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GERMAN POETRY

WITH
THE ENGLISH VERSIONS

578

OF

THE BEST TRANSLATORS.

EDITED

BY

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Meiner lieben Mutter

gewidmet.

PREFACE.

Nec levias, ingenuas pectus coluisse per artes,
Cura sit, et linguas edidicisse duas.

In these days of Internationalism, when the inhabitants of Great-Britain and Germany are constantly brought into contact with each other, a general knowledge at least of the literary treasures of both countries is looked for from every educated man; an attempt, therefore, like the present, to render a fair knowledge of German Poetry of easy acquisition, may be expected to meet with some share of public favour and support. The literature of my native land abounds in gems of lyric and dramatic Poetry of the highest beauty. Of these a large number are already well-known to the British public through translations, which have appeared, from time to time, in Books, in Periodicals, and in daily papers; my aim has been to gather the best of these together, and thus to present to the Reader, in one Collection, a number of the fairest gems in their choicest settings.

In many cases I have experienced, with regard to the translations, quite an *embarras du choix*, and, accordingly, the task of selection among different versions of the same poem has not always been an easy one. I can hardly expect, of course, that all my readers will be pleased with the selection made; but let me humbly suggest that—as, according to Macaulay, Frederick the Great, with a truly royal superiority to grammar, used to say—“*de gustibus non est disputandus.*” Moreover, opinions differ widely as to what constitutes a good translation. Some are especially anxious for the preservation of the metre and rhythm of the original, not recognising that the genius of one language invariably requires a different thought-mould from that of another. Others, again, allowing a certain latitude, on the part of the translator, with regard to the form, insist upon a strict (and literal) adherence to the matter, even though, what is beautiful and appropriate in one language, may appear strange, perhaps absurd, in another.* For my part, I care more for the preservation of the spirit, the aroma of the original, than for any mere reproduction of either form or matter. To translate thus, is, I readily grant, no easy thing; it is indeed, no less than the former

* “*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus Interpres.*”
Horace, Ars Poetica, 133.

ones, a high standard by which to judge of a translation; but that it is a point of perfection attainable in many instances—the translations contained in the present volume afford ample proof.

The collection is one of specimens and no more. I do not pretend to have finished the harvest, nor even to have brought home all that is good; the field is too large, the growth too luxuriant, my time too limited for the attempt. I am but as a dweller among the busy haunts of men, who, in his scanty leisure-hours, strolls among waving corn-fields and through green lanes—and who, to gladden for a time his dull home in the city, brings back with him, not a bouquet from the flower-garden, but a rough nosegay—say, some rich and mellow ears of corn, some wild-flowers gathered by the wayside, and, in memory of those who have passed away, a forget-me-not or two. I shall be glad if other eyes than mine will rest awhile on what I have gathered, and I trust that my readers will feel something of the exquisite enjoyment which the work of collecting has afforded to me!

Many fine versions of German poems have been, most reluctantly, omitted—for various reasons, of which the limits of space, and a desire not to encroach unduly upon any publication in particular, were the most cogent. The truly national Volkslied,

and such songs as have been, from time immemorial, most popular among the German student-world, are almost entirely left out; mainly, because ample justice has already been done to them by such works as H. W. Dulcken's "Book of German Songs." For similar reasons, I quote but a few select specimens of the Devotional Poetry of Germany.

It only remains for me to express my sincere thanks to all, who have either allowed me to reprint translations, which have already been published, or who have contributed new ones to the Collection. And first: place aux dames! — I quote by special permission, from Lady John Manners "Gems of German Poetry" [Blackwood and Sons]; from "Hymns from the Land of Luther" [Kennedy, Edinburgh] and "Thoughtful Hours" [Nelson and Sons] by H. L. L. My Readers and myself are indebted to the owner of these initials for the happy translation of Sigmund Kunth's beautiful hymn on everlasting rest; the translation was written specially for this Collection. Ferdinand Freiligrath's daughter, Mrs. E. Kroeker, kindly sent various translations, and Miss Marion Hutchison contributes a version of one of Heine's sweetest poems. Lastly, Miss Winkworth is represented by two translations; permission to quote them having been purchased from the owners of the copyright.

I have to express also the deepest gratitude for the kindness of Thomas Carlyle, Dean Alford, Lord Lytton, Professor Longfellow, Rev. W. W. Skeat, Mr. Theodore Martin, Professor Blackie, Mr. Bowring, Dr. Baskerville, Dr. James Steele, Mr. A. D. Coleridge, Mr. Garnett, Mr. Peter Gardner etc. in allowing me to make use of their translations; and I have to thank Mr. Lumley, who owns the copyright of "German Ballads etc." for granting me permission to quote from that interesting work. — A list of the Books from which I quote is appended to these lines, and every contribution, which appears for the first time in print, is marked with an asterisk in the Table of Contents. The Reader may notice some alterations in such translations as are already known to him; they are all made, either at the request or with the sanction, of the individual translators. In most instances the different contributors have kindly corrected their own proofs.

My thanks are also due to the Rev. Dr. Merivale for his permission to reprint some of his father's translations, notably the very fine version of Schiller's "Commencement of the nineteenth century," which the reverend gentleman himself has reproduced, most happily, in that delightful volume, the: "Arun-dines Cami." — Through the Earl of Elles-

mere's courtesy I am enabled to reprint some of the late Earl's spirited translations; and Mrs. Anster very kindly permitted me to avail myself of the late Dr. Anster's translations — his "Faust," and his versions contained in "Xeniola," the "Dublin University Magazine" etc. The mention of Dr. Anster's revered name brings to my memory his gifted, but unfortunate countryman—whom his gentle hand vainly tried to rescue from utter shame and ruin: James Clarence Mangan. Alas, poor Yorick!

In conclusion I beg to thank all who have, in any way, helped and advised me in the selection and arrangement of the contents of the Collection. Especially my thanks are due to the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M. A., late fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and to Alexander E. Shand, Esq., M. A., of Edinburgh; to the elegant taste and sound scholarship of both I am indebted for many valuable suggestions.

And now, what more have I to say? Only to crave the kindly criticism of an indulgent public. That there are many shortcomings in the execution of what has, in truth, been to me a labour of love, I do not doubt; but:

Ut desint vires, tamen est laudanda voluntas.

Loretto House,
Musselburgh, NB. April 1869.

H. E. Goldschmidt.

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Thoughtful Hours by H. L. L.

Gottfried August Bürger,

born 1748, died 1794.

„Hoch klingt das Lied vom braven Mann,
Wie Orgelton und Gleckenlang!“

Lenore.

Lenore fuhr um's Morgenrot
Empor aus schweren Träumen:
Bist untreu, Wilhelm, oder todt?
Wie lange willst du säumen?

Er war mit König Friedrichs Macht
Gezogen in die Prager Schlacht,
Und hatte nicht geschrieben,
Ob er gesund geblieben.

Nun jedes Heer mit Sing und Sang,
Mit Paukenschlag und Klang und Klang,
Geschmückt mit grünen Reisern,
Zog heim zu seinen Häusern.

Und überall, all überall,
Auf Wegen und auf Stegen
Zog Alt und Jung dem Jubelschall
Der Kommenden entgegen.

ELLENORE.

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

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

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

And evry road and evry lane
Was full of old and young
To gaze at the rejoicing band
To haile with gladsom toungh.

„Gottlob!“ rief Kind und Gattin laut;
 „Willkommen!“ manche frohe Braut.
 Ach! aber für Lenoren
 War Gruß und Kuß verloren.

Als nun das Heer vorüber war,
 Zerrauft sie ihr Rabenhaar
 Und warf sich hin zur Erde
 Mit wüthiger Geberde.

Die Mutter lief wohl hin zu ihr:
 „Ach! daß sich Gott erbarme!
 Du liebes Kind! was ist mit dir?“
 Und schloß sie in die Arme. —

„O Mutter! Mutter! hin ist hin!
 Nun fahre Welt und alles hin!
 Bei Gott ist kein Erbarmen:
 O weh, o weh mir Armen!“ —

„Hilf Gott! hilf! Sieh uns gnädig an!
 Kind, bet ein Vaterunser!
 Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan;
 Gott, Gott erbarmt sich unser!“ —

„O Mutter! Mutter! eitler Wahns!
 Gott hat an mir nicht wohlgethan!
 Was half, was half mein Beten?
 Nun ist's nicht mehr vonnöthen!“ —

"Thank God!" their wives and children sayde,
"Welcome!" the brides did saye;
But greet or kiss gave Ellenore
To none upon that daye.

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

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

'O mother, mother! William's gone,
What's all beside to me?
There is no mercie, sure, above!
All, all were spar'd but he!'

"Kneele down, thy paternoster saye
'Twill calm thy troubled spright:
The Lord is wise, the Lord is good;
What He hath done is right."

'O mother, mother! saye not so,
Most cruel is my fate:
I prayde, and prayde, but watte avaylde
'Tis now, alas! too late.'

„Hilf Gott! hilf! Wer den Vater kennt,
Der weiß, er hilft den Kindern.
Das hochgelobte Sakrament
Wird deinen Jammer lindern.“ —

„O Mutter! Mutter! was mich brennt,
Das lindert mir kein Sakrament!
Kein Sakrament mag Leben
Den Todten wiedergeben!“

„Hör', Kind! Wie, wenn der falsche Mann
Im fernen Ungarlande
Sich seines Glaubens abgethan
Zum neuen Ehebande? —

„Läß fahren, Kind, sein Herz dahin!
Er hat es nimmermehr Gewinn!
Wenn Seel und Leib sich trennen,
Wird ihn sein Meineid brennen!“

„O Mutter! Mutter! hin ist hin!
Verloren ist verloren!
Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gewinn!
O wär' ich nie geboren!“

„Lisch aus, mein Licht! auf ewig aus!
Stirb hin! stirb hin in Nacht und Graus,
Bei Gott ist kein Erbarmen!
O weh, o weh mir Armen!“ —

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

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

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

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

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

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

„Hilf Gott! hilf! Geh nicht ins Gericht
 Mit deinem armen Kinde!
 Sie weiß nicht, was die Zunge spricht;
 Behalt ihr nicht die Sünde!

Ach Kind! vergiß dein irdisch Leid,
 Und denk an Gott und Seligkeit,
 So wird doch deiner Seelen
 Der Bräutigam nicht fehlen!“ —

„O Mutter! was ist Seligkeit?
 O Mutter! was ist Hölle?
 Bei ihm, bei ihm ist Seligkeit!
 Und ohne Wilhelm Hölle!

Lisch aus, mein Licht! auf ewig aus!
 Stirb hin! stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!
 Ohn' ihn mag ich auf Erden,
 Mag dort nicht selig werden!“ —

So wüthete Verzweifelung
 Ihr in Gehirn und Adern.
 Sie fuhr mit Gottes Vorsehung
 Vermessen fort zu hadern;

Zerschlug den Busen und zerrang
 Die Hand bis Sonnenuntergang,
 Bis auf am Himmelbogen
 Die goldnen Sterne zogen.

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

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

"O mother, mother! what is bliss,
 And what the fiendis cell?
With him 'tis heaven anywhere,
 Without my William, hell."

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

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

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



Und außen, horch! gieng's trap trap trap,
 Als wie von Rosses Hufen,
 Und klirrend stieg ein Reiter ab
 An des Geländers Stufen.

Und horch! und horch! den Pförtentring
 Ganz lose, leise kling ling ling!
 Dann kamen durch die Pforte
 Vernehmlich diese Worte:

,Holla! holla! Thu auf, mein Kind!
 Schläfst, Liebchen, oder wachst du?
 Wie bist noch gegen mich gesinnt?
 Und weinst oder lachst du?' —

,Ah, Wilhelm! du? — So spät bei Nacht? —
 Gewinein hab' ich und gewacht;
 Ah! großes Leid erlitten!
 Wo kommst du her geritten?' —

,Wir satteln nur um Mitternacht,
 Weit ritt ich her von Böhmen;
 Ich habe spät mich aufgemacht
 Und will dich mit mir nehmen!' —

,Ah, Wilhelm! 'rein, herein geschwind!
 Den Hagedorn durchsaust der Wind:
 herein, in meinen Armen,
 Herzliebster, zu erwärmen!' —

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

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

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

'Ah ! William here so late at night ?
Oh ! I have wachte and wak'd :
Whense art thou come ? For thy return
My heart has sorely ak'd.'

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

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

,Laß sausen durch den Hagedorn,
Laß sausen, Kind, laß sausen!
Der Rappe scharrt, es klirrt der Sporn,
Ich darf allhier nicht hausen!

