

LEAN 'NORA.

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# LEAN 'NORA:

A

Supernatural, though Sub-pathetic

BALLAD.

A Good Long Way (almost Ninety-Seven years)

AFTER

THE GERMAN

OF

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

BY

HEINRICH YALC SNEKUL.

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“The dull Burlesque, appeared with impudence,  
And pleased by novelty, in ‘dearth’ of sense!”  
DRYDEN, (not improved.)

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PHILADELPHIA:  
P. E. ABEL'S LITERARY CURIOSITY SHOP.

1870.

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TO

HIS ELDEST BROTHER,

CHARLES J. LUKENS, Esq.,

Himself a Translator of Buerger's Ballads,

AND

P R O J E C T O R

OF

“THE VARIORUM LENORE,”

THIS

TRAVESTIE

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

## P R E F A C E .

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THE recent publication of yet another English version, of the ever-famous Ballad of Lenore, has induced the author, of the following pages, to hasten the completion of a long contemplated caricature translation of that brilliant Poem, which, although shamelessly treated in the present burlesque, can never be rightfully accused of becoming *hackneyed*. (?)

And here the writer must be allowed to remark, that so far from necessarily implying disparaging derision, a Parody generally indicates sudden, deserved, and therefore lasting popularity; while the travestier, himself, is very frequently, as in this instance, an earnest admirer of the composition travestied, and its author.

The dedication of this little book, may afford some inkling towards the real object it would assure, by directing the intimate attention of savans and

scholars to the exhaustive research and literary merit of my brother's proposed contrast of, and commentary upon the very numerous, yet widely varying translations of this remarkable dramatic lyric.

The word *dramatic* is here used, as a realization of the positive genius of Germany's most artistic poet.

The Ballads of Bürger never lose their hold upon the people. They remain to the Landsmen, a legacy, as precious as Robert Burns' treasured songs are to the Scottish peasantry; and while indulging in this comparison I cannot refrain from likening the skill that Burns displays in his celebrated tale of Tam O'Shanter, to the marvelous art of his German contemporary, as evidenced, more especially, in "Lenore" and "Der Wilde Jäger," two ballads highly complimented by Sir Walter Scott, conspicuously using the suggestive word *imitation*, in connection with his own popular versions.

New Year's day, Anno Domini 1748, brought great commotion to the household of Meister Bürger, it being discovered by that most respectable burgher of Wolmerswende, that quite a good sized male had been delivered that morning, advising all hands to look out for squalls.

They christened the little stranger, Gottfried August; but the name was a little stranger than the boy, who really got freed in January. However, there is no accounting for taste, even among our cousins-german. Nor is it to be wondered at, that although Gottfried Bürger did not reach his fiftieth year, he nevertheless made extensive use of his august name, by bestowing it upon ten or fifteen score poems, besides three wives, and a prodigality of progeny.

His persistent matrimony proves G. A. Bürger to have been more courageous even than the hero of his stirring "Lied vom Braven Mann." His third frau, however, was much too monotonous in her peculiarities, and our poor poet sought legal divorce for permanent relief. Now had he patiently waited, but two years longer, his death would have saved him, the expense of separation, and made his widow happy, and perhaps proud to pay for an eternal riddance.

Life, some sagacious scribbler styles, an Enigma; and Gottfried A. B. not being able to see—a ghost of a chance to make his out, gave it up with the ghost on the eighth day of the sixth month, A. D. 1794, and the "Göttinger Abend-Zeitung" published the solution in an extra edition.

Dying before attaining his forty-seventh year, Bürger has yet left behind him a solid reputation among the Literati of all countries.

The magnificent Ballad of Lenore was composed during the winter of 1773, and proves our friend B. a pretty ardent youngster, at five and twenty, but excruciatingly weak on witches as well as weddings.

Translated more frequently than any other poem of any language, and into more languages, is sufficient confirmation of its power and beauty.

