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TALES OF WONDER;

WRITTEN AND COLLECTED

BY

M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P.

AUTHOR OF THE MONK, CASTLE SPECTRE,  
LOVE OF GAIN, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

Black spirits and white,  
Blue spirits and grey,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
Ye that mingle may!      MACBETH.

---

VOL. II.

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ERRATA.

- Page 257, line 8, for *meet*, read *met*.  
— 296, — 20, for *launched* read *launced*.  
— 323, — 22, for *high* read *hie*.

No. LIII.

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THE MAID OF THE MOOR,  
OR  
THE WATER FIENDS.

G. COLMAN, JUN.

---

*This Tale, which is unavoidably misplaced, should have formed No. XXXVI.*

---

ON a wild moor, all brown and bleak,  
Where broods the heath frequenting growse,  
There stood a tenement antique,  
Lord Hoppergollop's country house.

Here silence reign'd with lips of glue,  
And undisturb'd maintain'd her law;  
Save when the owl, cried—"whooh! whooh! whooh!"—  
Or the hoarse crow, croak'd—"caw! caw! caw!"—

Neglected mansion! for 'tis said,  
Whene'er the snow came feathering down,  
Four barbed steeds, from the Bull's-head,  
Carried thy master up to town.

Weak Hoppergollop ! Lords may moan,  
 Who stake in London their estate,  
 On two small rattling bits of bone,  
 On little figure, or on great.

Swift whirl the wheels,—he's gone ;—a Rose  
 Remains behind, whose virgin look,  
 Unseen, must blush in wint'ry snows ;  
 Sweet beauteous blossom ! 'twas the Cook !

A bolder, far, than my weak note,  
 Maid of the Moor ! thy charms demand :  
 Eels might be proud to lose their coat,  
 If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.

Long had the fair one sat alone,  
 Had none remain'd, save only she ;  
 She by herself had been, if one  
 Had not been left, for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear hue  
 Was tinged with health and manly toil ;  
 Cabbage he sow'd, and when it grew,  
 He always cut it off to boil.

Oft would he cry, —“ Delve, delve the hole !  
 “ And prune the tree, and trim the root !  
 “ And stick the wig upon the pole,  
 “ To scare the sparrows from the fruit !” —

A small mute favourite by day  
 Follow'd his steps ; where'er he wheels  
 His barrow round the garden gay,  
 A bob-tail cur is at his heels.

Ah man ! the brute creation see,  
 Thy constancy oft need to spur !  
 While lessons of fidelity,  
 Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,  
 While Bob-tail in his face would look,  
 And mark'd his master troll the song,  
 —“ Sweet Molly Dumpling ! O, thou Cook !” —

For thus he sung : while Cupid smiled,  
 Pleased that the Gard'ner own'd his dart ;  
 Which pruned his passions, running wild,  
 And grafted true-love on his heart.

Maid of the Moor, his love return !

True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame;  
 When gard'ners' hearts, like hot-beds burn,  
 A cook may surely feed the flame.

Ah ! not averse from love was she ;  
 Though pure as heaven's snowy flake ;  
 Both loved ; and though a Gard'ner he,  
 He knew not what it was to rake.

Cold blows the blast, the night's obscure :  
 The mansion's crazy wainscots crack,  
 The sun had sunk, and all the moor,  
 Like ev'ry other moor, was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,  
 The lovely Molly Dumpling sat ;  
 Much did she fear, and much admire,  
 What Thomas gard'ner could be at.

Listening, her hand supports her chin,  
 But ah ! no foot is heard to stir ;  
 He comes not from the garden in,  
 Nor he, nor little bob-tail cur.

They cannot come, sweet Maid, to thee;  
 Flesh, both of cur and man, is grass :  
 And what's impossible can't be,  
 And never, never, comes to pass!

She paces through the hall antique,  
 To call her Thomas, from his toil ;  
 Opes the huge door : the hinges creak,  
 Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice on the threshold of the hall,  
 She—" Thomas"—cried with many a sob ;  
 And thrice on Bob-tail did she call,  
 Exclaiming sweetly—" Bob ! Bob ! Bob !"—

Vain Maid ! a gard'ner's corpse, 'tis said,  
 In answers can but ill succeed ;  
 And dogs that hear, when they are dead,  
 Are very cunning dogs indeed !

Back through the hall she bent her way,  
 All, all was solitude around ;  
 The candle shed a feeble ray,  
 Though a large mould of four to the pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew,  
 Adown her cheek a salt tear stole;  
 When, lo! a coffin out there flew,  
 And in her apron burnt a hole.

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd;  
 A certain sign that fate will frown;  
 The clumsy kitchen clock, too, chick'd,  
 A certain sign it was not down.

