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GERMAN LYRIC POETRY.

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS AND BALLADS,

TRANSLATED FROM

THE BEST GERMAN LYRIC POETS,

HC

WITH NOTES, BY

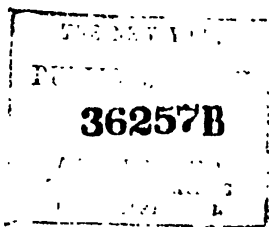
CHARLES T. BROOKS.

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1



WILLIS P. HAZARD,
724 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
1863.

MS



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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

Most of the pieces in this volume may be called songs. It contains a few odes, elegies, and other small poems; but it is chiefly made up of songs and ballads. The Germans are remarkably rich in this department—rich, not only in the number, but also in the character and literary finish, of their popular songs. Probably, except those of Shakspeare and Burns, no class of songs, in any language, even the Spanish, will be found to equal Körner's war songs.

Many of the miscellaneous pieces, in the latter half of the volume, particularly of those which are classed together as "Songs of Life," are taken from a book, bearing the following quaint title: "The Mildheim Song-Book, containing eight hundred Songs, sportive and serious, about all Things in the World, and all Circumstances of Human Life, which can be sung of; collected for the Friends of innocent Festivity

and genuine Virtue, which does not hang its Head ; by Rudolph Zacharias Becker." This song-book contains a very rich collection.

Most of the light songs, which fall into the department of "Nature," as well as many of the preceding class, were originally translated for, and from, juvenile song-books. Hence they are anonymous to the translator. He has inserted them in the hope of pleasing youthful readers, trusting that his book will find some readers of that class. It is gratifying to see that music is fast finding its way into our schools, as a branch of regular instruction. The following testimony, from Dr. Martin Luther, is given at the end of the Mildheim Song-Book: "There is no doubt that many seeds of noble virtues are to be found in such souls as are touched by music ; but those who have no feeling for it, I hold them to be like stocks and stones. Whoso despises music, as all fanatics do, with him I am not pleased. For music is a gift of God, not an invention of man. It drives away the devil, and makes people cheerful. Then they forget all wrath, impurity, pride, and other vices. After theology, I give music the next place, and highest honor ; and we see how David and all saints have uttered their devout thoughts in verse, rhyme, and song. Music I

have always held dear. He who is cunning at this art, is of a good sort, apt for every thing. We must of necessity maintain music in the schools: a school-master must be able to sing,—otherwise I do not look at him.”

It does not become an author to take the pen out of the hand of the critic—to forestall or to deprecate the remarks of others. The translator of this volume has, therefore, but a few words to say of its literary execution. Some of the verses may remind the reader of what a poet of our own says about

“Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar
Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling car,”

without exemplifying, however, what follows, namely, that the said English

“Fits like mosaic, in the lines that gird
Fast in its place each many-angled word.”

It is to be hoped, in the present case, that the car has not, in some instances, jolted so much as to upset. The translator has, throughout, striven to be faithful to the melody,—a most important part of a lyric poem's meaning. He fears that, in a few cases, he may have sacrificed the soul's words to an unimportant jingling of sounds. In the case of the first stanza of

Uhland's "Lost Church," the second stanza of his "Pilgrim," and the last of Körner's "Sword Song," the liberty has been taken of making two stanzas out of one, for the sake of bringing in all the meaning without murdering the melody. But in almost every instance, it is believed that these translations will be found faithful to the word of the original, so far as the difference of idiom between the two languages, and the comparative deficiency of the English in rhyme, would permit.

The translator offers this volume to the public, fully conscious of its deficiencies as a *specimen*-book, even of German *lyric* poetry. The wealth of this department of the German literature has revealed itself to him more and more as he has gone on; and now he feels that, on the shore of the great ocean, he has picked up many pebbles, though some *pearls*. Many of his fellow-students of German will undoubtedly miss some of their old favorites here; he hopes this book may lead them to gain some new ones. It will also be observed, however, that the volume contains a number of old and familiar pieces, newly translated — some that have been often before translated, and admirably, too, by distinguished writers. But the retranslations in the present work have been published

simply with the feeling that they bring their mite of value towards a complete representation of the meaning and melody of the original pieces.

