

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00002799364 ●

















FRANCIS



P O E M S

BY

HENRY W LONGFELLOW.



PHILADELPHIA

CARR AND LEITCH.



1783  
4155

P O E M S

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. HUNTINGTON,

ENGRAVED BY AMERICAN ARTISTS.

FOURTH EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:

C A R E Y A N D H A R T.

1846.

PS 2250  
E16a

---

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1845, BY CAREY & HART,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF  
PENNSYLVANIA.

---

Gift  
Mrs. Hennen Jennings  
April 26, 1933



# CONTENTS.

---

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

	Page
Prelude . . . . .	13
Hymn to the Night . . . . .	19
A Psalm of Life . . . . .	21
The Reaper and the Flowers . . . . .	23
The Light of Stars . . . . .	25
Footsteps of Angels . . . . .	27
Flowers . . . . .	29
The Beleaguered City . . . . .	32
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year . . . . .	35

## BALLADS.

The Skeleton in Armor . . . . .	41
The Wreck of the Hesperus . . . . .	50

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Village Blacksmith . . . . .	57
Endymion . . . . .	60
It is not always May . . . . .	62
The Rainy Day . . . . .	64
God's Acre . . . . .	65
To the River Charles . . . . .	66
The Goblet of Life . . . . .	68
Blind Bartimeus . . . . .	71
Maidenhood . . . . .	73
Excelsior . . . . .	76
The Belfry of Bruges . . . . .	78
A Gleam of Sunshine . . . . .	82
The Arsenal at Springfield . . . . .	85

## MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page
Nuremberg . . . . .	88
The Norman Baron . . . . .	92
The Day is Done . . . . .	96
Sea-weed . . . . .	98

## EARLIER POEMS.

An April Day . . . . .	103
Autumn . . . . .	105
Woods in Winter . . . . .	107
Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem . . . . .	109
Sunrise on the Hills . . . . .	111
The Spirit of Poetry . . . . .	113
Burial of the Minnisink . . . . .	116

## THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Act I. . . . .	123
Act II. . . . .	155
Act III. . . . .	200

## TRANSLATIONS.

1. *Swedish.*

Children of the Lord's Supper . . . . .	245
---	-----

2. *Danish.*

King Christian . . . . .	268
The Elected Knight . . . . .	270

3. *Anglo Saxon.*

The Grave . . . . .	273
---------------------	-----

4. *German.*

The Happiest Land . . . . .	275
The Wave . . . . .	277
The Dead . . . . .	278
The Bird and the Ship . . . . .	279
Whither? . . . . .	281
Beware . . . . .	283
Song of the Bell . . . . .	285
The Castle by the Sea . . . . .	287

## TRANSLATIONS.

	Page
The Black Knight . . . . .	289
Song of the Silent Land . . . . .	292
The Luck of Edenhall . . . . .	293
The Two Locks of Hair . . . . .	296
The Statue over the Cathedral Door . . . . .	298
The Legend of the Cross-bill . . . . .	299
The Hemlock Tree . . . . .	301
Annie of Tharaw . . . . .	303
<b>5. Spanish.</b>	
Coplas de Manrique . . . . .	305
The Good Shepherd . . . . .	327
To-Morrow . . . . .	328
The Native Land . . . . .	329
The Image of God . . . . .	330
The Brook . . . . .	331
<b>6. French.</b>	
Spring . . . . .	332
The Child Asleep . . . . .	334
<b>7. Italian.</b>	
The Celestial Pilot . . . . .	335
The Terrestrial Paradise . . . . .	338
Beatrice . . . . .	340

## ADDITIONAL POEMS.

Rain in Summer . . . . .	345
Afternoon in February . . . . .	350
Walter von der Vogelweide . . . . .	352
The Occultation of Orion . . . . .	355
The Bridge . . . . .	359
To the Driving Cloud . . . . .	362
Carillon . . . . .	365
To a Child . . . . .	369
To an old Danish Song-book . . . . .	377
Drinking Song . . . . .	380
The old Clock on the Stairs . . . . .	383
The Arrow and the Song . . . . .	387

---

ADDITIONAL POEMS.	Page
The Evening Star . . . . .	388
Autumn . . . . .	389
Dante . . . . .	390
The Sea hath its Pearls . . . . .	391
Poetic Aphorisms . . . . .	392
Money . . . . .	392
The Best Medicines . . . . .	392
Sin . . . . .	392
Poverty and Blindness . . . . .	393
Law of Life . . . . .	393
Creeds . . . . .	393
The Restless Heart . . . . .	393
Christian Love . . . . .	394
Art and Tact . . . . .	394
Retribution . . . . .	394
Truth . . . . .	394
Rhymes . . . . .	395
Curfew . . . . .	396
NOTES . . . . .	401



LIST OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS,

DESIGNED BY HUNTINGTON.

---

PRECIOSA.

✓ ENGRAVED BY J. CHENEY. (*To face Title.*)  
*The Spanish Student.*

LANDSCAPE.

✓ ENGRAVED BY W. H. DOUGAL. (*Title Page.*)

“ Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves.”

✓ PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

ENGRAVED FROM A DRAWING BY S. W. CHENEY.

## THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

“ But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone—”

*Voices of the Night*, p. 31.

## WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

ENGRAVED BY W. H. DOUGAL.

“ At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.”

*Ballads*, p. 53.

## MAIDENHOOD.

ENGRAVED BY J. CHENEY.

“ Gazing with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!”

*Miscellaneous Poems*, p. 73.

## EXCELSIOR.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

“ A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device, Excelsior !”

*Miscellaneous Poems*, p. 76.

## NUREMBERG, DER SCHOEN BRUNNEN.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

“ Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art,—  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart.”

*Miscellaneous Poems*, p. 89.

## AN APRIL DAY.

ENGRAVED BY W. H. DOUGAL.

“ And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.”

*Earlier Poems*, p. 104

## WOODS IN WINTER.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

“ When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill  
That overbrows the lonely vale.”

*Earlier Poems*, p. 107.

## PRECIOSA BEFORE THE ARCHBISHOP.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

“ May God bless thee,  
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.”

*The Spanish Student*, p. 164.



VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,  
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,  
Ἐρεβόθεν ἴθι· μέλε μέλε κατάπτερος  
Ἄγαμεμόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον·  
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς  
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.





Henry W. Longfellow

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

---

### PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping eaves  
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground ;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound ;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings  
The feelings of a dream,—  
As of innumerable wings,  
As, when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,  
Bright visions, came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage  
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of Eld.

---

And, loving still these quaint old themes,  
    Even in the city's throng  
I feel the freshness of the streams,  
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,  
Water the green land of dreams,  
    The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings  
    The Spring, clothed like a bride,  
When nestling buds unfold their wings,  
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
Musing upon many things,  
    I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;  
    It was a sound of joy !  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild !  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
    As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,  
    “ Come, be a child once more ! ”  
And waved their long arms to and fro,  
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;  
O, I could not choose but go  
    Into the woodlands hoar ;



Into the blithe and breathing air,  
    Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere!  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer!  
    Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue  
    Of tall and sombrous pines ;  
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
And where the sunshine darted through,  
Spread a vapour soft and blue,  
    In long and sloping lines.

And falling on my weary brain,  
    Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again ;  
Low lispings of the summer rain,  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
    As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! stay, O stay !  
    Ye were so sweet and wild !  
And distant voices seemed to say,  
“It cannot be ! They pass away !  
Other themes demand thy lay ;  
    Thou art no more a child !

---

“The land of Song within thee lies,  
Watered by living springs;  
The lids of Fancy’s sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise,  
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,  
Its clouds are angels’ wings.

“Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,  
Not mountains capped with snow,  
Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
Where the woodlands bend to see  
The bending heavens below.

“There is a forest where the din  
Of iron branches sounds!  
A mighty river roars between,  
And whosoever looks therein  
Sees the heavens all black with sin,—  
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

“Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
Soft rays of sunshine pour;  
Then comes the fearful wintry blast;  
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;  
Pallid lips say, ‘It is past!  
We can return no more!’

“Look, then, into thine heart, and write!

Yes, into Life's deep stream!

All forms of sorrow and delight,

All solemn Voices of the Night,

That can soothe thee, or affright,—

Be these henceforth thy theme.”

## HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

*'Ασπασία, τριλλιστος.*

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls!

I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above ;  
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose ;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before!  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night!

---

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's sólemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.



THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have naught that is fair?” saith he ;  
“Have naught but the bearded grain ?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me  
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”  
The Reaper said, and smiled ;  
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;  
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

## THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,  
But the cold light of stars ;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?  
The star of love and dreams ?  
O no ! from that blue tent above,  
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,  
But the cold light of stars;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,

Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died!

## FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
As astrologers and seers of eld ;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars above ;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of ours ;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part

Of the self-same universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gayly in the golden light ;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues ;  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;  
Workings are they of the self-same powers,  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield ;







Interior of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul,  
Rome, showing the nave and the choir.

---

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand ;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,

---

The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
The troubled army fled ;  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave ;  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled ;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

## MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared!  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow;  
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of wo,  
A sound of wo!

Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing: “Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray,—pray!”

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers;—  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,  
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice!  
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray,  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,—  
“Pray do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!”

And now the sweet day is dead;  
Cold in his arms it lies;  
No stain from his breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!

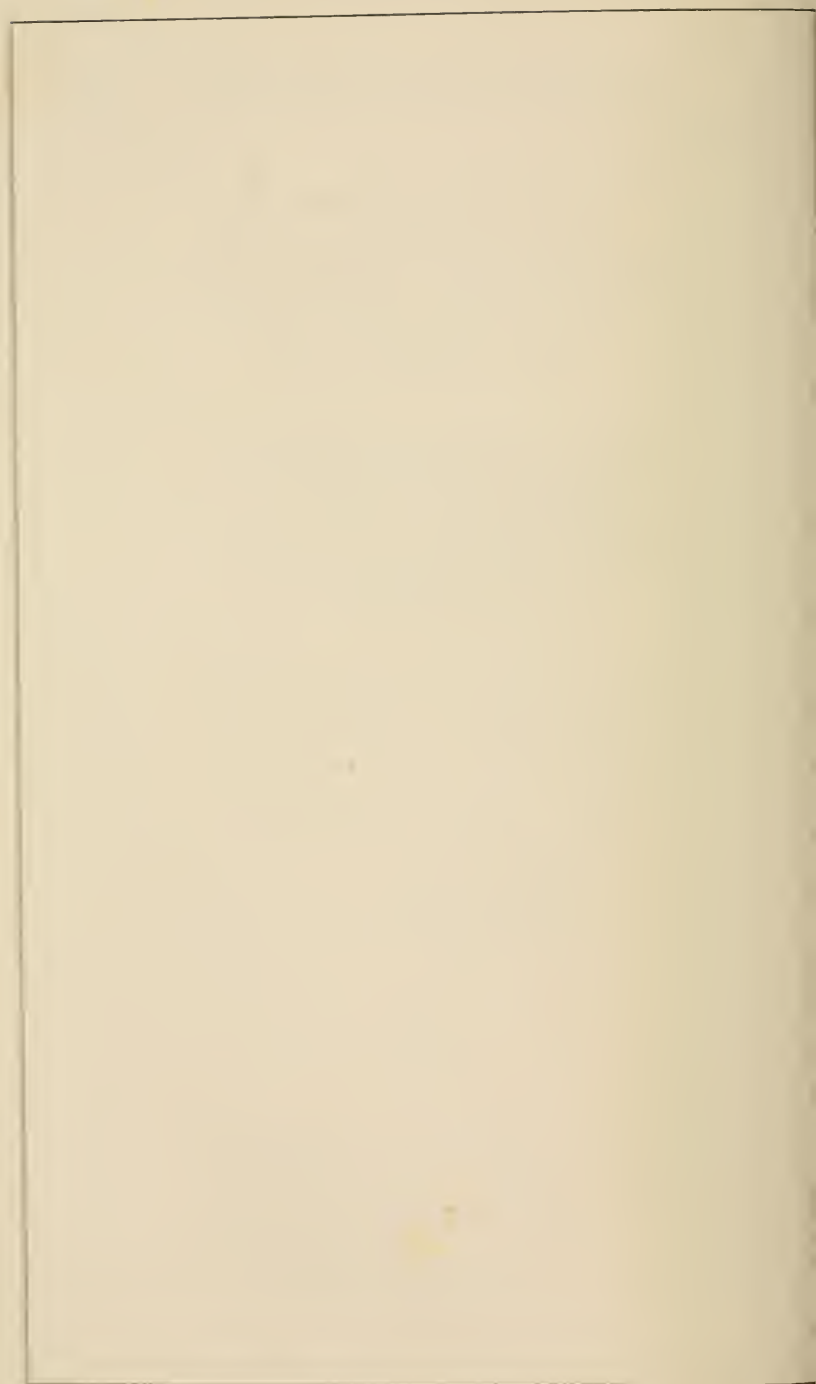
Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
“Vex not his ghost!”



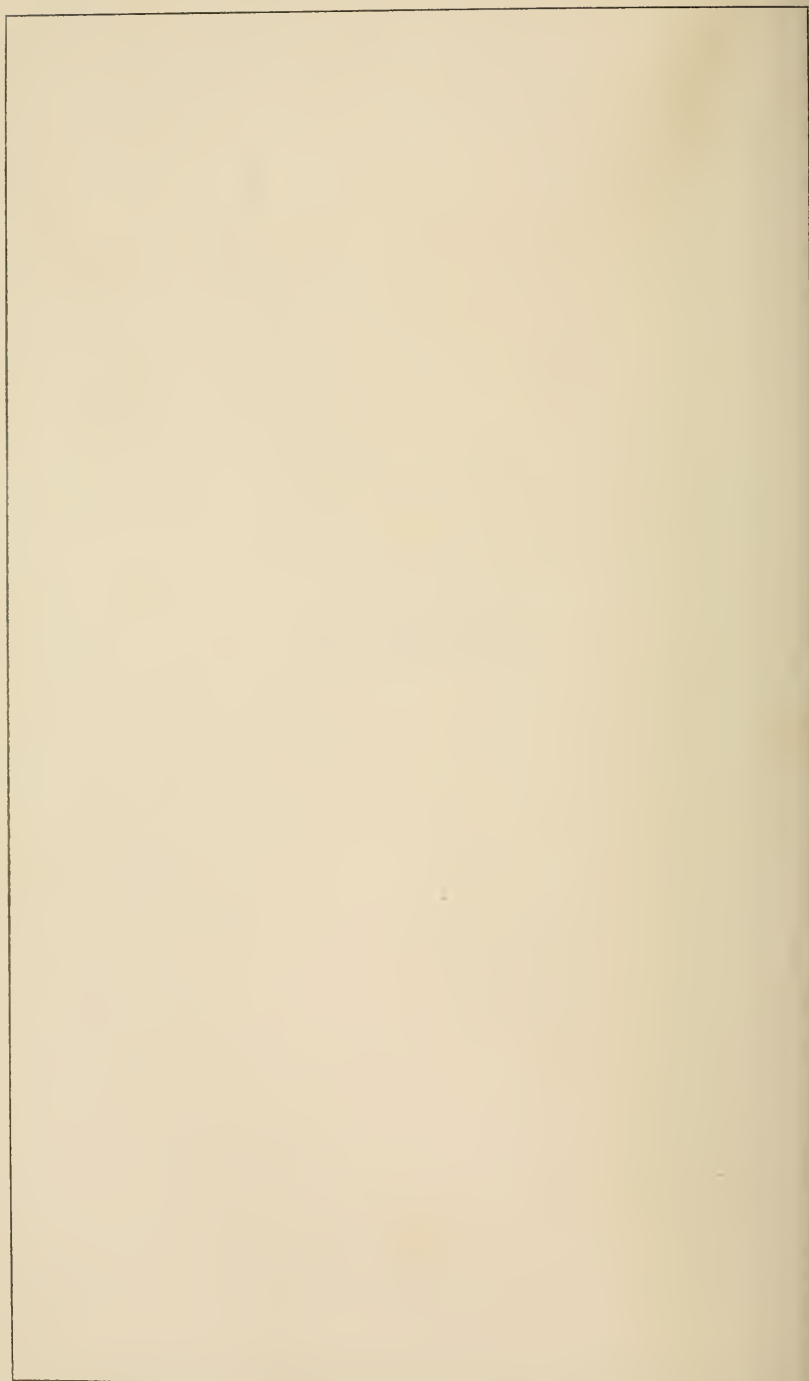
Then comes with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away!  
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O Soul! could thus decay,  
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be a darker day;  
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,  
Like red leaves be swept away!  
Kyrie, eleyson!  
Christe, eleyson!



BALLADS.



## BALLADS.

---

### THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

[THE following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind-Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838—1839, says:—

“There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the 12th century; that style, which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

“On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as

remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture, will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE 12TH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building, which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example as the substructure of a wind-mill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fire-place, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a wind-mill, is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho: "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a wind-mill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."]

---

“SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
 Who, with thy hollow breast  
 Still in rude armour drest,  
       Comest to daunt me!  
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
 But with thy fleshless palms  
 Stretched, as if asking alms,  
       Why dost thou haunt me?”

---

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
    Gleam in December ;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of wo  
    From the heart's chamber.

“ I was a Viking old !  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
    No Saga taught thee !  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse !  
    For this I sought thee.

“ Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
    Tamed the ger-falcon ;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
    Trembled to walk on.

“ Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
    Fled like a shadow ;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
    Sang from the meadow.

“ But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair’s crew,  
O’er the dark sea I flew  
    With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led ;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
    By our stern orders.

“ Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long Winter out ;  
Often our midnight shout  
    Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk’s tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
    Filled to o’erflowing.



“Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
    Burning yet tender ;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
    Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest’s shade  
    Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
    By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father’s hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
    Chaunting his glory ;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter’s hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
    To hear my story.

“ While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
    The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
    Blew the foam lightly.

“ She was a Prince’s child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
    I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew’s flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
    Her nest unguarded?

“ Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,—  
Fairest of all was she  
    Among the Norsemen!—  
When on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
    With twenty horsemen.

---

“Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
    When the wind failed us;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
    Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death! was the helmsman’s hail,  
    Death without quarter!  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
    Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
    With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
    Bore I the maiden.

“ Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o’er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
    Stretching to lee-ward ;  
There for my lady’s bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
    Stands looking sea-ward.

“ There lived we many years ;  
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;  
She had forgot her fears,  
    She was a mother ;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies ;  
Ne’er shall the sun arise  
    On such another !

“ Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen !  
Hateful to me were men,  
    The sun-light hateful !  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
    O, death was grateful !

“Thus, seamed with many scars  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
    My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,  
*Skoal!* to the Northland! *skoal!*”  
—Thus the tale ended.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
With his pipe in his mouth,  
And watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
“ I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

“ Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
    And to-night no moon we see !”  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
    And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
    A gale from the Northeast ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
    And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
    The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
    Then leaped her cable's length.

“ Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughtèr,  
    And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale,  
    That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
    Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
    And bound her to the mast.

“ O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,  
    O say, what may it be ?”

“’T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!”—

And he steered for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns,

O say, what may it be?”

“Some ship in distress, that cannot live

In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light,

O say, what may it be?”

