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Gottfried August Bürger
THE
BÜRGER AND BRIGHTON LEONORA;
OR,
ROMANCE VERSUS RAILWAY.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO ALL DESPERATE DAUGHTERS.

BY
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P R E F A C E.

“WHY should any one again attempt an English version of that beautiful poem?” may naturally be the exclamation of all who have read Bürger’s “Leonora” in the original language, as well as of those who are only acquainted with it through the talents of Spencer, Scott, Taylor, and other translators. Some apology may be therefore necessary for apparently trespassing on the ground over which those high authorities have obtained, as it were, a prescriptive title. The character of Leonora’s Spectre Lover is said to have been too generally represented as gentle and affectionate, the supernatural reduced to the material, and the ethereality of thought as well as of existence to have been thereby neutralised;—essential deviations from the original, where a deep, bitter, cold irony may be traced in every expression, the connecting links of action are left to the reader’s imagination, and a vagueness is made to float as a cloud over the whole poem. It is remarked also that in most of the translations there has been a departure from the simplicity and terseness of the German; that by adorning it with extrinsic though elegant imagery, a Corinthian capital has been given to a Doric shaft; that some of the versions

PREFACE.

are not only paraphrases, but that a different epoch, country, and adventitious circumstances have been adopted to diminish the poetical difficulties. It is by no means pretended that the peculiarities of the original have been effectively rendered in the following translation; but an endeavor has been made to keep as near as possible to the spirit as well as simplicity of the German, and by avoiding the ornamental and paraphrastic, to retain some of the mysterious vagueness to which we have alluded. A similarity of expression and rhyme may occasionally be found; but the translator can affirm that he never saw any English versions till his own was finished, and has resisted the temptation of adopting their excellences.

The universal admiration in which the poem has been held ought, perhaps, to have saved it from the pens of parodists; but it has afforded many a merry version in its native soil, and even when transplanted into foreign lands, has been subjected to similar transfigurations.

In the following travesty the moral conveyed in the original has had a pendant and practical illustration in certain domestic occurrences; and however analogous to each other some incidents in the Bürger and Brighton tales may be, a different cast of the *dramatis personæ* is purposely made and carried out, so as to avoid any allusions which might directly or indirectly appear to represent the Almighty Avenger of rebellious imprecations by an earthly and profane character. To avoid also the appeals to a Heavenly Father, and the personifica-

tion of Him in a human form, Leonora's complaints are referred to her parent, who is expressly made to be the antitype of the Spectre Lover. Hence some of the analogies, as well as expressions, may be found to be rather "al largo;" but, as a mere domestic event, many readers may probably recall to their memory circumstances as extraordinary as the practical joke here narrated. Sir Francis Head has touched on this branch of railway wonders in his amusing work, "Stokers and Pokers;" and if a family recipe for elopement is hereby offered to desperate daughters, a counteracting dose of parental punishment is prescribed, so that all parties may run in the race of

ROMANCE VERSUS RAILWAY.

I.

LENORE fuhr um's Morgenroth
 Empor aus schweren Träumen.
 " Bist untreu, Wilhelm, oder tod ?
 Wie lange willst du säumen ?"
 Er war mit König Friedrich's Macht
 Gezogen in die Prager Schlacht,
 Und hatte nicht geschrieben
 Ob er gesund geblieben.

II.

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 Reisern
 Zog heim zu seinen Häusern.

I.

LEONORA from her dreamy bed
 Awoke at rosy break of day :
 " Oh, William, art thou false or dead,
 Why tarry thus so long away ?"
 With Frederic's royal train and might
 He went to Prague's protracted fight,
 And ne'er had tidings sent to tell
 If still he lived, if all were well.

II.

The Monarch and the Empress there,
 Anxious their bitter strife should cease,
 Had changed their stern resolves of war,
 And ratified at last a peace.
 With shout and song each army rang,
 With beat of drum and weapon clang ;
 Bedecked with boughs and garlands gay,
 The armies homeward bent their way.