As to the division of the book, it was made simply for convenience of reference, and not with the most distant idea of including all the principal German poets, or the best pieces of all whose names do appear. Had such been the intention, the volume would have been singularly defective in regard to Tieck, Novalis, Voss, Wieland, Jacobi, Hauff, Arndt, Claudius, Herder, Kleist, Pfeffel, Stolberg, Weisse, and many others.

The translator closes, with his warm thanks to the friends who have contributed translations to the volume. Their initials will be found affixed to their several pieces, and their names in the table of contents. May he not express, without any impropriety, his particular obligations to the friend and scholar who has so exquisitely represented Frederic Rückert, and restrung, for this collection, so many pearls?

NEWPORT, R. I., *March* 15, 1842.

As wine and oil are imported to us from abroad, so must ripe understanding, and many civil virtues, be imported into our minds from foreign writings; — we shall else miscarry still, and come short in the attempts of any great enterprise.

MILTON, *History of Britain, Book III.*

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BURGER.

BÜRGER.

LENORA.

From heavy dreams Lenora rose
With morning's first, faint ray :
"O William, art thou false — or dead ?
How long wilt thou delay ?"
He, with King Frederick's knightly train,
Had hied to distant battle plain,
And not a line had come to tell
If yet he were alive and well.

And now were king and queen full fain
The weary strife to cease,
Subdued at length their mutual wrath,
And joined their hands in peace ;
Then rose the song, and clash, and clang,
And kettle-drums and trumpets rang,
As, decked with garlands green and gay,
Each host pursued its homeward way.

And here and there, and every where,
Along each road and route,
To meet them came both young and old,
With song and merry shout.

"Thank God!" both child and mother cried,
And "Welcome!" many a happy bride.

But, ah, one heart shared not the bliss
Of fond embrace and thrilling kiss.

From rank to rank Lenora flew;
She called each knight by name,
And asked for William; but, alas!
No answering tidings came.
Then, when that host had all gone by,
She beat her breast in agony,
And madly tore her raven hair,
And prostrate fell in wild despair.

The mother hastened to her child:
"Ah, God have mercy now!
My darling child, what aileth thee?"
And kissed her marble brow.
"O mother, mother, all is o'er;
No peace, no hope forever more;
No pity dwells with God on high;
Woe's me, woe's me; O misery!"

"Help, God of grace, look down and help!
Child, breathe a fervent prayer;
What God has done must work for good;
God hears, and God will spare."
"O mother, mother — idle thought!
No good for me God's will hath wrought;
Vain have been all my prayers — all vain;
I dare not look to Heaven again!"

“ Help, God of grace ! No child shall seek
The Father's face in vain ;
Come, and the blessed sacrament
Shall surely soothe thy pain.”

“ O mother, mother, pangs like these
No sacrament hath power to ease ;
No sacrament can pierce death's gloom,
And wake the tenant of the tomb ! ”

“ Child, hear me ; say, the false one now,
In far Hungarian land,
Abjures his holy faith, and plights
Some Paynim maid his hand ?
Well, let it go, child, let it go ;
'Twill profit him no more below ;
And, O, when soul and body part,
What flames shall burn his perjured heart ! ”

“ O mother, mother, lost is lost,
And gone forever gone ;
Death, death is now my only gain ;
O, had I ne'er been born !
Be quenched, forever quenched, my light !
Die, die in horror's gloomiest night !
No pity dwells with God on high ;
Woe's me, woe's me ; O misery ! ”

“ Help, God of grace ! O, enter not
In judgment with thy child !
Alas ! she knows not what she says ;
Forgive whom woe makes wild.

Ah, child, forget thine earthly woes,
And think on God and heaven's repose ;
Then shall thy soul, life's sorrows passed,
The bridegroom meet in bliss at last."

