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THE

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NEW SERIES

*In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, si quem
Nominis laeva sinunt, quodlibet vocatus offello.*
Virg.



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THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

From the German of Bürger.

BESIDE the parson's bower of yew
 Why strays a troubled spright,
 That peaks and pines, and dimly shines
 Thro' curtains of the night?

Why steals along the pond of toads
 A gliding fire so blue,
 That lights a spot where grows no grass,
 Where falls no rain nor dew?

The parson's daughter once was good,
 And gentle as the dove,
 And young and fair,—and many came
 To win the damsel's love.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,
 Beyond the winding stream,
 The windows of a stately house
 In sheen of evening gleam,

There dwelt, in riot, roat, and roar,
 A lord so frank and free;
 That oft, with inward joy of heart,
 The maid beheld his glee.

Whether he met the dawning day,
 In hquating trim so fine,
 Or tapers, sparkling from his hall,
 Befhows the midnight wine.

He sent the maid his picture, girt
 With diamond, pearl, and gold;
 And silken-paper, sweet with musk,
 This gentle message told:

“ Let go thy sweethearts, one and all;
 Shalt thou be basely woo'd,
 That worthy art to gain the heart
 Of youths of noble blood?”

The tale I would to thee bewray,
 In secret must be said:
 At midnight hour I'll seek thy bower;
 Fair lass, be not afraid.

And when the am'rous nightingale
 Sings sweetly to his mate,
 I'll pipe my quail-call from the field:
 Be kind, nor make me wait.”

In cap and mantle clad he came,
 At night, with lonely tread;
 Unseen, and silent as a mist,
 And huff'd the dogs with bread.

And

And when the am'rous nightingale
Sung sweetly to his mate,
She heard his quail-call in the field,
And, ah! ne'er made him wait.

The words he whisper'd were so soft,
They won her ear and heart :
How soon will she, who loves, believe !
How deep a lover's art !

No lure, no soothing guise, he spar'd,
To banish virtuous shame ;
He call'd on holy God above,
As witness to his flame.

He clasp'd her to his breast, and swore
To be for ever true :
" O yield thee to my wishful arms,
Thy choice thou shalt not rue."

And while she strove, he drew her on,
And led her to the bower,
So still, so dim—and round about
Sweet smelt the beans in flower.

There beat her heart, and heav'd her
breast,
And pleaded every sense ;
And there the glowing breath of lust
Did blast her innocence.

But when the fragrant beans began
Their fallow blooms to shed,
Her sparkling eyes their lustre lost ;
Her cheek its roses fled :

And when she saw the pods increase,
The ruddier cherries stain,
She felt her stiken robe grow tight,
Her waist new weight sustain.

And when the mowers went a-field,
The yellow corn to red,
She felt her burden stir within,
And shook with tender dread.

And when the winds of autumn hiss
along the stubble field ;
Then could the damsel's piteous plight
No longer be conceal'd.

Her fire, a harsh and angry man,
With furious voice revil'd :
" Hence from my sight ! I'll none of thee—
I harbour not thy child."

And fast, amid her fluttering hair,
With clenched fist he gripes,
And seiz'd a leathern thong, and lash'd
Her side with sounding stripes.

Her lily skin, so soft and white,
He ribb'd with bloody wales ;
And thrust her out, tho' black the night,
Tho' fleet and storm' assail.

Up the harsh rock, on flinty paths,
The maiden had to roam ;

On tottering feet she grop'd her way,
And sought her lover's home.

" A mother thou hast made of me,
Before thou mad'st a wife :
For this, upon my tender breast,
These livid stripes are rife :
Behold."—And then, with bitter sobs,
She sank upon the floor—
" Make good the evil thou hast wrought ;
My injur'd name restore."

" Poor soul ; I'll have thee hous'd and
nurs'd ;
Thy terrors I lament.
Stay here ; we'll have some further talk—
The old one shall repent.—"

" I have no time to rest and wait ;
That saves not my good name :
If thou with honest soul hast sworn,
O leave me net to shame ;

But at the holy altar be
Our union sanctified ;
Before the people and the priest
Receive me for thy bride."

" Unequal matches must not blot
The honours of my line ;
Art thou of wealth or rank for me,
To harbour thee as mine ?

What's fit and fair I'll do for thee ;
Shalt yet retain my love—
Shalt wed my huntsman—and we'll thee
Our former transports prove."

" Thy wicked soul, hard-hearted man,
May pang in hell await !
Sure, if not suited for thy bride,
I was not for thy mate.

Go, seek a spouse of nobler blood,
Nor God's just judgments dread—
So shall, ere long, some base-born wretch
Defile thy marriage-bed.—

Then traitor, feel how wretched they
In hopeless shame immerst ;
Then smite thy forehead on the wall,
While horrid curses burst.

