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# LENORE

## A BALLAD

From the German of Gottfried August Buerger  
born 1748, died 1794

METRICALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

HENRY D. WIREMAN

*Author of "Gems of German Lyrics," "My Alpine Rose"  
Etc., Etc.*



PHILADELPHIA  
IG. KOHLER, 202 NORTH FOURTH STREET  
1871

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TO

MY FATHER.

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"Centuries roll by; the Seasons come and go; fickle Fortune bids her children smile—to make them weep; bids them weep—to make them smile; the steps of age ascend and descend. Nothing endures but change; nothing is certain but death. Every pulsation of the heart inflicts a wound, and life would be a continual bleeding, were it not for the Poetic Art. Poetry grants us what Nature denies: a golden time that never rusts; a Spring that blooms forever; cloudless joy and everlasting youth. The Poet, when empowered by Heaven, when God has impressed his seal upon his brow, and when he does not bring the Heavenly message as an offering to Mammon, is, indeed, the comforter of mankind."—*From the German of L. Barne. (In his address on Jean Paul Richter.)*

B. B. W.

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## P R E F A C E.

THE idea of presenting yet another translation of this renowned, and in some respects remarkable ballad, to the public; a ballad written a hundred years ago, read by every student of literature, by every lover of "the poetic sentiment," in nearly every language; one which has found noble and able champions to render it into our own tongue, not only in the United States and England, but also in Scotland and Ireland, may appear egotistical, not to say presumptuous; I therefore make a few prefatory remarks in explanation.

There are many, very many versions of this poem in the English language, whereof a number are of acknowledged merit; among the best, perhaps, are those of Taylor, Spencer, Scott, Baskerville, and the unfortunate author of "Twenty Golden Years Ago," and the "Nameless One," a poet so deserving, and yet so often slighted.

Strange though it may appear, after a diligent and careful search among the authorities, I have been unable to find any translation in the original metre; and, with but few exceptions, all are so free, that were Bürger able to read them, he would have some difficulty in recognizing his Lenore, being imitations or paraphrases: as such, however, some of them are really beautiful. Lenore's great popularity in Germany, is probably owing, *first*, to the idea itself, *secondly*, to the

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### *Preface.*

metre, and *thirdly*, to the peculiar descriptive expressions and repetitions.

As—

„Und burre, burre. Hey hey hey!  
Ging's fert in fausatem Galopp.“

And—

„Und das Gefütel, hufd hufd hufd.“ u. s. w.

The idea of the poem certainly *is* grand; the weird, awe-inspiring and horrible, which Bürger has conjured to his muse, is truly wonderful, a striking example of German imagination; and I doubt if there can be found in the poetic literature of any country, a subject more thrilling and dramatic. The metre is somewhat peculiar, but effective, the force thereof lying in the female or double rhymes, so appropriately introduced. The peculiar descriptive expressions, the fantastical portion of the garb in which the idea is clothed, though never so artistically introduced, add nothing to the poem. They are antagonistic to the very spirit of Poesy, which alone recognizes the Beautiful. These expressions, to say the least, are decidedly prosaic, unworthy of a great and true poet, and for the use of them Bürger was justly condemned by his brilliant contemporaries. Lenore's popularity in those countries where the English language is spoken, must be owing entirely to the *idea or subject*; to my countrymen the weird and appalling, possessing a new and peculiar fascination, since no legends\* haunt our Fatherland, the great American Union, no ruined castles line our noble Hudson, and our poets dwell but little upon the horrible and fantastic. It cannot be for the metre, for that is seldom, if ever, retained, and the descriptive expressions scarcely admit of

\*I except the Indians, being another people, and their traditions, as far as we know, being few and ill authenticated.

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translation, as will be seen by referring to the great Irish poet, Mangan:

"And delfly, swiftly hoff, hoff, hoff!  
Away went horse and rider off"

And—

"Whereon the carcase brush, ush, ush!  
With whirr as when through hazelbush."

Baskerville—

"Whoop, whoop! ho, ho! the spirits flee."

Again—

"And tramp, tramp, tramp, they flew anon  
In furious gallop on, on, on."

Taylor—

"Tramp, tramp across the land they speed,  
Splash, splash! across the sea;  
Hurrah! the dead can ride apace!  
Dost fear to ride with me?"