More strong, and strong, her terrors rose,  
 Her shadow did the maid appall;  
 She trembled at her lovely nose,  
 It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber damp and cold,  
 She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's stair,  
 Three stories high, long, dull, and old,  
 As great Lords' stories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pause;  
 And—"o'er the one half world seem'd dead;"—  
 No—"curtain'd sleep,"—had she; because  
 She had no curtains to her bed.

Listening she lay ; with iron din,  
 The clock struck twelve, the door flew wide,  
 When Thomas grimly glided in,  
 With little Bob-tail by his side.

Tall like the poplar was his size,  
 Green, green his waistcoast was, as leeks ;  
 Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes,  
 And pale as turnips were his cheeks !

Soon as the spectre she espied,  
 The fear-struck damsel, faintly said,  
 —“ What would my Thomas ? ” —he replied,  
 —“ Oh ! Molly Dumpling, I am dead !

“ All in the flower of youth I fell,  
 “ Cut off with healthful blossom crown'd ;  
 “ I was not ill, but in a well,  
 “ I tumbled backwards, and was drown'd.

“ Four fathom deep thy love doth lie,  
 “ His faithful dog his fate doth share ;  
 “ We're fiends ; this is not he and I,  
 “ We are not here, for we are there.

“Yes! two foul water-fiends are we;

“Maid of the Moor, attend us now!

“Thy hour’s at hand, we come for thee!”—

The little fiend-cur said, —“bow! wow!”—

“To wind her in her cold, cold grave,

“A Holland sheet a maiden likes,

“A sheet of water, thou shalt have;

“Such sheets there are in Holland dykes.”—

The fiends approach; the Maid did shrink,

Swift through the night’s foul air they spin,

They took her to the green well’s brink,

And, with a souse, they plump’d her in.

So true the fair, so true the youth,

Maids, to this day, their story tell,

And hence the proverb rose, that truth

Lies in the bottom of a well.

No. LIX.

## L E N O R A.

GERMAN.

---

*This version of Bürger's well known ballad, was published in the Monthly Magazine, and I consider it as a master-piece of translation; indeed as far as my opinion goes, the English ballad is, in point of merit, far superior, both in spirit and harmony, to the German, which is written in a stanza, producing an effect very unsatisfactory to the ear; that my Readers may judge of this for themselves, I shall here add a stanza similar to that in which Bürger's "Lenora" is written: I rather imagine, that the effect made by it upon others, is the same with that which it produced upon me, since among the numerous translators of this ballad, not one has adopted the metre of the original.*

[Lenora wakes at dawn of day,  
Tears down her fair cheeks trickle;  
—" Oh ! why, my William, dost thou stay,  
And art thou dead or fickle?"—  
With Fred'rick's host young William went,  
But since the fight of Prague he sent  
No word to tell his speeding,  
And soothe her bosom bleeding.]

*I cannot but think, that the above metre will be universally disapproved of, when compared with that adopted in the following ballad.*

---

At break of day, with frightful dreams

Lenora struggled sore :

—" My William, art thou slaine," say'd she,

" Or dost thou love no more ?"—

He went abroade 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 fellow 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 gladsome tounge.

—“ Thank God !” their wives and children saide ;  
 “ Welcome !” —the brides did say :  
 But greeete or kiss Lenora gave  
 To none upon that daye.

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

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

Her mother ran and lyfte 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 besyde to me ?  
 “ There is no mercye, sure, above !  
 “ All, all were spared but hee !” —

—“ Kneel downe, thy paternoster saye,  
 “ ’Twill calm thy troubled spright:  
 “ The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good ;  
 “ What hee hath done is right.” —

—“ O mother, mother ! say not so ;  
 “ Most cruel is my fate :  
 “ I prayde, and prayde, but watte awayl’d ?  
 “ ’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 sight 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 falsehode brings him paine.”—

—“ O mother, mother ! gone is gone,  
 “ My hope is all forlorn ;  
 “ The grave mie onlye safeguarde is,  
 “ O, had I neer been borne !

“ Go out, go out, my lampe of life,  
 “ In grislie darkness die :  
 “ There is no mercye, sure, above!  
 “ For ever let me lie.” —

—“ 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 bliss ;  
 “ For so, at least, shall not thy soule  
 “ Its heavenly bridegroom miss.” —

“ O mother, mother! what is blisse,  
 “ And what the infernal celle ?  
 “ With him 'tis heaven any where,  
 “ Without my William, helle.

“ Go out, go out, my lamp of life,  
 “ In endless darkness die :  
 “ Without him I must loathe the earth,  
 “ Without him scorn the skye.” —

And so despaire did rave and rage  
 Athwarte her boiling veins ;  
 Against the providence of God  
 She hurld her impious strains.

She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,  
 And rolde her tearlesse eye,  
 From rise of morne, till the pale stars  
 Again did freeke the skye.

When harke ! abroade she hearde the trampe  
 Of nimble-hoofed steed ;  
 She hearde a knichte with clank alighte,  
 And climb the staire in speede.