Roll thy dry eyes in wild despair—
Unsooth'd thy grinning woe :
Thro' thy pale temples fire the ball,
And sink to stends below."

Collected then, she started up,
And, thro' the hissing sleet,
Through thorn and briar, through flood
and mire,
She fled with bleeding feet.

" Where now," she cry'd, " my gracious
God !
What refuge have I left ?"

And reach'd the garden of her home,
Of hope in man bereft.

On hand and foot she feebly crawl'd
Beneath the bower unblest,
Where withering leaves, and gathering
snow,
Prepar'd her only rest.

There rending pains and darting throes
Assail'd her shuddering frame;
And from her womb a lovely boy,
With wail and weeping came.

Forth from her hair a silver pin
With hasty hand she drew,
And press'd against its tender heart,
And the sweet babe she slew.

Erst when the act of blood was done,
Her soul its guilt abhorr'd:
"My Jesus! what has been my deed?
Have mercy on me, Lord!"

With bloody nails, beside the pond,
Its shallow grave she tore:
"There rest in God;—there shame and
want
Thou can'st not suffer more:

Me vengeance waits. My poor, poor child,
Thy wound shall bleed afresh,
When ravens from the gallows tear
Thy mother's mould'ring flesh."—

Hard by the bower her gibbet stands:
Her skull is still to show;
It seems to eye the barren grave,
Three spans in length below.

That is the spot where grows no grass;
Where falls no rain nor dew:
Whence steals along the pond of toads
A hovering fire so blue.

And nightly, when the ravens come,
Her ghost is seen to glide;
Pursues and tries to quench the flame,
And pines the pool beside.

L E N O R A.

A Ballad from Bürger.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A T break of day, with frightful dreams
 Lenora struggled fore :
 My William, art thou slaine, say'd she,
 Or dost thou love no more ?

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

With sowne of trump, and beat of drum,
 His fow-soldyers come ;
 Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,
 They seeke their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry roade and ev'ry lane
 Was full of old and young,
 To gaze at the rejoicing band,
 To hail with gladfome tounge.

" Thank God ;" their wives and children
 saide,
 " Welcome !" the brides did saye :
 But greete or kifs Lenora gave
 To none upon that daye.

She askte of all the passing traine,
 For ham she wisht to see :
 But none of all the passing traine
 Could tell if lived hee.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
 She tore her raven haire,
 And callt herself upon the growne
 In furious despaire.

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

" O mother, mother ! William's gone !
 What's all beyde to me ?
 There is no mercye, sure, above !
 All, all were spar'd but hee !"

" Knell downe, thy paternoster saye,
 ' I will calme thy troubled spright ;
 The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good ;
 What hee hath done is right."

3 N 2

" O Mo-

* The fond hope of his friends, the delight of his companions, in the health and vigour of youth, Mr William M—t—th fell a victim to the yellow fever after two days illness.

" O mother, mother ! say not so ;
Most cruel is my fate :
I prayde, and prayde ; but watte away 'ld ?
'Tis now, alas ! too late."

" Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suff'ring childe ;
Go take the holy sacrament ;
So shall thy grief grow milde."

" O mother, what I feel within,
No sacrament can staye ;
No sacrament can teche the dead
To bear the fight of daye."

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

Then wherefore sorrow for his loss ?
Thy moans are all in vain :
And when his soul and body parte,
His falsehood brings him paine."

" O mother, mother ! gone is gone :
My hope is all forlorne ;
The grave mic onely safeguarde is—
O, had I ne'er been borne !

Go out, go out, my lampe of life ;
In griffie darkness die :
There is no mercy, sure, above !
For ever let me die."

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

My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and blifs ;
For so, at least, shall not thy soule
Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

" O mother, mother ! what is blisse,
And what the fiencis celle ?
With him 'tis heaven any where ;
Without my William, belle."

Go out, go out, my lamp of life ;
In endless darkness die :
Without him I must loose the earth,
Without him forne the skeye."

And so despaire did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins ;
Against the Providence of Heaven
She hurde her impious strains."

She bet her breast, and wrung her hands,
And rolde her tearlesse eye,
From rise of moon till the pale stars
Again did freeke the skeye."

When hark ! abroad she heard the trampe
Of nimble-hoofed steed :
She hearde a knight with clank alighte,
And climb the staire in speed."

And soon she herde a tinkling hande,
That twirled at the pin ;
And thro' her door, that open'd not,
These words were breathed in."

" What ho ! what ho ! thy dore undoe ;
Art watching or asleepe ?
My love, dost yet remember mee,
And dost thou laugh or weep ?"

