bade  
repair  
And build a goodly wall around the open basin  
there.  
That thus in future summers there each aged man  
may go,  
And bathe him, and grow young again, unharass'd  
by the foe.

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## 2. THE THREE KINGS AT HEIMSEN.

Three kings at Heimsen reigning, hey! say, what  
may this betide?  
With train of knights and chargers tall in splen-  
dour and in pride!  
They are the lordly chiefs that rule the Hackman  
brotherhood:  
By dubbing themselves kings, they make their  
cause seem very good.

Together there they sit enthron'd, engag'd in deep  
debate;  
A warlike deed they ponder on, and parley long  
and late.  
They ponder how Count Eberhard may fittest be  
ensnar'd,  
And, better now than in the bath, be taken un-  
prepar'd.

How he may pine in durance, while his castles  
wasted be,  
Till he hath set from every thrall his knightly  
vassals free.  
Ah! then farewell the Country's peace! then fare-  
well, feudal Right!  
For then will lord it o'er the world the free, the  
haughty knight.

The shades of night had fallen fast, the three kings  
lay asleep.  
And now again the cocks 'gan crow at morning's  
early peep:  
When, hark ye from the warder's tow'r the signal-  
trumpet bray!  
Arise! ye slumberers, arise! the horn foretells the  
fray.

And now, without, in storm and mist, 'tis like a  
waving sea;  
From all sides toward the little town streams war-  
like company.  
And half-hush'd voices now are heard, and sounds  
of mingling men,  
The clang of arms, and snorting steeds advancing  
through the glen.

And when the morning breaks, and when the mist  
begins to sink,  
Ha! how the studded morning-stars and steely  
lances blink!  
The gather'd peasants round the place in serried  
order stand,  
And, 'mid them, see old Rustle-Beard with his good  
blade in hand!

The Hackmen think to guard the town, their kingly  
hold to save,  
And shower store of shafts and stones in many a  
volley brave.  
"Aye, softly," cried the Woful One,—"I'll warm  
your bath enow,  
I'll make it steam and reek until your peepers  
smart, I trow."

Now all around the sturdy walls they pil'd them  
up by night  
A goodly store of wood and straw, well-laid and  
tarr'd aright.  
Then red-hot shafts flew hissing in, the scathing  
flame to raise;  
And fiery wreaths of flame were cast, till all was  
in a blaze.

And still anon from every side new store of fuel  
came;  
The sturdy yeomen, one and all, rejoice to feed  
the flame;  
Till higher still, and higher now, the tongue-like  
fire soars;  
How airily it climbs the roof! how terribly it  
roars!

One port is free: this stretch of grace the Count  
had not denied;  
And softly, lightly now the bolt is being drawn  
aside;  
Ah! surely now they sally forth in resolute des-  
pair,—  
No, peacefully they come, as they that seek the  
house of prayer.

The Hackmen kings move first on foot, in piteous,  
lowly guise:  
Nor cap, nor helmet shields their heads, nor veils  
their down-cast eyes.  
Then follow store of knights and grooms at slow  
and measur'd pace,  
In sort that one might count them all, and look  
them in the face.

“Fair welcome,” cried the Woful One, “thrice wel-  
come, by the rood!  
I have ye fairly in my hold, my worthy brother-  
hood.  
'Tis thus the visit at the bath it lists me to repay:  
But Wunnenstein I miss, my friends;—a pity, by  
my fay!”

A yeoman young, who at the fire had duly play'd  
his part,  
And noted well the chance of war, while leaning  
on his dart.  
“Three kings at Heimsen!” murmurr'd he; “that  
is a goodly treat;  
Why! now we only want a fourth to make the  
pack complete.”

---

### 3. THE BATTLE OF REUTLINGEN.

At Achalm sits an eagle brood upon the rocky  
height,  
Count Ulrich 'tis, the Woful's son, with many a  
gallant knight.  
How hover they o'er Reutlingen! how dread a war  
they wage!  
Ah! soon the city walls must yield before their  
stormy rage.

But suddenly the freemen all arise at dead of  
night,  
And sally forth through Urach's vale to do the  
foe despite.  
The village flames, the village mill is wrapt in  
ruin red;  
The herds are driven far away, the herdsmen all  
are dead.

Sir Ulrich hears the tale of scathe, and wrathfully  
hath sworn—  
Not one of them shall carry home a single hoof  
or horn.  
Then hurriedly the knights are seen to don their  
goodly mail:  
They bid their steeds caparison, and speed them  
to the vale.

Below the hill a little church, St. Leonard's hight,  
  is seen;  
And near it, fitting ground for fight, there is a  
  meadow green.  
They leap from off their chargers bold, and form  
  in proud array.  
Their lances bristle high in air; ah! who shall  
  dare the fray?

But through the distant Urach vale the foe are  
  coming now:  
The knights can hear the burghers shout, the jaded  
  cattle low:  
And onward still they hold their course with ready  
  heart and hand.  
How proudly do their banners wave! how glisten  
  spear and brand!

Now close in serried rank and file, ye knights so  
  gallant, close,  
Right little have ye augur'd of such dread and  
  deadly foes!  
The onset of the mighty gang is like the storm-  
  tost sea;  
The knights are like a stony wall, that stands  
  unblenchingly.

At Reutlingen there is a gate, 'tis quite forgotten  
now,  
So screen'd it is and cover'd by the clambering  
ivy-bough.  
But 'neath a sudden crashing shock the olden gate  
gives way,  
And through the breach a burgher band comes  
rushing forth to-day.

The rear-guard of the knights it is they smite in  
wrathful mood;  
The thirsty freeman pants to bathe his limbs in  
knightly blood.  
Oh! then to see the tanners all, how masterly they  
tann'd!  
Oh! then to see how purple-red the dyer dyed  
his hand!

To-day no prisoners reck they of, they only seek  
the dead:  
To-day the blood shall flow like rain, the mea-  
dow's bloom be red.  
Now closer still the knights are pent, more venge-  
fully assail'd,  
Till with a ring of brothers dead they see them-  
selves empal'd.



Their flag is lost; their gallant chief Sir Ulrich  
bleedeth sore.  
And even they, who live, are now too faint to  
battle more.  
The only hope of rescue left is in a goodly  
steed;  
They mount at once, and fleetly towards their castle-  
home they speed.

“Ah! Alm!” once groan’d a knight at whom the  
murderous arrow flew;  
“Almighty One,” he meant, and thence the fort its  
title drew.  
Sir Ulrich from his saddle fell, in bloody feverish  
qualm;  
And, if no sooner, then at least it might be call’d  
Achalm.

And on the morrow might be seen, at Rentlingen’s  
high gate,  
Full many a tried and trusty squire who wept his  
master’s fate.—  
There in the burgher-hall they lie, and form a  
mournful row,  
And thither now the squires all with trusty es-  
cort go.

Ah! there do more than sixty lie, so bloody and  
so wan ;—  
Not every squire knows at once the gallant mas-  
ter gone.  
But now to each the parting sign of service is  
allow'd,  
To wash the corse of him he loves, and wind it in  
its shroud.

Then on the bier and on the car, at mourn and  
measur'd pace,  
And garlanded with leaves of oak, as seems a  
hero race,  
The pageant draweth towards the gate, the olden  
town along,  
And mingles with the sullen bell the sound of  
funeral song.

Götz Weissenheim the hero is who leads the long  
array;  
He, gallant knight, it was who bore the banner  
in the fray.  
He listed not to loose his hold, while still his  
grasp had life;  
So worthily he leadeth them who fell with him  
in strife.

Three noble Counts come next, who bear a true  
heraldic name;  
From Tübingen, from Zollern, and from Schwarzen-  
berg they came.  
Ah! see on Zollern's honour'd corse a lucid garland  
shine!  
O was it, he foresaw perchance the splendour of  
his line?

Two knights, the father and the son, from Sachsen-  
heim are there;  
In poppies and in lilies bright they sleep, the  
noble pair.  
Of old in their ancestral seat a ghost was wont  
to roam,  
Whose doleful mien told grievous hap impending  
on their home.

A Knight of Lustnau woke of yore from death-  
like sleep to life,  
And went back in his shroud again at night-tide  
to his wife.  
Thus evermore his line were nam'd "The Dead"  
in jesting part;  
Here one is borne along whom death hath stricken  
to the heart.

