

Anderson

The

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[F]

LOVE'S WITCHERY.

(From the German of Bürger.)

Turn and face me, maiden shy ;
Soft—no winking, roguish eye !
Willful maiden, mark me duly,
Answer to my question truly—
Ha ! look upwards, maiden shy ;
Wink you shall not, wicked eye !

So ! no fright art thou, 'tis true,
With those eyes so clear and blue ;
Brow and nose no fault defaces,
Mouth and cheek deserve their praises :
Thou art charming, love, in sooth—
Charming quite, in very truth.

Yet, though charming, form and mien,
Still thou art not quite a queen ;
Not an empress ;—'midst the fairest,
Who will crown thee as the rarest ?
Charming features, charming mien,
Need so much to make the queen !

Hundred beauties, well 'tis known,
True of hundreds, might be shown,
Proud and vain to challenge places
Passing thine in choice of graces ;
Hundred beauties I can see,
Hundreds far surpassing thee.

Yet a sovereign's power thou hast
O'er thy loyal servant cast ;
With imperial law o'erbearing,
Now enchan^ging, now despairing :
Life and death, as kings decree,
Holds thy trusty slave from thee.

Hundreds are no trifling sum—
Yet, dear girl, did hundreds come—
Ay, ten thousand, did they bring thee,
Down from throne and realm to sing thee—
Tens of thousands—what a sum !—
All would fall, were all to come !

Roguish eyeslets, roguish mouth,
Face me straight, and tell me truth—
Say, what made thee mine thus solely,
None but thou, and thou so wholly ?
Wicked eyeslets, wicked mouth,
Face me fairly, tell me truth !

Puzzling still, I can't divine
What so wholly made me thine :
Ha ! with nought to wake this passion
Ne'er was done in Christian fashion—
Sorceress girl, all charm and spell,
Where's thy wand of magic ? Tell !

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine