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MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

BY

THE HON. W. HERBERT.

VOLUME SECOND.

London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATERNOSTER-RROW;

BY I. GOLD, SHOE-LANE.

1806.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN, DANISH, &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

Giace, tra l'alto fiume e la palude,
Picciol sentier nell' arenosa riva.

ARIOSTO. 15. 49.

London :

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATERNOSTER-ROW;

BY I. GOLD, SHOE-LANE.

1806.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ballad of Lenardo and Blandina is translated from the German of Bürger, who is well known in this country, as author of Leonora. The tale is similar to that of Guiscard and Sigismunda in Dryden, but the style and character of this ballad is very different from that of the English fable; and it is perhaps singular, that Bürger, who copied much from our language, should not in this instance have borrowed from Dryden's excellent poem. The story is found in Boccaccio. The first part of the ballad is heavy, and very inferior to the rest; and on that account I have not printed the first 128 lines, which would have been tedious. They contain little poetical beauty, and the story may be comprised in a few words.—Blandina, a beautiful Princess of Burgundy, having rejected many suitors of high rank and character, becomes enamored of her page Lenardo. She is even less scrupulous, than Sigismunda; and takes the earliest opportunity of declar-

ing to him the fondness, which her looks had already betrayed, by means of a letter artfully concealed within an apple, in which she desires him to meet her at midnight under the tree, whence it was culled. The page, who appears throughout to have been a great coward, hesitates at first; but, when midnight sounds the summons of love, he springs from his couch, and repairs quickly to the tree, whence he is conducted without further ceremony by the Princess to a vaulted chamber in an ancient ruin, which she had chosen for her summer bower.

'Tis midnight, and sleep overshadows the sight,
 But the eye of the traitor sleeps not in the night. 70
 Lenardo! Lenardo! beware of thy way,
 Ere yet the cock hails the first dawning of day!

A Spanish Prince, who had been an unsuccessful suitor to Blandina, but still lingered at the court of Burgundy, happened that night to be solacing himself with a starlight walk, and observed the lovers. He immediately gave the alarm; and the old father, distracted

with fury, accompanied him to the door of the passage leading to the vaulted chamber, where a lamp shone faintly.—I have not attempted in this translation to copy the manner of the old English ballads, which has been adopted by some of Bürger's translators; because the German poetry has very little resemblance to it. The mad song of Blandina bears strong marks of the corrupt taste of Germany, and perhaps it should have been omitted.

The four odes from Gesner, which I have imitated, are printed amongst his Idylls. I have subjoined a Greek version of another by Mr. W. Frere. This is all the German poetry by Gesner, that I have seen; and I believe he did not publish any more, which is much to be regretted.

A volume, entitled *Syr Launcelot, &c.* (which I understand has been published by a gentleman bearing the same name with myself) having been attributed by several persons to me, I beg leave to disclaim all knowledge of that work, which I have not even seen.

1803.

W. HERBERT.

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E R R A T A.

- Page 14. line 11. *for grean read green*
— 31. — 15. *after and insert a comma.*
— 61. — 24. *for unshakled read unshackled.*

LENARDO AND BLANDINA.

From the German by Bürger.

1801.

* * * * *

THE old monarch listens, and pausing he hears
The voice of the lovers just reaching his ears. 130
With kisses soft-glowing each other they press,
With love breathing words, and with tender caress.

“ My darling! my darling! what troubles thy mind?
To thee my fond bosom faith ever shall bind.
Thy princess by day, but in night's secret shade 135
Here may'st thou command me, thine own loving maid.”

“ O beautiful princess! O wert thou to me
The humblest of maids of the humblest degree,
My bosom would meet thee with rapture and joy;
But love is now blended with anxious alloy.” 140

* B

“ My sweetest! my sweetest! ne'er heed what they say!

I am not thy princess by night or by day.

For the lap of sweet love will I barter the throne,

My father's rich empire, his sceptre, and crown.”

“ O fairest of fairest! O couldst thou but prove 145

Thus tender for ever, thus constant in love!

Some prince, or rich baron, from far, or from near,

Will woo thee, and win thee, and make thee forswear.

The wind quickly rises, the water swells high;

But the winds pass away, and the waters flow by: 150

And woman's fond love is like water and wind;

So it flows, so it passes away from the mind.”

“ Let them woo me, and woo me, from far, and from

near,

No baron, no prince shall e'er make me forswear.

My dearest! my dearest! so sure will I prove 155

Thus tender for ever, thus constant in love.

