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SELECTION
OF
BALLADS


TRANSLATED CHIEFLY FROM
GERMAN AUTHORS



PRIVATELY PRINTED
1873.





HE contents of this little Volume are composed of Translations from Foreign (principally German) Authors, made by the Compiler for his own amusement, in the course of two summer tours on the Continent. They have been printed for, and at the instance of, private friends, especially one to whose kind assistance and consummate knowledge of the German language he is indebted for any merit in the work ; but he feels that he ought not to let them go forth without this acknowledgment, nor without apologies to the Authors of the original Poems for the indifference of the Translations, and for some slight departure, in a few instances, from the actual text. Generally the Translations are as literal as possible.

C. K. F.

Sept. 1873.



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Leonora.



From restless dreams fair Leonore
Rose to her daily cares once more,
“Art thou faithless? Art thou dead?”
“William, my true love!” she said;
For in King Frederick’s bloody war,
To Prague’s stern battle he had gone,
And to his fair Leonore,
Word of love had written none.

The Empress and the King at length,
Their wrath exhausted, and their strength,
With softened hearts at last made peace,
And gave their weary troops release.
And the armies, glad and joyous,
To their homes returned victorious,
Colours flying, trumpets sounding,
Every heart with rapture bounding.

In every house, in every place,
 Gladness reigned on every face,
 Old and young, with songs of joy,
 Hailed the Victors, man and boy.
 Thanks to Heaven went up for life,
 From many a parent, child, and wife,
 But for Leonora lone,
 Was there kiss or greeting none.

Oft she asked, and asked in vain,
 Many a warrior 'mong the train ;
 None of all that mighty host,
 Could give tidings of her lost.
 And now that all the crowd are gone,
 And Leonora left alone,
 She threw her down and tore her hair,
 With gestures wild, in mad despair.

Her mother hastened to her side,
 She caught her in her arms and cried,
 " My child ! my child ! what ails thee, say,
 " Have pity on her, Lord, I pray."
 " Oh ! mother, mother, all is lost,
 " To dark despair my soul is driven ;
 " My mind is racked and tempest tost,
 " For me no mercy is in Heaven."

" Now, God forgive her! Oh ! my child,
 " For patience pray, and grace, and light,
 " For God is full of mercy mild,
 " And all he does is good and right."
 " Oh ! mother, say not so, for what
 " Have all my vows and prayers availed ?
 " Heaven has denounced my wretched lot,
 " And all my hopes on earth have failed."

" Heaven help her ! Oh ! bethink thee child,
 " The Church's sacraments will calm,
 " Will soothe and tame these passions wild,
 " And give thy wounded spirit balm."
 " Oh ! mother, all too deep my woes,
 " For any leech to heal or close,
 " The Church can me no comfort give,
 " It cannot bid the dead to live."

" My, child, if thy betrothed be slain,
 " 'Tis vain to wish him back again ;
 " But if to thee he faithless be,
 " God will avenge his perjury.
 " Abjure the false one—be content ;
 " God will award him punishment."

" Oh ! mother, mother, lost is lost,
 " And gone is gone for ever ;
 " A shadow dark my life has cros't,
 " The sun shall gild it never.
 " Would that I never had been born,
 " Wretched, disconsolate, forlorn,
 " Death is my fate, and misery,
 " For Heaven has mercy none for me."

" Help her, Oh, God ! Oh, help my child ;
 " Pardon her sin—her passions wild.
 " Her thoughtless words remember not,
 " Have pity on her hapless lot.
 " And thou, my child, forget thy sorrow,
 " The blackest midnight has a morrow.
 " And He, in Heaven, who pities thee,
 " The Bridegroom of thy Soul will be."

" Oh ! mother, mother, what is Heaven ?
 " Oh ! mother, what is Hell ?
 " Without my William, what were Heaven ?
 " Or with him, what were Hell ?
 " In cloud, and mist, and darkness let
 " The sun of my existence set.
 " Without my William, earth were naught,
 " Without him, Heaven were dearly bought !"

'Twas thus the hapless maiden raged,
 Thus war with Heaven's decrees she waged ;
 She wrung her hands and struck her breast,
 Till sank the glorious sun to rest,
 And stars began to shimmer through
 Heaven's vaulted arch of azure blue.