I.

LEONORA with nightmare awoke in her bed,
While sputtered her rushlight a watery ray ;
“ I wonder if William is faithless or dead !
Or what upon earth can keep him away ! ”
For Parliament, Levies, and Balls of the Queen,
From Brighton he went and in London had been ;
But never had written ; not even to tell
His private address,—or if he were well.

II.

The Queen and the Prince were heartily sick
Of debates, and a season protracted and gay ;
And wanting a little fresh air for a week,
From London to Osborne they hastened away.
Insanely to Brighton the Londoners rush,
All hurry and scurry, with clatter and crush ;
With baskets of fish, and the fashions of Town,—
The world by the Railway is hurrying down.

III.

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.
 Ach ! aber für Lenoren
 War Gruss und Kuss verloren.

IV.

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,
 Zerrauft sie ihr Rabenhaar,
 Und warf sich hin zur Erde
 Mit wüthiger Geberde.

III.

And everywhere and all about,
 Each path and road their steps proclaim,
 The old and young with joyful shout
 Went forth to meet them as they came.
 "Praise God !" each child and mother cried ;
 "Oh, welcome back !" rejoined each bride :
 But ah ! forsooth, Lenora ne'er
 The kiss and greeting found to share.

IV.

Throughout the crowd she tidings sought,
 Of every one she asked his name ;
 But none there were who tidings brought,
 Of all the mingled throng that came.
 And when the army onward bore,
 Maddened, her raven hair she tore,
 And threw herself upon the ground
 With gesture wild and frantic bound.

III.

In the Streets, the Parade, and Cliffs all along,
They jostle and crowd, they wander and roam ;
The residents up to the Terminus throng
To welcome their friends and relatives home.
“ How are you, my darling ? ” the gentlemen cry ;
“ How are you, my dearest ? ” the ladies reply ;
But Miss Leonora stole up there in vain,—
No lover of hers ever came by the train.

IV.

She now the Promenades and Libraries sought,
In lists of “ Arrivals ” she hunted his name ;
No friend any message had privately brought,
He never was mentioned by any that came.
And now when the world had returned up to Town,
Slipshod she went with her hair hanging down ;
She kicked little Fido, and, slamming the door,
In frantic hysterics she rolled on the floor.

v.

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 !
 Oh weh, oh weh mir Armen ! "

vi.

" Hilf Gott, hilf ! Sieh 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."

v.

Her mother rush'd in agony :
 " God pity thee and shield from harm !
 Beloved child, what troubles thee ?"
 And round her threw the clasping arm
 " Oh mother, mother ! O'er is o'er !
 The world and all are now no more !
 Mercy by God is never shown !
 Ah me ! all wretched and alone ! "

vi.

" Have mercy, God, thy child upon !
 My child, a Paternoster say !
 Whate'er God does is rightly done ;
 God, God has pity when we pray."
 " Mother, an idle dream 'twould be !
 God hath not rightly dealt with me !
 What, what availed it when I prayed ?
 But now 'tis past all hope or aid."

v.

Then up came Mamma in a desperate fright ;
“ Good gracious ! what’s this ! just look at my daughter !
Why gracious, you’re mad ! why, you cannot be right ! ”
And Julie she went for hartshorn and water.
“ Oh ! Mamma ! it won’t do, it shan’t if it could,
All the hartshorn on earth can do me no good :
Papa is so cruel, so harsh, so unkind,
I’m sure I am driven quite out of my mind.”

vi.

“ Come, nonsense, we’ll soon put the matter at rest,
We’ll tell your Papa what the fuss is about ;
Whatever he does, that he does for the best,
That he’ll do what we wish, we never should doubt.”
“ Mamma ! oh, Mamma ! that is absolute stuff,
Papa has been always forbidding and gruff ;
In vain I besought him to let William call,—
And now it’s all over,—he won’t come at all ”

VII.

“ 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
 Dem Todten wieder geben.”

