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BATAVIAN ANTHOLOGY;

OR,

SPECIMENS

OF

The Dutch Poets;

WITH REMARKS ON

THE POETICAL LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE

OF

THE NETHERLANDS.

BY

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AND

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“ Bloeit, Hollands taal en poëzij! ”

DA COSTA.

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16.



“ Op, Bilderdijken! op! bedwingt dien toon niet langer,
Gij, Feithen van mijne eeuw, op u alleen nog grootsch!
Op, Helmers, staaf onze eer, stoutmoedig, vurig zanger!
Vervul dien dubblen pligt, oorspronkelijke Loots!
Voor mij, gewend aan zachter kwelen,
'k Wil langer huislijk heil noch kindschgekozel spelen,
Maar tintlen van den gloed, die door uw aadren ziet;
Voor mij, ik wil, in stouter noten,
Mijn krachten met mijn moed vergrooten,
En staamlen, waar gij zingt, den weérklank van uw lied.”

TOLLENS.



Poetical Literature
OF
THE NETHERLANDS.

THERE is a country almost within sight of the shores of our island, whose literature is less known to us than that of Persia or Hindostan: a country too, distinguished for its civilization, and for its important contributions to the mass of human knowledge. Its language claims a close kindred with our own; and its government has been generally such as to excite the sympathies of an English spirit. It is indeed most strange, that while the Poets of Germany have found hundreds of admirers and thousands of critics, those of a land nearer in position—more allied by habit and by history with our thoughts and recollections—should have been passed-by

unnoticed. It would be as soon expected to hear the birds of the East filling our woods and valleys with their songs, as to find the Batavian minstrels in our libraries or our drawing-rooms. Have they been fairly judged, and judicially condemned? O no! They have never even obtained a hearing.

And may they not hope to be heard?—for there are many among them whose reputation is as firmly established, though not so widely diffused, as that of the most renowned among the sons of fame. Vondel, for example, ingenious, emphatic and sublime, as he is, has never found an interpreter, perhaps scarcely ever even a reader, in England.

Yet did not the Netherlands produce Erasmus, Grotius, Lipsius, and Boerhaave? And can it be believed that not one child of inspiration has been found there, to proclaim their genius and their greatness in the language of their land? When Barneveldt, the old man, perished, was there no bard to assert his innocence and to sing his dreadful death? The country of Ru-

bens and Vandyk, of Rembrandt and Ruysdaal, and a hundred besides—"whose glory is gone forth to the ends of the earth,"—has it no children of the elder, the diviner art? The archives of Holland and Flanders are wreathed with glory, and the deeds of her heroes and her patriots have been "wedded to immortal verse." In Holland the seeds of poetical genius have been scattered—in Holland they have budded and blossomed—they have been brightened by the dew of natural feeling—they have been shone on by the sun of enthusiasm: they are fair—they are fragrant,—and we have ventured to gather them, and to transplant them to our own Gulistân.

As the beauty of the flower that blooms unobserved in the desert, or the brightness of the pearl that shines undiscovered in the ocean, cannot be estimated, so the inattention to the claims of the Belgian Poets must rather be attributed to ignorance of their existence, than to any indisposition to recognize their excellencies. We trust they will not be cast aside as worthless and intrusive, even should our version of them ap-

pear unattractive. We would invite to a study of the originals :

“Tardi ingenii est rivulos consecrari fontes rerum non videre.”

The language of Holland, almost exclusively confined to those whose pursuits are in the main most unfriendly to literature—for the absorbing thirst of wealth soon destroys every other ambition—has been made the subject of scorn and contempt, not by those who know it, but by those to whom it is wholly unknown—for

“Homine imperito nunquam quidquam injustius.”

And wisdom, at one entrance, has been “quite shut out” by the influence of a ridicule first awakened by presumption, and afterwards repeated by bold and credulous ignorance. A work of some literary pretensions has been found to pour out its vial of contumely on the “long-suffering translator” who shall enter upon that work which has occupied our thoughts and our cares; while with the ironical sneer of uninformed and insolent pedantry, the critic—the British critic¹

¹ *British Critic* for April 1821, p. 444.

