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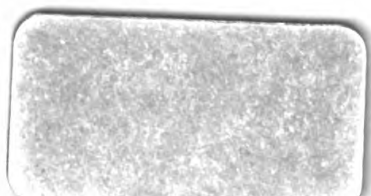
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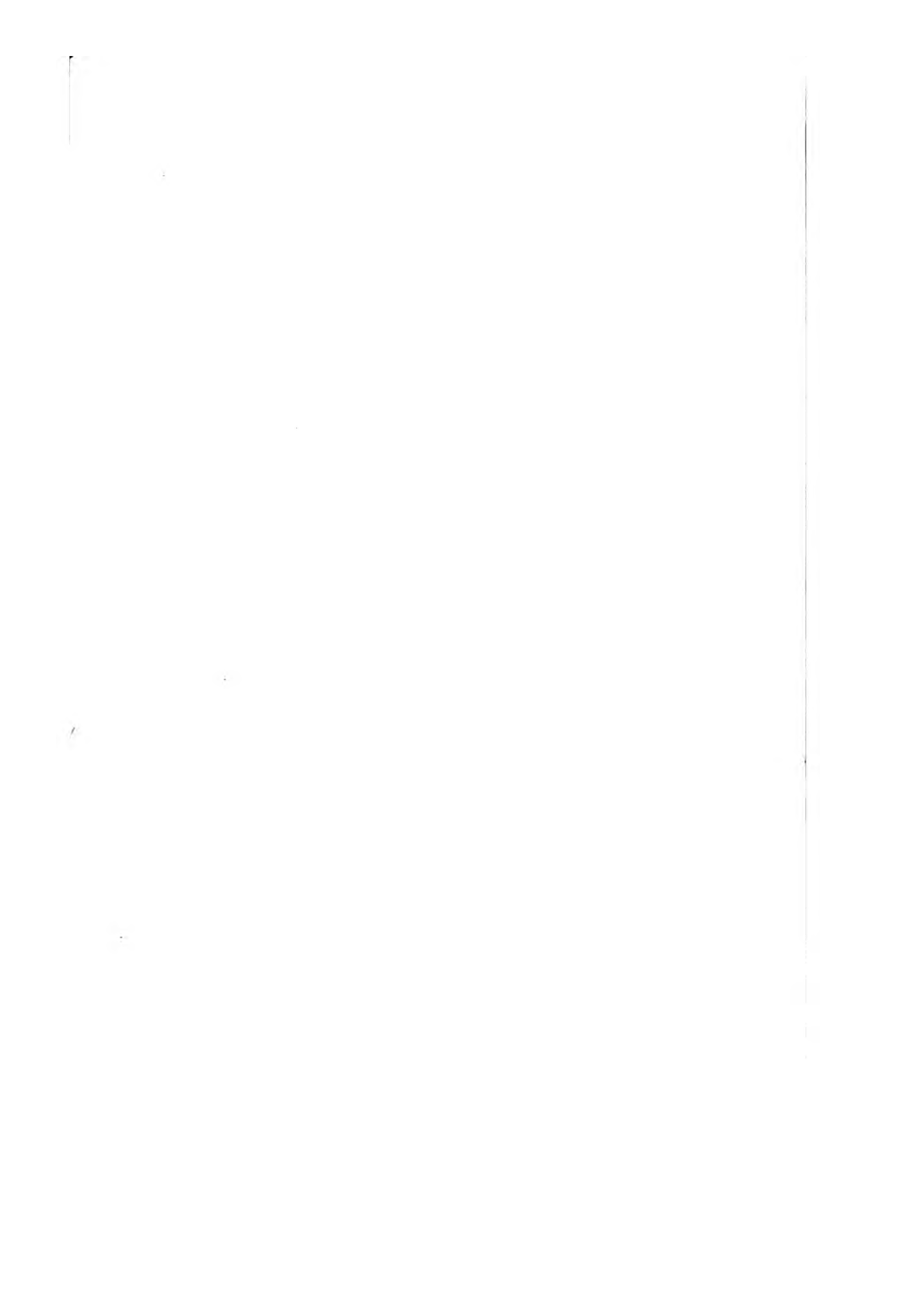
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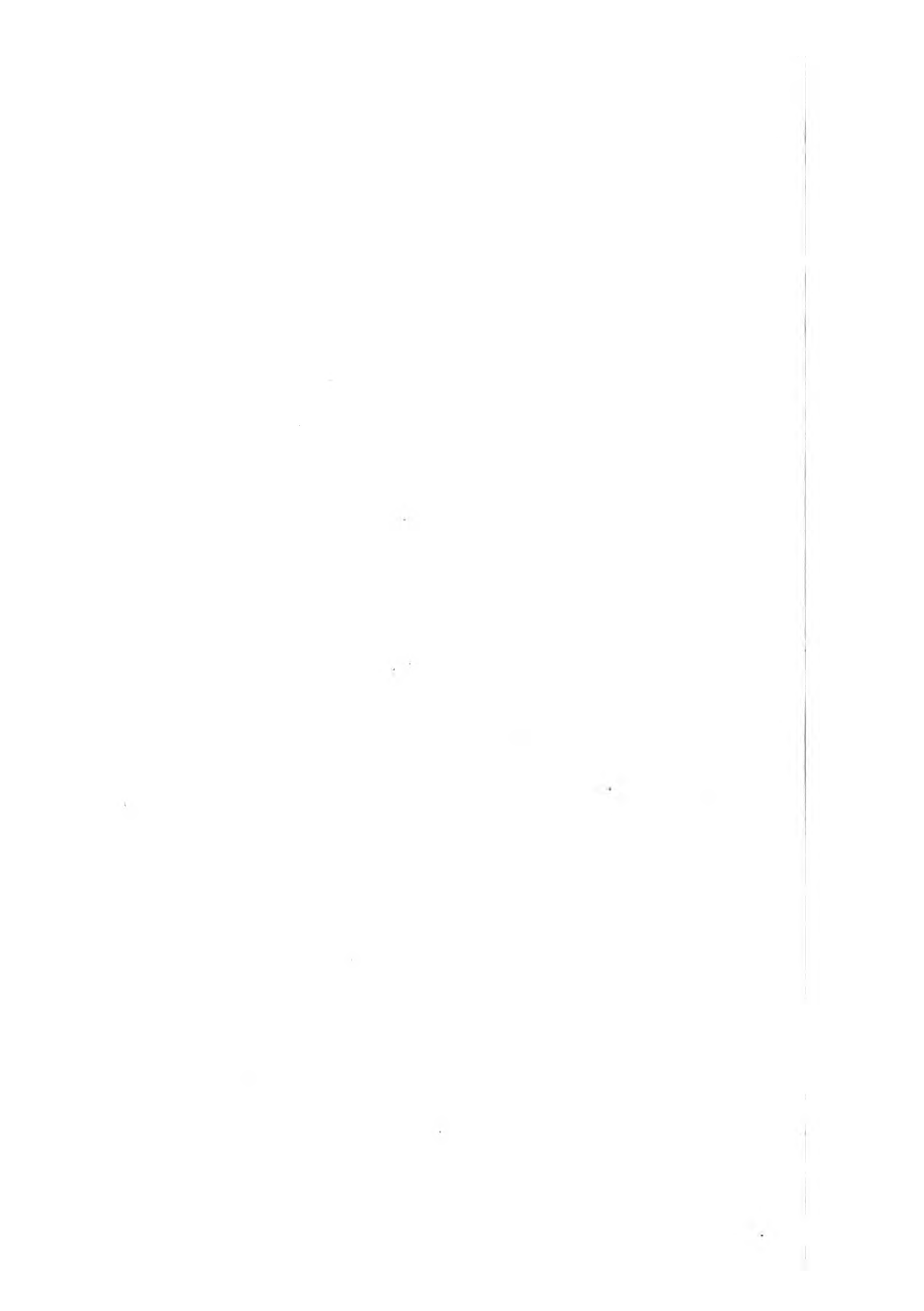