But the father answered never a word,

A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,

With his face to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed

That saved she might be ;

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves,

On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,

Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept

Towards the reef of Norman’s Woe.







And ever the fitful gusts between  
    A sound came from the land ;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
    On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
    She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
    Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
    Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
    Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
    With the masts went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
    Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

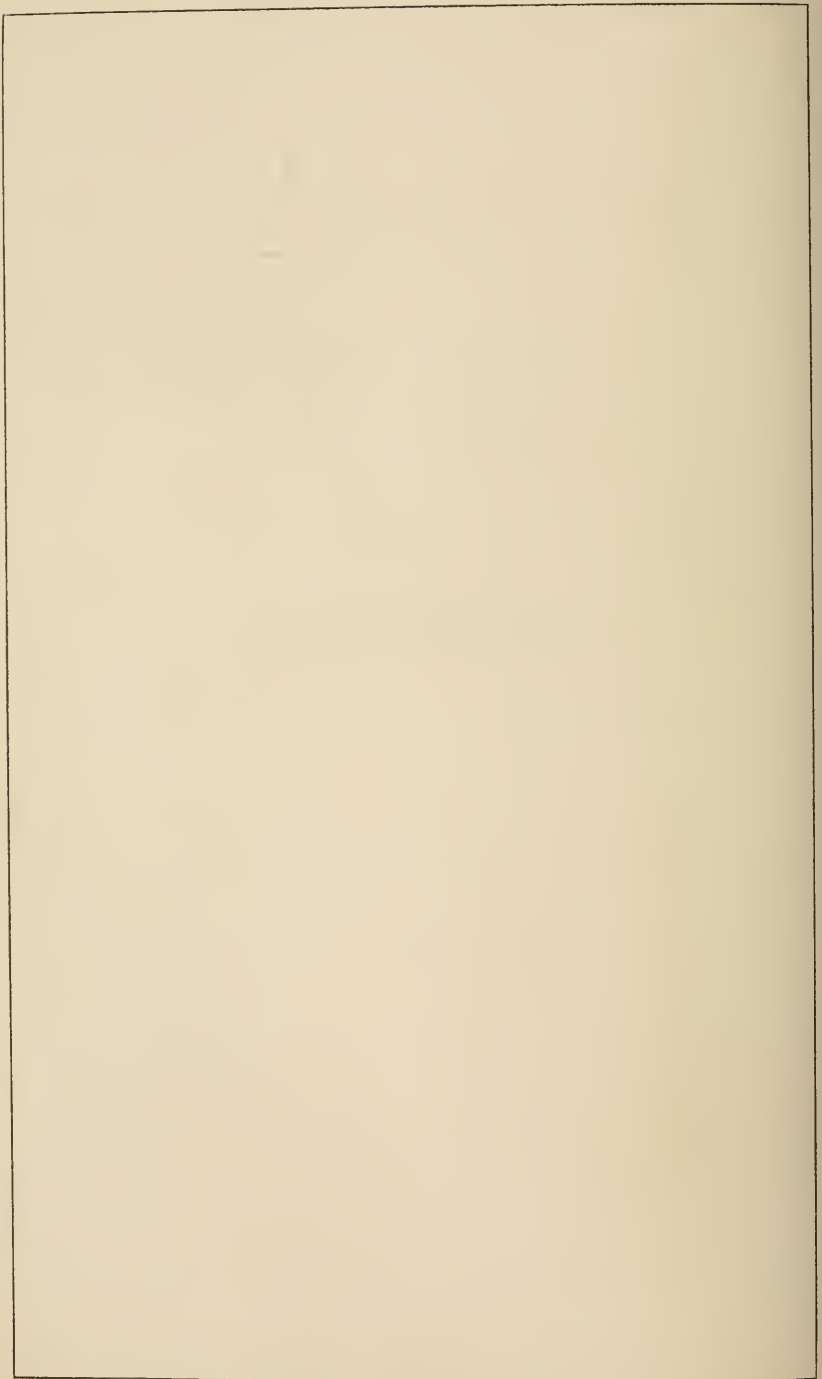
At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
    A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
    Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
    The salt tears in her eyes ;

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

MISCELLANEOUS.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

---

### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.



Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
    Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
    Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
    Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
    For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
    Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
    Each burning deed and thought !

## ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars ;  
Her level rays, like golden bars,  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Diana, in her dreams,  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,  
She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
When, sleeping in the grove,  
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought ;  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

---

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity,—  
    In silence and alone  
    To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep  
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
    And kisses the closed eyes  
    Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes!  
O, drooping souls, whose destinies  
    Are fraught with fear and pain,  
    Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
    But some heart, though unknown,  
    Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if, with unseen wings  
An angel touched its quivering strings;  
    And whispers, in its song,  
    “Where hast thou stayed so long!”

## IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

NO HAY PÁJAROS EN LOS NIDOS DE ANTAÑO.

*Spanish Proverb.*

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new ;—the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves ;—  
There are no birds in last year's nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight !  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
    Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
    For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
    To some good angel leave the rest ;  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
    There are no birds in last year's nest!

## THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
    And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
    And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
    Some days must be dark and dreary.

## G O D ' S - A C R E .

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just ;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,  
'Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again,  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place, where human harvests grow !

## TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!  
Many a lesson, deep and long;  
Thou hast been a generous giver;  
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.



Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name reminds me  
Of three friends, all true and tried ;  
And that name, like magic, binds me  
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !  
How like quivering flames they start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'T is for this, thou silent river !  
That my spirit leans to thee ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.

## THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim ;  
And though my eyes with tears are dim,  
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chant a melancholy hymn  
    With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,  
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,  
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,  
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between  
    Thick leaves of misletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart,  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
    Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,  
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
    And give a bitter taste.

---

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
    Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood ;  
And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food ;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
    The wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the colored waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
    New light and strength they give !

And he who has not learned to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe,  
With which its brim may overflow,  
    He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;  
Through all that dark and desperate fight,  
The blackness of that noonday night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
    To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
    One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
    Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!  
The Battle of our Life is brief,  
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—  
    Then sleep we side by side.

## BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
 Of Jericho in darkness waits ;  
 He hears the crowd ;—he hears a breath  
 Say, “ It is Christ of Nazareth !”  
 And calls, in tones of agony,  
 Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !

The thronging multitudes increase ;  
 Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !  
 But still, above the noisy crowd,  
 The beggar’s cry is shrill and loud ;  
 Until they say, “ He calleth thee !”  
 Θάρσει, ἔχειραι, φωνεῖ σε !

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands  
 The crowd, “ What wilt thou at my hands ?”  
 And he replies, “ O give me light !  
 Rabbi, restore the blind man’s sight !”  
 And Jesus answers, Ὑπαγε·  
 Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three,

Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!

Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!







## MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O, thou child of many prayers !  
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares !  
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;—  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

- Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds, that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

## EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
                  Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
                  Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
                  Excelsior!

“Try not the Pass!” the old man said;  
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”  
And loud that clarion voice replied  
                  Excelsior!



ump

EXCELLENCE



---

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!”  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!”  
This was the peasant’s last good-night;  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and  
brown ;

Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er  
the town.

As the summer-morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I  
stood,

And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of  
widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams  
and vapors gray,

Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the  
landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here  
and there,

Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-  
like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.



---

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild  
and high ;

And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant  
than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden  
times,

With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy  
chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing  
in the choir ;

And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a  
friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my  
brain ;

They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth  
again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of  
old ;

Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the  
Fleece of Gold ;

---

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;  
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound ;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the  
queen,

And the armed guard around them, and the sword un-  
sheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of  
Gold ;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving  
west,

Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's  
nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror  
smote ;

And again the loud alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of  
sand,

“I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land !”

---

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's  
roar

Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves  
once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was  
aware,

Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined  
square.

## A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church with thee,  
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass ;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they :

One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

“Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born!”  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves  
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed ;  
Thou art no longer here :  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh,

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,  
Shines on a distant field.

## THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !



Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace !"

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

## N U R E M B E R G.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,  
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art  
and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round  
them throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough  
and bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth  
rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every  
clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron  
band,  
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's  
hand ;





---

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art,—  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the  
common mart ;

And above cathedral doorways, saints and bishops carved in  
stone,  
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,  
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age  
their trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture  
rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies ;  
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more  
fair,

That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed  
its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and  
dismal lanes,

Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly  
guild,

Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swal-  
lows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic  
rhyme,

And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's  
chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers  
of poesy bloom

In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle  
craft,

Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and  
laughed.

---

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard  
white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark  
and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique  
chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's  
regard ;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-  
bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his  
careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the  
soil,  
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

## THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.

TRIERRY: CONQUÊTE DE L'ANGLETERRE.

---

In his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying ;  
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,  
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
From the missal on his knee ;



---

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells, that, from the neighbouring kloster,  
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused awhile and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

“ Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger !

King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched creatures,  
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
    Mingling with the common dust :

But the good deed, through the ages  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
    Unconsumed by moth or rust.

## THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

---

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

## SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore ;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries,  
Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

---

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
    On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main ;  
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
    Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
    Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness,  
    In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song :

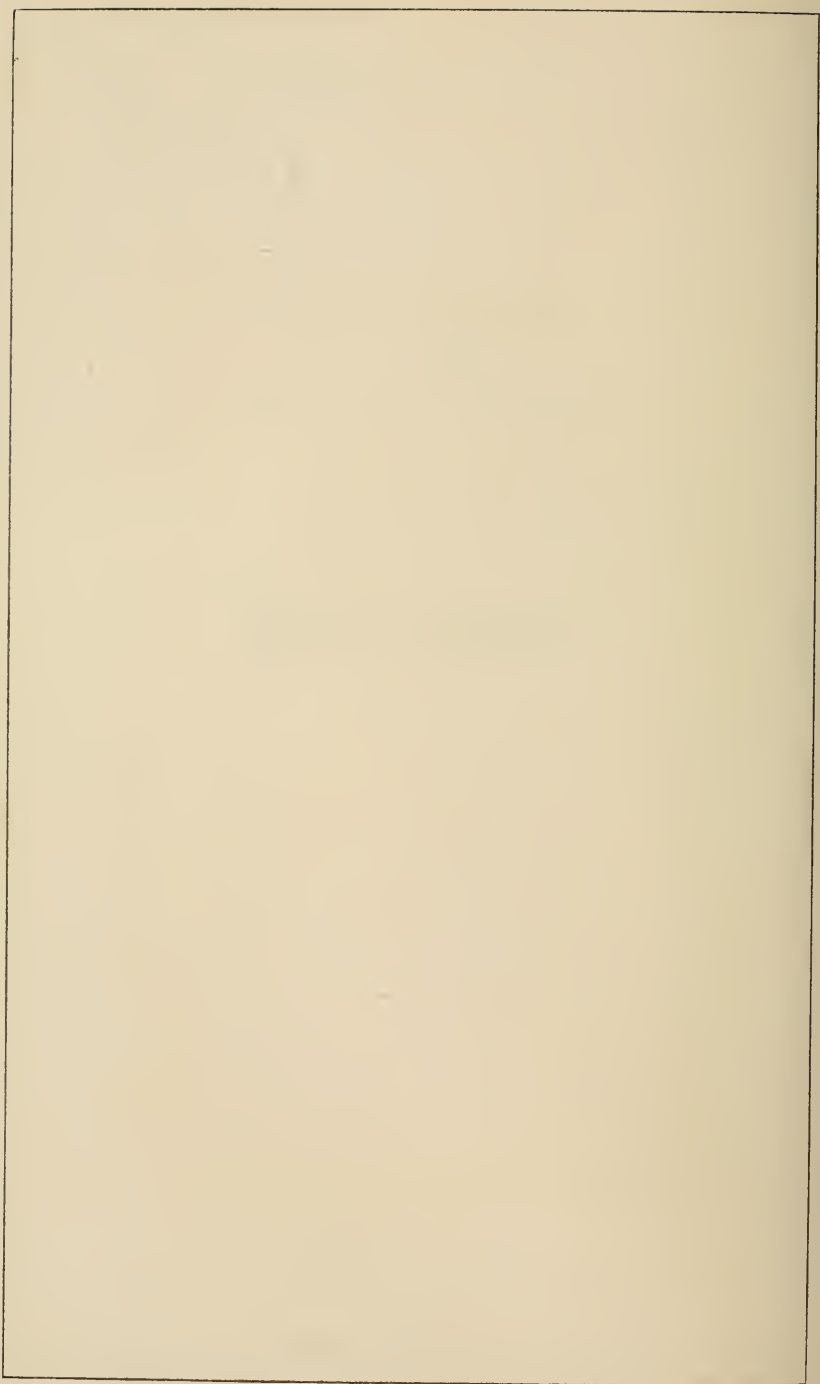
From the far-off isles enchanted,  
    Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth ;  
From the flashing surf whose vision  
    Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavour  
    That for ever  
Wrestles with the tides of Fate ;  
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,  
    Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart ;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.



EARLIER POEMS.



## EARLIER POEMS.<sup>a</sup>

---

### AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell  
The coming-on of storms.

---

<sup>a</sup> These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches, on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."

---

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives ;  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side by side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.



And when the eye is born  
In the lake, the sky is reaching far  
To the eye's eye.



## A U T U M N.

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year!  
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;  
And when the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

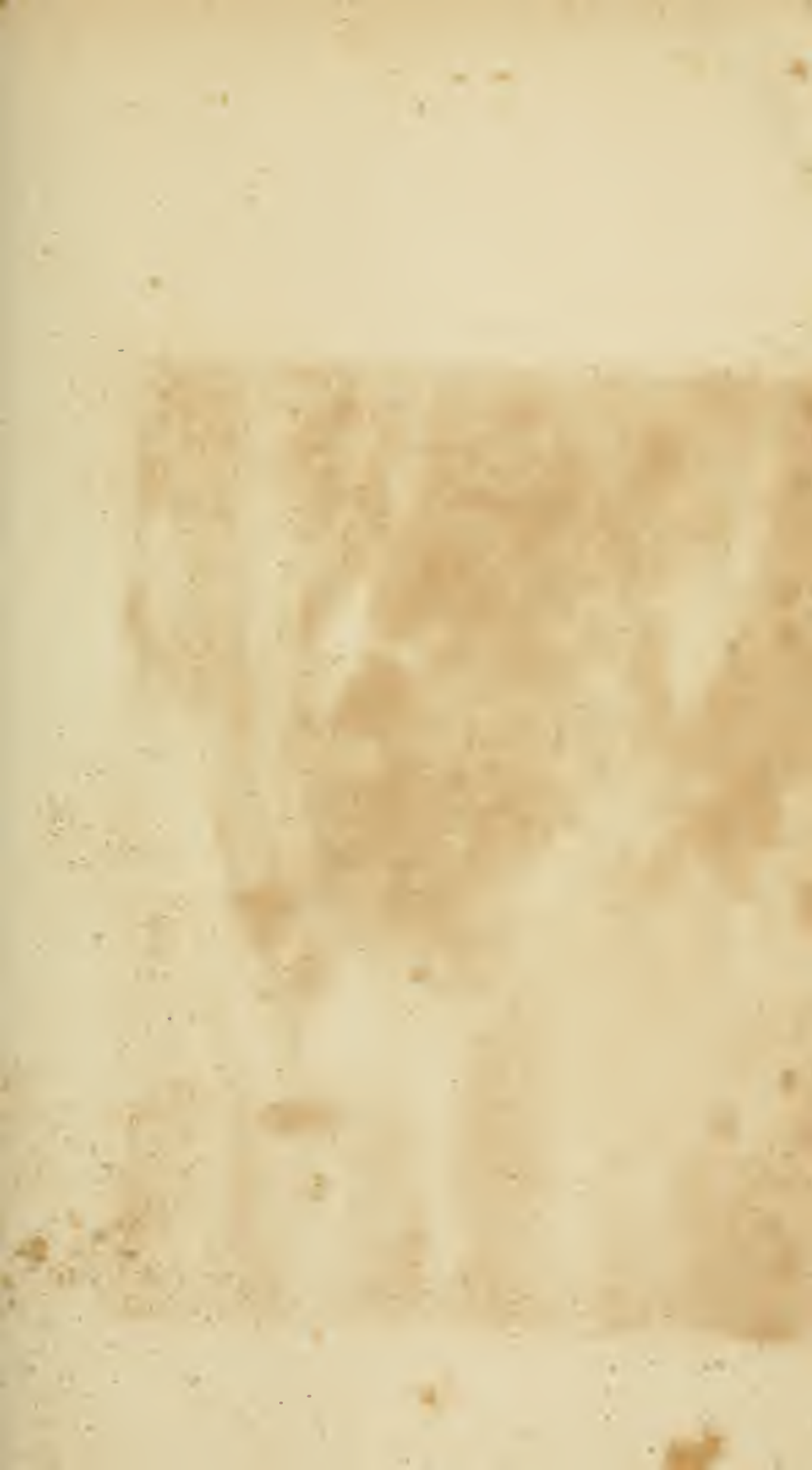
There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down

---

By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.







W. H. H. H.

## WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year,—  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF  
BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULAŠKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowled head ;  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The blood-red banner, that with prayer  
Had been consecrated there.  
And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,  
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

“ Take thy banner ! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

“Take thy banner! and, beneath  
The battle-cloud’s encircling wreath,  
Guard it!—till our homes are free!  
Guard it!—God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

“Take thy banner! But when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him!—By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him!—he our love hath shared!  
Spare him!—as thou wouldst be spared!

“Take thy banner!—and if e’er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier’s bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

## SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me ;—bathed in light,  
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade ;  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,—

And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout,  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke  
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and heart beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.



## THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows ;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.  
With what a tender and impassioned voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,  
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf ;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaed Eve,  
In mourning-weeds, from out the western gate,  
Departs with silent pace ! That spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cascade ;  
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless  
          laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid

The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,  
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air  
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.  
For them there was an eloquent voice in all  
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,  
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—  
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun  
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening goes,—  
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,  
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,  
The distant lake, fountains,—and mighty trees,  
In many a lazy syllable, repeating  
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill  
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,  
My busy fancy oft imbodyes it,  
As a bright image of the light and beauty  
That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms  
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues  
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds  
When the sun sets. Within her eye  
The heaven of April, with its changing light,  
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,

---

And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair  
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,  
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek  
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,  
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,  
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,  
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes  
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy  
To have it round us,—and her silver voice  
Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

## BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell ;  
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came down  
The glory, that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,  
Around a far uplifted cone,  
In the warm blush of evening shone ;  
An image of the silver lakes,  
But which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
Where the soft breath of evening stirred  
The tall, gray forest ; and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
Came winding down beside the wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.

---

They sang, that by his native bowers  
He stood in the last moon of flowers,  
And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior's head ;  
But, as the summer fruit decays,  
So died he in those naked days.

