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Anthologia Germanica.

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GERMAN ANTHOLOGY:

A SERIES OF

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE MOST POPULAR OF THE GERMAN POETS.

BY

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. 1803-49

*probably the greatest of the poets of Irish  
literature*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*2.2.3.*

DUBLIN:

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

LONGMANS, BROWN AND CO. LONDON.

1845.



DUBLIN  
PRINTED BY J. S. FOLDS AND SON,  
6, Bachelor's-walk.

## P R E F A C E.

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THE translations comprised in these volumes have (with a single exception) been selected from a series which have appeared at irregular intervals within the last ten years in the pages of *The Dublin University Magazine*. They are now published in their present form at the instance of some valued friends of mine, admirers, like myself, of German literature, and, as I am happy to believe, even more solicitous than I am to extend the knowledge of that literature throughout these kingdoms.

It will be seen that the great majority of the writers from whom they are taken are poets who have flourished within the current century. In confining myself generally to these I have acted less from choice than from necessity. Little or none of that description of material which a translator can mould to his purposes is to be found in the lyrical or ballad compositions of the earlier eras of the German muse; and the elaborate didactical poems of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would not, I apprehend, be likely to suit the highly-cultivated tastes of readers of the present day. My design, I need

scarcely remark, has been to furnish, not miscellaneous samples of all kinds of German poetry, but select samples of some particular kinds; and if I have succeeded in this design I have achieved all that I proposed to accomplish, and, I may venture to add, all that my readers would, under any circumstances, have thanked me for accomplishing.

Of the translations themselves it is not for me to say more than that they are, as I would humbly hope, faithful to the spirit, if not always to the letter, of their originals. As a mere matter of duty, however, I am exceedingly anxious to express, and I do here once for all express, my most grateful acknowledgment of the very favorable reception they have experienced from the various periodical publications of the day, and more especially from the newspaper press. Though I may at times be induced to think that the language of my reviewers has been too flattering, I nevertheless gladly accept it as evidence of a generous good-will on their part towards me, which, while it does them honor, should excite me to such endeavours as might in some degree qualify me to deserve it.

J. C. MANGAN.

DUBLIN, JUNE, 1845.

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## GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BUERGER.

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**Leonore.**

## A BALLAD.

Upstarting with the dawning red,  
Rose Leonore from dreams of ill.  
“ Oh, Wilhelm ! art thou false, or dead ?  
How long, how long, wilt loiter still ? ” —  
The youth had gone to Prague to yield  
King Frederick aid in battle-field,  
Nor word nor friend had come to tell  
If he were still alive and well.

War's trumpet blew its dying blast,  
And o'er the empress and the king  
Long-wished, long looked-for Peace at last  
Came hovering upon angel-wing.

And all the hosts, with glittering sheen,  
And kettledrum and tambourine,  
And decked with garlands green and gay,  
Marched, merrily, for home away.

And on the highways, paths, and byways,  
Came clustering, mustering, crowds and groupes  
Of old and young, from far and nigh-ways,  
And met with smiles the noble troops.  
“Thank God!” the son and mother cried—  
And “Welcome!” many a joyous bride :  
But none throughout that happy meeting  
Hailed Leonore with kiss or greeting.

She wandered hither, hurried thither ;  
She called aloud upon her Lost,  
But none knew aught of him she sought,  
Of all that far-extending host.  
When all was vain, for sheer despair  
She madly tore her night-black hair,  
And dashed herself against the stones,  
And raved and wept with bitter groans.

Then came her mother hurriedly—

“ Oh, God of Mercy !—what alarms  
My darling child ? What troubles thee ?”—

And locked her fondly in her arms.

“ Oh, mother, mother ! dead is dead !  
My days are sped, my hopes are fled :  
Heaven has no pity on me—none—  
Oh, woe is me ! oh, wretched one ! ”

“ Alas ! alas ! Child, place thy trust

In God, and raise thy heart above :  
What God ordains is right and just,

He is a God of tender love.”—

Oh ! mother, mother ! false and vain,  
For God has wrought me only pain !  
I will not pray—my plaint and prayer  
Are wasted on the idle air ! ”

“ No, no, my child !—not so—the Lord

Is good—He heals His children's grief ;  
The Holy Eucharist will afford  
The anguish of thy soul relief.”—

“Hush, mother, mother! What I feel  
 No Eucharist can ever heal—  
 No Eucharist can ever give  
 The shrouded Dead again to live.”

“Ah, child, perchance thy lover now—  
 A traitor to his love and thee—  
 Before the altar plights his vow  
 To some fair girl of Hungary:  
 Yet weep not this perfidious wrong,  
 For he will rue it late and long,  
 And when his soul and body part  
 His faithlessness will burn his heart.”