And Scott, in his imitation, "William and Helen," in making use of the above stanza of Taylor, giving him credit therefor, and which he pleases to call "the remarkable chorus." "the impressive stanza," &c., thus—

"Tramp, tramp, along the land they rode,  
Splash, splash along the sea;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee, etc., etc.

The best poets of Germany, as I have already hinted, and some of its ablest critics, have bitterly attacked Bürger's Lenore, and his other popular ballads; Schiller, for the very reason probably that he recognized and admired his talents, wrote a scathing review of his works, so severe, that the wound thereby inflicted never healed,—some writers even asserting that it helped to hasten poor Bürger's death. Schlegel, though less severe, was far from favorably inclined. In all of Bürger's conceptions, the delight we at first experience is turned into disappointment, when the almost entire absence of the *ideal* is revealed to us; and if we must

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view his works from a purely aesthetical point, his laurels fade. It cannot be denied, however, that his ballads, particularly that of Lenore, from their first appearance to the present time, have been exceedingly popular among the people; and for them he seems to have written; he is what the Germans call the People's Poet, (*Volksdichter*).

Schiller, unlike his great rival, Göthe, also wrote for the people. They liked him because they *understood* him. Göthe wrote for the profoundly learned, who to this day quibble over his obscurities; every professor at the German Universities having a theory of his own, of what Göthe *really* meant, this being especially the case with his second book of Faust.

Having already wandered somewhat from my subject in speaking of Schiller and Göthe, I would here add that Göthe is only greater than Schiller, as Beethoven is greater than Mozart, or Raphael than Holbein—*chacun a son gout*—and reader, should your taste be for Schiller over Göthe, Mozart over Beethoven, or Holbein over Raphael, be not afraid so to express it, although they, who assume to know precisely where the niche of every great man is, in the Temple of Fame, may hold up their hands in horror, and raise their voices in heralding your scepticism as,—*ignorance*.

Though Schiller wrote for the people, he differs from Bürger, in that he *educated* them, drew them up to *him*, as it were, whereas Bürger lowered himself to a level with *them*.

According to my ideas, the short lyrics of Schiller, Göthe, Rückert, Uhland, Kerner, William Müller, Lenau, Heine, Geibel, Chamisso, Schwab, Prutz, Hebbel, Vogl, Seidl, Grün, Eichendorff, Freiligrath, Siebel, Stolle, Mund, Träger, Hartmann, Löwe, Böttiger, Sallet, Bauernfeld, and a host of others

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—such exquisite effusions as "The Youth by the Brook," "The Violet," "Consolation in Tears," "Who never ate his Bread in Tears," "The Hunter of the Alps," "The Wanderer in the Sawmill," "Withered Flowers," "Refuge," "Gaze into the Stream," "Thou'rt like the fairest Flower," "The Dead Soldier," "The Echo," "The Child," "The Leaf in the Book," "The Tears of Man," "Love's Duration," "Certain Words," "The Alpine Rose," "The Lapse of Years," "Spring's Greetings," "The Motherheart," "Home," "The Rose," "The Recognition," "The Forest Child," "The Little Death Gown," "The Old, Old Story" ("Wie es geht"—Geibel), and a hundred others equally pathetic,—are far more poetical than lengthy poems, whether called Lyrics, Ballads, Epics, Romanzas, or by any other name.

To me, there is a sweetness in a beautiful sentiment expressed in a few stanzas, which no poem of thirty or more stanzas admits of; and yet how many poems there are in all languages, the Forget-me-Nots and the Violets of Poetry, which, as Poe expresses it, "are kept out of the popular view," simply because they are *little*.

Rückert expresses himself charmingly upon this subject in his

### *Un die kleinen Lieber.*

„O schlägt nicht nieder  
Es schen die Augen, tretet vor.  
Ihr kleinen Lieber,  
Singt mit in kleiner Wöllein Chor!  
  
