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THE GERMAN LYRIST;

OR,

METRICAL VERSIONS

FROM THE

Principal German Lyric Poets.

BY

W. N. Hall

Cambridge:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1856.



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PREFACE.

THESE Translations were made in general *con amore*, and by no means as a task. A certain portion of them has been circulated in MS. among friends, whose intellectual sympathy is dearer to me than fame. It is at their suggestion that they are now committed to the press. I was desirous of presenting to them in print a fair copy of Verses, in which they had expressed themselves interested. And then the question unavoidably arose—if printed, why not published?

When this idea presented itself, I set about giving a comparative completeness to the series, as consecutive specimens of German Lyrics. In this point of view, however, they are still very defective. I have rather followed the predilections of individual fancy than been over anxious to bring "fair samples" to market. Capricious favor-

itism is the weakness of all the Nine: and it is hoped that Poems which were translated solely because they were at least momentary favorites, have been treated more tenderly and appear fresher and more alive than would have been the case upon a better proportioned system of selection.

Nothing would be more agreeable to me than that the reader should do me the honor to compare stanza for stanza the version with the original. Many blemishes would no doubt appear, but the reader would be better able to appreciate the difficulties of success. A Translation, however, must be presumed to be intended for those who have no knowledge of the original tongue: and if to them the following verses do not read as pleasant English poems, it is a proof which there is no disputing, that I have failed to produce a good poetic version.

I ought to apologize for introducing two or three short pieces from KLOPSTOCK, which have appeared in print elsewhere: but if the notion of specimens was at all to be retained, it seemed impossible altogether to exclude the Patriarch of modern German poetry.

From GOETHE, little is here given, abundant as the materials are. The chief reason, independently of the tone of many of his Lyrics, is the little satisfaction which I gave myself, in those pieces which I attempted. No poet is in danger of losing so much by translation as Goethe. The fineness of his artistic touch, the exceeding beauty of his forms, the profusion of poetic ideas only glanced upon and not developed,—with, I must add, the not infrequent triviality and want of substance in the subject-matter,—render his lyric poems peculiarly difficult of reconstruction in another tongue. To rival Goethe's poetic forms would call for the highest effort of our most exquisite living poet—writing freely, and not under the trammels of translation.

The more serious SCHILLER offers less intangible material: what is capable of translation, is in him more abundant. His habit, in contradistinction to Goethe's, was fully to develop his ideas; because, as he avowed with great modesty, he could not afford to throw them away with the prodigality of his wealthier rival. The pieces here given are, in the original, fair specimens both of the man and

the poet. I would willingly have added the Song of the Bell, if it had not already been rung into English by so many hands.

The genuine and manly BÜRGER is the king of Ballad Bards. His Lenora, not to speak of others, has raised him to the throne, from which no subsequent Bard has displaced him. One of our own distinguished poets was of opinion that his ballads would outlive the most popular productions of Goethe and Schiller. I have translated his Lenora very closely, and at the same time endeavoured (what is of more consequence) to retain his racy spirit. The proprieties of the critical Purist may perhaps be shocked by the trap, trap, trap of his horse, and the cling-ling-ling of his bell; but whether his broken words of passion and inarticulate imitations of sound be beauties or blemishes, they are so characteristic, that Bürger is no Bürger without them. If it should be thought that his appeals to the supernatural are too bold for poetic credence, the more sober and positive reader can easily relieve himself by imagining, that when "the golden stars break forth" and Lenora retires to rest, what follows in the night is the delirious

illusion in which she dies. The moral of the fable is elevated and Christian, as in the "Wild Huntsman" it is full of humanity.

The War Songs of KÖRNER have unhappily a revived interest in our day. The latter part of his short life (for he fell in battle at two-and-twenty) was devoted to rousing his countrymen to the war of liberation. Though of weakly constitution, he joined the army as an enthusiastic volunteer; and circulating among his fellow-soldiers such hearty effusions as the "Sword-song," "Men and Cowards," &c., he concluded his own history with the touching sonnet, "Departure out of Life," composed after he had fallen wounded in the skirmish of Kitzen.

UHLAND, FREILIGRATH, and GEIBEL, supply most of the remaining pieces. The first has much gracefulness of manner with many happy and poetic images, and is secure, I believe, of a permanent place among the poets of his country. Geibel has yet to wait the decision of time: but for the present he has attained to great popularity, as is witnessed by the eighteenth (probably not the last) edition of his poems now before me.