To William Taylor, of Norwich, author of the "*Historic Survey of German Poetry*," must be given the credit of the earliest English version, which, although printed for the first time, in the Monthly Magazine, September, 1796, was really written, as early as 1790, and noticed by Dr. Aiken, in the introduction to his own poems, published the following year. Taylor's Ellenore is the old English ballad style, and no pretensions are made to retain, in it, the characteristics of Bürger's rhythm and rhyme. In his Notes to Ellenore, Taylor mentions an obscure English doggerel, called "*The Suffolk Miracle, or the relation of a young man, who, a month after his death, appeared unto his sweetheart, and carried her on horseback behind him, forty miles, in two hours, and was never seen after, but in his grave.*"



The intimation, however, that this apocryphal country tale gave Bürger the first hint of his own renowned fable, is to my mind simply preposterous. I am rather inclined to the opinion, that Bürger never saw, nor even heard of *The Suffolk Miracle*, and must therefore agree with an eminent Scotch reviewer, in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, that *Lenore* owes its origin to the chorus of a song, popular with the German peasantry,—the source, in fact, to which Bürger himself ascribes it. He used to tell his literary friends, at Alten-Gleichen, where he held a Stewardship, under the noble family of Uslar, at the time he composed *Lenore*, that the idea of writing such a ballad, was suggested to him, by hearing a village girl singing in the moonlight, some verses, of which he only recalled the three lines, translated, thus:—

“The moon it shines so bright,  
The dead ride fast by night;  
Sweet love, art not afraid?”

As Dr. David Brewster remarks:—

“After all, in a poem such as *Leonora*, it is not so much the invention, as the manner of execution, which evinces the genius of the Author; and, in this latter respect, the merit of Bürger is indisputable.”

The "*William and Helen*," of Sir Walter Scott, is another well-known version, in which the talented baronet apologetically introduces the much admired lines of Taylor, no trace of which, however, can be found in Lenore:—

“Tramp, tramp, across the land, they speede;  
 Splash, splash, across the See!”

Like Taylor, and many subsequent translators, Sir Walter evades the metre of the original; hence the playful fling, I make, at both these distinguished authors, in my 20th Stanza.

It may not be uninteresting to note, that of nearly fifty different translations of Lenore, which my brother Charles has in his library, only eight or nine, his own included, are in the original measure; and all the merit I would claim for this Parody, is its entire preservation of the rapid action, together with the remarkable peculiarities of alternating single and double rhymes, and pleasing alliteration of Bürger's elaborate ballad; while the narrative, itself, has been mercilessly sacrificed to Ridicule.

Feeling confident, therefore, that my own, otherwise, inexcusable and atrocious burlesque, will but renew the genuine interest studious readers have ever evinced in true translations of German Poetry, I crave for

my present handiwork, the unqualified criticism of all, who have method enough, to discern the dividing mark between Rhyme and Reason.

H. C. L.

PHILADELPHIA, *May 2d*, 1870.



*Senore.*

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LEAN 'NORA.

1.

Lenore fuhr um's Morgenroth

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.

I.

At dawn of day, lean 'Nora wakes;

From night-mare, quick alighting.

“Ach, William mein!”—she shuddering shakes;

His paper profile sighting:

“He fights at Prague, mit Fritz the Great,

For extra news, in vain ich wait,

Und long for William's kissing;

Mein Gott! he turns up,—*missing!*”

2.

Der König und die Kaiserin,  
Des langen Haders müde,  
Erweichten ihren harten Sinn,  
Und machten endlich Friede;  
Und jedes Heer, mit Sing und Sang,  
Mit Paukenschlag und Kling und Klang,  
Geschmückt mit grünen Reifern,  
Zog heim zu seinen Häusern.

2.

The King, tired out, with lingering war,

And baffled, by Theresa,

One day took up his pen; and swore,—

“Bei donner! ich will please her!”

From camp to camp, Peace was declared;

The muskets stacked,—accounts all squared:—

Mit Lager Bier, und Schweitzer,

The Empress much delights her.



3.

Und überall, all überall,

Auf Wegen und auf Stegen,

Zog Alt und Jung dem Jubelschall

Der Kommenden entgegen.

„Gottlob!“ rief Kind und Gattin laut,

„Willkommen!“ manche frohe Braut.

Ah! aber für Lenoren

War Gruß und Kuß verloren.

From every road, and village lane,

Thronged forth, the crazy people,

To greet the soldiers, home again :

The big bell, high in steeple,

Clanged “Wilkommen!”, that welcome day,

And many a fräulein felt quite gay :—

A-lack ! our poor lean 'Nora,

A-lacking her adorer !