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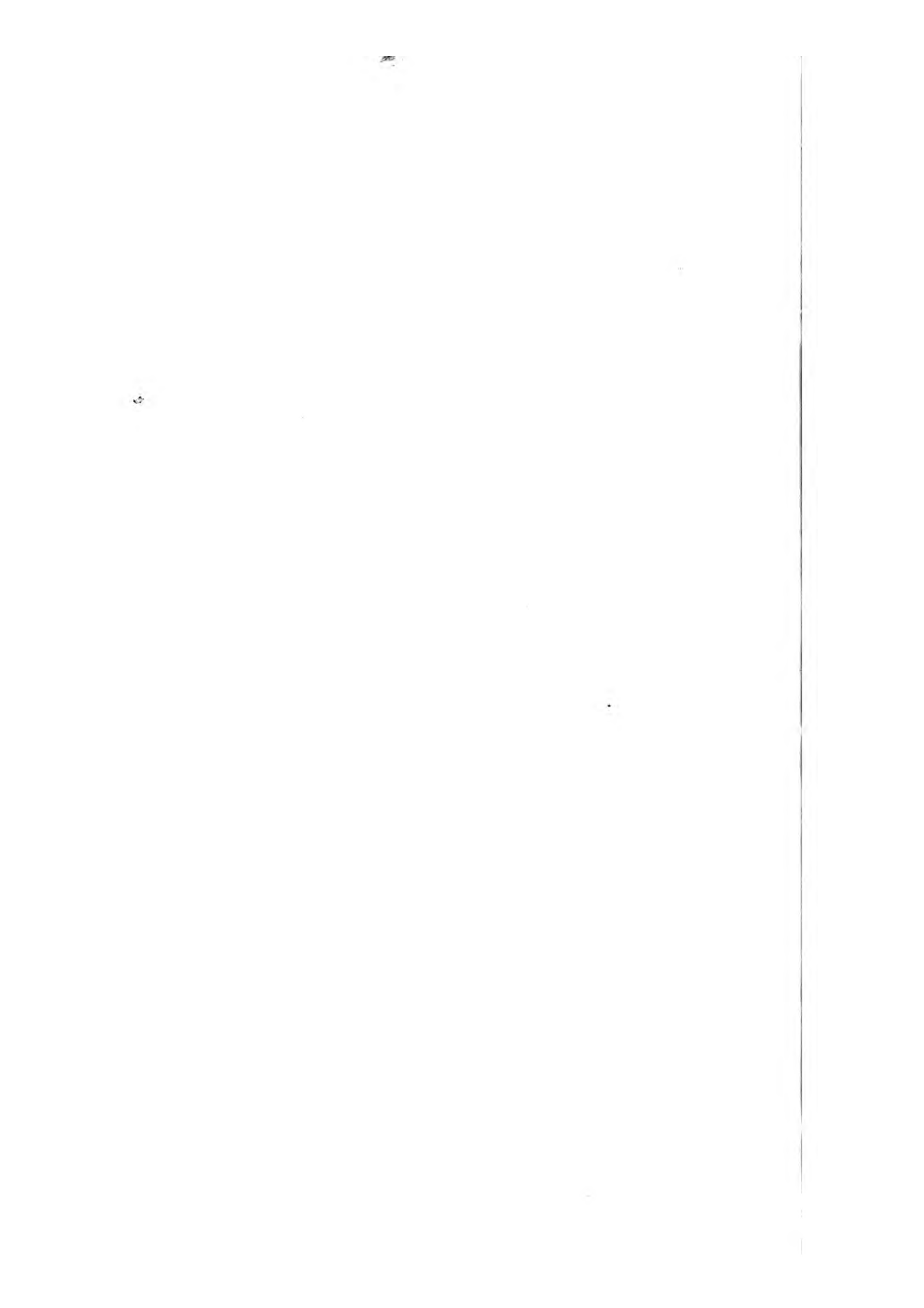
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TRANSLATIONS

HUGO—BERANGER—MICKIEWICZ

A. P. P. 40 '81



VICTOR HUGO

1853

THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION
DECEMBER II
THE DEAD MASS
MOURNING
THE BLACK HUNTSMAN
LIGHT

VICTOR HUGO

THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION

Soldiers of our Year Two!— O wars! O epic songs!—
Drawing at once their swords against all Crowned Wrongs,
 In Prussian, Austrian bounds,
And against all the Tyres and Sodoms of the earth,
And him the man-hunter, the Tzar o' the icy North,
 Follow'd by all his hounds,

And against Europe all, with all its captains proud,
With all its foot-soldiers whose might the plains did crowd,
 With all its horsemen fleet,
All risen against France, with many a hydra-head,—
They sang as on they march'd, their spirits without dread,
 And without shoes their feet.

At early dawn, at eve, South, North, and everywhere,
With their old muskets on their shoulders, rattling there,
 Passing both rock and flood,
Without or sleep or rest, foodless and ragged too,
Joyous and proud they went, and their shrill trumpets blew
 As only demons could.

Sublimest Liberty fill'd evermore their thought ;
Fleets taken sword in hand, and frontiers set at nought,—
 So sovereignly they go :
O France ! on every day some prodigy they dare,—
Encounters, combats, shocks,—on Adige' side Joubert,
 And on the Rhine Marceau.

The vanguard they o'ercame, the centre they o'erthrew ;
In the snow, and in the rain, water their middles to,
 On went they, ever on :
And one sued them for peace, and one flung wide his gate :
And thrones were scatter'd then like dead leaves, here of late,
 Now at the wind's breath gone.

O soldiers ! you were grand, in the midst of battle-shocks,
With your lightning-flashing eyes and wild dishevel'd locks
 In the wild whirlwind black :
Impetuous, ardent, radiant, tossing back your heads,
Like lions snuffing up the north-wind when he treads
 Upon his tempest track.

Drunken and madly rapt in their great epic deeds,
They savour'd all the mirth of most heroic needs,
 Steel clashing here and there,
The winged Marseillaise flying amid the balls,
The grenades and the drums, the bomb-shells and cymbals,
 And thy clear laugh, Kleber !

The Revolution cried — Die, O my volunteers !
Die to deliver all the peoples from their fears !
 Their answering hands they raised.
Go, my old soldiers ! go, my beardless generals !
And Victory proudly march'd to the sound of bare-foot falls
 Over the world amazed.

Disheartening and fear to them were all unknown :
They had without a doubt over the high clouds gone,
 If their audacity
In its Olympic race one moment had look'd back,
And seen the Republic point over their glorious track
 Her finger to the sky.

DECEMBER II

The human consciënce is dead. Upon the corse,
Well pleased, he had squatted down after his orgy's reek :
Then gay, his eye-balls red, a conqueror sans remorse,
He turn'd him back and smote the dead upon its cheek.

The prostituted judge esteems himself no worse ;
The priest makes honest men to shudder more and more :
Even in the Potter's Field they have dug up the purse ;
And Sibour sells the God whom Judas sold before.

Say they — The Cæsar reigns ; the God of Armies put
His choice on him : obey, O people ! ye behold.
And while they singing go, keeping their hands close shut,
Between their fingers pass the pieces of red gold.

O, while this beggar-wretch, this prince is on his throne,
This brigand whom the Pope hath bless'd in all his sin,
This sceptre-fingering, this crowbar-handed One,
This Charlemagne by the Devil hewn out of a Mandrin ;

O, while he boasts himself, grinding between his teeth
Religious honour, oaths, and simple virtue's fame,
And hideously drunk, the sun of heaven beneath,
While on our glories he is seen to spue his shame ;

Though public abjectness should even stoop so low
As to adore this cheat, thus execrably made ;
Though England and though even America also
Say to the exile — Hence ! leave us ! we are afraid ;

Albeit we become but as a perish'd leaf,
Although for Cæsar's sake all should deny and fail,
And the proscribed be driven to wander in his grief,
Torn from his fellows, like a rag from off a nail ;

Although the desert, where God doth 'gainst man protest,
Banish the banish'd ones, leaving no refuge theirs ;
Although, as infamous, and dastard like the rest,
The very tomb refuse, reject the trespassers ;

I will not therefore blench,— but uncomplaining be,
Calm, with my grief at heart, disdainful of the herd :
In my fierce exile you shall still be dear to me,
My Country ! ay, my shrine : Freedom my banner-word.

My noble comrades ! still your worship I maintain ;
Yet the Republic doth our banish'd hearts unite ;
I will more glorify whate'er their insults stain,
And throw opprobrium on all of their delight.

Under the mourner's dust and ashes I will be
A voice exclaiming Woe ! that would not say 'Tis well ;
The while thy valets show thy Louvre unto thee,
My finger shall point out, Cæsar ! thy convict-cell.

Before their treacheries, before their humbled heads,
Indignant, but serene, with folded arms I pass :
O sad fidelity for things that are the Dead's,
Be thou my force, my joy, be thou my pillar of brass !

Yes ! while he shall be there, if he yield or persevere,
O France ! belovéd France ! for whom we weep always,
I will not see again thy land so sadly dear,
The tomb of all my sires, the nest of love's young days.

I will not see again thy shore, temptation rich :
All but my duty, France ! I banish from my sight :
Among the few approved my distant tent I pitch ;
I will remain proscribed,— I would remain upright.

Hard exile I accept, have it nor end nor term ;
Nor do I seek to know, nor have I thought of fear,
If some one has succumb'd whom we believed more firm.
How many have gone back who should have bided here.

Be there a thousand, I am one ; or if our strength
Have but one hundred left, Sylla is braved by me ;
If only ten continue, I will be the tenth ;
And if but one remain, I then that one will be.

THE DEAD MASS

Priest ! thy high mass the platoons' ever-murdering din
Impiously echoeth :
Behind thee, his red arm bent underneath his chin,
Squatteth the grinning death.

Priest ! in the heaven we come from the angelic watch
Stand shuddering, with affright,
Seeing a bishop thus taking the cannon-match
To light his altar-light.

Thou wouldst be in the Senate, keeping well between
Honour and Wealth thy seat :
So be it ! but before thou bless us, bid them clean
The pavement of the street !

Glory to Gesler, peoples ! death to William Tell,
The organ plays death-groans.
Archbishop ! truly they have built thine altar well,
Even of the dead-house stones.