VII.

“ Have mercy, God ! Whoe'er has bent
 Knows that His children find relief ;
 The high and holy Sacrament
 Will solace bring to soothe thy grief.”
 “ Oh mother, mother ! thoughts that burn
 No Sacrament can soothe or turn.
 The Sacrament were all in vain
 To bring the dead to life again.”

VIII.

“ Hör', Kind ! wie, wenn der falsche Mann
 Im fernen Ungarlande,
 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.”

VIII.

“ What if, my child, thy faithless swain
 In Hungary's far distant lands,
 His troth to thee forgetting, fain
 Would seek some newer marriage bands ?
 Oh ! spurn, my child, his heartless love ;
 It ne'er to him will vantage prove ;
 And when life's fled, his perjury
 In burning flames will punished be.”

VII.

“ Come, nonsense, my child ; that he ’ll never refuse
Whatever we ask him, we all of us know ;
The trip you will have to the Rhine and the Meuse
Will stop your romance, and your fanciful woe.”
“ Mamma ! oh Mamma ! no excursion abroad
My passion shall quench for my only adored ;
The rivers and scenery, all are in vain,
To give me my own dear William again.”

VIII.

“ And how do you know but your lover is now
Gallivanting in town, and many things worse ;
To some Ballerina is forging a vow,
Or selling himself to an heiress’s purse ?—
Don’t trouble yourself any more for his love,
No good to himself or to you will it prove ;
Whenever he dies, for his flirting he ’ll go—
Oh ! I must not say where,—but somewhere below.”

IX.

“ 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 ! ”

X.

“ 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.”

IX.

“ Oh mother, mother ! O'er is o'er !
 The lost is lost, forlorn, forlorn !
 Death, death to me is vantage more,—
 Oh ! would that I had ne'er been born !
 Out, out, my life !—out, out, my light !
 Be quenched, be quenched in death and night !
 Mercy by God is never shown !
 Ah me ! all wretched and alone ! ”

X.

“ Have mercy, God ! thy judgement stay
 Upon thy miserable child !
 She knows not what her accents say,—
 To sin impute not ravings wild !
 Thy earthly grief, my child, dispel,
 On God and blessedness to dwell ;
 So shall thy soul in Heaven above
 Ne'er be without a bridegroom's love.”

IX.

“ Mamma ! oh Mamma ! 'tis useless to try
 To get him again,—he for ever is gone ;
 I 'm sure the best thing I can do is to die,
 Oh, goodness ! I wish I had never been born !
 I 'll go to my room—yes—I 'll shut out the light ;
 I won 't come to dinner ; I 'll wish you good night.
 Papa is so cruel, so harsh, so unkind,
 I 'm sure I am driven quite out of my mind ! ”

X.

“ I trust her Papa will forgive and forget
 All the nonsense she talks ;—it 's certainly wrong ;
 She can 't be aware what she says in a pet :
 Oh ! he will not, I hope, remember it long !
 Don 't think any more on the past, there 's a dear,
 But think of Papa and his Ward who 'll be here ;
 Then a husband you 'll get, both wealthy and true :
 'Twill please your Papa, so it ought to please you.”

XI.

“ 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 !
 Ohn' ihn mag' ich auf Erden
 Mag dort nicht selig werden.”

XII.

So wüthete Verzweifelung
 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.

XI.

“ Oh mother ! what is Blessedness ?
 Oh mother, mother ! what is Hell ?
 With him, with him is Blessedness,—
 Without my William all is Hell !
 Out, out, my life ! Out, out, my light !
 Be quenched, be quenched in death and night !
 Without him nought on earth to me,
 Nor Heaven itself, shall blessed be.”

XII.

In desperation thus enraged
 With heated blood and maddened sense,
 Rebelliously she warfare waged
 With God's eternal Providence ;
 And thus to frenzied grief she clung,
 Her breast she smote, her hands she wrung,
 Till sunset—till the canopy
 Of golden stars o'erhung the sky.

