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TRANSLATIONS
IN
POETRY AND PROSE

FROM CELEBRATED
GERMAN WRITERS.

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES
BY

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P R E F A C E .

POETIC conception springing forth from the mind in a poetic form is poetry in the highest sense of the term. In every part of the poem you may discover the seal of inspiration testifying to the original coexistence of the spirit and of the form, by the creation of which that spirit has manifested itself; you feel, in short, that *the whole* is the spontaneous and rich outpouring of a poetic mind.

Every translation of this highest kind of poetry can present only an approach to the beauty of the original. In the language of Boswell: "You hear the same tune, but it is not the same tone." On the other hand, however, translations from poetic prose writings, so to speak, which by modern critics have been hon-

ored indiscriminately with the name of poetry, will not only give you the tune — to continue the metaphor — but frequently play it on instruments better adapted to its spirit than the original itself.

Many of the translations in this volume, and particularly those from Göthe, may be regarded as belonging to the former class; while those from Herder, for instance, will find a place among the productions last mentioned.

But however great a degree of pleasure these translations may be calculated to afford, one of the principal reasons, which has given rise to this publication, is to be found in the hope, that they may awaken or foster in the reader a lively desire of becoming acquainted with the originals.

The compilation of these translations has been partly occasioned by a habit of transcribing such short productions, as it might be desirable to re-peruse at a time, when the original might not be within the reach of the compiler. It is owing to this fact, that in several instances

it is out of his power to state the sources from which these translations have been derived. Many of them are from Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, from *Specimens of the German Lyric Poets*, and from various reviews. But a few of the prosaic translations are from his own pen.

The biographical notices are partly abridged from the *Encyclopedia Americana*, and partly from *Specimens of the German Lyric Poets*, and a few other sources.

The compiler intends to have this little volume succeeded by another, which is to consist principally of prose translations from his own pen.

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ELLENORE.

I.

At break of day from frightful dreams
 Upstartd Ellenore :
 My William, art thou slayn, she sayde,
 Or dost thou love no more ?

II.

He went abroad with Richard's host
 The paynim foes to quell ;
 But he no word to her had writt,
 An he were sick or well.

III.

With blore of trump and thump of drum
 His fellow-soldyers come,
 Their helms bedeckt with oaken boughs,
 They seeke their longed-for home.

IV.

And evry road and evry lane
 Was full of old and young
 To gaze at the rejoycing band,
 To haile with gladsom tounge.

V.

“ Thank God ! ” their wives and children sayde,
 “ Welcome ! ” the brides did saye ;

But greet or kiss gave Ellenore
To none upon that daye.

VI.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven hair,
And cast herself upon the growne,
In furious despair.

VII.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped in her arm,
“My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
God shield thy life from harm!”

VIII.

‘O mother, mother! William’s gone
What’s all besyde to me?
There is no mercie, sure, above!
All, all were spared but he!’

IX.

“Kneele downe, thy paternoster saye,
’T will calm thy troubled spright:
The Lord is wise, the Lord is good;
What he hath done is right.”

X.

‘O mother, mother! saye not so;
Most cruel is my fate:
I prayde, and prayde; but watte awaylde?
’T is now, alas! too late.’

XI.

“ Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suffring child:
Go take the holy sacrament ;
So shal thy grief grow mild.”

XII.

‘ O mother, what I feele within,
No sacrament can staye ;
No sacrament can teche the dead
To bear the sight of daye.’

XIII.

“ May-be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And put away his faith and troth,
And take another love.

XIV.

“ Then wherefor sorrowe for his loss?
Thy moans are all in vain:
But when his soul and body parte,
His falsehode brings him pain.”

XV.

‘ O mother, mother! gone is gone:
My hope is all forlorn ;
The grave my only safeguard is —
O, had I ne’er been born!

XVI.

‘ Go out, go out, my lamp of life ;
 In grizely darkness die :
 There is no mercie, sure, above !
 For ever let me lie.’