" O mother, mother, what is bliss ?
O mother, what is hell ?
With him, with him alone, is bliss ;
Without my William, hell.
Be quenched, forever quenched, my light !
Die, die in horror's gloomiest night !
While he is not, no peace below ;
Without him, heaven is endless woe ! "

Thus raged the madness of despair,
And smote and scorched her brain.
She ceased not still God's providence
And justice to arraign ;
She wrung her hands and beat her breast,
Until the sun had gone to rest,
Till all the stars came out on high,
And twinkled in the vaulted sky.

When, hark ! a distant trap, trap, trap,
Like horse's hoofs, did sound ;
And soon an iron-mailed knight
Sprang clattering to the ground.
And hark ! and hark ! a gentle ring
Came swiftly, softly, — kling, ling, ling ;
Then through the door, in accents clear,
These words did greet Lenora's ear : —

“Holla! holla! love, ope to me;
Dost wake, my child, or sleep?
And what are now thy thoughts of me?
And dost thou smile, or weep?”
“Ah, William, thou? . . . so late at night? . . .
I’ve wept and watched through gloom and light;
And, ah, what depths of woe I’ve known!
Whence com’st thou now thus late and lone?”

“At midnight hour alone we ride:
From Hungary I come.
I saddled late, and now, my bride,
Will bear thee to thy home.”
“Ah, William, first come in, till morn;
The wild wind whistles through the thorn.
Come quickly in, my love; these arms
Shall fold thee safe from midnight harms.”

“Let the wind whistle through the thorn;
Child, what have I to fear?
Loud snorts the steed; the spur rings shrill;
I may not tarry here.
Come, robe thyself, and mount with speed
Behind me on my coal-black steed:
And when a hundred miles are passed,
We reach the bridal bed at last.”

“Ah, must I ride a hundred miles
To bridal bed this day?
And, hark! e’en now the booming clock —
Eleven! — night wears away.”

‘ See here ! see here ! the moon shines bright ;
We and the dead ride swift by night :
Thou, an thou mount without delay,
Shalt see thy marriage bed to-day ! ”

“ Where is thy chamber, say, my love ?
And where thy marriage bed ? ”
“ Far, far from here ! . . . still, small, and cool —
Six planks, with foot and head.”
“ Hast room for me ? ” . . . “ For thee and me ;
Come, robe thee, mount, and soon thou’lt see ;
The guests stand waiting for the bride ;
The chamber door stands open wide.”

Up rose the maid, and donned her robes,
And on the courser sprung,
And round the darling rider’s form
Her lily arms she flung.
And hurry ho ! o’er hill and plain,
Hop, hop, the gallop swept amain,
Till steed and rider panting blew,
And dust-clouds, sparks, and pebbles, flew.

And on the right and on the left
How fast the landscape fled !
How all the thundering bridges shook
Beneath the courser’s tread !
“ Dost quake, my love ? . . . The moon shines bright !
Hurrah ! the dead ride swift by night !
Dost fear the dead, my love, my own ? ”
“ Ah no ! . . . yet leave the dead alone.”

What clang was that, and doleful song,
And rush of raven's wing !
Hark ! hark ! the knell of funeral bell !
The bending mourners sing,
" Bear home the dead ! " and soon appear
The shrouded corpse and sable bier ;
Like croak of frogs in marshy plain,
Swelled on the breeze that dismal strain.

" When midnight's passed, bear home the dead,
With sad, sepulchral strain ;
I'm bearing home my youthful bride ;
Haste — join the bridal train !
Come, sexton, bring thy choir along,
And croak for me the bridal song ;
Come, priest, and be thy blessing said,
Or ere we seek the marriage bed ! "

Ceased clang and song swift fled the bier . . .
Obedient to his call,
Hard at the horse's heels that throng
Came hurrying one and all ;
And onward, on, o'er hill and plain,
Hop, hop, the gallop swept amain,
Till horse and rider panting blew,
And dust-clouds, sparks, and pebbles, flew.

On either hand — right, left — how swift
Trees, hedges, mountains fled !
How vanished cities, towns, and farms,
As onward still they sped !