“Oh, mother, mother! gone is gone,  
 And lorn for once is ever lorn!  
 The grave is now my hope alone:  
 Would God that I had ne'er been born!  
 Out, out, sick light! Out, flickering taper!  
 Down, down in night and charnel vapour!  
 In Heaven there is no pity—none—  
 Oh, woe is me! oh, wretched one!”

“ Oh, God of mercy, enter not  
In judgment with thy suffering child !  
Condemn her not—she knows not what  
She raves in this delirium wild.  
My child, forget thy tears and sighs,  
And look to God and Paradise :  
A holier bridegroom shalt thou see,  
And He will sweetly comfort thee.”

“ Oh, mother, what is Paradise ?  
Oh, mother, what and where is Hell ?  
In Wilhelm lies my Paradise—  
Where he is not my life is Hell !  
Then out, sick light ! Out, flickering taper !  
Down, down in blackest night and vapour !  
In heaven, on earth I will not share  
Delight if Wilhelm be not there !”

And thus, as reigned and raged despair  
Throughout her brain, through every vein,  
Did this presumptuous maiden dare  
To tax with ill God's righteous will,

And wrang her hands and beat her breast  
Till sank the sunlight in the west,  
And under heaven's ethereal arch  
The silver stars began their march.

When, list ! a sound !—hark ! *hoff, hoff, hoff !*

It nears, she hears a courser's tramp—  
And swiftly bounds a rider off

Before the gate with clattering stamp ;  
And hark, the bell goes *ring, ding, ding !*  
And hark again ! *cling, ling, ling, ling !*  
And through the portal and the hall  
There peals a voice with hollow call :

“ What, ho ! Up, up, sweet love inside !

Dost watch for me, or art thou sleeping ?  
Art false, or still my faithful bride ?

And smilest thou, or art thou weeping ?”—  
“ What ! Wilhelm ! thou ? and come thus late !  
Oh ! Night has seen me weep and wait  
And suffer so ! But oh ! I fear—  
Why this wild haste in riding here ?”

“I left Bohemia late at night :

We journey but at midnight, we !

My time was brief, and fleet my flight.

Up, up! thou must away with me!”—

“Ah, Wilhelm! come inside the house ;

The wind moans through the firtree boughs ;

Come in, my heart's beloved ! and rest

And warm thee in this faithful breast.”

“The boughs may wave, the wind may rave ;

Let rave the blast and wave the fir !

Though winds may rave and boughs may wave

My sable steed expects the spur.

Up! gird thyself, and spring with speed

Behind me on my sable steed !

A hundred leagues must yet be sped

Before we reach the bridal bed.”

“Oh, Wilhelm! at so drear an hour,

A hundred leagues away from bed !

Hark! hark! ‘Eleven’ from the tower

Is tolling far with tone of dread!”—

“Look round! look up! The moon is bright.  
The Dead and We are fleet of flight:  
Doubt not I'll bear thee hence away  
To home before the break of day.”

“And where is then the nuptial hall?  
And where the chamber of the bride?”  
“Far, far from hence! Chill, still, and small,  
But six feet long by two feet wide!”  
“Hast room for me?” “For me and thee!  
Quick! robe thyself and come with me.  
The wedding guests await the bride;  
The chamber-door stands open wide.”

Soon up, soon clad, with lightest bound  
On that black steed the maiden sprung,  
And round her love, and warmly round,  
Her snow-white arms she swung and flung;  
And deftly, swiftly, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*  
Away went horse and riders off;  
Till panted horse and riders too,  
And sparks and pebbles flashed and flew!



On left and right, with whirling flight,  
How rock and forest reeled and wheeled !  
How danced each height before their sight !  
What thunder-tones the bridges pealed !  
“Dost fear? The moon is fair to see ;  
Hurrah ! the Dead ride rapidly !  
Beloved ! dost dread the shrouded Dead ?”  
“Ah, no ! but let them rest,” she said

But see ! what throng, with song and gong  
Moves by, as croaks the raven hoarse !  
Hark ! funeral song ! Hark ! knelling dong !  
They sing, “Let’s here inter the corse !”  
And nearer draws that mourning throng,  
And bearing hearse and bier along.  
With hollow hymn outgurgled like  
Low reptile groanings from a dyke.

“Entomb your dead when midnight wanes,  
With knell, and bell, and funeral wail !  
Now homewards to her dim domains  
I bear my bride—so, comrades, hail !

Come, Sexton, with the choral throng,  
And jabber me the bridal song.  
Come, Priest, the marriage must be bless'd  
Before the wedded pair can rest!"