'Tis night, the tramp of steed is nigh—
 The clash of arms—a knight rides by ;
 The clang of drawbridge, clank of spur,
 And measured tread the night air stir,
 Gently, softly, clink, clink, clink,
 Thro' the oaken doorway chink ;
 A knight dismounts and treads the stair,
 And, hark, a voice is calling there.

“ Hollah ! hollah ! my love, my bride,
 “ Open the portal, open wide ;
 “ Art thou waking, art thou sleeping ?
 “ Smiling sweet, or sadly weeping ? ”
 “ Ah ! William, is it thou ? ” she said,
 “ Whence com'st thou, say, and why so late ?
 “ Thro' weary days and nights I've prayed,
 “ And wrestled with the laws of fate.”

D

" My love, my love, I've ridden far,
" We saddled with the evening star ;
" I've come to bear thee to my home,
" 'Tis late, 'tis late, my loved one come."
" Oh ! William, enter quick my love,
" The wind is whistling through the grove,
" Come to my arms, beloved, come,
" My heart, my bosom, are thy home."

" The wind, my child, oh, let it blow,
" My black steed paws the ground below ;
" I may not linger here—The night
" Is waning fast, the moon shines bright ;
" Come doff thy train and mount behind
" My charger, swifter than the wind,
" For we a hundred miles must ride,
" Ere I can claim thee for my bride."

" What ! must we ride a hundred miles,
" Ere fate upon our bridal smiles ?
" Nay, but the bell now sounds the hour,
" Eleven upon the belfry tower."
" My love, look here ! my love, look here !
" The moon shines bright, the moon shines clear ;
" We, and the dead, we travel fast,
" We'll reach the goal, ere night be past."

" But tell me where shall be our home,
 " Where to thy arms thy bride may come ?"
 " My love, 'tis far away," he said,
 " Our nuptial couch is duly spread.
 " Six feet by two" " is room for me ?"
 " Nay, room enough for me and thee ;
 " So mount my steed, the bridal waits,
 " The wedding guests are at the gates."

The maiden loosed her train and sprang
 To the steed's back ; his trappings rang :
 Her lily arms she closely wound
 Her true knight's belted waist around ;
 Hoorah ! hoorah ! with snort and stamp,
 The steed's hoofs echo, tramp, tramp, tramp,
 And scatter sparks, and pebbles throw,
 As at mad gallop wild they go.

To right and left, before their sight,
 Pastures and forests wing their flight ;
 The bridges clatter, " Dost thou fear ?
 " My love, my love, the moon shines clear.
 " Hoorah ! the dead ride fast," he said ;
 " My love, and dost thou fear the dead ?"
 " Oh, no ! but speak not of the dead."

But hark ! there sounds a dismal moan,
 Seems it a dirge or dying groan ?
 The ravens flap their wings,—a bell,
 Tolls a departed mortal's knell.
 And near approaches and more near,
 A coffin dark, with pall and bier ;
 Mid mutterings harsh and grating sound,
 Like croak of frog in marshy ground.

" Bury the corpse for midnight's nigh,"
 A chaunt of voices seems to sigh ;
 " Nay, now I bear my young wife home,
 " Come Sexton to the wedding come ;
 " Come Priest and bless my lovely bride,
 " Ere I dare place her by my side."

The chaunt was hushed, the moon shone clear,
 Vanished the crew, the coffin, bier,
 Obedient to the rider's call,
 Hoorah ! hoorah ! they followed all.
 The steed he bounds with snort and stamp,
 His hoofs re-echoing tramp, tramp, tramp,
 While sparks they scatter, pebbles throw,
 As at wild gallop still they go.

Trees and hedges seem to fly,
 Right and left as they pass them by ;
 Towns and villages left behind,
 Flit like sere leaves on the wind.
 "Fears't thou, my love ? the dead ride fast,
 "We shall reach the goal of our race at last.
 "Fears't thou the dead, my love," he said—
 "Oh ! let them rest them, rest the dead."

See there ! See there ! round a Judgment throne,
 An airy crew seem to dance and crone.
 "Come follow us, follow us, my liege men,
 "Dance at our wedding my merry men ;
 "We speed to our bridal, the guests they wait,
 "Join us betimes at the church yard gate."

So the Spirits came hustling fast behind,
 As the leaves sweep rustling on the wind,
 And still the wild gallop, with snort and stamp,
 The steed's hoofs thundering tramp, tramp, tramp,
 They scatter the sparks and pebbles throw,
 As at mad gallop wild they go.

