

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



SELECTED AND ARRANGED WITH

NOTES AND LITERARY INTRODUCTION

BY

C. A. BUCHHEIM, PH.D., &c.

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN LITERATURE IN KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON EDITOR OF THE "DEUTSCHE LYRIK," ETC.



UHLAND

Hondon MACMILLAN AND CO. AND NEW YORK

1891

633790

C

.

PREFACE.

THE present selection of German ballads is intended as a companion volume to my Deutsche Lyrik already published in this series. In making my selection I have been guided, in general, by the principle I adopted in the latter book; and that, to judge from its popularity, has met with the approval of English readers of German. I have given what I considered the best ballads of each poet, more especially such poems as are calculated to illustrate the characteristics and the progress of German ballad-poetry in each period from Bürger to our own times. I can hardly expect that those who are well acquainted with the poetical literature of Germany will not miss some of their favourite poems. Collections of poetical pieces seem to resemble select companies. However careful a host may have been to invite the most desirable and most distinguished guests, there will always be

some among the latter who will be disappointed that such and such a one was not included among the company. But a line must be drawn somewhere—in companies as well as in books—and so I was obliged, most reluctantly, to omit some fine ballads of Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Heine, and several other poets. But I have confident expectation that the collection, such as it is, will furnish an adequate and interesting picture of German balladpoetry.

The selection has certainly not been made in haste. In fact, the book was intended for publication about a year ago, but the work of selecting, arranging, and annotating took far longer than I expected.¹ German ballad-literature is unusually extensive, and so I suffered from an overwhelming *embarras de richesses*. The work of annotating, in particular, required considerable study and labour. The present being a volume intended for the intellectual enjoyment of those English readers who are familiar with German, I confined the notes (which are given in a condensed form) beyond my occasional critical remarks, to the indication of the sources of the several ballads, and

¹ I cannot let this opportunity pass without thanking Messrs, Macmillan & Co. for their patient indulgence regarding the completion of this volume.

here and there of literary parallels, and to the explanation of allusions. The sources of many ballads are now generally known, but not of all, especially among the more recent ones, and the search for the traditions, legends, &c., upon which they are based, likewise entailed a great expenditure of time. In some instances I inserted renderings of obsolete expressions or unusual phrases which would require explanations even for German readers, in the same way as Scotch ballads require a glossary for English readers.

In the Introduction I have given a cursory sketch of the origin of German ballad-poetry, and of the various stages through which it has passed. At the same time I have pointed out the characteristics of the German ballads in each of the three periods into which it seemed to me advisable to divide it, and I have added an estimate of German ballad-poetry in general. It will be seen from that sketch that the first impulse came from this country, but that in the course of time the German poets struck out their own path and produced a most brilliant cycle of original ballads.

I refrain from instituting any comparisons between the modern ballad-literature of Germany and that of other countries, more cspecially because I fully

6 2

vii

agree with the very judicious remark, made by Professor Child in his monumental work on *English* and Scottish Popular Ballads, with reference to the criticism of foreign poetry. "No man should be too confident," says that learned critic, "that he can do absolute justice to poetry in a tongue that he was not born to."¹ The fact is that poetry is the language of the heart rather than of the mind, and just as our native place appears to us, in most cases, the loveliest spot in the world, so also the poems written in our mother-tongue, appeal most eloquently to our feelings. It is therefore dangerous to judge foreign poetry by the standard we apply to the poetry in our own language.

Some exception might possibly be made with regard to English and German poetry. The two languages are so much akin, and the mode of thought—and also of feeling—of the two nations is so much alike that whilst English poetry met in Germany at an early date with a sympathetic response, German poetry is now perhaps best appreciated by the English-speaking community all over the world. This fact inspires me with the hope that the present volume will meet with at least the

¹ English and Scottish Popular Ballads, by F. J. Child, iii. 84, foot-note.

viii

same favour as my *Deutsche Lyrik*, the more so because the love of ballad-poetry, so magnificently represented in English literature, is innate in the English people, or I should rather say in the Anglo-Saxon race; which circumstance accounts, I believe, for the great success of nearly all collections of English ballads, of which a highly commendable specimen has been published in the present series.¹ Now the German ballad, owing its origin to the English ballad, is sure to meet, I think, in this country, with a cordial reception, in virtue of that sympathetic bond.

There is another circumstance which makes me hope that this volume will prove welcome to readers on both sides of the Atlantic. The publication of my collection of German lyrics brought me a number of communications from English readers of German, who thanked me for the comfort and gratification they derived from my *Deutsche Lyrik*. Now, to judge from the effect of the reading of the ballads upon myself and my wife, who assisted me in the work of selecting them at a time when we stood most in need of solace, I should think that they will offer to the reader that comforting feeling which

¹ The Ballad Book. A Selection of the Choicest British Ballads. Edited by William Allingham.

is generally afforded by such poetical productions as are calculated to excite in us deep emotion. Amusing works may entertain for the moment, but it is the tragic element in poetry which, by stirring our feelings, yields lasting solace and comfort. For this reason the ballad may be still better adapted to afford relief to the feeling heart than purely lyrical poetry, its import resembling in general that of a Some ballads are, of course, of a tragedy. humorous and cheerful character; of this class a number of specimens will be found in the present volume for the sake of furnishing a pleasant variety. I may add that for the same purpose I did not arrange the ballads in each Period in strictly chronological order, but placed them, as far as possible, The system I followed in harmonious succession. in dividing the collection into Periods will be found explained in the Introduction.

In conclusion it is my pleasant duty to express my cordial thanks to Mr. J. Barwick Hodge, of Ch. Ch., for his valuable assistance in reading the proofs of the English portions of this volume.

С. А. Висннеім.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. August 1st, 1891.

CONTENTS.

.•

.

INTRODUCTION xi	x											
Erfte Periode.—Bon Bärger bis Chamiffo.												
Bürger (G. A.): Pag	e											
Das Lieb vom braven Manne	1											
Der Kaiser und ber Abt	6											
Der wilde Jäger 1	2											
Lenore	0											
Herber (J. G. von):												
Guatimozin	9											
Erlfönigs Tochter	0											
Goethe (3. 28. von):												
Erlkönig	1											
Der Schatzgräber	3											
Der Sänger	4											
Der König in Thule	6											
Der Kischer	7											
Johanna Sebus	8											
Das Blümlein Bunderschön 4	0											
Die wandelnde Glode 4	4											
Das Beilchen 4	5											
Der Zauberlehrling 4	6											
Schiller (F. von) :												
	0											
	3											

.

xii				Са	n	ten	ts					
Schiller	(F. von)—	-cor	nti	nu	ea	ł.						Page
-Der C	draf von H	abs	bu	rg								-55
-Der H	ting bes P	olyl	lra	tee	3							59
— Die R	raniche be	8 31	691	'nø	;							63
Die B	Bürgschaft											70
Der L	aucher .											75
Der K	ampf mit	ben	1 2	Dre	аđ	en						81
	andschuh											91
Tied (L.												
Arion	• • • •											94
	dorf (G. f											
	as Hofer											96
Rörner (R. L.):											
Treue	r Tob											98
Brentand	(C.):											
- Lorelei	i											99
Chamisio	(A. von)	:										
, ,	öwenbraut											103
	probe	•										105
- Die 2	•	Wi	nø	per	ra							108
			100		0	-	-			· ·		

3weite Beriode.-- Bon Uhland bis Seine.

Uhland (L.) :										
Der Schäfer										111
- Der blinde König										112
- Siegfrieds Schwert										115
- Klein Roland										116
König Karls Meerfa	ıhr	t								122
Das Schloß am M	eeı	ce	•	•	•		•	•	•	124

Contents.	xiii
Ubland (L.)—continued.	Page
Die Bätergruft	126
Taillefer	127
Die Jagd von Winchefter	129
Bertran be Born	131
Des Sängers Fluch	133
Der Traum	136
- Der Wirtin Töchterlein	137
Die Mähderin	138
Des Golbschmiebs Töchterlein	140
- Das Glüc von Ebenhall	142
Rerner (3.):	
Der Baffermann	145
- Der reichfte Fürft	146
Eichendorff (3. von):	
Der Schatzgräber	147
Die zwei Gesellen	148
- Das zerbrochene Ringlein	149
Rückert (F.):	
 Barbaroffa	150
Die Riefen und die Zwerge	152
Bestrafte Ungenügsamkeit	153
-Der betrogene Teufel	154
Die Begrüßung auf bem Kynast	155
Zeblitz (I. Chr. von):	
Die nächtliche Heerschau	159
Schwab (Gustav):	
Die Thurbrücke zu Bischofszell	162
Das Gewitter	165
L Der Reiter und ber Bobensee	166

-

xiv Contents.				
Müller (Bilhelm) : Alexander Opfilanti auf Munkacs				Page 168
Die Schärpe			•	169
🕨 Der Glodenguß zu Breslau	•	•	•	172
Est Est!				177
Platen (Aug. v.):				
Das Grab in Busento				180
Der Bilgrim vor St. Just				181
Saul und David				181
Drofte-Hülshoff (Annette von):				
Der Knabe im Moor				183
Ro pijá (A):				
Billegis				185
Der Grafensprung bei Neu-Eberstein				186
Maley und Malone				186
Bogl (3. N.):				
Das Erkennen				188
Heinrich ber Bogelsteller				
Lenau (n.) :				
Die brei Zigeuner				190
Der Boftillion				192
Die Werbung				
Simrođ (R.):				
Drujus' Tob				199
Die Schule der Stutzer				200
Mofen (3.):				
Heinrich ber Löwe				201
Die letten Behn vom vierten Regiment .				
Seibl (F. G.):				
Hans Euler				

С	0	,	7	t	e	1	7	t	's	

xv

Mörike (E) :	Page
Die Geister vom Mummeljee	207
Schön-Rohtraut	2 08
Reinich (R.): Drei Käferknaben	21 0
Ruriose Geschichte	211
Heine (H.) :	
Die Lorelei	212
Begegnung	
_ Berg-Ibulle	214
Schelm von Bergen	222
Rönig Richard	224
Es war ein alter König	225
Der arme Peter	225
Der Afra	2 27
🗕 Die Wallfahrt nach Revlaar 🛛	2 28
Belfazar	232
- Schlachtfeld bei Haftings	233

Dritte Periode.—Bon Freiligrath bis auf die Gegenwart.