XI.

“ Mamma ! what ’s the good of your husband to me !
Or what are Papa and the plot he has laid ?
’Tis only my William my husband shall be,
If I cannot get him, I ’ll die an old maid.
I ’ll go to my room,—yes,—I ’ll put out the light,
I won’t come to dinner,—I ’ll wish you good night.
No ! nothing on earth, neither Ward nor Papa,
Shall ever induce me to marry, Mamma.”

XII.

With her face in her hands and deluged with tears,
She bellowed in sobs, in hysterics she roared ;
Her Papa she defied, and rushing up stairs,
She vowed, if she could, to escape from his Ward.
Then she shut herself up, and bolted the door,
A note from the Ward and her father she tore ;
From morning to night not a soul would she see,
Nor a morsel would touch from breakfast to tea.

XIII.

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.

XIV.

“ Holla, holla ! Thu' auf, mein Kind ;
 Schläfst, Liebchen, oder wachst du ?
 Wie bist noch gegen mich gesinnt ?
 Und weinest oder lachst du ? ”
 “ Ach ! Wilhelm, du ?—So spät bei Nacht ?
 Gewinet hab' ich und gewacht ;
 Ach, grosses Leid erlitten !
 Wo kommst du her geritten ? ”—

XIII.

And hark ! without went trap, trap, trap,
 Such would a horse's hoofs have made ;
 A clanking rider gallop'd up,
 And lighted 'neath the balustrade.
 And hark ! and hark ! the door-bell's ring,
 All low and gentle, kling-ling-ling !
 And through the door-way then is heard
 Distinct and clear the thrilling word.

XIV.

“ Hollà, hollà ! come, ope, my love !
 Child, now watchest thou or sleepest ?
 Still do thy thoughts towards me move ?
 Child, now laughest thou or weepest ? ”
 “ Ah William ! Thou ?—By night so late ?
 I 've wept and watched !—What sorrow's weight
 Have I endured with woe and fear !
 But whither com'st thou riding here ? ”—

XIII.

But hark ! at the window went rat-a-tat-tat,
Like rapping and tapping of hammer and nails ;
A figure in mask, muffled up to his hat,
Came up and climbed over the area rails.
Now listen,—the door-bell is pulled,—there's a ring,
As meek as a beggar's ;—a kling-a-ling-ling ;
She creeps to the door ;—and a whispering word,
All low and disguised, at the keyhole is heard.

XIV.

“ Come, Nelly, my love ; come and open the door,
Are you now sitting up, or have got into bed ?
Do you like me as much as you used to before ?
Are you gone to a ball, or are crying instead ? ”
“ My goodness ! Here 's William ! How dreadfully late !
Oh yes ! I 'm at home, and to grumble and wait
Is all I 've been doing by night and by day :—
But what makes you come in this curious way ? ”

xv.

“ 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 durchsaust der Wind,
 Herein, in meinen Armen
 Herzliebster, zu erwarmen !”

xvi.

“ Lass sausen durch den Hagedorn,
 Lass sausen, Kind, lass sausen !
 Der Rappe scharrt, es kliert der Sporn ;
 Ich darf allhier nicht hausen.
 Komm, schürze, spring’ und schwinge dich
 Auf meinen Rappen hinter mich !
 Muss heut’ noch hundert Meilen
 Mit dir in’s Brautbett eilen.”

xv.

“ At midnight only do we ride.
 From far Bohemia’s land I come.
 ’Twas late I sallied forth, my bride,
 And now will take thee to my home.”
 “ Oh ! hasten in—Oh ! listen how
 Whistles the wind through hawthorn bough !
 Oh ! come and let my arms enfold
 My heart’s loved treasure from the cold !”

xvi.

“ The hawthorn let it whistle o’er !
 Child, let it whistle as it may !
 Chafes my black steed, and clinks my spur ;
 I dare not longer here delay.
 Come, quickly gird thee, rise and spring,
 And on my steed behind me cling ;
 To night a hundred miles we fly
 Ere in our bridal bed we lie.”