Some spell is in the horseman's call,  
The hymn is hushed, the hearse is gone,  
And in his wake the buriers all,  
Tramp, tramp, come clattering, pattering on;  
And onward, forward, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*  
Away swept all in gallop off,  
Till panted steeds and riders too,  
And sparks and pebbles flashed and flew.

On left and right, with flight of light,  
How whirled the hills, the trees, the bowers!  
With lightlike flight, on left and right,  
How spun the hamlets, towns, and towers!  
"Dost quail? The moon is fair to see;  
Hurrah! the Dead ride recklessly!  
Beloved! dost dread the shrouded Dead?"  
"Ah! let the Dead repose!" she said.

But look ! On yonder gibbet's height,  
How round his wheel, as wanly glances  
The yellow moon's unclouded light,  
A malefactor's carcase dances !  
" So ho ! poor Carcase ! down with thee !  
Down, Thing of Bones, and follow me !  
And thou shalt briskly dance, ho, ho !  
Before us when to bed we go !"

Whereon the Carcase, *brush, ush, ush !*  
Came rustling, bustling, close behind,  
With whirr as when through hazel bush,  
Steals cracklingly the winter wind.  
And forward, onward, *hoff, hoff, hoff !*  
Away dashed all in gallop off,  
Till panted steeds and riders too,  
And fire and pebbles flashed and flew.

How swift the eye saw sweep and fly  
Earth's bounding car afar, afar !  
How flew on high the circling sky,  
The heavens and every winking star.

“Dost quake? The moon is fair to see.  
Hurrah! the Dead ride gloriously!  
Beloved! dost dread the shrouded Dead?”  
“Oh woe! let rest the Dead!” she said.

“’Tis well! Ha! ha! the cock is crowing;  
Thy sand, Beloved, is nearly run!  
I smell the breeze of Morning blowing.  
My good black steed, thy race is done!  
The race is done, the goal is won—  
The wedding bed we shall not shun!  
The Dead can chase and race apace!  
Behold! we face the fated place!”

Before a grated portal stand  
That midnight troop and coalblack horse,  
Which, touched as by a viewless wand,  
Bursts open with gigantic force!  
With trailing reins and lagging speed  
Wends onward now the gasping steed,  
Where ghastlily the moon illumines  
A wilderness of graves and tombs!

He halts. O horrible ! Behold—

Hoo ! hoo ! behold a hideous wonder !

The rider's garments drop like mould

Of crumbling plasterwork asunder !

His skull, in bony nakedness,

Glares hairless, fleshless, featureless !

And now a SKELETON he stands,

With flashing Scythe and Glass of Sands !

High rears the barb—he snorts—he winks—

His nostrils flame—his eyeballs glow—

And, whirl ! the maiden sinks and sinks

Down in the smothering clay below !

Then howls and shrieks in air were blended ;

And wailings from the graves ascended,

Until her heart, in mortal strife,

Wrestled with very Death for Life !

And now, as dimmer moonlight wanes,

Round Leonore in shadowy ring

The spectres dance their dance of chains,

And howlingly she hears them sing—

" Bear, bear, although thy heart be riven !  
 And tamper not with God in heaven.  
 Thy body's knell they soon shall toll—  
 May God have mercy on thy soul !"

---

**The Abduction of the Lady Gertrude von  
Hochburg.**

A BALLAD.

“ Boy !—Saddle quick my Danish steed !

I rest not, I, until I ride :

These walls unsoul me—I would speed

Into the Farness wide !”

So spake Sir Carl, he scarce wist why,

With hurried voice and restless eye.

There haunted him some omen,

As 'twere, of slaying foemen.

Aneath the hoofs of that swift barb

The pebbles flew, the sparklets played ;

When, lo !—who nears him, sad of garb ?

'Tis Gertrude's weeping maid !

A thrill ran through the Ritter's frame—

It shrivelled up his flesh like flame,

And shook him like an illness,

With flushing heat and chillness.

“God shield you, Master! May you live  
 With health and gladness years on years!  
 My poor young lady—Oh, forgive  
 A helpless woman’s tears!—  
 But lost to you is Trudkin’s<sup>18</sup> hand,  
 Through Freiherr Vorst from Pommerland;<sup>19</sup>  
 That drooping flower her father  
 Hath sworn that Vorst shall gather!

“‘By this bright battle-steed, if thou  
 But think on Carl,’—’twas thus he said—  
 ‘Down shalt thou to the dungeon low,  
 Where toads shall share thy bed!  
 Nor will I rest morn, noon, or night,  
 Till I have borne him down in fight,  
 And torn out, soon or later,  
 The heart of the false traitor!’