Like wind and like water my fondness you'll find;

Fast flows by the water, fast passes the wind;

Yet ne'er will all pass, nor will all flow away:

So my love will flow ever, nor yet pass away." 160

" O beautiful princess! still sorely I fear;
 Sad fancies assail me, sad omens appear.
 The ties will dissolve, and the marriage-ring break,
 If we care not the blessing of heaven to seek.
 Whene'er the proud king shall our fondness have heard,
 My heart's blood will flow on the murderous sword;
 And thou in some vault of the castle wilt groan,
 Disgraced, and unpitied, and perish alone."

" Dear youth, Heaven tears not the bonds, that are
 wove'

By faith, by true fondness, and mutual love. 170
 None will hear, and none see, thro' the stillness of night
 The joys, the soft transports, of tender delight.
 Come near me, loved husband, and give me one kiss,
 Dear pledge of sweet faith and of rapturous bliss."

He came, and he kiss'd her cheek blushing with love,
 And the charms of her touch all his terrors remove.
 With kisses soft-glowing each other they press,
 With love breathing words, and with tender caress.

Enraged the king hears them their passion disclose,
 But bolts and strong locks did his passage oppose. 180
 He waits, and he watches with rage-swelling breast,
 As a dog, that has crouch'd at the den of a beast ;
 While the heart of the youth, which no pleasure can
 warm,
 Grows colder and sadder with fearful alarm.

“ Awake, my sweet princess ! I hear the cock crow ;
 Let me leave thee, before the bright morning shall glow !”

“ O sweetest ! awhile in my bosom delay ;
 'Tis but the first night-watch, and safely you stay.”

“ Look out, my sweet princess ! the heavens grow
 light ;
 Let me leave thee, ere round us the morning shine
 bright !” 190

“ O dearest ! awhile in my bosom delay ;
 The light will not yet our fond raptures bewray.”

“ Ah listen, my princess ! Ah hear'st thou the sound
 Of swallows, that * warble their matins around ?”

* *Germ.* Wirbeln.

“ O my darling ! awhile in my bosom delay ; 195
Thou hear'st but the nightingale's love breathing lay.”

“ Let me leave thee ! I hear the cock, loudly that
crows ;

The morning shines clear, and the morning air blows ;
The swallows they warble. O let me depart !

O let me ! alas ! what so troubles my heart ?” 200

“ Adieu, my sweet husband ! nay, yet tarry here !
Ah me ! my sad bosom ! why heaves it with fear ?
Here shew me thine heart ! O why throbs it so sore ?
Dear heart, love me now, and to-morrow night more !”

“ Farewell, my sweet princess !” Then crept he away,
And fled thro' the passage with fear and dismay ;
All trembling, and pale, as the dead, with affright,
He stumbled along by the glimmering light.

O then from their ambush they both rush'd amain,
And, “ Shalt thou for Burgundy's crown woo in vain !”
Thus crying they smote the fair page to the ground ;

“ There, hast thou the dowry ! there take it, thou
hound !”

“ O merciful Christ, take my soul to thy rest !”

He said, and his dying head sunk on his breast.

His soul from his bosom with fearful dismay 215

Then fled, unappointed, unhousel'd, away.

The proud Spanish prince, fiercely foaming with rage,

With his blade rent the breast of the beautiful page.

“ Here shew me thine heart ! O why throbs it so sore ?
Hast thou had love to-night ? wilt to-morrow have more ?”

Then tore he the quivering heart from his breast,
And sated his fury with horrible jest.

“ Now, heart, then I have thee ! why throbs it so sore ?
Love now, thou fond heart, and to-morrow love more !”

Meanwhile the fair princess wild terrors assail ; 225
Strange dreams in her sleep and sad visions prevail ;
Of pearls stain'd with blood, garlands dropping with gore,
Of horrible dances, and hellish uproar.
From morning till evening all mournful and sad
On the bed her fair limbs sick and weary she laid. 230

“ Come, midnight, and quiet my fearful alarms !
Come, midnight, and bring the dear youth to mine arms !”

“ And, when midnight had sounded the summons of
love,

And the tranquil stars gleam'd in the heavens above,

“ Ah me! my fond bosom! why throbs it so sore?

Hark! hark! 'tis the sound of the small hidden door.”

Then enter'd a youth all in mourning array'd,

With a torch, and a shroud, and approach'd to the maid;

And a bloody ring broken before her he threw,

And, slowly returning, in silence withdrew. 240

Then follow'd a youth all in purple array'd,

And a gold urn he bore, which he placed by the maid;

A gold urn with handle, and lid, and the crest

Of the king on its glittering cover impress'd.