XV.

“ ‘Tis only to-night I could slip out of Town,
And London I left by the eight o’clock train ;
I confess it is late to be thus running down ;—
But let us be off!—I must get back again.”

“ Oh, my treasure ! come in, you shall not go yet,
Just see how it rains ! You are cold and are wet ;
Come and warm yourself, do ; not a creature will know ;
They all are gone out ;—there’s a fire below.”

XVI.

“ The cold and the wet ;—oh ! it soon will be dry :
I don’t care a jot if I’m wet to the skin ;
Look, the Fly that I ordered is loitering by,—
We’d better be off, it won’t do to come in.
Come, jump in the Fly and don’t be afraid ;
We’ll meet at the Station,—the plot is all laid;
To Town by a Special we’ll fly in an hour,
Before we can laugh at the Governor’s power.”

XVII.

“ 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.”

XVIII.

“ 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 !
 Die Hochzeitgäste hoffen ;
 Die Kammer steht uns offen.”

XVII.

“ What ! now a hundred miles wouldest thou
 Hence take me to a bridal bed ?
 And hark ! the clock is tolling now,
 Th’ eleventh hour already fled.”

“ See here ! see there ! The moon shines bright !
 We and the dead ride fast in flight !
 To-night, to-night, I ’ll wager thee
 Thou in thy bridal bed shalt be.”

XVIII.

“ In what small chamber wilt thou dwell ?
 Where ? how the bridal bed provide ?”

“ Far, far from here—cool, small and still—
 ’Tis six boards long, and two boards wide !”—

“ Hast room for me ?”—“ For me and thee.
 Come, gird thee, spring and cling to me ;
 The marriage guests all wait commands,
 The chamber door all open stands.”

xvii.

“ Special Train up to Town ? What, all in the dark ?
Get married at once and escape from Papa ?
Remember how late it is getting ; and hark !
Eleven is striking : indeed it ’s too far !”
“ Never mind about that, the journey is short ;—
We Lovers and Specials can never be caught !
Up to London to-night I ’ll wager we run,
And see how the Governor’s plot will be done !”

xviii.

“ Oh ! that ’s very nice, but I ’ve rather a qualm ;—
Any rooms can you get ? and attendance provide ?”
“ Oh yes ! to be sure ! large, cheerful and warm ;
Six hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide !”
“ What, all that for us ?”—“ Yes, it does for us all ;
Come, jump in the Fly, get your bonnet and shawl.
Some friends will be there who have promised to come,
And the rooms are wide open to welcome us home.”

xix.

Schön Liebchen schürzte, sprang und schwang
 Sich auf das Ross behende ;
 Wohl um den trauten Reiter schläng
 Sie ihre Lilienhände :
 Und hurre hurre, hop, hop, hop !
 Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp.
 Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,
 Und Kies und Funken stoben.

xix.

Then quickly robed, with nimble bound
 Upon the steed the fair one sprung ;
 Her lily hands she clasped around,
 And to her darling rider clung.
 And hurré—on—'tis here—'tis there !
 In whizzing gallop on they tear.
 Dash panting steed and rider by,
 And sparks and flints around them fly.

xx.

Zur rechten und zur linken Hand,
 Vorbei vor ihren Blicken,
 Wie flogen Anger, Heid' 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 ! "

xx.

On right and left, on either hand,
 Scarce could their glance the landscape trace,
 How flew the fields, the heath, the land !
 The bridges thundered with their pace !
 " Dost shudder, love ?—The moon shines bright ;
 Hurrah ! The dead ride fast in flight !
 Dost shudder, love ?—The grave dost dread ?"
 " Oh no ! but leave alone the dead ! "

XIX.

