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THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER OF TANBENHAIN.

A Ballad. (From the German of Burger.)

In the parson's garden of Taubenhain,
By night in the bower it is dreary;
It whispers and moans so piteously,
It rustles, and flutters, and struggles to flee,
Like a dove from the falcon's eyry.

There creeps a flame round the reedy pond;
It glimmers and shimmers so rucsome;
A spot is there where no grass does grow,
Where the rain and the dew no moisture know,
Where sighs the wind so grewsome.

All guileless as a turtle-dove
Was Rosetta the parson's daughter;
The maiden was youthful, and lovely, and fine;
Hied many a wooer to Tanbenhain,
And for their wicked fere sought her.

High o'er the valley, aloft on the hill,
Beyond the brook peacefully streaming,
A castle looks down on the village below;
The walls are like silver, like steel the roofs glow,
The windows like mirrors are gleaming.

There revelled the Lord of Falkenstein
In health, and in wealth, and in wassall:
The eye of the maid by the castle is ta'en;
Her heart by its lord, as he bounds o'er the plain,
In gay hunting-garb, to the castle.

He wrote her a letter on paper so fine,
With golden borders surrounded;
He sent her his picture, so joyous and bold,
Encased in a locket of pearls and of gold;
And a ring with rare gems around it.

"O, let them hie hither and thither," he said,
"To their own confusion they sue thee;
For Rosetta there's something better in store;
A proud knight with vassals and castles a score,
Alone, I deem, should woo thee.

I have a few kind words to speak unto thee,
Kind words to be held in thine ear; but
The answer must also be told in mine ear;
At midnight, Rosetta, you'll find me quite near;
Have courage, sweet maiden, and fear not.

Then list, love, to-night in the wheat-field hard by,
To the quail's shrill summons for mating;
When the nightingale pours his tuneful throat,
Alluring his love in a deep-thrilling note,
Have courage, and keep me not waiting."

He came all muffled in mantle and hood,
When night's murkiest hour was pealing;
With bread he sankt the dogs to beguile,
With poinard and pistol begirded the while,
And on tiptoe softly stealing.

Then he warbled alone in the wheat-field hard by
The quail's shrill summons for mating;
Then the nightingale goured his tuneful throat,
Alluring his love in a deep-thrilling note;
And Rosetta, ah, kept him not waiting!

The tale that he told to the ear and the heart
Of the maid was so witching and winning;
Ah, woman's trust is so fond and so fain!
No wiles did he spare, for his passion to gain
The heart that to yield was beginning.

He swore by all that is solemn and dread,
That he would be faithful for ever:
And while she resisted, and while he still sued,
He vowed by all that is holy and good,
"O rue it, sweet maid, shalt thou never!"

To the bower with sweet pea blossoms perfumed,
Still and lone hath he led her affrighted.
How throbbeth her bosom! her heart how it heaves!
Ah, the foul breath of passion, like mildew the leaves
The poor maiden for ever hath blighted!

When soon the purple blossoms 'gin fade,
Round the fragrant bower that cluster,
The maiden, alas, is all ailing and woe;
Her cheeks so rosy grow white as the snow;
Her bright eyes dim their lustre.

And when, by and by, the green pod on the stem
Expands into ripeness and marrow—
When cherries and strawberries redden and swell,
Too full is her bosom, ah, piteous to tell,
And her silken gown now too narrow!

And when for the sickle the harvest is ripe,
The maiden is loath to reveal it;
And when over hill and dale, valley and steep,
And over the stubble the autumn-winds sweep,
No longer can she conceal it.

Her father, a hard and a rigid man,
The poor maiden sternly upbraided;
"Since thou for the cradle a bantling hast found,
To find him a sire, false wanton, thou'rt bound;
Begone on thine errand, degraded!"

'Midst sleet and wind raging in gusty blasts,
At midnight's dark hour he spurns her:
O'er cliffs, and o'er crags, and o'er rocks she clomb,
Then hied her at last to her Falkenstein's home,
To tell of the grief that burns her.

To her bosom she clasps him with passionate sobs:
"With tears, I conjure—I implore thee.
Oh, make once more good what thou evil hast wrought;
It is though that upon me dishonour has brought,
To honour again, then, restore me."

"Poor thing," he responded, "it grieves me to hear 't;
The old man shall have measure for measure.
But make thyself easy, and here with me say,
I'll cherish and nourish thee all the long day,
The rest we'll talk o'er at our leisure."

"Oh, speak not of resting or tarrying here!
That will not to honour restore me;
Since thou to me erst hast plighted thy vow,
Oh, seal it at God's holy altar now,
Fore people and priest, I implore thee!"

"Ah, simpleton; this thought ne'er came in my mind;
'Twere surely sad fooling to wed thee.
I spring from nobles of mighty estate;
'Tis only for equals with equals to mate;
My name would be sullied, I redde ye.

Sweet maiden, I'll hold by the vow I have made;
My heart thou shalt ever retain, love;
And if thou couldst fancy my yeoman so bold,
I'd give with him gleesome a good sum in gold:
Thy lover I still may remain, love."

"May God, thou false, perjured, and faithless man—
May God with his vengeance pursue thee!
If wedding me sully thy noble blood,
O villain, why was I then erst deemed good
For thee to dishonour to woo me!"

So go, then, and choose thee a noble bride,
Heaven's direct reprisal will speed it.
God seeth and heareth and judgeth aright:
The measure that thou to me metest this night,
To thee shall it tenfold be meted!

Then feel, thou false traitor, the pangs that I feel,
When of honour bereft, and despairing!
Then dash thy shame crimsoned brow 'gainst the wall,
Then through thy brain maddened send cursing a ball,
Fell demon, to demons repairing!"

She started, she rallied a moment, then rushed
In despair from the castle, confounded;
O'er moors and morasses, through thistle and thorn,
Her reason with sorrow and rage overworn,
All panting and bleeding, she bounded.

"Oh, whither, O merciful God, shall I flee?
To whom upon earth shall I wend me?"
Of honour bereft and despairing she fled,
Then home to the parsonage garden she sped:
"Oh, that death would in mercy befriend me!"

She staggered, in hand and in foot benumbed—
She crawled to the bower unholy;
When sudden there shot through her throes upon three,
As she lay on the brushwood mantled with snow,
And the withered leaves rustling lowly.

'Mid agony wild and unspeakable pangs
There sprung forth an infant blossom:
And soon as his piteous wailing she hears,
From her hair the silver bodkin she tears,
And plunges it deep in his bosom!

But scarce the bloody deed done, when, alas!
To reason awaketh the maiden:
Oh, what a chill horror now freezes her blood!
She shrieketh, she raveth, she calleth on God,
And wringeth her hands guilt-laden.

With her bloody hands she has dug him a grave
'Mong the rushes so drearily waving:
"God shield thee, poor infant—God shield the, forlorn,
But sheltered for ever from sorrow and scorn!
For me the gaunt gibbet is craving!"

This is the flame round the reedy pond;
It glimmers and shimmers so rucsome;
This is the spot where no grass does grow,
Where the rain and the dew no moisture know,
Where sighs the wind so grewsome!

Aloft by the garden a gaunt gibbet stands;
Aloft on its summit so eerie,
Swings sombre and suken a skull to and fro:
The skull it is Hans—on a grave lone and low
It looks down 'mid the rushes so dreary!

And nightly adown from the gibbet so gaunt,
Adown from its summit so erie,
Flits sudden a spectre all ghastly and vain:
'Twould fain the flame quench, but in vain it strives on,
And whines 'mong the rushes so dreary.

—Literary Gazette.

JOSEPH CAUVIN.