4.

Sie frug den Zug wohl auf und ab,  
Und frug nach allen Namen;  
Doch Keiner war, der Kundschaft gab,  
Von Allen, so da kamen.  
Als nun das Heer vorüber war,  
Zerraupte sie ihr Rabenhaar,  
Und warf sich hin zur Erde,  
Mit wüthiger Geberde.

## 4.

She bounced about, from man to boy;

From Colonel down to drummer;

Besought them all, to give her joy,

By tidings of her bummer.

Alas! for lass;—he was not there—

She raving tore her raven hair;

And,—cursing all creation—

Got up a sweet sensation!

Die Mutter lief wohl hin zu ihr:

„Ach, daß sich Gott erbarme!

Du trautes 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!“

Now, in hot haste, her mother strode,

And, pointing up to Himmel,

From market-basket, took tough brod;—

Rye meal, baked hard, mit kimmel.

“See, 'Nora, love, this loaf, for lunch:

Shut up your mouth mit bread;—und

crunch!”

“Ach! mutter, ich bin flustered;—

Und you forgot der mustard!”

„Hilf, Gott, hilf! Sich' uns gnädig an!

Kind, bet' ein Vaterunser!

Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan.

! Gott, Gott erbarmt sich unser!“ —

„O Mutter, Mutter! Eitler Wahn!

Gott hat an mir nicht wohl gethan!

Was half, was half mein Beten?

Nun ist's nicht mehr vonnöthen.“ —

6.

“Bei hokey-pokey, that’s a fact!—

Und ich forgive dein banter:—

But, worried, lest you might go cracked,

Your mamma came instanter!

Now, daughter, you will soon get ill,

Bei fretting so for Sergeant Bill,

Who, being past all finding—

Ist really nicht worth minding.”



7.

„Hilf, Gott, hilf! Wer den Vater kennt,

Der weiß, er hilft den Kindern.

Das hochgelobte Sacrament

Wird deinen Jammer lindern.“ —

„O Mutter, Mutter! was mich brennt

Das lindert mir kein Sacrament!

Kein Sacrament mag Leben

Den Todten wieder geben.“

7.

“O, mutter mein poor heart ist wrecked;—

    Though, Bill was far from handsome,  
I'd give all chances, gut or schlecht,

    Mein freund, from death, to ransom.

But vain ist trust, und vainer hope!

Hard ist mein lot, in life, to mope;

    Und crouch down in a corner

    Poor William ist a goner!”

8.

„Hör' Kind! Wie, wenn der falsche Mann,  
Im fernem Ungerlande,  
Sich seines Glaubens abgethan,  
Zum neuen Ehebande?  
Laß fahren, Kind, sein Herz dahin!  
Er hat es nimmermehr Gewinn!  
Wann Seel' und Leib sich trennen,  
Wird ihn sein Meineid brennen.“ —

“’Nora, mayhap he’s jilted you;

Und frolics mit another:

Before, I’d get in such a stew,

Both love und him, I’d smother!

Forget him! und believe me, kind!

He’s doomed to have his carcass skinned:—

Bei all that’s clear or clever,

Smart Will, will smart, forever!”

„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!“

“Why mutter, mutter? I’m played out;

Und, lost, beyond redemption:

Had William tried, I’ve wenig doubt,

He might have bought exemption!

But go he would, to Frederick’s war;

Und, day bei day, mein hair ich tore,

’Till—worrying heart und gizzard—

I’m leaner than a lizard!”

„Hilf, Gott, hilf! Geh' nicht in's 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.“ --

“Mein Gott! mein kind, don't fret so much!

If dead, as any herring,

William, like all defunct,—in Dutch—

Ist past both care und caring!

Nay, naughty 'Nora! dry each tear;

Und drink ein glas of Berlin Bier:

Though reft of groom und bride-room,

Give sobs und sorrow wide room!”



„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:

Du' ihn mag ich auf Erden,

Mag dort nicht selig werden.“ — —

11.

“O, Mutter! was ist Himmel?—Hell?—

Mein brain, mit fire, ist flaming:—

Wherever, mein true love may dwell,

Ist Himmel, worth the naming.

Out, out! mein light of Kerosene!

Why was mein Bill, so precious green?