With bonnet and shawl she drove off in the Fly,
And was soon at the Station her lover to meet ;
There, muffled and masked, he awaited close by,
And silently handed her into her seat.
Hark ! the whistle and snort ! and off with a phizz,
And a puff-a-puff-puff, they rattle and whizz ;
The Driver and Stoker both luridly gleam,
Half roasted and boiled by the sparks and the steam.

XX.

Now with full power on, above and beneath,
They scarcely a signal or station can trace ;
How flew “ Hassock’s Gate,” * “ Burgess Hill,” “ Hayward’s Heath,”
And “ Three Bridges ” thundered aloud with their pace !
“ Are you nervous, my love ? The journey is short ;
We Lovers and Specials can never be caught !—
Are you nervous, my love ? Papa do you fear ? ”
“ Not a bit in the world ! Don’t talk of him, dear ! ”

* Stations.

XXI.

Was klang dort für Gesang and 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.

XXI.

What sounds are those of bell and hymn?
 Why flap and shriek the ravens hoarse?
 Hark! to the toll and death-song grim:
 “ Come, let us now inter the corse!”
 And see! a funeral train drew near,
 They bore the coffin and the bier;
 Sounded their song in discord harsh,
 Like croaking frogs in swampy marsh.

XXII.

“ Nach Mitternacht begrabt den Leib
 Mit Klang und Sang und Klage!
 Jetzt führ’ ich heim mein junges Weib,
 Mit, mit zur 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!”

XXII.

“ At midnight buried be the dead
 With deathsong, toll, and wailing cry;
 Home with my youthful bride I’ve sped,—
 Join ye the nuptial company!
 Come, Sexton, come; and with thy throng
 Now chaunt to me the bridal song!
 Come, Priest, thy benedictions shed
 Before we seek our marriage-bed!”

XXI.

But what is that whistle and whining about?
And why are the breaks put so hastily down?
Hark! the "Horley" bell rings;—a Porter shouts out,
"A gentleman here wants to go up to Town."
As the Special drew up, he rushed to the door,
The Porters his bag and a Macintosh bore;
The sound of his voice was uncommonly queer,—
Like the Ward's, or Papa's,—it jarred on her ear.

XXII.

"Never mind! it is night—so let him come in;
Let him bluster, and bellow, and fume as he may;
Thus far we are safe, and my bride I shall win;—
Come, come up to Town, Sir, and give her away.
Old gentleman, come! be you father or not—
Come, help us elope, and assist in the plot!
Or if you 're the Ward, come and add to the fun,
Before we arrive, and the journey be done!"

XXIII.

Still Klang und Sang,—Die Bahre schwand,—
 Gehorsam seinem Rufen,
 Kam's hurre, hurre ! nach gerannt,
 Hart hinter's Rappen Hufen.
 Und immer weiter, hop, hop, hop !
 Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp ;
 Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,
 Und Kies und Funken stoben.

XXIII.

The dirge is hushed,—the bier has passed,—
 And swift obeying his behest,
 See, hurré, hurré, crowding fast,
 Behind the horse's hoofs they pressed.
 Then onward, on,—'tis here,—'tis there,—
 In whizzing gallop on they tear ;
 Dash panting steed and rider by,
 And sparks and flints around them fly.

XXIV.

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 ruhn, die Todten ! ”

XXIV.

On right how flew—on left how flew
 The mountain-height, the hedge, the trees !
 How flew on right and left the view,
 The hamlets, towns, and villages !
 “ Dost shudder, love ? —The moon shines bright :
 We and the dead ride fast in flight !
 Dost shudder, love ? —The grave dost dread ? ”
 “ Oh, no ! oh, leave at rest the dead ! ”

XXIII.

His bag was put in ;—the bustle was hush'd,
And the Driver obeyed the signal to start ;
The guard to the door with the gentleman rush'd,
And gave him a seat in the hindermost part.
Hark ! the whistle and snort ! and off with a phizz
And a puff-a-puff-puff, they rattle and whizz ;
The Driver and Stoker both luridly gleam,
Half roasted and boiled by the sparks and the steam.