Freiligrath (F.) :												
Der Blumen R	афe	•						•.				2 39
Der Bassergeuf	e.		•		÷				•			243
Löwenritt				• ,				÷	•			245
"Prinz Eugen,	ber	eb	Íe	Ri	itte	r''				:		248
Grün (A.) :												
Gastrecht												250
·								·				

xvi	Contenis.
Grün (A.)—continued.	Page
Der Deferteur	
Botenart	
Debbel (F.) :	
Schön hebmig	
Geibel (E.) :	
- Gubruns Rlage	
Tanhänser	
-+Sanssouci	
Frankl (L. A.) :	
Feldscher Schiller	
Prut (R.):	
Bretagne	
Bect (R.) :	
Das rote Lieb	
Ludwig (O.) :	
Das Lied von der Ber	cnauerin 274
Fontane (T.):	
Schloß Eger : ober, S	Drei böhmijcher Grafen Tob 277
Mofenthal (S. H.):	
Die Jungfrau im S	charfenstein 280
Lingg (H.) :	
Die Basserfee	
•	
Sepse (P.) :	
Das Thal des Espin	gø286
Dahn (F.) :	
Kriemhilbe	
Pröhle (H.):	
Kaiserswoort in Gos	lar 291

Contents.	xvii
Contents.	2011

.

٠

NOTES.

															Page
First Period .		•		•	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	295
Second Period	•	•	•				•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	30 5
Third Period .				•		•	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	314

•

•

INTRODUCTION.

Märchen, noch fo wunderbar, Dichterkünste machen's wahr. —*Goethe*.

THE GERMAN BALLAD.

I.

'No branch of poetry, with the exception perhaps of the drama, has gone through so many changes as regards the substance, and in a great measure also as regards the form, as the ballad. The word, derived from the Provençal 'ballar' and the Italian 'ballare,' was originally applied to a song intended as the accompaniment to a dance-tune, and generally consisted of three stanzas with a refrain. This early form of the ballad was not limited to Provençal poetry, but was also current in Germany. In the fourteenth century the ballad changed, in France, its primitive character. It ceased to be a mere dance-song -the natural and rhythmical expression of exuberance of feeling-and became a dry, artificially constructed poem. In its migration to this country the name of ballad was later on assigned both to narrative songs relating to historical, not invariably political topics, and to narrative poems treating of legendary, erotic, or social themes. Poems of this kind existed almost everywhere from

time immemorial, and it was only the convenient name of *Ballad* that was borrowed from the south of France. The same may almost be asserted of the kindred *Romance*, which designation came from Spain. On the whole, it may be said that whilst the epiclyrical element prevails in the latter, the ballad is rather a dramatic-lyrical poem; but as both belong to narrative poetry in its shorter form, the two names were, in the course of time, often indiscriminately applied to both branches of poetry.

The Lied proper always flourished in Germany, and attained there the highest eminence : so much so that the comprehensive name of Lied or Volkslied was readily adopted by other nations. Besides the abovementioned dance-songs-Tanzlieder-there also were in Germany erotic narrative poems, called Taglieder. The historical Volkslied was not quite so successfully cultivated in Germany. It would be beyond the scope of these introductory remarks to explain fully the causes of that literary phenomenon. One of the reasons why the *Historische Volkslied* did not become very popular in Germany, may be found in its form ; it was mostly far too long and prolix, and conse-Moreover, the bent of the quently not singable. German genius always tended to meditation, and it was, as a rule, more prone to lyrical effusions. This is the principal reason why the Minnesingers neglected to cultivate the traditional or legendary ballad, but confined themselves, even in their shorter narrative poems, to erotic subjects. The poetry of the Meistersingers, those feeble continuators of the Minnegesang, was, in general, of a didactic character, whilst during the agitated times of the Reformation the most gifted poets of the period devoted their attention to satirical poetry and the *Kirchenlied*, the finest flower of older German lyrical poetry. When the great master-minds, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller

appeared on the horizon they naturally turned their activity to the more important branches of literature; so that Germany actually was without any ballad literature proper. The historical ballad did not flourish; the traditional ballad did not exist, and the artistic ballad had yet to be created.

Towards the end of the seventeenth and during the greater part of the eighteenth century, narrative poems were certainly frequent enough in Germany, but they had sunk to a very low level, like that which the broadsheet ballads had occupied at one time in this country. They consisted almost entirely of Bänkelgesänge, i.e. narrative poems sung to doleful and monotonous melodies at fairs by itinerant musicians or balladmongers, somewhat like the English 'crowders.' These songs, which may still be heard in rural districts in Germany, contained accounts of harrowing deeds of murder, treachery, &c., but in spite of occupying the lowest scale in the realm of poetry, they were, after all, the forerunners of the ballad proper. Some attempts were indeed made by several minor poets during the second half of the eighteenth century to produce 'artistic' ballads, but they lacked nearly all the elements constituting a ballad in the higher sense of the word - dignified, though popular language, dramatic movement, and nobleness of conception. Fortunately a new impetus came for German balladpoetry, and it was still more fortunate that it came from a quarter which had already exercised a beneficial influence on German literature in two branches which form the principal constituent elements of the ballad, namely, cpic and dramatic poetry.

The Germans have at all times been catholic in their literary tastes. After having successively devoted their attention to the literatures of Italy and France, the more seriously-minded among them began to cultivate, at an early date, the literature of this country. At

С

Goettingen in particular the study of English was carried on with great zeal; in the first instance, in consequence of the dynastic connection between England and Hanover. A number of English books were reprinted in the latter country, and among these was Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, which work, published in London in 1765, and reprinted at Goettingen in the following year, was destined to serve as a model, but still more as an incentive for German narrative poetry. Percy's collection of ballads, which, in spite of its defects from an antiquarian point of view, has exercised a most beneficial influence on poetical literature, both at home and abroad, became known in Germany at the right time. It was the period of the re-awakening of the German genius. Lessing had already paved the way for an improved literary taste, and Herder had begun to plead eloquently for the legitimate rights of the Volkspoesie. Herder's powerful plea would, however, have remained fruitless if the right man had not appeared at the right This was Gottfried August BÜRGER, who had time. already given proofs of his exquisite poetical talents. Enlightened by Herder's theories and inspired by Percy's admirable specimens, the spark of genius was kindled in him-he wrote his Lenore, and from that day dates the birth of the MODERN BALLAD in Germany.*

Bürger's *Lenore* may be said to have taken the world by storm, and its effect was not, as is so often the case with sensational productions, ephemeral, but lasting, since it extended not only to the so-called 'general public,' but also to the select community of poets, both in and out of Germany, with whom it bore

* Readers specially interested in the above subject will find valuable information in Prof. G. Bonet Maury's excellent and highly suggestive monograph, entitled, G. A. Eurger et les origines anglaises de la Ballade Littéraire en Allemagne (Paris, 1889). The sympathetic manner in which the learned French Professor treats both English and German poetry is highly gratifying.

fruit It would be beyond the extent of this introductory sketch to show the inspiriting influence Bürger's marvellous ballad exercised in this, and other countries outside Germany. Among the Teutonic nations in particular it struck a sympathetic chord, which circumstance may serve as an additional proof of the close affinity between German and English poetry. Bürger's Lenore may therefore claim alike the merit of having called the world's attention to German literature at a time when it began budding forth luxuriantly, and of having raised the ballad almost everywhere in public estimation, at a time when it was despised by pedantic critics, who confused the poetical ballad with the vulgar street-ballad, and when Dr. Johnson's wellknown squib was in everybody's mind. It is therefore, we believe, no exaggeration to assert that whilst the ballad as such had before been considered as the Cinderella of literature, it now became gradually 'the favourite child of poetry.'

Bürger himself continued most successfully to cultivate the branch of poetry in which he had suddenly gained a world-wide renown. He wrote several original ballads, such as the Wilde Jäger and Das Lied vom braven Mann, which, though not equal in-poetical grandeur and dramatic force to his Lenore, are masterpieces in themselves. He also adapted some ballads from Percy's *Reliques*, the most prominent of which is King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.* Unfortunately Bürger not only did not keep up to the high standard of his first narrative poems, but his muse often degenerated into the tone of a Bänkselsänger. Still he was recognized as a master of the ballad, even by Goethe, who missed in him the pure ethical element, and by Schiller, who, whilst censuring him in his well-known criticism, † because he did not 'idealize'

* See p. 6 in this volume.