Komm, schürze, spring und schwinge dich
Auf meinen Rappen hinter mich!
Muß heut' noch hundert Meilen
Mit dir ins Brautbett eilen.' —

Ach! wolltest hundert Meilen noch
Mich heut' ins Brautbett tragen?
Und horch! es brummt die Glocke noch,
Die elf schon angeschlagen.' —

Sieh hin, sieh her! der Mond scheint hell;
Wir und die Todten reiten schnell;
Ich bringe dich, zur Wette,
Noch heut' ins Hochzeitsbette.' —

Sag an! wo ist dein Kämmerlein?
Wo, wie dein Hochzeitsbettchen?' —
Weit, weit von hier! Still, kühl und klein!
Sechs Bretter und zwei Brettchen?' —

Hat's Raum für mich?' — Für dich und mich!
Komm, schürze, spring und schwinge dich!

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

"All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse and mount behinde;
To night we'l ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to finde."

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

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

"And where is then thy house, and home,
And bridal bed so meet?"
"'Tis narrow, silent, chilly, low,
Six planks, one shrouding sheet."

'And is there any room for me
Wherein that I may creepe?'
"There's room enough for thee and me
Wherein that we may sleepe.

Die Hochzeitsgäste hoffen;
Die Kammer steht uns offen.' —

Schön Liebchen schürzte, sprang und schwang
Sich auf das Ross behende;
Wohl um den trauten Reiter schläng
Sie ihre Lilienhände.

Und hurre hurre, hop! hop! hop!
Gieng's fort in fausendem Galopp,
Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,
Und Kies und Funken stoben..

Zur rechten und zur linken Hand
Vorbei vor ihren Blicken,
Wie flogen Anger, Heid' und Land!
Wie donnerten die Brücken!

„Graut Liebchen auch? Der Mond scheint hell!
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!
Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?“ —
„Ach nein! doch laß die Todten!“ —

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

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

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

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

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

"The moon is bright, and blue the night;
Dost quake the blast to stem?
Dost shudder, mayde, to seeke the dead?"
'No, no, but what of them?'

Was klang dort für Gesang und Klang?
 Was flatterten die Raben?
 Horch Glöckenklang! horch Todtensang:
 Laßt uns den Leib begraben.'

Und näher zog ein Leichenzug,
 Der Sarg und Todtenbahre trug.
 Das Lied war zu vergleichen
 Dem Unkenruf in Teichen.

Nach Mitternacht begrabt den Leib
 Mit Klang und Sang und Klage!
 Jetzt führ' ich heim mein junges Weib;
 Mit, mit zum Brautgelage! —

Komm, Küster, hier! Komm mit dem 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 Husen,
 Ram's hurre! hurre! nachgerannt
 Hart hinter's Rappen Husen.

Und immer weiter, hop! hop! hop!
 Gieng's fort in sausendem Galopp,
 Daß Ross und Reiter schnoben,
 Und Ries und Funken stoben.

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

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

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

"Leade forth, o clark, the chaunting quire,
To swell our spousal song:
Come, priest, and reade the blessing soone;
For our dark bed we long."

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

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

Wie flogen rechts, wie flogen links
 Gebirge, Bäum' und Heden!
 Wie flogen links, und rechts und links,
 Die Dörfer, Städter und Flecken!

„Graut Liebchen auch? — Der Mond scheint hell!
 Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!
 Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten? —
 Ach! laß sie ruhn, die Todten! —

Sieh da! sieh da! Am Hochgericht
 Tanzt um des Rades Spindel,
 Halb sichtbarlich bei Mondenlicht,
 Ein lustiges Gesindel.

„Sa! sa! Gesindel! hier! komm hier!
 Gesindel, komm und folge mir!
 Tanz' uns den Hochzeitsreigen,
 Wenn wir zu Bette steigen! —

Und das Gesindel, husch! husch! husch!
 Kam hinten nach geprasselt,
 Wie Wirbelwind am Haselbusch
 Durch dürre Blätter rasselt.

Und weiter, weiter, hop! hop! hop!
 Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,
 Daß Ross und Reiter schnoben
 Und Kies und Funken stoben

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wie flog, was rund der Mond beschien,
 Wie flog es in die Ferne!
 Wie flogen oben überhin
 Der Himmel und die Sterne!

,Graut Liebchen auch? — Der Mond scheint hell!
 Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!
 Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?' —
 ,O weh! laß ruhn die Todten!' —

,Rapp! Rapp! mich dünkt, der Hahn schon ruft;
 Bald wird der Sand verrinnen!
 Rapp! Rapp! ich wittre Morgenluft;
 Rapp! tummle dich von hinnen!

Vollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf!
 Das Hochzeitsbette thut sich auf!
 Die Todten reiten schnelle!
 Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle!' —

Rasch auf ein eisern Gitterthor
 Ging's mit verhängtem Bügel;
 Mit schwanker Gert ein Schlag davor
 Zersprengte Schloß und Riegel.

Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf,
 Und über Gräber ging der Lauf;
 Es blinkten Leichensteine
 Ringsum im Mondenscheine.

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

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

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

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

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

They passe, and 'twas on graves they trodde;
 "'Tis hither we are bound."
 And many a tombstone ghastly white
 Lay in the moonshyne round.

Hasi! hasi! im Augenblick,
 Hu! hu! ein gräßlich Wunder!
 Des Reiters Koller, Stück für Stück,
 Fiel ab wie mürber Zunder.

Zum Schädel ohne Kopf und Schopf,
 Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf,
 Sein Körper zum Gerippe
 Mit Stundenglas, und Rippe.

Hoch bäumte sich, wild schnob der Rapp
 Und sprühte Feuerfunken;
 Und hui! war's unter ihr herab
 Verschwunden und versunken.

Geheul, Geheul aus hoher Luft,
 Gewinsel kam aus tiefer Gruft;
 Lenorens Herz mit Beben
 Hing zwischen Tod und Leben.

Nun tanzten wohl beim Mondenglanz
 Rundum herum im Kreise
 Die Geister einen Kettenanz
 Und heulten diese Weise:

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

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

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

And lo! his steed did thin to smoke,
And charnel fires outbreathe;
And pal'd and bleachde, then vanishde quite
The maid from underneathe.

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

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

„Geduld! Geduld! wenn's Herz auch bricht?
 Mit Gott im Himmel hadre nicht!
 Des Leibes bist du ledig;
 Gott sei der Seele gnädig!“

Das Lied vom braven Mann.

Hoch klingt das Lied vom braven Mann,
 Wie Orgelton und Glöckenklang.
 Wer hohes Muths sich rühmen kann,
 Den lohnt nicht Gold, den lohnt Gesang.
 Gottlob! daß ich singen und preisen kann,
 Zu singen und preisen den braven Mann.

Der Thauwind kam vom Mittagsmeer,
 Und schnob durch Welschland, trüb' und feucht,
 Die Wolken slogen vor ihm her,
 Wie wann der Wolf die Heerde scheucht.
 Er segte die Felder, zerbrach den Forst;
 Auf Seen und Strömen das Grundeis borst.

Am Hochgebirge schmolz der Schnee;
 Der Sturz von tausend Wassern scholl;
 Das Wiesenthal begrub ein See;
 Des Landes Heerstrom wuchs und schwoll;

"Be patient, tho thyne herte should breke
 Arrayne not Heaven's decree,
Thou nowe art of thy bodie reft,
 Thy soul forgiven bee.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE MAN.

Loud sounds afar the brave man's lay,
 Like bells' clear chime or organ's roll ;
Sweet song, not gold, can best repay
 The man who shows a dauntless soul.
Thank God ! who hath taught me to praise and sing,
For loud shall the brave hero's praises ring.

The warm wind came from the Southern sea,
 And Italy felt its humid breath ;
The scattered clouds before it flee,
 Like flocks, when wolves bring fear and death.
It swept o'er the fields, the forest it brake,
And loosened the ice upon streamlet and lake.

Snow melted on the mountain-tops :
 A thousand plunging torrents fell :
Lakes buried field, and dale, and copse ;
 Each river rose with sudden swell.

Hoch rollten die Wogen, entlang ihr Gleis,
Und rollten gewaltige Felsen Eis.

Auf Pfeilern und auf Bogen schwer,
Aus Quaderstein von unten auf.
Lag eine Brücke darüber her,
Und mitten stand ein Häuschen drauf.
Hier wohnte der Zöllner, mit Weib und Kind. —
„O Zöllner! o Zöllner! Entfleuch geschwind!“

Es dröhnt' und dröhnte dumpf heran,
Laut heulten Sturm und Wog' um's Haus,
Der Zöllner sprang zum Dach hinan,
Und blickt' in den Tumult hinaus —
„Barmherziger Himmel! erbarme dich!
Verloren! verloren! Wer rettet mich?“

Die Schollen rollten, Schuß auf Schuß,
Von beiden Ufern, hier und dort,
Von beiden Ufern riß der Fluß
Die Pfeiler sammt den Bogen fort.
Der bebende Zöllner, mit Weib und Kind,
Er heulte noch lauter, als Strom und Wind.