XVII.

“ Almighty God ! O do not judge
 My poor unhappy child ;
 She knows not what her lips pronounce,
 Her anguish makes her wild.

XVIII.

“ My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
 And think on God and bliss ;
 For so, at least, shal not thy soul
 Its heavenly bridegroom miss.”

XIX.

‘ O mother, mother ! what is bliss,
 And what the fiendis cell ?
 With him ’t is heaven any where,
 Without my William, hell.

XX.

‘ Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
 In endless darkness die :
 Without him I must loathe the earth,
 Without him scorne the skie.’

XXI.

And so despair did rave and rage
 Athwarte her boiling veins ;
 Against the Providence of God
 She hurld her impious strains.

XXII.

She bet her breast, and wrung her hands,
 And rollde her tearless eye,
 From rise of morn, til the pale stars
 Again orespred the skye.

XXIII.

When harke !-abroade she herde the tramp
 Of nimble-hoofed steed ;
 She herde a knight with clank alighte,
 And climbe the stair in speed.

XXIV.

And soon she herde a tinkling hand,
 That twirled at the pin ;
 And thro her door, that open not,
 There words were breathed in.

XXV.

“ What ho ! what ho ! thy door undo ;
 Art watching or asleepe ?
 My love, dost yet remember me,
 And dost thou laugh or weepe ? ”

XXVI.

‘ Ah! William here so late at night!
 Oh! I have wachte and waked:
 Whense art thou come? For thy return
 My heart has sorely aked.’

XXVII.

“ At midnight only we may ride ;
 I come ore land and see:
 I mounted late, but soone I go ;
 Aryse, and come with mee.”

XXVIII.

‘ O William, enter first my bowre,
 And give me one embrace:
 The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss ;
 Awayte a little space.’

XXIX.

“ Tho blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss,
 I may not harbour here ;
 My spurs are sett, my courser pawes,
 My hour of flight is nere.

XXX.

“ All as thou lvest upon thy couch,
 Aryse, and mount behinde ;
 To-night we’le ride a thousand miles,
 The bridal bed to finde.”

XXXI.

‘ How, ride to-night a thousand miles?
 Thy love thou dost bemock:
 Eleven is the stroke that still
 Rings on within the clock.’

XXXII.

“ Looke up ; the moon is bright, and we
 Outstride the earthly men:
 I’le take thee to the bridal bed,
 And night shall end but then.”

XXXIII.

‘ And where is then thy house, and home,
 And bridal bed so meet? ’
 “ ’T is narrow, silent, chilly, low,
 Six planks, one shrouding sheet.”

XXXIV.

‘ And is there any room for me,
 Wherein that I may creepe? ’
 “ There ’s room enough for thee and me,
 Wherein that we may sleepe.

XXXV.

“ All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
 Aryse, no longer stop ;
 The wedding-guests thy coming wayte,
 The chamber-door is ope.”

XXXVI.

All in her sarke, as there she lay,
 Upon his horse she sprung ;
 And with her lily hands so pale
 About her William clung.

XXXVII.

And hurry-skurry off they go,
 Unheeding wet or dry ;
 And horse and rider snort and blow,
 And sparkling pebbles fly.

XXXVIII.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
 Aright, aleft, are gone !
 The bridges thunder as they pass,
 But earthly sowne is none.

XXXIX.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede ;
 Splash, splash, across the see :
 “ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
 Dost feare to ride with mee ?

XL.

“ The moon is bright, and blue the night ;
 Dost quake the blast to stem ?
 Dost shudder, mayd, to seeke the dead ? ”
 ‘ No, no, but what of them ? ’

XLI.

How glumly sownes yon dirgy song!
 Night-ravens flappe the wing.
 What knell doth slowly tolle ding dong?
 The psalms of death who sing?

XLII.

Forth creeps a swarthy funeral train,
 A corse is on the biere ;
 Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
 The chauntings meete the eere.