62

^{† &}quot;Ueber Bürgers Gedichte."-Allgem. Lit.-Zeitung, Jan. 15, 1791.

his subjects, still declared 'that in the department of the ballad no other German poet will easily surpass him.' The two great German poets did, however, pay a still higher tribute to the genius of Bürger as a balladist by following his example. Goethe, in particular, inspired by Homer and 'Ossian's' poems, and enlightened by Herder as to the true worth of the Volkspoesie, partly through his personal intercourse with that profound critic, and partly through the latter's collection of Volkslieder of various nations, speedily caught up the spirit of popular poetry.*

As the first gem in Goethe's cycle of narrative poems we must consider his symbolical ballad, Das Veilchen. It is the only pre-Lenore ballad of any importance, but then it is far more lyrical than narrative. His celebrated song, Mignon, though placed formally among the ballads, has a still more pronounced lyrical character, and has therefore been inserted in a collection of The romant'c ballad, Der purely lyrical poems. König in Thule, though written shortly after Bürger's great ballad, may also be considered as a perfectly original creation, quite independent of any alien suggestion or inspiration. The stamp of originality is, in fact, impressed upon all his subsequent ballads, both as regards form and substance, and even for his Erlkönig he is indebted only slightly to an external impulse furnished by a specimen in the above-mentioned *Volkslieder* of Herder.[†] Like every man of genius he went his own way; he neither adopted nor imitated

xxiv

^{*} The above-mentioned collection was first published in 1778. It contains translations—mostly made by Herder—of songs of "civilized and uncivilized nations," and first bore the simple title of *Volkslieder*. In 1807 the latter was changed into the affected title of, *Stimmen der Volker in Liedern.* Herder himself did not excel as an original poet, but his adaptations from foreign poetry are almost unmatched, and read like original compositions.

t See Deutsche Lyrik, p. 106. ‡ See Nos. VI. and VII. in this volume, and Notes.

other models, but created himself standard models for imitation. His group of ballads, which extends over a period of about half a century, is, above all, distinguished by clearness of meaning, unaffected simplicity, transparent perspicuity of language, and, in general, also by a cheerful brightness What heightens the impression produced by Goethe's ballads upon the reader is the circumstance that, although they do not fully share the dramatic vivacity of those of Bürger. they all possess continuous dramatic action, which is never retarded by reflections or interpolated episodes, and they excel most other narrative poems by a naturalness of exposition which makes them appear as poetical pictures finished to perfection. All Goethe's ballads, which offer a great variety, are admired and cherished by the well-educated, whilst three of them, Der Erlkönig, Der Fischer, and Der Sänger, have become universally popular.

If, however, Goethe did not compose his ballads in imitation or emulation of others, he certainly obtained, according to his own admission, a strong external impulse from Schiller for the composition of a number of them. In mentioning the Vampirische Gedicht, as he himself called his Christian-heathenish ballad, Die Braut von Corinth, he remarked, with reference to his other ballads, "Ich verdanke sie grösstentheils Schillern, der mich dazu trieb, weil er immer etwas Neues für seine 'Horen' brauchte."* The literary journal, Die Horen, appeared from 1795-1797, and it was in the last-named year, designated by Schiller himself as Das Balladenjahr, that he displayed the greatest activity as balladist. The Balladenjahr was a time of transition for both poets, and a happy preparation for their renewed dramatic activity. Before Goethe proceeded to the resumption of Faust and Schiller to the

* Eckermann's Gespräche mit Goethe, III. 210.

XXV

dramatization of *Wallenstein*, they both turned their attention to ballad poetry, so much akin to the drama.^{*} The two poets collected suitable subjects for ballads, and divided them amicably among themselves; and here again Goethe's generosity and unselfish friendship for Schiller showed itself in the most favourable light. The subject of the *Kraniche des Ibykus* had originally fallen to his share; subsequently it was to have been treated as a ballad by both poets, but Goethe left it at last entirely to his poetical compeer, and even assisted him most essentially in working it out.[†] That classical ballad was the second in Schiller's brilliant cycle of narrative poems, by means of which he became, whilst Bürger was the originator, the real founder of the German ballad.

The principal characteristics of Schiller's ballads, besides their dramatic movement and the even flow of their narrative portions, are loftiness and nobility of sentiments, and an impressive, though simple and frequently homely language. Goethe's ballads may, in general, boast of a more artistic finish, but those of Schiller appeal, in virtue of the above-mentioned qualities, forcibly to the best instincts of the people, and have therefore become true Volksballaden. They have, in fact, made him more popular with the Germans than his dramas, and a number of happy sayings occurring in them have become throughout Germany regular geflügelte Worte. Besides, each of his ballads may be said to contain some wholesome teaching, but in a most unobtrusive manner, the 'moral' being self-suggestive.

* "Sie (i.e. die Ballade)," says Gervinus, "liegt ganz eigentlich in der Mitte zwischen epischer und dramatischer Manier; sie ist erzählend, wie das Epos, aber in der Art und Weise der Erzählung durchaus vergegewuörtigend, wie das Drama." – Geschichte der dentschen Dichtung, v. 510. * Schülung eoren wich Caraba during abe

† Schiller's correspondence with Goethe during the year 1797 throws much light on the compresition of the above-mentioned poem, and of many other ballades of both poets.

xxvi

This feature it is, in particular, which has so much endeared him to the people-a fact highly creditable alike to the poet and his readers.*

Schiller has, moreover, enriched German narrative poetry by the introduction of the Romance besides the historical ballad, and what Goethe said of his Kraniche des Ibykus and of his Bürgschaft, viz., that they form eine neue, die Poesie erweiternde Gattung, may be said of his ballads in general, which both by their variety of subjects and artistic treatment, mark a decided advance upon the old cycle of ballads, however great the charm of the latter may be. There is a frequent. somewhat monotonous recurrence in the old traditional ballads of the same topics, the wide distribution of which, as has been pointedly remarked by Mr. Andrew Lang, is, "like the distribution of Marchen, or popular tales, a mark of great antiquity." + For the literary historian this antiquity is undoubtedly of special interest, but poetry, as regards its forms, at least, is progressive, and as it was Schiller who may claim the merit of having considerably widened the sphere of narrative poetry, he may be considered the central figure among the poets of the first period of the German ballad.

Next to Schiller it was, of course, Goethe who, as has been shown above, had mostly contributed to enlarge the domain of ballad poetry. The solitary attempts at narrative poetry made by some contemporaries of the two great poets can hardly be taken into account. Neither the brothers Stolberg or Schlegel succeeded in producing a ballad which could be pronounced mustergiltig. Even A. W. Schlegel's well-

Vol. I. p. 203.

^{• &}quot;The old ballad," says Lord Lytton in his sketch of the *Life of* Schiller, "is but a simple narrative, without any symbolical or interior meaning... But in most of the performances to which Schiller has given the name of ballad, a certain purpose, not to say philosophy, in concep-tion, elevates the narrative into dramatic dignity." *The English Poets.* Selections. Edited by J. Humphrey Ward.

known Romanze "Arion," cannot be said to fulfil all the conditions of a ballad or romance, and was therefore justly, though severely censured, by Schiller. The only poet who, at least in his serious ballads, successfully followed later on in the wake of Schiller was Chamisso, and it is chiefly for this reason that we have placed him with a few other poets who were also inspired by Goethe and Schiller, in the first Period of this collection of ballads. However, Chamisso may also claim the merit of having further extended the elastic bounds of the ballad, and of having struck a new chord in modern narrative poetry. Even his romantic ballads appear in a bright and graceful form which often makes us forget that they treat of legendary topics.

II.

It was a most fortunate circumstance for the continuity of German ballad poetry that in the year when Schiller wrote his last legendary narrative poem-the Albenjäger-a youth of barely seventeen came forward as a poet, who was destined not only to become his legitimate successor in the realm of ballad-poetry, but also to enlarge and embellish its domain. This young poet was Ludwig Uhland, whose first ballad dates from 1804 and his last from 1847. Uhland possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities requisite for a writer of ballads. He was endowed with a poetical mind, deep feeling, and a rare appreciation of the spirit of mediæval poetry-German as well as French and Scandinavian. More than any other poet he drew his inspiration from the Minnesinger, the Troubadors, the Scalds, and the Volkslied proper, and this circumstance enabled him to produce songs inspired by tender feeling, clothed in most melodious language, and endowed with sturdy vigour. His mastery over

xxviii

the language is quite unmatched, and he showed, more than any other German poet, the musical capability of German. In some of his ballads the lyrical element predominates, but in general they fulfil all the conditions required by this species of poetry. "The highest form of ballad," says Mr. Swinburne, "requires from a poet at once narrative power, lyrical and dramatic," * and no modern poet possessed this requirements in a more eminent degree than Ludwig Uhland.