His highly poetic sense chiefly develops itself in the subjective and sentimental; and perhaps the intense melancholy which characterises many of his riper productions, may have contributed to the interest which he has excited among his fellow-countrymen. The poetry of these effusions is undeniable: their chief moral value consists in the sort of sympathetic consolation which they offer, by reminding us, that seasons of depression are common to all, who much exercise a sensitive brain. It is manly to resist and throw off a temptation that is "common to man."

These Translations are, for the most part, very literal, if the word be understood in any reasonable sense as applicable to verse. They do not aim at being a Rhyming Dictionary to the original. The object was, if possible, to retain the poetry as well as the sense: not to explain poetic images, but to transplant them; when necessary, to sacrifice verbalism to the spirit of the Bard, and never the reverse. One difficulty was unavoidable in the rendering of stanza for stanza. As no two languages are exactly coterminous, the English version would naturally occupy sometimes more, but

more frequently less space than the German. In the former case, compression might be resorted to without much damage: in the latter, either the original must be diluted with unmeaning epithets and languid phraseology, or the *lacunæ* must be filled up from the resources of the Translator. The former alternative is fatal to all poetry: the latter involves the Translator in a charge of presumption for attempting to improve upon the original. But I do not know of any third course: if, to the small extent to which it is necessary, the Translator is not at liberty to add any meaning or image when he *must* add words, no Bard can survive the process of translation: for none will bear dilution. In these emergencies, I think, the critic should be satisfied, if the small necessary additions are wholly in the spirit of the original.

The German Muse is habitually more sentimental than our own: she draws also more largely upon the spiritual. The English reader will possibly be disconcerted at first by startling appeals to the præternatural, be it Spirit-land or Fairy-land: but it is only the præternatural of poetic vision; it springs from the natural and is its voice

and interpretation; it is impregnated upon Reality by Fancy. For as the imaginative Greeks, without difficulty, gathered up a river into a god, and gave to him the true voices of Nature, which to their poetic sense were all but audible before, and then dissolved him again into the running stream, as readily as Undine wasted into the Waterfall,—leaving it uncertain whether their Præternatural was anything more than an intense personification of the Natural; so the Germans, with less imagination but more sentiment, readily construct præternatural fables, which after giving a personal utterance to obscurer feelings, sink again by their human moral into the natural. What the vulgar reader regards as an idle fairy tale, and an anachronism in the fancy of the nineteenth century, will appear to the reflective, at least if gifted with poetic perceptions, as “Truth severe in Fairy fiction dressed.”

W. N.

Pet. Coll.

Jan. 1856.

LENORA.

BÜRGER.

I.

LENORA rose at morning red,
And chased sad dreams away:
“ My William, art thou false or dead?
How long wilt thou delay?”
For he with Frederic’s host had gone
To where by Prague the fight was won,
And never since had written,
If he escaped unsmitten.

II.

The King and Empress-Queen at last
Bade long contention cease,
Relented from their rigour past,
And came to terms of peace.
And either host with shout and song,
With kettledrum and clanging gong,
With sprigs of green o’ershaded,
Homeward in pomp paraded.

III.

And everywhere, and all about,
By walks and ways in groups,
Flock'd old and young with festive shout,
To meet the coming troops.
And "God be praised!" the children cried,
And "Welcome!" many a joyous bride.
But ah! Lenora sad
No greeting-kiss made glad.

IV.

She ask'd the host, about, throughout,
She ask'd for every name,
But there was none to solve her doubt
Of all the men that came.
And when the cavalcade was o'er,
Her raven hair she wildly tore;
And on the ground she cast her,
As frantic with disaster.

V.

Her mother ran to her I trow,
"Oh! God in mercy aid!
Thou darling child, what ails thee so?"
And clasp'd the hapless maid.

“ O mother, mother, dead is dead!
 Now let the world and all be sped!
 With God is mercy none;
 Woe! woe! to me undone.”

VI.

“ Oh! help, God! help! Look pitying on!
 Child! pray a Pater-noster!
 What God does, that is rightly done;
 God will the feeble foster!”
 “ O mother, mother! idle thought!
 With me God hath not rightly wrought!
 What? what availed my vow?
 Nothing can aid me now.”

VII.

“ Oh! help, God! Who the Father knows,
 Knows that He helps the child.
 The blessed Sacrament shall close
 Thy wound with mercy mild.”
 “ O mother, mother! what I feel
 Burning, no Sacrament can heal!
 No Sacrament can give
 The dead again to live!”

VIII.