XLIII.

“ Go, beare her corse when midnight ’s past,
 With song, and tear, and wail ;
 I’ve gott my wife, I take her home,
 My hour of wedlock hail !

XLIV.

“ Leade forth, O clark, the chaunting quire,
 To swelle our spousal-song :
 Come, preest, and reade the blessing soone ;
 For our dark bed we long.”

XLV.

‘The bier is gon, the dirges hush ;
 His bidding all obaye,
 And headlong rush thro briar and bush,
 Beside his speedy waye.

XLVI.

Halloo! halloo! how swift they go,
 Unheeding wet or dry;
 And horse and rider snort and blow,
 And sparkling pebbles fly.

XLVII.

How swift the hill, how swift the dale,
 Aright, aleft, are gon!
 By hedge and tree, by thorp and town,
 They gallop, gallop on.

XLVIII.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
 Splash, splash, across the see:
 "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
 Dost feare to ride with mee?"

. XLIX.

"Look up, look up, an airy crew
 In roundel daunces reele:
 The moon is bright, and blue the night,
 Mayst dimly see them wheele.

L.

"Come to, come to, ye ghostly crew,
 Come to, and follow me,
 And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
 When we in bed shal be."

LI.

And brush, brush, brush, the ghostly crew
 Came wheeling ore their heads,
 All rustling like the witherd leaves
 That wide the whirlwind spreads.

LII.

Halloo! halloo! away they go,
 Unheeding wet or dry ;
 And horse and rider snort and blow,
 And sparkling pebbles fly.

LIII.

And all that in the moonshyne lay,
 Behind them fled afar ;
 And backward scudded overhead
 The skie and every star.

LIV.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede ;
 Splash, splash, across the see :
 “ Hurrah! the dead can ride apace ;
 Dost feare to ride with mee?

LV.

“ I weene the cock prepares to crowe ;
 ‘The sand will soon be run :
 I snuffe the early morning air ;
 Downe, downe! our work is done.

LVI.

“ The dead, the dead can ride apace :
 Our wed-bed here is fit :
 Our race is ridde, our journey ore,
 Our endless union knit.”

LVII.

And lo ! an yron-grated gate
 Soon biggens to their view :
 He crackde his whyppe ; the locks, the bolts,
 Cling, clang ! asunder flew.

LVIII.

They passe, and 't was on graves they trodde ;
 “ 'T is hither we are bound : ”
 And many a tombstone ghastly white
 Lay in the moonshyne round.

LIX.

And when he from his steed alytte,
 His armure, black as cinder,
 Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
 As were it made of tinder.

LX.

His head became a naked scull ;
 Nor hair nor eyne had he :
 His body grew a skeleton,
 Whilome so blithe of ble.

LXI.

And at his dry and boney heel
 No spur was left to bee ;
 And in his witherd hand you might
 The scythe and hour-glass see.

LXII.

And lo! his steed did thin to smoke,
 And charnel-fires outbreathe ;
 And paled, and bleachde, then vanishde quite
 The mayd from underneathe.

LXIII.

And hollow howlings hung in air,
 And shrekes from vaults arose:
 Then knewe the mayd she might no more
 Her living eyes unclose.

LXIV.

But onward to the judgment-seat,
 Thro mist and moonlight dreare,
 The ghostly crew their flight persewe,
 And hollowe in her eare:

LXV.

“ Be patient ; tho thyne herte should breke,
 Arrayne not Heaven’s decree ;
 Thou nowe art of thy bodie reft,
 Thy soul forgiven bee ! ”

BÜRGER.

THE WILD HUNTER.

I.

His bugle horn the margrave sounds.
 Halloo-loo-loo! to horse, to horse.
 Neighs the brisk steed, and forward bounds ;
 The pack uncoupled join his course.
 With bark and yelp, they brush and rush,
 Through corn and thorn, through wood and
 bush.

II.