Still they speed and they speed away,
 Like the stars by night and the sun by day.

"Fears't thou, my love? the dead ride fast,
 "We shall reach our bridal couch at last.
 "Fears't thou the dead?" "Alas," she said,
 "Why wilt thou speak of the silent dead?"

"Hark! hark! I hear the cock doth crow,
 "Soon will my flickering sand outflow;
 "I smell the scent of the morning air,
 "Our course is run, the goal is there.
 "Speed, speed, good steed, and thou, my bride,
 "Quickly shall sleep by thy lover's side;
 "Hoorah! hoorah! the dead ride fast,
 "We've reached the place of our rest at last!"

On they rush to a grated door,
 Bolt and bar gave way before:
 The gates spontaneous open fly,
 With clang and jar as the steed draws nigh,
 Thro' churchyard drear, over graves they steer,
 On many a tomb the moon shines clear.

But, hist! oh, hist! from the knight there fall,
 Helmet and armour, and garments all,
 In strips like tinder dry they fall.
 His scalp is white, without flesh or hair,
 His body is naught but a skeleton bare;

And in his hand he holds a glass,
 To mark the hours as they swiftly pass,
 And over his shoulder a sickle dread,
 His harvest to reap of the ghastly dead.

The black steed rears and snuffs the wind,
 And snorting scatters sparks behind,
 The earth beneath them sinks : the air
 Echoes with howls of wild despair;
 Low moanings rise up from below,
 Down, down into the depths they go.
 Maiden, for thee no nuptial wreath,
 Alas ! thou art the bride of death.

And now in moonlight, round and round,
 The spirits in a circle bound,
 And howl their joy and ecstasy,
 That thus a human soul should die—
 “ Alas ! if God seems hard with thee,
 “ Strive not, but suffer patiently,
 “ And thou, poor child, who bravedst Heaven,
 “ Be thy presumptuous sin forgiven ! ”

BÜRGER.

The Wild Huntsman.



On Rhine's fair banks 'tis a festal morn,
The Baron von Falsberg blows his horn.
Halloo! halloo! to the chase it sounds,
Neighing and prancing, his fleet steed bounds;
His train of attendants follow pell mell,
While the pack from their kennel yelp and yell,
As they dash thro' cornfield, brake and dell.

The sabbath morning's sunbeam's gilt
The dome for holy worship built,
The bell with solemn tone invites,
Hollow and clear to the sacred rites,
While many a hymn of praise and prayer
From many a choir is borne on air.

Over the crossway swift they go,
 With whoop! halloo! and tally ho!
 And see you, and see you, on either side
 Of the huntsman bold two horsemen ride,
 The steed on the right is like silver white,
 The steed on the left as furnace bright.

Who are these horsemen to left and right?
 Full well I guess, but I may not write.
 The knight on the right is sublimely grand,
 With his mild sweet face, and aspect bland,
 The knight on the left is malign and stern,
 And his eyes like red hot charcoal burn.

"Welcome!" said he, of the evil face,
 "Welcome! sir Knight, to the noble chase,
 "In earth or heaven can nought compare,
 "With sport like this, on day so fair."
 And as he spoke, he slapped his thigh,
 And jauntingly waved his cap on high.

"Sir Count," said he of the gracious mien,
 "Ill sounds thy horn on this morn serene,
 "Trust me no good can those betide,
 "Who on this holy day do ride.
 "Be warned by thy angel good—return;
 "The counsels dark of the evil one spurn."

"To the chase, Sir Count, forth away to the chase,"
 Said he of the dark ill-favored face,
 "What a chime of bells, what jocund sounds
 "With blast of horn and yelp of hounds,
 "And whoop, halloo, and hark away!—
 "I'll show you glorious sport to-day."

"Well hast thou spoken thou left man kind,
 "Thou art a Hero after my mind,
 "He who cares nought for the noble chase,
 "May say paternosters and pray for grace,—
 "Saint on my right, thou pleadest in vain,
 "I hie to the hunting grounds amain."

And Hurrah ! Hurrah ! on, on they speed,
 Up hill, down dale, over crops and mead,
 And ever at the Baron's side,
 To right and left, the two Knights ride,—
 When sudden with antler's branching high,
 A milk white stag comes bounding by.