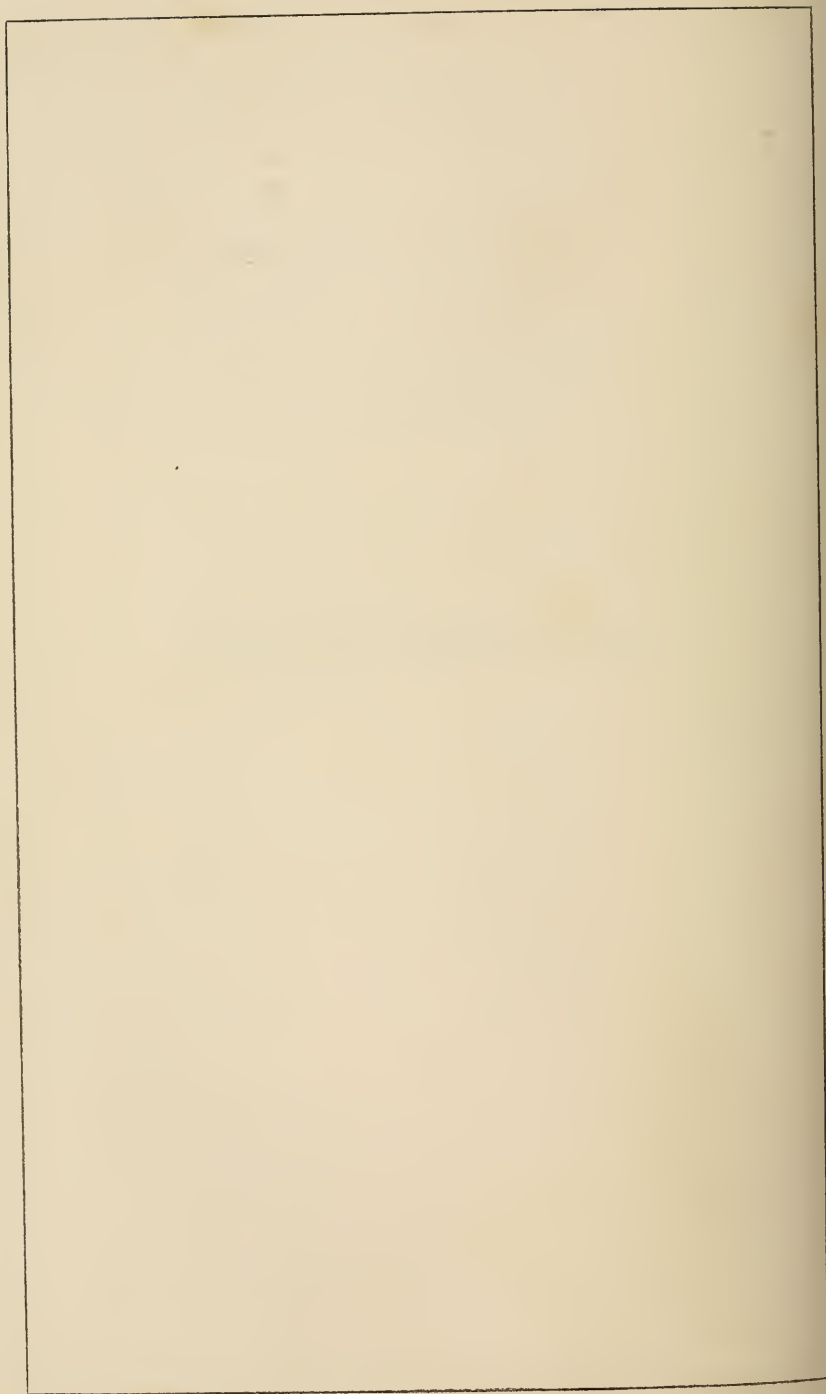
A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death dirge of the slain ;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came ; and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed  
Beside the grave his battle steed;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh  
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,  
The rider grasps his steed again.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

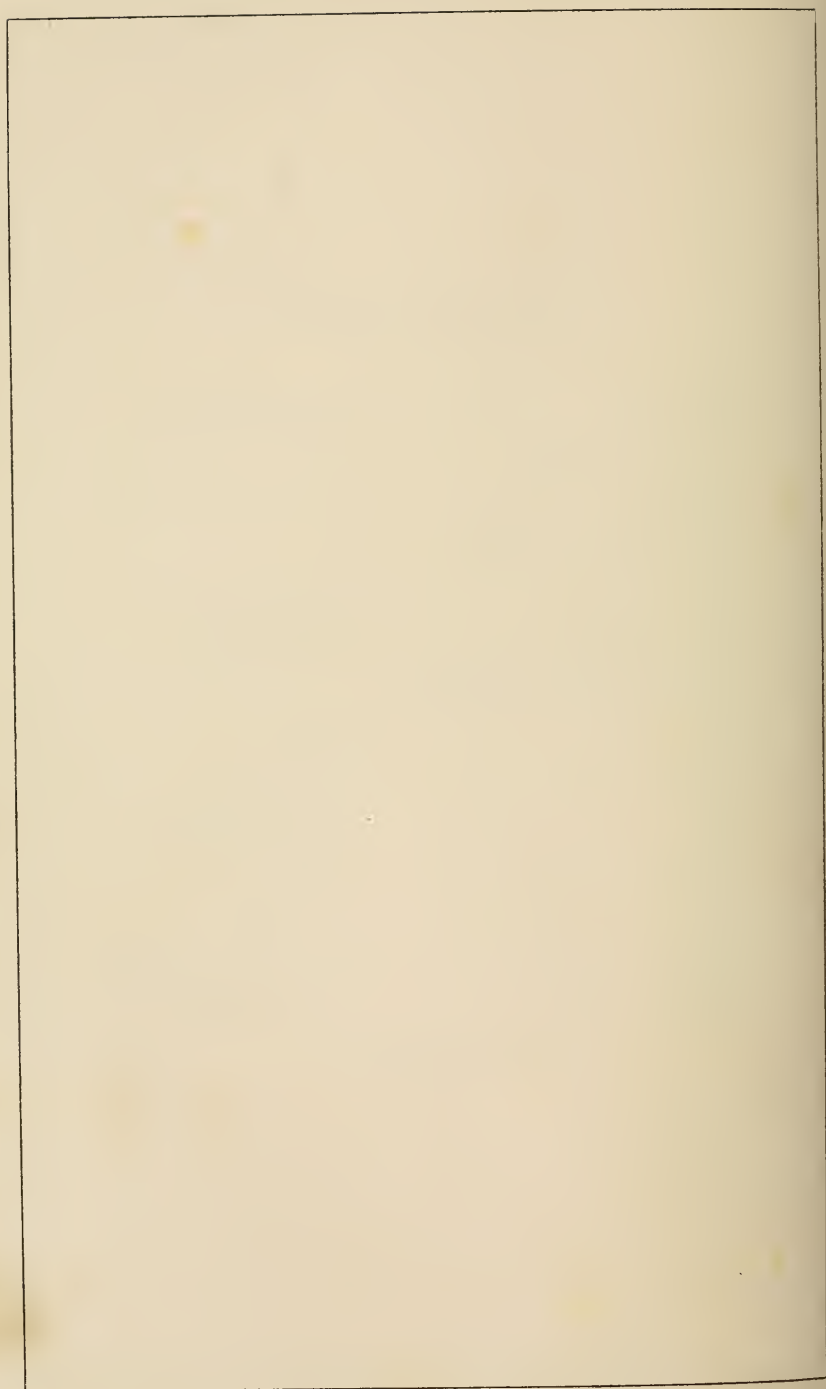




DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- VICTORIAN, }  
 HYPOLITO, } . . . . . *Students of Alcalá.*
- THE COUNT OF LARA, }  
 DON CARLOS, } . . . . . *Gentlemen of Madrid.*
- THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.  
 A CARDINAL.
- BELTRAN CRUZADO, . . . . . *Count of the Gipsies.*
- BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN, . . . . . *A young Gipsy.*
- THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.
- PEDRO CRESPO, . . . . . *Alcalde.*
- PANCHO, . . . . . *Alguacil.*
- FRANCISCO, . . . . . *Lara's servant.*
- CHISPA, . . . . . *Victorian's servant.*
- BALTASAR, . . . . . *Innkeeper.*
- PRECIOSA, . . . . . *A Gipsy girl.*
- ANGELICA, . . . . . *A poor girl.*
- MARTINA, . . . . . *The Padre Cura's niece.*
- DOLORES, . . . . . *Preciosa's maid.*

*Gipsies, Musicians, &c.*



# THE SPANISH STUDENT.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *The COUNT OF LARA's chambers. Night. The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

LARA.

YOU were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos ;  
How happened it ?

DON CARLOS.

I had engagements elsewhere.

Pray who was there ?

LARA.

Why, all the town and court.  
The house was crowded ; and the busy fans  
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies  
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.  
There was the Countess of Medina Celi ;  
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,  
Her Lindo Don Diego ; Doña Sol,  
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

DON CARLOS.

What was the play?

LARA.

It was a dull affair;  
One of those comedies in which you see,  
As Lope says, the history of the world  
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act,  
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,  
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,  
"O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,  
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,  
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,  
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,  
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

DON CARLOS.

Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

LARA.

And never better. Every footstep fell  
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.  
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

DON CARLOS.

Almost beyond the privilege of woman!  
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.  
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face  
As beauteous as a saint's in Paradise.

LARA.

May not a saint fall from her Paradise,  
And be no more a saint?

DON CARLOS.

Why do you ask?

LARA.

Because I have heard it said this angel fell,  
And, though she is a virgin outwardly,  
Within she is a sinner; like those panels  
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks  
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary  
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

DON CARLOS.

You do her wrong; indeed, you do her wrong!  
She is as virtuous as she is fair.

LARA.

How credulous you are! Why look you, friend,  
There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,  
In this whole city! And would you persuade me  
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,  
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money,  
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood  
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held  
A model for her virtue?

DON CARLOS.

You forget

She is a Gipsy girl.

LARA.

And therefore won

The easier.

DON CARLOS.

Nay, not to be won at all!

The only virtue that a Gipsy prizes  
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.  
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember  
A Gipsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,  
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair;  
And yet this woman was above all bribes.  
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,  
The wild and wizard beauty of her race,  
Offered her gold to be what she made others,  
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,  
And smote him in the face!

LARA.

And does that prove  
That Preciosa is above suspicion?

DON CARLOS.

It proves a nobleman may be repulsed  
When he thinks conquest easy. I believe  
That woman, in her deepest degradation,  
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,  
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,  
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains  
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

LARA.

Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

DON CARLOS. (*rising.*)

I do not think so.

LARA.

I am sure of it.

But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer,

And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

DON CARLOS.

'T is late. I must begone, for if I stay

You will not be persuaded.

LARA.

Yes; persuade me.

DON CARLOS.

No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

LARA.

No one so blind as he who will not see!

DON CARLOS.

And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams,

And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*]

LARA.

Greater faith!

I have the greatest faith; for I believe

Victorian is her lover. I believe

That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter

Another, and another, and another,

Chasing each other through her zodiac,

As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.)

Well, Francisco,  
What speed with Preciosa?

FRANCISCO.

None, my lord.  
She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you  
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

LARA.

Then I will try some other way to win her.  
Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

FRANCISCO.

Yes, my lord ;  
I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

LARA.

What was he doing there?

FRANCISCO.

I saw him buy  
A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

LARA.

Was there another like it?

FRANCISCO.

One so like it  
I could not choose between them.

LARA.

It is well.  
To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.  
Do not forget. Now light me to my bed. [*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE II.

*A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

CHISPA.

Abernuncio Satanás! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but

to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

CHISPA.

Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Why so?

CHISPA.

Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

An Aragonese bagpipe.

CHISPA.

Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

No, your honor.

CHISPA.

I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

## SECOND AND THIRD MUSICIANS.

We play the bandurria.

CHISPA.

A pleasing instrument. And thou?

FOURTH MUSICIAN.

The fife.

CHISPA.

I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

OTHER MUSICIANS.

We are the singers, please your honor.

CHISPA.

You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

PRECIOSA'S chamber. *She stands at the open window.*

PRECIOSA.

How slowly through the lilac-scented air  
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down

The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky ;  
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade  
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.  
And hark ! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,  
Answer them from below !

## SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night !  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light !  
She sleeps !  
My lady sleeps !  
Sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !  
Far down yon western steeps,  
Sink, sink in silver light !  
She sleeps !  
My lady sleeps !  
Sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !  
Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light !  
She sleeps !  
My lady sleeps !  
Sleeps !

Dreams of the summer night!  
Tell her, her lover keeps  
Watch! while in slumbers light  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

*(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)*

VICTORIAN.

Poor, little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

PRECIOSA.

I am so frightened! 'T is for thee I tremble!  
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!  
Did no one see thee?

VICTORIAN.

None, my love, but thou.

PRECIOSA.

'T is very dangerous; and when thou art gone  
I chide myself for letting thee come here  
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?  
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

VICTORIAN.

Since yesterday I've been in Alcalá.  
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,  
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;  
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night  
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

PRECIOSA.

An honest thief to steal but what thou givest.

VICTORIAN.

And we shall sit together unmolested,  
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,  
As singing birds from one bough to another.

PRECIOSA.

That were a life indeed to make time envious!  
I knew that thou wouldst visit me to-night.  
I saw thee at the play.

VICTORIAN.

Sweet child of air!

Never did I behold thee so attired  
And garmented in beauty as to-night!  
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

PRECIOSA.

Am I not always fair?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, and so fair

That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,  
And wish that they were blind.

PRECIOSA.

I heed them not;

When thou art present I see none but thee!

VICTORIAN.

There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes  
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

PRECIOSA.

And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books?

VICTORIAN.

Thou comest between me and those books too often!

I see thy face in every thing I see!

The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,

The canticles are changed to sarabands,

And with the learned doctors of the schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

PRECIOSA.

In good sooth,

I dance with learned doctors of the schools

To-morrow morning.

VICTORIAN.

And with whom, I pray?

PRECIOSA.

A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace

The Archbishop of Toledo.

VICTORIAN.

What mad jest

Is this?

PRECIOSA.

It is no jest; indeed it is not.

VICTORIAN.

Prithee, explain thyself.

PRECIOSA.

Why, simply thus.

Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain  
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

VICTORIAN.

I have heard it whispered.

PRECIOSA.

Now the Cardinal,  
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold  
With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop  
Has sent for me —

VICTORIAN.

That thou may'st dance before them!  
Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe  
The fire of youth into these gray old men!  
'T will be thy proudest conquest!

PRECIOSA.

Saving one.  
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,  
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

VICTORIAN.

The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;  
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee  
I gave my heart away!

PRECIOSA.

Dost thou remember  
When first we met?

VICTORIAN.

It was at Córdoba,



In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting  
Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

PRECIOSA.

'T was Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees  
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.  
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,  
And then anon the great cathedral bell.  
It was the elevation of the Host.  
We both of us fell down upon our knees,  
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.  
I never had been happy till that moment.

VICTORIAN.

Thou blessed angel!

PRECIOSA.

And when thou wast gone  
I felt an aching here. I did not speak  
To any one that day. But from that day  
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

VICTORIAN.

Remember him no more. Let not his shadow  
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!  
I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

PRECIOSA.

I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.  
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

VICTORIAN.

That was the first sound in the song of love!

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.  
 Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings  
 Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,  
 And play the prelude of our fate. We hear  
 The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

PRECIOSA.

That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

VICTORIAN.

So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts  
 Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.  
 As drops of rain fall into some dark well,  
 And from below comes a scarce audible sound,  
 So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,  
 And their mysterious echo reaches us.

PRECIOSA.

I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!  
 I cannot reason; I can only feel!  
 But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.  
 Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think  
 We cannot walk together in this world!  
 The distance that divides us is too great!  
 Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;  
 I must not hold thee back.

VICTORIAN.

Thou little skeptic!  
 Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman  
 Is her affections, not her intellect!

The intellect is finite ; but the affections  
 Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.  
 Compare me with the great men of the earth ;  
 What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!  
 But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,  
 The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!  
 { The world of the affections is thy world,  
 Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness  
 Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,  
 Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,  
 Feeding its flame. The element of fire  
 Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,  
 But burns as brightly in a Gipsy camp  
 As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

PRECIOSA.

Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;  
 But not that I am worthy of that heaven.  
 How shall I more deserve it?

VICTORIAN.

Loving more.

PRECIOSA.

I cannot love thee more ; my heart is full.

VICTORIAN.

Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,  
 As in the summer-time the thirsty sands  
 Drink the swift waters of a mountain torrent,  
 And still do thirst for more.

A WATCHMAN (*in the street*).

Ave Maria  
Purissima! 'T is midnight and serene!

VICTORIAN.

Hear'st thou that cry?

PRECIOSA.

It is a hateful sound,  
To scare thee from me!

VICTORIAN.

As the hunter's horn  
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds  
The moor-fowl from his mate.

PRECIOSA.

Pray, do not go!

VICTORIAN.

I must away to Alcalá to-night.  
Think of me when I am away.

PRECIOSA.

Fear not!

I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

VICTORIAN (*giving her a ring*).

And to remind thee of my love, take this;  
A serpent, emblem of eternity;  
A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

PRECIOSA.

It is an ancient saying, that the ruby  
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves

The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,  
 Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!  
 It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

VICTORIAN.

What convent of barefooted Carmelites  
 Taught thee so much theology?

PRECIOSA (*laying her hand upon his mouth*).

Hush! Hush!

Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

VICTORIAN.

Good night! good night! Thou art my guardian  
 angel!

I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(*He descends by the balcony.*)

PRECIOSA.

Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

VICTORIAN (*from the garden*).

Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight  
 As well as I. Pray, shut thy window close;  
 I am jealous of the perfumed air of night  
 That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

PRECIOSA (*throwing down her handkerchief*).

Thou silly child! Take this to blind thine eyes.  
 It is my benison!

VICTORIAN.

And brings to me

Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind  
 Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath  
 Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

PRECIOSA.

Make not thy voyage long.

VICTORIAN.

To-morrow night  
 Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star  
 To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!  
 My beauteous star! My star of love, good night!

PRECIOSA.

Good night!

WATCHMAN (*at a distance*).

Ave Maria Purissima!

#### SCENE IV.

*An inn on the road to Alcalá. BALTASAR asleep on a bench.*

*Enter CHISPA.*

CHISPA.

And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and  
 midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights  
 out, and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

BALTASAR (*waking*).

Here I am.

CHISPA.

Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town  
 without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

BALTASAR.

Where is your master?

CHISPA.

Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

BALTASAR (*setting a light on the table*).

Stewed rabbit.

CHISPA (*eating*).

Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

BALTASAR.

And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

CHISPA (*drinking*).

Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but *Vino Tinto* of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

BALTASAR.

I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

CHISPA.

And I swear to you, by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the *hidalgo's* dinner, very little meat, and a great deal of table-cloth.

BALTASAR.

Ha! ha! ha!

CHISPA.

And more noise than nuts.

BALTASAR.

Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

CHISPA.

No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

BALTASAR.

Why does he go so often to Madrid?

CHISPA.

For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

BALTASAR.

I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

CHISPA.

What! are you on fire, too, old hay-stack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

VICTORIAN (*without*).

Chispa!

CHISPA.

Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing



VICTORIAN.

Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

CHISPA.

Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper, to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

VICTORIAN'S chambers at Alcalá. HYPOLITO asleep in an arm-chair.  
*He awakes slowly.*

HYPOLITO.

I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!  
And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!  
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,  
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled  
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!  
The candles have burned low; it must be late.  
Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,  
The only place in which one cannot find him  
Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom  
Feels the caresses of its master's hand.  
Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!  
And make dull midnight merry with a song.