My lay must draw it to a close; a truce to tales  
of woe!  
How many there were carried out, if any seek  
to know,  
The windows of the burgher-hall, in varied colours  
bright,  
Do shew the name and coat of arms of every fal-  
len knight.

Count Ulrich of his grievous wounds is fully heal'd  
at last.  
He rides him back to Stuttgart now, but rides not  
very fast.  
He finds his aged father at the noon-day meal  
alone;  
A frosty welcome! not a word is spoke in kindly  
tone.

Before his aged sire now Count Ulrich takes his  
seat.  
He casts his eyes upon the ground; they bring him  
wine and meat.  
But see! the old man grasps a knife,—to speak he  
doth not deign,—  
And mid-way cuts between them there the table-  
cloth in twain.

**4. THE BATTLE OF DÖFFINGEN.**

Oh! where the dead men lie asleep, it is so still  
and lone!

Nor aught is heard but whisper'd prayer near cross  
and funeral-stone.

At Döffingen 'twas otherwise, for there, the live-  
long day,

The church-yard rang with blow and thrust and  
shouts of vengeful fray.

The burghers are come out again; the freemen  
make a stand;

They house their stock betimes and guard the  
beasts with gallant hand.

With mattock, spear, and axe anon they meet the  
Spoiler brave:

Ah! he who falls may lightly there be suited with  
a grave.

Count Eberhard, the Woful One, he leaps anon  
to horse,

And to his trusty yeomen's aid he cites a mighty  
force.

The stars of knighthood heed at once their Countly  
liege's call:

The noble Lion-league sends out its lords and vas-  
sal all.

But now, from Wolf of Wunnenstein a mounted  
herald see!

“My lord will send a banner’d host to do you ser-  
vice free.”

Replied the haughty Count at once, “I reck not  
of his aid;

The medal I bestow’d on him need no-wise be  
repaid.”

Eft-soons Sir Ulrich can discern the ranks of  
burgher foes;

Above them Augsburg’s, Reutlingen’s, and Ulm’s  
fair banners rose.

Then ’gins the old wound burn anew and wrangle  
in his breast,

“I know, ye overweening crew, what means your  
swollen crest.”

He pricketh to his sire, “I seek to pay an olden  
debt,

And with the help of God to win my father’s fa-  
vour yet.

For if I may not share with thee one cloth, thou  
hero bright,

Yet on one bloody field with thee ’tis granted me  
to fight.”

They light from off their goodly steeds, the lion-  
leaguers all;  
And on the foe how truly fell and lion-like they  
fall!  
The lion Ulrich, how he pants to slaughter and to  
slay!  
His word is pledg'd; he *will* clear off the olden  
debt to-day.

Whom bear they from the fight, and lay beside  
the stunted oak?  
"God help me!" was the gurgled groan, the parting  
prayer he spoke.  
O royal oak, the lightning rove thy goodly trunk  
in twain,  
O Ulrich, thee, thou gallant knight, the angry  
sword hath slain.

Then cries the war-man old and true, whom nought  
could bend or bow,  
"Blench not! as any other man is he who fell  
e'en now.  
Strike home! the foeman flies," he cried;—a voice  
of thunder spoke;  
His beard it rustled on the wind: how boar-like  
was his stroke!

The burghers hear in wonderment that cunning  
shout of guile,  
“Who fly?” they cry; disorder shows in serried  
rank and file.  
That signal-word has been to them a witch-note  
of dismay;  
Count Eberhard and his brave knights have hewn  
them gallant way.

What is it beams and blinketh so, and fitfully  
doth shine?  
'Tis he with all-his yeomen bold—The Wolf of  
Wunnenstein.  
He dashes through the burgher host and scatters  
scathe about.  
The fight is won: the foeman fly in wild and reck-  
less rout.

The fray was fought at harvest-time; oh! 'twas  
a sultry day.  
How thickly then the noble sheaves on field and  
meadow lay.  
How many a sturdy reaper then his weary arm let  
fall!  
A bloody harvest-home it was for knights and reap-  
ers all!



And late and long the husbandman, who held the  
plough in hand,  
Would turn up spears and panser-rings and many  
a rusty brand.  
And when a linden-tree was sawn and stretch'd  
upon the ground,  
A skeleton and suit of mail within its trunk were  
found.

The fight was o'er; the brazen trump of victory  
ceas'd to bray,  
And Eberhard gave Wolf his hand upon the field  
of fray.  
"Fair thanks, my war-man bold, ride home, and  
be my guest to-night;  
And we will feast it merrily for all this stubborn  
fight."

"Aye!" quoth the Wolf in laughing mood; "sin'  
you approve the bout,  
To spite the burghers, not to gain your thanks, I  
fought it out.  
Good night, good speed to you Sir Count, let each  
maintain his right:—  
He spake, and gallop'd off anon with squire and  
with knight.

At Döfflingen the Count made halt and lighted  
from his horse,  
And mourn'd all night beside his son's, his only  
Ulrich's corse.  
He kneel'd so lowly at the bier; his face he veiled  
well;  
May be, he dropp'd a silent tear; but this I cannot  
tell.

Then with the early peep of dawn he mounts his  
steed again,  
And fareth on to Stuttgart's walls with all his  
knightly train.  
But see! a Zuffenhauser swain is hasting o'er  
the lea.  
"The shepherd looks in doleful case; what may  
his tidings be?"

'Bad news, I bring, Sir Count," quoth he; "for  
late as yester-night,  
The Wolfling fell upon the fold and took as  
seem'd him right."  
Then cheerily the Count did laugh from out his  
beard of grey:  
"The Wolfling caters for the spit; that is the  
Wolfling's way."

Now lustily they ride along; till, in the valley  
green,

In morning bright, the castle-keep of Stuttgart may  
be seen.

And thence there hies on hasty foot a little page  
so trim,—

“Methinks the stripling’s look gives hope of merry  
news from him.”

“All hail! Sir Count; for, sooth I come a mes-  
senger of joy;

Thou hast a little great grand-son, Antonia’s pretty  
boy.”

Then thankfully the hoary knight his hands to  
heaven rais’d:

“The finch hath found him seed again;—the hand  
of God be praised!”

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**THE CUP-BEARER OF LIMBURG.**

There dwelt, on Limburg's castled height,  
A noble knight whilome,  
Whom no one, or by day or night,  
Could ever find at home.  
He roam'd about o'er dale and down,  
The river wide did swim,  
The rain might fall, the tempest frown,  
It matter'd nought to him.

His jerkin was of leather brown,  
His hat of huntsman sort,  
Bedeck'd with flowers, such as crown  
The friends of woodland sport.  
There dangled ever at his side  
A drinking-quaigh of wood;  
He had a long gigantic stride;  
And very tall he stood.

Hale grooms and yeomen he possess'd,  
And steeds of goodly strain;  
But still he lov'd to foot it best  
Without is hunting-train.  
A spear was all the suite he took,  
When he went forth to stroll;  
The which he us'd to cross the brook  
By way of leaping pole.

Whilome the German Kaiser dwelt  
On Hohenstaufen's height.  
With all his men of spur and belt  
He sped the chace aright.  
When, pressing, fleetly as the wind,  
The ffying doe one day,  
His merry men were left behind,  
And he was all astray.

Beside a spring, so clear and cool,  
His weary rein he drew;  
For all around the little pool  
Right lovely flowers grew.  
'Twas here, a noon-tide nap to take,  
That he did fain dismount,  
When hark! what rustles through the brake?—  
Before him stands the Count!

“Ho, ho!” cried he, in pettish sort,  
“So, neighbour, here you roam,  
Who never choose to come to court,  
And seldom stay at home.  
You’ll bid us rove the woods at last,  
And catch you if we can,  
And, when we have you, hold you fast,  
You nimble-footed man.”

When now the Count sat down, nor gave  
A glance that told of guile,  
And in the earth beside him drave  
His hunting-spear the while,—  
Then on the spear the Kaiser fell,  
And grasp’d the shaft with glee;  
“This pledge, I take it to mysel’,  
Of service due to me.

This spear a forfeit I declare  
Of which I stood in need;  
And thou shalt have, as quittance fair,  
E’en this my fleetest steed.  
Not such a man it seems to tramp  
Through wood and wold at large,  
But under me, in court or camp,  
To seek a better charge.”

“O good Sir Kaiser, give me ear,  
’Twould grieve me sore at heart  
With my free life of foray here,  
With my good spear to part.  
I have a steed can run a course,  
Nor need your goodly bay;  
’Twill serve me best to mount a horse  
When I am old and grey.”

“To talk with one so proud as thee  
I ween were little good;  
But, dangling at thy side, I see  
A drinking-quaigh of wood.  
I am athirst, so have the grace  
Your drinking-cup to dip,  
And with the waters of the place  
To cool your liege’s lip.”

The Count hath risen,—he is gone  
To rinse and fill the cup,—  
Then to his Kaiser’s lip anon  
He holds the beaker up.  
Oh! deep he drank the water bright,  
It was a goodly sign!  
He quaff’d it with as much delight  
As ’twere the choicest wine.

Then, seizing on his easy dupe,  
He thus make speech to him,  
"You rins'd for me the hunting-scoop,  
And fill'd it to the brim.  
Right loyally you lifted up  
The cooling draught for me.  
Henceforth then, he, who bore the cup,  
Arch-Cup-Bearer shall be."

---



## SINGENDALE.

A Duke sits 'neath the oak-tree bough  
All in the forest fair,  
And see! a lovely maiden now  
Is culling berries there.  
Strawberries, on their fragrant spray,  
She gave the hoar old man;  
But oh! her song, more sweet than they,  
Still held his heart in ban.

"Ah! after leagues of stormy chace,  
Thou gentle maid," quoth he,  
"When weary of the wildering race,  
Thy song hath solac'd me.  
Refreshing to the palate seem  
The berries thou dost bring;  
But trill thy song, for 'tis a dream  
Of joy to hear thee sing.

Now, when my ivory horn is wound  
Beneath the old oak-tree,  
Within the circuit of the sound  
The vale belongs to me.  
But far as sounds thy ditty light  
From yonder birchen bough,  
None other shall have manor right  
Within the vale but thou."

The hoary huntsman wound once more  
His cheery bugle spell;  
'Twas like the dying tempest's roar  
Upon the distant fell.  
And hark! anon the maiden sings  
Her blithesome, tuneful tale,  
As thousand happy angel wings  
Were rustling o'er the vale.

His signet-ring, to prove his fay,  
He plac'd upon her hand;  
"My forest-sport I quit for aye,  
And thine is now the land."  
The pretty maiden, curtseying,  
Then sped her from the grove,  
And through the little golden ring  
Her braid of berries of rove.—

While still the bugle's shrilly sound  
Of hunting-foray told,  
The couching boar was seen aground  
Within the gloomy wold;  
There bay'd the thirsty blood-hound crew  
From which the roe-buck fled;  
Or wildly rose the last halloo,  
Above the quarry dead.

But now the singing maid holds sway,  
All round are meadows green,  
Where little lambkins frisk and play,  
And cherry-groves are seen.  
Glad morris-dancers trip along  
The peaceful shining vale;  
And since whilome 'twas won by song,  
They call it Singendale.

---

## VER SACRUM.

When erst the Latin hosts, though strange to fear,  
Could stem no more the onset of the foe,  
They fell before the sacred Martian spear,  
And rais'd their hands and eyes in prayerful woe.

Then spake the priest who bore the sacred sign,  
"Through me the wrathful god proclams his will.  
To note auspicious flight may not be mine,  
While Spring-tide's fruits remain untender'd still."

"To him the premisses of Spring-tide fair,  
What Spring-tide gives," they cried, "to him be  
given."

Then rang the lance, soft pinions clove the air,  
And back the proud Etrurian host was driven.

They wended home with victory's gladsome shout,  
And while they triumph'd grew the landscape green;  
Beneath the charger's hoof fresh flow'rs sprang out  
And, where the spear touch'd, budding trees were  
seen.

But at the altar, by Lavinium's gate,  
To bid the victors hail, a bright array  
Of matrons fair and lovely virgins wait,  
Bedight with garlands that have bloom'd to-day.

And, when the joyous sounds of welcome ceas'd,  
Ascending solemnly the sacred mound,  
He bow'd him low to earth, the reverent priest,  
And drove the holy war-shaft in the ground.

“Hail thou, Preserver, of the vengeful hand!  
Fulfill'd aright our sacred pledge shall be;  
I spread my arms o'er all the blooming land,  
And give the garniture of Spring to thee.

Whate'er yon fleece-clad meadow reareth now—  
Or lamb, or kid—shall smoulder in they fane,  
No more the tender steer expect the plough,  
No more the mettled charger wait the rein.

Whate'er the fruit yon blooming gardens bear,  
Whate'er the now green blade one day shall be,  
No mortal hand shall cull the harvest there:  
To thee be all, we tender all to thee.”

Then prostrate thrown the listening throng were seen,  
That hallow'd Spring-tide lay in voiceless rest;  
It shed on all a thrice-refulgent sheen,  
And holy presage thrill'd in every breast.

“Think ye,” the flamen cried, and stood sublime,  
“Your lives redeem'd, your faith perfected now?  
Have ye forgot the laws of olden time?  
Or did ye lightly weigh your recent vow?”

The odorous bud, the cheerful seed-field's smile,  
The meadow where the young foal snuffs the air,  
Can they betoken Spring, if youth the while,  
The nobler youth of man be wanting there?

More dear than thousand lambs your god esteems  
The virgin in the grace of youthful charms;  
More dear to him, than thousand foals, he deems  
The youthful cohorts in the pride of arms.

Oh! not in vain, young victors in the fight,  
With god-like ardour did your bosoms burn.  
Oh! not in vain we saw, ye virgins bright,  
Your rising beauty welcome our return.

O Mars! a people owns thy saving hand;  
In shameful thrall thou would'st not see them  
  pine;  
The youth of one whole year thou dost demand;  
O take them, they are holy, they are thine!"

Again in prostrate dread the people lay,  
The young devoted victims stood apart;  
Though pale and wan, how beautiful were they!  
While holy awe was rife in every heart.

They tremble now, who erst as suppliants came,  
And tongue-bound kneel before their wrathful god;  
When lo! from ether blue a quivering flame  
Enwreathes the spear and coils around the rod.

The priest in rapture saw the glorious sight:  
And then, with streaming beard, and silver hair,  
And eyes that glisten'd with celestial light,  
He spake aloud the will revealed there.

The god forswearth not his sacred prey,  
Yet life he craves, and spurns a death-like dower;  
No bootless Spring for him that fades away,  
But Spring resplendent in productive power.

From these Lavinian walls, the god of strife  
Demands a chosen race to do his will;  
And this fair Spring, instinct with embryo life,  
Enfolds for him a mighty future still.

Then choose each mail-clad youth the gentle bride,—  
The fitting wreath already wreathes her hair;  
Shrink not the virgin from her lover's side,  
And where your stars direct, O wend ye there.

The teeming grain, whose young blades still are  
                                green,  
Shall clothe your distant fields with goodly fruit;  
The trees, e'en now in tender blossom seen,  
Shall yield the procreant seed and nursling shoot.

The rising steer shall plough your new-won lands,  
The frisking lamb your verdant meadows graze;  
The nimble foal shall thrive beneath your hands,  
To furnish steeds of war for future days.

For yours shall be on victory's field to shine;  
'Tis this that marks the god's career on earth,  
Who, while ye gaz'd, descended on his shrine,  
And give you prestige of your kingly birth.

His spear within your sacred fane shall stand,  
And martial leaders ring the shaft amain,  
Ere they go forth to war o'er sea and land,  
And sweep the sounding earth on victory's wain.

Ye now have heard the awful god's decree;  
Then haste! prepare to do his high behest:  
The seed-corn of a future world are ye,—  
And such the Spring-tide fruits that please him  
best."

---



**THE KING'S SON.**

**1.**

It was the blind old king that sate  
Upon his father's throne;  
His mantle—like the crimson eve,  
His crown like the sun-set shone.

“Your portions, my two eldest sons,  
My broad demesnes shall be:  
But thou, my third, my dearest child,  
What shall I give to thee?”

“Give me, of all thy treasur'd store,  
The rusty old crown alone.  
Give me three ships, I'll sail afar,  
And seek myself a throne.”

---

**2.**

The stripling stands upon the deck;  
His fleet barks sail away;  
The sun shines bright; through his golden hair  
The wanton breezes play.