Whoop ! whoop ! halloo ! the horns blow shrill,
 Down thro' the valley and over the hill,
 When, lo, from the train behind and before,
 One drops down, and is trampled o'er,
 "Leave them to die, to hell let them go,
 "Never knight's sport was mar-red so."

Noted

The wild deer crouched in the standing wheat,
 Deeming it's cover a safe retreat,
 On came the field, huntsmen and pack,
 A peasant stepped forth, and waved them back,
 "Have pity my Lord, have pity and spare,
 "The poor man's hard earned pittance bare."

The Knight on the right then swift up-rode,
 And gently urged his counsels good,
 But he on the left with the evil eye,
 Encouraged the Count maliciously,
 And again the right Knight's warnings fail,
 Again the left Knight's word's prevail.

"Out of my sight, hound, out of my way"!
 Hear the Count to the poor man say,
 "Away, away, or I'll ride thee down,
 "Thy corpse shall be to my bloodhounds thrown;
 "Ho, ho, my men, go seize him there,
 "And lay your whips on his shoulders bare."

He spoke, 'twas done, the Madman dashed
 Over hedges and gates, thro' rivers plashed,
 The train they run, and they ride pell mell,
 Huntsmen, horses and hounds as well,
 And with hoof and foot, they crush and pound
 The blades of corn on the ruined ground.

Herds of deer by the noise alarmed,
 Hie from their coverts like spirits charmed,
 And panting, dash with headlong speed
 Thro' brake and briar to a grassy mead,
 Where browsing herds of cattle tame,
 Seem refuge for the wilder game.

But hither and thither thro' wood and dell,
 Hither and thither thro' dell and wood,
 Halloo ! halloo ! with yelp and yell,
 The hounds and huntsmen rush like a flood ;
 The shepherd trembling for his herd,
 Falls on his knees before his lord.

" Mercy ! my lord, mercy, I pray !
 " Call off your dogs, forbear to slay
 " These harmless flocks and herds this day,
 " See, in these inmates of the stall,
 " The widows and the orphans' all.
 " Have pity on the poor and spare
 " Their harmless browsing beasts to tear."

Again the Knight on the right uprode,
 And gently urged his counsels good,
 But he, on the left, with the evil eye,
 Encouraged the Count maliciously,

And again the right Knight's warnings fail,
Again the left Knight's words prevail.

" Out of my way, audacious hound,
" Would that thy shapeless limbs were bound,
" Thy sleekest, fattest beast around ;
" Glad should I be to see thee driven,
" With all thy lowing herd to Heav'n."

" On, on, my men ! on, on, my pack !"
The hounds come following on the track.
Each seizes the nearest for his prey,
The hills resound with the wild affray,
The herdsman welters in his gore,
The browsing herd exists no more.

The milk white stag eludes the fray,
And through the forest takes its way,
With slackened speed and drooping neck,
His sleek skin bossed with crimson fleck,
And plunging deep into the dell,
Takes refuge in a hermit's cell.

Still on the hounds and huntsman go,
With crack of whip and tally-ho !
With blast of horn, and bark, and yell,
The wild swarm gallop through the dell.

When forth to meet, with gown and hood,
Behold ! the Hermit of the Wood.

“ Cease, cease, from this unholy chase,
“ Nor dare to desecrate this place,
“ To Heaven these slaughtered victims cry,
“ For wrath on those who Heaven defy,
“ Be warned, ye wicked men in time,
“ Or Heaven will punish sore your crime.”

Once more the Knight on the right uprode,
And gently urged his counsel's good,
But he on the left with the evil eye
Encouraged the Count maliciously,
And again the right Knight's warnings fail,
Again the left Knight's words prevail.

“ Ruin here, or ruin there,
“ 'Tis naught to me, what do I care ?
“ Though thrice a Heaven or Hell were there.
“ There's not a bat that I would spare,
“ Displease it God, displease it thee,
“ Enough, thou fool, it pleaseth me ! ”

He cracked his whip, his horn he blew,
“ Onward, my comrades, brave and true ! ”

But, ah ! both Monk and hut are gone,
 Horses and men alike have flown ;
 A stillness, as of death, succeeds
 The crash of hunters, hounds, and steeds.

The Count looks round, and o'er and o'er,
 He blows his horn—it sounds no more—
 He shouts !—no echoes reach his ears,—
 He cracks his whip !—no noise he hears !—
 He plies his horse with whip and spur,
 Forward nor backward will he stir !