" But what, child, if the fickle youth
 By Moldau's distant tide
 Did violate his plighted truth,
 To wed another bride?
 Let go, my child, his heart untrue!
 Nothing he wins but bitter rue!
 When soul and body sever,
 His perjury burns for ever."

IX.

" O mother, mother! gone is gone!
 And lost is lost for aye!
 Death, death it is that I have won!
 Would I had ne'er seen day!
 Go out, my light, for ever out!
 Die, die away in night and doubt!
 With God is mercy none;
 Woe, woe to me undone!"

X.

" Help, God! to judgment go not in
 With thy poor child of clay!
 She knows not (Oh forgive the sin!)
 What her lips idly say.

Ah! child, forget thine earthly grief,
 In God and Heaven seek relief!
 So shalt thou find in dole
 The Bridegroom of thy soul."

XI.

" Oh mother, what is blessedness?
 Oh mother, what is hell?
 With him, with him is blessedness,
 And without William, hell!
 Go out, my light, for ever out!
 Die, die away in night and doubt!
 Without him is no bliss
 In *that* world nor in *this*!"

XII.

So raged despair thro' soul and sense,
 Thro' brain and vein all sadly:
 And still with holy Providence
 She chafed and chided madly.
 She smote her breast and wrung her hand,
 Till twilight gather'd o'er the land;
 And bright from south to north,
 The golden stars broke forth.

XIII.

But list! without, goes trap, trap, trap!
 As struck by hoofs of steel:
 A horseman, girt from spur to cap,
 Leaps down with ringing heel.
 And hark! and hear the door-bell ring,
 Loosely and lightly cling-ling-ling!
 Then follow'd thro' the gate
 These sounds articulate.

XIV.

“Halloo! halloo! get up, my sweet!
 Wak'st thou, my love, or sleepest?
 For me does still thy true heart beat?
 And laughest thou or weepest?”
 “Ah! William, thou?—so late by night!
 I've wept and waked by starry light:
 Ah! grief my soul did wither!
 But whence dost thou ride hither?”

XV.

“We saddle but when midnight's near:
 From far Bohème I ride;
 And late I girded on my gear
 To fetch thee home, my bride!”

"Haste, William, in! a little stay!
 The wind wails thro' the hawthorn spray.
 Come in! these arms from cold
 My heart's love shall enfold!"

XVI.

"Let wail the wind thro' bush and bur,
 Wail, child, thro' hawthorn spray!
 My black steed paws, and clicks the spur,
 And here I may not stay.
 Come, tuck thee, spring, and swing thee up
 Behind me at the saddle-crup!
 A hundred leagues be sped
 To-night to our bridal bed!"

XVII.

"A hundred leagues? Wilt hie to-night,
 So far to our bridal bed?
 And list! the eleventh stroke not quite
 Upon the bell is dead."
 "See, far and near! the moon shines bright,
 We and the dead ride fast by night.
 I'll bring thee safe, I vouch,
 To-night to our marriage couch."

XVIII.

" Say, where then is thy wedding hall,
 And bed to th' wedded due?"
 " Far, far from here! still, cool, and small!
 Six boarded feet by two!
 " Is room for me?" " For thee and me!
 Come, tuck thee, child! and spring and flee!
 The guests await the bride;
 Our chamber-door stands wide."

XIX.

She prettily tuck'd her, and sprung and swung
 On to the steed with lightness;
 And round the rider, loving, flung
 Her hands of lily whiteness.
 And hurry! hurry! hop, hop, hop!
 They gallop'd without slack or stop;
 Till horse and man breath'd quick,
 And flints and sparks flew thick.

XX.

And right and left, on either hand,
 Before their hasty look,
 How flitted meadow, moor, and land!
 The bridges thundering shook!

“ Fear’st thou, my love? the moon shines bright,
 Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night!
 Fear’st thou, my love, the dead?”
 “ Oh, no! but leave the dead!”

XXI.

What notes are those that hither roll?
 Why did the ravens flutter?
 Hark the death-toll! dim forms, in stole,
 “ *Ashes to ashes!*” mutter.
 And nearer drew a funeral throng,
 That bier and coffin bore along:
 Their chant was like the note
 Of croakings in the moat.

XXII.

“ When midnight turns, let down the dead
 With dirge and wail and shout!
 Now my young bride is homeward led,
 Home, to the wedding rout!
 Come, sexton, come! with chorus grave
 Gurgle me out the bridal stave!
 Come, Priest, the blessing speak,
 Ere we the bride-bed seek!”