The helm doth creak, the sail is bent,  
The chequer'd pennons fly;  
And singing mermaids round the keel  
Come sporting merrily.

Quoth he, "this is my kingdom fair,  
My free and frolic home,  
As far as round the sluggish earth  
The deep blue waters roam."

But scowling clouds move up anon,  
Of storm and thunder blent;  
Fell lightnings flash amid the gloom,  
And the toppling masts are rent.

Waves come careering o'er the bark,  
Like mighty hills to see.  
Ah! swallow'd up is the kingly boy,  
With his frolic realm so free.

---

### 3.

#### Fisher.

Oh! swallow'd up are mast and hull  
And drown'd—the seaman's cry:  
But see! who through the rolling surge  
His lusty way doth ply.

With sturdy arm he smites the flood,  
Nor recks what scathe it bring.  
Bears not his head a golden crown?  
Aye, sure it is a king.

### Youth.

The son of a king, in truth am I,  
Though homeless now and lorn;  
For first of a weakly mother I,  
An earthly one, was born.

And now have I, a second time,  
Been born of the mighty sea;  
She rock'd us in her giant arms,  
My brothers all and me.

The others died in her caress;  
But me she brought astrand.  
I ween, as a goodly realm for me,  
She has chosen all this broad land.

---

### 4.

### Fisher.

Why dost thou eye the little hook  
From break of morn to night,  
Yet never bring'st, with all thy pains,  
One little fish to light?

**Youth.**

I angle not for fishes now,  
I spy in the deep, deep sea—  
Too deep for any hook, I trow—  
Right kingly bravery.

---

**5.**

How royally the lion stalks,  
And shakes his dewy mane!  
He shouteth his proud hest  
O'er upland and plain.

My strong hand shall smite him  
With javelin bold;  
Round my loins I will gird me  
His raiment of gold.

The eagle king swears to soar  
Till he hath won,  
For his crownlet of glory,  
The gold-bright sun.

But in the high clouds  
My shaft shall o'er take him!  
A fleet-winged arrow  
My vassal shall make him.

6.

A wild horse scoureth through the wood,  
Nor knows of curb or rein;  
The fire of his hoof enfolds  
His golden bushy mane.

The king's son stays his fleet career,  
And boundeth on him free.  
With swelling chest, and flying tail,  
And proud neigh cometh he.

And all the tenants of the vale  
Arouse them at the din;  
'Tis like the stormy thunder's sweep  
O'er mountain, cliff and lynn.

The king's son dashes down the steep  
In lion-like array.  
The golden mane flies wild in air,  
And fire marks his way.

And all the people crowd around  
With jubilee and song;  
"All hail!" they cry, "it is the king  
Whom we have lack'd so long."

---

7.

There is a lofty, beetling rock  
Round which the eagle flies;  
But none will climb the dreadful height  
Whereon the dragon lies.

He coucheth there 'mid mouldering walls,  
With shining gold-bright crest;  
He rattleth loud, and spawleth flame  
From forth his savage breast.

The stripling takes nor shield nor sword,  
But mounts with footstep bold;  
He casts his arms around the beast,  
And looseth not his hold.

He kisses thrice the flaming maw,—  
The spell-work may not bide,—  
His arms enclasp a lovely maid,  
The loveliest far and wide.

A crowned bride, upon his breast  
The lovely damsel lies;  
And from the olden ruins see  
A kingly palace rise!

---

## 8.

Now sate the king and lovely queen  
Upon their sparkling throne:  
It vied with the crimson blush of morn;  
The crown like the sunset shone.

Proud knights stood, vassal-like, around,  
With swords in their manly hold:  
Not one of them could take his eyes  
Off that bright throne of gold.

An old blind minstrel lean'd upon  
The harp that was his pride;  
He felt the time was come at last  
For which he long had sigh'd.

In that bright blaze the darkling scales  
That veil'd his sight gave way;  
He gaz'd and could not gaze enough  
On all the bright array.

He struck his dear-lov'd harp once more,  
And clear his ditty rung,—  
It is his dying-swan-like lay  
The hoary bard hath sung.

---

**THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.**

In olden times a castle stood, a castle high and  
grand,  
And far unto the ocean blue it shone across the  
land.

With fragrant gardens all around—a blooming  
wreath—bedight,  
And fountains fresh, that sprang within, and play'd  
in rain-bow light.

There sate a haughty king enrich'd with many a  
conquer'd vale:

He sate upon his throne, and show'd so scowling  
and so pale!

For what he thinks is horror, and what he looks  
is rage;

A scourge he speaks, and what he writes is blood  
upon the page!

There wander'd toward the castle once a noble  
minstrel pair:

Fair golden locks adorn'd the one, but grey the  
other's hair.

The elder, with his harp in hand, a palfrey fair  
did ride;

His blooming fellow-traveller tripp'd lightly at his  
side.



The old man to the stripling spake, "prepare thee  
now, my son:  
Bethink thee of our searching songs, their most  
entrancing tone.  
Brace all thy nerves together now, for pleasure  
or for pain;  
For we must try to-day to move the king's hard  
heart amain."

Already stood the minstrels in the pillar'd hall  
of state,  
And on their lofty throne the king and queenly  
consort sate.  
The first, in awful splendour, like the bloody nor-  
thern gleam;  
Than she, no full moon's gentle ray could sweeter,  
milder seem.

Then rous'd the aged sire the strings like magic  
from repose,  
And ever richer on the ear the swelling numbers  
rose ;  
While stream'd the stripling's angel voice the  
sounding harp above,  
And mingled with the old man's song like spirit-  
notes of love.

They sang of love, they sang the blest, the golden  
days of youth,  
Of liberty, of manly worth, of holiness and truth,  
Of all the thousand sweet delights the human  
breast can know,  
Of all the high designs that fill the heart of man  
below.

The scoffer's gibe can please no more the throng-  
ing courtiers now;  
In worship to the God on high the sturdy warriors  
bow.  
The gentle Queen, with melancholy's soft delight  
opprest,  
Throws down the singers thankfully the roses  
from her breast.

"Ye have seduc'd my people; will ye now my wife  
obtain?"  
Exclaim'd the king, while every limb with fury  
quak'd again!  
He hurl'd his sword; the flashing blade hath pierc'd  
the stripling's heart,  
And from that golden source of song the gushing  
blood-streams start.

And whilst the listeners tempest-struck, are speech-  
less with alarm,  
The boy hath gurgled forth his soul upon his  
master's arm;  
He wraps his mantle round him there upon the  
palfrey plac'd,  
Upright and firm he binds him on and quits those  
halls in haste.

Yet at the lofty gate awhile the aged minstrel  
stays,  
And grasps his harp, the fairest harp that grac'd  
the bardal days:  
Against a marble pillar dash'd, the twanging frag-  
ments fly,  
The while through ward and guard his song re-  
soundeth fearfully.

“Woe unto ye, ye haughty halls, nor harp, nor  
harper's song  
Shall ever sweetly sound again your list'ning walls  
along.  
Be yours the sigh, the groan, where slaves with  
coward step steal by,  
Till trampled 'neath avenging feet your mouldering  
ruins lie.

Wo! wo! ye gardens fragrant in the gentle light  
of May,  
I show you here how death hath writh'd this  
guiltless face to-day.  
So shall your verdure blasted be, your every  
fountain fail,  
And chang'd to stony deserts shall ye tell the  
murderer's tale.

Wo! wicked murd'rer to thee, thou curse of  
bardic story!  
In vain be all thy strivings for the bloody wreath  
of glory.  
Thy name shall be forgotten all, to endless night  
consign'd,  
As the rattle of the dying fades upon the empty  
wind."

So cried the aged minstrel then, nor cried to  
heaven in vain:—  
The rampart lies in ruins now, the halls are rent  
in twain.  
One lofty pillar only tells of pomp and splendour  
past,  
And this is harried so by time, each night may  
be its last.

And, where the fragrant gardens were, is desert  
heather-land,—

No tree that shades! no cooling spring that bubbles  
through the sand!

No hero-tale to speak his name, nor poet's lay to  
sing!

Effac'd! forgot! the minstrel's curse hath fallen on  
the king!

---

**THE SUNKEN CROWN.**

Upon the hill-top yonder,  
A little cot doth stand;  
The gazer from its threshold  
Sees all the lovely land.  
There sits a free-born peasant  
Upon the seat-form'd sod;  
He whets his scythe at evening,  
And sings his thanks to God.