The Sunday morning's early ray
 Had clad the lofty spire in gold ;
 And deep and shrill, with dong and ding,
 The bells their matin chiming tolled ;
 While from afar resounds the lay
 Of pious people come to pray.

III.

Yolohee! dash athwart the train,
 With trampling haste the margrave rides ;
 When lo! two horsemen speed amain,
 To join the chase from different sides ;
 One from the right on milk-white steed,
 The left bestrode a swarthy breed.

IV.

And who were then the stranger-pair?

I guess indeed, but may not say:

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,

Looked blooming as the dawn of May;

The other's eyes with fury glow,

And tempests loured on his brow.

V.

"Be welcome, sirs, I'm starting now;

You hit the nick of time and place;

Not earth or heaven can bestow

A princelier pleasure than the chase."

Giving his side a hearty slap;

He waved aloof his hunter's cap.

VI.

"Ill suits the bugle's boisterous noise

With sabbath-chime, and hymned prayer,

(Quoth the fair youth in gentle voice,)

To-day thy purposed sport forbear:

Let thy good angel warn thee now,

Nor to thy evil genius bow."

VII.

"Hunt on, my noble fellow, on,"

The dingy horseman briskly cries,

"Their psalms let lazy cowards con,

For us a gayer sun shall rise:

What best beseems a prince I teach,

Unheeded let yon stripling preach."

VIII.

“ His ghostly counsels I shall scorn,”
 The margrave said, and spurred his steed,
 “ Who fears to follow hound and horn,
 Let him the paternoster heed.
 If this, Sir Gentle, vexes you,
 Pray join at church the saintly crew.”

IX.

With sixteen antlers on his head
 A milk-white stag before them strode.
 Soho! hurrah! at once they sped
 O'er hill and wood, o'er field and flood.
 Aleft, aright, beside the knight,
 Rode both the strangers black and white.

X.

Louder their bugle-horns they wind,
 The horses swifter spurn the ground;
 And now before, and now behind,
 Crushed, gasping, howls some trampled
 hound.
 “ There let him burst, and rot to hell,
 Our princely sport this must not quell.”

XI.

'The quarry seeks a field of corn,
 And hopes to find a shelter there.
 See the poor husbandman forlorn
 With clasped hands is drawing near.
 “ Have pity, noble Sir, forbear,
 My little only harvest spare.”

XII.

The right-hand stranger calls aside ;
The other cheers him to the prey.
The margrave bawls with angry chide :
“ Vile scoundrel, take thyself away.”
Then cracks the lifted whip on high,
And cuts him cross the ear and eye.

XIII.

So said and done, o'er ditch and bank
The margrave gallops at a bound ;
And with him pours in rear and flank
The train of man and horse and hound.
Horse, hound, and man, the corn-field scour,
Its dust and chaff the winds devour.

XIV.

Affrighted at the growing din
The timid stag resumes his flight,
Runs up and down, and out and in,
Until a meadow caught his sight,
Where, couched among the fleecy breed,
He slily hopes to hide his head.

XV.

But up and down, and out and in,
The hounds his tainted track pursue ;
Again he hears the growing din,
Again the hunters cross his view.
The shepherd, for his charge afraid,
Before the margrave, kneeling, said:

XVI.

“ In mercy, noble lord, keep back ;
 This is the common of the poor ;
 Unless you whistle off the pack,
 We shall be starved for want of store.
 These sheep our little cotters owe,
 Here grazes many a widow’s cow.”

XVII.

The right-hand stranger calls aside ;
 The other cheers him to proceed.
 Again the knight, with angry chide,
 Repels the peasant’s humble plead :
 “ Wert thou within thy cattle’s skin,
 I would not call a bloodhound in.”

XVIII.

He sounds the bugle loo-loo-loo !
 The dogs come yelping at the sound ;
 With fury fierce the eager crew
 Pounce on whatever stood around.
 The shepherd, mangled, blood-bésmeared,
 Falls ; and, beside him all the herd.