The distinguished Suabian poet has also the merit of having extended the arena of narrative poetry still further than his predecessors had done. Thus he introduced into German poetry the lyrical ballad. which, to use Prof. Dowden's remark on this species with reference to English literature, "may justly be described as marking an epoch" + in the history of German literature. Uhland has, however, done still more. Besides re-introducing the purely traditional ballad in a modern form into narrative poetry, he invested a number of his ballads with that charm which is considered the special characteristic of the old ballad. The tragic occurrences are mostly not expressed, but are mysteriously shadowed forth, and thus heighten the awe produced in the reader. Such is the case, for instance, with his ballads, Der Schäfer, Die Vätergruft, Der Traum, and above all, with the most affecting and most melodious of all, Das Schlosz am Mecre.

Uhland's ballads did not take the world by storm, like Bürger's *Lenore*; nor did they become so speedily the 'property of the people' so to speak, like those of Schiller. In one respect this literary phenomenon may be attributed to Goethe's adverse criticism, who

* Essays and Studies, p. 85.

t See Dowden's preface to his edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, reprinted from the first edition of 1798. The learned critic's remarks on ballad poetry in general are of special interest. censured Uhland's poems on account of the melancholy tone by which they are permeated. It is quite true that they are mostly tinged by a spirit of sadness, but this is, after all, the chief ingredient of the ballad proper, which may be considered as a tragedy in a condensed narrative form. At any rate, Uhland's poems, but more especially his ballads, became in the course of time most popular with the Germans in the true sense of the word, so that he may be considered, both by virtue of his exquisite compositions and his great popularity, not only the principal figure of the Second Period in the development of the German ballad, but also as *the* modern ballad poet *par excellence*.

The works of a genius always arouse a spirit of emulation, more especially among his younger contemporaries, and Uhland's example as a balladist exercised a particularly great influence upon the members of the "Suabian school," among others on Gustav Schwab, Justinius Kerner, and Edward Mörike. The first-named became very popular through his ballads, several of which are quite original in point of treatment and form. The epic and dramatic elements are fairly represented in them, but not so the lyrical element, which is more pronounced in the mythical and legendary ballads of Kerner and Mörike. A host of other poets followed the example of Uhland, as was to be expected from the contemporaries of a poet who had sent forth the too encouraging appeal :

1

Singe, wem Gesang gegeben In dem deutschen Dichterwald ! Das ist Freude, das ist Leben, Wenn's von allen Zweigen schallt.

Every theme suitable in any way for narrative poetry was taken hold of, and the ballad, losing more and more its original stamp, frequently became merely descriptive.

Besides Uhland, there was another poet contemporary with him, who gave the clue to what may be called the purely artistic ballad, in the composition of which special stress was laid on the polished metrical That poet was Friedrich Rückert, who was unform. surpassed in his mastery of versification, and who cultivated above all what is called in German the Kunstform. A number of poets followed his example : some with signal success, such as *Platen*, whose ballads are among the most polished in any language. In some respects Chamisso may also be considered as a disciple of Rückert, more especially with regard to his humorous ballads. The latter kind of ballad poetry was most successfully cultivated by Kopisch, Reinick, and in some degree also by Withelm Müller. The last-named poet excelled, however, also in the historical and the mythical ballad, and as an eminent poetical genius, he mostly went his own way, and kept free of imitations.

The German poets of Austria also enriched balladliterature in a considerable degree, taking as their model either Uhland or Rückert. The only Austro-German poet who chose original topics, and treated them in an original manner, was Lenau, whose descriptive ballads furnish exquisite pictures of romantic Hungarian life. We pass over a number of other poets from whom ballads have been inserted in the Second Period, so rich in narrative poetry, and come to the poet whose ballads might almost form a Period by themselves, and who, if he had written nothing but narrative poems, would still have secured for himself a place among the first poets of Germany. We mean Heinrich Heine. What lends a special charm to his ballads is, that they mostly have the ring of the Volkslied about them. In this respect they approach the form of the old ballad, and thus excel most of the narrative poems of his predecessors. The magic of

his ballads is to be found in their simplicity. What can be simpler than the wording of his ever-charming *Lorelei*? And still the poem, in spite of being constantly dinned in our ears by singers and reciters, makes an impression upon the reader which is never diminished. It fully shares the imperishable charm of Goethe's *Erlkönig*. Within the compass of a few stanzas Heine's *Lorelei* furnishes a complete picture both of the sunny Rhine-landscape, and of the most beautiful fairy maiden who, by the witchery of her wonderful song, allures the fisherman to destruction.

We have dwelt so long on this universally popular ballad because it may serve as a characteristic specimen of nearly all his other ballads; more especially of those which bear an idyllic-lyrical stamp. Among these the Bergidylle occupies the foremost rank. We have here a perfect picture of idyllic still-life, and without recording any tragic occurrence, the poem is pitched in a pathetic key. Heine's wonderful gift of epic-lyrical description also manifests itself in an eminent degree in all his other narrative poems, although the lyrical element prevails in them. This happy combination of the principal ingredients of the ballad, accompanied by the vibration of a tone of sadness, is strikingly illustrated in his ballads, Schlachtfeld bei Hastings and Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar. For the composition of the latter ballad Heine had to incur the censure of some German critics who displayed an almost unremitting zeal in detecting flaws in all his writings. They chiefly blamed him for having celebrated in song an incident in which he did not himself believe. In this, as in most other censures of Heine, they were utterly wrong : first of all, it should be remembered that he had grown up amidst Roman Catholic surroundings. His teachers were Roman Catholics, and to his parents fell the task of providing an altar decked with flowers on the occasion of Roman

xxxii

Catholic processions. Such influences make a deep impression on a sensitive poetical mind, and it is quite natural that the poet who wrote at the age of seventeen the allegorical poem *Die Weihe*, with reference to himself, and beginning with the lines :

> Einsam in der Waldkapelle, Vor dem Bild der Himmelsjungfrau, Lag ein frommer, bleicher Knabe, Demutsvoll dahingesunken,

should, at the age of about twenty-two, have written *Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar*. Besides, I have never yet seen any poet blamed for having described in prose or poetry supernatural apparitions or miracles in which no sensible man believes. In spite of his scepticism, Heine possessed a mind imbued with religious feeling, and it was this circumstance which inspired him to compose one of his earliest poems—the Biblical ballad *Belsazar*.

There is one commendable quality in Heine's ballads which has not yet, I believe, been sufficiently pointed out. In his purely lyrical poems it not unfrequently occurs-though not so often as hostile critics assert—that he winds up the most delicate poetical sentiments with a satirical hit; thus combining the sweet notes of the nightingale with the jeering tones of the mocking-bird. In his ballads this is hardly ever the case, although a humorous or satirical meaning is connected with some of them, as with his Schelm von Bergen, and still more so with his Begegnung. The humorous ballad existed before Heine, but his is the great merit of having introduced the lighter treatment of narrative poetry into German literature, and of having still further extended the This wholesome influence domain of the ballad. became visible in a marked degree in the *Third Period* of German ballad literature.

xxxiv

III.

' It is the honourable characteristic of Poetry that its materials are to be found in every subject which interests the human mind.' This weighty saying of Wordsworth found its practical application on a large scale in the ballad-literature of Germany during the third stage of its development. If the antiquarian notion that the old ballad alone has a claim to be considered as a ballad had been rigidly accepted, narrative poetry would have been confined to a very narrow compass. Fortunately the barrier was broken, first by the great luminaries of German poetry, Goothe and Schiller, and subsequently by Uhland and Heine, whose examples were considered maszgebend, and excited a lively emulation among their contemporaries This was the case to such a degree and successors. that every theme capable of being treated as a short narrative in verse, was considered as a legitimate topic for a ballad. There arose consequently such a great variety of ballads that during the Third Period of German ballad poetry they had lost entirely the stamp of unformity, and there was in fact only one poet whose productions in this branch were 'epoch-making.' This poet was Ferdinand Freiligrath.

The great merit of Freiligrath's poems, both lyrical and narrative, consists in the novelty of his subjects, in the vigour of his language, in his many-coloured images, and in the picturesqueness of his details. His muse left the homely village-green, so to speak, and wandered forth into untrodden regions. His fancy carried him to the deserts of Syria and Africa, and the primeval forests of America, and his descriptions of people and scenery were quite in harmony with his exotic topics. Even his rhymes were not of the ordinary kind. They were new, like the subjects he treated, and they did not steal upon the ear like the soft sounds of a flute, but rather rang like the sonorous notes of a trumpet-blast. All these circumstances combined to produce an immediate and striking effect. and his ballads made his name popular throughout Germany, where they were admired, read and recited by all classes of society. Freiligrath may therefore be said to have further widened the arena of the ballad. and what is more, to have done so by applying that form of poetry to topics which had been till then quite alien to German literature. Thus it was he also who introduced the Tierballade into German ballad poetry. Unfortunately, or perhaps rather fortunately, Freiligrath found very few imitators, for the simple reason that certain forms do not lend themselves easily to imitation. Schiller's pathos and Heine's simplicity of style found perhaps most imitators, although extremely few successful ones : but Freiligrath's sonorous verse seemed beyond the reach of even the boldest versifiers.