—adds: “We once saw a volume of Dutch poetry on the shelves of an emeritus Dutch skipper; and it was a translation of *Il Pastor Fido*—*βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ.*” Only think of the translator’s arrogance and the skipper’s want of decorum! The very frogs cry shame. Alas! it is ever thus. The scoffs of pragmatistical and superficial witlings almost drown the calm and sober voice of inquiry, and the unpretending communications of real wisdom. With a disposition and an ability to add something, however small, to the stock of knowledge, the mind is chilled and paralysed by the certainty that the pride of criticism can only be satisfied by sacrificing the timid adventurer. The criticism that instructs, even though it instruct severely, is most salutary and most valuable. It is of the criticism that insults, and while it insults informs not, that we have a right to complain.

The belief then, that a work which shall trace the origin and progress of Dutch Poetical Literature will find acceptance in England, has led to the present publication. The affinity between

the Dutch or Flemish language and our own¹ must, we imagine, be an additional cause of sympathy. Some interest will be felt in noting the agreement and following the divergencies of idioms originating in a common source, and moulded by circumstances into a different form and character:—more just and more definite ideas will necessarily be the reward of inquiring curiosity. Hitherto the Dutch tongue has been strangely misunderstood. It is not soft and musical—but it is sonorous and emphatic: it has not the beauties of the vowelled idioms of the South—but it has beauties they can never possess. Languages have their distinguishing attributes; and the characteristics of one are often wholly incompatible with the peculiarities of another. Similar sounds cannot, in fact, express hatred

¹ Take as a specimen the old Dutch proverb—

Wen de wijn is in den man

Is de wysheid in de kan.

In English (if it is necessary to translate it)—

When the wine is in the man

Is the wisdom in the can.

and attachment—rage and tranquillity—jealousy and confiding affection. The lover does not serenade his mistress with a trumpet, nor can an army be led to battle

“ To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.”

For the expression of vehement, disturbed and distracting passion, the Spanish language, for example, is wholly unqualified; yet it is admirably adapted to give utterance to solemn and supported dignity. The Dutch is distinguished for its strength. It is not a graceless combination of harsh and discordant sounds—the dull, monotonous and clashing cymbal of languages: it rather resembles a well-regulated overture, in which the louder instruments take a principal share, yet their part is appropriate and sustained. It communicates in a very singular degree the sympathy between sound and sense. Take, for instance, HELMERS' description of Python, in his beautiful poem of Apollo:

“ Een schubbig vel bedekt zijn' rug, een hoorn is 't wapen
Van zijn afgrijslijk hoofd; hy slaakt een naar gehuil,
Het gansche land verstomt bij zijn afschuwlijk brullen:
Zijn klauw doorwroet den grond, gedrogtlijk wringt zijn
staart

Zich, als een ratelslang, in vreesselijke krullen,
 En stalen vinnen zijn om 't koopren lijf geschaard.
 Neen! de Acheron zag nooit een monster zoo afschuwlijk!
 De vrucht sterft in het zaad door d'adem van 't gedrogt.
 De Razernijen met heur tootsen zijn min gruwlijk,
 Dan 't monster daar het loert van uit zijn zwarte krocht."

Or VONDEL's lines to Salmasius, the calumniator of Hugo Grotius:

" O Farizeusche grijns, met schijngeloof vernist,
 Die 't groote lijk vervolgt ook in zijn tweede kist;
 Gij Helhont, past het u dien Herkles na te bassen,
 Te steuren op 't outaer den Fenix in zijn assen,
 Den mont van 't Hollantsch Recht, bij Themis zelf beweent?
 Zoo knaegh uw tanden stomp aen 't heilige gebeent'."

Nor till the following verses are deemed unmusical shall we be disposed to allow that the Dutch is wholly wanting in melody and sweetness:

" Klaare, wat heeft 'er uw hartjen verlept,
 Dat het verdrietjes in vroolijkheid schept,
 En t'aller tijdt even beneepen, verdort,
 Gelijk als een bloempjen, dat dauwetjen schort?
 Krielt het van vrijers niet om uwe deur?
 Moogh je niet gaan niet te kust'en te keur?
 En doe je niet branden, en blaaken, en braên,
 Al, waar't u op lust een lonkjen te slaan?"

¹ Translation at page —.

Anders en speelt 'er het windetje niet,
 Op elzetakken, en leuterigh riet,
 Als : lustighjes, lustighjes. Lustighjes, gaat
 Het watertje, daar 't tegen 't walletje slaat.
 Ziet d'openhartige bloemetjes staan,
 Die u, tot alle blijgeestigheidt, raên.
 Zelf 't zonnetje wenscht' u wel beter te moê ;
 En werpt u een liefelijk oogelijc toe.
 Maar zoo ze kunnen, door al hun vermaan,
 Niet steeken met vreughd uw zinnnetjes aan,
 Ik leg u te maaken aan 't schreijen de bron,
 De boomen, de bloemen, de zuivere zon¹."