*(He plays and sings.)*

Padre Francisco!

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden  
Who wants to confess her sins!  
Open the door and let her come in,  
I will shrieve her from every sin.

(*Enter VICTORIAN.*)

VICTORIAN.

Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

HYPOLITO.

What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

VICTORIAN.

Come, shrieve me straight; for, if love be a sin,  
I am the greatest sinner that doth live.  
I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,  
A maiden wooed and won.

HYPOLITO.

The same old tale  
Of the old woman in the chimney corner,  
Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my  
child;  
I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

VICTORIAN.

Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full  
That I must speak.

HYPOLITO.

Alas! that heart of thine  
Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain

Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter  
The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

VICTORIAN.

Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;  
Those that remained, after the six were burned,  
Being held more precious than the nine together.  
But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember  
The Gipsy girl we saw at Córdoba  
Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

HYPOLITO.

Thou meanest Preciosa.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, the same.

Thou knowest how her image haunted me  
Long after we returned to Alcalá.  
She's in Madrid.

HYPOLITO.

I know it.

VICTORIAN.

And I'm in love.

HYPOLITO.

And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be  
In Alcalá.

VICTORIAN.

O pardon me, my friend,  
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;  
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,

And, if a word be spoken ere the time,  
They sink again, they were not meant for us.

HYPOLITO.

Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.  
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.  
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard  
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa,—  
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover,  
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?  
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave*;  
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

*Ave! cujus calcem clare  
Nec centenni commendare  
Sciret Seraph studio!*

VICTORIAN.

Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!  
I am in earnest!

HYPOLITO.

Seriously enamored?  
What, ho! The Primus of Great Alcalá!  
Enamored of a Gipsy? Tell me frankly,  
How meanest thou?

VICTORIAN.

I mean it honestly.

HYPOLITO.

Surely thou wilt not marry her!

VICTORIAN.

Why not?

HYPOLITO.

She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,  
If I remember rightly, a young Gipsy  
Who danced with her at Córdoba.

VICTORIAN.

They quarrelled,  
And so the matter ended.

HYPOLITO.

But in truth  
Thou wilt not marry her.

VICTORIAN.

In truth I will.  
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!  
She is a precious jewel I have found  
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.  
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,  
Set on my forehead like the morning star,  
'The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

HYPOLITO.

If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,  
'T will be indeed a wonder.

VICTORIAN.

Out upon thee,  
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray, tell me,  
Is there no virtue in the world?

HYPOLITO.

Not much.

What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment ;  
Now, while we speak of her ?

VICTORIAN.

She lies asleep,  
And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath  
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.  
Her tender limbs are still, and, on her breast,  
The cross she prayed to, e'er she fell asleep,  
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,  
Like a light barge safe moored.

HYPOLITO.

Which means, in prose,  
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open !

VICTORIAN.

O, would I had the old magician's glass  
To see her as she lies in child-like sleep !

HYPOLITO.

And would'st thou venture ?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, indeed I would !

HYPOLITO.

Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected  
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now* ?

VICTORIAN.

Yes ; all the awful mystery of Life !

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,  
That could we, by some spell of magic, change  
The world and its inhabitants to stone,  
In the same attitudes they now are in,  
What fearful glances downward might we cast  
Into the hollow chasms of human life!  
What groups should we behold about the death-bed,  
Putting to shame the group of Niobe!  
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!  
What stony tears in those congealed eyes!  
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!  
What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!  
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!  
What lovers with their marble lips together!

HYPOLITO.

Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,  
That is the very point I most should dread.  
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,  
Might tell a tale were better left untold.  
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,  
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears  
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,  
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,  
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,  
Desertest for this Glaucè.

VICTORIAN.

Hold thy peace!

She cares not for me. She may wed another,  
Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,  
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

HYPOLITO (*rising*).

And so, good night! Good morning, I should say.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time  
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!  
And so, once more, good night! We'll speak more  
largely

Of Preciosa when we meet again.

Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,  
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,

In all her loveliness. Good night! [*Exit.*]

VICTORIAN.

Good night!

But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

(*Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left,  
and lays a large book open upon his knees.*)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch  
The changing color of the waves that break  
Upon the idle seashore of the mind!  
Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,  
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?  
O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,  
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom  
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?



Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows  
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,  
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,  
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?  
I have the wish, but want the will, to act!  
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words  
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,  
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,  
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?  
From the barred visor of Antiquity  
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,  
As from a mirror! All the means of action—  
The shapeless masses—the materials—  
Lie everywhere about us. What we need  
Is the celestial fire to change the flint  
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.  
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits  
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws  
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.  
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,  
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.  
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,  
And, by the magic of his touch at once  
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,  
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,  
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,  
Rude popular traditions and old tales

Shine as immortal poems, at the touch  
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,  
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.  
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,  
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart  
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,  
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises  
And sinks again into its silent deeps,  
Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!  
'T is this ideal that the soul of man  
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;  
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,  
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many  
Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,  
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!  
Yet I, born under a propitious star,  
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.  
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,  
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,  
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel  
The pressure of her head! God's benison  
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,  
Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night  
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

*(Gradually sinks asleep.)*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. PRECIOSA's chamber. Morning. PRECIOSA and ANGELICA.

PRECIOSA.

WHY will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.  
The poor too often turn away unheard  
From hearts that shut against them with a sound  
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more  
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.  
What is your landlord's name?

ANGELICA.

The Count of Lara.

PRECIOSA.

The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!  
Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with him!  
And rather die an outcast in the streets  
Than touch his gold.

ANGELICA.

You know him, then!

PRECIOSA.

As much

As any woman may, and yet be pure.  
As you would keep your name without a blemish,  
Beware of him!

ANGELICA.

Alas! what can I do?

I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,  
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

PRECIOSA.

Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair  
Should have no friends but those of her own sex.  
What is your name?

ANGELICA.

Angelica.

PRECIOSA.

That name  
Was given you, that you might be an angel  
To her who bore you! When your infant smile  
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.  
O, be an angel still! she needs that smile.  
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.  
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,  
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.  
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.  
That is the charm which has protected me!  
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it  
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

ANGELICA (*rising*).

I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.

PRECIOSA.

Thank me by following it.

ANGELICA.

Indeed I will.

PRECIOSA.

Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

ANGELICA.

My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

PRECIOSA.

Some other time, then, when we meet again.  
You must not go away with words alone.

*(Gives her a purse.)*

Take this. Would it were more.

ANGELICA.

I thank you, lady.

PRECIOSA.

No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.  
I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.  
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,  
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

ANGELICA.

O, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful  
For so much kindness?

PRECIOSA.

I deserve no thanks.

Thank Heaven, not me.

ANGELICA.

Both Heaven and you.

O

PRECIOSA.

Farewell!

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

ANGELICA.

I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you,  
And all good angels. [Exit.]

PRECIOSA.

May they guard thee too,  
And all the poor; for they have need of angels.  
Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,  
My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress,  
And my most precious jewels! Make me look  
Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize  
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

CRUZADO.

Ave Maria!

PRECIOSA.

O God! my evil genius!  
What seekest thou here to-day?

CRUZADO.

Thyself,—my child

PRECIOSA.

What is thy will with me?

CRUZADO.

Gold! gold!

PRECIOSA.

I gave thee yesterday ; I have no more.

CRUZADO.

The gold of the Busné,—give me his gold!

PRECIOSA.

I gave the last in charity to-day.

CRUZADO.

That is a foolish lie.

PRECIOSA.

It is the truth.

CRUZADO.

Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!  
Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?  
Not to thy father? To whom, then?

PRECIOSA.

To one

Who needs it more.

CRUZADO.

No one can need it more.

PRECIOSA.

Thou art not poor.

CRUZADO.

What, I, who lurk about  
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;  
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;  
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;

I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—  
Not poor!

PRECIOSA.

Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.  
Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

CRUZADO.

The gold of the Busné! give me his gold!

PRECIOSA.

Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.  
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,  
I gave it to thee freely, at all times;  
Never denied thee; never had a wish  
But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!  
Be merciful, be patient, and, ere long,  
Thou shalt have more.

CRUZADO.

And if I have it not,  
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,  
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,  
And live in idleness; but go with me,  
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,  
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;  
For here we stay not long.

PRECIOSA.

What! march again?

CRUZADO.

Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!



I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!  
 Air!—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,  
 The feeling of the breeze upon my face,  
 The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,  
 And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.  
 Then I am free and strong,—once more myself,  
 Beltram Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

PRECIOSA.

God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.

CRUZADO.

Remember who I am, and who thou art!  
 Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.  
 Bartolomé Román—

PRECIOSA (*with emotion*).

O, I beseech thee!

If my obedience and blameless life,  
 If my humility and meek submission  
 In all things hitherto, can move in thee  
 One feeling of compassion; if thou art  
 Indeed my father, and canst trace in me  
 One look of her who bore me, or one tone  
 That doth remind thee of her, let it plead  
 In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,  
 Too feeble to resist, and do not force me  
 To wed that man! I am afraid of him!  
 I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee

To use no violence, nor do in haste  
 What cannot be undone!

CRUZADO.

O child, child, child!

Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird  
 Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.  
 I will not leave thee here in the great city  
 To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready  
 To go with us; and until then remember  
 A watchful eye is on thee. [Exit.

PRECIOSA.

Woe is me!

I have a strange misgiving in my heart!  
 But that one deed of charity I'll do,  
 Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.  
[Exit.

## SCENE II.

*A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace. The ARCHBISHOP and a  
 CARDINAL seated.*

ARCHBISHOP.

Knowing how near it touched the public morals,  
 And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten  
 By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,  
 Beseeching that his Holiness would aid  
 In curing the gross surfeit of the time,  
 By seasonable stop put here in Spain

To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.  
All this you know.

CARDINAL.

Know and approve.

ARCHBISHOP.

And farther,

That, by a mandate from his Holiness,  
The first have been suppressed.

CARDINAL.

I trust for ever,

It was a cruel sport.

ARCHBISHOP.

A barbarous pastime,  
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself  
Most Catholic and Christian.

CARDINAL.

Yet the people  
Murmur at this; and, if the public dances  
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,  
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.  
As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry,  
Among the Roman populace of old,  
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.  
Hence I would act advisedly herein;  
And therefore have induced your grace to see  
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(*Enter a servant.*)

SERVANT.

The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians  
Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.

ARCHBISHOP.

Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold  
In what angelic yet voluptuous shape  
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

*(Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in a modest, half-timid attitude.)*

CARDINAL *(aside)*.

O, what a fair and ministering angel  
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

PRECIOSA *(kneeling before the ARCHBISHOP)*.

I have obeyed the order of your grace.  
If I intrude upon your better hours,  
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech  
Your holy benediction.

ARCHBISHOP.

May God bless thee,  
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

CARDINAL *(aside)*.

Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!  
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.  
Is thy name Preciosa?

PRECIOSA.

Thus I am called.

CARDINAL.

That is a Gipsy name. Who is thy father?



DESSIN DE M. G. L. DEL. ET SCULPT. PAR M. G. L.



PRECIOSA.

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

ARCHBISHOP.

I have a dim remembrance of that man;  
He was a bold and reckless character,  
A sun-burnt Ishmael!

CARDINAL.

Dost thou remember  
Thy earlier days?

PRECIOSA.

Yes; by the Darro's side  
My childhood passed. I can remember still  
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;  
The villages, where, yet a little child,  
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;  
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;  
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;  
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted  
The forest where we slept; and, farther back,  
As in a dream or in some former life,  
Gardens and palace walls.

ARCHBISHOP.

'T is the Alhambra,  
Under whose towers the Gipsy camp was pitched.  
But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

PRECIOSA.

Your grace shall be obeyed.



*(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)*

## SCENE III.

*The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.*

DON CARLOS.

Holá! good evening, Don Hypolito.

HYPOLITO.

And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos.  
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.  
I was in search of you.

DON CARLOS.

Command me always.

HYPOLITO.

Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,  
The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,  
Asks if his money-bags would rise?

DON CARLOS.

I do;

But what of that?

HYPOLITO.

I am that wretched man.



DON CARLOS.

You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

HYPOLITO.

And amen! said the Cid Campeador.

DON CARLOS.

Pray, how much need you?

HYPOLITO.

Some half dozen ounces.

Which, with due interest——

DON CARLOS (*giving his purse*).

What, am I a Jew

To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

HYPOLITO.

Thank you. A pretty purse,  
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;  
Perhaps a keepsake.

DON CARLOS.

No, 't is at your service.

HYPOLITO.

Thank you again. Lie there, Saint Chrysostom,  
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,  
I am the debtor of my friend.

DON CARLOS.

But tell me,

Come you to-day from Alcalá?

HYPOLITO.

This moment.

DON CARLOS.

And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

HYPOLITO.

Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances  
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch  
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

DON CARLOS.

And is it faring ill

To be in love?

HYPOLITO.

In this case very ill.

DON CARLOS.

Why so?

HYPOLITO.

For many reasons. First and foremost,  
Because he is in love with an ideal;  
A creature of his own imagination;  
A child of air; an echo of his heart;  
And, like a lily on a river floating,  
She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

DON CARLOS.

A common thing with poets. But who is  
This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,

Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—  
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.  
Who is it? Tell me.

HYPOLITO.

Well, it is a woman!

But, look you, from the coffer of his heart  
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,  
As pious priests adorn some favorite saint  
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams  
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,  
And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.

DON CARLOS.

Well, well! who is this doll?

HYPOLITO.

Why, who do you think?

DON CARLOS.

His cousin Violante.

HYPOLITO.

Guess again.

To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm  
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

DON CARLOS.

I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

HYPOLITO.

Not I.

DON CARLOS.

Why not?

HYPOLITO (*mysteriously*).

Why? Because Mari Franca  
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

DON CARLOS.

Jesting aside, who is it?

HYPOLITO.

Preciosa.

DON CARLOS.

Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me  
She is not virtuous.

HYPOLITO.

Did I say she was?

The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife  
Whose name was Messalina, as I think;  
Valeria Messalina was her name.

But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,  
Walking as in a dream.

DON CARLOS.

He comes this way.

HYPOLITO.

It has been truly said by some wise man,  
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

(*Enter VICTORIAN in front.*)

VICTORIAN.

Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!  
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking  
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked

At evening, and I feel thy presence now ;  
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,  
And is for ever hallowed.

HYPOLITO.

Mark him well!

See how he strides away with lordly air,  
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander  
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

DON CARLOS.

What ho! Victorian!

HYPOLITO.

Wilt thou sup with us?

VICTORIAN.

Holá! amigos! Faith, I did not see you.  
How fares Don Carlos?

DON CARLOS.

At your service ever.

VICTORIAN.

How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana  
That you both wot of?

DON CARLOS.

Ay, soft, emerald eyes!

She has gone back to Cadiz.

HYPOLITO.

*Ay de mí!*

VICTORIAN.

You are much to blame for letting her go back.

A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes  
 Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see  
 In evening skies.

HYPOLITO.

But, speaking of green eyes,  
 Are thine green?

VICTORIAN.

Not a whit. Why so?

HYPOLITO.

I think  
 The slightest shade of green would be becoming,  
 For thou art jealous.

VICTORIAN.

No, I am not jealous.

HYPOLITO.

Thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN.

Why?

HYPOLITO.

Because thou art in love,  
 And they who are in love are always jealous.  
 Therefore thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN.

Marry, is that all?  
 Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.  
 Thou sayest I should be jealous?

HYPOLITO.

Ay, in truth

I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.  
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara  
Lays siege to the same citadel.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed!

Then he will have his labor for his pains.

HYPOLITO.

He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me  
He boasts of his success.

VICTORIAN.

How's this, Don Carlos?

DON CARLOS.

Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.  
He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,  
As a gay man might speak.

VICTORIAN.

Death and damnation!

I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,  
And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!  
This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.  
Trifle with me no more. For otherwise  
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell! [*Exit.*]

HYPOLITO.

Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child  
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,  
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode  
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,

Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!  
 But come; we will not follow. Let us join  
 The crowd that pours into the Prado. There  
 We shall find merrier company; I see  
 The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,  
 And fifty fans, that beckon me already. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.

PRECIOSA'S chamber. *She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.*

PRECIOSA (*reads*).

All are sleeping, weary heart!  
 Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.  
 I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(*The bird sings.*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,  
 That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,  
 Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,  
 I have a gentle gaoler. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!  
 Thou, thou only sleepless art!  
 All this throbbing, all this aching,  
 Evermore shall keep thee waking,  
 For a heart in sorrow breaking  
 Thinketh ever of its smart!



Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks  
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours  
Than one would say. In distant villages  
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted  
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage  
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,  
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.  
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?  
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?  
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.  
Dolores!

*(Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.)*

Ha!

LARA.

Señora, pardon me!

PRECIOSA.

How's this? Dolores!

LARA.

Pardon me——

PRECIOSA.

Dolores!

LARA.

Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold——

PRECIOSA *(turning her back upon him)*.

You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

LARA.

My dear lady,  
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!  
'T is for your good I come.

PRECIOSA (*turning toward him with indignation*).

Begone! Begone!  
You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds  
Would make the statues of your ancestors  
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,  
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here  
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?  
O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,  
Should be so little noble in your thoughts  
As to send jewels here to win my love,  
And think to buy my honor with your gold!  
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!  
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!  
Begone, I say!

LARA.

Be calm; I will not harm you.

PRECIOSA.

Because you dare not.

LARA.

I dare any thing!  
Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.  
In this false world, we do not always know  
Who are our friends and who our enemies.

We all have enemies, and all need friends.  
 Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court  
 Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

PRECIOSA.

If to this

I owe the honor of the present visit,  
 You might have spared the coming. Having  
     spoken,  
 Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

LARA.

I thought it but a friendly part to tell you  
 What strange reports are current here in town.  
 For my own self, I do not credit them ;  
 But there are many who, not knowing you,  
 Will lend a readier ear.

PRECIOSA.

    There was no need  
 That you should take upon yourself the duty  
 Of telling me these tales.

LARA.

    Malicious tongues  
 Are ever busy with your name.

PRECIOSA.

Alas!

I have no protectors. I am a poor girl,  
 Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.  
 They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.

I give no cause for these reports. I live  
Retired; am visited by none.

LARA.

By none?

O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

PRECIOSA.

How mean you?

LARA.

Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul  
By the report of idle tales.

PRECIOSA.

Speak out!

What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

LARA.

I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;  
This window, as I think, looks toward the street,  
And this into the Prado, does it not?  
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—  
You see the roof there just above the trees,—  
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,  
That on a certain night,—be not offended  
If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man  
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!  
I would not blame you, being young and fair—

*(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.)*

PRECIOSA.

Beware! beware! I am a Gipsy girl!

Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer  
And I will strike!

LARA.

Pray you, put up that dagger.  
Fear not.

PRECIOSA.

I do not fear. I have a heart  
In whose strength I can trust.

LARA.

Listen to me.  
I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—  
And by a single word can put a stop  
To all those idle tales, and make your name  
Spotless as lilies are. Here, on my knees,  
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,  
I love you even to madness, and that love  
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,  
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN *enters behind.*)

PRECIOSA.

Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place  
For such as you are. It becomes you not  
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved  
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;  
For your sake I will put aside all anger,  
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak  
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,

And as my heart now prompts me. I no more  
 Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.  
 But if, without offending modesty  
 And that reserve which is a woman's glory,  
 I may speak freely, I will teach my heart  
 To love you.

LARA.

O sweet angel!

PRECIOSA.

Ay, in truth,  
 Far better than you love yourself or me.

LARA.

Give me some sign of this,—the slightest token.  
 Let me but kiss your hand!

PRECIOSA.

Nay, come no nearer.  
 The words I utter are its sign and token.  
 Misunderstand me not. Be not deceived!  
 The love wherewith I love you is not such  
 As you would offer me. For you come here  
 To take from me the only thing I have,  
 My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends  
 And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes  
 That fill your heart with happiness; but I  
 Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,  
 And you would take that from me, and for what?  
 To flatter your own vanity, and make me

What you would most despise. O Sir, such love,  
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.  
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you  
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.  
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes  
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,  
And bids you look into your heart, and see  
How you do wrong that better nature in you,  
And grieve your soul with sin.

LARA.

I swear to you,  
I would not harm you ; I would only love you ;  
I would not take your honor, but restore it,  
And in return I ask but some slight mark  
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,  
As you confess you do, O let me thus  
With this embrace——

VICTORIAN (*rushing forward*).

Hold! hold! This is too much.  
What means this outrage?

LARA.

First, what right have you  
To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

VICTORIAN.

I too am noble, and you are no more!  
Out of my sight!

LARA.

Are you the master here?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others  
Gives me the right!

PRECIOSA (*to Lara*).

Go! I beseech you, go!

VICTORIAN.

I shall have business with you, Count, anon!

LARA.

You cannot come too soon! [*Exit.*

PRECIOSA.

Victorian!

O we have been betrayed!

VICTORIAN.

Ha! ha! betrayed!

'T is I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!

PRECIOSA.

Dost thou imagine——

VICTORIAN.

I imagine nothing;

I see how 't is thou whilst the time away  
When I am gone!

PRECIOSA.

O speak not in that tone!

It wounds me deeply.



VICTORIAN.

'T was not meant to flatter.

PRECIOSA.

Too well thou knowest the presence of that man  
Is hateful to me!

VICTORIAN.

Yet I saw thee stand  
And listen to him, when he told his love.

PRECIOSA.

I did not heed his words.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed thou didst,  
And answeredst them with love.

PRECIOSA.

Hadst thou heard all——

VICTORIAN.

I heard enough.

PRECIOSA.

Be not so angry with me.

VICTORIAN.

I am not angry; I am very calm.

PRECIOSA.

If thou wilt let me speak——

VICTORIAN.

Nay, say no more.

I know too much already. Thou art false!

I do not like these Gipsy marriages!  
Where is the ring I gave thee?

PRECIOSA.

In my casket.

VICTORIAN.

There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it!  
I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

PRECIOSA.

I call the Heavens to witness——

VICTORIAN.

Nay, nay, nay;  
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!  
They are forsworn!

PRECIOSA.

Victorian! dear Victorian!

VICTORIAN.

I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame,  
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!  
And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!  
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,  
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,  
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

*(He casts her from him and rushes out.)*

PRECIOSA.

And this from thee!

*(Scene closes.)*

## SCENE V.

*The COUNT OF LARA'S rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

LARA.

There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,  
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!  
I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.  
A silly girl to play the prude with me!  
The fire that I have kindled——

*(Enter FRANCISCO.)*

Well, Francisco,  
What tidings from Don Juan?

FRANCISCO.

Good, my lord;  
He will be present.

LARA.

And the Duke of Lermos?

FRANCISCO.

Was not at home.

LARA.

How with the rest?

FRANCISCO.

I've found  
The men you wanted. They will all be there,  
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind  
Of such discordant noises, that the dance  
Must cease for lack of music.

LARA.

Bravely done.

Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,  
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close  
Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and  
sword. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*

VICTORIAN.

O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad  
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,  
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds  
Cry, "Hide thyself!" O what a thin partition  
Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge  
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!  
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,  
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face  
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,  
And in derision seems to smile at me!

HYPOLITO.

Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee  
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

VICTORIAN.

And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,  
We may be over-hasty in condemning!  
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

HYPOLITO.

And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

VICTORIAN.

She does not love him! 'T is for gold! for gold!

HYPOLITO.

Ay, but remember, in the public streets  
He shows a golden ring the Gipsy gave him,  
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

VICTORIAN.

She had that ring from me! God! she is false!  
But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.  
Where stays the coward?

HYPOLITO.

Nay, he is no coward;  
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.  
I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.  
And therefore be not over-confident,  
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

*(Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.)*

LARA.

Good evening, gentlemen.

HYPOLITO.

Good evening, Count.

LARA.

I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

VICTORIAN.

Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

LARA.

I am.

HYPOLITO.

It grieves me much to see this quarrel  
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way  
Left open to accord this difference,  
But you must make one with your swords?

VICTORIAN.

No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,  
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long  
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel  
End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!

*(They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.)*

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me  
From sending your vile soul to its account?

LARA.

Strike! strike!

VICTORIAN.

You are disarmed! I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

*(FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.)*

HYPOLITO.

Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara  
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian  
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.  
Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing  
To move you to extremes.

LARA.

I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,  
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

VICTORIAN.

Nay, something more than that.

LARA.

I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path.  
To me the door stood open, as to others.  
But, had I known the girl belonged to you,  
Never would I have sought to win her from you.  
The truth stands now revealed; she has been false  
To both of us.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, false as hell itself!

LARA.

In truth I did not seek her; she sought me;  
And told me how to win her, telling me  
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

VICTORIAN.

Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out  
These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!  
Let me know all! all! all!

LARA.

You shall know all.

Here is my page, who was the messenger  
Between us. Question him. Was it not so,  
Francisco?

FRANCISCO.

Ay, my lord.

LARA.

If farther proof  
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

VICTORIAN.

Pray, let me see that ring! It is the same!

*(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)*

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!  
Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample  
Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,  
We both have been abused, been much abused!  
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.  
Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,  
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.  
I now can see the folly I have done,  
Though 't is, alas! too late. So fare you well!  
To-night I leave this hateful town for ever.  
Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell!

HYPOLITO.

Farewell, Sir Count.

*[Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.]*



LARA.

Farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!

I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[*Exit with FRANCISCO.*]

SCENE VII.

*A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

CRUZADO.

And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

BARTOLOMÉ.

In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

CRUZADO.

And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

BARTOLOMÉ.

There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

CRUZADO.

Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

BARTOLOMÉ.

First tell me what keeps thee here?

CRUZADO.

Preciosa.

BARTOLOMÉ.

And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

CRUZADO.

The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I hear she has a Busné lover.

CRUZADO.

That is nothing.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

CRUZADO.

Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Meanwhile, show me her house.

CRUZADO.

Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

BARTOLOMÉ.

No matter. Show me the house.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VIII.

*The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

## SCENE IX.

*The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

LARA.

So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!  
 You have stood by me bravely in this matter.  
 Pray, fill your glasses.

DON JUAN.

Did you mark, Don Luis,  
 How pale she looked, when first the noise began,  
 And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!  
 Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom  
 Tumultuous as the sea!

DON LUIS.

I pitied her.

LARA.

Her pride is humbled; and this very night  
 I mean to visit her.

DON JUAN.

Will you serenade her?

LARA.

No music! no more music!

DON LUIS.

Why not music?

It softens many hearts.

LARA.

Not in the humor

She now is in. Music would madden her.

DON JUAN.

Try golden cymbals.

DON LUIS.

Yes, try Don Dinero;

A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

LARA.

To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But Caballeros, you dislike this wine.

A bumper and away; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa!

*(They rise and drink.)*

ALL.

Preciosa.

LARA *(holding up his empty glass).*

Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen

My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion

Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,

Her precious name! O never more henceforth

Shall mortal lips press thine ; and never more  
A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.  
Go ! keep my secret !

*(Dashes the goblet down.)*

DON JUAN.

*Ite ! missa est !*

*(Scene closes.)*

SCENE X.

*Street and garden wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

CRUZADO.

This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is the house  
The window in which thou seest the light is her window  
But we will not go in now.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Why not ?

CRUZADO.

Because she is not at home.

BARTOLOMÉ.

No matter ; we can wait. But how is this ? The gate  
is bolted. *(Sound of guitars and voices in a neighbouring street.)*  
Hark ! There comes her lover with his cursed serenade !  
Hark !

SONG.

Good night ! Good night, beloved !  
I come to watch o'er thee !  
To be near thee,—to be near thee,  
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,  
 Thy lips are crimson flowers!  
 Good night! Good night, beloved,  
 While I count the weary hours.

CRUZADO.

They are not coming this way.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah! thou moon that shinest  
 Argent-clear above!  
 All night long enlighten  
 My sweet lady-love!  
 Moon that shinest,  
 All night long enlighten!

BARTOLOMÉ.

Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

CRUZADO.

Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister  
 Sang to each other;  
 For so many sisters  
 Is there not one brother!  
 Ay, for the partridge, mother!  
 The cat has run away with the partridge!  
 Puss! puss! puss!

BARTOLOMÉ.

Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

*(Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.)*

LARA.

The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,  
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.  
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale  
Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.  
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

*(Exeunt. Reënter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.)*

BARTOLOMÉ.

They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the  
garden. *(Tries the gate.)* Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Fol-  
low me over the wall.

*(They climb the wall.)*

#### SCENE XI.

PRECIOSA'S bed-chamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair,  
in an undress. DOLORES watching her.

DOLORES.

She sleeps at last!

*(Opens the window and listens.)*

All silent in the street,  
And in the garden. Hark!

PRECIOSA *(in her sleep)*.

I must go hence!

Give me my cloak!

DOLORES.

He comes! I hear his footsteps!

PRECIOSA.

Go tell him that I cannot dance to-night;  
I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever  
That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.  
I am too weak to dance.

*(Signal from the garden.)*

DOLORES *(From the window).*

Who 's there?

VOICE *(from below).*

A friend.

DOLORES.

I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

PRECIOSA.

I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!  
Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!  
Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.  
I 'm ready now,—give me my castanets.  
Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!  
They glare upon me like an evil eye.  
I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!  
They hiss at me like serpents! Save! save me!

*(She wakes.)*

How late is it, Dolores?

DOLORES.

It is midnight.



PRECIOSA.

We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

*(She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)*

VOICE.

Muera!

ANOTHER VOICE.

O villains! villains!

LARA.

So, have at you!

VOICE.

Take that!

LARA.

O, I am wounded!

DOLORES *(shutting the window)*.

Jesu Maria!

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A cross-road through a wood. In the back-ground a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

## SONG.

Ah, Love !  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love  
Enemy  
Of all that mankind may not rue !  
Most untrue  
To him who keeps most faith with thee.  
Woe is me !  
The falcon has the eyes of the dove.  
Ah, Love !  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

## VICTORIAN.

Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,  
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp  
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian ;  
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about  
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate  
In never-ending vistas of delight.

## HYPOLITO.

Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,  
Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits  
 Give us clearly to comprehend,  
 Whither tend  
 All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!  
 They are cheats,  
 Thorns below, and flowers above.  
 Ah, Love!  
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

VICTORIAN.

A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

HYPOLITO.

It suits thy case.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed, I think it does  
 What wise man wrote it?

HYPOLITO.

Lopez Maldonade

VICTORIAN.

In truth, a pretty song.

HYPOLITO.

With much truth in it.  
 I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest  
 Try to forget this lady of thy love.

VICTORIAN.

I will forget her! All dear recollections  
 Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,  
 Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!

I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,  
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,  
A voice within her will repeat my name,  
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"  
O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,  
That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,  
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,  
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,  
And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever  
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

HYPOLITO.

Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!  
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

VICTORIAN.

Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain  
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword  
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,  
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.  
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,  
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices  
Are heard along the shore.

HYPOLITO.

And yet at last  
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.  
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.  
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,  
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,

Like a dead weight thou hankest on the wheels.  
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health  
To talk of dying.

VICTORIAN.

Yet I fain would die !  
To go through life, unloving and unloved ;  
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul  
We cannot still ; that longing, that wild impulse,  
And struggle after something we have not  
And cannot have ; the effort to be strong ;  
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile,  
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks ;  
All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone !  
Would I were with them !

HYPOLITO.

We shall all be soon.

VICTORIAN.

It cannot be too soon ; for I am weary  
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,  
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as  
strangers ;  
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts ;  
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase  
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,  
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us  
A mockery and jest ; maddened,—confused,—  
Not knowing friend from foe.

HYPOLITO.

Why seek to know?

Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!  
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,  
Nor strive to look beneath it.

VICTORIAN.

I confess,

That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer  
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,  
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,  
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,  
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,  
And sinks again into the weltering sea,  
Helpless and hopeless!

HYPOLITO.

Yet thou shalt not perish.

The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.  
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines  
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star.

*(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)*

VICTORIAN.

Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan  
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry!  
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide  
Over the red roofs of the cottages,  
And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd,  
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,

And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,  
And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

HYPOLITO.

Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence  
The village lies.

VICTORIAN.

This path will lead us to it,  
Over the wheat fields, where the shadows sail  
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,  
And, like an idle mariner on the main,  
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gipsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gipsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDRO CRESPO.*

PANCHO.

Make room, ye vagabonds and Gipsy thieves!  
Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

PEDRO CRESPO.

Keep silence all! I have an edict here  
From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,  
Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,  
Which I shall publish in the market-place.  
Open your ears and listen!

*(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)*

Padre Cura,  
Good day, and pray you hear this edict read.

PADRE CURA.

Good day, and God be with you! Pray, what is it?

PEDRO CRESPO.

An act of banishment against the Gipsies!

*(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)*

PANCHO.

Silence!

PEDRO CRESPO *(reads)*.

“I hereby order and command,  
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,  
Known by the name of Gipsies, shall henceforth  
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds  
And beggars; and if, after seventy days,  
Any be found within our kingdom’s bounds,  
They shall receive a hundred lashes each;  
The second time, shall have their ears cut off;  
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,  
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King.”  
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!  
You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

PANCHO.

And if in seventy days you are not gone,  
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

*(The Gipsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent.)*

*PANCHO follows.)*



PADRE CURA.

A righteous law! A very righteous law!  
Pray you, sit down.

PEDRO CRESPO.

I thank you heartily.

*(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)*

A very righteous judgment, as you say.  
Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—  
How came these Gipsies into Spain?

PADRE CURA.

Why, look you;  
They came with Hercules from Palestine,  
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,  
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.  
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,  
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor  
Is not a Christian, so 't is with the Gipsies.  
'They never marry, never go to mass,  
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,  
Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor—

PEDRO CRESPO.

Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!  
No matter for the other ninety-five.  
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,  
They should be burnt.

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)

PADRE CURA.

And pray, whom have we here?

PEDRO CRESPO.

More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

HYPOLITO.

Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

PADRE CURA.

Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

HYPOLITO.

We seek the Padre Cura of the village ;  
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,  
You must be he.

PADRE CURA.

I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

HYPOLITO.

We are poor students, travelling in vacation.  
You know this mark?

(*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.*)

PADRE CURA (*joyfully*).

Ay, know it, and have worn it.

PEDRO CRESPO (*aside*).

Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!  
And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant.

[*Exit.*

PADRE CURA.

Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

HYPOLITO.

Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face,  
I said within myself, "This is the man!"  
There is a certain something in your looks,  
A certain scholar-like and studious something,—  
You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;  
Which marks you as a very learned man,  
In fine, as one of us.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

What impudence!

HYPOLITO.

As we approached, I said to my companion,  
"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"  
Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,  
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,  
Must be the sacristan."

PADRE CURA.

Ah! said you so?

Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

HYPOLITO.

Indeed! you much astonish me! His air  
Was not so full of dignity and grace  
As an alcalde's should be.

PADRE CURA.

That is true.

He is out of humor with some vagrant Gipsies,

Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood.  
There is nothing so undignified as anger.

HYPOLITO.

The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,  
If, from his well-known hospitality,  
We crave a lodging for the night.

PADRE CURA.

I pray you!

You do me honor! I am but too happy  
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.  
It is not often that I have occasion  
To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores,*  
*Nec sinit esse feros,* Cicero says.

HYPOLITO.

'T is Ovid, is it not?

PADRE CURA.

No, Cicero.

HYPOLITO.

Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.  
Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!  
But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)

PADRE CURA.

Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*A room in the PADRE CURA'S house. Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.*

PADRE CURA.

So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.  
I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

HYPOLITO.

And left behind an honored name, no doubt.  
How may I call your Grace?

PADRE CURA.

Gerónimo  
De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

HYPOLITO.

Descended from the Marquis Santillana?  
From the distinguished poet?

PADRE CURA.

From the Marquis,  
Not from the poet.

HYPOLITO.

Why, they were the same.  
Let me embrace you! O some lucky star  
Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once  
more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,  
And our professor, when we are unruly,

Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!  
It was not so in Santillana's time!"

PADRE CURA.

I did not think my name remembered there.

HYPOLITO.

More than remembered ; it is idolized.

PADRE CURA.

Of what professor speak you?

HYPOLITO.

Timoneda.

PADRE CURA.

I don't remember any Timoneda.

HYPOLITO.

A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow  
O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech  
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

PADRE CURA.

Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,  
Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!  
I had not buried then so many hopes!  
I had not buried then so many friends!  
I've turned my back on what was then before me  
And the bright faces of my young companions  
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.  
Do you remember Cueva?

HYPOLITO.

Cueva? Cueva?

PADRE CURA.

Fool that I am! He was before your time.  
You 're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

HYPOLITO.

I should not like to try my strength with you.

PADRE CURA.

Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.  
Martina! ho! Martina! 'T is my niece.

(Enter MARTINA.)

HYPOLITO.

You may be proud of such a niece as that.  
I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (Aside.)  
He was a very great man, was Cicero!  
Your servant, fair Martina.

MARTINA.

Servant, sir.

PADRE CURA.

This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.  
Let us have supper.

MARTINA.

'T will be ready soon.

PADRE CURA.

And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas  
Out of the cellar. Stay; I 'll go myself.  
Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [Exit.

HYPOLITO.

Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome  
eyes!

To-day there have been Gipsies in the village.  
Is it not so?

MARTINA.

There have been Gipsies here.

HYPOLITO.

Yes, and they told your fortune.

MARTINA (*embarrassed*).

Told my fortune?

HYPOLITO.

Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.  
I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said,  
The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,  
And him you should not marry. Was it not?

MARTINA (*surprised*).

How know you that?

HYPOLITO.

O, I know more than that.

What a soft, little hand! And then they said,  
A cavalier from court, handsome and tall  
And rich, should come one day to marry you,  
And you should be a lady. Was it not?  
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.*)

VICTORIAN.

The muleteer has come.



HYPOLITO.

So soon?

VICTORIAN.

I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,  
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft  
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

HYPOLITO.

What news from Court?

VICTORIAN.

He brought this letter only. (*Reads.*)

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let  
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,  
Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

HYPOLITO.

What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,  
And thy hand tremble?

VICTORIAN.

O, most infamous!

The Count of Lara is a damnéd villain!

HYPOLITO.

That is no news, forsooth.

VICTORIAN.