Next to Freiligrath should be mentioned Anastasius Grün, the successful adapter of the "Robin Hood" cycle. His ballads, too, are original, both as regards their themes and their forms, and if he had only possessed a more melodious flow of language and the art of restraining his impetuous thoughts, he probably would have struck out a new path by his ballads and romances. The Third Period contains a number of exquisite ballads, which might easily have been increased, but their authors chiefly excelled as lyrical poets, novelists, dramatists, &c., and they only wrote ballads occasionally, in the same way as nearly every poet writes sonnets. Still, the continuity of German ballad poetry has been actively maintained, and some authors of ballads are happily still alive, and may yet enrich German ballad literature before the close of the century; by which time, it may be hoped, the rising

Introduction.

xxxvi

poetical generation in Germany will have produced a sufficient number of interesting short narrative poems to constitute a Fourth Period of German ballad-poetry not unworthy to rank beside the three which have preceded it.



Erste Periode.

Bon Bürger bis Chamisso.

(. A. Bürger. 1747-94

I.

Das Lieb vom braven Manne.

Hoch klingt das Lieb vom braven Mann, Bie Orgelton und Glockenklang. Wer hohes Muts sich rühmen kann, Den lohnt nicht Golb, den lohnt Gesang. Gottlob 1 daß ich singen und preisen kann, Zu singen und preisen den braven Mann.

Der Tauwind kam vom Mittagsmeer Und schnob durch Welschland trüb' und seucht. Die Wolken flogen vor ihm her, Wie wenn der Wolf die Herbe scheucht. Er segte die Felder, zerbrach den Forst; Auf Seen und Strömen das Grundeis borst.

31

15

в

Am hochgebirge schmolz ber Schnee ; Der Sturz von tausenb Baffern scholl ; Das Biesenthal begrub ein See ; Des Landes Heerstrom wuchs und schwoll ; Hoch rollten die Bogen entlang ihr Gleis Und rollten gewaltige Felsen Eis.

Auf Pfeilern und auf Bogen schwer, Ans Quaderstein von unten auf Lag eine Brücke drüber her, Und mitten stand ein Häuschen drauf. Hier wohnte der Zöllner mit Weib und Kind. — "O Zöllner, o Zöllner! entstleuch geschwind!"

Es bröhnt' und bröhnte dumpf heran, Laut heulten Sturm und Wog' ums Haus. Der Jöllner fprang zum Dach hinan Und blickt' in den Tumult hinaus.— "Barmherziger Himmel 1 erbarme dich ! Berloren ! Berloren 1 Wer rettet mich ?"

Die Schollen rollten Schuß auf Schuß, Bon beiden Ufern, hier und bort, Bon beiden Ufern riß der Fluß Die Pfeiler fammt den Bogen fort. Der bebende Jöllner mit Weib und Kind, Er heulte noch lauter als Sturm und Wind

Die Schollen rollten Stoß auf Stoß, An beiben Enden, hier und bort, Zerborsten und zertrümmert schoß Ein Pfeiler nach bem andern fort ;

÷

2

Erfte Periode.

Hoch auf bem fernen Ufcr fland Ein Schwarm von Gaffern, groß und klein; Und jeder schrie und rang die Hand, Doch mochte niemand Netter sein. Der bebente Zöllner mit Weib und Kind Durchheulte nach Rettung den Strom und Wind.

Wann klingst bu, Lieb vom braven Mann, Wie Orgelton und Glodenklang ? Wohlan! So nenn' ihn, nenn' ihn dann! Wann nennst du ihn, mein schönster Sang ? Balb nahet der Mitte der Umfturz sich, O braver Mann, braver Mann, zeige dich!

Rasch galoppiert' ein Graf hervor, Auf hohem Roß ein ebler Graf. Was hielt bes Grafen Hand empor ? Ein Beutel war es, voll und straff. — "Zweihundert Pistolen sind zugesagt Dem, welcher die Rettung ber Armen wagt."

Ber ift ber Brave ? Ift's ber Graf ? Sag' an, mein braver Sang, fag' an ! — Der Graf, beim höchsten Gott ! war brav ! Doch weiß ich einen bravern Mann. — O braver Mann ! braver Mann ! zeige dich ! Schon naht bas Berberben sich fürchterlich. 3

в 2

Balladen und Romangen.

Und immer höher schwoll bie Flut, Und immer lauter schnob der Wind, Und immer tieser sant der Mut. O Retter, Retter, komm geschwind ! — Stets Pfeiler bei Pfeiler zerborst und brach. Laut krachten und stürzten die Bogen nach

"Hallo! Hallo! Frisch auf, gewagt 1" Hoch hielt ber Graf ben Preis empor. Ein jeber hört's, doch jeber zagt, Aus Tausenben tritt keiner vor. Bergebens burchheulte mit Weib und Kind Der Zöllner nach Rettung ben Strom und Wind.

Siehl fclecht und recht, ein Bauersmann Am Wanderftabe schritt baher, Mit grobem Rittel angethan, An Buchs und Antlitz hoch und hehr. Er hörte ben Grafen, vernahm scin Wort Und schaute bas nabe Verberben bort.

Und kühn, in Gottes Namen, (prang Er in den nächsten Fischerkahn ; Trotz Wirbel, Sturm und Wogendrang Kam der Erretter glücklich an. Doch wehe! der Nachen war allzu klein, Der Retter von allen zugleich zu fein.

Und dreimal zwang er feinen Rahn, Troh Wirbel, Sturm und Wogendrang, Und dreimal kam er glücklich an, Bis ihm die Nettung ganz gelang.

Erfte Beriobe.

Raum kamen bie letzten in sichern Port, So rollte das letzte Getrümmer fort.

Wer ift, wer ift ber brabe Mann ? Sag' an, fag' an, mein braber Sang ! Der Bauer wagt' ein Leben bran ; Doch that er's wohl um Golbestlang ? Denn spenbete nimmer ber Graf sein Gut, So wagte ber Bauer vielleicht tein Blut. —

"Hier," rief ber Graf, "mein wadrer Freund! Hier ift bein Preis! Komm her! Nimm hin!" Sag' an, war bas nicht brav gemeint? Bei Gott! ber Graf trug hohen Sinn. Doch höher und himmlischer, wahrlich! schlug Das Herz, bas ber Bauer im Kittel trug.

"Mein Leben ift für Golb nicht feil. Arm bin ich zwar, boch eff' ich fatt. Dem Zöllner werb' Eu'r Golb zuteil, Der Hab' und Gut verloren hat ! " So rief er mit herzlichem Bieberton Und wandte den Rücken und ging davon.

Hoch flingft bu, Lieb vom braben Mann, Bie Orgelton und Glodenklang ! Ber folches Muts sich rühmen kann, Den lohnt nicht Gold, ben lohnt Gesang. Gottlob ! baß ich singen und preisen kann, Unsterblich zu preisen ben braben Mann. 5

II.

Der Raifer und ber 21bt.

Ich will euch erzählen ein Märchen, gar schunrrig : Es war 'mal ein Kaijer, ber Kaiser war furrig ; Auch war 'mal ein Abt, ein gar stattlicher Herr ; Nur schabe ! sein Schäfer war kluger als er.

Dem Kaifer ward's fauer in Hit; und in Kälte ; Oft [ch:ief er bepanzert im Kriegesgezelte, Oft hatt' er kaum Waffer zu Schwarzbrot und Wurft Und öfter noch litt er gar Hunger und Durft.

Das Pfäfflein, bas wußte sich besser zu hegen Und weiblich am Tisch und im Bette zu pflegen. Wie Bollmond glänzte sein feistes Gesicht. Drei Männer umspannten den Schmerbauch ihm nicht.

Drob fuchte ber Kaifer am Pfäfflein oft haber. Einft ritt er mit reifigem Kriegesgeschwaber In brennender Hitze bes Sommers vorbei. Das Bfäfflein spazierte vor seiner Abtei.

"Ha," bachte ber Kaifer, "zur glücklichen Stunde!" Und grüßte das Pfäfflein mit höhnischem Munde. "Rnecht Gottes, wie geht's Dir? Mir däucht wohl ganz recht.

Das Beten und Fasten bekomme nicht ichlecht.

Erfte Beriode.

"Doch däucht mir daneben, Euch plage viel Beile. Shr dankt mirs wohl, wenn ich Euch Arbeit erteile. Nan rühmet, Shr wäret der pfiffigste Mann, Shr hörtet das Gräschen fast wachjen, fagt man.

"So geb' ich benn Euern zwei tüchtigen Baden Bur Kurzweil brei artige Nüffe zu knaden. Drei Monben von nun an bestimm' ich zur Zeit. Dann will ich auf biefe brei Fragen Bescheib.

"Zum ersten : Wann hoch ich, im fürstlichen Rate, Zu Throne mich zeige im Kaiserornate, Dann follt 3hr mir fagen, ein treuer Warbein, Wie viel ich wohl wert bis zum Heller mag fein ?

"Zum zweiten sollt Ihr mir berechnen und sagen, Wie balb ich zu Rosse wie Welt mag umjagen, Um keine Minute zu wenig und viel ! Ich weiß, ber Bescheid barauf ist Euch nur Spiel.

"Bum britten noch follft Du, o Preis ber Prälaten, Auf's härchen mir meine Gebanken erraten. Die will ich bann treulich bekennen ; allein Es foll auch kein Tüttelchen Wahres bran fein.