Thou sayest, We praise thee, God, lord God of Sabaoth !
Praising the strength that saves :
Yet with the incense smoke mingles the reeking froth
O' the fresh and ill-closed graves.

At night they slew, by day they went on massacring,
Men, women, infants calm.
Crime ! woe ! no eagle now : it is the vulture's wing
Hovers o'er Notre-Dame.

Go ! on the bandit pour thine adorations forth :
Ye hear, whom heaven doth hearse.
God sees thee ; there on high thy benedictions' worth,
O priest ! counts as a curse.

Gone are they, the proscribed, to Algiers, to Cayenne,
On yonder fatal prow :
They have seen Bonaparte with Paris for his den ;
They see the hyena now.

Workmen and peasants, torn from labour's poor delight,
Sad exile moweth you.
What then ? archbishop Sibour ! look upon thy right,
And look to thy left too !

Treason thy deacon is, and thy sub-deacon Theft :
 Sell God ! thy soul is leased.
Come, put thy mitre on, and make thy halter deft !
 Chaunt, infamous old priest !

Murder by thee intones the services divine,
 Crying, Who stirs is dead ;
Satan holds up the flask, and lo ! it is not wine
 With which thy cup is red.

MOURNING

Paths over which long grasses wave !
Hill-sides and valleys ! woods moss'd o'er !
Wherefore thus silent as the grave ?
— Since he who came now comes no more.

Why no one at thy casements seen,
Thy flower-less garden, why so bare ?
O house ! where has thy master been ?
— I only know he is elsewhere.

Watch, dog ! — And why, around a home
Now empty, by no footsteps cross'd ?
Whom weep'st thou ? child ! — My father.
 Whom,
Sad woman ! weapest thou ? — The Lost.

Where is he gone ? — Into the dark.
Wild waves, heard breaking in the gloom !
Whence are ye ? — From the convict-bark.
And what bear ye from us ? — A tomb.

THE BLACK HUNTSMAN

Who passeth by? The wood is black with night,
The ravens crowd each other in their flight,
The rain-drops fall.

I am who goeth in the shadow's might :
Men the Black Huntsman call.

The forest boughs are tempest-whirl'd,
And shriek, as if a rout
Of sabbath-witches through the wild wood hurl'd
Their hootings all about.
And now beneath a corner cloud upfur'd
Dimly the moon peers out.

Hunt the buck and hunt the doe !
Course the woods and fallows through !
It is night.

Hunt the Tzar, hunt Austria too :
Black Huntsman !
The forest boughs —

Don thy gaiters, wind thy horn,
Hunt the deer that in the corn
Come to feed !
Hunt both king and priest till morn :
Black Huntsman !
The forest boughs —

Thunder-torrents flood the sky :
The wily fox in vain would fly :
Hope is none.

Hunt the judge, and hunt the spy :
 Black Huntsman !
 The forest boughs ——

All Saint Anthony's fiend crew,
The bearded oat fields leaping through,
 Move thee not.

Hunt the monk, the abbé too :
 Black Huntsman !
 The forest boughs ——

Slip thy hounds with the bear to cope ;
No wild boar to escape thee hope :
 Do thy work !

Hunt the Cæsar, hunt the Pope :
 Black Huntsman !
 The forest boughs ——

The wolf from out thy path may start :
Thy pack upon his trail depart !
 Run him down !

Hunt the brigand Bonaparte :
 Black Huntsman !

The forest leaves fall, tempest-whirl'd ;
 Still'd is the sabbath rout
That through the forest late their hootings hurl'd ;
 The cock's shrill clarion shout
Pierceth the clouds. The storm is all upfurl'd.
 Broadly the dawn shines out.

All resumes its aspect right.
Thou again art France, so bright
 And fair to see :
The dawn-white Angel clothed in light,
 Black Huntsman !

LIGHT

Let us not doubt, but trust! The end is mystery.
Bide we! Of Nero kings, as of the panther, He
Our God can break the teeth.
God trieth us, my friends! let us have faith and calm,
And work! O desert sands! hath not he sown the palm
Your fiery dust beneath?

Because he doth not end his work even when we list,
Delivers Rome to the priest, and to the jesuit Christ,
And to the knave the true,
Should we despair? Of him, the Just in very deed?
No! no! he only knew the name of every seed
He for his harvest threw.

Is not all certainty within his vision furl'd?
From the nadir to the zenith God doth fill our world.
We are but scholars here.
Our wisdom unto his is errant foolishness;
And is it not first with him light hath its luminousness
And the dark can disappear?

Doth he not see the snake trailing on belly round?
Doth not his glance pierce down, to their roots deep
[underground,
Pelion and Ossa through?
Knows he not, stork! the hour thy migratings begin?
Knows he not, tiger! both thy goings out and in?
Thy den, O lion! too?

Answer O swallow, and thou, eagle on sounding wing!
Say ye have nests whereof the Eternal knows no thing.
 Stag! canst thou from him flee?
Seest thou not, O fox! his eyes among the brake?
Wolf. when at night thou feel'st a blade of grass to quake,
 Sayest thou not, 'Tis He?

Since he knows all of that, since he can everything,
Since from the cause his hand all of effect can bring,
 Like fruit from the kernel-stone;
Since in the apple he knows when to house the worm,
And how strong marble columns shall be by the storm
 In one short night o'erthrown;

Since he the bellowing ocean lashes with his wind;
Since he alone is the Seeing, and man so wholly blind;
 Since he is midst of all;
Since his arm bears us up, and when he passeth by
The comet trembleth, as the flax that tremblingly
 Into the flames doth fall;

Since the obscurest night knows him, the veriest dark
Sees him at his good pleasure save the foundering bark:
 Why should we doubtful be?
We who, firm, pure, and proud, in our worst agonies,
Remain upright in front of all their tyrannies,
 Keeping for Him our knee.

Think also, though our days are days of bitterness,
When we reach through this fog our arms we feel no less
 The hand that guides the day;
And when bow'd low we tread the martyr-vale of death,
Hear we not one behind whose cheering whisper saith
 Be sure, this is the way!

The future, O Proscribed! is ours. Great Liberty,
Glory, and Peace, come back in cars of victory
On thundering axletrees.

This Crime, triumphant now, passeth like smoke away.
A passing smoke, a lie. So he may boldly say
Who the high heaven sees.

Fiercer the Cæsars are than waves with foamy mane :
But God saith, Through their nostrils I will put a rein
And in their mouths a bit ;
And verily I will lead them, yield they or resist,
Them, their buffoons, their flute-players, even as I list,
To the shades where phantoms sit.

God saith : the granite base whereon they stand so well
Crumbleth away, and lo, they disappear pell-mell,
Their fortunes falling through.

North wind ! north wind ! that comest to beat against
[our doors,

O tell us, is it thou scatterest these emperors ?
Where hast thou flung them to ?

Yes, I declare to you, I repeat what I proclaim,
As the clarion echoes on the trumpet's loud acclaim,
Peace shall be unto all !

Freedom : no longer serfs or proletarians. Worth
Smileth divinely. O thou heaven upon earth !
O Love majestic !

P. J. DE BÉRANGER

THE LOW-BORN
MY VOCATION
THE LAND OF COKAYNE
CHARLES VII
JAMES
ROSETTE
THE POOR WOMAN
FORTUNE
THE OLD VAGABOND
THE FOOLS
THE KEYS OF PARADISE
THE LITTLE GREY MAN
THE SONG OF THE COSSACK
THE DEATH OF THE DEVIL
TWO SISTERS
THE PUPPETS
THE ORAN-OUTANGS
THE FAIR PRISONER
THE GYPSIES
THE BEGGARS
ADVICE TO THE BELGIANS
THE SUICIDE
HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS
FARIDONDAINE

P. J. DE BÉRANGER

THE LOW-BORN

LE VILAIN

Eh, what! I learn there's some distress
That *de* before my name should go.
"Are you of our antique noblesse?"
I noble? O, truly, messieurs, no!
Indeed there is no bloody hand
On herald parchment I can show.
I only love my native land. —
I am low-born, and very low;
I am born low,
Low, low.

I ought to have been without it born,
For if my blood aright I read
My forefathers the curse have worn
Of ancient power, that noble greed
Which on its old ancestral mound
Was as the mill-stone,— fast or slow,
They were the grist it ever ground.
Yes! I'm low-born, and very low:
I am born low,
Low, low.

My fathers never on their lands
The needy husbandman oppress'd ;
Nor hunted they with ruthless brands
The outlaw from his forest nest.
And never one of them was fain
To be transform'd by Merlin to
The chamberlain of — Charlemagne.
I am low-born indeed : I'm low,
I am born low,
Low! low.

Never were my brave sires seduced
To civil discord's noble feats ;
Nor ever any introduced
The English Leopard to our streets ;
And when the Church by its intrigue
Aim'd at the State a mortal blow,
Not one of them subscribed the League.
I am low-born, ay ! very low :
I am born low,
Low, low.

Then leave me my ancestral flag,
You dawn-adorers, nose in air,
Ennobled only by the rag
That in your button-holes you wear !
I honour but a common race :
Though savage, gentle thoughts I know
And flatter, only the pale face
Of Wretchedness. Low-born : just so !
I am born low,
Low, low.