Die kleinste Blume,  
Hat oft's, was die grösste hat,  
Zum Heiligblume  
Geweiht der Liebe, Kelch und Blatt.“

And Heine sings:

„Aus meinen großen Schmerzen  
Mach' ich die kleinen Lieber;  
Die bebten ihr singend Gefieder  
Und flattern nach ihrem Herzen.“

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To the little flowers turning for consolation and sympathy:

„Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,  
Wie ließ verwundet mein Herz,  
Sie würden mit mir weinen,  
Sie tellen meines Schmerz.“

Bürger's Lenore is not unlike Poe's Lenore, (The Raven), in that there is much in its construction. What would a translation of Poe's Raven into the German be, in another metre? Could the foreigner really understand and appreciate the niceties of the poem? I contend that in Bürger's Lenore and in Poe's Raven, there is as much brilliancy in the metre as merit in the subject, and if we take the one from the other, the loss will necessarily be fatal.\*

There are poems, less dramatic, where the metre may be changed without deterioration. I refer more particularly to the substitution of male rhymes for female; but where the metre helps to give the poem its character, it ought not to be done, though the task be never so difficult.

Of this whole poem, Lenore, I consider the first four lines of the 20th and 27th stanzas, not only the finest in this composition, but really in themselves very beautiful; and for vividness I have seldom, if ever, seen them surpassed:

20TH.

„Zur rechten und zur linken Hand,  
Kopfes vor ihres Bilden,  
Wie segnen Anger, Leid und Laub!  
Wie donnerten die Brüden.“

\*Although ever an admirer of Poe's poetry, yet the more closely I examine such favorites as "The Raven," "Eulalume" and "The Bells," the stronger is my conviction that my admiration for them, arises from the skill of the author in hanging his pictures in so favorable a light, and in enclosing them in frames of such peculiar and elegant workmanship: as in listening to the great Operas, the sublimity of the music often makes us oblivious to the gross and glaring defects of the libretto, so in Poe's poems of the above class—the brilliancy of the construction at first blinds us to the comparative tame-ness of the theme.

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27TH.

"Wie flog was rund der Mond beschien,  
Wie flog es in die Ferne!  
Wie flogen oben über hin  
Der Himmel und die Sterne!"

It will be seen by the foregoing, that my object in presenting a translation of this popular ballad to the public, is not because I think it a *chef-d'œuvre* of German poetry, all things considered, but simply because it is popular; and finding no translation of it in the original metre, I have endeavored to present one, not entering the field another Don Quixote, a rival to nobler and abler translators, nor claiming any particular merit.

H. D. W.

*Philadelphia, May 10th, 1870.*





## ADDENDUM.

It is but meet that I shoud inform my readers, that, since the first publication of my translation of Lenore, I have ascertained, through the kindness of Charles J. Lukens, Esq., the author of "The Ballads of Bürger" (unpublished), that, among the fifty or more English versions of Bürger's Lenore, there are several in the rhythm and rhyme of the original, including a second version by James Clarence Mangan, "Dublin University Magazine," vol. 28, No. 163, 1846, and one by Mr. Lukens himself (unpublished).

Although this after-discovery does not in the least affect the reasons I give for having undertaken the translation of Lenore; yet, had I known of the existence of Mangan's second version, I should not have directed my mind to the preparation of the little volume, now ready to be launched upon the sea of public opinion.

Having been called to account for my strictures upon Göthe, more particularly for ignoring his claims to pre-eminence as a Lyrist or Songwriter, (*Liederdichter*) I will here add: Even granting that

"Wer nie sein Brod in Thrän'nen aß,  
Wer nie die summerwollen Nächte  
Auf seinem Bett' weinend saß,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte." u. s. w.

Who never ate in tears his bread,  
Who never through the nights of woe  
Sat weeping, moaning on his bed—  
Ye Heav'nly pow'rs, he cannot know.—Etc.

### *Addendum.*

Or,—

Who never ate in tears his bread,  
Who never through night's painful hours  
Sat weeping, moaning on his bed—  
He knows ye not, ye Heav'ny powers.—Etc.

Göthe's most affecting song,—one of those sweet, melancholy lays, sung by the old minstrel in his (Göthe's) "Wilhelm Meister," would alone suffice to prove conclusively, that his Lyre produces more touching melodies and harmony nearer perfection than that of Schiller, (my comparison is only between Göthe and Schiller); this would not alter the position taken by me in my Prefatory; for, crystalline clearness and dazzling brilliancy in one branch of an art or science, cannot throw such a halo, as to relieve obscurity in another, and since Schiller is never obscure, the inference is obvious.