Not knowing, his enlisting

Would set mein poor nerves twisting!”

12.

So wüthete Verzweiflung

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 Himmelsbogen

Die goldnen Sterne zogen.

Thus, poor lean 'Nora beat her breast,  
Herself and Heaven loathing,  
And, giving hands, and tongue, no rest,  
Tore all to shreds, her clothing.  
She wept hot tears, and wrung her palms:  
And long past night-fall,—still her damns,  
Made all the neighbors shiver:—  
“Gut Fader! pray forgive her!”

13.

Und außen, horch! ging's trap trap trap!

Als wie von Rosseshufen;

Und klirrend stieg ein Reiter ab,

An des Geländers Stufen;

Und horch! und horch! den Pfortenring

Ganz lose, leise, klinglingling!

Dann kamen durch die Pforte

Vernehmlich diese Worte:

Splish—splash!—trip—tramp!—“Hurra! What  
ho?”

The noise annoys her slumber;—  
From foaming steed, sprang down, her beau,  
And, finding the right number,  
He gives the wire, jerk after jerk:—  
A devil’s imp on impious work!—  
And, while he stamps and mutters,  
’Nora unbolts the shutters.

„Holla, Holla! Thu' auf, mein Kind!

Schläfst, Liebchen, oder wachst du?

Wie bist ~~du~~ gegen mich gesinnt?

Und weinst oder lachst du?“ —

„Ach, Wilhelm, du? . . . So spät bei Nacht? . . .

Geweinet hab' ich und gewacht;

Ach, großes Leid erlitten!

Wo kommst du her geritten?“ —

“O, William! is it you, at last?

Mit grief, I'm all frustrated!

They told me, you were buried, fast:—

But still, ich wept und waited.

Say, dearest darling, where hast been?

To loaf so long, were sure a sin:

Mein fond love, thus abusing,

'Tis really past excusing!”



„Wir satteln nur um Mitternacht.

Weit ritt ich her von Böhmen.

Ich habe spät mich aufgemacht,

Und will dich mit mir nehmen.“ —

„Ach, Wilhelm, erst herein geschwind!

Den Hagedorn durchsauft der Wind,

Herein, in meinen Armen,

Herzliebster, zu erwärmen!“ —

“ At noon of night, you sweetest sprite,

    We sprang into the saddle :—

From far Bohemia, mit all might

    Our chargers did skedaddle !

Come, 'Nora, you must go mit me,

The bride-bed ist prepared for thee !”

“ Nay ! first come in, my ducky !

    You've got home, precious lucky !”

•

„Laß fausen durch den Hagedorn,

Laß fausen, Kind, laß fausen!

Der Rappe scharrt; es klirrt der Sporn.

Ich darf allhier nicht fausen.

Komm', schürze, spring' und schwinge dich

Auf meinen Rappen hinter mich!

Muß heut noch hundert Meilen

Mit dir in's Brautbett eilen.“ —

“ Nicht so, mein 'Nora,—ich can't stay,  
For wind, or tide, or weather:  
You spoke of Home! 'tis far away,  
So let's be off, together!  
Come! get your gored und panniered skirt—  
Don't be afraid! you'll not get hurt!  
Ein tausend miles we'll travel,  
This mystery to unravel.”

„Ach! wolltest hundert Meilen noch  
 Mich heut in's Brautbett tragen?  
 Und horch! es brummt die Glocke noch,  
 Die eilf schon angeschlagen.“ —

„Sieh' hin, sieh' her! der Mond scheint hell.  
 Wir und die Todten reiten schnell.  
 Ich bringe dich, zur Wette,  
 Noch heut' in's Hochzeitbette.“ —

“ Ein tausend miles, or more, from here,

Ere morning breaks upon us?”

“ Yah ! mein poor horse may feel quite queer,

Before the goal he's won us!

See where yon moon ist beaming bright,

We, mit der dead, ride fast to-night,

Und, long ere stars have faded,

Shall all be nicely jaded !”

„Sag' an, wo ist dein Kämmerlein?

Wo? Wie dein Hochzeitbettchen?“ —

„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!

Dich Hochzeitgäste hoffen;

Die Kammer steht uns offen.“ —

“Dein haus ist where?—Come sprechen now,

Before our ride, so silly!