The pool there, in the valley,  
Hath ta'en its twilight shroud,  
Within its depths is buried  
A crown so rich and proud.  
Its sapphires and carbuncles  
Their blaze at night give out;  
But 'tis a thing for long, long years  
No one has car'd about.

---

**TELL'S DEATH.**

O green the Alps, when in the vale  
The avalanche lies still;  
When down anon the snow-drifts sail,  
The shepherds seek the hill.  
In semblance fair to you 'tis given,  
Ye Alpine sons, to see,  
The while those icy bonds are riven,  
The strife of liberty.

The Schächen from the dell to-day  
Comes turbulently wild;  
And rock and pine are borne away  
Before the mountain child.  
It snaps the bridge, in boisterous joy,  
That spreads from bank to bank;  
And washes off the reckless boy  
That seeks to cross the plank.

A hoary wand'rer hears his cry  
Amid the torrent's din;  
He shrinketh not at peril nigh,  
But plunges boldly in.  
With dauntless arm, intent to save,  
He whirls the boy ashore;—  
The child escapes an early grave;  
The man is seen no more.

When, calmer grown, the sated flood  
Disgorg'd the corse again,  
Around it wailing women stood,  
And sorrow-stricken men.  
As though the crashing earth-quake's stroke  
Had sunder'd flood and fell;  
From every lip one mourn cry broke:  
"O Tell is dead, our Tell!"

Where I a free-born mountaineer,  
A shepherd 'mid the snows,  
Or ferryman who, strange to fear,  
Across green Uri goes.  
And could I come, by sorrow led,  
Where Tell had pass'd away,  
O I would raise the hero's head,  
And warble thus my lay.



“Here liest thou passionless and cold  
Who wast the life of all;  
And, down thy paly visage roll’d,  
The trickling flood-drops fall.  
The child for whom thou dar’d’st the strife  
Is here with rosy cheek;  
And fairly of enfranchis’d life  
Thy glowing mountains speak.

The love, that prompted thee to save  
When waters sought to drown,  
Whilome to thee the impulse gave  
To strike the tyrant down.  
On generous purpose still intent,  
Thou knew’st not of dismay,  
Nor when thy noble brow was brent,  
Nor when thy locks were grey.

Had’st thou put forth a stripling’s hand  
To grasp the boy e’en now,—  
Had both in safety reach’d the land  
The rescu’d one and thou,—  
We should have augur’d far and wide  
Thy future deeds of fame;  
Yet sweet must be to hero tried,  
The humbler hero-name.

Thy patriot ear in times gone by  
Had rung with lofty praise,  
Yet spurn'd'st thou not the fainter cry  
Of woe in after days.  
He does, what free-born heroes dare,  
Who, 'neath the victor's crown,  
Upon the simply good and fair  
With loving eye looks down.

Thy steps were safe while thou wert bent  
The work of wrath to do,  
But, when on kindlier aim intent,  
Thy fortune prov'd untrue.  
In patriot strife, God list not take  
The life of struggling Tell;  
But, sacrific'd for childhood's sake,  
The offering pleas'd Him well.

Where that avenging arrow flew,  
That faultless shaft of thine,  
A chapel meets the pilgrim's view,  
A judgment-speaking sign.  
But here, where erst thy dying groan  
Set helpless childhood free,  
A simple little cross of stone  
Is all that tells of thee.

O far and wide his praise shall fly  
Who freed his native land;  
And noble poets long shall vie  
To laud the hero's hand.  
But when the herdsman threads the glen  
At eve by Shächen's tide,  
O he shall sing to echo then—  
How Tell, the hero, died.”

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## THE CAVE OF THE BELLS.

I know a grotto,— all around  
The mountain crystals glare;  
And very wondrous gifts of sound  
Are congregated there.  
Whate'er you sing, whate'er you say,  
Responsive bells begin to play.

This twilight nook two lovers seek,  
Alike in fond distress,  
And speak, what they have burn'd to speak,  
Affection's first sweet "yes".  
A little bell keeps tune and time,  
With one of louder, fuller chime.

Now others come in noisy rout,  
A toper-crew are they;  
They drive the brimming bowl about,  
And troll the drunken lay.  
The bells were never heard to strike  
A peal so dread and larum-like!

Two men of solemn, thoughtful strain,  
And knit by holy band,  
Discourse of that they love in vain,  
Their German father-land.  
Then through the sombre vault doth swell  
The sullen, deep-tongued funeral-bell.

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**THE LOST CHURCH.**

From o'er the far wood, faint and low,  
A frequent chime salutes the hearer ;  
Though whence it cometh, none may know ;  
Nor doth tradition make it clearer.  
From forth the lost church, rumours say,  
The sound upon the breeze doth wind it ;  
Once, countless pilgrims throng'd the way,  
Now not a human eye can find it.

Not long ago, I pierc'd the wood,  
No beaten track my footsteps leading,  
But secret longings after God  
Against the evil world were pleading.  
Far on, where all was lone and still,  
The chimes repaid my aspirations ;  
And fast on each ecstatic thrill  
More sweetly came the rich vibrations.

With soul enrapt, and senses all  
Subdu'd, entranc'd by strains delicious,  
I wist not then what heavenly thrall  
Had led me up that height ambitious.  
Methought a hundred years of bliss  
Had thus been whil'd away in dreaming,  
And, far above the clouds of this,  
A lovelier, sun-bright world was beaming.

A stately dome of mystic hue,  
And fashion strange to earthly story,  
Beneath a sky of lucid blue  
Reflected half the day-beam's glory.  
And wavy cloudlets, fring'd with light,  
Methought, like radiant wings, were given  
To waft the pile, whose utmost height  
Dissolv'd amid the sheen of heaven.

But when aloft the silvery bell  
With joyous descant shook the tower,  
By holy impulse rose and fell,  
Impassive all to human power,—  
I felt as though the sound divine,  
Would rack my throbbing heart to madness,  
And, turning, sought the inmost shrine  
With trembling step and timid gladness.

There, what the beauteous temple show'd,  
Defies a mortal's cold expression;  
On many a dim-lit window glow'd  
The martyr-signs of man's transgression.  
And then, miraculously bright,  
The painted scene respired slowly,  
Till through a lustrous world of light  
Were wand'ring dames and warriors holy.

I strove to kneel, and prostrate thrown,  
Mine eye with angel reverence beaming,  
Beheld the chequer'd roof send down  
The tints of heaven profusely streaming,  
Again I dar'd the dazzling view,—  
The mighty cupola was riven!  
The skies their portal wide withdrew,  
And every veil was rent from heaven.

Sought I to tell the mysteries found  
Within that revelation splendid,  
Sought I to tell what blessed sound  
The organ and the clarion blended,—  
Vain, vain my words! and weak my rhyme!  
But he, whose wish to see is sorest,  
Oh! let him mark the mystic chime,  
That sweetly peals above the forest.

---

**THE SUNKEN CLOISTER.**

A cloister grey has sunk from view  
Beneath the cold, wild wave:  
The nuns and goodly pater too  
Have found a watery grave.  
The nixies gay, that haunt the deep,  
Come swimming up amain;  
They only want to take a peep  
At what the walls contain.

They trip it softly, pit-a-pat,  
Across the stony floor;  
And, little arch crew, listen at  
The locutory door.  
They chaunt awhile, then, light as air,  
Run o'er the organ keys:  
The little bell must call to prayer,  
Just when and how they please.



Now, o'er the moon-lit strand by night  
The little meteors glance;  
In priestly raiment, donn'd aright,  
All round and round they dance.  
Their white veils flutter fair and free;  
Their black stoles sweep the ground;  
The tapers sputter cheerily  
With every blithesome bound.

A cobold sly, who lurking lay  
Behind a ruin'd wall,  
Hath filch'd the the abbot's cowl away  
From one who let it fall.  
Intent the little crew to fright,  
He comes, a mummer grave:  
They only mock the silly sprite,  
And vanish in the wave.

---

**A FAIRY-TALE.**

Ye've heard, no doubt, the story told  
Of damsel doom'd to keep  
Her couch within a forest-hold  
Some hundred years, asleep.  
The wondrous sleeper's name to know  
Was first allow'd to me;  
I found it out not long ago:  
'Tis German Poesy.