"Dost quake, my love? . . . The moon shines bright !
Hurrah ! the dead ride swift by night !

Dost fear the dead, my love, my own ? "

" Ah, leave the dead to rest, alone ! "

See ! see ! beneath yon gallows-tree,
Along the moonlit ground,
Half brought to view, an airy crew
Go dancing round and round.

" Ha, merry crew ! come, haste along,
And follow in the marriage throng !
I take my bride ere morn, and ye
Shall dance the wedding dance for me."

And hurry, skurry, close behind
That pack came brustling fast :
So rattles through the hazel-bush
November's fitful blast.
And onward still, o'er hill and plain,
Hop, hop, the gallop dashed amain,
Till horse and rider panting blew,
And dust-clouds, sparks, and pebbles, flew.

How fast the land on either hand
Beneath the moon swept by !
How swiftly fled, high over head
The stars along the sky !
"Dost quake, my love? . . . The moon shines bright !
Hurrah ! the dead ride swift by night !
Dost fear the dead, my love, my own ? "
" Ah, leave the dead to rest, alone ! "

“Speed, speed, my steed! Methinks e'en now
The early cock doth crow.
Speed on! I scent the morning air;
Speed, speed! the sand runs low!
'Tis done — 'tis done — our journey's passed;
The bridal bed appears at last.
Hurrah! how swiftly ride the dead!
It is, it is the bridal bed!”

And, lo! an iron-grated gate
Full in their path-way frowned;
He snapped his switch, and lock and bolt
Sprang back with thunder-sound.
The clanking gates, wide-opening, led
O'er crowded dwellings of the dead,
Where tomb-stones, thickly scattered round,
Gleamed pale along the moonlit ground.

Ha, see! ha, see! whoo! whoo! what tongue
Can such dread wonder tell!
The rider's collar, piece by piece,
Like shrivelled tinder fell;
His head a sightless skull became,
A ghastly skeleton his frame;
In his right hand a scythe he swung,
And in his left an hour-glass hung.

High pranced the steed, and snorted wild,
And, snorting, flamed outright;
And, whee! the solid ground beneath
Fled from the maiden's sight.

Howls, howls were heard through upper air ;
Below, deep moanings of despair :

Her quaking heart, 'twixt death and life,
Seemed wrestling in an awful strife.

Now round and round, o'er moonlit ground,
The ghastly spectre-train

Full well did dance their fetter-dance,

And howled this solemn strain, —

“ Forbear ! forbear ! Though heart be riven,
Contend not with the God of heaven !

Thou hast laid down this earthly clod ;

Now may the soul find peace with God ! ”

THE EMPEROR AND THE ABBOT.

I'LL tell you a story, — 'tis somewhat facetious : —
There once was an emperor, and he was malicious ;
There was also an abbot, right stately to see ;
But, pity ! his shepherd was wiser than he.

Blow hot or blow chilly, the emperor was sour ;
Slept often in armor through night-fog and shower ;
Ate his crust without water — but that's not the worst ;
He oftentimes suffered both hunger and thirst.

The little pope knew how to nurse himself better ;
He ate well, he slept well, and daily grew fatter.
His face — like the rising full moon was its glow ;
His belly — three men could not span it, I know.

So the emperor hated the little pope badly.
One day, when the dog-star was raging most madly,
As the little pope walked through a grove that was nigh,
In the midst of his troopers the emperor rode by.

“ Ho, ho ! ” thought the emperor ; “ good luck's in the
meeting ! ”

With a bitter-sweet smile, then, the little pope greeting,
“ How fare, man of God ? But I see, by your case,
That praying and fasting sit well on your grace.

“ Methinks, at the same time, you’re plagued with much
leisure;

If I give you some work, now, you’ll count it a pleasure.
They say you’re the cunningest man that they know ;
They tell me, you almost can hear the grass grow.

“ So now, then, that pastime you may not be lacking,
Let your pair of tough jaws these three nice nuts be
cracking.