If you want me to be dein frau,

Why spit it out, sweet Billy!”

“But wenig zimmer, either take,

Yet, you und ich our bed can make;

So if you care to mind me

You’ll quickly mount behind me!”



Schön Liebchen schürzte, sprang und schwang

Sich auf das Roß behende;

Wohl um den trauten Reiter schlang

Sie ihre Liljenhände;

Und hurre hurre, hop hop hop!

Ging's fort in tausendem Galopp,

Daß Roß und Reiter schoben,

Und Kies und Funken stoben.

So said, so done, she deftly sprung,

    Upon the steed, beside her ;

Her skinny arms, in fondness flung,

    Around the reckless rider.

And helter-skelter ! dickory dock !

Faster than mouse ran up the clock ;—

    Through flood and mud they splatter,

    And raise a clitter-clatter !

Zur rechten und zur linken Hand,

Vorbei vor ihren Blicken,

Wie flogen Ager, Haid' 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!“ —

Now dashed the horse, with dangling reins,  
    Past toll-gates, over bridges;  
Through dismal swamps, across the drains;  
    And up and down the ridges.  
Tramp, tramp! across the land they flee—  
Splash, splash! along the surging sea!  
    While Taylor we scarce alter,  
    Our measure beats Sir Walter! (?)

Was klang dort für Gesang und Klang?

Was flatterten die Raben? . . .

Horch Glockenklang! 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.

What means that dreary ding-dong clang?

Hark! hideous harpies croaking—

“O, Bill was ist der tune, they sang?

This mystery passes joking!”

It ist a corpse, a pall, a bier,

Ich am appalled at being here—

Ach, William, rein recover;

Und take me back, mein lover!”

„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!“ —

Past twelve o'clock ;—and dust to dust,

The mourners are confiding.—

“Come, come, mein love! to bed we must;

Yet still do miles of riding!

Come, Sexton! undertaker, too!

Bring mouldering corpse, und all der crew!

Come fat und funny friar;

Und—don't forget der choir!”



23.

Still Klang und Sang... Die Bahre schwand...

Gehorsam seinem Rufen,

Kam's, hurre hurre! nachgerannt,

Hart hinter's Rappen Hufen.

Und immer weiter, hop hop hop!

Ging's fort in saufendem Galopp,

Daß Rosß und Reiter schnoben,

Und Kies und Funken stoben.

They all obeyed, with screech and shout ;

And,—dashing like the devil,—

The corpse, awakened, by the rout,

Found his dead head was level.

Neck over heels, they galloped hard ;

Caroused and cursed, without regard,

To time, or place, or manner:—

Lean 'Nora, faint, did fan her.

24.

Wie flogen rechts, wie flogen links

Gebirge, Bäum' und Hecken!

Wie flogen links, und rechts, und links

Die Dörfer, Städt' und Flecken! —

„Graut Liebchen auch?... Der Mond scheint hell!

Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!

Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?“

„Ach! Laß sie ruh'n, die Todten.“ —

Before, behind, now flitted quick,

The fence-rails, trees and hedges :—

Their speed increased, because old Nick,

Plied his four hoofs, like sledges.—

“Der moon shines nice und clear, mein dear!

Hail grinning orb! though far from here,—

Dein light ist full und plenty!

Hurrah!—we’ll beat two-twenty!”

Sieh' da! sieh' da! Am Hochgericht

Tanzt um des Rades Spindel,

Halb sichtbarlich bei Mondenlicht,

Ein lustiges Gesindel. —

„Gasa! Gesindel, hier! Komm' hier!

Gesindel, komm' und folge mir!

Tanz' uns den Hochzeitreigen,

Wann wir zu Bette steigen!“ —

See, see, the malefactor's wheel!

All 'round it spirits sporting:—

The horse, unreal, observes their reel,

And shows his spunk by snorting.

“Halloo, halloo! you cruising crew!

Come join our train, we want but you,

To do our nuptials honor:—

Behold mein frau!—ich won her!”

Und das Gesindel, husch husch husch!  
Kam hinten nachgeprasselt,  
Wie Wirbelwind am Haselbusch  
Durch dürre Blätter rasselt,  
Und weiter, weiter, hop hop hop!  
Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,  
Daß Roß und Reiter schoben,  
Und Kies und Funken stoben.