Then follow'd a youth all in silver array'd, 245

And a letter he bore, which he gave to the maid;

To the maid all with horror and wonder inspired,

And bow'd, as he went, and in silence retired.

And, when the sad princess with terror all pale

Had read in this letter the horrible tale, 250

Dim, dim grew her sight, as if clouds gather'd round;

She clench'd it with anguish, and sprung from the ground:
 And, soon with strain'd vigor collecting her might,
 From her high-throbbing bosom dismissing a fright,
 Thus danced she, thus sung she, loud crying, " Hurrah!
 My bridegroom is there; let the loud harpers play!
 Hurrah! hurrah! dance ye with pleasure and love!
 The garland waves round me! my feet nimbly move!
 Now dance, all ye lords, and ye ladies so gay,
 And still, as ye dance, let the loud harpers play! 260
 O see ye my true love in silver array'd,
 How noble his figure, how gracefully made?
 Do ye see on his bosom a purple star shine?
 Hurrah! all ye lords, and ye ladies so fine!
 Now dance ye with pleasure! why thus turn away? 265
 Why scorn him, ye lords, and ye ladies so gay?
 For he is the bridegroom, and I am the bride;
 And the angels of heaven the marriage-bond tied.
 Now dance ye! now dance ye! Why thus turn away?
 Why scorn him, ye lords, and ye ladies so gay? 270
 Away, ye proud rabble, away from mine eyes!

I hate all your titles, your pride I despise.
The lord and the slave spring alike from the earth,
And a noble heart graces the meanest in birth.
My beautiful page bore a worthier mind, 275
Than ever the breast of a noble enshrined.
Play, play, the sweet music of pleasure and love!
The garland waves round me! my feet nimbly move!
Hurrah! to the dance of the wedding! hurrah!
My bridegroom is here, let the loud harpors play!" 280
Thus sung she, still dancing; thus danced, as she sung;
Till on her cold bosom the dew of death hung.
The dew of death gather'd her pale cheeks around;
She panted, and fainting she fell to the ground.
When the warm blood began to her heart to return, 285
Her hands just reviving she stretch'd to the urn;
In her arms she embraced it, and on her lap held,
And, raising its top, the dire sight she beheld.
His heart seem'd against her still throbbing to beat,
As if yet it felt pain, as if yet it felt heat. 290
Then fast from her fair eyes all clouded with woe,

Like rain-drops thick streaming, the bitter tears flow.

“ O anguish ! now seem'st thou like water and wind ;
 Swift flows by the water, swift passes the wind ;
 Yet ne'er will all pass, nor will all flow away ; 295
 So thou, bitter anguish, wilt ne'er pass away !”

Then sunk she heart-broken with sad hollow eye
 In the cold sweat of death on the pavement to lie ;
 And with painful convulsion fast, fast, to her breast,
 Fast, fast, to her fond heart, the bloody urn press'd. 300

“ Dear heart ! I lived for thee, and for thee shall die.
 O it bursts thro' my bosom, still throbbing so high !
 It weighs, O it weighs, like a stone, in my breast !
 O merciful Christ, take my soul to thy rest !”

Then closed she her lips, and then closed she her eyes ;
 Now the messengers hasten'd ; the king heard their cries :
 Swift and loud thro' the castle their mournful shrieks
 sound,

“ The princess, the princess lies dead on the ground !”
 Distracted the monarch with fury was mov'd,
 So dearly his darling Blandina he loved ; 310

He valued her more, than his sceptre and crown,
 And more, than the gold of his glittering throne.
 As he rush'd t'wards the traitor with agonised mind,
 "What reward dost thou hope for thy treason to find?
 On Burgundy's ground shall thy heart's blood be spilt,
 To pay the just price of thy treacherous guilt.
 Her blood cries to heaven for vengeance on thee,
 And justice above speaks the fatal decree."

His glittering dagger then quickly he drew,
 And with fury the vile Spanish reptile he slew. 320

"O wretched Lenardo! Blandina beloved!
 O merciful God, by my sorrow be moved!
 My child, if my sad crimes may yet be forgiv'n,
 Accuse not thy sire at the high throne of heav'n!"

Thus grieving too late did the monarch repent, 325
 And curse the foul deed, when his anger was spent.
 Of silver a sumptuous coffin was made,
 And the true lovers' bodies together were laid.