XXIV.

How flew on the left, and how flew on the right,
The Signals, the Milestones, and Telegraph Posts !
On right and on left, by the lamp's livid light,
They flitted and vanished like beckoning ghosts !
“Are you nervous, my love ? The journey is short ;
We Lovers and Specials can never be caught !—
Are you nervous, my love ? Papa do you fear ?”
“Oh no ! let him go to Old Harry, my dear !”

xxv.

Sieh da ! sieh da ! Am Hochgericht
 Tanzt um des Rades Spindel,
 Halb sichtbarlich bei Mondeslicht,
 Ein luftiges Gesindel.
 " Sasa ! Gesindel, hier ! Komm hier !
 Gesindel, komm und folge mir !
 Tanz' uns den Hochzeitstreigen
 Wann wir zu Bette steigen ! "

xxvi.

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 schnoben,
 Und Kies und Funken stoben.

xxv.

But see ! but see !—how dancing gleam
 Around a wheel and gibbet there,—
 Half visible by moonlight beam,
 A throng of spirits in the air.
 " Hark ye ! ye Spirits ! hither flee !
 Come hither, Spirits, follow me !
 Dance !—Let the bridal dance be led
 The while we mount our marriage-bed ! "

xxvi.

And now the spirits, husch, husch, husch,
 With rustling flight behind them throng :
 As whirlwind through the hazlebush
 Rattles the withered leaves among.
 Then on—still on—'tis here, 'tis there :
 In whizzing gallop on they tear ;
 Dash panting steed and rider by,
 And sparks and flints around them fly.

XXV.

See ! a green light at Reigate ! a stoppage again !
And hooded and cloaked, on the platform below,
A lady, scarce seen in the dark and the rain,
Up to Town by the Special is waiting to go.
“ Here ! old lady, come here ! don’t be in a fuss !
There’s room for us all, you may come up with us ;
Come, come and be merry, and sing us a song
Of Papas and Mammas, while we rattle along.”

XXVI.

To the carriage behind—a hoosch-a-hoosch-hoosch,—
All rustle and bustle she makes her retreat ;
Like a sack through the door the lady they push,
And close to the gentleman give her a seat.
Then, a whistle and snort ! and off with a phizz
And a puff-a-puff-puff, they rattle and whizz ;
The Driver and Stoker both luridly gleam,
Half roasted and boiled by the sparks and the steam.

XXVII.

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 ruhn die Todten !”

XXVII.

How flew, where moonlight shone, the ground ;
 How flew all distance, space, afar !
 How flew along, above, around
 The Heaven’s vault and glittering star !
 “Dost shudder, love ?—The moon shines bright :
 Hurrah ! the dead ride fast in flight !
 Dost shudder, love ?—The grave dost dread ?”
 “Alas ! Oh ! leave at rest the dead !”

XXVIII.

“Rapp’! Rapp’! Mich dünkt der Hahn schon ruft ;
 Bald wird der Sand verrinnen—
 Rapp’! Rapp’! Ich witte Morgenluft—
 Rapp’! Tummle dich von hinten !
 Vollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf !
 Das Hochzeitbette thut sich auf.
 Die Todten reiten schnelle !
 Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle !”

XXVIII.

“Steed! Steed! methought the cock crowed clear ;
 Soon will my falling sand be run.
 Steed! Steed! I scent the morning air ;
 Steed! haste thee hence, and get thee on !
 ’Tis done, ’tis done ! our journey’s made ;
 The marriage-bed is open laid.
 The dead, the dead ride fast in flight !
 We now, we now are home to-night !”

XXVII.

The lamps only showed how they rapidly flew ;
By "Little Stoat's Nest," how terrific the pace !
At Croydon they dashed like a skyrocket through,
The rest of the Stations seemed all in one place !
"Are you nervous, my love ? The journey is short ;
We Lovers and Specials can never be caught !—
Are you nervous, my love ? Papa do you fear ?"
"Oh no ! let him go to Old Harry, my dear !"