H. D. W.

*Philadelphia, July 18th, 1870.*





# LENORE



## Lenore.

rod

1 Lenore fuhr um's Morgenroth a  
Empor aus schweren Träumen: b  
„Bist untreu, Wilhelm, oder tot?“ c  
Wie lange willst du säumen? — d  
Er war mit König Friedrich's Macht e  
Gezogen in die Prager Schlacht, f  
Und hatte nicht geschrieben, g  
Ob er gesund geblieben. h

2 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.

grce

## LENORE.

LENORE, at glow of morning red,  
From dreams oppressive started:  
"Art faithless, William! or art dead?  
How long must we be parted?"  
At Prague, with Fred'rick's proud array,  
He bravely dashed into the fray,—  
Since then no word to gladden  
The heart, suspense doth sadden.

The king and empress weary grew  
Of feud and War's disaster,  
They curbed their wills, swore friendship true,  
And Peace again was master;  
Each host came home, with sing and song,  
With trumpet blast, and ding and dong,  
Bedecked with wreaths of laurel,  
O'erjoyed, healed was the quarrel.

Lenore.

Und überall, all überall,  
Auf Wegen und auf Stegen,  
Zog Alt und Jung dem Jubelschall  
Der Kommen den entgegen.  
Gottlob! rief Kind und Gattin laut,  
Willkommen! manche frohe Braut.  
Ach! aber für Lenoren  
War Gruß und Kuß verloren.

Sie frug den Zug wohl auf und ab,  
Und frug nach allen Namen;  
Doch Keiner war, der Kundschafft gab,  
Von Allen, so da famen.  
Als nun das Heer vorüber war,  
Zerraupte sie ihr Rabenhaar,  
Und warf sich hin zur Erde,  
Mit wüthiger Geberde.

*Lenore.*

And everywhere, in lane and street,  
With fear and hope and yearning,  
The old and young went forth to meet  
The shouting troops returning.  
“Thank God!” the son and mother cried;  
And “Welcome!” many a happy bride.  
Sad for Lenore this meeting,  
Lost every kiss and greeting.

She asked them all if aught they knew  
Of William, but not any  
Could give to her the slightest clue,  
Not one, of all the many.  
When all were passed, and *he* not there,  
She wildly tore her raven hair,  
To earth herself prostrated,  
Lenore, the poor ill-fated!

Lenore.

- 5 Die Mutter ließ 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.  
O weh, o weh mir Armen!“—
- 6 „Hilf Gott, hilf! Sich' uns gnädig an!  
Kind, bet' ein Vaterunser!  
Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan.  
Gott, Gott erbarmt sich unser!“—  
„O Mutter, Mutter! Eitler Wahns!  
Gott hat an mir nicht wohl gethan!  
Was half, was half mein Beten?  
Nun ist's nicht mehr vonnöthen.“—

*Lenore.*

Then quickly came her mother mild,  
Imploring Heaven's blessing,  
And to her heart she drew her child,  
With kisses her caressing.

" My heart now, mother, 's turned to stone,  
World, *all* farewell, since hope hath flown ;  
'Gainst me closed Heaven's portal,  
Woe, woe is me, poor mortal ! "

" Help *Thou*, in this our greatest need ;  
Child, ask God's benediction,  
What God decrees, is *well* decreed,  
Will help us in affliction ! "

" These vag'ries, mother, *do* dispel,  
For God to me hath *not* done well :  
My prayers were unheeded,  
And now they are not needed ! "

Lenore.

„Hilf Gott, hilf! Wer den Vater kennt,  
Der weiß, er hilft den Kindern.

Das hochgelobte Sakrament  
Wird deinen Jammer lindern.“—

„O Mutter, Mutter! was mich brennt,  
Das lindert mir kein Sakrament!  
Kein Sakrament mag Leben  
Den Todten wiedergeben.“

„Hör', Kind! wie, wenn der falsche Mann,  
Im fernen Ungarlande,  
Sich seines Glaubens abgethan,  
Zum neuen Ehebande?  
Läß fahren, Kind, sein Herz dabin!  
Er hat es nimmermehr Gewinn!  
Wann Seel' und Leib sich trennen,  
Wird ihn sein Meineid brennen.“—

*Lenore.*

"Help Thou, oh, Lord! Thou'rt just and mild,

Oh, heed my supplication;

The holy sacrament, my child,

Will give thee consolation!"

"Oh, sacraments are all in vain,

Bring they the dead to life again?

No sacraments, my mother,

The fire in me can smother."