"Und könnt Ihr mir diese drei Fragen nicht lösen, So seid Hr die längste Zeit Abt hier gewesen ; So laß ich Euch führen zu Esel burchs Land, Berkehrt, statt des Zaumes den Schwanz in der Hand."—

Drauf trabte ber Kaifer mit Lachen von hinnen. Das Pfäfflein zerriß und zerspliß sich mit Sinnen. Rein armer Berbrecher fühlt mehr Schwulität, Der vor hochnotpeinlichen Halsgericht steht. Er schickte nach ein, zwei, brei, vier Un'verstäten; Er fragte bei ein, zwei, brei, vier Fakultäten, Er zahlte Gebühren und Sporteln vollauf; Doch löste kein Doctor die Fragen ihm auf.

Schnell wuchsen, bei herzlichem Zagen und Bochen, Die Stunden zu Tagen, die Tage zu Wochen, Die Wochen zu Monden; schon fam der Termin ! 3hm ward's vor den Augen balb gelb und bald grün.

Nun sucht' er, ein bleicher, hohlmangiger Werther, In Wälbern und Felbern die einsamsten Örter. Da traf ihn, auf selten betretener Bahn Hans Bendix, sein Schäfer, am Felsenhang an.

", herr Abt," fprach Hans Bendir, ", was mögt Ihr Euch grämen ? Ihr schwindet ja wahrlich dahin wie ein Schemen. Maria und Iscseph ! Wie hotselt Ihr ein ! Mein Sirchen ! Es muß Euch was angethan sein !" —

"Ach, guter hans Bendir, fo muß sich's wohl schieden. Der Kaifer will gern mir am Zeuge was flicten, Und hat mir drei Rüss auf die Zähne gepackt, Die schwerlich Beelzebub felber wohl knackt.

"Zum ersten : Bann hoch er, im fürstlichen Rate, Zu Throne sich zeiget im Kaiserornate, Dann soll ich ihm sagen, ein treuer Barbein, Wie viel er wohl wert bis zum Heller mag sein.

Erfte Beriobe.

"Jum zweiten foll ich ihm berechnen und fagen, Wie balb er zu Roffe die Welt mag umjagen ; Um feine Minute zu wenig und viel ! Er meint, ber Bescheid barauf wäre nur Sviel.

"Jum britten, ich ärmfter von allen Prälaten, Soll ich ihm gar feine Gebanten erraten ; Die will er mir treulich betennen ; allein Es foll auch tein Tüttelchen Wahres bran fein.

"Und kann ich ihm diefe drei Fragen nicht löfen, So bin ich die längste Zeit Abt hier gewesen ; So läßt er mich führen zu Esel durchs Land, Berkehrt, statt des Zaumes den Schwanz in der Hand."—

"Richts weiter ? " erwidert hans Bendix mit Lachen. "herr, gebt Euch zufrieden, das will ich ichon machen. Nur borgt mir Eu'r Räppchen, Eu'r Kreuzchen und Kleid; So will ich ichon geben den rechten Bescheid.

"Bersteh' ich gleich nichts von lateinischen Brocken, So weiß ich den Hund doch vom Osen zu locken. Was Ihr Euch, Gelehrte, für Gelb nicht erwerbt, Das hab' ich von meiner Frau Mutter geerbt."

Da fprang wie ein Bödlein ber Abt vor Behagen. Mit Räppchen und Kreuzchen, mit Mantel und Kragen Barb stattlich Hans Bendix zum Abte geschmückt Und hurtig zum Raiser nach Hofe geschick.

hier thronte ber Kaifer, im fürstlichen Rate, hoch prangt er mit Scepter und Kron' im Ornate : "Run jagt mir, herr Abt, als ein treuer Warbein, Wie viel ich wohl wert bis zum heller mag fein." — "Für breißig Reichsgulben ward Chriftus verschachert ; Drum gäb' ich, so sehr 3hr auch pochet und prachert, Für Euch keinen Deut mehr als zwanzig und neun, Denn Einen müßt 3hr boch wohl minder wert sein, "

", hum," fagte ber Kaifer, ", ber Grund läßt fich hören Und mag den durchlauchtigen Stolz wohl bekehren. Nie hätt' ich, bei meiner hochfürstilichen Ehr'! Geglaubet, daß fo spottwohlfeil ich wär'.

"Run aber follft Du mir kerechnen und fagen, Wie balb ich zu Roffe die Welt mag umjagen, Um keine Minute zu wenig und viel ! Ift Dir der Bescheib darauf auch nur ein Spiel ? "

"herr, wenn mit der Sonn' Ihr früh fattelt und reitet Und stets sie in einerlei Tempo begleitet, So setz' ich mein Kreuz und mein Käppchen baran, In zweimal zwölf Stunden ist alles gethan."

"Ha !" lachte ber Kaifer, "vortrefflicher Haber ! Ihr füttert die Bferde mit Wenn und mit Aber. Der Mann, ber das Wenn und das Aber erdacht, Hat ficher aus Häckeling Gold ichon gemacht.

"Run aber zum britten, nun nimm Dich zusammen ! Sonft muß ich Dich bennoch zum Ejel verdammen : Was bent' ich, das falsch ift ? Das bringe heraus ! Nur bleib' mir mit Wenn und mit Aber zu Haus ! "

"Jhr benket, ich fei ber Abt von Sanct-Gallen." "Ganz recht! und das kann von ber Wahrheit uicht fallen." "Sein Diener, Herr Kaifer! Euch trüget Eu'r Sinn ; Denn wißt, daß ich Bendix, fein Schäfer, nur bin !" "Bas henter ! Du bift nicht ber Abt von Sanct-Gallen ? " Rief hurtig, als wär' er vom himmel gefallen, Der Raifer mit frohem Erflaunen barein ; "Boblan benn, fo follst Du von nun an es fein !

,,3ch will Dich belehnen mit Ring und mit Stabe, Dein Borfahr besteige den Efel und trabe ! Und lerne fortan erst quid juris verstehn ! Denn wenn man will ernten, so muß man auch fä'n."—

"Mit Gunften, Herr Kaifer ! Das laßt nur hübsch bleiben ! Ich kann ja nicht lesen, noch rechnen und schreiben ; Auch weiß ich kein sterbendes Wörtchen Latein. Was Hänschen versäumet, holt hans nicht mehr ein."

"Ach, guter hans Bendix, das ift ja recht schabe ! Erbitte bemnach Dir ein' andere Gnade ! Sehr hat mich ergötzet Dein lustiger Schwant ; Drum soll Dich auch wieder ergötzen mein Dant." —

"herr Kaifer, groß hab' ich fo eben nichts nötig ; Doch feid 3hr im Ernst mir zu Gnaden erbötig, So will ich mir bitten zum ehrlichen Lohn Für meinen hochwürdigen herren Parbon." —

",ha bravo ! Du trägst, wie ich merke, Geselle, Das herz wie ben Kopf auf ber richtigsten Stelle ; Drum sei ber Parbon ihm in Gnaben gewährt Und obenein Dir ein Panisbrief bescheert.

"Bir laffen ben Abt von Sanct-Gallen entbieten : Hans Benbiz foll ihm nicht bie Schafe mehr hüten. Der Abt foll fein pflegen, nach unferm Gebot, Umfonft bis an feinen [anftfeligen Tod."

III.

Der wilde Jäger.

Der Bild- und Rheingraf ftieß ins Horn : "Hallo, hallo zu Fuß und Roß !" Sein Hengft erhob fich wiehernd vorn ; Laut raffelnd ftürzt' ihm nach der Troß ; Laut flifft' und flafft' es, frei vom Roppel, Durch Korn und Dorn, durch Heid' und Stoppel.

Bom Strahl ber Sonntagsfrühe war Des hohen Domes Luppel blant. Jum Hochamt rufte dumpf und flar Der Gloden ernster Feierklang. Fern tönten lieblich die Gefänge Der andachtsvollen Christenmenge.

Rifchrasch quer übern Kreuzweg ging's Mit Horribo und Huffafa ! Sieh ba ! Sieh ba, tam rechts und links Ein Reiter hier, ein Reiter ba. Des Rechten Roß war Silbersblinken, Ein Fenerfarbner trug ben Linken.

Wer waren Reiter links und rechts ? Ich ahn' es wohl, doch weiß ich's nicht. Lichthehr erschien der Reiter rechts Mit milbem Frühlingsangesicht. Graß, dunkelgelb der linke Ritter Schoß Blitz' vom Aug' wie Ungewitter. "Willommen hier zur rechten Frift, Willommen zu ber eblen Jagd ! Auf Erben und im Himmel ift Kein Spiel, das lieblicher behagt ! " Er rief's, schlug laut fich an die Hüfte Und schwang den Hut hoch in die Lüfte.

,, Schlecht flimmet beines Hornes Klang," Sprach ber zur Rechten fanften Muts, ,, Zu Feierglocd' und Chorgefang. Rehr um ! Erjagst bir heut nichts Gut's. Laß bich ben guten Engel warnen Und nicht vom Bösen dich umgarnen ! "---

"Jagt zu, jagt zu, mein ebler Herr !" Fiel rasch ber linke Ritter brein. "Was Glocenklang ? Was Chorgeplärr? Die Jagblust mag Euch baß erfreun ! Laßt mich, was fürstlich ist, Euch lehren Und Euch von jenem nicht bethören !" —

", ha, wohl gesprochen, linker Mann! Du bist ein helb nach meinem Sinn. Wer nicht bes Baibwerts pslegen kann, Der scher' ans Paternoster hin ! Mag's, frommer Narr, dich baß verbrießen, So will ich meine Lust boch büßen ! "---

Und hnrre, hurre, vorwärts ging's, Feld ein und aus, Berg ab und an. Stets ritten Reiter rechts und links Zu beiden Seiten neben an. Auf sprang ein weißer Hirsch von ferne Mit sechzehnzactigem Gehörne.