XXIII.

Hush'd were the sounds! the bier was gone!
 Obedient to his call,
 There came a hurrying, hurrying on,
 Close at his steed's hoof-fall.
 And ever onward hop, hop, hop,
 They gallop'd without slack or stop;
 While horse and man breath'd quick,
 And flints and sparks flew thick.

XXIV.

How flitted right, how flitted left,
 Mountains and trees and tillage!
 How flitted left and right and left,
 City and mart and village!
 "Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines bright,
 Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night:
 Fear'st thou, my love, the dead?"
 "Ah! let alone the dead!"

XXV.

See there, see there! beneath the gallows
 Around the spindle hoop,
 Half-visible on moonlit fallows,
 Dances an airy troop.

“Hoho! ye goblin-rabble, here!
 Follow me, fellows! follow near!
 Dance duly to the wedded,
 When bride and groom are bedded!”

xxvi.

And all that rabble,—rush, rush, rush,
 Came brustling on behind,
 As dry leaves in the hazel-brush
 Rustle before the wind.
 And onward, onward, hop, hop, hop,
 They gallop'd without slack or stop;
 While horse and man breath'd quick,
 And flints and sparks flew thick.

xxvii.

How all that in the moonlight lay
 Fled into distance far!
 How, upwards, over, and away
 Fled starry-mist and star!
 “Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines bright
 Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night;
 Fear'st thou, my love, the dead?”
 “Ah, woe! let rest the dead.”

XXVIII.

" My steed! I hear the cock's clear horn :
 The sand is running fast :
 Steed! steed! I scent the air of morn :
 Make a dash home at last!
 'Tis done! our course is fully sped,
 Before us lies the nuptial bed!
 The dead do ride apace!
 We have reach'd our resting-place!"

XXIX.

Straight at an iron-grated door,
 He let the reins fall under :
 Struck by the slender switch he bore,
 Burst lock and bolt asunder.
 The door-leaves, clattering, opened wide,
 And over graves their way they hied :
 The tombstones glimmer'd white
 Round in the cold moonlight.

XXX.

Ah, see! ah, see! a wonder dread,
 A ghastly thing to tell!
 The horseman's harness, shred by shred,
 Like rotten tinder fell.

A scull, with never scalp nor weft,
 A naked scull his head was left;—
 Lank bones, for members lithe,
 With hourglass arm'd and scythe!

XXXI.

High rear'd the steed, and snorted forth
 Red sparks of fiery spray;
 And lo! beneath her feet the earth
 Vanish'd and sunk away.
 A howling fill'd the air around,
 A whimpering came from underground:
 Lenora's heart and breath
 Flutter'd mid life and death.

XXXII.

And now they danced, where moonlight glanced,
 Around in circling train:
 A round-a-bout the goblin rout
 Link'd—howling this refrain:
 "Still! still thee! tho' thy heart be broken!
 'Gainst God in heaven no word be spoken!
 No longer dost thou live;
 May God thy soul forgive!"

THE BALLAD OF THE BRAVE.

BÜROER.

I.

LOUD sounds the Ballad of the Brave,
As tone of bell and organ strong:
Who can high courage boast, shall crave
No meed of gold, his meed is song.
Thank God! that sing and praise I can,
To sing and praise the valiant man.

II.

The thaw-wind from the southern sea
Blew on Italia dank and sad:
The gather'd clouds before it flee
As from the wolf the flock fleece-clad.
It swept the fields, it rent the oak;
On lakes and rivers the ground-ice broke.

iii.

Upon the mountain thaw'd the flake;
 The rush of thousand waters roar'd,
 The vale was buried in a lake,
 The land-stream swelling, spread and pour'd.
 High roll'd the waves their bed along,
 And roll'd the iceblocks in torrent strong.

iv.

On piers and arches heavy stood,
 Built from the base of quarry stone,
 A bridge across the whirling flood,
 And in the midst a house thereon:
 There dwelt the tollman with child and wife:
 "O tollman, tollman, escape for thy life!"

v.

Dull droned and groan'd the eddying tide,
 Loud howl'd the wind and wave about;
 Up to the roof the tollman hied,
 And look'd upon the tumult out.
 "O merciful Heaven, avert the wave!
 Undone! undone! who now can save?"

VI.

Down roll'd the icefloes, block on block,
 This side and that, from either shore,
 From either shore the impetuous shock
 Arches and piers together bore.
 The trembling tollman, with wife and child,
 Howl'd louder than winds and waters wild.

VII.