"Child, what if *false* thy lover be,

Have broken his affiance,

And far away in Hungary

Have formed a *new* alliance?

Forget the cruel, heartless man,

Now hangs o'er him a dreadful ban:

When soul and body sever,

His heart will burn forever."

Lenore.

q „O Mutter, Mutter! Hin ist hin!  
Verloren ist verloren!  
Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gewinn!  
O wär' ich nie geboren!  
Läßt 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!"—

10 „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 irrirsch Leid,  
Und denk' an Gott und Seligkeit!  
So wird doch deiner Seelen  
Der Bräutigam nicht fehlen."—

*Lenore.*

“Oh, mother, mother! gone is gone,  
And lost is lost forever!  
Death, death is my reward alone;  
Born, would that I were, never!  
Out, out, forever out my light!  
Die 'mid these horrors black as night!  
'Gainst me closed Heaven's portal,  
Woe, woe is me, poor mortal!”

“God, pass not judgment on the child  
Of her before thee praying.  
Too great her grief, Oh, God! be mild,  
She knows not what she's saying.  
Away, with earthly woes away,  
Of God, salvation think, I pray—  
No bridegroom then will tarry,  
Thy *soul*, my child, to marry.”

Lenore.

11. „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." — —

12. So wütete Verzweifelung

Ihr in Gehirn und Adern.

Sie fuhr mit Gottes Vorsehung

Bermessen fort zu hadern;

Zerschlug den Busen, und zerrang

Die Hand, bis Sonnenuntergang,

Bis auf am Himmelbögen

Die gold'nen Sterne zogen.

*Lenore.*

"Oh, mother, what is bliss, what hell?  
    Dispel thy vain illusion,  
Salvation's where my Love doth dwell,  
    Without him all's confusion!  
Out, out, forever out my light!  
Die 'mid these horrors black as night!  
Without him *bliss* were baneful  
On earth—in Heav'n disdainful!"

Thus in her brain, in every vein,  
    Did rage wild desperation,  
She rashly railed, with cries profane,  
    'Gainst God without cessation;  
She wrung her hands and beat her breast  
Till sank the sun far in the west,  
Till golden stars above her  
Night's azure vault did cover.

Lenore.

(3.) Und außen, horch! ging's trap trap trap  
Als wie von Rosseshufen;  
Und klirrend stieg ein Meiter ab  
An des Geländers Stufen;  
Und horch; und horch! den Pförtentring  
Ganz lose, leise, klinglingling!  
Dann kamen durch die Pforte  
Vernehmlich diese Worte:

„Holla, Holla! Thu' auf, mein Kind!  
Schläfst, Liebchen, oder wachst du?  
Wie bist du gegen mich gesinnt?  
Und weinest oder lachst du?“  
„Ach, Wilhelm, du?.. So spät bei Nacht?..  
Geweinet hab' ich und gewacht;  
Ach, großes Leid erlitten!  
Wo kommst du hergeritten?“

*Lenore.*

Now clatter, clatter, click and clang,  
Were sounds on night air swelling;  
From reeking steed a rider sprang  
And stood before her dwelling;  
Hark! Hark! how clear resounds his ring  
Through stilly night—tingling-a-ling.  
Impatiently he mutters;  
These words distinctly utters:

“ Hallo! my child, quick ope the door!  
Art thou awake, or sleeping?  
Art true to me, my own Lenore?  
Art laughing, or art weeping?”  
“ What, William, William, can it be?  
Have watched and wept so long for thee—  
Till flown I thought my reason:  
Whence comest at this season?”

Lenore.

15 „Wir satteln nur um Mitternacht.

Weit ritt ich her von Böhmen.

Ich habe spät mich aufgemacht,

Und will dich mit mir nehmen.“—

„Ah, Wilhelmin, erst herein geschwind!

Den Hagedorn durchsaust der Wind,

Herein, in meinen Armen,

Herzliebster, zu erwärmen!“—

16 „Laß fausen durch den Hagedorn,

Laß fausen, Kind, laß fausen!

Der Rappé scharrt, es klimmt der Sporn.

Ich darf allhier nicht hausen.

Komm, schürze, spring' und schwinge dich

Auf meinen Rappén hinter mich!

Muß heut' noch hundert Meilen

Mit dir in's Brautbett eilen.“—

*Lenore.*

"At night we only saddle, late!