HOORT.

“ Lachjes, lonkjes, toverlusjes,
 Kneepjes, wenkjes, zachte kusjes ;
 Kusjes geurig als muskaat,
 Zoet als versche honigraat ;” &c.

HERM. VAN DEN BURG.

“ Moe gewandelt, moe geseeten,
 Moe gedronken, moe gegeeten,
 Moe te gast gaen alle daegh,
 Bij de vrienden in den Haegh,
 Raeckt' ik weder op mijn Huisje
 In mijn Ockenburger Kluisje,
 Daar ik nu voor tijdverdrijf
 Dese rijmpjes aen u schrijf.”

JACOB WESTERBAEN.

¹ Translation at page —.

Indeed, the superiority of polysyllabic over monosyllabic languages has been far more frequently asserted than proved. The former have, undoubtedly, the advantage in expressing the tenderer emotions; but they are immeasurably below the latter in force and energy and passion.

Though the origin of all languages is in some measure lost in obscurity, yet the history of that of the Netherlands may at all events be traced to the thirteenth century, about the middle of which the public decrees and the civil acts were first written in the language of the country¹; but

¹ It was then generally called the Flemish language; partly because the Flemish provinces were at that time predominant, from their great prosperity; and partly, that the old Flemish writers paid more attention to the genders, and observed a greater purity of diction. The Brabant most resembled the Flemish idiom. The Batavian or Dutch was, on the contrary, more forcible and grave. This distinction continued until the end of the 15th century; they then lost their distinguishing characteristics, and became alike impure and weak. They remained in this fallen state until after the Spanish disturbances, when the Dutch language so far surpassed the Flemish, both in purity and force, that the latter became entirely superseded, and never recovered its former influence and importance.

according to EMMIUS—*De Agro Frisiae*, p. 265—268, it was not brought into general use until the year 1298. The most ancient public document extant is an ordinance issued by King William, Earl of Holland and Zeeland, to the citizens of Walcheren, on the eleventh day of March 1254¹. HUYDECOOPER refers to a writing which he supposes to have been executed in 1190: but Van LELYVELD considers it to be of more modern date. Several other manuscripts have excited much attention; although we believe that the attempt to trace their origin to an earlier period has been unsuccessful, with the exception, perhaps, of one, bearing the title “*Een Epistel tot den XI dusent magheden CHRISTI*,” which YPEY supposes to have been written in 1183. Before this period a monkish Latin was the only tongue cultivated for the purposes of literature. In Holland, as every where else in Europe, the vernacular dialects were too much despised to be made the medium of communication between

¹ *Historia Critica Comitatus Hollandiæ et Zeelandiæ*.—tom. ii. par. ii. p. 654—6.

men of letters. They were, indeed, generally too confined in their extent to be advantageously or conveniently employed. Some advantages no doubt resulted from the almost universal use of the Latin language—corrupt and disjointed as it had become—for it was the commonly-understood means of intercourse between all the learned of all European nations; and, as nothing connected with literature had obtained currency in any other dress, those few countries in our quarter of the globe where that language had not penetrated, remained shrouded beneath the mantle of darkness or of barbarism. Whatever may exist of the ancient poetry of such nations—however sublime or touching its conceptions—however energetic, however harmonious, its expressions—is no proof of any thing like an advanced state of civilization. If “song is but the eloquence of truth,” its beauty and its perfection are independent of the mental culture of the poet; for the truths it celebrates are those of honest and unsophisticated emotion. The bards of other days might possibly have sung “more cunningly” in

more enlightened ages, but not more sweetly and more touchingly: and perhaps many a harp, whose melodious vibrations have been echoed and re-echoed by the voices of successive centuries, would have been hung on the willows, and have remained silent, had civilization, with its hundred invitations, been allowed to distract or to divide the attention and the genius of its masters. Little natural poetry can exist in a country which employs a language not its own for the purposes of literature. Strong ideas and intense feelings may be communicated in a foreign tongue, but

“——— Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers,”

which is, in truth, the most simple and the most beautiful definition of poetry, can only be conveyed by the language in which *we think*. Biscay, for instance, whose inhabitants have for ages employed the Castilian instead of their own tongue for the written communication of their thoughts, has as yet produced no poet; and over the whole surface of the middle ages we find scarcely one illustrious poetical name—of which

the cause referred to was probably the mainly-influencing one.