Und lauter fließ der Graf ins Horn, Und rajcher flog's zu Fuß und Roß ; Und fich! balb hinten und balb vorn Stürzt' einer tot bahin vom Troß. ,,Laß flürzen! Laß zur Hölle flürzen! Das barf nicht Fürstenluft verwürzen."

Das Wilb duckt fich ins Ührenfelb Und hofft ba sichern Aufenthalt. Sieh da 1 Ein armer Landmann stellt Sich dar in kläglicher Gestalt. "Erbarmen, lieber Herr, Erbarmen ! Berschout den sauren Schweiß des Armen ! "

Der rechte Ritter sprengt heran Und warnt ten Grafen fanst und gut. Doch baß heht ihn der linke Mann Zu schabenfrohem Frevelmut. Der Graf verschmäht des Nechten Warnen Und läßt vom Linken sich umgaruen.

"Hinweg, bu Hunb ! " schnaubt fürchterlich Der Graf ben armen Bflüger an. "Sonst hetz' ich selbst, beim Teufel ! bich. Hallo, Gesellen, brauf und bran ! Zum Zeichen, daß ich wahr geschworen, Anallt ihm bie Beitschen um die Ohren ! '' —

Gesagt, gethan ! Der Wilbgraf schwang Sich libern Hagen rasch voran,

Erfte Periote.

Und hinterher, bei Knall und Klang, Der Troß mit Hund und Roß und Mann ; Und Hund und Mann und Roß zerftampfte Die Halmen, daß der Ader bampfte.

Bom nahen Lärm emporgescheucht, Feld ein und aus, Berg ab und an Gesprengt, versolgt, doch unerreicht, Ereilt das Bilb bes Angers Plan Und mischt sich, da verschont zu werden, Schlau mitten zwischen zahme Herben.

Doch hin und her burch Flur und Balb, Und her und hin durch Balb und Flur, Berfolgen und erwittern balb Die raschen Hunde feine Spur. Der Hirt, voll Angst für feine Herbe, Birft vor dem Grafen sich zur Erbe.

"Erbarmen, Herr, Erbarmen ! Laßt Mein armes, ftilles Bieh in Ruh ! Bebenket, lieber Herr, hier graft So mancher armen Witwe Ruh. Ihr Eins und Alles fpart ber Armen ! Erbarmen, lieber Herr, Erbarmen ! "

Der rechte Ritter sprengt heran Und warnt den Grafen sanst und gut. Doch baß hetzt ihn der linke Mann Zu schadenfrohem Frevelmut. Der Graf verschmäht des Rechten Warnen Und läßt vom Linken sich umgarnen.

Ballaben und Romanzen.

"Berwegner Hund, ber bu mir wehrst -Ha, bağ bu beiner besten Kuh Selbst um- und angewachsen wärst, Und jede Bettel noch bazu ! So sollt' es bağ mein Herz ergötzen, Euch ftrads ins himmelreich zu hetzen.

"Hallo, Gefellen, brauf und bran ! 30 ! Doho ! Huffasafa ! "— Und jeder Hund fiel wütend an, Was er zunächst vor sich ersah. Bluttriefend sant der Hirt zur Erde, Bluttriefend Stück für Stück die Herbe.

Dem Morbgewühl entrafft sich kaum Das Wilb mit immer schwächerm Lauf. Mit Blut besprengt, bededt mit Schaum, Rimmt jeht des Waldes Nacht es auf. Tief birgt sich's in des Waldes Mitte In eines Klausners Gotteshütte.

Rifc ohne Raft mit Beitschenknall, Mit Horribo und Huffasa Und Rliff und Klaff und Hörnerschall Berfolgt's ber wilde Schwarm auch da. Entgegen tritt mit sanster Bitte Der fromme Klausner vor die Hütte.

"Laß ab, laß ab von biefer Spur ! Entweihe Gottes Freistatt nicht ! Zum himmel ächzt die Creatur Und heijcht von Gott dein Strafgericht.

Erfte Periobe.

Zum letzten Male laß bich warnen, Sonft wird Berderben bich umgarnen ! ''

Der Rechte fprengt beforgt heran Und warnt den Grafen fanft und gut. Doch baß hetzt ihn der linke Mann Zu schadenfrohem Fredelmut. Und wehe! trotz des Rechten Warnen Läßt er vom Linken sich umgarnen !

"Berberben hin, Berberben her ! Das," ruft er, "macht mir wenig Graus. Und wenn's im britten Himmel wär', So acht' ich's feine Flebermaus. Mag's Gott und bich, du Narr, verdrießen, So will ich meine Luft doch bilßen ! "

Er schwingt die Beitsche, stößt ins horn : "Dallo, Gesellen, brauf und bran ! " hui, schwinden Mann und hütte vorn, Und hinten schwinden Roß und Mann ! Und Knall und Schall und Jagdgebrülle Berschlingt auf einmal Totenstille.

Erschrocken blickt der Graf umher ; Er flößt ins Horn, es tönet nicht ; Er rust, und hört sich selbst nicht mehr ; Der Schwung der Peitsche sauset nicht ; Er spornt sein Roß in beide Seiten Und kann nicht vor- nicht rückwärts reiten.

Rafch galoppiert' ein Graf bervor,

C

Drauf wird es düfter um ihn her, Und immer düftrer wie ein Grab. Dumpf raufcht es wie ein fernes Meer ; Hoch über feinem Haupt herab Ruft furchtbar, mit Gewittergrimme Das Urteil eine Donnerstimme ;

"Du Bütrich teuflischer Natur, Frech gegen Gott und Mensch und Tier ! Das Ach und Weh ber Creatur Und beine Misseh an ihr Hat laut dich vor Gericht gesobert, Wo hoch ber Rache Fackel lobert.

"Fleuch, Unholb, fleuch und werbe jetzt, Bon nun an bis in Ewigkeit, Bon Höll' und Teufel felbst gehetzt, Jum Schreck ber Fürsten jeder Zeit, Die, um verruchter Lust zu fronen, Nicht Schöpfer noch Geschöpf verschonen ! "

Ein schwefelgelber Wetterschein Umzieht hierauf bes Walbes Laub. Angst riefelt ihm burch Mart und Bein ; 3hm wird so schwül, so bumpf und taub ! Entgegen weht ihm taltes Grausen, Dem Nachen solgt Gewittersausen.

Das Graufen weht, bas Wetter faust, Und aus ber Erd' empor, huhu !

18

Erfte Periode.

Fährt eine schwarze Riesensauft ; Sie spannt sich auf, sie krallt sich zu ; Hui ! will sie ihn beim Wirbel packen ; Hui ! steht sein Angesicht im Nacken.

1

Es flimmt und flammt rund um ihn her Mit grüner, blauer, roter Glut ; Es wallt um ihn ein Feuermeer ; Darinnen wimmelt Höllenbrut. Jach fahren tausend Höllenhunde, Laut angeheht, empor vom Schlunde.

Er rafft sich auf burch Walb und Felb Und flieht, laut heulend Weh und Ach ; Doch durch die ganze weite Welt Rauscht bellend ihm die Hölle nach, Bei Tag tief durch der Erde Alüfte, Um Mitternacht hoch durch die Lüfte.

Im Nacken bleibt sein Antlitz stehn, So rasch die Flucht ihn vorwärts reißt. Er muß die Ungehener sehn, Laut angehetzt vom bösen Geist, Muß sehn das Knirschen und das Jappen Der Rachen, welche nach ihm schnappen. —

Das ift bes wilben Heeres Jagb, Die bis zum jüngsten Tage währt Und oft bem Wüschling noch bei Nacht Zu Schrect und Graus vorüberfährt. Das könnte, müßt' er sonst nicht schweigen, Wohl manches Jägers Mund bezeugen. 19

c 2

IV.

Lenore.

Lenore fuhr ums Morgenrot Empor aus schweren Träumen : "Bift untreu, Wilhelm, ober tot ? Wie lange willst bu säumen ?" — Er war mit König Friedrichs Macht Gezogen in die Prager Schlacht Und hatte nicht geschrieden, Ob er gesund geblieden.

Der König und bie Kaiserin, Des langen habers mübe, Erweichten ihren harten Sinn Und machten enblich Friede ; Und jedes heer, mit Sing und Sang, Mit Bautenschlag und Kling und Klang, Geschmückt mit grünen Reisern, Zog heim zu seinen häusern.

Und überall, all überall, Auf Wegen und auf Stegen, Zog Alt und Jung bem Jubelschall Der Kommenden entgegen. "Gottlob!" rief Kind und Gattin laut, "Willfommen !" manche frohe Braut. Uch 1 aber für Lenoren War Gruß und Kuß verloren.

Erfte Beriobe.

Sie frug ben Zug wohl auf und ab Und frug nach allen Namen ; Doch keiner war, der Kundschaft gab, Bon allen, so da kamen. Als nun das heer vorüber war, Zerrauste sie ihr Rabenhaar Und warf sich hin zur Erbe Mit wütiger Geberde.