Down roll'd the icefloes, crash on crash,
 This end and that, on either side:
 Broken and shiver'd headlong dash
 Piers after piers adown the tide:
 The ruin drew to the middle near;
 "O merciful Heaven, in mercy hear!"

VIII.

High on the distant shore there stands
 A crowd of gazers, great and small;
 Each cries aloud, and wrings his hands,
 But none will rescue—none of all.
 The trembling tollman cried, "Save us, save!"
 With wife and child, thro' the wind and wave.

ix.

When sounds the Ballad of the Brave
Like note of bell and organ strong?
Begin! his fame shall fill the stave,
When wilt thou name him, noble song?
The ruin draws to the middle near:
O brave man, brave man, shew thyself here!

x.

Gallop'd a Graf the crowd before,
A noble Graf on lofty steed.
What was it in his hand he bore?
A purse well gorged for timely need.
"Two hundred pistoles he shall bear,
Who rescues from death the tremblers there."

xi.

Who is the brave? The Graf—is he?
Trumpet his name in honor's van!
The Graf was brave in his degree,
But yet I know a braver man.
O brave man! brave man! shew thyself here!
Already destruction is awfully near.

xii.

And ever higher the waters roll,
 And ever louder blows the blast,
 And ever deeper sinks the soul—
 O Rescuer! to the rescue fast!
 Pier after pier was sprung, and bowed,
 And after them crash'd the arches loud.

xiii.

“Hallo! hallo! up, quick begun!”
 The Graf held high the proffer'd prize;
 All hear, but shudders every one,
 And out of thousands none replies.
 In vain the tollman cried “Save us, save!”
 With wife and child, thro' the wind and wave.

xiv.

But see! a simple honest hind
 Steps forth upon his staff in time:
 He bears a garb of coarsest kind,
 A form and countenance sublime.
 He heard the Graf, he understood,
 And look'd on the peril across the flood.

xv.

Bold in God's name he sprang and leapt
Into the nearest fisher's boat,
And spite the whirl and storm that swept,
Did safely to the rescue float.
But ah! his sculler was too small
At one assay to save them all.

xvi.

Three times he urged his little boat
Despite the whirl and storm that beat;
Three times did safe to rescue float,
And wrought deliverance complete.
Just when the last had reach'd the bank,
The final ruin totter'd and sank.

xvii.

But who then, who then, is the brave?
Declare! declare! my song so bold!
He staked his life upon the wave,
But staked he it for love of gold?
For had the Graf his pistoles spared,
The peasant perchance had nothing dared.

XVIII.

"Here! cried the Graf, my gallant friend!
 Here! take thy well-won recompense!"
 Say, did he not right well intend?
 By Heaven, the Graf had noble sense.
 More noble and heavenly beat, within,
 The peasant's heart in his gaberdine.

XIX.

"My life for gold I will not sell:
 Poor tho' I be, I eat my fill:
 The pistoles to the tollman tell
 Who all has lost from roof to sill."
 So said he his hearty and honest say,
 And turn'd his back, and went his way.

XX.

High sounds the Ballad of the Brave,
 As tone of bell and organ strong.
 Who can such courage boast, shall crave
 No meed of gold, his meed is song.
 Thank God! that sing and praise I can,
 Deathless to praise the valiant man.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

A LEGEND.

BÜRGER.

I.

THE Rhinegrave wild has blown his blast,
 "Halloo! halloo! to foot and horse!"
 His neighing hunter rear'd, and fast
 The rabble rustled to the course:
 Loud yelpt the pack, no more link'd double,
 Thro' corn and thorn, thro' heath and 'stubble.

II.

In sunbeams of the Sabbath sky
 The lofty-domed cathedral shone;
 And deep and clear to service high
 Summon'd the bell with solemn tone;
 And far resounded sweet and loud
 The chants of the adoring crowd.

iii.

He dash'd along in God's despite,
 Halloo! and tally-ho! rent the air.
 But lo! there came from left and right
 A horseman here, a horseman there:
 All silver-white the steed of one,
 The other rode a ruddy dun.

iv.

Who were the horsemen left and right?
 Well I divine, but dare not say.
 Lightsome appeared the horseman right,
 With countenance as mild as May;
 The left—a grim and dusky form,
 His eye flash'd like a thunderstorm.

v.

“Be welcome, Sirs! In nick of time!
 Welcome the noble chace to share:
 In earth below and heaven sublime
 No sport can with the chace compare.”
 He spake, and loudly smote his thigh,
 And waved his hunting-cap on high.