XXVIII.

"Old Puffer ! can that be St. Paul's that I hear ?
We soon shall have finished a capital run.
Old Puffer ! I think that our station is near,
Come, keep up the steam till the journey is done !
Yes ! now we 're arrived, and have weathered the storm,
And our Station is here, large, cheerful, and warm !
We Lovers and Specials can never be caught !
We now have the rooms and attendance you sought."

xxix.

Ran auf ein eisern Gitterthor
 Ging's mit verhängtem Zügel.
 Mit schwanker Gert ein Schlag davor
 Zersprengte Schloss und Riegel.
 Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf
 Und über Gräber ging der Lauf.
 Es blinkten Leichensteine
 Rund um im Mondenscheine.

xxx.

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 Schopf
 Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf ;
 Sein Körper zum Gerippe
 Mit Stundenglas und Hippe !

xxix.

On to an iron gate he dashed
 Impetuous, with curbless rein ;
 And, tapp'd with slender switch, were crashed
 The locks, the bolts and bars, in twain.
 The gates flew back with jarring rent,
 And o'er the graves his course he bent,
 While all around the tombstones gleam,
 Like flitting forms in moonlight beam.

xxx.

Ha, see ! Ha, see ! within a trice,
 What sight is this ! what ghastly wonder !
 The rider's garment, piece by piece,
 Like rotten touchwood falls asunder.
 His head without a tuft of hair,
 Becomes a skull all white and bare ;
 His form a skeleton doth stand,
 With hour-glass and scythe in hand !

XXIX.

Wide open the door of the carriage he dashed ;
Locked in with his love, he no longer could wait.
With a stick that he held, the window was smashed,
And her bonnet well nigh met a similar fate.
To the carriage behind he pottered about,
And helped the old lady and gentleman out ;
By lantern and gas, half revealed to their view,
Were figures and faces they all of them knew !

XXX.

Oh ! bless us and save us ! what evils betide,—
What varying views Leonora surprise !
Her hero in silence his cloak throws aside,—
A gaunt shrivelled figure appears to her eyes !
See ! off fly the mask and the wig from his head,
His crabbed old features are frowning instead :
See her father himself triumphantly stand,
With his spectacles on and his stick in his hand !

xxxI.

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.
 Lenoren's Herz mit Beben
 Rang zwischen Tod und Leben.

xxxII.

Nun tanzten wohl bei Mondenglanz
 Rund um herum im Kreise
 Die Geister einen Kettentanz
 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 ! "

xxxI.

High reared the steed, his snorting breath
 In flakes of fire sparkling flew ;
 And crash ! and vanishing beneath,
 All sunk and disappeared from view.
 A howl—a howl the heavens rent,
 The graves a groaning echo sent.
 Lenora's heart and quiv'ring breath
 A struggle waged 'twixt Life and Death.

xxxII.

Now dancing by the moonlight's glance,
 Around and round in mazy ring,
 The spirits in their chainy dance
 These words in howling chorus sing :
 " Patience ! Though the heart may break,
 With God above no murmur make !
 Thou from thy body now art freed ;
 May God thy soul in mercy speed ! "

XXXI.

To the shed now snorted the engine aback,
And dropped were the ashes ; the fireflakes flew ;
The Guard and the Porters were off in a crack,
The Station around disappears from her view.
With an echoing shriek she staggers and reels,
Mamma at her head, the Ward at her heels ;
In hysterics she 's gone, and flat on the boards
She 's rolling and raving at Fathers and Wards.

XXXII.

Now placed by the lamp in a corner aside,
Papa and Mamma, and the Ward, in a ring—
While the laces are cut and the salts are applied,
She hears them this Run-away Homily sing :
“ In love, when you cannot get all that you hope,
Don't growl at Papas, nor attempt to elope ;
You are thoroughly foiled by your passion and pet,
So now ask Papa to forgive and forget.”

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