

*Wm. G. S.*

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## THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

The little town of Weinsberg  
Is built upon a hill—  
And the ladies there are famed for  
Magnanimity and skill :  
If e'er I go a wooing,  
Whatever may betide,  
The little town of Weinsberg  
Shall furnish me a bride

The mighty Kaiser Conrad  
By fabled wrongs enraged,  
Together with his forces,  
And war against it waged,  
By rap and ransacking  
He struggled to prevail—  
But its bulwarks were of granite,  
Its burghers clad in mail !

Three times the veteran warriors  
Redoubled the attack,  
And thrice the stalwart burghers  
The imperial host beat back ;  
But fell disease and famine  
The patriots did assail—  
The civic guards of Weinsberg  
Could scarce support their mail !

Reputed and claded to frenzy,  
Dishonoured, one and all,  
The despot sent a herald  
Beneath the long, red wall,  
" Ye base rebellious varlets,  
Lay down your arms to me,  
Or every boar shall dangle  
Upon the nearest tree !"

Close to the hour of midnight,  
An embassy of wives  
Hied to the foe's encampment  
At hazard of their lives—  
Led on by Madame Lobson,  
Whose bright dishevelled hair  
Streamed o'er her milk white shoulders,  
A picture of despair !

She sought the chief's pavilion,  
And humbly on her knee  
The lovely suppliant bended,  
And prayed for clemency !  
Ah ! vehemently she pleaded,  
And copiously she wept ;  
But still the ruthless monarch  
His fatal purpose kept.

" Go tell that horde of traitors—  
Audacious base-born thralls—  
I'll hang them high as Haman,  
When once I scale their walls :  
I wage no war on women,  
Be high or low their birth ;  
You're free !—So bring such treasure  
As you can carry forth."

The morning dawned serenely,  
The birds were all in song,  
When from the portals issued  
A helpless female throng ;  
Each to the distant mountains  
Pursued her devious track,  
With terror in her bosom,  
Her husband on her back !

Reputed courtiers,  
They sickened at the sight,  
But Conrad from his tent-door  
Behold it with delight !  
" Ha ! bravo !" cried the Kaiser—  
And rubbed his hands with glee ;  
I question if the empress  
Would do as much for me."