VI.

" Ill sounds thy bugle o'er the plain,"
 Spake the *right* horseman mild of mood.
 " To belfry peal and choral strain
 Turn back! To-day no chace is good.
 Hear thy Good angel's warning word,
 Nor let the enticing Bad be heard!"

VII.

" On with the chace, my noble Squire!"
 Broke the *left* horseman quickly in.
 " What's clack of bells, and blaring choir?
 More joy is in the huntsman's din.
 Let me, what princely is, persuade,
 And be not fool'd and made afraid!"

VIII.

" Ha! ha! well spoken, left-hand Sir!
 Thou hast the spirit I would foster.
 Who cannot with the packhounds stir,
 Let him shear off with Pater-noster!
 So, tho' it vex thee, pious fop!
 I shall not bid my pleasure stop."

ix.

And hurry, hurry, on they hied,
 Hill—up and down, field—in and out:
 And still the horsemen at his side
 Rode, right and left-hand, with the rout.
 A stag was started on the hunt,
 That sixteen antlers bore in front.

x.

Then did the bugle louder wind,
 And fleeter flew they, foot and horse:
 Till one before and one behind
 Dropp'd off, dead-tumbled from the course.
 "Fall'n? leave the fallen where they are!
 That should no princely pleasure mar."

xi.

The stag dipp'd in among the wheat,
 In hope to find a rest unseen.
 See! a poor peasant stands to meet
 The cavalcade with piteous mien.
 "Spare, gentle lord! nor ruthless spoil
 The bitter sweat of poor men's toil!"

XII.

Then the right horseman forward rode,
And warn'd the Rhinegrave fair and soft ;
The other did the Rhinegrave goad
To malice, and at pity scoff'd.
And he despised the warning word,
And only with the left ear heard.

XIII.

" Off with thee, dog !" with menace fell
The huntsman huff'd the ploughman wan :
" Off! or I'll hound thee now, by hell!
Hallo! my comrades, up! and on!
In proof that no false oath he hears,
Crack him the whip about his ears!"

XIV.

'Twas said, and done! The Rhinegrave sprang
Over the hedge with hasty bound,
And after him, with crack and clang,
The rabble—man and horse and hound :
Hound, horse, and man, that onward stream'd,
Trampled the stubble till it steam'd.

xv.

Up-startled by the noise again,
 Field—in and out; up, down the mound,
 Frighted, pursued but never ta'en,
 The white-stag fled to pasture ground;
 And mingled sly, with instinct fine,
 For safety 'mid the peaceful kine.

xvi.

This way and that, thro' mead and wood,
 That way and this, thro' wood and mead,
 His track they scented and pursued,
 Those stag-hounds, with unwearied speed.
 The anxious herdsman, ill at ease,
 Implor'd the Rhinegrave on his knees.

xvii.

“ Have pity, Graf, have pity! Leave
 My harmless herd in peace to brouse;
 Bethink thee what these meads receive,
 How many widows' single cows:
 Ye spare the poor his one and all—
 For pity, gentle lord, I call.”

XVIII.

Then the *right* horseman forward rode,
 And warn'd the Rhinegrave fair and soft ;
 The other did the Rhinegrave goad
 To malice, and at pity scoff'd.
 And he despised the warning word,
 And only with the left ear heard.

XIX.

“ Audacious dog! wilt bridle me?
 Would! that within thy best cow's hide,
 Thyself and every sluttish *she*,
 More bestially transmographed ;
 Then 'twere to me the joy of seven,
 To worry you forthwith to heaven!

XX.

“ Hallo! my comrades, up! and on!
 On to the work! and tally-ho!”—
 And every hound fell fierce upon
 What stood before him, high or low.
 Bleeding the herdsman sank, nor stirr'd;
 And bleeding, one by one, his herd.

xxi.

Scarce from that murderous onset fled
The stag with ever feebler flight,
And, blood-besprinkled, foam-bespread,
Sought in the woods propitious night;
And where the shades more darkly shut,
Found shelter in a Hermit's hut.

xxii.

With cracking whip still hurrying past,
With halloo and with tally-ho,
With bark and yelp and bugle blast,
Follow'd the pack the brushwood thro':
Then meekly stood the Hermit hoar
With mild entreaty at the door.

xxiii.

“ Urge, urge no farther this pursuit,
Nor desecrate God's refuge free!
To Heaven sighs the piteous brute,
And calls for chastisement on thee!
For the last time the warning hear!
Else thy perdition draweth near.”