We wish to premise here, that we are not the critics, but the historians of early Dutch poetry. We do not always quote because we admire, but because we wish to describe. Such was the birth, we say, and such the growth, of the Muse of Holland. It would be easy to judge harshly, but we deem it better to represent silently.

A.D. 1200—1400.

FROM

JACOB VAN MAERLANT

DOWN TO

LAMBERTUS GOETMANN.



FROM
JACOB VAN MAERLANT

DOWN TO
LAMBERTUS GOETMANN.

**Jacob van Maerlant die Vader
Es der Dietscher Dichteren algader.**

JACOB VAN MAERLANT, born at Damme in Flanders A.D. 1235, is honoured with the title of *Father of the Poets of the Netherlands*. He was distinguished as a philosopher and as an orator, and appears to have held the office of public Secretary to his native place. What particularly entitles him to distinction is his having been a layman—a layman renowned for his taste and learning even in his own day, when reading was almost wholly confined to the clergy. He translated into Dutch rhyme the *Historia Scholastica* of PETER COMESTOR: *Flowers of Nature* (*Der Natuere Bloeme*) from ALBERT'S¹ *Liber Rerum*: BONAVENT-

¹ Of Cologne.

TURA's *Life of Francis: Beauties of Aristotle*, of which he quaintly says,

Dese bloemen hebben wi besocht
 En̄ uten Latine in Dietsche brocht
 Ute Aristotiles boeken ¹.

His most appreciated productions are *Wapen Martijn*, *Verkeerde Martijn*, and his *Historic Mirror* (*Spiegel Historiael*), two parts of which were published by Clignett and Steenwinkel. It is an imitation of the *Speculum Historiale* of VINCENTIUS BELLOVACENSIS, and is rather flowing and agreeable. He introduces many excellent thoughts from the ancients, especially from SENECA, as for example :

Dats Wibe doen en̄ Manne verre
 Nu blide te wesen en̄ nu erre :
 Want alle dinc syn ongestade.
 Hieromme es hi broet te rade,
 Die de werelt werren laet,
 En̄ emmer blibet in enen staet ².

¹ All these beautyes haue we soughte,
 And out of Latin to Dutch haue broughte,
 From the bookes of Aristotle.

² 'Tis womanishe, and manne unnee:e,
 Now to rejoyce, anonne to greite :

We quote his apology, so illustrative both of the poet and of the language of that early period, for the frequent recurrence of Flemish words in his verses.

Ende, omdat ic Mamine ben,
 Met goeder herte biddic hen,
 Die dit Dietsche sullen lesen,
 Dat si mijns genadich wesen;
 Ende lesen sire in somich woort,
 Dat in her land es ongehoort,
 Men moet om de rime souken
 Misselike tonghe in bouken ¹.

MELIS STOKE lived towards the end of the 13th century. His *Poetic Chronicle* (*Rijmchronijk*) was

For earth'ye thinges are euer changing.
 Thus he is wise, whose harte unrauing
 Lets the worlde rolle as it will,
 And is unmoued and stedefastie still.

¹ For, that I'm Flemish, I beseeche
 Your courtesye, that alle and each
 Who this Dutch shall chaunce peruse,
 Wille me not your grace refuse;
 And, if ye finde here anie worde,
 Which in your countrie is unhearde,
 Then ponder welle that scribes, at times,
 Hape craue a faultie worde for rimes.

published in 1591, and again in 1772, with introductory and explanatory observations. His *Address to William the Third* contains some good lines.

JAN VAN HELU, THOMAS of GHESAERT, and HEIJNRIC VAN HOLLAND, are the only other Poets of the 13th century entitled to mention, and they none of them improved on the poetry of MAERLANT. Of the first of these the following lines are worth preserving :

Want, gelyc dat die Guezyn,
Daer si moede gefaget zyn,
Verbeiden spieten ende swert,
Alsoe drongen si, onuerueert,
Ieghen die Brabantre weder,
Dat si, doen, den Hertoghe neder
Twee orsen onder hem staken ¹.