“The bride is in her chamber now:  
 What can she do but weep and sigh?  
 Dark sorrow dims her beauteous brow;  
 She wishes but to die.



Ah, yes !—and she shall soon sleep well  
Low in the sufferer's last sad cell—  
    Soon will the death-bell's knelling  
    A dolesome tale be telling !

“ ‘ Go—tell him I must surely die ! ’—  
    Said she to me amid her tears—  
— ‘ Oh, tell him that my last Good-bye  
    Is that which now he hears !  
Go—God will guard you—go, and bring  
To him from me this jewelled ring,  
    In token that his true-love  
    Chose Death before a new love ! ’ ”

Like shock of sudden thunderpeal  
    These tidings cleave the Ritter's ear ;  
The hills around him rock and reel,  
    The dim stars disappear ;  
Thoughts wilder than the hurricane  
Flash lightning through his frenzied brain,  
    And wake him to commotion,  
    As Tempest waketh Ocean.

—“ God’s recompense, thou faithful one!—

Thy words have strung my soul for war—

God’s blessings on thee!—thou hast done

Thine errand well so far—

Now hie thee back, like mountain-deer,

And calm that trembling angel’s fear—

This arm is strong to save her

From tyrant and enslaver!

“ Speed, maiden, speed!—the moments now

Are worth imperial gems and gold—

Say that her knight has vowed a vow

That she shall ne’er be sold.

But, bid her watch the starry Seven,

For, when they shine, I stand, please Heaven,

Before her casement-portal,

Come weal or woe immortal!

“ Speed, maiden!”—And—as chased by Death—

Away, away, the damsel flies—

Sir Carl then paused a space for breath,

And rubbed his brows and eyes,

Then rode he to, and fro, and to,  
While sparklets gleamed and pebbles flew,  
Till Thought's exasperation  
Found vent in agitation.

Anon he winds his foray horn,  
And, wakeful to the welcome sound,  
Come dashing down through corn and thorn  
His vassals miles around :  
To whom—each man apart—in ear  
He whispers—" When again you hear  
This horn wake wood and valley  
Be ready for a sally!"

Night now lay dark, with dews and damps,  
On castled hill and liliated vale ;  
In Hochburg's lattices the lamps  
Were waning dim and pale,  
And Gertrude, mindless of the gloom,  
Sat pondering in her lonesome room,  
With many a saddening presage,  
Her lover's bodeful message.

When, list !—what accents, low, yet clear,

Thrill to her heart with quick surprise ?

“ Ho, Trudkin, love !—thy knight is near—

Quick, up !—Awake !—Arise !—

’Tis I, thy Carl, who call to thee—

Come forth, come out, and fly with me !

The westering moon gives warning

That Night is now nigh Morning.”—

—“ Ah, no, my Carl !—it may not be—

Wrong not so far thy stainless fame !

Were I to fly by night with thee,

Disgrace would brand my name—

Yet give me, give me, one dear kiss !

I ask, I seek no other bliss

Than such a last love-token

Before I die heart-broken.”

—“ Nay, love, dread nothing !—Shame or blame

Shall never come where thou hast flown !

I swear I hold thy name and fame

Far dearer than mine own !

Come!—thou shalt find a home anon  
Where Wedlock's bands shall make us one—  
Come, Sweet!—Needst fear no danger—  
Thou trustest not a stranger!"

—"But,—Carl, my sire!—thou knowest him well,  
The proud Rix-baron!"—Oh, return!—  
I tremble even now to tell  
How fierce his wrath would burn!  
Oh, he would track thee day and night,  
And, thirsting to revenge the flight  
Of his degenerate daughter,  
Doom thee and thine to slaughter!"

—"Hush, hush, dear love!—this knightly crest  
Will not, I trow, be soon disgraced!  
Come forth, and fear not!—East or West,  
Where'er thou wilt—but haste!  
And still those tell-tale sobs and tears;  
The winds are out, the Night hath ears,  
The very stars that glisten  
Begin to watch and listen!"

Alas, poor soul ! How could she stand  
Long wavering there in fitful doubt ?  
Up sprang Sir Carl—he caught her hand,  
And drew her gently out ;  
Yet, never on a purer pair  
Than that bold knight and maiden fair  
Did look the starry legions  
Whose march is o'er Earth's regions !

Near, in the faint grey haze of morn  
They saw the steed—the Ritter swung  
His lovely burden up ; his horn  
Around his neck he slung ;  
Then lightly leaped, himself, behind,—  
And swift sped both as Winter-wind,  
Till Hochburg in the glimmer  
Of dawn grew dim and dimmer.