Die Schollen rollten, Stoß auf Stoß,
An beiden Enden, hier und dort,
Zerborsten und zertrümmert, schoß
Ein Pfeiler nach dem andern fort.
Bald nahte der Mitte der Umsturz sich —
„Barmherziger Himmel! erbarme dich!“ —

Their channels the cataracts ploughed and tore,
And fragments of ice to the valley bore.

On piers and arches strongly planned,
Well built of quarried stone and wood,
A lofty bridge the valley spanned,
Whereon, midway, a cottage stood :
And here lived the tollman with child and wife :
"Oh, tollman ! oh, tollman ! flee fast for thy life !"

Loud roared, and howled, and beat, and rained
The storm around that lonely home ;
At length the roof the tollman gained,
And looked across the seething foam,
"Oh merciful heaven ! my trust is in thee !
I am lost, I am lost ! what refuge for me ?"

The blocks of ice came rolling fast
On either bank, both far and near :
On either side the stream rushed past,
And swept away both arch and pier :
The timorous tollmann with wife and child,
Shrieked louder yet than the tempest wild.

The heaped up ice came rolling on,
At either end both far and near ;
Arch after arch away was gone,
In fragments fell each ruined pier.
To the middle the turmoil had forced its way,
"Oh merciful heaven, now help ! we pray !"

Hoch auf dem fernen Ufer stand
 Ein Schwarm von Gaffern, groß und klein;
 Und jeder schrie und rang die Hand,
 Doch mochte Niemand Retter sein.
 Der bebende Zöllner, mit Weib und Kind,
 Durchheulte nach Rettung den Strom und Wind.

Wann klingst du, Lied vom braven Mann,
 Wie Orgelton und Glockenklang?
 Wohlan! so nenn' ihn, nenn' ihn dann!
 Wann nennst du ihn, mein schönster Sang?
 Bald nahet der Witte der Umsturz sich,
 O braver Mann, braver Mann, zeige dich!

Rasch galoppirt' ein Graf hervor,
 Auf hohem Roß, ein edler Graf;
 Was hielt des Grafen Hand empor?
 Ein Beutel war es, voll und straff. —
 „Zweihundert Pistolen sind zugesagt
 Dem, welcher die Rettung der Armen wagt!“

Wer ist der Brave? Ist's der Graf?
 Sag' an, mein braver Sang, sag' an!
 Der Graf, beim höchsten Gott, war brav!
 Doch weiß ich einen bravern Mann. —
 O braver Mann, braver Mann! zeige dich!
 Schon naht das Verderben sich fürchterlich. —

Und immer höher schwoll die Fluth;
 Und immer lauter schnob der Wind;

High on the farthest bank a crowd
 Of gazers, young and aged, stood;
 Each wrung his hand, and wept aloud:
 But none would dare that dangerous flood:
 The timorous tollman, with wife and child,
 Shrieked loudly for help thro' the uproar wild.

When shall the brave man's lay be rung,
 Like organ's roll, or bells' pure chime?
 When shall his noble name be sung,
 My sounding song? 'tis time! 'tis time!
 To the midst hath the turmoil forced its way:
 Brave hero! brave hero! now help, I pray!

Fast galloped up a noble knight,
 A horse he rode of stately build,
 What hold his right hand forth to sight?
 A heavy purse with gold well-filled.
 "Two hundred pistoles are here, I swear,
 For him who to save them will nobly dare!

Will *he* — this knight — those wretches save?
 Is *he* thy worthy theme, my song?
 The knight, as Heav'n doth know, was brave,
 But one more brave shall come ere long.
 Brave hero! brave hero! at length appear!
 Their terrible ruin is drawing near.

And higher still the flood doth swell,
 And louder still the storm doth rave,

Und immer tiefer sank der Muth. —
 O Retter! Retter! komm' geschwind!
 Stets Pfeiler bei Pfeiler zerborst und brach,
 Laut krachten und stürzten die Bogen nach.