XXIV.

Then the *right* horseman forward rode,
And warn'd the Rhinegrave fair and soft,
The other did the Rhinegrave goad
To malice, and at pity scoff'd.
And ah! despite the warning word,
He only with the left ear heard.

XXV.

“Perdition here, perdition there!
Little (he cried) I care for that!
If up in the third heaven ye were,
I should not mind a flitter-bat.
The gods and thou may grieve at leisure:
I shall not therefore stint my pleasure.”

XXVI.

He smack'd his whip, his bugle blew,
“Halloo! my comrades, up! and on!”
Whisk! man and hut before him flew,
Behind him, horse and man were gone,
And yelp and cry and shouting breath
Had ceased, and all was still as death.

XXVII.

The Graf affrighted looks around ;
 He seals the bugle on his lip,
 Calls—but himself hears not the sound,
 And the air wails not to his whip.
 He spurs his horse on either side,
 But cannot back or forwards ride.

XXVIII.

It darken'd round from tree to tree ;
 Grew ever darker, as a tomb.
 Dull sounds, as of a distant sea,
 And then a startling voice of doom
 In thunderclaps above him broke,
 And o'er his head this judgment spoke.

XXIX.

“ Tyrant of fierce and devilish nature,
 Bold against God and man and beast,
 The groan and moan of Heaven's creature,
 And thy misdeeds, on all increased,
 Thee loud at the tribunal claim,
 Where high the vengeful torches flame.

xxx.

“ Flee, monster, flee o’er hill and dell!
 Thyself henceforward to the end
 Be worried by the hounds of hell,
 An awe to princes that offend,
 Who for wild pleasure all things dare,
 Nor creature nor Creator spare !”

xxxi.

A sulphur-yellow lightning shone
 Sheeting around the wood and wold:
 Fear drizzled thro’ his marrow-bone;
 He felt so sweltering and so cold!
 A sleet assail’d his shuddering form,
 And on the sleet a thunderstorm.

xxxii.

The sleet drove on, the tempest burst;
 Ho! ho! from earth came forth to view
 A black gigantic fist, that first
 Stretch’d itself out, and then clutch’d to.
 Quick! if his scalp may yet escape:
 How quick! his face is at his nape.

xxxiii.

It flames and flickers round him nigher
 In greener, bluer, redder glow :
 About him boils a sea of fire,
 Where swarms the brood of hell below.
 A thousand hounds, with demon hiss
 Incited, leap from the abyss.

xxxiv.

He scurries on through woods and meads,
 And howls aloud, but finds no help :
 Thro' the whole world as on he speeds
 The hounds of hell behind him yelp :
 By day, thro' yawning cleft and cave,
 At midnight, high where storm-winds rave.

xxxv.

And still his face was at his nape,
 As fleeing swift he forward lean'd ;
 He needs must see each monstrous shape
 Loudly set on him by the fiend :
 He needs must hear the gnash and grind
 Of Furies snapping him behind.

XXXVI.

Such is the Chace—the Wild-Chace hight—
That lasts until the Judgment-day;
Which oft the dissolute by night
See pass, with horror and dismay:
This, did they not the voice repress,
Would many a huntsman's tongue confess.

FRIAR GREY-COAT.

BÜRGER.

A PILGRIM-MAIDEN young and fair
 Up to a Convent drew ;
 She pull'd the bell-string at the door,
 And Friar Greycoat stepp'd before,
 Half barefoot without shoe.

She said, "Be praise to Jesus Christ!"
 "World without end!" said he.
 Wondrous emotions in him rise,
 And as he look'd into her eyes
 His heart beat rapidly.

The pilgrim-maid with gentle tone
 To modesty subdued,
 Said, "Reverend Father, set me clear!
 Dwells not my heart's beloved here
 In convent solitude?"

“And by what tokens, child of God,
Meets thy belov'd our eyes?”

“Ah! by the coarsest hairy clo'es
The scourge, the girdle, and the blows,
That do the flesh chastise.

Yet better by his form and face,
Like May-day's morning hue;
By golden ringlet-locks of hair,
By heaven-blue eyes, a radiant pair,
So friendly, soft, and true.”

“Ah! child of God, how long ago!
Long dead and deep interr'd!
The waving grasses o'er him moan,
Upon him weighs a marble stone,
Long dead and deep interr'd!

See'st thou, with evergreen enclosed,
Yon casement full in sight?
There kept and wept he; and erelong
For sorrow of his maiden's wrong
He went out, as a light!