MY VOCATION

Thrown ailing on this mud,
Ugly, and weak withal,
And stifling in the crowd
Because I am so small,—
While idly murmuring,
Bewailing my mishap,
The good God bids me sing :
Sing, poor little chap !

The chariot of the rich
May splash me, passing by ;
Power spurns me to the ditch :
Who cares for such as I ?
Their pride has lost its sting :
And I my fingers snap :—
The good God bids me sing :
Sing, poor little chap !

O happy heedless folk
Who care-for-to-morrow shirk !
I flinch beneath the yoke
O' the very lightest work.
O, liberty 's the thing,
But appetite will rap :—
The good God bids me sing :
Sing, poor little chap !

Even Love, that once had ruth
And deign'd assuage my pain,

Is passing, with my youth,
Never to come again.
In vain my prayers I fling
In witching Beauty's lap :—
The good God bids me sing:
Sing, poor little chap!

How then shall I disuse
To sing, my sole task here?
They whom I thus amuse,
Will they not hold me dear?
When the wine, in friendship's ring,
Flows like the rising sap,
The good God bids me sing :
Sing, poor little chap!

THE LAND OF COKAYNE

VOYAGE AU PAYS DE COCAGNE

Ah! tow'rd a shore
Where life's labour is oe'r :
I steer gaily before ;
Follow, all who love me !
Well drunk with champagne,
I go gladly insane,
And see of Cokayne
The charming country.

Land of great glee !
Be my country.
Here verily
I may laugh at mishap.

O change most sweet !
For me what a treat !
I drink and I eat
 Without paying a rap.

How my appetite comes,
As discovery roams
O'er Louvre-like domes,
 All raised in pastry ;
At each gate a plump guard
In cuirass of lard,
Each with his halbard
 Of sugar-candy.

Lord ! how I esteem
This sweetness extreme :
The cannons selves seem
 To be sugar also :
And the sculptures rare,
And the pictures fair,
In confection there,
 For a side-walk show !

Buffoon and clown,
Best wits about town,
Charm up and down
 The people amazed,
For whom fountains flow,
A hundred or so,
Not with water, O no !
 With wines, the most praised.

Some attend to the bake.
And some a turn take
At a spit : for the sake
 O' the meats all must look.

For all other *must*,
Our tabled laws just
An offender out thrust,
 To be scullion to cook.

A palace stands pat :
I am in, seated flat
'Twixt two grandees whose fat
 Is a challenge, no doubt.
I find on this ground,
Where grease doth abound,
Even Venus is round,
 And Love well blown out.

No wrinkling cares ;
Even the pedant forbears ;
Ministerial airs
 Our state forefends.
This table will do ;
Here is famous cheer too ;
Let us get fou !
 Drink, drink, my friends !

But talk of our loves !
No beauty reproves,
At the later removes
 When comes the dessert,
If we sing a loose song,
Or rattle along
In some tale, perhaps wrong,
 But the fun doesn't hurt.

While the wine is in froth,
On the fair table-cloth,
Will the husband not loath
 Take his quite timely sleep ;

Of a girl not unkind
O mother not blind !
What want you to find,
 'Neath the table to peep ?

O fond lustihed !
How the nose getteth red,
And the paunch overspread.
 Every one has a throne.
And when the hours come
For seeking our home,
Each slips into some,—
 Any one but his own.

What sallies of joke !
No too-loving yoke !
No creditor folk !
 And no holding tie !
Between drunkenness
And pleasant idlesse
Our youth lasts to bless
 Us a century.

Cokayne ! in thy realm
Delight holds the helm :
Sweet dream ! who would whelm
 Thy enchantments in ill ?
My friends ! I'm ashamed.
May the fellow be lamed !
'Tis one not to be named,
 With the tavern bill.

CHARLES VII

At Agnes' word I brave War's frown :
Adieu, repose ; delights, adieu !
Yet have I, to revenge my crown,
God and my Love and heroes true.
England ! soon shall my mistress' name
Throughout your ranks a terror be :
Near her, I had forgotten fame ;
Agnes to honour renders me.

The pleasures of an idle court,
Frenchman and king, from danger far
Held me, while France was made the sport,
The captive of the strangers' war.
One word, a single word of thine,
Crowned my forehead blushingly :
Near thee no thought of fame was mine ;
And thou to honour renderest me.

If victory by blood is proved,
Agnes ! my blood shall freely flow ;
But no ! for glory and beloved,
Victorious, Charles will live for you.
I ought to win,— I have, mine own !
Thy favour and thy prophecy :
Near thee I thought not of renown ;
And thou to honour renderest me.

Saintrailles, La-Trémouille, brave Dunois,
O Frenchmen ! what enchanted time

With twenty battles' laurel'd joy
Shall crown that loveliness sublime.
Frenchmen! our lives will owe to her,
Mine glory, yours felicity :—
I had forgotten honour there ;
Agnes to honour renders me.

JAMES

James! you must wake. From door to door
A fat man goes the village through ;
The constable is with him too.
'Tis for the taxes. And we are so poor.

Get up, ! James! up, dear
The tax collector's here.

You do not use to sleep so well ;
Look, dear! the day begins to break.
They're early come : they have to take
The things they seize so far to sell.

Get up, James! up, dear!
The tax collector's here.

The dog barks at them at the gate.
And not a penny. My poor soul
Ask for a month, to pay the whole.
Ah, if the Government could wait.

Get up, James! up, dear!
The tax collector's here.

It is a robbery, taxes paid
By poor like us. How can they be?

Your father, these six babes, and we,
Have but my distaff and your spade.

Get up, James! up, dear!
The tax collector's here.

And just this place above one's head;
And this poor quarter-acre bit,—
Misery puts the till on it,
By Usury it is harvested.

Get up, James! up, dear!
The tax collector's here.

So little gain for all our work;
And food, all kinds, now costs so much;
Our sugar, salt, we scarcely touch;
And when had we a bit of pork?

Get up, James! up, dear!
The tax collector's here.

A sup of wine would help you on;
But then the dues make it so dear.
Only my wedding ring is here;
Buy wine with it, my dearest one!

Get up, James! up, dear!
The tax collector's here.

You're dreaming of some wealthy change
From your good angel, some repose.
Taxes to rich men are, one knows,
But some rats more in a full grange.

Get up, James! up, dear!
The tax collector's here.

They're coming in. My heart is faint.
You do not speak ; and you are pale.
Last eve you said you seem'd to fail :
You who bear all without complaint.

Get up, James ! up, dear !
The tax collector's here.

She calls in vain. There is no life.
— For him whom toil out-wearieth
Soft is the pillow smooth'd by death.
Pray, honest folk ! for the poor wife !

Get up, James ! up, dear !
The tax collector's here.

ROSETTE

What ! can you so disrespectful be
Of your life's spring, to talk, in sooth,
Of tenderness and love to me
Whose forty years oe'rweight my youth ?
Then had my heart a ready vow
For even the lowliest grisette :
Ah, if I could but love you now
As in those days I loved Rosette !

Your splendid carriage may display
Your rich adornment,— well they suit ;
Rosette, but neat and fresh and gay,
Tripp'd lightly, jauntily, on foot.
Her eyes, despite my jealous brow,
Provoked replies from all we met ;

Ah, if I could but love you now
As in those days I loved Rosette !

In this boudoir, so satin-soft,
Your smiles are mirror-multiplied :
Rosette one glass had, wherein oft
Methought the Graces I espied.
No curtains shadow'd o'er her brow,
The dawn her merry glances met :
Ah, if I could but love you now
As in those days I loved Rosette !

Your gifted mind, so brightly shown,
The poet chorus well may lead :
I do not blush the while I own
Rosette knew hardly how to read.
She had no words to tell me how
She loved,—love told her meaning yet :
Ah, if I could but love you now
As in those days I loved Rosette !

Than yours indeed her charms were less,
Even her heart less loving seem'd,
Nor had her eyes your passionateness
When they upon her lover beam'd.
But then she had, I must allow,
My youth, which I so much regret :
Ah, that I can not love you now
As in those days I loved Rosette.

THE POOR WOMAN

It snows, it snows,—and yonder at God's porch,
Upon her knees, a woman old doth pray,
While through her rags the north-east cold doth scorch .
It is for bread she prayeth, day by day.
Groping alone through the cathedral-yard,
Winter and summer season cometh she.
Poor woman ! she is blind. O fortune hard !
Let us bestow on her our charity.

You recollect what this old wretch has been,
With her poor cheeks so meagre and so white ?
Once was she of our theatres the queen ;
Her songs the town enraptured with delight.
The young amid their laughter or their tears
Of her great beauty raved enthusiastically ;
And all their charmed dreams reflected hers.
Let us bestow on her our charity.

How many times along the homeward street
Her chariot's speed could scarce outrun the crowd :
Above the clatter of her horses' feet
She heard the echoes of applauses loud.
To hand her from her carriage to her door,
To tend her every pace voluptuously,
How many rivals watch'd her steps before :—
Let us bestow on her our charity.

When all the arts were wreathing crowns for her,
How full of pomp was her high dwelling-place ;

How many crystals, bronzes, columns, were
As loving tribute brought, her love to grace.
How many poet lovers at her feasts
Quaff'd of the cup of her prosperity :
Your palaces have all their swallow-nests.
Let us bestow on her our charity.