„Haloh! Haloh! Frisch auf! gewagt!“
 Hoch hielt der Graf den Preis empor.
 Ein jeder hört's, doch Jeder zagt,
 Aus Tausenden tritt Keiner vor.
 Vergebens durchheulte, mit Weib und Kind,
 Der Zöllner nach Rettung den Strom und Wind. —

Sieh', schlecht und recht ein Bauer'smann
 Am Wanderstabe schritt daher,
 Mit grobem Kittel angethan,
 An Wuchs und Antlitz hoch und hehr.
 Er hörte den Grafen; vernahm sein Wort;
 Und schaute das nahe Verderben dort.

Und fühl'n, in Gottes Namen, sprang
 Er in den nächsten Fischerkahn;
 Trotz Wirbel, Sturm und Wogendrang,
 Kam der Erretter glücklich an:
 Doch wehe! der Nachen war allzu klein,
 Um Retter von allen zugleich zu sein.

Und dreimal zwang er seinen Kahn,
 Trotz Wirbel, Sturm und Wogendrang;
 Und dreimal kam er glücklich an,
 Bis ihm die Rettung ganz gelang.

And more and more their courage fell. —

O daring hero, haste to save!

Pier upon pier is burst in two,
Arch after arch is broken through!

"Will no one dare? see here! see here!"

The knight held out the tempting prize:
Each peasant hears, but shrinks with fear,
Of thousands, none the risk defies.

In vain did the tollman, with wife and child,
Shriek loudly for help thro' the uproar wild.

But lo! a peasant, staff in hand,
Comes striding up with hurried pace,
His mean attire the gazers scanned,
His stalwart frame, and noble face.
He hears the promise the knight had made,
And saw that their doom could scarce be stayed.

He trusted God's protecting power,
And in the nearest skiff he leapt;
In spite of stream, and whirl, and shower,
His way the daring hero kept;
Oh! horror! the boat is so frail and small,
It never can hold them and save them all!

In spite of whirl, and storm, and tide,
Three times the dangerous course he braved;
Three times he safely reached the side,
By God's good grace, till all were saved:

Kaum kamen die Letzten in sichern Port,
So rollte das letzte Getrümmer fort. —

Wer ist, wer ist der brave Mann?
Sag an, sag an, mein braver Sang!
Der Bauer wagt' ein Leben dran;
Doch that er's wohl um Goldesklang?
Denn spendete nimmer der Graf sein Gut,
So wagte der Bauer vielleicht kein Blut.

„Hier“, rief der Graf, „mein wacker Freund!
Hier ist dein Preis! Komm her, nimm hin!“
Sag an, war das nicht brav gemeint?
Bei Gott! der Graf trug hohen Sinn. —
Doch höher und himmlischer, wahrlich! schlug
Das Herz, das der Bauer im Kittel trug.

„Mein Leben ist für Gold nicht feil.
Arm bin ich zwar, doch eß' ich fett.
Dem Böllner werd' eu'r Gold zu Theil,
Der Hab' und Gut verloren hat!“
So rief er mit herzlichem Biederton
Und wandte den Rücken und ging davon. —

Hoch klingst du, Lied vom braven Mann,
Wie Orgelton und Glockenklang!
Wer solchen Mutts sich rühmen kann,
Den lohnt kein Gold, den lohnt Gesang.
Gottlob! daß ich singen und preisen kann,
Unsterblich zu preisen den braven Mann.

And scarce for the last time he reached the shore,
Ere the last pier fell and was seen no more !

But wherefore call the peasant brave?

Why make his praise thy theme, my song?
He risked his life those lives to save,

But then — the hope of gain was strong !
And had it not been for the brave knight's gold,
The peasant might never have been so bold !

"Thy prize," exclaimed the knight, "is won ;
Come here, brave friend, receive thy due!"
Sure this was well and nobly done,

By heaven ! the knight was brave and true !
But the heart that beat 'neath the peasant's weeds
In kindness and worth the knight's exceeds.

"I risk not life for money's sake ;
I eat enough, tho' poorly clad :
Thy bounty let the tollman take,
The flood has swallowed all he had."
In tones of compassion he said his say,
Then slowly he turned him, and went his way.

Now loudly rings the Brave Man's Lay,
Like bells clear chime or organ's tone ;
For song, not gold, can best repay
The man who dauntless worth hath shewn.
Thank God, who hath taught me to praise and sing ;
For aye shall the brave man's praises ring !