These extracts are rather to be considered as curiosities than as subjects for critical severity. Van Maer-

¹ As the furious boare, pursued
By the daring hunter rude,
Tears the earth, and, raging loudlie,
Rushes on the hunter proudlie,
So the fierce Brabanter then
Drieus the Hertoch back agen,
Under him two horses stagger.

lant's are the first developments¹ of the germ of national poetry, and, however defective in imagery and rugged in rhyme, entitle their author to our attention, as they have obtained for him the gratitude of his countrymen. He aspired to knowledge, to its attainment and to its communication, when it was an almost forbidden possession—a *res interdicta*. The stream of literature has rolled on, gathering in its progress a thousand contributing rivulets: let not the humble and remote spring be forgotten, from whence it originally flowed.

It is a singular fact, that the means which were employed in the 14th century for the advancement of the language and its literature, became in the highest degree instrumental to its degradation. We allude to the foundation of the *Chambers of Rhetoric*, which took place towards the end of this era. The degeneracy of the language may mainly be attributed to the wandering orators (*sprekers*), who, being called to the courts of princes, or admitted uninvited, rehearsed for money, the miserable doggrel produced by themselves or others. These people afterwards formed themselves,

¹ He makes mention of Willem Utenhoven, Calfstaf, Noijdekijn, and Clais van Brechten; but none of their writings have come down to us.

in Flanders and Brabant, into literary societies, which were known by the name of *Chambers of Rhetoricians* (*Kamers der Rhetorijkers* or *Rederijkers*), and which offered prizes to the most meritorious poets. The first Chambers appear to have been founded at *Dixmuiden* and *Antwerp*: at the former place in 1394, and at the latter in 1400. These societies were formed in imitation of the French, who began to institute them about the middle of the 14th century, under the name of *Collèges de Rhetorique*. The example of *Flanders* was speedily followed by *Zealand* and *Holland*. In 1430 there was a Chamber at *Middelburg*; in 1433, at *Vlaardingen*; in 1434, at *Nieuwerkerk*; and in 1437, at *Gouda*. Even insignificant Dutch villages had their Chambers. Among others, one was founded in the *Lier* in the year 1480. In the remaining provinces they met with less encouragement. They existed, however, at *Utrecht*, *Amersfoort*, *Leeuwaarden*, and *Hasselt*. The purity of the language was completely undermined by the riming *soi-disant* Rhetoricians, and their abandoned courses brought Poesy itself into disrepute. All distinction of genders was nearly abandoned; the original abundance of words ran waste; and that which was left became completely overwhelmed by a torrent of barbarous terms.

This century, therefore, introduced no improvement on the age that preceded it. Versification was almost exclusively appropriated to purposes wholly unworthy of it—to the dry details of chronicled and other uninteresting events. At this period, however, the inroads of the Flemings produced a considerable change in the language. The violent party spirit and civil dissensions of this epoch had vent in something fiercer than the vehemence of poetry: besides, that the poetry excited by temporary circumstances, if to such it were applied, was scarcely likely to live after the events which had given it a passing interest. Many Latin words were introduced about this time, and their effect is singularly abrupt and displeasing.

Deus! Hoe sal ic volprisen mogen,

is a line of *LODEWIJK VAN VELTHEM*, a Brabant priest. An anonymous poet of this century has, notwithstanding, some merit. Take, as an example a verse from the *Dietsche Doctrinal*:

Wheet, dat Cloesteren en Stede
 Niet en connen geuen heilicheden,
 Mer die reinicheit in 't herte heeft,
 Wheet, dat die heilichlike leeft.
 Want God oueral es,
 So mach men, des syt gheswes,

God dienen oueral,
Op straten, op berghe en dal¹.

CLAES WILLEMS is the only other poet of this century whose name is entitled to be mentioned;—to do more than mention him were too great an honour.

Almost as barren is the fifteenth century as the century that preceded it. Till some master-genius breaks through the trammels which minds of the common mould consent to wear, because they have long worn them, there is little to encourage enquiries, or to give excitement to attention. William the Sixth despised the country over which he reigned: but Poetry found protectors, though poetry seems to have been little benefited by them, under Charles the Bold and Philip the Handsome: and the *Kamers der Rederijken* did something to interest, though not to improve, the taste of the age.

¹ Know that holinesse keepes her throne
Not in clogsters or temples alone.
The temple where she loues to dwelle
Is a pure spiritte's secrette celle.
Godde is aboue us, euerie where:
This be our counsell, this our care
To serue Him—stille with praises meete
On hille, or vallie, or crowded streete.

JAN OF WILLEM DE WEERT VAN YPREN wrote a work at the commencement of this century, entitled *The New Doctrinal, or Mirror of Sins*, copied principally from the Latin, and possessing as few claims to poetical merit as to originality.