And starting, at his word, the crowd

Of witches, weird, did hustle:—

Lean 'Nora, frightened, squealed aloud ;

And snapped both stays and bustle.—

Still fleeter, fleeter ! On they flew—

With shroud and shout, and shrill halloo:—

O'er turnpike stones, they thunder !

While owls and ravens wonder !



Wie flog, was rund der Mond beschien,

Wie flog es in die Ferne!

Wie flogen oben über hin

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 ruh'n die Todten!“ —

Thus, as the moon, like silver shone,

The steed still swiftly scampered:

All shriveled skin, and bristling bone,

With weight he wasn't hampered.

“Der stars mein love, illumine our path:

Der dead have rushed before in wrath:

Old Satan ist their scorer!

Dost fear him, darling 'Nora?’”

„Rapp'! Rapp'! Mich dünkt, der Hahn schon ruft. . .

Bald wird der Sand verrinnen. . .

Rapp'! Rapp'! Ich witt're Morgenluft. . .

Rapp'! Tummle dich von hinnen! —

Vollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf!

Das Hochzeitbette thut sich auf!

Die Todten reiten schnelle!

Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle.“ — — —

“ Whoa, Whoa ! mein hunky horse ! Halloo !

Ich hear der rooster yelling :

Und now, ich scent, der Mountain Dew,

Der spirit worth our smelling.

See opening wide, der nuptial bed !

Our race ist run ;—Hurrah !—der dead

Ride like der imps of Tophet !

Hier ist der haus und beaufet !

Rasch auf ein eisern Gitterthor

Ging's mit verhängtem Zügel.

Mit schlaucher Gert' ein Schlag davor

Zersprengte Schloß und Niegel.

Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf,

Und über Gräber ging der Lauf.

Es blinkten Leichensteine

Rund um im Mondenscheine.

A cast-iron door, looms up to view:—

The steed, by no means worsted,

Straightway, went, snorting, spluttering through;

And bolts and bars were burst-ed!

The gates flew open, with a clang,

Then down they tumbled,—crash—slam bang!

Mit donner und mit blitzen

How neatly that rhyme fits in! (?)

Ha sieh'! Ha sieh'! im Augenblick,  
Huhu! ein gräßlich Wunder!  
Des Reiters Koller, Stück für Stück,  
Fiel ab, wie mürber Zunder.  
Zum Schädel, ohne Zopf und Schoß,  
Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf;  
Sein Körper zum Gerippe,  
Mit Stundenglas und Hippe.

Mein Gott! the horrid, hideous sight,

    Would chill a block of granite!

The rider's body comes to light:

    Nor hide, nor muscles span it.

A brainless skull, a rotten wreck,

All skeleton from heels to neck;

    And,—what seems less surprising—

    Lean 'Nora's fears were rising!



Hoch bäumte sich, wild schnob der Rapp',

Und sprühte Feuerfunken;

Und hui! war's unter ihr hinab .

Verschwunden und versunken.

Geheul! Geheul aus hoher Luft,

Gewinsel kam aus tiefer Gruft.

Lenorens Herz, mit Beben,

Rang zwischen Tod und Leben.

The piebald plunged, with many a prank ;

But,—of a sudden, squatted ;

The ground upheaved,—then down he sank—

From earth, forever, blotted !

As William faded, now, in smoke,

Lean 'Nora saw it was no joke:—

With phrenzied friends acquainted,

She—naturally—fainted.

Nun tanzten wohl beim Mondenglanz,  
Rund um herum im Kreise,  
Die Geister einen Rittentanz,  
Und heulten diese Weise:  
„Geduld! Geduld! Wenn's Herz auch bricht!  
Mit Gott im Himmel hadre nicht!  
Des Leibes bist du ledig;  
Gott sei der Seele gnädig!“

The moon turned pale, to see the dance

The witches now were trying;

While poor lean 'Nora, from her trance,

Went right straight on a-dying.

Her bucket kicked clean into—well!

We scarcely need the moral tell:—

“Schtup schwearing 'gainst your Fader

Else tings will soon go harder!”

.

Das Ende.

Hier Bürger shtops,—und so must ich—

Der sthory von some witches :—

Mein tongue ist dhry, mein sthomasick sick,

Mein sides ache, mit sharp stitches.