O sad reverse ! a sickness bow'd her head,
Broke her sweet voice and dimm'd her beauty's sheen.
And soon, alone and poor, she begg'd her bread,
Where for these twenty years her place has been.
No hand knew better how to scatter gold,
Or with more goodness, than this hand which she
So hesitatingly to us doth hold ;
Let us bestow on her our charity.

The cold grows colder : woe and misery !
And now the cold is stiffening every limb.
Her fingers scarcely lift the rosary
That blesses her wan lips with smiles so dim.
Under so many ills if her poor heart
Finds yet some nourishment in piety,
That her last trust, in heaven, may not depart
Let us bestow on her our charity.

FORTUNE

Rap ! rap ! — Is that my lass —
Rap ! rap ! — is rapping there ?
It is Fortune. Let her pass !
I 'll not open the door to her.

All of my friends are making gay
My little room, with lips wine-wet :

We only wait for you, Lisette!
Fortune! you may go your way.

Rap! rap! —

If we might credit half her boast,
What wonders gold has in its gift.
Well, we have twenty bottles left,
And still some credit with our host.

Rap! rap! —

Her pearls, and rubies too, she quotes,
And mantles more than sumptuous:
Lord! but the purple's nought to us,
We're just now taking off our coats.

Rap! rap! —

She treats us as the rawest youths,
With talk of genius and of fame:
Thank calumny, alas, for shame!
Our faith is spoil'd in laurel growths.

Rap! rap! —

Far from our pleasures, we care not
Her highest heavens to attain.
She fills her big balloons in vain
Till we have swamp'd our little boat.

Rap! rap! —

Yet all our neighbours crowd to be
Within her ring of promises.
Ah! surely, friends! our mistresses
Will take us in more pleasantly.

Rap! rap!

THE OLD VAGABOND

Leave me in this ditch to die !
I am old, infirm, and worn.
“ He is drunk ”— the passers cry :
Lightly my complaints are borne.
Gaily turn their heads away ;
Some chance half-pence at me thrown ;
“ Quick, quick, to our holiday ! ”—
Old vagabond, I can die here alone.

Yes ! I am dying of old age :
None of hunger ever die.
O, might some hospital assuage
The death-bed of my misery !
No place remaineth anywhere,
The people everywhere is lorn :
Nursed in the streets, what should I care ?
Old vagabond, let me die where I was born.

To our artizans, when young,
Have I sued : Teach me a trade !
“ Go, beg, and learn to use your tongue !
We have not too much work : ” they said.
Rich ones, who bade me labour !— well,
Your generous bones are not forgot ;
Nor the sweet straw where I slept well.
Old vagabond, indeed I curse you not.

I might have stolen, I was poor ;
No, rather I sought charity :

The fruit that hung the road-side o'er
Was my most heinous larceny.
Yet twenty times I've been the prey
Of jail-glooms, the Law's Majesty
Sweeping my little wealth away.
Old vagabond, sunlight belong'd to me.

What country can be call'd the poor's?
What are your corn and wine to me?
Your parliament, your orators,
Your glory and your industry?
When in your homes as conquerors
The foreign foe lived lustily,
I like an idiot have shed tears.
Old vagabond, their bounty nourish'd me.

Why crush'd ye not my poverty,
As ye tread out a vermin's brood?
Rather should you have abled me
To labour for the general good.
Screen'd from the biting storms of want,
A brother would have cared for ye:
The grub would have become an ant.
Old vagabond, I die your enemy.

THE FOOLS

Old soldiers of logic are we,
Squaring all things by line and by rule:
If one should step out of the ranks,
We all cry — Down with the fool!
He is baited, he's worried to death;
And from after inquiry we find

That his statue would just fit a wreath,
For the glory of human-kind.

How often some obscure thought,
Like a virgin, awaits her spouse :
The blockheads call her distraught ;
The wise say — Keep to the house !
Till meeting, quite out o' the world,
A fool with a future mind,
She is married, and brought to bed
Of a blessing for human-kind.

I have seen the prophet St. Simon,
First rich, then in bankruptcy,
Who from basement to chimney-top
Would remodel society.
Full of his work begun,
Though old, with a youthful mind,
He begg'd of the world an alms
For the Saviour of human-kind.

Says Fourier — Out of the mud,
People deceived by factions !
Work group'd together by phalanx,
In a circle of attractions !
Our earth after all its jars
Shall heaven in wedlock bind,
And the law which governs the stars
Give peace unto human-kind.

Let woman be free ! says Enfantin :
'Tis her right. Says the world — Be damn'd !
Down with these idiot dreamers !
So the fools are epigramm'd.

Gentles! when life in vain
The way unto bliss would find,
Thank the fool who gives even a dream
Of the welfare of human-kind!

Who discover'd the Western World?
A fool who was laugh'd to scorn.
The Cross where a fool was hang'd
As the sign of a God is worn.
If the sun should forget to rise
To-morrow some fool would find,
To the horror of all the wise,
A lantern for human-kind.

THE KEYS OF PARADISE

From Saint Peter, the other day,
Heaven's keys were stolen away :
[The tale is as true as the metre !]
'Twas Peggy who, passing thereby,
Pick'd the Saint's pocket so sly.

“Meg! 'pon my soul,
I'll be damn'd for a fool :
Give me my keys!” said St. Peter.

In the wink of an eye she unlock'd
The door to a couple who knock'd ;
[The tale is as true as the metre !]
Thorough-gone saints and cursed sinners
Cheek by jowl ate the Paradise dinners.

“Meg! 'pon my soul,
I'll be damn'd for a fool :
Give me my keys!” said St. Peter.



Lo, a Turk walks in, whistling ; a Jew ;
A Calvinist soon snuffles through ;
[The tale is as true as the metre !]
Then a Pope, the prime boy o' the lot,
But for Peggy a little too hot.

“ Meg ! 'pon my soul,
I'll be damn'd for a fool :
Give me my keys ! ” said St. Peter.

Even Jesuits, though the fair thief
O' the keys let them in with some grief,
[The tale is as true as the metre !]
Even they, some red-hatted,
By the Archangels squatted.

“ Meg ! 'pon my soul,
I'll be damn'd for a fool :
Give me my keys ! ” said St. Peter.

Said a fool whom they did not reject —
God's company is not select :
[The tale is as true as the metre !]
Satan' self is right gladly admitted,
A saint by his horns, Peggy-fitted.

“ Meg ! 'pon my soul,
I'll be damn'd for a fool :
Give me my keys ! ” said St. Peter.

The Devil was bless'd and set free,
Hell was put down by royal decree ;
[The tale is as true as the metre !]
Loving-kindness all errors remitted,
Not a heretic even was spitted.

“ Meg ! 'pon my soul,
I'll be damn'd for a fool :

Give me my keys!" said St. Peter.

So heaven became very merry :
The Saint o' the outside grew weary ;
[The tale is as true as the metre !]
But Peggy, remem'bring his place,
Slamm'd the door in the janitor's face.

 " Meg, Meg ! 'pon my soul
 I'll be damn'd for a fool :
Give me my keys ! " said St- Peter.

THE LITTLE GREY MAN

All habited in grey
A little man there is
 In Paris :
Apple-cheek'd and gay,
Who, not a penny spent,
 Lives content,
And says — " I, oh I, —
'Ods life ! I laugh alway."
O but he is gay,
This little man in grey.

The pretty girls to get,
To drink his full swing,
 And to sing,
He covers him with debt :
But as to creditors,
 And officers,
He says — " I, oh I, —
'Ods life ! I laugh alway."
O but he is gay,
This little man in grey.

Let it rain into his chamber;
He sleeps, and doesn't know
 It comes through ;
His fingers, in December,
He blows for want of coals ;
 Never growls,
But says — "I, oh I,—
'Ods life ! I laugh alway."
O but he is gay,
This little man in grey.

His wife, as fair as free,
Makes her lovers pay
 For her outlay ;
So the more brilliant she,
The more he's pointed at :
 He sees that,
And says — "I, oh I,—
'Ods life ! I laugh alway."
O but he is gay,
This little man in grey.

When gout or other evil
On his tatter'd bed rest,
 Then the priest
Of death and of the Devil
Talks to him ere he dies :
 He replies —
" 'Ods life ! I, oh I,—
'Ods life ! I laugh alway."
O but he is gay,
This little man in grey.

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK

Come, courser mine ! the Cossack's faithful friend,—
Fly !— at the signal trumpets of the North.
Bold to attack, or prompt at pillage, lend
Wings under me to Death now rushing forth !
No gold makes rich thy bridle or thy side ;
But wait the payment of my ravagings :
Neigh, O my faithful courser ! neigh with pride,
And trample underfoot the peoples and their kings.

Fast-fleeing Peace hath left thy reins to me ;
Europe has lost her ramparts of old time :
My greedy hands a treasury shall be ;
We will repose in Art's adopted clime.
Return to drink in Seine's rebellious tide ;
Wash off, the third time there, the blood that clings !
Neigh, O my faithful courser ! neigh with pride,
And trample underfoot the peoples and their kings.