JACOP VILT, a goldsmith at Bruges in Flanders, translated Boëthius; but his work does not deserve particular mention.

About this time another translation of Boëthius¹, by an anonymous writer, appeared. The following lines afford a favourable specimen of his versification :

**Al hebben al dese (dieren) diverschen aerde
 Sy sien nochtan al nederwaert
 De meinsche alleen heift thooft gheresen
 Onweirt sal hem de aerde wesen².**

¹ Boëthius was one of the favourite writers of the middle ages. He is often referred to by the Troubadours and Provençal poets, and was translated again and again into most of the languages of Europe. In England there was a translation by the unequalled Alfred; another by Chaucer; and another, of a later date. Sem Tob, a Hebrew-Spanish poet of the 15th century, ranks him with Homer, Virgil, and Dante, as one of the great lights of former days.

² With different natures brutes are founde,
 But alle looke downwarde to the grounde :
 Manne—manne alone his heade upreareth,
 Onwortbie of him the earthe appeareth.

It would be unwarrantable to pass over this epoch without some reference to that romantic yet simple poetry which exists in such a variety of forms, and has been preserved by the tenacity of undying tradition through all the Teutonic dialects. The brothers GRIMM have given several specimens of old Dutch poetical romance in their *Altdeutsche Wælder*; and perhaps the very affinity of these fabulous histories to others which have reached us by different channels, will give them a keener relish.

THE HUNTER FROM GREECE.

A hunter went a-hunting into the forest wide,
And nought he found to hunt but a man whose arms
were tied.

“Hunter,” he said, “a woman is roaming in the
grove,

And to your joyous youth-tide a deadly bane shall
probe.”

“What! should I fear a woman—who never fear’d
a man?”

Then to him while yet speaking the cruel woman
ran.

She seized his arms and grasp'd his horse's reins,
and hied

Full seventy miles ascending with him the moun-
tain's side.

The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and
low,

Two sucklings dead—one turning upon a spit he
saw.

“And am I doom'd to perish, as I these perish see?
Then may I curse my fortune that I a Greek
should be.”

“What! are you then from Greece, for my husband
is a Greek;

And tell me of your parents—perchance I know
them—speak.”

“But should I name them, they may to you be all
unknown:

My father is the monarch of Greece, and I his son;
And Margaret his consort—my mother too is she;
You well may know their titles, and they my pa-
rents be.”

“The monarch of the Grecians—a comely man and
gay—

But should you ne'er grow taller, what boots your
life I pray?”

“Why should I not grow taller? I but eleven years
have seen;

I hope I shall grow taller than trees in the forest
green.”

“How hope you to grow taller than trees in the
forest green?—

I have a maiden-daughter, a young and graceful
queen,

And on her head she weareth a crown of pearls so
fine;

But not e'en wooing monarchs should have that
daughter mine.

Upon her breast she beareth a lily and a sword,
And even hell's black tenants all tremble at her
word.”

“You boast so of your daughter, I wish she'd cross
my way,

I'd steal her kisses sily, and bid her a good day.”

“I have a little courser that's swifter than the
wind,

I'll lend it to you sily—go—seek—the maiden
find.”

Then bravely on the courser galloped the hunter lad;

“Farewell! black hag, farewell! for your daugh-
ter is too bad.”

“ Had I, as this morning, you in my clutches
back,
You dared not then have call'd me—you dared not
call me ‘black.’”
She struck the tree in fury with a club-stick which
she took,
Till the trees in the green-wood trembled, and all
the green leaves shook.

The poets delighted to sing the disappointments of
the malevolent purposes of those imps, or fiend-like
spirits, whose encounters with mortals so frequently
formed the subject of their fanciful creations.

THE FETTERED NIGHTINGALE.

Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there
my sweet love dwells,
Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for
there my sweet love dwells:
And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my
sweet love,
One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fragrant
clove.

The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they smelt
so sweet,

I thought a knight would court me, and but a mean
man meet.

The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand he
led,

And they travell'd far away to where a couch was
spread ;

And there they lay concealed through the loving live-
long night,

From evening to the morning till broke the gay day-
light ;

And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shin-
ing clear,

I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my
dear ;

And none should enter then my orchard's deep alcove,
But the proud nightingale that carols high above.

We'll chain the nightingale—his head unto his feet,
And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they
meet.

I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound.

Here is all the natural feeling without the exagger-
ation of the best epoch of the Troubadour poetry.