" Ah ! William here so late at night !
Oh ! I have watchte and wak'd :
Whence dost thou come ? For thy return
My herte has sorely ak'd."

" At midnight only we may ride ;
I come o'er land and see :
I mounted late, but soone I go ;
Aryse, and come with me."

" O William enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace :
The blasts athwarte the hawthorne hifs ;
Awate a little space."

" The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hifs,
I may not harbour here ;
My spurre is sharpe, my courset pawes,
My hour of flight is nere."

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

" How ! ride to-night a thousand miles ?
Thy love thou dost bemocke :
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clocke."

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

" And where is, then, thy house and
home ?
And where thy bridal bed ?"

" 'Tis narrow, sient, chilly, dark ;
Far hence I rest my head."

" And is there any room for mee,
Wherein that I may creepe ?"

" There's room enough for thee and mee,
Wherein that wee may sleepe."

All as thou ly'ft upon thy couch,
Aryse, no longer stop ;
The wedding guests thy coming waite,
The chamber door is ope."

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

And hurry-skurry forth they ge,
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 pafs,
 But earthlie fowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, acrofs the land they fpeede;
 Splafh, splafh, acrofs the fee:
 "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
 Dost feare to ride with mee?

The moon is bryghte, and blue the nyghte;
 Dost quake the blaft to stem?
 Dost fludder, mayde, to feek the dead?"
 "No, no, but what of them?"

How glumlie fownes yon dirgye fong!
 Night-ravens flappe the wing.
 What knell doth slowly toll ding-dong?
 The psalms of death who fing?

It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,
 The corfe is onn the beere;
 "Like croke of toads from lonely moores,
 The chaunte doth meet the cere."

"Go, bear her corfe when midnight's paff,
 With fong, and tear, and wayle;
 I've gott my wife, I take her home,
 My howie of wedlocke hayl.

Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
 To swell our nuptial fong:
 Come, preafte, and reade the blessing foone;
 For bed, for bed we long."

They heede his calle, and huft the fowne;
 The biere was feene no more;
 And followe him ore field and flood
 Yet fafter than before.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
 Unheeding wet or drye;
 And horfe and rider fnoart and blowe,
 And sparkling pebbles flye.

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

Tramp, tramp, acrofs the land they fpeede;
 Splafh, splafh, acroffe the fee:
 "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
 Dost feare to ride with mee?"

Look up, look up, an airy crewe
 In roundel daunces reele;
 The moon is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,
 Mayft dimlie fee them wheele.

Come to, come to, ye ghoffly crewe;
 Come to, and follow mee,
 And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
 When we in bed fhall be."

And brush, brush, brush, the ghofflie crew
 Come wheeling ore their heads,
 All ruffling like the wither'd leaves
 That wyde the whirwind freads.

Halloo! halloo! away they go,
 Unheeding wet or dry;
 And horfe and rider fnoart and blowe,
 And sparkling pebbles flye.

And all that in the moonfhyne lay,
 Behynde them fled afar;
 And backwarde fcudded overhead
 The fky and every ftar.

Tramp, tramp, acrofs the land they fpeede;
 Splafh, splafh, acrofs the fee:
 "Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
 Dost feare to ride with mee?"

I weene the cock prepares to crowe;
 The fand will foone be runne:
 I fuffe the earlye morning aire;
 Downe, downe! our work is done.

The dead, the dead, can ryde apace;
 Oure wed-bed here is fit;
 Oure race is ridde, oure journey ore,
 Oure endleffe union knit."

And lo, an yren-grated gate
 Soon biggens to their viewe:
 He crackte his whyppe; the clangyng
 boltes,
 The doores afunder fiewe.

They pafs, and 'twas on graves they trode;
 " 'Tis hither we are bound:"
 And many a tombftone gofflie white
 Lay in the moonfhyne round.

And when hee from his fteede alytte,
 His armour, black as cinder,
 Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
 As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked fcall;
 Nor haire nor eyne had hee:
 His body grew a fkeleton,
 Whilome fo blythe of blee.

And att his drye and boney heele
 No spur was left to be;
 And in his witherde hand you might
 The fcythe and houre-glafe fee.

And lo! his fteede did thin to fmoke,
 And charnel fires outbreathe;
 And pall'd, and bleach'd, then vanifh'd quite
 The mayde from underneath.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,
 And fhrekes from vaults arofe,
 Then knew the mayde the might no more
 Her living eyes unclose.

But onward to the judgment feat,
 Thro' myfte and moonlighte dreare,
 The gofflie crews their flyghte perfewe,
 And hallowe in her care:—

"Be patient; though thine herte should
 breke,
 Arayne not Heaven's decree;
 Thou nowe art of thie bodie reft,
 Thie foule forgiven bee!"