But, ah!—even Ritter-love may fear  
To breast the lion in his lair!  
A menial in a chamber near  
Had overheard the pair ;

And, hungering for such golden gains  
As might requite his treacherous pains,  
He sent out through the darkness  
A shout of thrilling starkness.

“What ho, Herr Baron! Ho! Halloh!  
Up, up from sleep! Out, out from bed!  
Your child has fled to shame and woe  
With one you hate and dread—  
The Ritter Carl of Wolfenhain!  
They speed asteed o’er dale and plain—  
Up, if you would recover  
The lady from her lover!”

Whop-hollow! Whoop!—Through saal and hall,  
Through court and fort and donjon-keep,  
Eftsoons rang loud the Baron’s call,  
“What ho!—Rouse, all, from sleep!  
Ho, Freiherr Vorst, up, up!—Must know  
The bride has hied to shame and woe  
With Carl the Wolfenhainer!  
Up! Arm! We must regain her!”

Swift speed the pair through Morning's damp,

When, hark!—what shouts teem down the wind!

Hark! hark!—the thunderstamp and tramp

Of horses' hoofs behind!

And, like a tempest, o'er the plain

Dashed Freiherr Vorst with trailing rein.

And curses deep and bitter

Upon the flying Ritter!

“Halt, midnight robber! Halt, I say,

Thou burglar-thief of bone-and-blood!

Halt, knave! Thy felon corse ere day

Shall serve the crow for food!

And thou, false woman!—by what right

Art here?—I tell thee that this flight

Will henceforth, as a trumpet,

Proclaim thee for a strumpet!”

“Thou liest, Vorst of Pommerain!

Thou liest in thy leprous throat!

Pure as yon moon in heaven from stain

Is she on whom I doat!—



—Sweet love!—I must dismount to teach  
The slanderous wretch discreeter speech.  
Down, thou who durst belie her,  
Down from thy steed, vile Freiherr !”

Ah, then, I ween, did Gertrude feel  
Her sick heart sink with pain and dread—  
Meanwhile the foemen’s bare bright steel  
Flashed in the morning-red—  
With clash and crash, with flout and shout,  
Rang shrill the echoes round about,  
And clouds of dust rose thicker  
As clangorous blows fell quicker.

Like lightning’s wrath came down at length  
The Ritter’s broadsteel on his foe,  
And Vorst lay stripped of sword and strength;  
When, oh—undreamt-of woe !  
The Baron’s wild moss-trooping train,  
Who, roused at midnight’s hour, had ta’en  
Brief time to arm and follow,  
Rode up with whoop and hollow !

Yet fear no ill to Ritter Carl!

Hark! *Trah-rah-rah!*—he winds his horn,  
And ten score men in mailed apparel

Sweep down through corn and thorn—

“So, Baron!—there!—How sayest thou now?

Ay! frown again with darker brow,

But these be *my* retainers,

These iron Wolfenhainers!

“Pause, ere thou leave true lovers lorn!

Remorse may wring thy soul too late!

Thy child and I long since have sworn

To share each other's fate.—

But, wilt thou part us—wilt thou<sup>st</sup> brave

Thy daughter's curse when in her grave,

So be it! On!—I care not!

I, too, can slay and spare not!

“Yet hold!—one other course is thine,

A worthier course, a nobler choice—

Mayest blend thy daughter's weal with mine,

Mayest bid us both rejoice—

Give, Baron, give me Trudkin's hand !  
Heaven's bounty gave me gold and land,  
And Calumny can touch on  
No blot in my escutcheon !"

Alas ! poor Gertrude ! Who can tell  
Her agony of hope and fear,  
As, like a knell, each full word fell  
Upon her anxious ear ?  
She cast herself in tears to earth,  
She wrang her hands till blood gushed forth,—<sup>16</sup>  
She tried each fond entreaty  
To move her sire to pity.

" O, father, for the love of Heaven,  
Have mercy on your child ! Forgive,  
Even as you look to be forgiven !—  
A guilty fugitive  
I am not !—If I fled from one  
Whom still I cannot chuse but shun  
As ruffian-like and hateful,  
Oh, call me not ungrateful !

“ Think, think how in my childhood’s days

    You used to take me on your knee,

And sing me old romantic lays,

    Which yet are dear to me !

You called me then your hope, your pride ;

Oh, father, cast not now aside

    Those hallowed recollections !

    Crush not your child’s affections !”

Oh, mighty Nature!—how at last

    Thou conquerest all of Adam’s race !—

The Baron turned away and passed

    One hand across his face—

He felt his eyes grow moist and dim,

And tears were such a shame in him,

    Whose glory lay in steeling

    His bosom against Feeling !