XIX.

Roused by the murderous whoop so near
 The stag once more his covert breaks ;
 Panting, in foam, with gushing tear,
 The darkness of the wood he seeks,
 And, where a lonely hermit dwells,
 Takes refuge in the hallowed cells.

XX.

With crack of whip, and blore of horn,
 Yolohee! on! hurrah! soho!
 Rash rush the throng thro' bush and thorn,
 And thither still pursue the foe.
 Before the door, in gentle guise,
 His prayer the holy hermit tries.

XXI.

“Break off thy course, my voice attend,
 Nor God's asylum dare profane;
 To Heaven not in vain ascend
 The groans of suffering beast or man.
 For the last time be warned, and bow,
 Else punishment shall seize thee now.”

XXII.

The right-hand stranger pleads again,
 With anxious mildness to forbear;
 The left-hand horseman shouts amain,
 And cheers the margrave still to dare.
 In spite of the good angel's call,
 He lets the evil one enthrall.

XXIII.

“Perdition here, perdition there,”
 He bellows, “I as nothing reck;
 If God's own footstool were its lair,
 The gates of Heaven should not check.
 On, comrades, on!” he rode before,
 And burst athwart the oriel door.

XXIV.

At once has vanisht all the rout,
 Hermit, and hut, and stag, and hound ;
 Nor whip, nor horn, nor bark, nor shout,
 Amid the dun abyss resound.
 Dim chilly mists his sight appal ;
 A deadly stillness swallows all.

XXV.

The knight, affrighted, stares around ;
 He bawls, but tries in vain to hear ;
 He blows his horn, it yields no sound,
 Cuts with his lash the silent air,
 And spurs his steed on either side,
 But from the spot he cannot ride.

XXVI.

Darker and darker grow the skies,
 As were he shrouded in a grave :
 And from afar below arise
 Sounds as of ocean's restless wave :
 While from on high, thro' clouds and gloom,
 A voice of thunder speaks his doom :

XXVII.

“ Thou fiend beneath a human shape,
 Scornor of beast, of man — of God,
 Know that no creature's groans escape
 His ear, or his avenging rod.
 Fly, and that princes long may heed,
 Shall Hell and Devil dog thy speed.”

XXVIII.

Cold shudders thrill through flesh and bone ;
 The voice his soul of hope bereaves ;
 A flash of tawny lightning shone
 Upon the forest's rustling leaves ;
 And chilly winds begin to roar,
 And showery tempests drift and pour.

XXIX.

Louder and louder howls the storm,
 And from the ground, bow wow ! soho !
 A thousand hell-hounds, ghaunt of form,
 Burst open-mouthed — at him they go —
 And there 's a ghastly hunter too,
 Horsed on the steed of dingy hue —

XXX.

The margrave scuds o'er field and wood,
 And shrieks to them in vain to spare ;
 Hell follows still through fire or flood,
 By night, by day, in earth, in air. —
 This is the chase the hunter sees,
 With midnight horror, thro' the trees.

IBID.

THE MENAGERIE OF THE GODS.

OUR lap-dogs and monkeys, our squirrels and cats,
 Our parrots, canaries, and larks,
 Have furnished amusement to many old maids,
 And once in a while to young sparks.

In heaven, where time passes heavily too,
 When the gods have no subject to talk on,
 Jove calls for an eagle, he keeps in a mew,
 As an old English baron his falcon.

He lets it jump on to his sofa and chair,
 And dip its crooked beak in his cup ;
 And laugh when it pinches young Ganymede's ear,
 Or eats his ambrosia up.

Queen Juno, who fears from rough play a mishap,
 Keeps peacocks with rainbowy tails ;
 And when she's disposed to grudge Saturn his nap,
 Their screaming or screeching ne'er fails.

Fair Venus most willingly coaxes the doves,
 That coo, woo, and wed, on her wrist ;
 The sparrow, her chambermaid Aglæe loves,
 As often is fondled and kist.