He strove in vain

To steal from me the jewel of my soul,  
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,  
He swore to be revenged; and set on foot

A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.  
 She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,  
 Her reputation stained by slanderous lies  
 Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,  
 She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,  
 Housing with Gipsies!

HYPOLITO.

To renew again  
 The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains  
 Desperate with love, like Gaspar Gil's Diana.  
*Redit et Virgo!*

VICTORIAN.

Dear Hypolito,  
 How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!  
 I will go seek for her; and with my tears  
 Wash out the wrong I've done her!

HYPOLITO.

O beware!

Act not that folly o'er again.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, folly,  
 Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,  
 I will confess my weakness,—I still love her!  
 Still fondly love her!

(*Enter the PADRE CURA.*)

HYPOLITO.

Tell us, Padre Cura,  
 Who are these Gipsies in the neighbourhood?

PADRE CURA.

Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

VICTORIAN.

Kind Heaven,  
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

HYPOLITO.

And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,  
Called Preciosa?

PADRE CURA.

Ay, a pretty girl.  
The gentleman seems moved.

HYPOLITO.

Yes, moved with hunger;  
He is half famished with his long day's journey.

PADRE CURA.

Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits.  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the Cachucha.*

CHISPA.

Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly.  
Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman; that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to

bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gipsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter DON CARLOS.)

DON CARLOS.

Are not the horses ready yet?

CHISPA.

I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (*He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.*)

MOSQUITO.

Pray, have a little patience. I 'm not a musket.

CHISPA.

Health and pistareens! I 'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

MOSQUITO.

You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

CHISPA.

Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

MOSQUITO.

No; she has a beard.

CHISPA.

Go to! go to!

MOSQUITO.

Are you from Madrid?

CHISPA.

Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

MOSQUITO.

What 's the news at Court?

CHISPA.

Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and have already bought the whip.

*(Strikes him round the legs.)*

MOSQUITO.

Oh! oh! you hurt me!

DON CARLOS.

Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. *(Gives money to Mosquito.)* It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gipsies passed this way of late?

MOSQUITO.

Yes; and they are still in the neighbourhood.

DON CARLOS.

And where?

MOSQUITO.

Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama.

DON CARLOS.

*[Exit.]*

Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gipsy camp.

CHISPA.

Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

DON CARLOS.

Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

CHISPA.

And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

DON CARLOS.

I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

CHISPA.

Among the Squires?

DON CARLOS.

No; among the Gipsies, blockhead!

CHISPA.

I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers.

Yonder come the horses.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.

*The Gipsy camp in the forest. Night. Gipsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the fire-light.*

GIPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

On the top of a mountain I stand,  
 With a crown of red gold in my hand,  
 Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,  
 O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?  
 O how from their fury shall I flee?

FIRST GIPSY (*playing*).

Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with  
your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

GIPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,  
And thus his ditty ran ;  
God send the Gipsy lassie here,  
And not the Gipsy man.

FIRST GIPSY (*playing*).

There you are in your morocco !

SECOND GIPSY.

One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre  
Cura's new moon.

FIRST GIPSY.

Have at you, Chirelin.

GIPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

At midnight, when the moon began  
To show her silver flame,  
There came to him no Gipsy man,  
The Gipsy lassie came.

(*Enter* BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

CRUZADO.

Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work,  
leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to  
the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by  
the stone cross.

GIPSIES.

Ay!

CRUZADO (*to the left*).

And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

GIPSIES.

Ay!

CRUZADO.

As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D' ye hear?

GIPSIES.

Ay!

CRUZADO.

Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. "Vineyards and Dancing John" is the word. Am I comprehended?

GIPSIES.

Ay! ay!

CRUZADO.

Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.*)

PRECIOSA.

How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees  
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows  
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon  
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,



Then flitting into darkness! So within me  
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,  
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being  
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!  
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ *rushes in.*)

BARTOLOMÉ.

Ho! Preciosa!

PRECIOSA.

O, Bartolomé!

Thou here?

BARTOLOMÉ.

Lo! I am here.

PRECIOSA.

Whence comest thou?

BARTOLOMÉ.

From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,  
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,  
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold  
Come I for thee, my lamb.

PRECIOSA.

O touch me not!

The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!  
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!  
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!  
Thou art in danger! They have set a price  
Upon thy head!

BARTOLOMÉ.

Ay, and I 've wandered long  
Among the mountains; and for many days  
Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.  
The wind and rain have been my sole companions.  
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,  
And the loud echo sent it back to me,  
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,  
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

PRECIOSA.

Betray thee? I betray thee?

BARTOLOMÉ.

Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!  
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!  
Fly with me!

PRECIOSA.

Speak of that no more. I cannot.  
I am thine no longer.

BARTOLOMÉ.

O, recall the time  
When we were children! how we played together,  
How we grew up together; how we plighted  
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!  
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.  
I am hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!  
Fulfil thy promise.

PRECIOSA.

'T was my father's promise,  
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,  
Nor promised thee my hand!

BARTOLOMÉ.

False tongue of woman!  
And heart more false!

PRECIOSA.

Nay, listen unto me.  
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;  
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,  
It is my destiny. Thou art a man  
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,  
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,  
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,  
Better than I, and fairer; and let not  
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from  
thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.  
I never sought thy love; never did aught  
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,  
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,  
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.  
Beware, beware of that.

BARTOLOMÉ.

For thy dear sake,  
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

PRECIOSA.

Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.  
Thou must not linger here.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Come, come with me.

PRECIOSA.

Hark! I hear footsteps.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I entreat thee, come!

PRECIOSA.

Away! It is in vain.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Wilt thou not come?

PRECIOSA.

Never!

BARTOLOMÉ.

Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!  
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. [*Exit.*]

PRECIOSA.

All holy angels keep me in this hour!  
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!  
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!  
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!  
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?  
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,  
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,  
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,

And be at rest for ever! O, dull heart,  
 Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,  
 Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

VICTORIAN.

'T is she! Behold, how beautiful she stands  
 Under the tent-like trees!

HYPOLITO.

A woodland nymph!

VICTORIAN.

I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

HYPOLITO.

Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

VICTORIAN (*disguising his voice*).

Hist! Gipsy!

PRECIOSA (*aside, with emotion*).

That voice! that voice from heaven! O speak again!  
 Who is it calls?

VICTORIAN.

A friend.

PRECIOSA (*aside*).

'T is he! 'T is he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,  
 And sent me this protector! Now be strong,  
 Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.  
 False friend or true?

VICTORIAN.

A true friend to the true ;  
Fear not ; come hither. So ; can you tell fortunes ?

PRECIOSA.

Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.  
Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

VICTORIAN (*putting a piece of gold into her hand*).

There is the cross.

PRECIOSA.

Is 't silver ?

VICTORIAN.

No, 't is gold.

PRECIOSA.

There 's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,  
And for yourself alone.

VICTORIAN.

Fie ! the old story !

Tell me a better fortune for my money ;  
Not this old woman's tale !

PRECIOSA.

You are passionate ;  
And this same passionate humor in your blood  
Has marred your fortune. Yes ; I see it now ;  
The line of life is crossed by many marks.  
Shame ! shame ! O you have wronged the maid  
who loved you !  
How could you do it ?

VICTORIAN.

I never loved a maid ;  
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

PRECIOSA.

How know you that ?

VICTORIAN.

A little bird in the air  
Whispered the secret.

PRECIOSA.

There, take back your gold !  
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand !  
There is no blessing in its charity !  
Make her your wife, for you have been abused ;  
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,  
When pleading in another's cause her own !——  
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.  
Pray, give it me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)

PRECIOSA.

No ; never from my hand  
Shall that be taken !

VICTORIAN.

Why, 't is but a ring.  
I 'll give it back to you ; or, if I keep it,  
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such !

PRECIOSA.

Why would you have this ring?

VICTORIAN.

A traveller's fancy,  
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it  
As a memento of the Gipsy camp  
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller  
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.  
Pray, let me have the ring.

PRECIOSA.

No, never! never!

I will not part with it, even when I die;  
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,  
That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token  
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

VICTORIAN.

How? dead?

PRECIOSA.

Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.  
He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.  
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,  
To prove to him that I was never false.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!  
Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.  
Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine,  
And that you stole it.



PRECIOSA.

O, you will not dare  
To utter such a fiendish lie!

VICTORIAN.

Not dare?  
Look in my face, and say if there is aught  
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

*(She rushes into his arms.)*

PRECIOSA.

'T is thou! 't is thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!  
My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!  
Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou  
leave me?

VICTORIAN.

Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.  
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

PRECIOSA.

Hadst thou not come——

VICTORIAN.

I pray thee, do not chide me!

PRECIOSA.

I should have perished here among these Gipsies.

VICTORIAN.

Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.  
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,  
Thou being absent? O, believe it not!  
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!  
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

PRECIOSA.

I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger  
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,  
I had forgiven thee.

VICTORIAN.

I 'm the veriest fool  
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.  
It was the Count of Lara——

PRECIOSA.

That bad man  
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard——

VICTORIAN.

I have heard all. And yet, speak on, speak on!  
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;  
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,  
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.  
Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,  
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

*(They walk aside.)*

HYPOLITO.

All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,  
All passionate love scenes in the best romances,  
All chaste embraces on the public stage,  
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars  
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,

Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,  
And this sweet Gipsy lass, fair Preciosa!

PRECIOSA.

Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.  
Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

HYPOLITO.

Not to-night;  
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,  
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,  
My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

CHISPA (*within*).

What ho! the Gipsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!  
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(*Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.*)

VICTORIAN.

What now?  
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

CHISPA.

Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,  
My worthy masters.

VICTORIAN.

Speak; what brings thee here?

CHISPA (*to Preciosa*).

Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,  
The Count of the Calés, is not your father,  
But your true father has returned to Spain  
Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gipsy.

VICTORIAN.

Strange as a Moorish tale !

CHISPA.

And we have all  
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,  
As wells drink in November, when it rains.

VICTORIAN.

Where is the gentleman ?

CHISPA.

As the old song says,  
His body is in Segovia,  
His soul is in Madrid.

PRECIOSA.

Is this a dream ? O, if it be a dream,  
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet !  
Repeat thy story ! Say I 'm not deceived !  
Say that I do not dream ! I am awake ;  
This is the Gipsy camp ; this is Victorian,  
And this his friend, Hypolito ! Speak ! speak !  
Let me not wake and find it all a dream !

VICTORIAN.

It is a dream, sweet child ! a waking dream,  
A blissful certainty, a vision bright  
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth  
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,  
As thou wast ever beautiful and good ;  
And I am now the beggar.

PRECIOSA (*giving him her hand*).

I have still

A hand to give.

CHISPA (*aside*).

And I have two to take.

I 've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives  
almonds

To those who have no teeth. That 's nuts to crack.

I 've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

VICTORIAN.

What more of this strange story?

CHISPA.

Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village  
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,  
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,  
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed ;  
And probably they 'll hang her for the crime,  
To make the celebration more complete.

VICTORIAN.

No ; let it be a day of general joy ;  
Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.  
Now let us join Don Carlos.

HYPOLITO.

So farewell,  
The student's wandering life ! Sweet serenades,  
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,

And all that makes vacation beautiful!  
 To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,  
 To you, ye radiant visions of romance,  
 Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,  
 The Bachelor Hypolito returns,  
 And leaves the Gipsy with the Spanish Student.

## SCENE VI.

*A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

## SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
 Awake and open thy door,  
 'T is the break of day, and we must away,  
 O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,  
 But come with thy naked feet;  
 We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,  
 And waters wide and fleet.

*(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A shepherd appears on the rocks above.)*

## MONK.

Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

## SHEPHERD.

Olá!

MONK.

Is this the road to Segovia?

SHEPHERD.

It is, your reverence.

MONK.

How far is it?

SHEPHERD.

I do not know.

MONK.

What is that yonder in the valley?

SHEPHERD.

San Ildefonso.

MONK.

A long way to breakfast.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, marry.

MONK.

Are there robbers in these mountains?

SHEPHERD.

Yes, and worse than that.

MONK.

What?

SHEPHERD.

Wolves.

MONK.

Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

SHEPHERD.

What wilt thou give me?

MONK.

An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

*(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, with a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)*

SONG.

Worn with speed is my caballo,  
 And I march me hurried, worried;  
 Onward, caballito mio,  
 With the white star in thy forehead!  
 Onward, for here comes the Ronda,  
 And I hear their rifles crack!  
 Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!  
 Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

*(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot, and armed.)*

VICTORIAN.

This is the highest point. Here let us rest.  
 See, Preciosa, see how all about us  
 Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains  
 Receive the benediction of the sun!  
 O glorious sight!

PRECIOSA.

Most beautiful indeed!

HYPOLITO.

Most wonderful!



VICTORIAN.

And in the vale below,  
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,  
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,  
Sends up a salutation to the morn,  
As if an army smote their brazen shields,  
And shouted victory!

PRECIOSA.

And which way lies  
Segovia?

VICTORIAN.

At a great distance yonder.  
Dost thou not see it?

PRECIOSA.

No, I do not see it.

VICTORIAN.

The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.  
There, yonder!

HYPOLITO.

'T is a notable old town,  
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,  
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,  
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas  
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many a time  
Out of its grated windows have I looked  
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,

That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,  
Glides at its foot.

PRECIOSA.

O, yes! I see it now,  
Yet rather with my heart, than with mine eyes,  
So faint it is. And, all my thoughts sail thither,  
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward  
    urged  
Against all stress of accident, as, in  
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide,  
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,  
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea!

*(She weeps.)*

VICTORIAN.

O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved  
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!  
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee  
Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart  
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,  
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted  
And filled with my affection.

PRECIOSA.

Stay no longer!  
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,  
Now looking from the window, and now watching  
Each sound of wheels or foot-fall in the street,  
And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father! father!

*(They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.)*

CHISPA.

I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald, that you can see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite!

*[Exit.*

*(A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.)*

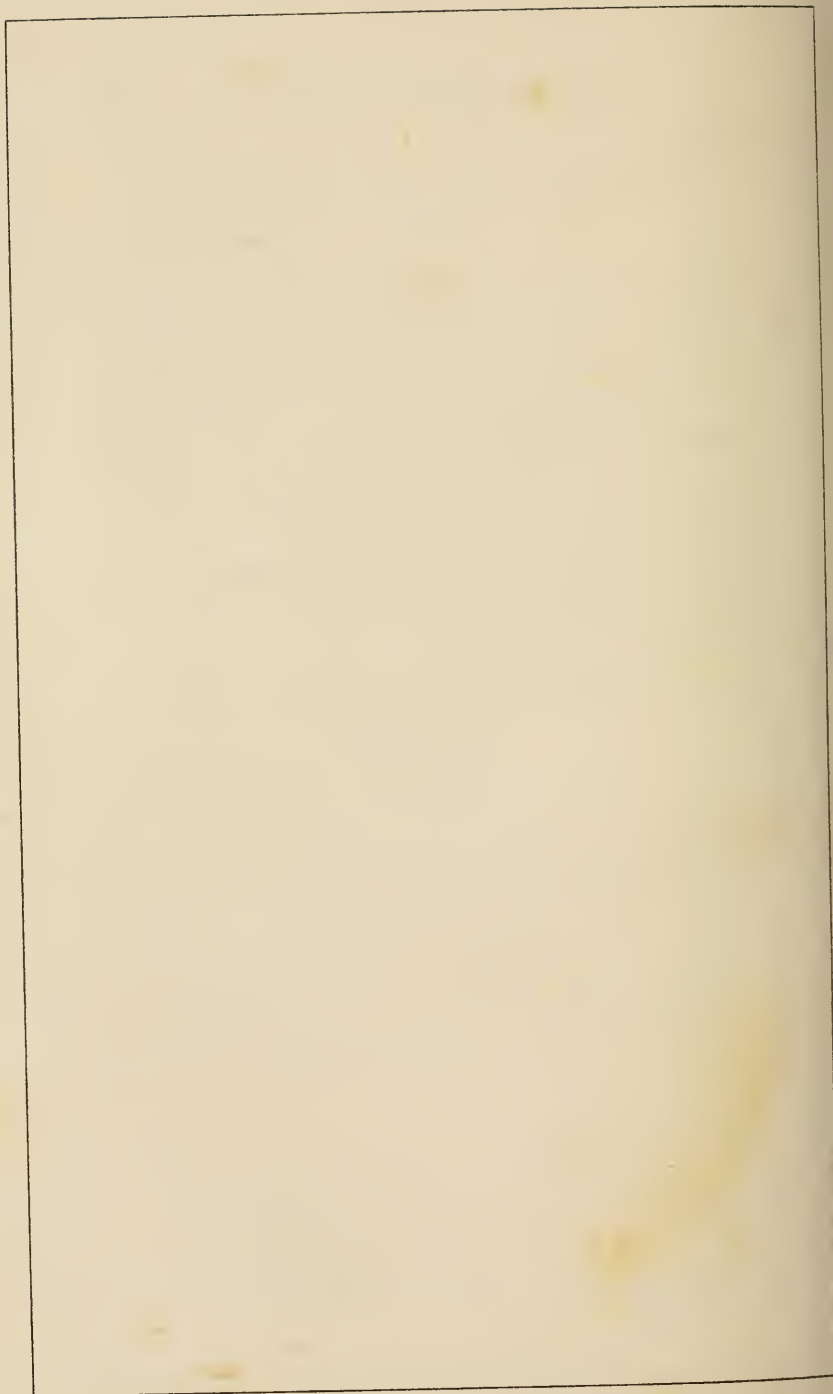
BARTOLOMÉ.

They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs!  
Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,  
This serenade shall be the Gipsy's last!