But, all in vain !—a thousand spears

    Pierce in each word his daughter speaks—

In vain !—the pent-up floods of years

    Roll down the warrior’s cheeks ;

And now he raises up his child,  
And kisses o'er and o'er her mild  
Pale face of angel meekness!  
With all a father's weakness!

“ My child ! I may have seemed severe—  
Well, God forgive me—as I now  
Forgive thee also freely here  
All bypast faults !—And thou,  
My son, come hither !”—And the Knight  
Obeyed, all wonder and delight—  
“ Since love bears no repressing,  
Mayest have her,—with my blessing !

“ Why carry to a vain excess  
The enmities of Life's short span ?  
Forgiveness and Forgetfulness  
Are what Man owes to Man.  
What, though thy sire was long my foe,  
And wrought me Wrong—since he lies low  
Where lie the Best and Bravest,  
Peace to him in his clay-vest !

“Come!—all shall soon be well once more—

For, with our feuds, our cares will cease;

And Heaven has rich rewards in store

For those who cherish Peace.

Come, children!—this day ends our strife—

Clasp hands!—There!—May your path of life

Be henceforth strewn with roses!”—

And here the ballad closes.

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**The Demon-Dager.**

Up rose the sun : the church-dome shone  
And burned aloft like burnished gold,  
And deep and far, with swelling tone,  
The Sabbath-bell for matins tolled.  
Those holy peals from tower and steeple  
Awoke to prayer the Christian people.

His horn the Wild-and-Rhinegrave sounded—  
“What ho! To horse! to horse away!”—  
His fiery steed beneath him bounded;  
Forth sprang the hounds with yell and bay,  
And, loosed from leash, they dashed pell-mell  
Through corn and thorn, down dell and fell.

In curve and zig-zag sped their flight,  
And “Ho! Halloo!” how rang the air!  
When, towards the Knight came left and right  
A horseman here, a horseman there!  
A snow-white steed the one bestrode:  
Like lurid fire the other’s glowed.

Who were the yagers left and right ?

I darkly guess, but fear to say.

The countenance of one was bright

And lovely as a Summer's day ;

The other's eye-balls, fierce and proud,

Shot lightning, like a thunder-cloud.

“ All hail, Sir Count ! We come in time

To chase the stag with horse and hound :

Can lordlier sport or more sublime

Than this on Earth, in Heaven be found !”

So spake the left-hand stranger there,

And tossed his bonnet high in air.

“ Ill sounds to-day thy boisterous horn,”

Thus did the other mildly say :

“ Turn round to church this hallowed morn,

Mayest else hunt down a rueful prey !

Thy better angel is thy warner,

And bids thee flee the unholy scorner.”

“ Spur on, spur on, Sir Count with me !”

Exclaimed the left-hand cavalier :



What's droning chant or chime to thee ?

Hast got far nobler pastime here.

Come ! learn in my distinguished school,

And laugh to scorn yon pious fool !”

“ Ha ! ha ! Well said, my left-hand feere !

We tally bravely, I and thou :

Who shuns this day to drive the deer

Should count his beads in church, I trow.

Mayest go, priest-ridden oaf, and pray ;

For me I'll hunt the livelong day.”

And, helter-skelter, forward flew

That headlong train o'er plain and height :

And still the yagers one and two

Preserved their places left and right ;

And soon a milk-white stag they spied,

With mighty antlers branching wide.

Afresh the Wildgrave winds his horn,

And horse and hound sweep on amain ;

When, hurled to earth, all gashed and torn,

A man lies trampled by the train.

“ Ay, trample—to the devil trample!  
Our princely sport must needs be ample!”

And now, as in a field of corn  
The panting prey a shelter seeks,  
A husbandman, with look forlorn,  
Stands forth, uplifts his hands, and speaks;  
“ Oh! mercy, noble lord! and spare  
The poor man’s sweat and hoary hair!

The pitying right-hand cavalier  
Then mildly warns and blandly pleads:  
But, taunted by his horrid feere,  
Who goads him on to devilish deeds,  
The Wildgrave fiercely spurns his warner,  
And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

“ Avaunt, vile dog!—else, by the devil,”  
The Wildgrave shouted furiously,  
“ My blood-hounds on thy bones shall revel:  
Halloo, companions! follow me!  
And lash your whip-thongs in his ear,  
Until the reptile quake for fear!”

Soon said, soon done—the Wildgrave springs  
Across the fence with whoop and hollow,  
And, bugle-filled, the welkin rings,  
As hound, and horse, and hunter follow,  
Who trample down the yellow grain,  
Until the ruin reeks again.