Minerva, too proud to seem pleased with a trifle,
 Professes to keep her old owl,
 The crannies and chinks of Olympus to rifle ;
 For rats, mice, and vermin, to prowl.

Apollo, above stairs, a first-rate young blood,
 Has a stud of four galloway ponies ;
 To gallop them bounding on heaven's high road,
 A principal part of his fun is.

'Tis fabled or known, he instructed a swan,
 One spring, to outwhistle a blackbird,
 Which sings the Castalian streamlet upon,
 Like any Napolitan lack-beard.

Lyæus in India purchased a pair
 Of tigers, delightfully pyballed,
 And drives them about at the speed of a hare,
 With self-satisfaction unrivalled.

At Pluto's black gate, in a kennel at rest,
 A mastiff so grim has his station,
 That fearful of reaching the fields of the blest,
 Some ghosts have made choice of damnation.

But among all the animals, little and great,
 That are fostered and pampered above,
 The ass, old Silenus selects for his mate,
 Is that which most fondly I love.

So quiet, so steady, so guarded, and slow,
 He bears no ill-will in his mind ;
 And nothing indecent, as far I know,
 Escapes him before or behind.

So fully content with himself and his lord,
 He is used with good humor to take

Whatever the whims of the moment afford,
Be it drubbing, or raisins and cake.

He knows of himself every step of the way,
Both down to the cellar and back ;
A qualification, I venture to say,
No butler of mine is to lack.

So largo his rump, so piano his pace,
'T is needless the rider to gird on ;
Tho' fuddled the god, tho' uneven the ways,
He never gets rid of his burden.

An ass such as this all my wishes would fill ;
O grant me, Silenus, one prayer,
When thou art a dying, and planning thy will,
Good father, do make me thy heir !

IBID.

THE SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN.

OF the Brave man, high sounds the praise,
 As organ-tone or pealing bell ;
 Whom gold repays not, song repays ;
 High courage, song repays it well !
 Thank God I sing ! so I can raise
 A proud song to the brave man's praise !

A thaw-wind came from the southern sea,
 And moist through Italy it blew ;
 As 'fore the wolf the scared herds flee,
 So the wild clouds before it flew :
 It drenched the fields, the frost unlocked,
 And the swoln streams with freed ice blocked.

The mountain snows thawed suddenly ;
 Down were a thousand floods impelled ;
 The meadow-vale became a sea,
 And the great river swelled and swelled ;
 High rolled its waves along their course
 Huge blocks of ice with mighty force.

The river spanned from side to side
 A bridge, well built of freestone good,
 On pillars and strong arches wide ;
 And on it a small toll-house stood,
 Where dwelt, with wife and child, a man —
 “ Fly, Tollman, quickly, while you can ! ”

The threatening ruin o'er them hung,
 And storm and waves howled round about ;
 Up to the roof the Tollman sprung,
 And wildly through the roof looked out.
 " Merciful Heaven ! O pity thou !
 Lost are we ! — who can save us now ? "

On rolled the ice-flood's furious course,
 Now here now there, from shore to shore,
 And from both shores, with rushing force,
 The pillars and the arches tore.
 The active man, with wife and child,
 Than stream or wind cried yet more wild.

On rolled the ice flood, shock on shock,
 'Gainst both ends of the bridge it dashed,
 And pillar after pillar shook ;
 One moment shook, and then down crashed.
 Against the middle strikes it now —
 Merciful Heaven ! O pity thou !

High on the farther shore there stands
 A crowd of people, great and small,
 And each one cries and wrings his hands,
 And yet no succour brings at all ;
 The while the Tollman wildly made,
 Through stream and wind demand for aid.

Song of the Brave, when soundest thou
 Like organ-tone and pealing bell?

Go to! — so name him, name him now!

Sweet song, his name when wilt thou tell?
The flood strikes 'gainst the middle now —
Oh! brave man, brave man, where art thou?