As in a fortress, princes, priests, and peers,
Besieged by their own subjects sore-oppress'd,
Cry to us — Come, be masters, end our fears !
We will be serfs, so tyrants we may rest.
I take my lance :— before me, far and wide,
Sceptre and cross are bow'd like abject things :
Neigh, O my faithful courser ! neigh with pride,
And trample underfoot the peoples and their kings.

But now I saw a giant shade immense
Fix on our bivouacs a lurid eye ;



He cried aloud — My reign doth recommence ;
And with his war-axe pointed westernly.
The monarch of the Huns was at my side :
The son of Attila true service brings.
Neigh, O my faithful courser ! neigh with pride,
And trample underfoot the peoples and their kings.

All this enlightenment, proud Europe's trust,
This knowledge which defends her not to-day,
All shall be swallow'd in the clouds of dust
Thy steps shall raise around me on my way.
Efface, efface, efface, in our new ride,
Towers, temples, laws, all history's sacred things ;
Neigh, O my faithful courser ! neigh with pride,
And trample underfoot the peoples and their kings.

THE DEATH OF THE DEVIL

A special miracle I trace
In this my lay concise and brief,
To Saint Ignatius giving praise,
Of all our little saints the chief.
By what had been a shameful trick,
If shame could crown a saintly head,
He play'd the devil with Old Nick.
The Devil's dead, the Devil's dead.

Satan at table meeting him,
He says — Pledge me, or shame be thine ;
And fills the fiend's glass to the brim
With poison'd sacramental wine.
Nick drinks, is griped, is cruel sick,
Grimaces, swears, writhes on his bed,

Then bursts — like any heretic.
The Devil's dead! the Devil's dead!

He's dead, he's dead, the monks all cry :
Who now will buy our *agnuses*?
He's dead, the canons all reply :
Who'll pay us for *oremuses*?
Despair on all the Conclave seized :
Our money-box and power have fled,—
Our nursing father has deceased :
The Devil's dead! the Devil's dead!

Love serves us not as fear has done,
Whose gifts for ever fill'd our hands ;
Intolerance is almost gone,—
Who now shall reillumine its brands?
From our old yoke should man elope,
Truth's light will o'er his life be shed ;
God will be greater than the Pope.
The Devil's dead, the Devil's dead.

Ignatius comes : Allow me then —
He says,— his place and rights to take :
He had long ceased to frighten men ;
Before me even kings shall quake.
With robbery, murder, plague, and war,
From South to North I will be fed ;
God shall my leavings have,— no more.
The Devil's dead, the Devil's dead.

How all exclaim'd — Most excellent !
We bless thee for thy saintly spite.
His order soon, Rome's muniment,
Had power the very heavens to affright.

From angel choirs lamentings fell ;
Pity man's mournful lot ! they said :
Ignatius is the heir of Hell.
The Devil's dead, the Devil's dead.

TWO SISTERS

LES DEUX SŒURS DE CHARITÉ

GOD ABOVE

Ordaineth love :

I say unto you — Verily

You shall be saved by charity.

A grey old maid, a Sister she
Of Charity, at heaven's gate met
A dashing beauty, fair and free,
Whom Opera-goers all regret.
After their earthly sojournings,
Together to the realms above
They soar'd : the one on angel wings,
The other in the arms of love.

After an Ave for the nun,
St. Peter, door-keeper up there,
Turn'd to the actress,— Nay, have done,
And enter unconfess'd, my fair !
And yet, she cried,— my body was
Denied a grave ; but unreprieved
By God be that hard priest !— alas,
The wretched man had never loved.

'Neath lordly roofs or lowly thatch
I follow'd pain ; by sorrow's bed,

The Sister spoke.— 'twas mine to watch
And pity's soothing balm to shed.
Before my throne wealth, power, and rank,
The actress said,— have furl'd their wings ;
And oft through me the poor man drank
The wine that had enchanted kings.

And I, resumed the holy dove,—
More than the altar's servants have
Prepared mankind, with words of love,
To stoop into the peaceful grave.
Offering to those who follow'd me
A gentle fault, the nymph pursued,—
I cherish'd life voluptuously,
Till pleasure taught belief in good.

When I, the nun rejoin'd,— address'd
My prayers to kindly hearts, I had
The alms of wealth, with which I bless'd
The poor and made the wretched glad.
And, said the other,— by distress
Seeing the honest soul enslaved,
I with the price of a caress
A hundred times have virtue saved.

Enter, enter, Well-beloved !
Replied the keeper of the door :
True charity your souls hath moved,
My God requireth nothing more.
Into his empire freely come
All who have dried the mourners' tears :
Thine is the crown of martyrdom,
And pleasure's flower garland hers.

God above
Ordaineth love :
I say unto you — Verily
You shall be saved by charity.

THE PUPPETS

LES NÈGRES ET LES MARIONNETTES

In his bark a captain bore
A freight of blackamoors for sale ;
Ennui kill'd them by the score :
Plague ! quoth he,— my venture 'll fail.
'Tis too bad, you fools ! I say ;
But I 've a cure upon these shelves :
Come and see my puppets play !
My poor slaves ! amuse yourselves.

Their despair to wile away,
Soon a theatre is set ;
Forthwith Punch begins to play,—
Blackie had not seen him yet.
First, they knew not what to think,
Crowding round in tens and twelves ;
But soon pleasure tips a wink :
That 's good slaves ! amuse yourselves.

Pell-mell comes the Beadle out ;
But the Prince of all Hunchbacks
Kills and knocks him all about,—
As example to our blacks :
Who, forgetful of their chains,
Laugh out like the sprightliest elves :

Man is faithless to his pains :
You good slaves ! amuse yourselves.

Comes the Devil, his hue 's enough,—
The rebel angel charms them so :
And when Punch is carried off,
Another burst relieves their woe.
'Tis a black has won the game !
To their deepest heart it delves :
The poor idiots dream of fame.
Best of slaves ! amuse yourselves.

Speeding on their slavish way,
Tow'rd a haven yet more dire,
Even this wretched puppet play
Can beguile them of their ire.
Kings thus, sober'd by their fears,
Unload all their puppet-shelves :
Why grow weary of your years ?
Best of slaves ! amuse yourselves.

THE ORAN-OUTANGS

Of old, if Æsop rightly sang,
The European Oran-outang
So glibly spoke that, to our cost,
From them descends our lawyer host.
Look, gentlemen ! at history,—
One day, said one of them : you 'll see
How Man since Time's first footfall rang
Has always aped the Oran-outang.

At first, through living on our crumbs,
To him the art of harvest comes ;
Then after us he learns to stand
Upright and walk with cane in hand ;
And even when heaven him annoys,
It is our coinage he employs.
Yes ! Man since Time's first footfall rang
Has always aped the Oran-outang.

His loves but copy our amours,—
His shes though are less true than ours ;
Our cynicism, never hid,
He doubtless has but parodied.
By us to live of care unsought
The great Diogenes was taught.
For Man since Time's first footfall rang
Has always aped the Oran-outang-

'Mong us his armies may be seen,—
Centre and wings well form'd, I ween ;
And, under our good emperors,
Reserve, vanguard, and sharpshooters.
Or ever Troy was laid in cinders
We count a score of Alexanders.
For Man since Time's first footfall rang
Has only aped the Oran-outang.

With general's truncheon, sword, or lance,
Killing 's *the art, par excellence* :
We teach it. Tell me wherefore, then,
Our kings should be the sons of men ?
Great Gods ! it makes ono impious :
Your image does but copy us.

Yes, Gods! since Time's first footfall rang
Man has but aped the Oran-outang.

What! Jove exclaims,— this in our ears
For ever? Apes, bees, beavers, bears,
All cry — Look at this ill-lick'd pup,
Your Man: where have you fish'd him up?
This fool would even the Gods o'erreach.
We must deprive the beasts of speech.
For Man long yet will keep the twang
Of his archetype Oran-outang.

THE FAIR PRISONER

LA PRISONNIÈRE ET LE CHEVALIER

A Romance of Chivalry

“Ah! if hereby would pass a knight
Whose heart is true to love's sweet power,
And he should triumph o'er the wight
Who holds me prisoner in this tower,—
How I would bless that gentle knight!”

Thereby then pass'd a gentle knight,
To honour true and love's sweet power;
“Lady!” said he,— “whose cruel spite
Holds you imprison'd in this tower?
Is he a prelate or a knight?”

“It is my husband, courteous knight!
Would keep me faithful to his power;
And leaves me, of his jealous fright!
To sleep alone all in this tower.
Deliver me, thou courteous knight!”

Then instantly that youthful knight,
Whose own good angel gives him power,
Eludes the watchful jailor's sight,
And penetrates into the tower.
Honour, great honour to the knight !

That prisoner fair then to the knight
Vows all the love within her power ;
Revening her for prison plight,
On her lone bedstead in the tower.
Be happy now, thou handsome knight !

And then the lady and the knight
Leap both upon a steed of power,
And in the face of husband-high
They fling the big keys of the tower ;
And then, good bye ! fair dame and knight.

So, honour to all gallant knights !
Honour to ladies' loving power !
'Gainst wedlock and its jailor wights,
In palace chamber or in tower,
Heaven had a care of gallant knights.