Two mighty fairies came to where  
The princely baby lay,  
As if to bring some present rare  
To grace her natal day.  
The first said sharply—"silly thing,  
Smile on me while you can;  
I'll make a spindle's deadly sting  
Cut short your little span."

The other spake in kinder strain  
"Smile on me, pretty thing;  
My blessing you shall have to sain  
And heal the deadly sting.  
'Twill guard you well, and steep you fast  
In balmy slumber too,  
Till, when four hundred years are past,  
A king's son waketh you."

Then in the realm was issu'd out  
A very grave decree:  
Through every street 'twas nois'd about  
With death as penalty.  
The people should no longer keep  
The spindles they had got,  
But straightway pile them in a heap,  
And burn them on the spot.

Then, as is wont to be the case,  
The infant was not rear'd  
In gloomy room or other place  
Where spindles might be fear'd.  
But by the rose's dancing spray,  
In woodland, cool resorts,  
With gay companions all the day  
She sped her merry sports.

And she grew up a ladye fair,  
Oh! very fair to view,—  
With long and golden flow of hair,  
And eyes of darkest blue.  
Of truthful tongue, and bearing chaste,  
And duly practis'd in  
Each pretty lady-work of taste,—  
She could do all but spin.

On her, too, knights of proud estate  
With loving eye did look;  
Sir Henry Ofterdingen, great  
Sir Wolfram Ashenbrook.  
They went abroad in mail of steel,  
With golden harps in hand.  
How happy might a princess feel  
With such a service-band!

With sword and spear, and hauberk wreath'd,  
They came to war address'd;  
Each sang the fair, and singing breath'd  
Defiance to the rest.  
They sang the praise of God above,  
Of valour's hero play,  
The coyer, gentler sense of love,  
And sweetly-flowering May.

From forth the walls of ancient towns  
The fainting echo flew;  
The citizens and peasant clowns  
Awoke the song anew.  
The herdsman sang it who aloft  
In cloudy watch doth sit;  
And from the deeply sunken shaft  
The miner shouted it.

One night of May the stars did shine  
And twinkle wondrous fair;  
The princess took it for a sign  
To mount the turret-stair.  
She clomb the stair, and gain'd the roof,  
Soft creature, all alone,  
When from a chamber-door aloof  
A paly lantern shone.

A wither'd crone, with hoary hair,  
Was spinning at the spool:  
Most likely she was not aware  
Of that new spindle rule.  
The princess who had ne'er, I trow,  
Of such an art been told,  
Stepp'd in,—“pray tell me, who art thou?  
If I may be so bold.”

“The name they give me, pretty dear,  
Is Closet Poesy;  
For from this dingy closet here  
I never yet was free.  
I always keep my favourite place  
By distaff, wheel and strap:  
My old blind cat, with equal grace,  
Lies spinning in my lap.

Long moral poems, very long,  
My busy hand hath wrought;  
And flaxen lengths of hero song  
I twirl off quick as thought.  
My tom-cat boasts the tragic art,  
My wheel—a lyric turn;  
My spindle, in a comic part,  
Can dance, as you shall learn.”

At this the princess pale did grow,  
For spindles were her dread;  
In vain she sought to 'scape the foe,—  
It follow'd as she fled,  
The threshold, old and gone to rot,  
Did make her footing reel,  
And so the spindle, on the spot,  
Flew down and prick'd her heel.

It was a shocking sight to all  
When, next day, she was found;  
She was the cruel fairy's thrall,  
And slept the sleep profound.  
But in the high saloon behold  
A costly couch set out,  
And roses o'er the cloth of gold  
Profusely strewn about!

So slept the princess in the hall  
In gorgeous, rich array;  
And soon upon the others all  
That heavy slumber lay.  
The minstrels, as the dream came on,  
Their strains more feebly tried;  
Till, in those wide halls, one by one,  
The last faint echoes died.

But still the old crone span away  
Amid her garret's gloom;  
The spiders, too, span night and day,  
In ward and hall and room.  
The twining creepers span and wove  
Around the princely pile;  
And, spreading out in heaven above,  
The grey mist span the while.

Now, after some four hundred years,  
The king's son came on horse,  
And with his merry hunting-spears  
Bent forest-ward his course.  
"What wondrous towers and ramparts grey,  
That ages, sure, have stood,  
Are towering up in strange array  
Above the lofty wood?"

Just then, a spindle-seller old  
Was standing by the way:  
"Good Prince, if I may be so bold,  
Be warn'd by me to-day.  
Romantic man-devourers keep  
The gates of yonder hall:  
And their barbarian knives they steep  
In blood of great and small."

The king's son chose in desperate wrath  
Three hunters from his band,  
And castle-ward he hew'd his path  
With these three, sword in hand.  
The bridge was down, the gate-way free  
And open to the rout:  
And at that very moment, see,  
A little stag sprang out!



For still in barbican and court  
Was seen the woodland glade,  
And pretty birds, of merry sort,  
Were singing in the shade.  
The huntsmen listed not to wait,  
But hasten'd boldly on  
To where a high and princely gate  
Among the bushes shone.

Two giants there, in slumber lost,  
Before the portal lay,  
And still they held their halberts cross'd,  
As if to bar the way.  
But fearlessly the huntsmen all  
Those drowsy giants pass'd,  
Till in a spacious banner'd hall  
They found themselves at last.

And there in many a lofty niche  
Did lovely ladies stand,  
And knights in armour, bright and rich,  
With golden harps in hand;  
Exalted forms with closed e'en,  
So speechless and so cold;  
As on the hoary tombs are seen—  
The sculptur'd tombs of old.

And in the lofty hall was seen  
A couch of golden ray;  
There, brightly clad in jewell'd sheen,  
A lovely virgin lay.  
Fresh roses round the sweet one grew,  
Luxuriantly wreath'd;  
From cheek and lip so ruddy too  
A tender rose-light breath'd.

The king's son, all intent to wis  
If life still linger'd there,  
Did stoop and print a gentle kiss  
Upon that cheek so fair.  
Ah! soon he knew, or might have known,  
By that warm, honied breath—  
That dreamy arm around him thrown,  
That it was nought of death.

From off her brow she smooth'd away  
Each errant, golden tress,  
And upward look'd, in sweet dismay,  
And blue-eyed loveliness.  
Then in the niches, all around,  
Woke knight and ladye fair;  
And minstrel songs of olden sound  
Reechoed on the air.

A morning, bright with gleams of gold,  
Brought back this sweet May-tide;  
Then from the gloomy forest-hold  
The prince led forth his bride.  
How grand the olden bards' array!  
How proud they stride along!  
Like weird and giant spirits they  
Endu'd with wondrous song!

The drowsy vales with new-born zest  
For minstrel numbers thrill,  
And he, who feels within his breast  
Some youthful fire still,—  
He cries aloud in joyous strain,  
“Thanks, golden dawn, to thee,  
Who now hast brought us back again  
The German Poesy.”