Three questions I give : when three moons are gone by,
In my audience-chamber I’ll hear your reply.

“ And first : when on high, with the canopy o’er me,
I sit on my throne, with my nobles before me,
Then thou, like a faithful mint-warden shalt say,
How much, to a penny, I’m worth at that day.

“ You’ll find it mere child’s play to answer the second :
How long (every hour and minute being reckoned,
And not one single minute too much) will it take
Round the world, upon horseback, my journey to make ?

“ And then, for the third, O thou prince of a prelate,
I shall ask you my thought ; to a hair thou shalt tell it.
And then will I freely confess it to thee ;
But no tittle of truth in the thought must there be.

“ And if the three answers you fail to discover,
Your rule here, as abbot, that moment is over ;
On the back of an ass you shall ride through the land,
Instead of a bridle, the tail in your hand.”

Then off rode the emperor, nigh bursting with laughter ;
The little pope, muttering and cursing, looked after.
And never poor culprit such agony felt,
When before the high penal tribunal he knelt.

To colleges, one, two, three, four, he propounded
His questions ; one, two, three, four faculties sounded ;
Of fees, Heaven knows, he paid more than enough :
But no doctor could answer three questions so tough.

And now his poor heart, with its fluttering and beating,
Helped the hours grow to days, days to weeks — O,
how fleeting !

Months dwindled to days ; as the last hurried by,
The world looked now yellow, now green to his eye.

And now, a pale, hollow-cheeked Werther, he paces
Through forest and field in the loneliest places ;
And there, in a wooded and rocky retreat,
Hans Bendix, his shepherd, he chances to meet.

“ My lord,” said Hans Bendix, “ what can so distress
you ?

You’re passing away like a shadow, Lord bless you !
Saint Mary and Joseph ! how hollow you grow !
Sweet master, you’ve met some ill treatment, I know.”

“ Alas ! good Hans Bendix, you have it. Believe me,
A sad piece of mischief the emperor will weave me.
Between my two jaws three such nuts he has packed,
As even Beëlzebub scarce could have cracked.

“ And first : when on high, with his canopy o’er him,
He sits on his throne, with his nobles before him,
Then I, like a faithful mint-warden, must say,
How much, to a farthing, he’s worth at that day.

“ He calls it mere child’s play to answer the second :
How long (every hour and minute being reckoned,
And never a minute too much) it would take
Round the world, upon horseback, his journey to make.

“ And then, for the third, — ah me ! wretch of a prelate ! —

He will ask me his thought : to a hair I must tell it
And then will he freely confess it to me ;
But no tittle of truth in the thought must there be.

“ And if the three answers I fail to discover,
My rule here, as abbot, that moment is over ;
He’ll make me to ride on an ass through the land,
Instead of a bridle, the tail in my hand.”

“ That all ? ” loudly laughing, Hans Bendix made answer ;

“ Pray make yourself easy ; I’ve thought of a plan, sir.
Just lend me your cap, and your cross, and your dress ;
We’ll shortly dispose of these questions, I guess.

“ My head is not stuffed with your scraps of dog-Latin ;
Yet I know how to get the dog out and the cat in.
What you rich ones can’t buy, and you learned ones
scorn,
I learned of my mother before I was born.”

Up and down, like a kid, the pleased abbot went skipping.

With cap, cross, and mantle, and collar equipping,
Hans Bendix stood stately in abbot's array,
And straight to the emperor's court took his way.

And there sat the emperor, the canopy o'er him,
With crown and with sceptre, his nobles before him :
" Like a faithful mint-warden, Sir Abbot, now say
How much I am worth, to a farthing, this day."

" For thirty good florins was Christ sold, I'm thinking;
So 'spite all your begging, and bragging, and prinking,
For you nine and twenty were ample, I guess,
For you must be surely worth one florin less."

" Hum, well ! " said the emperor; " a plausible reason,
And may, to our pride, be a word spoke in season.
I never, by this high, imperial hat,
Suspected I *was* quite so dog-cheap as that.