Rode from Bohemia hither!

I started late; long cannot wait,

And thou must with me thither."

"Dear William, first come in to me:

Cold rush the winds through hawthorn tree;

And warm 'tis under cover,

Warm in my arms, my lover!"

"Oh, let it whistle, howl around,

My love, why heed the weather?

My charger snorts and paws the ground,

Away we must together.

Quick, tie thy dress, to horse, away!

Thee hundred leagues, ere break of day,

To nuptial couch must carry,—

No longer dare we tarry."

Lenore.

17 „Ah! wolltest hundert Meilen noch  
Mich heut' in's Brautbett tragen?  
Und horch! es brummt die Glocke noch,  
Die elf 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 Hochzeitsbett.“—

„Tag an, wo ist dein Kämmerlein?  
Wo? wie dein Hochzeitsbettchen?“—  
„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 Hochzeitsgäste hoffen;  
Die Kammer steht uns offen.“—

*Lenore.*

"A hundred leagues with me away,

Ere stars do wane from Heaven?

Oh, list! the clock is striking, stay!

It tolls the hour eleven!"

"See here, see there, the moon shines clear,

We and the dead ride quickly, dear;

Shalt be, ere this night's closing,

On bridal bed reposing."

"Thy chamber, where? thy couch?—explain!"

"Far from thy home and mother!

But eight rough boards doth couch contain,

Small, still and chill's the other!"

"Is room for me?" "For me and thee!

Quick, swing and spring, sit back of me.

The guests are congregated,

With longing we're awaited."

**Lenore.**

„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.

„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 las die Todten!”—

*Lenore.*

She tied her dress and swung and sprung  
Upon the steed beside her;  
Her lily arms she fondly swung  
Around the faithful rider;  
And hurry, hurry, click, click, click,  
They fly, e'en like the whirlwind quick,  
And as they onward clatter,  
The sparks and pebbles scatter.

On right and left like lightning flashed  
Past meadow, land and heather!  
The bridges *thundered* as they dashed  
On to their goal together!

“The moon shines clear; Love dost thou dread?  
Hurrah! how quickly ride the dead!  
The dead, my darling, fearest?”  
“Oh, let them slumber, dearest!”

Lenore.

1) Was Klang dort für Gesang und Klang?  
Was flatterten die Raben?..  
Horch, Glockenklang! horch, Todtensang:  
„Laßt uns den Leib begraben!“  
Und näher zog ein Leichenzug,  
Der Sarg und Todtentahre trug.  
Das Lied war zu vergleichen  
Dem Unkenruf in Teichen.

2) „Nach Mitternacht begrabt den Leib,  
Mit Klang und Sang und Klage!  
Dezt führ' ich heim mein junges Weib.  
Mit, mit zum 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!“—

*Lenore.*

What did yon song and clang foretell,  
The hideous ravens whirring ?  
Hark, tolling bell ! Hark, funeral knell !  
“ The body we’re interring !”  
The mourning train with hearse and bier  
And lamentations, now drew near.  
Like croaking frogs the singing,  
From bogs and marshes ringing.  
  
“ At midnight dust to dust confide,  
With sing and song, bewailment !  
Now I lead home my youthful bride—  
Come, come to the regalement !  
Come, sexton, bring the choir and sing,  
And let the song right merry ring ;  
Pronounce the blessing, Friar,  
Ere we to bed retire !”

Lenore.

Still Klang und Sang... Die Bahre schwand...

Gehorsam seinem Rufen,

Kam's, hurre, hurre! nachgerannt,

Hart hinter's Rappen Husen.

Und immer weiter, hop hop hop!

Ging's fort in fausendem Galopp,

Daz Ross und Reiter schnoben,

Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Wie flogen rechts, wie flogen links

Gebirge, Bäum' und Hecken!

Wie flogen links, und rechts, und links

Die Dörfer, Städte und Flecken! —

„Graut Liebchen auch?.. Der Mond scheint hell!

Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!

Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?“ —

„Ach! Läß sie ruh'n, die Todten!“

*Lenore.*

Hushed song and clang—gone bier and pall,  
Pell-mell they now dashed after,  
The corpse and all, obeyed his call,  
With shrieks and hideous laughter;  
In furious gallop on they fly,  
Like fiery meteors through the sky,  
With click and clang and clatter,  
And sparks and pebbles scatter.