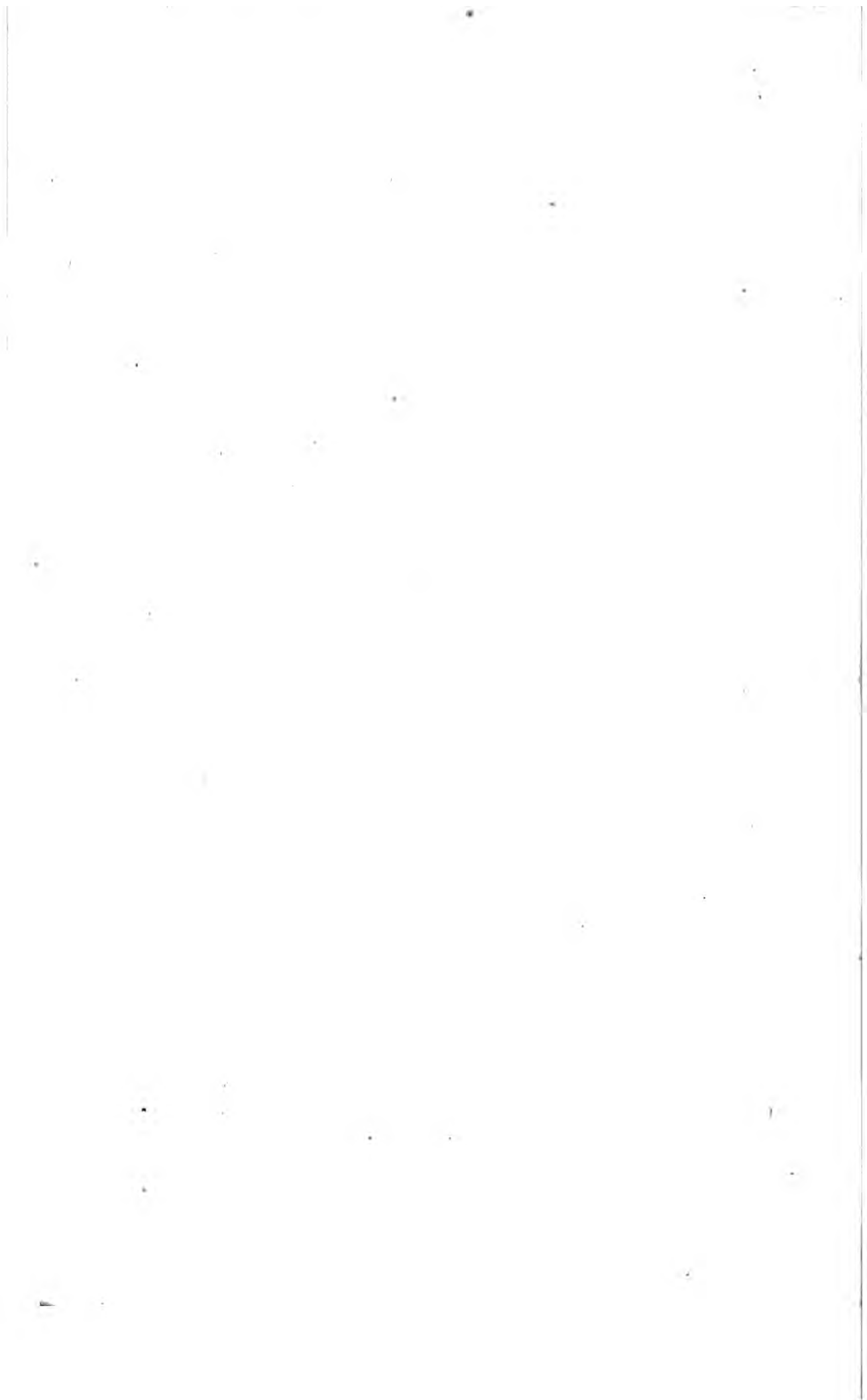
Still sitting in her garret's gloom  
The old crone tries to spin;  
But through the long since roofless room  
The rain comes beating in.  
The thread escapes her palsied hand,  
And mocks her weak control.  
May Heaven grant her slumbers bland,  
And rest her poor old soul!

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**NOTES.**





## NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Proem. "*E'en the vine, the fragrant-blowing,  
Weeps anon*" etc.

Is in allusion to a juicy exudation visible on the branches of the vine in Spring. It is thin and transparent as a tear, and wholly unlike the resinous matter that oozes at certain seasons from other trees.

Proem. "*Meet for catches gay or galliards,*"

I do not mean this as a specimen of a very perfect rhyme. But as the word 'galliard' is obsolete, the reader will perhaps indulge me by giving it the required pronunciation. The word occurs in the sense here intended, i. e. 'a merry dance' both in the 'Twelfth Night' and the Henry 'The Fifth' of Shakespeare; also in Kenilworth. I would cite the passages, but I am sure it will be more profitable and agreeable to the reader to search for them.

P. 15. "*See the chapel of the mountain*"

Nothing can be more unpretendingly beautiful than the original of this little poem. Uhland seems to have embodied in it the full spirit of the scene. The little Chapel of Wurmlingen, alluded to, is situated on the last and highest peak of a long range of hills, that extend themselves seven or eight miles in a south-west direction from Tübingen, dividing the vallies of the Neckar and the Ammer. The traveller who visits Tübingen should make an excursion thither: the walk along the foot of the vine-hills, or through the fir-woods that surmount them, will amply repay him.

P. 23. "*And when the alarm-bell sounds  
this way,*"

This alludes, I believe, to an alarm of fire. How readily all ranks unite in extinguishing the flames on such an occasion in Germany, and how excellent the arrangements of the different companies are, must be familiar to every one who has made any stay in the country. The shepherd-boy, as he speaks of his sword, was probably a soldier as well.

P. 85. *Dedication of the House.*

This custom is falling into disuse. Formerly, when the house had reached its destined height, the branch of a fir-tree, or other green tree, was placed on the extreme top of the gable; and one of the head workmen, ascending to the spot, made an appropriate speech to the people below, and broke a bottle of wine over the unfinished building. It was altogether a convivial ceremony. The order to "brick up the house" is in perfect consonance with the system of building in the South and, if I mistake not, in many other parts of Germany, where less brick and much more wood is employed than is the case among ourselves. First, a good solid foundation is laid in the usual way; and the stranger, who passes the spot some two or three days after this, is surprised to see the whole superstructure consisting of from three to five stories already reared up *in carcase*. The solution of the riddle is that the timbers are hewn and shaped beforehand to their proper dimensions and fittings, so that the mere matter of building is speedily accomplished. The intervals are subsequently filled up with brick, stone, etc.

P. 98. "*Forwards is Field-Marshal too,*"

Marshal Blücher was jocosely termed "Forwards", this being his favourite signal-word. The poem was written in 1815.

P. 99. "*Ill bodings rang in every ear;*"

Also written in the year 1815, at the time of Napoleon's return from Elba.

P. 101. "*The German Language-Union.*"

In the year 1817 a society was formed in Berlin for the purpose stated in the poem. It had also in view the resuscitation of German patriotism, now released from the incubus of Napoleon's despotism. However, nothing important resulted from it.

P. 109. "*To Burgomaster Klüpfel.*"

See Biographical Notice of Ludwig Uhland, as also for an elucidation of the poem "The Good Old Right" p. 112.

P. 122. "*Ergot of Rye.*"

This poem, so figuratively singular and bold, was written in the stormy period of the year 1816. Of course it was impossible for me to give an exact rendering of "Schwindelhaber, Dippelhaber." I have therefore used the less humourous words "Ergot rank and darnel-grass," these being the most noxious herbs that grow among the corn.

P. 125. "*O Prince, whose ancestors could raise*" etc.

Wilhelm Friedrich Karl, the present King of Württemberg.

Page 127. "*On St. Christopher's Day.*"

Christoph, Duke of Württemberg, the only son of the famous Duke Ulrich of Württemberg and the Princess Sabine of Bavaria, was born on the 12<sup>th</sup> of May 1515. His fortunes were most chequered and remarkable. Driven from his country, at the time of his father's expatriation at the hands of the Suabian league, he was for some time a prisoner in Austria, and afterwards a refugee in Spain. Philip the Generous, of Hesse, could ill brook the sequestration of his kinsman Ulrich's dominions. He and others took arms in Ulrich's cause against Austria; and the event of the Battle of Laufen reinstated the fallen prince in his territory. Christoph soon after this, returned. He succeeded his father in 1550, and having shone illustriously as the political and religious legislator of his country, he died on the 28. Dec. 1568.



St. Christoph or St. Christophorus—whose day stands as the heading of the poem, merely from the consonance of the name—was a great giant, miracle-worker, treasure-finder etc. The legends relating to him are amusing, but I have not space for them here. He is said by some to have been born in Syria, by others in Palestine, to have been baptized by the Bishop of Babylas in Antioch, and to have suffered a manful martyrdom in Asia Minor during the persecutions under the Emperor Decius in the middle of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Century.

P. 151. "*A life all youth, and bloom, and brilliant hue!*"

Hauff is so celebrated, even in England, that a note in this place might almost be dispensed with. He was born Nov. 29. 1802 at Stuttgart. Originally intended for a Theologian, he was educated at the Cloister-School of Blaubeuren, and in 1820 he removed to the University of Tübingen. In 1826 he became tutor in a family of consideration in Stuttgart. His career was brief but "brilliant". In the short period of two years he published eighteen small volumes consisting of Poems, Tales and the clever historical Novel entitled "Lichtenstein," and thus became a distinguished favourite with the public. But scarcely had he entered upon the editorship of the Morgen-Blatt (Stuttgart) when illness carried him off on the 18. Nov. 1827. Gustav Schwab recited an original poem at his grave, subsequently writing his life and making a collection of his works.

