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THE
SPOUTER'S COMPANION.

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GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE
SPOTTER'S COMPANION.

CONTENTS.

Quaker's Death Song—How'd ye do and Good-
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RECITATIONS.

OUTALISSI'S DEATH-SONG.

“And I could weep,”—the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun—
“But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow his head in woe!
For, by my wrongs and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And thou shalt share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

To-morrow let us do or die!—
 But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
 Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
 Shall Outalissi roam the world?—
 Seek we thy once-loved home?—
 The hand is gone that cropp'd its flowers!
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
 And should we thither roam,
 Its echoes, and its empty tread,
 Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
 Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd,
 And by my side, in battle true,
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft?—
 Ah! there, in desolation, cold,
 The desert-serpent dwells alone,
 Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
 And stones themselves to ruin grown,
 Like me, are death-like old!
 Then seek we not their camp—for there—
 The silence dwells of my despair!

But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
 In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears!
 Even from the land of shadows now
 My father's awful ghost appears
 Amidst the clouds that round us roll!
 He bids my soul for battle thirst—
 He bids me dry—the last!—the first!—
 The only tears that ever burst
 From Outalissi's soul!
 Because I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of an Indian chief."

HOW-D'YE-DO AND GOOD-BYE.

One day Good-bye met How-d'ye-do,

Too close to shun saluting ;

But soon the rival sisters flew

From kissing to disputing.

“ Away ! ” says How-d'ye-do, “ your mien

Appals my cheerful nature ;

No name so sad as yours is seen

In sorrow's nomenclature.

Where'er I give one sunshine hour,

Your cloud comes in to shade it ;

Where'er I plant one bosom's flower,

Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere How-d'ye-do has tuned each tongue

To ‘ hope's delightful measure,’

Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung

The knell of parting pleasure !

From sorrows past, my chemic skill

Draws smiles of consolation ;

While you, from present joys, distil

The tears of separation.”

Good-bye replied, “ Your statement's true,

And well your cause you've pleaded ;

But, pray, who'd think of How-d'ye-do,

Unless Good-bye preceded !

Without my prior influence,

Could yours have ever flourish'd ;

And can your hand one flower dispense,

But those my tears have nourish'd ?

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How oft,—if at the court of love
Concealment is the fashion,—
When How-d'ye-do has fail'd to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion?

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers?

Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How-d'ye-do's,
One kind Good-bye would barter!

From love and friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence;
And they would both lose half their force
Without our joint assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying,
One half in How-d'ye-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing."

GERTRUDE VON DER WART.

Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful Wheel she gazed,
All that she loved was there!
The night was round her clear and gold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

And bid me not depart, she cried,
My Rudolph, say not so;
This is no time to quit thy side;
Peace—peace—I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for me to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world—what means it?—mine is here;
I will not leave thee now!

I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power,
To strengthen me through this.
And thou, mine honour'd lord and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on;
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part.
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek,
Love, love, of mortal agony,
Thou only, thou shouldst speak!
The wind rose high, but with it rose
Her voice that he might hear;
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near.
While she sat pining with despair,
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer,
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
 With her pale hand and soft,
 Whose touch upon the late chords low,
 Had still'd his heart so oft.
 She spread her mantle o'er his breast;
 She bath'd his lips with dew;
 And on his cheek such kisses press'd,
 As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
 Enduring to the last!
 She had her meed, one smile in death,
 And his worn spirit pass'd,
 While, even as o'er a martyr's grave,
 She knelt on that sad spot;
 And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
 Her strength to forsake it not!

BILLY DIP.

Chloe, a maid at fifty-five,
 Was at her toilette dressing;
 Her waiting-maid, with iron hot,
 Each paper'd curl was pressing.
 The looking-glass her eyes engross,
 While Betty humm'd a ditty;
 She gazed so much upon her face,
 She really thought it pretty.

Her painted cheeks and pencill'd brows,
 She could not but approve,
 Her thoughts on various subjects turn'd,
 At length she fix'd on love:

“And shall,” said she, “a virgin life
 Await these pleasing charms?
 And will not sighing, blooming youth
 Receive me to his arms?—

Forbid it, Love!” She scarce had spoke,
 When Cupid laid a trap;

For, at the chamber door was heard
 A soft and gentle rap:

Cried Betty, “who is at the door?”

“Aye tell,” quoth Chloe, “true:”

When straight a tender voice replied,

“Dear ma’am, I dye for you.”

“What’s that,” she said, “O, Betty, say;

A man! and dio for me!