" But, come; you will find it mere child's play—the
second :
How long (every hour and minute being reckoned,
And never a minute too much) will it take
Round the world, upon horseback, my journey to make ? "

" If you saddle up early, and ride with the sun, sir,
And at the same Tempo jog steadily on, sir,
I'll bet you my cross, and my cap here, beside,
In twenty-four hours you'll finish your ride."

“ Ha, ha ! ” laughed the emperor ; “ a hostler right clever ;
You fodder your horses with ‘ if ’ and ‘ however . ’
The man who says ‘ if ’ and ‘ however ’ can fold
His arms up, and see his chopped straw become gold .

“ But now for the third : on what’s passed do not plume
 thee ;
For, failing of this, to the ass I still doom thee .
What think I that’s false, now ? Quick, out let it come ;
But keep me thy ‘ ifs ’ and ‘ howevers ’ at home . ”

“ You’re thinking I’m abbot of St. Gall, I reckon . ”
“ Quite right ! and in that, sure, I have not mistaken . ”
“ Your pardon, Sir Emperor ; you’d better give o’er ;
For know, I am Bendix, his shepherd ; no more . ”

“ What ! zounds, man ! You are not the abbot of St.
 Gall, then ? ”

Cried wildly the emperor, as if he had fallen
From heaven, with amazement and joy in his stare :
“ Well then, from this time forth you shall be, I swear .

“ With ring and with staff I hereby do invest thee ;
Thy master may mount on the ass, and a jest be ;
I’ll teach him henceforward *quid juris* to know ;
For he that will harvest has also to sow . ”

“ With leave, my lord emperor, again you’ve mis-
 taken ;
Don’t hurry ; I neither can read, write, nor reckon ;
Of Latin, not one dying word do I know ;
Old Jack cannot pick up what Jacky lets go . ”

"Ah, worthy Hans Bendix, 'tis truly a pity ;
Name some other favor, then, I do entreat thee ;
Thy excellent joke has been pleasant to me ;
I will that my thanks shall give pleasure to thee."

"Sir Emperor, I've few wants ; but yet if, in earnest,
To show me some mark of thy grace thou so yearnest,
Now, then, I will ask, as my rightful reward,
That your highness do pardon my reverend lord."

"Ha, bravo ! full plainly I see, fellow fairest,
Both thy head and thy heart in the right place thou
wearest.
Thy master a pardon we grant full and free,
And, into the bargain, a living to thee :

"To the abbot of St. Gall, with much hearty com-
mending :
Hans Bendix no longer his sheep shall be tending.
The abbot shall give him, we straitly decree,
His maintenance gratis, till death sets him free.'"

THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

WHICH way to Weinsberg? neighbor, say!

'Tis, sure, a famous city;

It must have cradled, in its day,

Full many a maid of noble clay,

And matrons, wise and witty;

And if ever marriage should happen to me,

A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

King Conrad once, historians say,

Fell out with this good city;

So down he came, one luckless day, —

Horse, foot, dragoons, — in stern array, —

And cannon — more's the pity!

Around the walls the artillery roared,

And bursting bombs their fury poured.

But nought the little town could scare;

Then, red with indignation,

He bade the herald straight repair

Up to the gates, and thunder there

The following proclamation:

“Rascals! when I your town do take,

No living thing shall save its neck!”

Now, when the herald's trumpet sent
These tidings through the city,
To every house a death-knell went;
Such murder-cries the hot air rent
Might move the stones to pity.
Then bread grew dear, but good advice
Could not be had for any price.

Then, "Woe is me!" "O misery!"
What shrieks of lamentation!
And "Kyrie Eleison!" cried
The pastors, and the flock replied,
"Lord, save us from starvation!"
"O, woe is me, poor Corydon!
My neck — my neck! I'm gone — I'm gone!"

Yet oft, when counsel, deed, and prayer,
Had all proved unavailing,
When hope hung trembling on a hair,
How oft has woman's wit been there! —
A refuge never failing;
For woman's wit and Papal fraud,
Of olden time, were famed abroad.