THE GYPSIES

LES BOHÉMIENS

Pilferers, jugglers, fortune-tellers,
Rascal slime
Of an antique time,—
Pilfering cheats and fortune-tellers,
Whence come ye? gay roadside-dwellers !

Where we come from? None can tell.

Ask the swallow!

Him we follow.

Where we come from none can tell;

Where we'll go is known as well.

Sans prince, sans law, sans country:

All, of us

Be envious!

Sans prince, sans law, sans country,

Man is bless'd one day in three.

Independent born are we:

No baptism,

Church or schism.

Independent born are we

To the sound of fifes and minstrelsy.

And our earliest steps are loose,

In this world

By error whirl'd,—

And our earliest steps are loose

From the old swaddling-clothes of use.

The people, prey to our attainments,

Magic lore

Rules as of yore:

The people, prey to our attainments,

Must have their conjurors and saints.

Find we Plutus in our path,

Singing we

Ask charity:

Find we Plutus in our path,

We beg gaily what he hath.

Poor wild birds by heaven bless'd,
What care we
For wall'd city?

Poor wild birds by heaven bless'd,
In the deep wood hangs our nest.

In the dark Love, every night,
Yokes us well,
Ay! all pell-mell:

In the dark Love, every night,
To his car yokes our delight.

Poor philosopher! no power
Have thine eyes
To freely rise

(Thy poor eyes have not the power)
Above the vane of thine old tower.

Seeing's having: let us on!
Strolling life
Is pleasure-rife.

Seeing's having: let us on!
When all's seen the whole is won.

But to man eachwhere they cry,—
Let him wear,
Or rot in lair,—

Unto man eachwhere they cry,
At birth — good day! at death — good bye!

When we die, or young or old,
Man or wife,—
God takes our life!

When we die, or young or old,
Our bones are to the surgeons sold.

And we have not, free from pride,
Land or chain —
Heavy as vain :
And we have not, free from pride,
Cradle, roof, or coffin-side.

Yet trust to our gaiety :
Lord or priest,
From first to least :
Yet trust to our gaiety !
Happiness is liberty.

Yes ! trust to our gaiety :
Lord or priest,
From first to least :
Yes ! trust to our gaiety !
Happiness is liberty.

THE BEGGARS

The beggars : they
Are happy and gay,
And love in their way :
Long live they !

Let us sing the beggars' praise !
So many beggars well to do :
Now avenge we in our lays
The honest man without a sou.

The beggars ! —

Happiness so easy is
In the heart of poverty :



Let the Gospel witness this !

Witness too my gaiety !

The beggars ! —

On Parnassus Misery broods :

Let us write her epitaph !

What, think you, were Homer's goods ?

Just a wallet and a staff.

The beggars ! —

Ye, whose eyes distress makes dim,

Trust me, many a hero yet,

Whose fine shoes are pinching him,

May his wooden clogs regret.

The beggars ! —

Pomps and pride of place,— for these

Exile payeth many a one.

See, meanwhile Diogenes

Mocks the conqueror, from his tun.

The beggars ! —

Palace-splendour shows so fine :

Weariness within I saw.

One needs not a cloth to dine ;

One may sleep well upon straw.

The beggars ! —

Say, what God with beauteous wing

Hides yon pallet happily ?

'Tis Love, come a-visiting

Merry-visaged Poverty.

The beggars ! —

Friendship is not gone, I ween,
Though regretted as no more :
See her hobnobbing between
Two soldiers at the ale-house door !

The beggars : they
Are happy and gay,
Loving too, well-a-day :
Long live they !

ADVICE TO THE BELGIANS

1831

Have done with it, dear brothers Belgian !
Just make a king — God damn you ! and have done.
These last eight months your airs republican
Have sicken'd our good courtiers, every one.
To make a king you 'll always find the stuff ;
'Tis John, 'tis Paul, my neighbour, anything :
Your royal eggs hatch readily enough.
So make a king — God damn you ! make a king !
Ay, make, do make a king !

What blessings on you will a prince pour out :
First enter etiquette with all her flights ;
Then ribands, crosses, to be hawk'd about ;
Then dukes, marquises, viscounts, barons, knights ;
Then a fine throne, gold, silk, and pearl also,
With cushions that may suit for many a thing ;
Please heaven, you 'll have a grand anointing too.
O make a king — God damn you ! make a king !
Ay, make, do make a king !

Then you'll have kissing hands, and grand parades,
Speeches and verses, fireworks, wreaths of flowers ;
Then heaps of fools to pine in dismal shades
Should any ailment vex the royal hours.
Both beggar's hat and regal diadem
Have vermin,— 'tis a providential thing :
But courtiers, royalty 's the food for them.
Make you a king — God damn you ! make a king !
Ay, make, do make a king !

Then it will rain you lacqueys of all kinds,
Judges and prefects and police and spies ;
And soldiers such as power for ever finds ;
Illuminations too, to feast your eyes.
Then comes the budget. Twenty years to fill
Athens and Sparta were an easier thing.
The Ogre has dined : now, Peoples ! pay the bill.
Make you a king — God damn you ! make a king !
Ay, make, do make a king !

But lord, I 'm joking. It 's well known in France
I 'm a most staunch supporter of the throne.
Besides, all history answers in advance —
No kings but benefactors we have known :
The fathers of their people never vex'd,
The more it learns, the less their worrying ;
Henry the Good, Louis the Thirteenth next.
Make you a king — God damn you ! make a king !
Ay, make, do make a king !

THE SUICIDE

ON THE DEATH OF TWO YOUNG MEN OF PROMISE

What! are the two both dead, in this close room,
Where yet the fatal charcoal vapours weigh?
Alas! their lives had but begun to bloom.
Dread suicide! sad object of dismay!
They will have said — How doth the world decay,
Like some old vessel worn by every wave;
How pale both crew and pilot! let us save
Ourselves, ere all is whelm'd, as best we may.
And seeking for themselves a way to land,
They have set forth together, hand in hand.

Poor children! echo yet is murmuring
The gentle airs that cradled your first dreams;
Around your early path some fog might cling,—
Did we not bid you wait the rising beams?
Sadly they answer'd — Matters not the sap
In the rich fields through which our passage lies;
O not for us the glorious sun doth rise;
Nor fruits nor flowers nor harvests fill our lap.
And turning them toward the better land,
They have set forth together, hand in hand.

Poor children! life calumniating thus,
Prating, like age, with querulous weak breath —
The cup was drained thoroughly by us,
Yet have we not discover'd love beneath.
Sad their reply — The Love of boyhood's lay
Is but a dream of angels, sung in vain;

One altar to his worship did remain,—
We touch'd it, and the idol was of clay.
And turning them toward the better land,
They have set forth together, hand in hand.

Poor children ! but your wings had come to you,
And one day eagles you, your nests afar,
The thunder braving, clouds careering through,
Had reach'd your zenith, facing glory's star.
Sad their reply — The lightning-fire consumes
The laurel ; envy flingeth to the wind
Its ashes. Ne'er so high our flight would find
Its fall, and envy mock our broken plumes.
And turning them toward the better land,
They have set forth together, hand in hand.

Poor children ! what most miserable pains
May not accomplish'd duty well appease :
A mother in our Country one obtains,
And folded in her flag may hope for ease.
Sad their reply — The banner borne in state
To chieftains' roofs their quiet slumber charms ;
But the poor soldier, red with foemen's harms,
Watches and dies of hunger at the gate.
And turning them toward the better land,
They have set forth together, hand in hand.

Poor children ! some old nurse's ghostly tales
Had peopled your young minds with frightful lies ;
But over all our darkness God prevails :
Should not his father voice have calm'd your cries ?
Ah ! said they,— follow we this track of flame :
Though others fling it idly in the air,
We wait not, God ! till from our souls despair

Letter by letter shall efface thy name.
And turning them toward the better land,
They have set forth together, hand in hand.

Creator God! their madness them forgive,—
The dismal echo of their thoughts' sad strain,
Forgetful that not for ourselves we live,
But each for all, links of one mighty chain.
O human life! could these poor children find
No true apostle to awake their heed,
Urging God's law — Love, for thine own soul's need!
Make thyself loved, so to redeem thy kind!
But turning them toward the better land,
They have set forth together, hand in hand.

HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS

Ye Gods! how beautiful she is,
She whom I love for evermore:
Her eyes' sweet melancholy bliss
From love's pure fount is welling o'er.
With its most happy breath, I wis,
To inspire her being heaven was fain:
Ye Gods! how beautiful she is;
And I,— I am, I am so plain.

Ye Gods! but she is beautiful.
Her twentieth spring she scarce hath told;
Her lips are flower-buds fresh and full;
Her hair is bright with waving gold.
But one accomplishment she'll miss:
Knew she herself, she might be vain.



Ye Gods! how beautiful she is ;
And I,— I am, I am so plain.

Ye Gods! how beautiful is she ;
And yet I am by her beloved,
Though not one grace belongs to me
Of those by womankind approved.
Before she charm'd my life with bliss
Love fled from me. Return again!
Ye Gods! how beautiful she is ;
And I,— I am, I am so plain.