Six youths unwedded, slim and fair,
 With dirge and belfry clank,
 Bore sadly to the grave his bier,
 And on it trickled many a tear
 As down the coffin sank."

"Alas! alas! and art thou dead?
 Art dead and deep interr'd?
 Break, heart! the guilt was thine alone!
 And wert thou like his marble stone
 Thou could'st not be too hard!"

Be patient, child of God, weep not!
 But rather pray the more!
 Grief unavailing rives the heart,
 The eyes' light sorrow makes depart;
 Therefore weep not so sore!

"Oh, no! my reverend father, no!
 Condemn not thus my rue!
 My heart's delight was he of men,
 So lives and loves no youth again,
 This wide world thro' and thro'.

Then let me sorrow evermore,
 And sigh by day and night;
 Till mine eye, weeping, wastes to death,
 And my tongue speaks with gasping breath,
 Thank God! 'tis ended quite!"

" Be patient, child of God, weep not!
 Nor sigh so very sore!
 No dew, nor shower, the earth has suck'd
 Revives the violet thou hast pluck'd,
 It fades and blooms no more.

Joy flits on wings before us, fleet
 As swallows o'er the lawn.
 Why should we cling so fast to dole,
 That weighs like lead upon the soul?
 Dismiss it! Gone is gone!"

" Oh no! my reverend father, no!
 My endless sorrow spare!
 Bore I for that beloved man
 All suffering that a maiden can,
 Too much I should not bear!

And must I see him henceforth never!
Oh, sorrow! never more!
No! a dark grave conceals my love;
It rains thereon, and snows above,
And the grass wavers o'er.

Where are ye, eyes so bright and blue?
And cheeks of rosy bloom?
Lips, sweet as flowers the bee has sipp'd?
Alas! all moulders in the crypt,
And me my griefs consume!"

"O child of God, be not so sad!
Think thee, how men are strange!
The most do breathe from the same breast
Both hot and cold, and without rest
Their likes and dislikes change.

Who knows but he, despite thy truth,
His lot repented soon?
Thy love was with young blood imbued;
And young blood is of changeful mood,
E'en as an April noon."

“ Oh no! my reverend father, no!
 Speak not that word to me!
 My love was dear and noble-soul'd,
 Was genuine, pure, and true as gold,
 And from all falsehood free.

Oh! is it true that him the grave
 And vaults of darkness hide?
 Farewell to me, then, native home!
 I take my pilgrim's staff, and roam
 Forth thro' the world so wide.

But first I will go seek his tomb,
 And kneel beside it low:
 There shall my sobbing kiss and sighs,
 With thousand tears from gushing eyes,
 The grass make greener grow.”

“ Here, child of God, awhile turn in,
 And, wearied, rest and eat!
 Hark! how the tempest shakes the vane,
 And frigid hail with rushing rain
 On roof and window beat!”

" Oh, no! my reverend father, no!
 Bid me not here delay!
 Be it, the rain shall on me fall!
 No rain that should inundate all
 Could wash my guilt away."

" Hurrah! my darling! now turn back!
 Stay! and thy tears shall dry.
 Look in my face, love, on the spot!
 The Friar Greycoat know'st thou not!
 Thy lover—it is I!

In blighted love's despair I chose
 The Friar's garb, my child;
 And soon in convent solitude
 My life and wounded heart for good
 Had higher vows exiled.

But Heaven be praised! my novice year
 Not yet has reach'd its bourne.
 My sweet one, hast thou true confess'd?
 If with thy hand thou mak'st me blest,
 Then homewards I return."

“ Thank God! thank God! and now farewell
Sorrow and grief for ever!
Welcome, oh welcome, raptures bright!
Come to my bosom, heart’s delight!
Us death alone shall sever!”

THE SPINNING GIRL'S SONG.

ВЪЗГЛАСЪ.

WHIRR, whirr, whirr!
 Purr, spindle, purr!
 Twirl me, spindle, long and fine,
 Twirl me fine a threaden line
 For a bosom kerchief.

Whirr, whirr, whirr!
 Purr, spindle, purr!
 Weaver, weave it soft and fine,
 Weave it fine—the kerchief mine,
 For the festal Church-eve.

Whirr, whirr, whirr!
 Purr, spindle, purr!
 White without and pure within,
 Let the comely kerchief thin
 The maiden's bosom cover.

Whirr, whirr, whirr!
Purr, spindle, purr!
White without and pure within,
Busy, good, and virtuous win
 Many an honest lover.