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

—“ What ! 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 waked,  
 “ Whence dost thou come ? for thy return  
 “ My herte has sorely aked.”—

—“ At midnight only we may ride ;  
 “ I come o’er land and sea ;  
 “ 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 hiss ;  
 “ Awayte a little space.”—

—“ Though blasts athwarte the hawthorne hiss,  
 “ I may not harbour here ;  
 “ My spurre is sharpe, my courser pawes,  
 “ My houre of flighte is nere.

“ All as thou lyst upon thy couch,  
 “ Aryse, and mount behinde ;  
 “ To-night we’le 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 moone is bright, and we

“ Outstride 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, silent, 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 we may sleepe.

“ All as thou lyst upon thy couch,

“ Aryse, no longer stop;

“ The wedding guests thy coming waite,

“ The chamber door is ope.”—

All in her sarke, as there she lay,  
 Upon his horse she sprung,  
 And with her lilly hands so pale  
 About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry forth they goe,  
 Unheeding wet or drye;  
 And horse and rider snort and blow,  
 And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,  
 Aright, aleft, are gone;  
 The bridges thunder as they pass,  
 But earthlie sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed,  
 Splash, splash, across the see:  
 —“ Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;  
 “ Dost feare to ride with mee?

“ The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,  
 “ Dost quake the blast to stem?  
 “ Dost shudder, mayde, to seeke the dead?”—  
 —“ No, no, but what of them?

“ How glumlie sownes yon dirgye song,  
   “ Night-ravens flappe the wing ;  
 “ What knell doth slowlie toll ding dong ?  
   “ The psalmes of death who sing ?

“ It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,  
   “ The corse is on the beere ;  
 “ Like croke of todes from lonely moores,  
   “ The chaunt doth meet the cere.”—

—“ Go, bear her corse when midnight’s past,  
   “ With song, and tear, and wayle ;  
 “ I’ve gott my wife, I take her home,  
   “ My howre of wedlocke hayl.

“ Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,  
   “ To swell our nuptial song ;  
 “ Come, preaste, and read the blessing soone,  
   “ For bed, for bed we long.”—

They heede his calle, and husht the sowne,  
   The biere was seen no more ;  
 And followde him ore feeld and flood  
   Yet faster than before.

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

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

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede,  
 Splash, splash, acrossse the see ;  
 —“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;  
 “ Dost fear to ride with me ?

“ Look up, look up, an airy crewe,  
 “ In roundel daunces reele ;  
 “ The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,  
 “ May'st dimlie see them wheele.

“ Come to, come to, ye gostlie crew,  
 “ Come to, and follow me,  
 “ And daunce for us the wedding daunce,  
 “ When we in bed shall be.”—

And brush, brush, brush, the gostlie crew  
 Come wheeling ore their heads,  
 All rustling like the wither'd leaves  
 That wyde the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo ! halloo ! away they goe,  
 Unheeding wet or drye,  
 And horse and rider snort and blowe,  
 And sparkling pebbles flye.

And all that in the moonshyne lay,  
 Behynde them fled afar ;  
 And backward scudded overhead,  
 The skye and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede,  
 Splash, splash, across the see ;  
 —“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;  
 “ Dost fear to ride with me ?

“ I weene the cock prepares to crowe,  
 “ The sand will soone be runne ;  
 “ I snuff the earlye morning aire,  
 “ Downe, downe ! our work is done.

“ The dead, the dead can ryde apace,  
 “ Oure wed bed here is fit ;  
 “ Our race is ridde, oure journey ore,  
 “ Our endless union knit.” —

And lo ! an yren-grated grate  
 Soon biggens to their viewe ;  
 He crackte his whype, the clangynge boltes,  
 The doores asunder flewe.

They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode,  
 —“ 'Tis hither we are bounde ;” —  
 And many a tombstone gostlie white,  
 Lay inn the moonshyne round.

And when he from his steede alytte,  
 His armour, green with rust,  
 Which dampes of charnel vaults had bred,  
 Straight fell away to dust.

His head became a naked skull,  
 Nor haire nor eyne had hee ;  
 His body grew a skeleton,  
 Whilome so blythe of blec.

And att his dry and boney heele  
 No spur was left to be ;  
 And inn his witherde hand you might  
 The scythe and hour-glasse see.

And lo! his steede did thin to smoke,  
 And charnel fires outbreathe ;  
 And paled, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite,  
 The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,  
 And shrekes from vaults arose ;  
 Then knew the mayde she might no more  
 Her living eyes unclose.

But onwarde to the judgment seat,  
 Through myste and moonlight dreare :  
 The gostlie crewe, their flyghte persewe,  
 And hollowe inn her eare.

—“ Be patient, though thyne herte should breke,  
 “ Arrayne not heavn's decree ;  
 “ Thou nowe art of thie bodie refte,  
 “ Thie soule forgiven bee !” —