And can I see the youth expire?—

Oh no, it must not be!

Haste, Betty,—open quick the door:”

’Tis done; and, lo! to view,

A little man with bundle stood,

In sleeves and apron blue.

“Ye Powers!” cried Chloe, “what is this?

What vision do I see?

Is this the man, oh, mighty Love!—

The man that dies for me?”

“Yes, ma’am; your ladyship is right,”

The figure straight replied,

“And hard for me it would have been

If I had never dyed.

La! ma’am, you must have heard of me,

Although I’m no highflyer;

I live just by at No. 1,

I’m Billy Dip, the dyer.

'Twas I, ma'am, Betty there employed
 To dye your lustering gown;
 And I not only dye for you,
 But I dye for the whole town."

TELL'S SPEECH.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose
 smile

Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again!—I call to you
 With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you
 To show they still are free. I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peaks
 I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
 O'er the abyss:—his broad-expanded wings
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
 As if he floated there without their aid,
 By the sole act of his unlorded will
 That buoy'd him proudly up. Instinctively
 I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
 His airy circle, as in the delight
 Of measuring the ample range beneath

And round about ; absorb'd, he heeded not
 The death that threaten'd him.—I could not shoot ;
 'Twas lighted—I turned my bow aside,
 And let him soar away!

Heavens, with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
 And bless him that it was so. It was free—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!
 Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
 And plough our valleys, without asking leave ;
 Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,
 In very presence of the regal sun,
 How happy was I then ! I loved
 Its very storms. Yes, Emma, I have sat
 In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
 The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
 And think I had no master save his own.
 You know the jutting cliff round which a track
 Up thither winds, whose base is but the brow
 To such another one, with scanty room
 For two a-breast to pass ? O'ertaken there
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
 And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
 Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
 Have wished me there—the thought that mine
 was free
 Has check'd that wish, I have raised my head,
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
 Blow on ! This is the land of liberty !

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

A Country Schoolmaster, high Jonas Bell,
 Once undertook of little souls,
 To furnish up their jobbernowls—

In other words, he taught them how to spell:
 And well adapted to the task was Bell,
 Whose iron visage measur'd half an ell;
 With huge proboscis, and eye-brows of soot,
 Arm'd at the jowl just like a boar,
 And when he gave an angry roar,
 The little schoolboys stood like fishes, mute.

Poor Jonas, tho' a patient man as Job,
 (Yet still, like Job, was sometimes heard to
 growl,)

Was by a scholar's adamantine nob,
 Beyond all patience gravell'd to the soul;
 I question whether Jonas in the Fish
 Did ever diet on a bitterer dish.

'Twas thus—a lady who supported Bell,
 Came unexpectedly to hear them spell;
 The pupil fix'd on by this pedagogue,
 Her son, a little round-fac'd, ruddy rogue,
 Who thus letters on the table laid—

M. I. L. K.—and paused—“Well, sir, what's that?”

“I cannot tell,” the boy all trembling said—

“Not tell, you little blind and stupid brat;

Not tell,”—roar'd Jonas in a violent rage,

And quick prepared an angry war to wage—

“Tell me this instant, or I'll flay thy hide—

Come, Sir,

Dost thou this birchen weapon see?

What puts thy mother in her tea?”

With lifted eyes the quaking rogue reply'd,

“RUM, Sir. . . .”

ALONZO THE BRAVE.

A warrior so bold, and virgin so bright,
 Conven'd as they sat on the green ;
 They gaz'd on each other with tender delight,
 Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
 The maid was the Fair Imogene.

“ And ah,” said the youth, “ since to-morrow I go
 To fight in a far distant land ;
 Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
 Some other will court you, and you will bestow
 On a wealthier suitor your hand.”

“ Oh, hush these suspicions,” fair Imogene said,
 “ So hurtful to love and to me ;
 For if you be living, or if you be dead,
 I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
 Shall husband of Imogene be.

“ And, if e'er for another my heart should decide,
 Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
 God grant, that to punish my falsehood and pride,
 Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,
 May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
 And bear me away to the grave.”

To Palestine hasten'd the warrior so bold,
 His love she lamented him sore ;
 But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, be-
 hold,
 A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
 Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
 Soon made her untrue to her vows ;

He dazzl'd her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
 He caught her affections, so light and so vain, A
 And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the
 priest,

The revelry now was begun ;

The tables they groan'd with the weight of the
 feast,

Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,
 When the bell of the castle toll'd—ONE!