On right and left how swiftly flew  
Trees, mountains, hedges, flowers !  
On right and left flew swiftly too  
Towns, hamlets, cots and towers.

“The moon shines clear, Love dost thou dread?  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! fleet ride the dead !  
The dead, beloved, fearest ?”  
“Oh, let them slumber, dearest !”

Lenore.

Sieh' da! sieh' da! Am Hochgericht  
Tanzt um des Rates Spindel,  
Halb sichtbarlich bei Mondeslicht,  
Ein lustiges Gesindel.—

„Sassa! Gesindel hier! Komm' hier!  
Gesindel, komm' und folge mir!  
Tanz' uns den Hochzeitsreigen,  
Wann wir zu Bette steigen!“—

Und das Gesindel, husch husch husch,  
Kam hinten nachgeprässelt,  
Wie Wirbelwind am Haselbusch  
Durch dürre Blätter rasselt.  
Und weiter, weiter, hep hop hep!  
Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,  
Daß Ross und Reiter schnoben,  
Und Kies und Funken stoben.

*Lenore.*

"See there, see there, around the wheel  
The spirits flit like vapors,  
Moon doth reveal, their phantom reel,  
Their hideous, grotesque capers.  
  
Soho! ye rout, come, follow here,  
Come, follow us, come, follow near.  
With dancing and with singing  
To nuptial couch us bringing.  
  
And quick, quick, quick, so close behind  
The rabble rout did bustle,  
As when young Winter's whirling wind  
Through Autumn leaves doth rustle.  
And fast and faster on they fly,  
Like fiery meteors through the sky,  
With click, and clang, and clatter,  
And sparks and pebbles scatter.

Lenore.

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 ruh'n die Todten!“

„Rapp'! Rapp'! Mich rünkt der Hahn schon ruft...

Bald wird der Sand verrinnen..

Rapp'! Rapp'! Ich wütre Morgenluft..

Rapp'! Tummle dich von hinnen!—

Vollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf!

Das Hochzeitbette thut sich auf.

Die Todten reiten schnelle!

Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle.“—

*Lenore.*

Quick did the moon's round shadow fly,

As on the steed was bounding,

And swiftly aye, the starlit sky,

The earth, and all surrounding.

"The moon shines bright, Love dost thou dread?

Fast do we ride, we and the dead!

The dead, beloved, fearest?"

"Oh let them slumber, dearest!"

"Steed, steed, the sand is well nigh spent,

Methinks the cock is crowing,

E'en now the morning air I scent,—

Must quick from hence be going.

Wide openeth now the bridal bed,

Our course is run—fast ride the dead,

They ride with desperation—

We're at our destination!"

Lenore.

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

Ha sieh! Ha sieh! im Augenblick,  
Huhu, ein gräßlich Wunder!  
Des Reiters Koller, Stück für Stück,  
Fiel ab, wie mürber Zunder.  
Zum Schädel, ohne Kopf und Schopf,  
Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf;  
Sein Körper zum Gerippe,  
Mit Stundenglas und Rippe.

*Lenore.*

On to a gate with loosened rein,  
The foaming steed did thunder,  
A single blow, a loud refrain,  
And locks were burst asunder ;  
The doors swung open with a crash,  
And over graves they then did dash.  
By moon's pale, silv'ry shimmier,  
How weird the tombs did glimmer.

Behold a sight to freeze the heart,  
So ghastly and appalling ;  
The rider's jerkin lo ! apart  
Now piece for piece was falling.  
His head, a naked skull, alas !  
A skeleton.—An hour glass  
One fleshless hand was grasping,  
A scythe the other clasping.

Lenore.

Hoch bäumte sich, wild schnob der Napp,  
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.

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!“

*Lenore.*

The courser snorted, plunged and reared,  
Distended nostrils flaming,  
Earth quaked and yawned, horse disappeared,  
The earth her own reclaiming.  
And shriek on shriek did rend the air,  
Above, below, aye, everywhere.  
Lenore for Life contended,  
O'er brink of Death suspended.

In giddy dance, by moonlight pale,  
The spirits round were whirling,  
And at Lenore, with shriek and wail,  
Thus retribution hurling :  
“ Though break thy heart—be still, be still,  
Rail not 'gainst God, Oh, speak not ill,  
Thou diest now, 'mid terrors,  
May God forgive thy errors.”