Die Mutter lief wohl hin zu ihr: "Ach, daß sich Gott erbarme! Du trautes Kind, was ist mit dir?" Und schloß sie in die Arche.— "O Mutter, Mutter! hin ist hin! Nun sahre Welt und alles hin! Bei Gott ist kein Erbarmen, O web, o weh mir Armeu!"—

"hilf, Gott, hilf ! Wer ben Bater kennt, Der weiß, er hilft ben Kinbern. Das hochgelobte Sacrament Bird beinen Jammer lindern." — "O Mutter, Mutter ! was mich brennt, Das linbert mir kein Sacrament ! Kein Sacrament mag Leben Den Toten wiebergeben ! "—

", Hör", Kind ! Wie, wenn ber falsche Mann Im fernen Ungarlanbe Sich seines Glaubens abgethan Jum neuen Ehebanbe ? Laß fahren, Kind, sein Herz bahin ! Er hat es nimmermehr Gewinn ! Wenn Seel' und Leib sich trennen, Wird ihn sein Metneib brennen." —

"O Mutter, Mutter ! hin ist hin ! Berloren ist verloren ! Der Tod, ber Tod ist mein Gewinn ! O wär' ich nie geboren ! Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus ! Etirb hin, sirb hin in Nacht und Graus ! Bei Gott ist kein Erbarmen ; O weh ! o weh mir Armen ! '' —

"Hilf, Gott, hilf ! Geh' nicht ins Gericht Mit beinem armen Kinde ! Sie weiß nicht, was die Zunge (pricht ; Behalt' ihr nicht die Sünde ! Ach, Lind, vergiß bein irdisch Leib Und benk' an Gott und Seligkeit, So wird doch beiner Seelen Der Bräutigam nicht fehlen." —

1

"O Mutter ! was ift Seligkeit ? O Mutter ! was ift Hölle ? Bei ihm, bei ihm ift Seligkeit, Und ohne Wilhelm Hölle ! — Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus ! Stirb hin, ftirb hin in Nacht und Graus ! Ohn' ihn mag ich auf Erben, Mag bort nicht selig werben."

So wütete Berzweifelung Ihr in Gehirn und Abern. Sie fuhr mit Gottes Borjehung Bermeffen fort zu habern, Zerschlug ben Busen und zerrang Die Hand bis Sonnenuntergang, Bis auf am Himmelsbogen Die goldnen Sterne zogen.

Und außen, horch ! ging's trapp, trapp, trapp, Als wie von Roffes Hufen, Und flirrend ftieg ein Reiter ab An des Geländers Stufen ; Und horch ! und horch ! den Pfortenring, Ganz lofe, leife, flinglingling ! Dann tamen durch die Pforte Bernehmlich diefe Worte :

",Holla, Holla ! Thu' auf, mein Kinb ! Schläfft, Liebchen, ober wacht bu ? Wie bift noch gegen mich gefinnt ? Und weineft ober lachft bu ? '' — "Ach, Wilhelm, bu ? . . . So [pät bei Nacht ? . . . Geweinet hab' ich und gewacht ; Ach, großes Leib erlitten ! Wo fommft bu hergeritten ? " —

"Bir satteln nur um Mitternacht. Beit ritt ich her von Böhmen. Ich habe spät mich aufgemacht Und will dich mit mir nehmen." — "Ach, Wilhelm, erst herein geschwind ! Den Hageborn durchsauft der Bind, Herein, in meinen Armen, Derzliebster, zu erwarmen !" —

"Laß fausen burch ben Hageborn, Laß fausen, Kind, laß fausen ! Der Rappe scharrt ; es klirrt ber Sporn. Ich barf allhier nicht hausen. Komm, schürze, spring' und schwinge dich Auf meinen Rappen hinter mich ! Muß heut noch hundert Meilen Mit bir in's Brautbett eilen." —

"Ach ! wolltest hundert Meilen noch Mich heut in's Brautbett tragen ? Und horch ! es brummt die Glocke noch, Die elf schon angeschlagen." — "Sieh hin, sieh her ! der Mond scheint hell. Bir und die Toten reiten schnell. Ich bringe dich, zur Wette, Noch heut in's Hochzeitbette." — ",Sag' an, wo ift bein Kämmerlein ? Bo ? wie bein Hochzeitbettchen ?'' — "Beit, weit von hier!... Still, flihl und flein!... Sechs Bretter und zwei Brettchen !'' ",Pat's Raum für mich ?'' — "Für dich und mich ! Romm, schürze, spring' und schwinge dich ! Die Pochzeitgäste hoffen ; Die Rammer steht uns offen.'' —

Schön Liebchen schürzte, sprang und schwang Sich auf bas Noß behenbe ; Wohl um ben trauten Reiter schlang Sie ihre Lilienhänbe : Und hurre, hurre, hopp, hopp, hopp ! Ging's fort in sausenbem Galopp, Daß Roß und Reiter schoben, Und Ries und Funten stoben.

Bur rechten und zur linken Hanb, Borbei an ihren Blicken, Wie flogen Anger, Haib' und Land ! Wie bonnerten die Brücken ! — "Graut Liebchen auch ? . . . der Mond scheint hell ! Hurra ! Die Toten reiten schenkl ! Graut Liebchen auch vor Toten ? " "Ach nein ! . . . doch laß die Toten ! "

Bas llang bort für Gefang und Klang? Bas flatterten die Raben? Horch, Gloctenklang! — Horch, Totenfang: "Laßt uns ben Leib begraben!" Und näher zog ein Leichenzug, Der Sarg und Totenbahre trug. Das Lieb war zu vergleichen Dem Unfenruf in Teichen.

"Rach Mitternacht begrabt ben Leib Mit Klang und Sang und Klage ! Jetzt führ' ich heim mein junges Weib ; Mit mir zum Brautgelage ! Komm, Küfter, hier ! Komm mit bem Chor Und gurgle mir das Brautlied vor ! Komm, Pfaff', und sprich den Segen, Eh' wir zu Bett uns legen ! "

Still Klang und Sang... Die Bahre schwand... Gehorsam seinem Rusen, Ram's hurre, hurre! nachgerannt, Hart hinters Rappen Husen. Und immer weiter, hopp, hopp, hopp! Ging's sort in sausentem Galopp, Daß Roß und Keiter schnoben, Und Ries und Funken stoben.

Bie flogen rechts, wie flogen links Gebirge, Bäum' und Hecken! Bie flogen links und rechts und links Die Dörfer, Städt' und Flecken! — ,,Graut Liebchen auch ? . . . der Mond scheint hell ! Hurra ! die Toten reiten schnell ! Graut Liebchen auch vor Toten ? " — ,,Ach ! laß sie ruhn, die Toten." — Sieh ba ! fieh ba ! Am Hochgericht Lanzt' um bes Rabes Spinbel, Halb sichtbarlich bei Mondenlicht, Ein luftiges Gefindel. "Safa, Gefindel, hier ! Komm hier ! Gefindel, tomm und folge mir ! Lanz' uns ben Hochzeitreigen, Wann wir zu Bette steigen. "

Und das Gefindel, husch husch husch ! Kam hinten nachgeprassellet, Wie Wirbeswind am Haselbusch Durch dürre Blätter rassellet. Und weiter, weiter, hopp, hopp, hopp ! Ging's fort in sausenbem Galopp, Daß Roß und Reiter schovben, Und Kies und Kunken stoben.

Wie flog, was rund ber Mond beschien, Wie flog es in die Ferne ! Wie flogen oben überhin Der Himmel und die Sterne ! — "Graut Liebchen auch ? . . . der Mond scheint hell ! Hurra ! die Toten reiten schuctl !— Graut Liebchen auch vor Toten ?" — "O weh ! sag ruhn die Toten." —

Bollbracht, vollbracht ift unfer Lauf ! Das Hochzeitbette thut sich auf ! Die Toten reiten schnelle ! Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle ! ''

Rasch auf ein eisern Gitterthor Ging's mit verhängtem Zügel ; Mit schwanker Gert' ein Schlag bavor Zersprengte Schloß und Riegel. Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf, Und über Gräber ging der Lauf; Es blinkten Leichensteine Rundum im Mondenscheine.

ha fieh ! ha fieh ! Im Augenblict, huhu ! ein gräßlich Bunder ! Des Reiters Koller, Stüct für Stild, Hiel ab, wie mürber Zuuder. Zum Schädel ohne Zopf und Schopf, Zum nackten Schädel warb fein Kopf, Sein Körper zum Gerippe, Mit Stundenalas und Dippe.

Hoch bäumte sich, wild schnob ber Rapp' Und sprühte Feuerfunken ; Und hui ! war's unter ihr hinab Verschwunden und versunken. Geheul ! Geheul aus hoher Lust, Gewinsel kam aus tieser Gruft. Lenorens Herz, mit Beben Rang zwischen Tod und Leben. Nun tanzten wohl bei Mondenglanz, Rundum herum im Kreise, Die Geister einen Kettentanz Und heulten diese Weise : ,,Geduld ! Geduld ! Wenn's Herz auch bricht ! Mit Gott im Himmel habre nicht ! Des Leides bist du ledig ; Gott sei ber Seele gnädig ! " 29

.4