'Twas then, with amazement, fair Imogene found
 A stranger was plac'd by her side ;
 His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,
 He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
 But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,
 His armour was sable to view ;
 All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his sight,
 The dogs, as they ey'd him, drew back with
 affright,
 And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
 The guests sat in silence and fear ;
 At length, spoke the bride, while she trembled—“ I
 pray
 Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
 And deign to partake of our cheer.”

The lady is silent—the stranger complies,
 And his vizor he slowly unclos'd—

O Gods, what a sight met Imogene's eyes,
 What words can express her dismay and surprise,
 When a skeleton's head was exposed.

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
 And turn'd with disgust from the scene!
 The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept
 out,

And sported his eyes and temples about,
 While the spectre address'd Imogene:

"Behold me, thou false one; behold me," he cried,
 "Behold thy Alonzo tho Brave;
 God grants, that to punish thy falsehood and pride,
 My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
 Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
 And bear thee away to the grave."

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
 While fair Imogene shriek'd with dismay;
 Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawn-
 ing ground,
 Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,
 Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long liv'd the baron, and none, since that time,
 To inhabit the castle presume;
 For chronicles tell, that by orders sublime,
 There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
 And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
 When mortals in slumber are bound,
 Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
 Appear in the hall with her skeleton knight,
 And shrieks as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the
grave,

Dancing round them pale spectres are seen ;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl, " To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the false Imogene."

THE OLD MAN, HIS SON, AND ASS.

A country fellow and his son, they tell
In modern fables, had an ass to sell :
For this intent they turn'd it out to play,
And fed so well, that by the destin'd day
They brought the creature into sleek repair,
And drove it gently to a neighb'ring fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural class
Was heard to say, " Look, look there at that ass,
And those two blockheads trudging on each side,
That have not either of 'em sense to ride ;
Asses all three," and thus the country folks
On man and boy began to cut their jokes,

Th' old fellow minded nothing what they said,
But every word stuck in the young one's head,
And thus began their comment thereupon :
" Ne'er heed 'em, lad ;" " Nay, father, do get on ;"
" Not I, indeed ;" " Why then, let me, pray ;"
" Well, do, and see what prating tongues will say."

The boy was mounted, and they had not got
Much further on, before another knot,

Just as the ass was passing by, pad, pad,
 Cried, "O! that lazy looby of a lad,
 How unconcernedly the gaping brute
 Lets the poor aged fellow walk a-foot."

Down came the son, on hearing this account,
 And begg'd, and pray'd, and made his father
 mount;

Till a third party on a farther stretch,
 "See! see!" exclaim'd, "that old hard-hearted
 wretch!

How like a justice there he sits, or squire,
 Whilo the poor lad keeps wading through the
 mire."

"Stop," cried the lad, still deeper vex'd in
 mind,

"Stop, father, stop, let me get on behind;"
 This done, they thought they certainly should
 please, escape reproaches, and be both at ease;
 For having tried each practicable way,
 What could be left for jokers now to say?

Still disappointed by succeeding tone;
 "Hark ye, you fellow, is that ass your own?
 Get off, for shame, or one of you at least;
 You both deserve to carry the poor beast,
 Ready to drop down upon the road
 With such a huge, unconscionable load.

On this they both dismounted, and, some say,
 Contriv'd to carry, the remaining way,
 The ass between 'em; prints are seen, they add.
 The ass supported by the man and lad;
 Others omit that fancy in the print,
 As overstraining an ingenious hint.

The story that we follow, says, the man
 Rubb'd down his ass, and took to his first plan;
 Walk'd to the fair and sold him, got his price,
 And gave his son this pertinent advice:
 "Let talkers talk, stick thou to what is best;
 To think of pleasing all is all a jest."

ON THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 O sacred Truth, thy triumph ceased a while,
 When leagu'd Oppression poured to Northern wars
 Her whiskered pandours, and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet
 horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man.

Warsaw's last champion from her height sur-
 vey'd,

Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid,—
 "O Heavens," he cried, "my bleeding country
 save!

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow men, our country yet remains;
 By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
 And swear for her to live—with her to die."

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed,
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed:
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm.

Low, murmuring sounds along their banner fly,
 Revenge or death—The watchword and reply;
 Then pealed the drum, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

In vain—alas, in vain, ye gallant few,
 From rank to rank your vollied thunder flew;
 O, bloodiest picture in the book of time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe.
 Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell.

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage
 there,
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow—
 Her blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields away—
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay;
 Hark, as the mouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call;
 Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious nature shuddered at the cry.

O righteous Heaven, ere Freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
 Where was thine arm, O Vengeance, where thy
 rod,
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God?
 That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
 Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?

Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling
coast,

Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead,
Ye that at Marathon and Leucra bled,
Friends of the world, restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van;
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own.
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The Patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn.

THE FATE OF RICHMOND THE SPY.

Oh, wha hasna heard o' doomed Richmond the Spy,
The most damnable rascal that breathes 'neath the
sky;

In history's page ye'll find Nero a guy,
Compared with the deeds o' doomed Richmond the
Spy.

For Richmond some years back, unask'd, forsooth!
Like Auld Cloutie in Job—wi' his venomous
mouth—

'Mang our auld staunch Reformers, fu' sleekit and
sly,

Came, the tool of a suicide—Richmond the Spy.

For doomed Richmond the Spy is the mightiest
vender

Of falsehood, e'er known 'mang this earth's either
gender;

he most dire crimes on record never can vie
 With the bloody misdeeds o' doom'd Richmond
 the Spy.

He kens a' the courses o' fraud and deceit,
 Whilk has lately been proved by a chiel they ca'
 TAIT;

Whase name now in history never shall die,
 For o'erwhelming that traitor—doom'd Richmond
 the Spy.

Oh, had you but seen how he quiver'd while stan'in',
 And heard the assertions of Stewart Buchanan,
 Wha boldly stood forth there and gave him the lie,
 Proclaiming aloud HE was Richmond the Spy.
 Oft he questioned, and try'd, wi' his venomous
 art,

To baffle the witnesses out o' their part—
 Vain! vain every effort! for all he did try,
 Still stamped him the deeper—doom'd Richmond
 the Spy.

The reptile stood paralyzed—stiff—in a phrenzy.
 On beholding the writing of Peter M'Kenzie;
 Sent forth to the world—admired far and nigh,
 Exposing the deeds of this ex'crable Spy.

Who is it that can think on poor HARDIE and
 BAIRD,
 Or old greyheaded WILSON who their awful fate
 shared,

Whose murders doth yet to the earth loudly cry,
 For revenge on that miscreant—Richmond the Spy.

Yes, the friends of those martyrs who suffered and
 died,
 In fair liberty's cause, oft for vengeance have cried,

Now each freeman stands forth, rich and poor, low
and high,

Denouncing the monster—doom'd Richmond the
Spy,

His name it will stink in posterity's pages,
With Castlereagh, Sidmouth—through numberless
ages;

Even R—d—y and F—nd—ys names never shall
die,

For their hellish connection with Richmond the
Spy.

Oh, may all who supported this horrible knave,
Endure nought but misery this side o' the grave.

And when they—defunct—get a glorious fry
In the devil's dominions—with Richmond the Spy.

And may each and all even in hell be detested,
By its inmates, oh, may they be ever molested—

Eternally tinglin' their ears wi' the cry—
New tortures bring forth here for Richmond the

Spy.

PARODY ON LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A weaver, unto Paisley bound,

Cries "Coachman, coachman, tarry,

And I will gi'e you eighteenpence,

Me on the road to carry."

"Now wha be ye the road wad pass,

This dreadfu' snawy weather?"

"Oh! I'm a weaver frae the Shaws,

My wab is on my shoulder.

And fast ahint your coach I've ran,
 Twa miles and mair thegither,
 And if ye dinna tak' me on,
 The snaw soon will me smother.

Outspake the hardy coachman then—
 "Get ye upon the dicky;
 It is na for your eighteenpence,
 But out o' love I tak' ye.

And by my word, my weaver lad,
 In faith, we maunna tarry;
 For see, the snaw is very deep,—
 I'll drive, and that wi' fury."

By this the snaw-storm did increase,
 The leddies they were shriekin',
 The snaw-flakes cam' and filled their mouths
 When they attempted speaking.

But as the storm did fast increase,
 And as the wreaths did gather,
 The weaver's bundle had unloosed,
 And fa'en frae aff his shouther.

When, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
 His loss he did discover,
 He left the coach, and sought in vain
 His bundle to recover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
 Through storm his voice did sound ill,
 At length he stood, and wept, and cried,
 "My bundle! O my bundle!"

'Twas vain, the snaw had cover'd o'er,
 The wab, his view preventin',
 The coach drave on—the weaver stood,
 Alane, his case lamentin'.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow

Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light

The darkness of her scenery!

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,

To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven,

Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow

Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn—but scarce you level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun

Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave;
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,

And charge with all thy chivalry!—

Few, few shall part where many meet,—
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet
 And every turf beneath their feet

Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.