Ich stretch mein legs; und go to bed;

Und put to shleep mein drowsy head;—

Yet—vhile a wenig wit's in—

Ein nightcap—*Jersey Blitzen!*

## GLOSSARY.

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*Abend*, (German,)—Evening.

*Ach*, (German,)—Oh! or Ah!

*Bei*, (German,)—By.

*Bier*, (German,)—Beer.

*Bin*, (German,) Am.

*Beaufet*, (French,)—Side-board.

*Blitzen*, (German,)—Lightning.

*Brod*, (German,)—Bread.

*Braven*, (German,)—Brave.

*Bürger*, (German,)—Citizen.

*Bummer*, (American slang,)—Loafer. A perversion of a German vulgarism, Bummler, a loiterer or idle fellow.

*Das*, (German,)—The.

*Der*, (German,)—The. Used in the Parody without regard to gender.

*Head was level*, (American slang,)—All right.

*Dein*, (German,)—Thy.

*Dhry*, (Broken English,)—Dry.

- Donner*, (German,)—Thunder.
- Ducky*, (American,)—Sweetheart.
- Ein*, (German,)—One.
- Ende*, (German,)—End.
- Frau*, (German,)—Wife or Woman.
- Fräulein*, (German,)—Maiden.
- Flustered*, *Flustrated*, (American,)—Agitated, excited.
- Fritz*, (German,)—Frederick.
- Fader*, (Broken English,)—Father.
- Freund*, (German,)—Friend.
- Gott*, (German,)—God.
- Gut*, (German,)—Good.
- Glas*, (German,)—Glass.
- Goner*, (American slang,)—One who is dead.
- Gored and panniered*, (Fashion of ladies' dress A. D. 1869-1870.)
- Haus*, (German,)—House.
- Helter-skelter*, (Vulgarism,)—Headlong.
- Hier*, (German,)—Here
- Heinrich*, (German,)—Henry.
- Himmel*, (German,)—Heaven.
- Her bucket kicked*, (American slang,)—She died.
- Hokey-pokey*, (Vulgarism,)—Hocus-pocus.
- Hunky*, (American slang,)—Good, or gay.
- Ich*, (German,)—I.
- Is*, (German,)—Is.



*Jäger*, (German,)—Hunter.

*Ja*, (German,)—Yes, but corrupted to Yah.

*Jersey blitzen*, *i. e.*, Jersey Lightning, (American slang,)—Bad whiskey.

*Kimmel*, (German—*Kümmel*,)—Caraway Seed.

*Kind*, pronounced *Kinn'd*, (German,)—Child.

*Landsman*, (German,)—Countryman.

*Lied*, (German,)—Song.

*Mann*, (German,)—Man.

*Meister*, (German,)—Mister.

*Mein*, (German,)—My or Mine.

*Mit*, (German,)—With.

*Mountain Dew*, (American slang,)—Whiskey.

*Mutter*, (German,)—Mother.

*Nicht*, (German,)—Not.

*Nigh'cap*, (American slang,)—A drink.

*Old Nick*, (Vulgarism,)—Satan.

*Played out*, (American slang,)—Fatigued, or used up.

*Skedaddle*, (from the Swedish,)—American slang—To travel fast

*Schlecht*, (German,)—Bad.

*Sprechen*, (German,)—Speak.

*Schweitzer*, (German,)—Swiss ; used to signify a favorite cheese.

*Spit it out*, (American slang,)—Tell it.

*Spunk*, (Vulgarism,)—Spirit.

*Stays and bustle*, (Fashion phrase,)—Ladies' under-dress.

*Things*, (Broken English,)—Things.

*Two-twenty*, (American slang,)—Fast trotting time.

*Tophet*, (Synonym,)—Hell.

*Tausend*, (German,)—Thousand.

*Und*, (German,)—And.

*While*, (Broken English,)—While.

*Von*, (German,)—Of.

*Vom*, (German,)—Of the.

*Was*, (German,)—What.

*Wenig*, (German,)—Little.

*Wilde*, (German,)—Wild.

*Wilkommen*, (German,)—Welcome.

*Zimmer*, (German,)—Room.

*Zeitung*, (German,)—Newspaper or Gazette.