Dark as the grave is all around,
 Till issuing hollow from the ground,
 A voice like ocean's sullen roar,
 Breaking upon a rocky shore,
 Or thunder rumbling over head,
 Denounces loud, Heaven's sentence dread.

“Thou tyrant, demon of thy race !
 “In earth, or Heaven, unworthy place !
 “The voice of tortured creatures cries
 “For justice to the outraged skies,
 “Where Vengeance rears her flaming torch,
 “And summons to the judgment porch.

" Fly, monster, fly ! and know that ne'er
 " Shall aught arrest thy wild career
 " While time endures. A fatal spell
 " Shall see thee chased by fiends from Hell ;
 " Warning to Princes for all time.
 " Who outrage Heaven and earth by crime."

And now a sulphurous atmosphere,
 Floats o'er the forest like a bier,—
 His breath is laboured—eyesight dim—
 Agony shoots through marrow and limb,
 Behind is sound of tempest's roar,
 The blast of horror lies before.

The hurricane roars with poisonous breath,
 The forest is black as the jaws of death,
 When out of the night a colossal wrist,
 Looms in the air with clench-ed fist—
 It opens, it clutches, and see ! his face
 Is turned behind to the demon chase.

Around are flames of every hue,
 Fires like a furnace,— red, green, and blue,
 Billows of flame, like ocean's swell,
 Peopled by floating broods of Hell,
 And a thousand curs from the depths below,
 Through the blazing forest howling go.

Mad with affright he scours the plain,
 Shrieking and yelling with fear and pain,
 Ever and ever, through the wide world,
 Hell bellows after him as he is whirled,
 By day through clefts in the mountain bare,
 By night on the blast of the murky air.

Ever his head behind is turned,
 Swift or slow, as the ground is spurned,
 Tracked by the bloodhounds of Hell he sees,
 The fangs that would snap, and the jaws would seize,
 And anguish and terror rend his heart,
 As his blood-shot eyes from their sockets start.

Such the Wild Huntsman's fearful chase,—
 A ceaseless, never-ending race,
 Till the dread day of judgment come—
 For him no rest, and for him no home!
 And ever, as in the dead of night
 The hellish crew sweep howling by.
 The kindred wretch starts up with fright,
 At sound of the weird, unearthly cry!

BÜRGER.

The Song of a Brave Man.



The worthiest theme for lute or lyre,
 For poet's lay, or minstrel's fire,
 Is praise of noble deed,
 By men who toil in honour's cause,
 Nor covet guerdon, or applause—
 Of such, is now my rede.

The melting breath of spring's first breeze,
 Came sweeping o'er the southern seas,
 Thro' Italy's fair plain ;
 The fleecy clouds before it fled,
 Like flocks by hungry wolves bestead,
 And ice gave place to rain.

The hills had doffed their veil of snow,
 A thousand torrents coursed below,
 Adown the mountain's side.
 A mighty lake the stream replaced,
 That with its bordering meadows graced
 The valley's verdant pride.

With buttress strong, and arch of stone,
Across the stream a bridge was thrown,
 And in its centre stood
A hut, where dwelt a frail old man,
With wife, and child of scarce a span,
 The Guardian of the road.

The tempest roars, the arches quake,
The billows heave, the rafters shake,
 Upon the roof he stands,
He gazes round with aspect wild,
"Oh, save them, save my wife and child!"
He cries with outstretched hands.

The solid wall on either side
Goes down before the surging tide,
 And now the arches fall;
But mid the crash of broken beams
And howling blast, the wretches' screams
 Are heard above them all.

Borne by the torrent, pile on pile,
The ice in masses huge the while
 Rends buildings, plank and beam;
Till swept by wave, by boulders reft,
The central arch alone is left,
 An islet in the stream.

And now upon the further strand,
 A gaping crowd is seen to stand,
 And shout and ring their hands ;
 Yet all in vain the prisoners shriek
 For aid and help, that crowd so weak
 Infirm of purpose stands.

But ah, see now, on charger proud,
 A noble Baron, shouting loud
 Above the tempest's roar,
 " This purse to him, the bold, the brave,
 " Who will those wretched inmates save
 And bring them to the shore!"

Right noble Baron, free of hand
 And heart—an honor to thy land,
 I give thee worship due!
 But loftier must my muse aspire,
 To sing with concentrated fire,
 A worthier man than you.