Ye Gods! how beautiful she is ;
And love shall overlast my fears.
Her garland doth a forehead kiss
Was bald ere I had thirty years.
And now, ye veils that hide my bliss!
Fall off: my joy hath nought to gain.
Ye Gods! how beautiful she is ;
And I,— I am, I am so plain.

FARIDONDAINE

OR THE CONSPIRACY OF SONGS

*Supplementary instruction of the Prefect of police,
M. Anglès, concerning the singing clubs of Paris.*

1820

Listen, detective! to me ;
Hear what your sergeant saith :
Be gay with the enemy,
And sing till you 're out of breath.
You know that Monseigneur Anglès
(Ah, *faridondaine!*)

Holds couplets in much dismay ;
Learn what against him may be
(*Biribi!*)
Of the fashion of *barbari* :
Mon ami !

These cheap singing places, they may
Excite a too lofty vein ;
Your tavern Apollos they pay
With a mug of the thinnest Surêne :
All false : hear that blind man sing
— Yes ! *faridondaine*,
In a tone threatening.
They neglect the the air of *Henri*
(*Biribi!*)
For the fashion of *barbari*,
Mon ami !

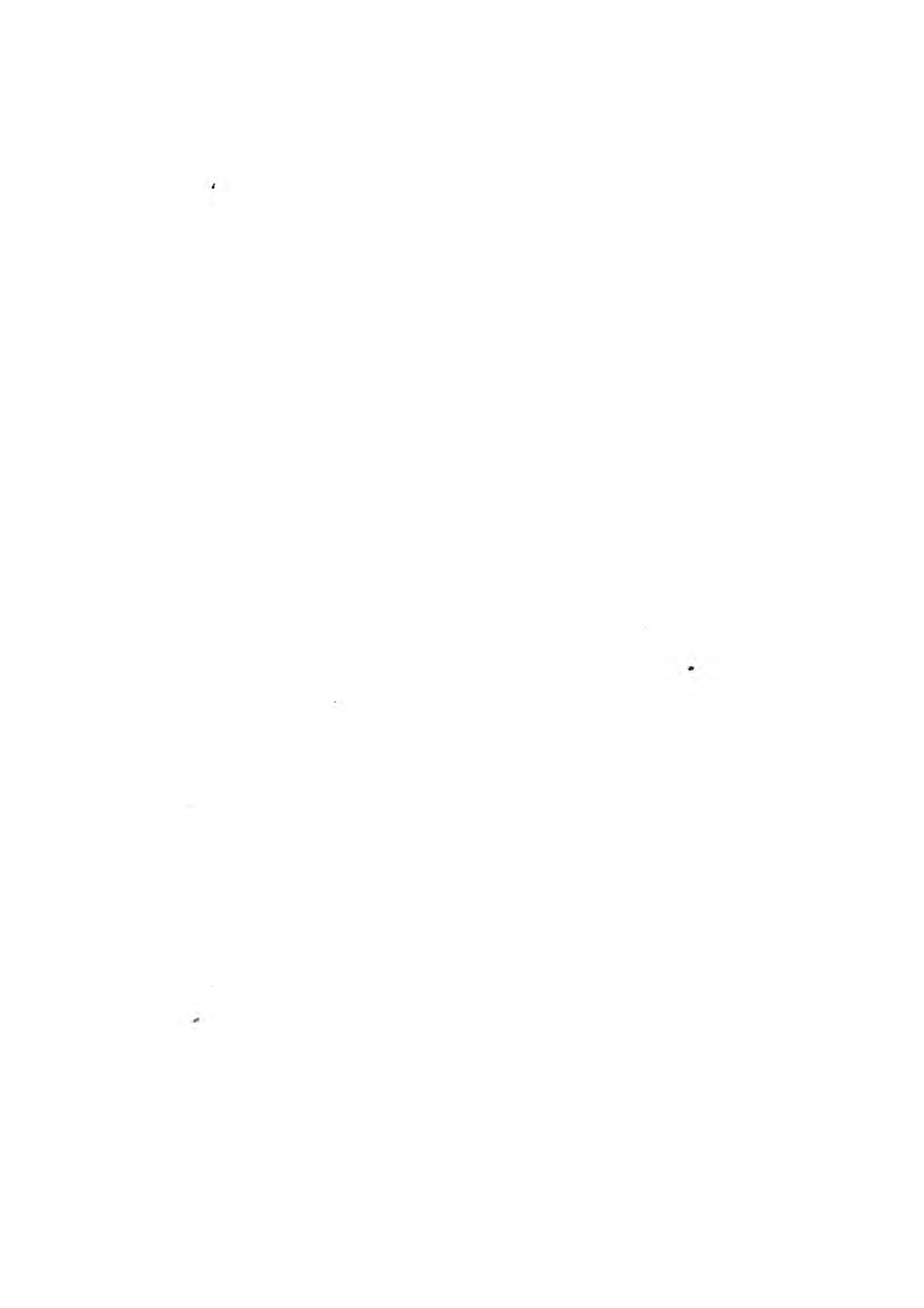
Report upon *Mirliton!*
The Court finds it obscene ;
Denounce *Malbrouck is gone!*
Lest our Wellington feel mean ;
Especially transmutate
That *faridondaine*
To a crime against the State !
Give us judges from juries free,
(*Biribi!*)
In the fashion of *barbari*,
Mon ami !

Biribi (it is Latin) may mean
The Man at Helena detain'd ;

Barbari (I am sure I have seen)
Is a people that is enchain'd ;
Mon ami — that isn't the king ;
 And *faridondaine*
At the faith is a fling.
What else sayeth Marchangy
 (*Biribi!*)
On the fashion of *barbari*?
 Mon ami !

These words to the Prefect belong ;
 You will follow them easily.
Unless we are wary of song
 We are certain of anarchy.
May the throne its salvation have
 From *faridondaine*,
By *God save* . . . ;
And replace with *O filii!*
 Biribi,
In the fashion of *barbari*,
 Mon ami !

ADAM MICKIEWICZ



ADAM MICKIEWICZ

ODE TO YOUTH

[FROM THE POLISH]

O Peoples ! heartless, soulless skeletons ! —
 O Youth ! give me thy wings,
That I may mount aloft from this dead earth
And soar to where Enthusiasm flings
 Its light on nobler things,
Waking new blossoms of most wondrous worth,
And blessing Hope with dreams of her belovéd ones.

For him whose sight is nigh eclipsed by age,
Whose wrinkled brow is bow'd unto the ground,
 Be his pale vision's bound
The scant horizon of a measured page !

But, Youth ! thy vigorous sight
Should leap beyond the earth and sun-like wend
Thorough the path of life, from height to height,
 From end to end.

Look down, on yonder chaos whose dark girth
Is wrapp'd in sluggishness as in a fog !
 It is the earth.

And lo, on that dread ocean, like a log,
Floats some strange reptile shell'd in shapeless rind,
Itself its ship, its pilot, and its helm,
Feeding on what less reptiles it can find,
Now on the wave-top, now deep in the whelm,
All heedless of the unheeding tempest's shock.
Now bubble-like it bursts against a rock :
And no one of its life or burial wist,
Behold the egotist !

Youth ! the nectar of my life
Is only sweet when it is shared by others.
Let friendship's golden skein entwine you, brothers !
And heaven-like joys shall in your hearts be rife.

Together then, young friends !
Each one is happy in united ends,
And strong ; and in enthusiasm wise.
Together then, young friends !
Nor is he hapless who nears not the aim.
Enthusiasm leading him, he dies,
In mid career struck down ; his brethren rise
O'er him, as on a stair, toward eternal fame.

Together then, young friends !
Though steep and slippery be the path,
Though Violence or Weakness you prevent :
Let Wrath be vanquish'd by diviner Wrath,
And wrestle in youth with Weakness, till her charms
[be spent !

Who could with baby hands the serpents quell
Can grapple with the Centaur in his prime ;
Will bring back victims from the throat of hell ;
And reach at last to heaven's wreath sublime.
So reach thou far beyond the grasp of sight !

Burst through what thy mere reason can not pierce !
Youth ! be thy soaring like the eagle's flight ;
Thy arm a thunderbolt, so swift and fierce.

Hurrah ! foot set to foot, with mighty hands
Our arms shall bind the sphere.
Our thoughts concentre here ;
Our souls one will commands.
We 'll tear this lump of earth from its deep base,
And push the sluggard on a newer track ;
Rend off its mouldy rind, and give it back
Its spring of life, fresh as our youthful grace.

Over dark chaos and the void of eld,
Confusion with confusion wildly blent,
God's Word forth went :
And lo, the worlds appear'd, in space upheld.
Shouted the hurricane, the waters leap'd,
And myriad stars the heavens in splendour steep'd.
So in the nations' hearts is darkness now,
Will, like the elements, 'gainst will contending ;
But the divinity of Youth its brow
Uplifts : the nations' agony is ending.
The new world issues from the gloom,
In love henceforth upon its bright path wending,
And by Love's power upheld through the eternal
[doom.

Light driveth down the sky the cloudy rack
Of error ; feeling bursts its icy bar.
Welcome, thrice welcome, Freedom's Morning Star !
The Saviour Sun close follows on thy track.