A youthful dame, — praised be her name!
Last night had seen her plighted, —
Whether in waking hour or dream,
Conceived a rare and novel scheme,
Which all the town delighted;
Which you, if you think otherwise,
Have leave to laugh at and despise.

At midnight hour, when culverin,
And gun, and bomb, were sleeping,
Before the camp, with mournful mien,
The loveliest embassy were seen
All kneeling low and weeping.
So sweetly, plaintively they prayed,
But no reply save this was made : —

“ The women have free leave to go,
Each with her choicest treasure ;
But let the knaves, their husbands, know,
That unto them the king will show
The weight of his displeasure.”
With these sad terms the lovely train
Stole weeping from the camp again.

But, when the morning gilt the sky,
What happened? Give attention.
The city gates wide open fly,
And all the wives come trudging by,
Each bearing — need I mention? —
Her own dear husband on her back,
All snugly seated in a sack !

Full many a sprig of court, the joke
Not relishing, protested,
And urged the king ; but Conrad spoke :
“ A monarch’s word must not be broke ! ”
And there the matter rested.
“ Bravo ! ” he cried, “ Ha, ha ! Bravo !
Our lady guessed it would be so.”

He pardoned all, and gave a ball,
That night, at royal quarters.
The fiddles squeaked, the trumpets blew,
And up and down the dancers flew,
Court sprigs with city daughters.
The mayor's wife — O rarest sight ! —
Danced with the shoemaker that night !

Ah, where is Weinsberg, sir, I pray ?
'Tis, sure, a famous city ;
It must have cradled, in its day,
Full many a maid of noble clay,
And matrons, wise and witty ;
And if ever marriage should happen to me,
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

NEW ZEALANDER'S BATTLE-SONG.

HALLO, ye my fellows! arise and advance!
See the white-crested waves, how they stamp and they
dance
High over the reef there with anger and might!
So wildly we dance to the bloody-red fight.

Then gather! now gather! come, gather, ye all!
Each thing that hath limbs and arms, come at our call!
Like reeds on the moor, when the whirlwind sweeps by,
Our lances and war-axes darken the sky.

Sharp, sharp as the tooth of the sea-hound and shark,
They'll bore ye, they'll split ye. Fly, lance, to the mark!
Home, home to the heart! And thou, battle-axe grim,
Split, splintering and shivering, through brain-pan and
limb!

To-day we ask vengeance, to-day we ask blood;
We ask it; we're coming to make our word good;
The storm flinches not, though the woods choke its path;
We ask it; we're coming; beware of our wrath!

At home, wives and children a hearth for us lay;
A savory flesh-feast awaits us to-day.
Behind yonder mountains e'en now the smoke streams,
And the blaze of the brush-fire crackles and gleams.

Long, long have we hungered and thirsted for you;
At home the dogs lurk round the clean table, too.
Loud-shouting, we eat you to-night, every one,
Devour you clean to the white, ringing bone.

Rush, rush, ye my fellows, rush on them like hail!
Soon, soon, shall their roasting your nostrils regale;
The fire is flaring; the oven is a-glow!
Heave to, now! hew through now! Halloha! hallo!

A CASUS ANATOMICUS

HARPAX, the merchant, died; his body was dissected;
No symptom of disease was any where detected,
Until they reached the heart — which to find they were
not able;
But in its place they found — the multiplication table.

THE POOR POET

A MANUFACTURER of rhymes,
Rosy and plump as one would wish to see,
Whose face, as long as it was broad, I know,
Like the round disk of the full moon did glow,
Once talked about his poverty,
And bravely railed at these hard times.

“’Tis, surely, just for pastime thus you speak,”
Said some one standing by ;
“ This precious flesh of yours, so plump and sleek,
And this new-risen moon, your rosy cheek,
Sir plaintiff, these against you testify.”

The patient poet sighed : “ That may be so ;
But, sirs, this paunch — God bless it ! ” — here he drew
His hand across it, — “ and this full moon too,
Were mortgaged to mine host some months ago ! ”