P. 157. "*In Varnhagen's Album.*"

Karl Augustus Varnhagen von Ense, born 1785 at Düsseldorf, was distinguished both as a poet and a statesman; his title was that of Privy Councillor of Legation (Geheimer Legationsrath). He appeared as a poet in 1803, when with Adelbert v. Chamisso he published one of the "Muses' Keepsakes." (Musen-Almanach) His after works were very numerous and various; and his wife, as poetess, was almost equally celebrated.

P. 158. "*To Kerner.*"

Justinus Kerner (not to be confounded with Theodor Körner, the enthusiastic poet of the War of Liberty 1813) is a name well worthy of remark. Kerner was born on the 18. Februar 1786 at Ludwigsburg, in Württemberg. He studied medicine at Tübingen. There he found Uhland. Identity of tastes contributed to cement their friendship. — In 1819 on his return from his travels, Kerner settled at Weinsberg, at the foot of Weiber-Treue. (See Note on P. 371) In concert with Uhland, Schwab, Karl and August Mayer, and others, he superintended the publication of the "Suabian Keepsake for 1812," and in 1813 of the "Dichterswald," thus assisting materially in laying the foundation, of the new Suabian School of Poetry. His poems were first published as a collection in Stuttgart, 1812; and in a still more complete state in 1826, and 1834. He devoted himself subsequently with considerable zeal to the discovery of the poison resident in adipose substances. His devotion, at a later period, to animal magnetism, and the singular nature of his faith in the doings of the spirit-world have, in many respects, been unfortunate for him.

P. 182. "*Catherine.*"

Katharina Pawlowna was the daughter of the Emperor Paul of Russia, and widow of Prince Peter of Holstein-Oldenburg. She was born the 21<sup>st</sup> May 1788, was married to the present King of Württemberg Jan. 24<sup>th</sup> 1816. She died Jan 9<sup>th</sup> 1819.

P. 187. "*Schildeis.*"

This is merely a fictitious name. But the good Eckart is constantly making his appearance in old German romance. I would refer the reader to Tiecks Tale of "The Faithful Eckart" and also to his "Tannenhæuser" or "The Lord of the Firwoods" where Eckart is again introduced.—An old popular story is the foundation of this fragment.

P. 200. "*Baron de la Motte Fouqué.*"

The celebrated Fouqué was born at Neubrandenburg on the 13<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1777. He died but three or

four years ago. His beautiful little Romance of Undine is a favourite every where; but his works are now too well known to render it necessary for me to cite their names.

P. 209. "*Conradin*".

With this ill-fated prince the House of Hohenstaufen became extinct. Henry VI. son of the great Barbarossa (Frederic I.) succeeded in 1190 to the throne of the Empire. He had married Constantia, the heiress of Naples and Sicily, but subsequently was obliged to wrest from Tancred by force, the territory which had devolved to him by this marriage. This new acquisition of domain was a constant source of trouble to Henry. The popes, jealous at seeing themselves pent in on all sides by the encroachments of the German Emperors, exerted themselves to foster sedition among their subjects, and bring the reigning family to ruin. A regent and three Emperors had successively held the reigns of government during the period that intervened between the death of Henry and the campaign undertaken by the youthful Conradin to regain the Italian territory of his fathers. On the death of Conrad IV, 1250, whose power had been exceedingly circumscribed, the Popes utterly deprived Conradin his son and legitimate successor, both of the imperial crown and of that of the two Sicilies also. Conradin, however, was scarcely seventeen years of age when he formed the bold project of reconquering the kingdom of his ancestors in Italy. With the help of the Duchies of Suabia and Franconia, he raised an army of Germans. Frederic of Baden bore him company in this expedition. They crossed the Alps, traversed Italy without interruption, and met Charles of Anjou, in favour of whom the Popes had sequestered the crown, in the field of Lis near the Lake of Celeno. Fortune, which at first favoured the arms of Conradin and Frederic, ultimately deserted them. The young prince and his faithful friend were forced to fly. Treachery subsequently delivered them into the hands of the conqueror, who, with atrocious barbarity, had them beheaded. Thus passed away the last remnant of the glory of Hohenstaufen.

P. 274. "*The Landlady's Daughter.*"

I fear I have not done this little song justice. But it is truly a difficult task to give a reflex of the touching simplicity of the original. Every one, who has been any time in Germany, must be aware how popular it is there. The "three wayfarers" imply three of those wandering mechanics (Handwerksbursche) who traverse the country for a certain period in all directions in order to gain a thorough knowledge of their handicraft.—The tone of mind induced by fine summer weather and German scenery is best adapted for an appreciation of these couplets.

P. 297—337. "*The Victor.*" "*The Knight of St. George.*" etc.

The poems comprised in these pages are in the style of the Spanish Romaunt. They are, in every other respect, perfectly original as far as their German author is concerned.

P. 345. "*The Three Castles.*"

Three beautiful fabrics of the poet's invention

P. 364. "*To Karl Mayer.*"

See Note entitled "To Kerner."

P. 371. "*Weinsberg,—Woman's Truth.—Luther.*"

Weinsberg is a town, in the Neckar Circle of Württemberg, on the Sulm. The ruins of the Castle called "Woman's Truth" are still to be seen there. When the Emperor Conrad III laid siege to the town in 1140, the women had permission to carry out the articles that were dearest to them. History informs us that they carried out their husbands. (See Jäger's "Beschreibung und Geschichte der Burg Weibertreue."—)

The great Martin Luther was no ascetic. In one of his merry moments he is reported to have written the following couplet, which frequently adorns the margin of the wine-bills, drinking-cups etc. in houses of glad resort in Germany.

“Who loves not woman, wine and song,  
Remains a fool his whole life long.”

The story of Luther's conflict with the devil, when he put the fiend to flight by throwing his inkstand at him, is well known.

P. 372. “*Like dinning mill the dances sound,  
The wild wine whirls the ladles  
round;*”

The *ladles* are the cross-pieces on the mill-wheel that catch the stroke of the water.

P. 382. “*Count Eberstreit.*”

The name in the original is Eberstein, a far-famed hero of the olden time. Had I retained the termination of ‘stein’ I should have been at a loss for rhyme, and thereby have spoiled the poem, the point of which is so dependent on the sprightliness of its form and the ease of its flow.

P. 385. “*They call them our Suabian tricks.*”

The knight said this in ironic vindication of his countrymen on whom the babble of tradition has cast the stigma of dullness. A Suabian trick (Schwaben-streich) means proverbially, though absurdly enough, ‘a stupid act’.

P. 396. “*Milon von Aglant, Count Garin,—*”

The inverted accentuation of the names that occur in this and others of the ballads is agreeable to the original; as also the two-fold accentuation of Rowland. But the reader doubtlessly knows that this is constantly met with in Ballad poetry.

P. 416. “*Count Eberhard Rauschebart.*”

I believe I have mistranslated one of this old warrior's surnames. “Greiner” *here* means “brawler” or “wrangler”. But the word is obsolete in this sense.

I have also been wrong in confounding him with Count Eberhard im Bart (p. 348) who lived some three or four generations later, and was a still greater man. (See Zimmermann's *Geschichte*.)

P. 417. "*Wildbad.*"

This little watering place situated in a beautiful part of the Black Forest is still a favourite resort in the summer months.

Justinus Kerner has written a work detailing the efficacy of its springs. I mention this merely by the way; for there may possibly be twenty others equally good or better.

P. 438. "*And when a linden-tree*" etc.

Old Chronicles tell of a fugitive on-leaguer having thus concealed himself.





## ERRATA.

Page.	Line.				
80 (Title)		for	For	read	Far
83	12	"	sung	"	sang
93	4	"	of me	"	if we
93	15	"	of	"	if
94	5	"	mete	"	meet
96 (Title)		"	On	"	To
96	11	"	wdds	"	woods
141	9		of surges	"	of the surges
158	1	"	If	"	It
163	12	"	here; —	"	here?
244	9	"	bells,	"	bells'
301	11	"	in	"	on
338	22	"	Wen	"	Wend
351	11	"	its	"	his
441	11	"	flowers	"	feathers
442	4	"	is	"	his
469	17	"	Where	"	Were
469	20	"	goes.	"	goes,—