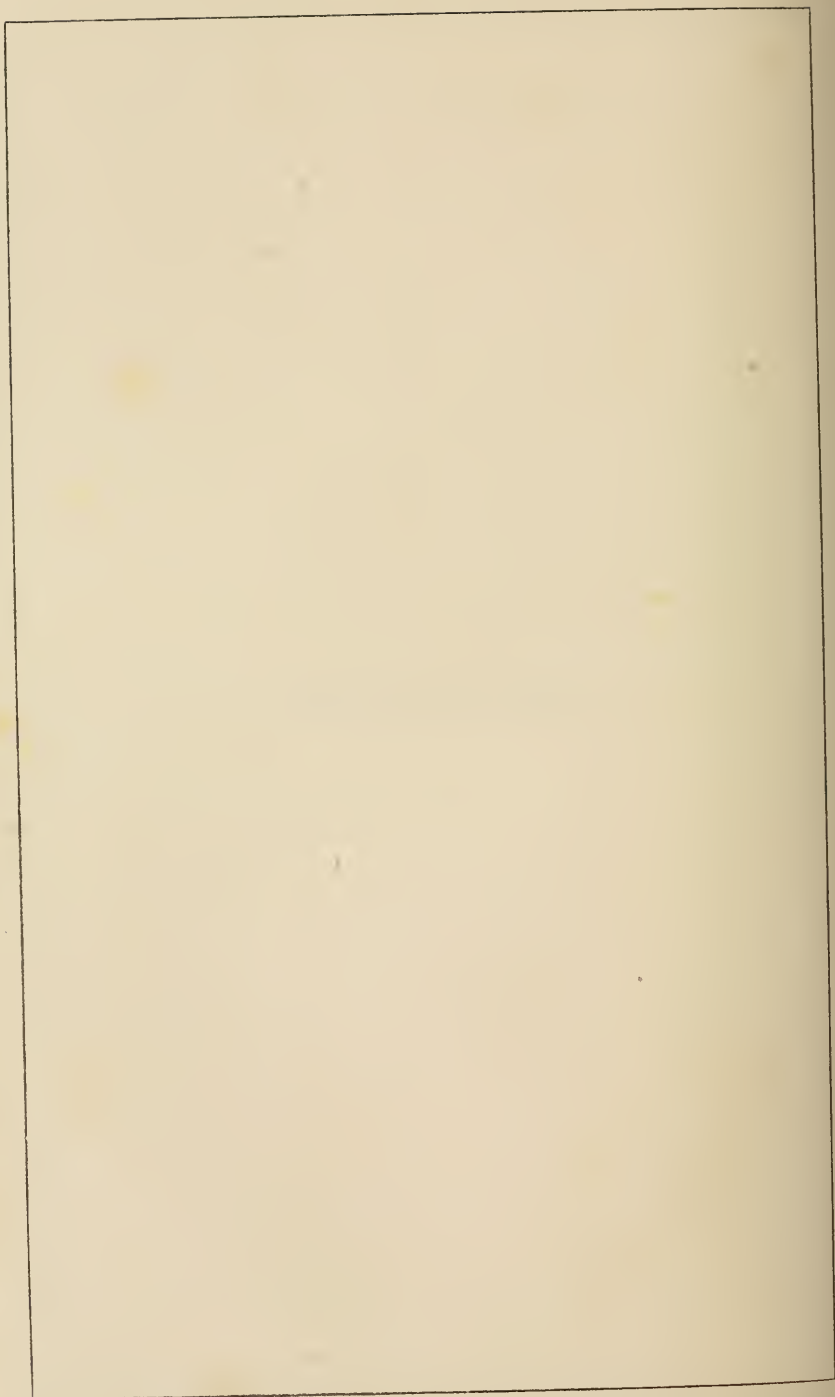
*(Fires down the pass.)*

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!  
Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O, my God!

*(The shot is returned, BARTOLOMÉ falls.)*



TRANSLATIONS.



## TRANSLATIONS.

---

### I. Swedish.

---

#### THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM BISHOP TEGNER.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the  
village  
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen. On the spire  
of the belfry,  
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the  
Spring-sun  
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles afore-  
time.  
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap  
crowned with roses,  
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and  
the brooklet  
Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace! With lips  
rosy-tinted

---

Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing  
branches

Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.  
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-  
woven arbour

Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of  
iron

Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new twined by the hands  
of affection.

Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among the departed,  
(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished  
with blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the  
hamlet,

Who on his birth-day is crowned by children and children's  
children,

So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of  
iron

Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the swift-chang-  
ing moment,

While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.

Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season  
In which the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones  
of heaven,

Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.

Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and  
the dust was



Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted  
benches.

There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy  
Pavilions<sup>a</sup>

Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the  
church wall

Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of  
oak-wood

Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.

Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove,  
washed with silver,

Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of wind-flowers.

But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by  
Hörberg,<sup>b</sup>

Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels  
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the shadowy leaf-  
work.

Likewise the lustre of brass, new polished, blinked from the  
ceiling,

And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was  
assembled

---

<sup>a</sup> The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish *Löfhyddo-högtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

<sup>b</sup> The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

---

Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.  
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ.  
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.  
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle,  
Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one  
voice

Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal  
Of the sublime Wallín,<sup>a</sup> of David's harp in the North-land  
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful  
pinions

Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,  
And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon  
Tabor.

Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.  
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a christianly  
plainness

Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy  
winters.

Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel  
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative  
grandeur

Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered grave-stone  
a sun-beam.

As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly

---

<sup>a</sup> A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation,  
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when  
in Patmos,

Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the  
old man ;

Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of  
silver.

All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.

But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the  
old man

Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost  
chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,  
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the  
old man.

Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,  
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the  
desert.

Afterwards, when all was finished, the Teacher reëntered the  
chancel,

Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys  
had their places,

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-  
blooming.

But on the left hand of these, there stood the tremulous  
lilies,

---

Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident  
maidens,—

Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on  
the pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the  
beginning

Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but  
the old man's

Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines  
eternal

Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips  
unpolluted.

Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named  
the Redeemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.  
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there  
among them,

And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in  
few words,

Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple;  
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.

Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when Spring-tide  
approaches,

Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant  
sunshine,

Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected  
blossom

Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the  
breezes,  
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,  
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and  
mothers  
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-  
worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar ;—and straightway  
transfigured  
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.  
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as  
Judgment  
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earth-  
ward descending.  
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to him were  
transparent,  
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder  
afar off.  
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he  
questioned.

“This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles  
delivered,  
This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while  
still ye  
Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.

---

Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom ;  
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant  
splendor

Rains from the heaven downward ;—to-day on the threshold  
of childhood

Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,  
For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.  
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,  
Seed for the coming days ; without revocation departeth  
Now from your lips the confession ; Bethink ye, before ye  
make answer !

Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning  
Teacher.

Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.  
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the multitude hears you,  
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and  
holy

Standeth before your sight as a witness ; the Judge everlasting  
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting  
beside him

Grave your confession, in letters of fire, upon tablets eternal.  
Thus then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world  
created ?

Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are  
united ?

Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !) to cherish  
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother ?

Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,  
Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to  
suffer,

Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in  
uprightness?

Will ye promise me this before God and man?"—With a  
clear voice

Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly-  
breathing

Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow  
of the Teacher

Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake on in accents  
more gentle,

Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

“Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven  
be ye welcome!

Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and  
sisters!

Yet,—for what reason not children! Of such is the kingdom  
of heaven.

Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one  
father,

Ruling them as his own household,—forgiving in turn and  
chastising,

That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.

Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue

Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is  
descended.

Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,  
Which the Godlike delivered, and on the cross suffered and  
died for.

O! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum  
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill  
valley,

O! how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long to turn  
backward

Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judg-  
ment

Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,  
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,  
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of  
heaven!

Seventy years have I lived already; the father eternal  
Gave to me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of  
existence,

When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly  
known them,

Known them all, all again;—they were my childhood's ac-  
quaintance.

Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of  
existence,

Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride  
of man's childhood.



Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the  
blessed,

Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring billows  
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is  
sleeping.

Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ; in the desert  
Angels descend and minister unto her ; she herself knoweth  
Naught of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful and  
humble,

Follows so long as she may her friend ; O do not reject her,  
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the  
heavens.—

Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flyeth incessant  
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.  
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit  
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames ever  
upward.

Still he recalls with emotion his father's manifold mansions,  
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more  
freshly the flowers,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd  
angels.

Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and homesick  
for heaven

Longs the wanderer again ; and the Spirit's longings are worship ;  
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is  
entreaty.

Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,  
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the grave-  
yard,—

Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children  
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and con-  
soles them.

Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,  
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune  
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne; and, with hands  
interfolded,

Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from  
Heaven?

What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received?  
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring  
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who  
Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when the world he  
created.

Earth declareth his might, and the firmament uttereth his  
glory.

Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,  
Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of mid-  
night, millenniums

Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts  
them as nothing.

Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the judge is  
terrific,

Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in  
his anger

Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roe-  
buck.

Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger,  
Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earth-  
quake,

Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering  
breezes.

Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without  
number

Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this pur-  
pose only.

Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his  
spirit

Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its  
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of  
heaven.

Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the breath of your  
being.

Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother  
Loved you, as God has loved you; for 't was that you may  
be happy

Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in  
the death-hour

Solemnized Love is triumph; the sacrifice then was com-  
pleted.

Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, di  
viding

Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres  
rising

Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other  
Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—  
Atonement!

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atone-  
ment.

Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ;  
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but  
affection ;

Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is  
willing ;

Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.  
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise  
thy brethren ;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.  
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his fore-  
head ?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing  
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided  
By the same stars that guide thee ? Why shouldst thou hate  
then thy brother ?

Hateth he thee, forgive ! For 't is sweet to stammer one  
letter

Of the Eternal's language ;—on earth it is callèd Forgiveness !

Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns  
round his temples ?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost  
thou know him?

Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,  
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,  
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly Shepherd  
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.  
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.  
Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among  
mortals

Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands  
waiting,

Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.  
Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense.—Hope, the  
befriending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven,  
and faithful

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and  
beneath it

Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of  
shadows!

Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,  
Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise we our Father  
in heaven,

Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been  
illumined,

Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is living assurance.

Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the eye of affection, Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.

Faith is the sun of life ; and her countenance shines like the Prophet's,

For she has looked upon God ; the heaven on its stable foundation

Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.

There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,

Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.

Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow spontaneous Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good is an offspring,

Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no more than Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate spring-tide.

Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and bear witness

Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he who

Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon earth until death's hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does death e'er  
alarm you?

Death is the brother of Love, and twin-brother is he, and is  
only

More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading  
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the arms of  
affection,

Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its  
father.

Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions,  
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear  
not before him.

Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom  
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face  
standing

Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors;  
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,  
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all trans-  
figured,

Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an  
anthem,

Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by  
angels.

You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall  
gather,

Never forgets he the weary;—then welcome, ye loved ones,  
hereafter!

---

Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the  
promise,

Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye  
heed not;

Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged you to  
heaven.

God of the Universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love ever-  
lasting,

Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to  
thy heaven!

Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,  
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like  
a father.

May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of  
salvation,

Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word; again may they know me,  
Fall on their teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place  
them,

Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming  
with gladness,

Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast  
given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck  
of the old man

Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's  
enclosure.



Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and  
sofly

With him the children read ; at the close, with tremulous  
accents,

Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction upon them.

Now should have ended his task for the day ; the following  
Sunday

Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's Holy Supper.

Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent  
and laid his

Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward ; while  
thoughts high and holy

Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with  
wonderful brightness.

“On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall rest in the  
grave-yard !

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,

Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay I ? the hour is  
accomplished.

Warm is the heart ;—I will so ! for to-day grows the harvest  
of heaven.

What I began accomplish I now ; for what failing therein is

I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,

Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement ?

What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you  
often.

---

Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,  
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and  
transgressions  
Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in  
the beginning  
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown  
o'er the  
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the  
Atonement.  
Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite likewise.  
See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,  
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,  
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.  
Brought forth is sin full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our  
bosoms  
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,  
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's  
strings,  
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.  
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of  
Atonement,  
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with  
eyes all resplendent,  
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'er-  
comes her.  
Downward to earth he came and transfigured, thence re-  
ascended,

Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the  
Spirit,

Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.

Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible token.

Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The light everlasting

Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.

Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed  
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment

Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all

Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,

Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows

Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement

Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.

But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,

Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,  
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh

Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly  
Father!

Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"

Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the  
children

Yes! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due  
supplications,

Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and  
anthem ;

O! Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,  
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!  
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his  
eyelids,

Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mysti-  
cal symbols.

O! then seemed it to me, as if God, with the broad eye of  
mid-day,

Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the  
churchyard

Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the  
graves 'gan to shiver.

But in the children (I noted it well ; I knew it) there ran a  
Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy-cold mem-  
bers.

Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth,  
and above it

Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen ; there saw  
they

Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.

Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels  
from gold clouds

Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of  
purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their  
hearts and their faces,

Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full  
sorely,

Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them  
pressed he

Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full  
of blessings,

Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

## II. Danish.

## KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM JOHANNES EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast  
In mist and smoke ;  
His sword was hammering so fast,  
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed ;  
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,  
In mist and smoke.  
“ Fly ! ” shouted they, “ fly he who can !  
Who braves of Denmark’s Christian  
The stroke ? ”

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest’s roar,  
Now is the hour !  
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,  
And smote upon the foe full sore,  
And shouted loud, through the tempest’s roar,  
“ Now is the hour ! ”  
“ Fly ” shouted they, “ for shelter fly ! ”  
Of Denmark’s Juel who can defy  
The power ? ”

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent  
    Thy murky sky!  
Then champions to thine arms were sent;  
Terror and death glared where he went;  
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent  
    Thy murky sky!  
From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol',  
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,  
    And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!  
    Dark-rolling wave!  
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,  
Goes to meet danger with despite,  
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,  
    Dark-rolling wave!  
And amid pleasures and alarms,  
And war and victory, be thine arms  
    My grave!

## THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

[The following strange and somewhat mystic ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

---

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,  
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,  
But never, ah never can meet with the man  
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side  
A Knight full well equipped;  
His steed was black, his helm was barred;  
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs  
Twelve little golden birds;  
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,  
And there sat all the birds and sang.



He wore upon his mail  
Twelve little golden wheels;  
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,  
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast  
A lance that was poised in rest;  
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,  
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm,  
A wreath of ruddy gold;  
And that gave him the Maidens Three,  
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon  
If he were come from heaven down;  
"Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth he,  
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,  
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;  
I am an Unknown Knight,  
Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,  
And have three Maidens thee bedight;

So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,  
For all the Maidens' honor!"

The first tilt they together rode  
They put their steeds to the test;  
The second tilt they together rode,  
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,  
Neither of them would yield;  
The fourth tilt they together rode,  
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,  
And their blood runs unto death;  
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,  
The youngest sorrows till death.

## III. Anglo-Saxon.

## THE GRAVE.

FOR thee was a house built  
Ere thou wast born,  
For thee was a mould meant  
Ere thou of mother camest.  
But it is not made ready,  
Nor its depth measured,  
Nor is it seen  
How long it shall be.  
Now I bring thee  
Where thou shalt be ;  
Now I shall measure thee,  
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not  
Highly timbered,  
It is unhigh and low ;  
When thou art therein,  
The heel-ways are low,  
The side-ways unhigh.

The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh,  
So thou shalt in mould  
Dwell full cold,  
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,  
And dark it is within ;  
There thou art fast detained  
And Death hath the key.  
Loathsome is that earth-house,  
And grim within to dwell.  
There thou shalt dwell,  
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,  
And leavest thy friends ;  
Thou hast no friend,  
Who will come to thee,  
Who will ever see  
How that house pleaseth thee ;  
Who will ever open  
The door for thee  
And descend after thee,  
For soon thou art loathsome  
And hateful to see.

## IV. German.

## THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

THERE sat one day in quiet,  
By an alehouse on the Rhine,  
Four hale and hearty fellows,  
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,  
Around the rustic board ;  
Then sat they all so calm and still,  
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,  
A Swabian raised his hand,  
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,  
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth  
Cannot with that compare ;  
With all the stout and hardy men  
And the nut-brown maidens there."

“Ha!” cried a Saxon, laughing,—  
And dashed his beard with wine;  
“I had rather live in Lapland,  
Than that Swabian land of thine!

“The goodliest land on all this earth,  
It is the Saxon land!  
There have I as many maidens  
As fingers on this hand!”

“Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!”  
A bold Bohemian cries;  
“If there ’s a heaven upon this earth,  
In Bohemia it lies.

“There the tailor blows the flute,  
And the cobbler blows the horn,  
And the miner blows the bugle,  
Over mountain gorge and bourn.”

\* \* \* \* \*

And then the landlord’s daughter  
Up to heaven raised her hand,  
And said, “Ye may no more contend,—  
There lies the happiest land!”

## THE WAVE.

FROM TIEDGE.

“WHITHER, thou turbid wave?  
Whither, with so much haste,  
As if a thief wert thou?”

“I am the Wave of Life,  
Stained with my margin's dust;  
From the struggle and the strife  
Of the narrow stream I fly  
To the Sea's immensity,  
To wash from me the slime  
Of the muddy banks of Time.”

## THE DEAD.

FROM KLOPSTOCK.

How they so softly rest,  
All, all the holy dead,  
Unto whose dwelling-place  
Now doth my soul draw near ·  
How they so softly rest,  
All in their silent graves,  
Deep to corruption  
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,  
Here, where complaint is still!  
And they no longer feel,  
Here, where all gladness flies!  
And, by the cypresses  
Softly o'ershadowed,  
Until the Angel  
Calls them, they slumber!



## THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM MÜLLER.

“THE rivers rush into the sea,  
By castle and town they go ;  
The winds behind them merrily  
Their noisy trumpets blow.

“The clouds are passing far and high,  
We little birds in them play ;  
And every thing that can sing and fly,  
Goes with us, and far away.

“I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,  
With thy fluttering golden band?”—

“I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea  
I haste from the narrow land.

“Full and swollen is every sail ;  
I see no longer a hill,  
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,  
And it will not let me stand still.

“And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?

Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,  
For full to sinking is my house  
With merry companions all.”—

“I need not and seek not company,

Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;  
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,  
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

“High over the sails, high over the mast,

Who shall gainsay these joys?  
When thy merry companions are still, at last,  
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

“Who neither may rest, nor listen may,

God bless them every one!  
I dart away, in the bright blue day,  
And the golden fields of the sun.

“Thus do I sing my weary song,

Wherever the four winds blow ;  
And this same song, my whole life long,  
Neither Poet nor Printer may know.”

## WHITHER?

FROM MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing  
From its rocky fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,  
Nor who the counsel gave ;  
But I must hasten downward,  
All with my pilgrim-stave ;

Downward, and ever farther,  
And ever the brook beside ;  
And ever fresher murmured,  
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going ?  
Whither, O brooklet, say !  
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,  
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?  
That can no murmur be ;  
'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing  
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,  
And wander merrily near ;  
The wheels of a mill are going  
In every brooklet clear.

## B E W A R E !

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,

Take care !

She can both false and friendly be,

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,

Take care !

She gives a side-glance and looks down,

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue,

Take care !

And what she says, it is not true,

Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom as white as snow,

Take care!

She knows how much it is best to show,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,

Take care!

It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

## SONG OF THE BELL.

BELL! thou soundest merrily,  
When the bridal party  
    To the church doth hie!  
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,  
When, on Sabbath morning,  
    Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;  
Tellest thou at evening,  
    Bed-time draweth nigh!  
Bell! thou soundest mournfully;  
Tellest thou the bitter  
    Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?  
How canst thou rejoice?  
    Thou art but metal dull!  
And yet all our sorrowings,  
And all our rejoicings,  
    Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,  
Which we cannot fathom,  
    Placed within thy form!  
When the heart is sinking,  
Thou alone canst raise it,  
    Trembling in the storm!



## THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM UHLAND.

“HAST thou seen that lordly castle,  
That Castle by the Sea?  
Golden and red above it  
The clouds float gorgeously.

“And fain it would stoop downward  
To the mirrored wave below;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening’s crimson glow.”

“Well have I seen that castle,  
That Castle by the Sea,  
And the moon above it standing,  
And the mist rise solemnly.”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,  
Had they a merry chime?  
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,  
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme?”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly,  
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,  
And tears came to mine eye.”

“And sawest thou on the turrets  
The King and his royal bride?  
And the wave of their crimson mantles?  
And the golden crown of pride?”

“Led they not forth, in rapture,  
A beauteous maiden there?  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
Beaming with golden hair?”

“Well saw I the ancient parents,  
Without the crown of pride;  
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,  
No maiden was by their side!”

## THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM UHLAND.

'T WAS Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,  
When woods and fields put off all sadness,  
    Thus began the King and spake ;  
“So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg’s walls,  
    A luxuriant Spring shall break.”

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,  
Wave the crimson banners proudly.  
    From balcony the King looked on ;  
In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers,  
    Before the monarch’s stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight  
Rode at last a sable Knight.  
    “Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon, say!”  
“Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;  
    I ’m a Prince of mighty sway!”