The sounds once more the stag awaken ;  
Uproused, he flies o'er heights and plains,  
Till, hotly chased, but uno'ertaken.  
A pasture-ground at last he gains,  
And crouches down among the heather,  
Where flocks and cattle browse together.

But on, by grot, and wood, and hill,  
And on, by hill, and wood, and grot  
The yelling dogs pursue him still,  
And scent his track, and reach the spot ;  
Whereon the herdsman, filled with trouble,  
Falls face to earth before the Noble.

“ O ! mercy, lord ! Let not thy hounds  
On these defenceless creatures fall !

Bethink thee, noble Count, these grounds

Hold many a widow's little all!

Sirs, as ye hope for mercy yet,

Spare, spare the poor man's bitter sweat!"

And now the gentler cavalier

Renews his prayer, and sues and pleads—

But, taunted by his godless feere,

Who goads him on to hellish deeds,

The Wildgrave scowls upon his warner,

And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

"Audacious clay-clod! hast thou done?

I would to Heaven thy herds and thou,

Calves, cows, and sheep, were bound in one!

By all that's damnable I vow

That were ye thus, 'twould glad me well

To hunt ye to the gates of Hell!"

"Halloo, companions! follow me—

Ho! tally-ho! hurrah! hurrah!"

So, on the hounds rush ragingly,

And grapple each his nearest prey:

Down sinks the herdsman, torn and mangled,  
Down sinks his herd, all gashed and strangled.

Grown feebler now, the stag essays,  
His coat besplashed with foam and blood,  
To reach, by many winding ways,  
The covert of a neighbouring wood,  
And, plunging down a darksome dell,  
Takes refuge in a hermit's cell.

But hark! the horn! the clangorous horn,  
The harsh hurrah and stunning cheer,  
Along the blast afresh are borne,  
And horse and huntsman follow here,  
Till, startled by the barbarous rout,  
The old recluse himself comes out.

“Back, impious man! What! wilt profane  
God's venerated sanctuary?  
Behold! His creatures' groans of pain  
Even now call down his wrath on thee:  
Be warned, I charge thee, for the last time,  
Or swift perdition waits thy pastime!”

Again the right-hand cavalier  
 In earnest mood entreats and pleads ;  
 But, taunted by his grisly feere,  
 Who goads him still to hellish deeds,  
 The Count shakes off his faithful warner,  
 And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

“ Perdition here, perdition there,  
 I reckon not, I,” the Wildgrave cried ;  
 “ Ay, even through Heaven itself I swear  
 I’d count it noble sport to ride.  
 What care I, dolt ! for thee or God ?  
 I’ll have my will and way, unawed.”

He sounds his whip, he winds his horn—  
 “ Halloo, companions ! Forward ! On !”  
 But, scattered like the mists of morn,  
 Lo ! horse and hound and man are gone !  
 And echoing horns and yagers’ hollows  
 The stillness of the grave-porch swallows.

The Wildgrave glances round, amazed ;  
 In vain the bugle meets his lip :

In vain his toneless voice is raised ;  
In vain he tries to wield his whip ;  
He spurs his horse on either side,  
But neither to nor fro can ride.

All round the air shows clogged with gloom,  
And through its blackness dense and dread  
Sweep sounds as when the surges boom.  
Anon above the Wildgrave's head  
Red lightning cleaves the cloud asunder,  
And then these words burst forth in thunder : —

“ O ! foe of Heaven and Human-kind !  
Accursèd wretch, less man than fiend  
Whom neither love nor law can bind !  
Even now thy victims' cries ascend  
Before the judgment-seat of God,  
Where Justice grasps the avenging rod !

“ Fly, monster, fly ! and henceforth be  
Chased night and day by demon-hordes,  
The sport of Hell eternally,  
For warning to those ruthless lords

Who, sooner than forego their mirth,  
Would desolate both Heaven and Earth !”

A lurid twilight, sulphur-pale,  
Forthwith envelopes wild and wood :  
What horrors now his heart assail !  
What frenzy fires his brain and blood,  
While that pale sulphur-lightning flashes,  
And ice-winds hiss and thunder crashes !

Then thunder groans, the ice-winds blow,  
The woods are clad in sulphur-sheen ;  
When, rising from the earth below,  
A black, gigantic hand is seen,  
Which grasps the Wildgrave by the hair,  
And whirls him round and round in air.

The flaming billows round him sweep  
With green, and blue, and orange glow ;  
And, wandering through that burning deep,  
Move shapeless monsters to and fro,  
Till from its gulf, with howl and yell,  
Up rush the ghastly hounds of Hell.