Quick galloped then unto the strand

An Earl — on a proud horse rode he;
What held that good Earl in his hand?

A purse, as full as it could be:
“Two hundred pistoles,” spöke he clear,
“For him who saves the three, are here!”

And now, the Earl, is he the brave?

Say on, my noble song, say on: —
By the high God, the Earl was brave!

And yet I know a braver one. —
Brave man! brave man, let 's look on thee —
For ruin now comes frightfully!

And higher, higher rose the swell,

And louder, louder howled the storm,
Yet lower still men's courage fell. —

O saviour, saviour! quickly come;
For gone is every pillar's stay,
And next the mid-arch must give way!

“Hollo! hollo! Up, boldly dare!”

High held the Earl that purse of worth,
And all men heard, yet all forbear —
Out of the thousands none step forth;

Vainly, through stream and wind yet made
The Tollman his lorn cry for aid!

See, see a simple countryman

With walking-staff in hand comes now ;
Coarse was the garment he had on,
Yet noble was his form and brow :
He heard the Earl, he took his word,
And the poor Tollman's cry he heard.

Then boldly, in God's name, he sprang
Into the nearest fishing-boat ;
Spite whirlpool, storm, and tempest-clang,
Safely the light bark kept afloat —
Yet woe! the boat was all too small
From death, at once, to rescue all!

And three times, spite of tempest's rack,
The small boat flood and whirlpool braved,
And three times happily came back —
And thus they all were nobly saved:
Yet scarce the last safe port had won,
When, crash! the latest arch came down.

Who is the brave man — who is he?

Say on, my noble song, say on —
He risked his life most generously ;
Yet for reward was it not done ;
Since, had the Earl his pistoles spared,
Perchance, his life he had not dared.

“ Here,” said the Earl, “ my valiant friend,
 Is thy reward — ’t is thine — come forth ! ”
 Say now, could aught that act amend ? —
 By God ! his was a heart of worth ! —
 Yet beat for a far nobler part,
 Beneath his cloak, that peasant’s heart.

“ My life,” said he, “ may not be sold ;
 I want not, though my wealth be small ;
 To the poor Tollman give thy gold,
 Who in the flood has lost his all.”
 Thus, with a kind voice, did he say, —
 Then turned his steps, and went his way.

Of the brave man high sounds the praise,
 As organ-tone or pealing bell ;
 Whom gold repays not, song repays ;
 High courage, song repays it well !
 Thank God, I sing ! so I can raise
 Immortal songs, brave men to praise !

IBID.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

BÜRGER, born January 1st, 1748, at Wolmerswende, near Halberstadt, studied theology at the University of Halle. Here his imprudence and irregularity of conduct caused his grandfather, on whom he depended, to withdraw from him his assistance and protection. His intimacy with Holtz, Voss, and Count Stolberg now led him to follow their example in studying the ancient classics, and the best works in French, Italian, Spanish, and English. Percy's *Relics* was his constant companion. In 1772 he at length obtained a permanent though small office, and by a reconciliation with his grandfather, a sum, for the payment of his debts, which he unfortunately lost, and in consequence of it during the rest of his life was involved in pecuniary difficulties. His marriage in 1774 became a source of still greater misfortunes. At the same time he was obliged by intrigues to resign his office. He was then made professor extraordinary in Göttingen, but receiving no salary he was obliged to gain a living for himself and his children by poorly-rewarded

translations for booksellers. A third marriage in 1790 completed his misfortunes; he was divorced from his wife two years afterwards. He died in 1794, a victim to grief and misery. In spite of this labyrinth of misfortunes he has composed Odes, Elegies, Ballads, and Epigrams. "Bürger," observes A. W. Schlegel, "is a poet of an imagination more original than comprehensive; of feelings more honest and candid, than tender and delicate. He is more successful in the execution, than in the invention of his plan; more at home in romance, than in the lofty regions of the Lyric Muse."