And ever higher swells the flood,
 And fiercer still the tempest's mood,
 And nearer death appears,
 A moment lost—what hope to save
 Those shrinking victims from the grave
 And dry their falling tears!

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Again the Baron proffers loud
His golden guerdon to the crowd,
 They hear, but turn away.
And still the prisoners shrieks are heard,
Borne on the blast like wail of bird
 Amid the drifting spray.

But ah ! see there, from out the crowd,
Of lowly garb, but bearing proud,
 A peasant youth emerge ;
He heard the Count and understood,
He boldly gazed upon the flood,
 And scanned the boiling surge.

Then, in God's namé, despite the blast,
His form, into a boat, he cast,
 And gained the tottering wall.
But all too frail the shallop seemed,
Too weak to breast the waves, he deemed
 He might not save them all.

And thrice, his boat he dauntless rows,
Tho' whirlpool boils and tempest blows,
 And thrice, has reached the land ;
Then leaning breathless on his oar,
He marks the building topple o'er,
 And crumble into sand.

Who is it, who ? this brave man, say,

Proclaim it now, my faithful lay—

“A peasant true and bold.”

The Baron proffered noble wage,

The peasant, frank, took up the guage—

Was it for love of gold ?

The Baron spoke, “Now, worthy son,

“Take thy reward, ’twas bravely won,

“And with it goes my heart.”

Right noble was that Baron’s will,

The peasant’s heart was nobler still,

His was a grander part.

“’Tis true,” he said, “My lot is low,

“Nor wealth nor luxury I know ;

“I risked not life for gold !

“Yield it to him, who all has lost,

“Whose household gods are tempest tost”—

He turned—my tale is told.

BÜRGER.



The Artful Thief.



A cunning old thief to confessional went,
 Absolution to seek for his past errors bent,
 But, as ill-luck would have it, the Priest had a watch,
 Which, the force of old habit, enjoined him to snatch.
 So he knelt at the feet of the pious old man,
 And thus his design and confession began :
 " My father, I steal,"—and his light fingers stole
 To the chain which was fixed in the neat button hole.—
 " Nay, speak not, my son, of the present—but say,
 "*I have stolen*—forgive me, my father, I pray."—
 Meantime, the gold watch, the old thief made his own,—
 " Yes father, I've stolen, my crime I bemoan."
 " Well, tell me the tale—from concealment refrain"—
 " Nay father, I've stolen a watch and a chain."—
 " My son, the lost goods to their owner restore"—
 " Nay, father, to thee will I now hand them o'er."
 " My son, I decline them—thy conscience inspires
 " To the owner to yield them, and duty requires."—
 " My father, I've done so, but he doth decline."—
 " Then retain them, my son, thou may'st keep them as thine."—
 He ended—the thief took his leave, and was gone,
 'Twas twilight around him, the Priest was alone.
 He felt for his watch with its golden-linked chain—
 They are gone !—he shall welcome them never again !
 Thus, when least we expect to encounter a cross,
 The moment is big with disaster and loss.

BÜRGER.

Corporal Spohn.



In fair Coblantz, the name is known,
 Of great and famous Corporal Spohn—
 Now, what was Spohn, that his memory lies
 Embalmed in his country's admiring eyes?—
 Spohn was a man, as true and brave,
 As ever *slept in* soldier's grave ;
 He served and followed—faithful Spohn—
 An Emperor named Napoleon,
 Who, in the war of Emperors three,
 Had pushed too far, too heedlessly,—
 And thus it was, that watchful foes,
 To right, and left, his way enclose—
 A horde of Cossacks scoured the plain,
 The Emperor saw, and fled amain ;
 But bush and thicket barred the way,
 And death confronted him that day.—
 Spohn saw, and swift as lightning cried,
 " Thy horse, thy hat, dismount and ride,
 " With thy famed hat, thy well-known steed,
 " I will the savage foe mislead."

Then sprang to earth Napoleon,
And on his steed mounts gallant Spohn.—
Upon the track the Cossacks speed,
They knew the hat, the milk-white steed.—
They close around him, seize their prey,
While fast the Emperor speeds away.
But when they find him all alone,
They hew him down, poor Corporal Spohn!—
Swift to the lines the Emperor sped,
The Corporal's hat upon his head.—
And from that day, his name from all,
Was this—"the little Corporal,"—
The true, great Corporal was Spohn,
The *lesser* was Napoleon!

KARL SIMROCK.