Thus first began this Yager's chase—

And, chorussing his shrieks and cries,  
Still after him throughout all space

His bellowing escort onward flies ;  
All day through Earth's deep dens and hollows,  
All night through upper air it follows.

And ever thus, by night and day,

Through shifting moons and wheeling years,  
He sees that phantom-crew alway ;

And night and day he ever hears  
Their hellish yells and hideous laughter  
Borne on the winds that follow after.

This is the Demon-Yager's Chase,

Which, till the years of Time be told,  
At midnight oft through airy space

The shuddering Landmann must behold ;  
And many a huntsman knows full well  
The tale which yet he dreads to tell.

**The Ways of Cupid.**

Young Susan was a likely lass :

I knew her well and long :

A modest girl and good she was,

Or else my guess was wrong.

I went and came, I came and went,

As rivers ebb and flow :

Whene'er I came I felt content,

Nor less when forced to go.

Anon, without my choice or voice,

Things took another turn ;

The Coming bade my heart rejoice,

The Going made it mourn :

I had no hope, no home, no goal,

Save Sue and Sue alone,

My mind and thoughts, my heart and soul,

Were her's, and not mine own.

Then deaf I grew, and dumb and dull,

I saw nor bloom nor flower,

For nought was bright or beautiful

Unless in Susan's bower ;

Sun, stars, or moon, by night or noon,  
I could not find or mind—  
I only gazed on Sue, and soon  
I gazed my peepers blind.

When lo! a different season came,  
And I was changed anew.  
Though Susan still remained the same,  
As fair, as good, as true,  
I went and came, I came and went,  
As rivers ebb and flow,  
But always came with less content,  
And went, well pleased to go.

Ye sages grave, you understand  
Why many a youth and miss  
Join heart and hand in Wedlock's band,  
And woo, and coo, and kiss.  
Ye thinkers, then, ye learned men,  
I pray you tell me free,  
The How and Where, the Why and When  
Things went so odd with me.

I've thought, myself, both morn and night,  
     Both night and morn I've thought;  
 I've thought, and sought, and prayed for light,  
     But I've discovered nought;  
 So Love, you mind, is like the wind—  
     You feel it while it blows—  
 But whence it comes you cannot find,  
     Nor follow where it goes.

---

**Hept.**

Oh ! maiden of heavenly birth,  
Than rubies and gold more precious,  
Who camest of old upon Earth,  
To solace the human species !  
As fair as the morn that uncloses  
Her gates in a region sunny,  
Thou openest lips of roses  
And utterest words of honey.

When Innocence forth at the portals  
Of Sorrow and Sin was driven,  
For sake of afflicted mortals  
Thou leftest thy home in Heaven,  
To mitigate Anguish and Trouble,  
The monstrous brood of Crime,  
And restore us the prospects noble  
That were lost in the olden time.

Tranquillity never-ending  
And Happiness move in thy train :  
Where Might is with Might contending,  
And labor and tumult reign,

Thou succourest those that are toiling,  
 Ere yet all their force hath departed ;  
 And pourest thy balsam of oil in  
 The wounds of the Broken-hearted.

Thou lendest new strength to the warrior  
 When battle is round him and peril ;  
 Thou formest the husbandman's barrier  
 'Gainst Grief, when his fields are sterile ;  
 From the sun and the bright Spring showers,  
 From the winds and the gentle dew,  
 Thou gatherest sweets for the flowers  
 And growth for the meads anew.

When armies of sorrows come swooping,  
 And Reason is captive to Sadness,  
 Thou raisest the soul that was drooping,  
 And givest it spirit and gladness ;  
 The powers Despair had degraded  
 Thou snatchest from dreary decay,  
 And all that was shrunken and faded  
 Reblooms in the light of thy ray.

When the Sick on his couch lies faintest  
 Thou deadenest half of his dolours,

For still as he suffers thou paintest  
The Future in rainbow colors :  
By thee are his visions vermillioned ;  
Thou throne'st his soul in a palace,  
In which, under purple pavilioned,  
He quaffs Immortality's chalice.

Down into the mine's black hollows,  
Where the slave is dreeing his doom,  
A ray from thy lamp ever follows  
His footsteps throughout the gloom.  
And the wretch condemned in the galleys  
To swink at the ponderous oar,  
Revived by thy whisperings, rallies,  
And thinks on his labours no more.

O, goddess ! the gales of whose breath  
Are the heralds of Life when we languish,  
And who dashest the potion of Death  
From the lips of the martyr to Anguish :  
No earthly event is so tragic  
But thou winnest good from it still,  
And the lightning-like might of thy magic  
Is conqueror over all ill !