When he rode into the lists,  
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,  
    And the castle 'gan to rock.  
At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,  
    Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high halls glances ;  
    Waves a mighty shadow in ;  
With manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden's hand,  
    Doth with her the dance begin ;

Danced in sable iron sark,  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
    Coldly clasped her limbs around.  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
    Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came  
Every Knight and every Dame.  
    'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,  
With mournful mind  
The ancient King reclined,  
    Gazed at them in silent thought.

---

Pale the children both did look,  
But the guest a beaker took ;  
    “Golden wine will make you whole !”  
The children drank,  
Gave many a courteous thank ;  
    “O that draught was very cool !”

Each the father's breast embraces,  
Son and daughter ; and their faces  
    Colorless grow utterly.  
Whichever way  
Looks the fear-struck father gray,  
    He beholds his children die.

“Woe ! the blessed children both  
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;  
    Take me, too, the joyless father !”  
Spake the grim Guest,  
From his hollow, cavernous breast ;  
    “Roses in the spring I gather !”

## SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, O thither,  
Into the Silent Land!

Into the Silent Land!  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions  
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
Into the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM UHLAND.

[The tradition, upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

---

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord  
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call!  
He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,  
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal,  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking glass of crystal tall;  
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord; "This glass to praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"

The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys ;  
A purple light shines over all,  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,  
“This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my Sires the Fountain-Sprite ;  
She wrote in it ; *If this glass doth fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !*

“’T was right a goblet the Fate should be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !  
Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall !”

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
Like to the song of a nightingale ;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;  
Then mutters at last like the thunder’s fall,  
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

“For its keeper takes a race of might,  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;  
It has lasted longer than is right ;  
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all  
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall !”



---

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;  
And through the rift, the wild flames start ;  
The guests in dust are scattered all,  
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall !

In storms the foe, with fire and sword ;  
He in the night had scaled the wall,  
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,  
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,  
The gray-beard in the desert hall,  
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“The stone wall,” saith he, “doth fall aside,  
Down must the stately columns fall ;  
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball  
One day like the Luck of Edenhall !”

## THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,  
I wander through the world ;  
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent  
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife  
Close in my heart was locked,  
And in the sweet repose of life  
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream,—away!  
Too long did it remain!  
So long, that both by night and day  
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought ;  
To a grave so cold and deep  
The mother beautiful was brought ;  
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,  
I bathe mine eyes and see ;  
And wander through the world once more,  
A youth so light and free.

Two locks,—and they are wondrous fair,—  
Left me that vision mild ;  
The brown is from the mother's hair,  
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,  
Pale grows the evening-red ;  
And when the dark lock I behold,  
I wish that I were dead.

## THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM JULIUS MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing  
The cathedral door above ;  
Yet I saw but one among them,  
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle,—wound about him,  
As their robes the sowers wind,—  
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,  
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,  
High in wind and tempest wild ;  
O, were I like him exalted,  
I would be like him, a child !

And my songs,—green leaves and blossoms,—  
Up to heaven's door would bear,  
Calling, even in storm and tempest,  
Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM JULIUS MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour  
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,  
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling  
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,  
Sees he how with zealous care  
At the ruthless nail of iron  
A poor bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,  
With its beak it doth not cease,  
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,  
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:  
"Blest be thou of all the good!  
Bear, as token of this moment,  
Marks of blood and holy-wood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill ;  
Covered quite with blood so clear,  
In the groves of pine it singeth  
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

## THE HEMLOCK TREE.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy  
branches!

Green not alone in summer time,  
But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy  
branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy  
bosom!

To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy  
bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine  
example!

So long as summer laughs she sings,  
But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine  
example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy  
falsehood!

It flows so long as falls the rain,  
In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy  
falsehood!



## ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM SIMON DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again  
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,  
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,  
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,  
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,  
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone  
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,  
Through forests I 'll follow, and where the sea flows,  
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,  
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,  
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;  
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love,  
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;  
I am king of the household,—thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,  
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;  
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

## V. Spanish.

## COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,  
Let thought be quickened, and awake ;  
Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and gone,  
And death comes softly stealing on,  
How silently !

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs ;  
The moments that are speeding fast  
We heed not, but the past,—the past,—  
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,  
Onward the constant current sweeps,  
Till life is done ;  
And, did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,  
That Hope and all her shadowy train  
Will not decay ;  
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,  
Remembered like a tale that's told,  
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave !  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,  
Thither the brook pursues its way,  
And tinkling rill.  
There all are equal. Side by side  
The poor man and the son of pride  
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng  
Of orators and sons of song,  
The deathless few ;  
Fiction entices and deceives,  
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,  
Lies poisonous dew.

---

To One alone my thoughts arise,  
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,—  
To Him I cry,  
Who shared on earth our common lot,  
But the world comprehended not  
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above ;  
So let us choose that narrow way,  
Which leads no traveller's foot astray  
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,  
In life we run the onward race,  
And reach the goal ;  
When, in the mansions of the blest,  
Death leaves to its eternal rest  
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,  
This world would school each wandering thought  
To its high state.  
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,  
Up to that better world on high,  
For which we wait.

Yes,—the glad messenger of love,  
To guide us to our home above,  
The Saviour came ;  
Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
He suffered in this vale of tears  
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth  
The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
The shapes we chase,  
Amid a world of treachery !  
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,  
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us,—chances strange,  
Disastrous accidents, and change,  
That come to all ;  
Even in the most exalted state,  
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;  
The strongest fall.

Tell me,—the charms that lovers seek  
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,  
The hues that play  
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,  
When hoary age approaches slow,  
Ah, where are they ?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,  
The glorious strength that youth imparts  
In life's first stage ;  
These shall become a heavy weight,  
When Time swings wide his outward gate  
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,  
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,  
In long array ;  
How, in the onward course of time,  
The landmarks of that race sublime  
Were swept away !

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,  
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,  
Shall rise no more ;  
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain  
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,  
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,  
With what untimely speed they glide,  
How soon depart !  
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,  
The vassals of a mistress they,  
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found ;  
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,  
And they are gone !  
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,  
But changing, and without repose,  
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save  
Its gilded baubles, till the grave  
Reclaimed its prey,  
Let none on such poor hopes rely ;  
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,  
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust  
Are passions springing from the dust,—  
They fade and die ;  
But, in the life beyond the tomb,  
They seal the immortal spirit's doom  
Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which mask  
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,  
What are they, all,  
But the fleet coursers of the chase,  
And death an ambush in the race,  
Wherein we fall ?



---

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,  
Brook no delay,—but onward speed  
With loosened rein ;  
And, when the fatal snare is near,  
We strive to check our mad career,  
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,  
And fashion with a cunning art  
The human face,  
As we can clothe the soul with light,  
And make the glorious spirit bright  
With heavenly grace,—

How busily each passing hour  
Should we exert that magic power !  
What ardor show,  
To deck the sensual slave of sin,  
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,  
In weeds of woe !

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,  
Famous in history and in song  
Of olden time,  
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,  
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate  
Their race sublime.

---

Who is the champion? who the strong?  
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?  
On these shall fall  
As heavily the hand of Death,  
As when it stays the shepherd's breath  
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,—  
Neither its glory nor its shame  
Has met our eyes;  
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,—  
Though we have heard so oft, and read,  
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know  
Of ages passed so long ago,  
Nor how they rolled;  
Our theme shall be of yesterday,  
Which to oblivion sweeps away,  
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where  
Each royal prince and noble heir  
Of Aragon?  
Where are the courtly gallantries?  
The deeds of love and high emprise,  
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,  
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,  
And nodding plume,—  
What were they but a pageant scene?  
What but the garlands, gay and green,  
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where  
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
And odors sweet?  
Where are the gentle knights, that came  
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,  
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?  
Where are the lute and gay tambour  
They loved of yore?  
Where is the mazy dance of old,  
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,  
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,  
Henry, whose royal court displayed  
Such power and pride;  
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,  
The world its various pleasures laid  
His throne beside!

But O! how false and full of guile  
That world, which wore so soft a smile  
But to betray!  
She, that had been his friend before,  
Now from the fated monarch tore  
Her charms away.

The countless gifts,—the stately walls,  
The royal palaces, and halls  
All filled with gold;  
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,  
Chambers with ample treasures fraught  
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,  
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,  
In rich array,—  
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!  
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,  
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal  
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,  
Unskilled to reign;  
What a gay, brilliant court had he,  
When all the flower of chivalry  
Was in his train!

---

But he was mortal, and the breath  
That flamed from the hot forge of Death  
Blasted his years ;  
Judgment of God ! that flame by thee,  
When raging fierce and fearfully,  
Was quenched in tears !

Spain's haughty Constable,—the true  
And gallant Master,—whom we knew  
Most loved of all,—  
Breathe not a whisper of his pride ;  
He on the gloomy scaffold died,—  
Ignoble fall !

The countless treasures of his care,  
His hamlets green, and cities fair,  
His mighty power,—  
What were they all but grief and shame,  
Tears and a broken heart, when came  
The parting hour ?

His other brothers, proud and high,  
Masters, who, in prosperity,  
Might rival kings ;  
Who made the bravest and the best  
The bondsmen of their high behest,  
Their underlings ;

What was their prosperous estate,  
When high exalted and elate  
With power and pride?  
What, but a transient gleam of light,  
A flame, which, glaring at its height,  
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,  
Marquis and count of spotless fame,  
And baron brave,  
That might the sword of empire wield,—  
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed  
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,  
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,  
When thou dost show,  
O Death, thy stern and angry face,  
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace  
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,—  
Pennon and standard flaunting high,  
And flag displayed,—  
High battlements intrenched around,  
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,  
And palisade,

---

And covered trench, secure and deep,—  
All these cannot one victim keep,  
O Death, from thee,  
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,  
And thy strong shafts pursue their path  
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed!  
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when at last  
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom;  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
Or dark despair;  
Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who lingers longest here  
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
And weary hearts ;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow  
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,  
To whom all hearts their homage paid,  
As Virtue's son,—  
Roderic Manrique,—he whose name  
Is written on the scroll of Fame,  
Spain's champion ;

His signal deeds and prowess high  
Demand no pompous eulogy,—  
Ye saw his deeds !  
Why should their praise in verse be sung ?  
The name, that dwells on every tongue,  
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ;—how kind to all  
The vassals of this ancient hall  
And feudal fief !  
To foes how stern a foe was he !  
And to the valiant and the free  
How brave a chief !



---

What prudence with the old and wise!  
What grace in youthful gayeties!  
In all how sage!  
Benignant to the serf and slave,  
He showed the base and falsely brave  
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,  
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car  
At battle's call;  
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness,—his  
A Titus' noble charities  
And righteous laws;  
The arm of Hector, and the might  
Of Tully, to maintain the right  
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,  
Aurelius' countenance divine,  
Firm, gentle, still;  
The eloquence of Adrian,  
And Theodosius' love to man,  
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,  
An Alexander's vigorous sway  
And stern command ;  
The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,  
The fervent love Camillus bore  
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,  
He heaped no pile of riches high,  
Nor massive plate ;  
He fought the Moors,—and, in their fall,  
City and tower and castled wall  
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,  
Brave steeds and gallant riders found  
A common grave ;  
And there the warrior's hand did gain  
The rents, and the long vassal train,  
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed  
The honored and exalted grade  
His worth had gained,  
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,  
Brothers and bondsmen of his power  
His hand sustained.

---

After high deeds, not left untold,  
In the stern warfare, which of old  
'T was his to share,  
Such noble leagues he made, that more  
And fairer regions than before  
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,  
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced  
On history's page ;  
But with fresh victories he drew  
Each fading character anew  
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great  
And veteran service to the state,  
By worth adored,  
He stood, in his high dignity,  
The proudest knight of chivalry,—  
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains  
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains  
And cruel power ;  
But, by fierce battle and blockade,  
Soon his own banner was displayed  
From every tower.

---

By the tried valor of his hand,  
His monarch and his native land  
Were nobly served;—  
Let Portugal repeat the story,  
And proud Castile, who shared the glory  
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,  
His life upon the fatal throw  
Had been cast down;  
When he had served, with patriot zeal,  
Beneath the banner of Castile,  
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong,  
That neither history nor song  
Can count them all;  
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,  
Death at his portal came to knock,  
With sudden call,—

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare  
To leave this world of toil and care  
With joyful mien;  
Let thy strong heart of steel this day  
Put on its armour for the fray,—  
The closing scene.

“Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,  
So prodigal of health and life,  
For earthly fame,  
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;  
Loud on the last stern battle-plain  
They call thy name.

“Think not the struggle that draws near  
Too terrible for man,—nor fear  
To meet the foe ;  
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,  
Its life of glorious fame to leave  
On earth below.

“A life of honor and of worth  
Has no eternity on earth,—  
'T is but a name ;  
And yet its glory far exceeds  
That base and sensual life, which leads  
To want and shame.

“The eternal life, beyond the sky,  
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high  
And proud estate ;  
The soul in dalliance laid,—the spirit  
Corrupt with sin,—shall not inherit  
A joy so great.

“But the good monk, in cloistered cell,  
Shall gain it by his book and bell,  
His prayers and tears ;  
And the brave knight, whose arm endures  
Fierce battle, and against the Moors  
His standard rears.

“And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured  
The life-blood of the Pagan horde  
O'er all the land,  
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,  
The guerdon of thine earthly strength  
And dauntless hand.

“Cheered onward by this promise sure,  
Strong in the faith entire and pure  
Thou dost profess,  
Depart,—thy hope is certainty ;—  
The third—the better life on high  
Shalt thou possess.”

“O Death, no more, no more delay !  
My spirit longs to flee away,  
And be at rest ;—  
The will of Heaven my will shall be,—  
I bow to the divine decree,  
To God's behest.

“My soul is ready to depart,  
No thought rebels, the obedient heart  
Breathes forth no sigh ;  
The wish on earth to linger still  
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign will  
That we shall die.

“O Thou, that for our sins didst take  
A human form, and humbly make  
Thy home on earth ;  
Thou, that to thy divinity  
A human nature didst ally  
By mortal birth,

“And in that form didst suffer here  
Torment, and agony, and fear,  
So patiently ;  
By thy redeeming grace alone,  
And not for merits of my own,  
O, pardon me !”

As thus the dying warrior prayed,  
Without one gathering mist or shade  
Upon his mind,—  
Encircled by his family,  
Watched by affection's gentle eye  
So soft and kind,—

His soul to Him who gave it rose ;  
God lead it to its long repose,  
Its glorious rest !  
And, though the warrior's sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round us yet,  
Bright, radiant, blest.



## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD! that with thine amorous, sylvan song  
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me,—  
That mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,  
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!  
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;  
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;  
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see  
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.  
Hear, Shepherd!—thou who for thy flock art dying,  
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou  
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.  
O, wait!—to thee my weary soul is crying,—  
Wait for me!—Yet why ask it, when I see,  
With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt waiting still for me!

## TO-MORROW.

FROM LOPE DE VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,  
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,  
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?  
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet  
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,  
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.  
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
“Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see  
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!”  
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,  
“To-morrow we will open,” I replied,  
And when the morrow came I answered still, “To-morrow!”

## THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on high,  
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!  
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,  
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.  
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,  
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;  
But, sentineled in heaven, its glorious presence  
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.  
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,  
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,  
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!  
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore  
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,  
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

## THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD! that seest, from yon starry height,  
Centred in one the future and the past,  
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast  
The world obscures in me what once was bright!  
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,  
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;  
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,  
For ever green shall be my trust in heaven.  
Celestial King! O let thy presence pass  
Before my spirit, and an image fair  
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,  
As the reflected image in a glass  
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,  
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

## THE BROOK.

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!  
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!  
The soul of April, unto whom are born  
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!  
Although, where'er thy devious current strays,  
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,  
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems  
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.  
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent  
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye  
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!  
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!  
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!  
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

## VI. French.

## SPRING.

FROM CHARLES D'ORLEANS.—XV. CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring!—in sunshine clad,  
Well dost thou thy power display!  
For winter maketh the light heart sad,  
And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.  
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,  
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;  
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,  
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,  
Their beards of icicles and snow;  
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,  
We must cower over the embers low;  
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,  
Mope like birds that are changing feather.  
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,  
When thy merry step draws near.

---

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky

Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud ;

But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh !

Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,

And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,

Who has toiled for nought both late and early,

Is banished afar by the new-born year,

When thy merry step draws near.

## THE CHILD ASLEEP.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,  
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed !  
Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place  
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,  
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me !  
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;—  
'T is sweet to watch for thee,—alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow ;  
His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.  
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,  
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy !—I tremble with affright !  
Awake, and chase this fatal thought !—Unclose  
Thine eye but for one moment on the light !  
Even at the price of thine, give me repose !

Sweet error !—he but slept,—I breathe again ;—  
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile !  
O ! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,  
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile ?



## VII. Italian.

## THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of morning,  
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red  
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,

Appeared to me,—may I again behold it!—  
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,  
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little  
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,  
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared  
I knew not what of white, and underneath,  
Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,  
While the first brightness into wings unfolded ;  
But, when he clearly recognised the pilot,

He cried aloud ; “ Quick, quick, and bow the knee !  
Behold the angel of God ! fold up thy hands !  
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers !

“ See how he scorns all human arguments,  
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail  
Than his own wings, between so distant shores !

“ See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,  
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,  
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair !”

And then, as nearer, and more near us came  
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,  
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,

But down I cast it ; and he came to shore  
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,  
So that the water swallowed nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot !  
Beatitude seemed written in his face !  
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

“*In exitu Israel* out of Egypt!”

Thus sang they all together in one voice,  
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,  
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,  
And he departed swiftly as he came.

## THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and round  
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,  
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,

Withouten more delay I left the bank,  
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,  
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.

A gently-breathing air, that no mutation  
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,  
No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches readily  
Did all of them bow downward towards that side  
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain ;

Yet not from their upright direction bent  
So that the little birds upon their tops  
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art ;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime  
Singing received they in the midst of foliage  
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,  
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,  
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on  
Into the ancient wood so far, that I  
Could see no more the place where I had entered.

And lo! my farther course cut off a river,  
Which, towards the left hand, with its little waves,  
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are,  
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,  
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,  
Under the shade perpetual, that never  
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

## BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX. XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, in the new covenant,  
Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,  
Wearing again the garments of the flesh,

So, upon that celestial chariot,  
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,  
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying ; “ *Benedictus qui venis,*”  
And scattering flowers above and round about,  
“ *Manibus o date lilia plenis.*”

I once beheld, at the approach of day,  
The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,  
And the other heaven with light serene adorned,

And the sun’s face uprising, overshadowed,  
So that, by temperate influence of vapors,  
The eye sustained his aspect for long while ;

---

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,  
Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,  
And down descended inside and without,

With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,  
Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,  
Vested in colors of the living flame.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even as the snow, among the living rafters  
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,  
Blown on and beaten by Slavonian winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through itself,  
Whene'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,  
Like as a taper melts before a fire,

Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,  
Before the song of those who chime for ever  
After the chiming of the eternal spheres ;

But, when I heard in those sweet melodies  
Compassion for me, more than had they said,  
"O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him?"

The ice, that was about my heart congealed,  
To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,  
Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

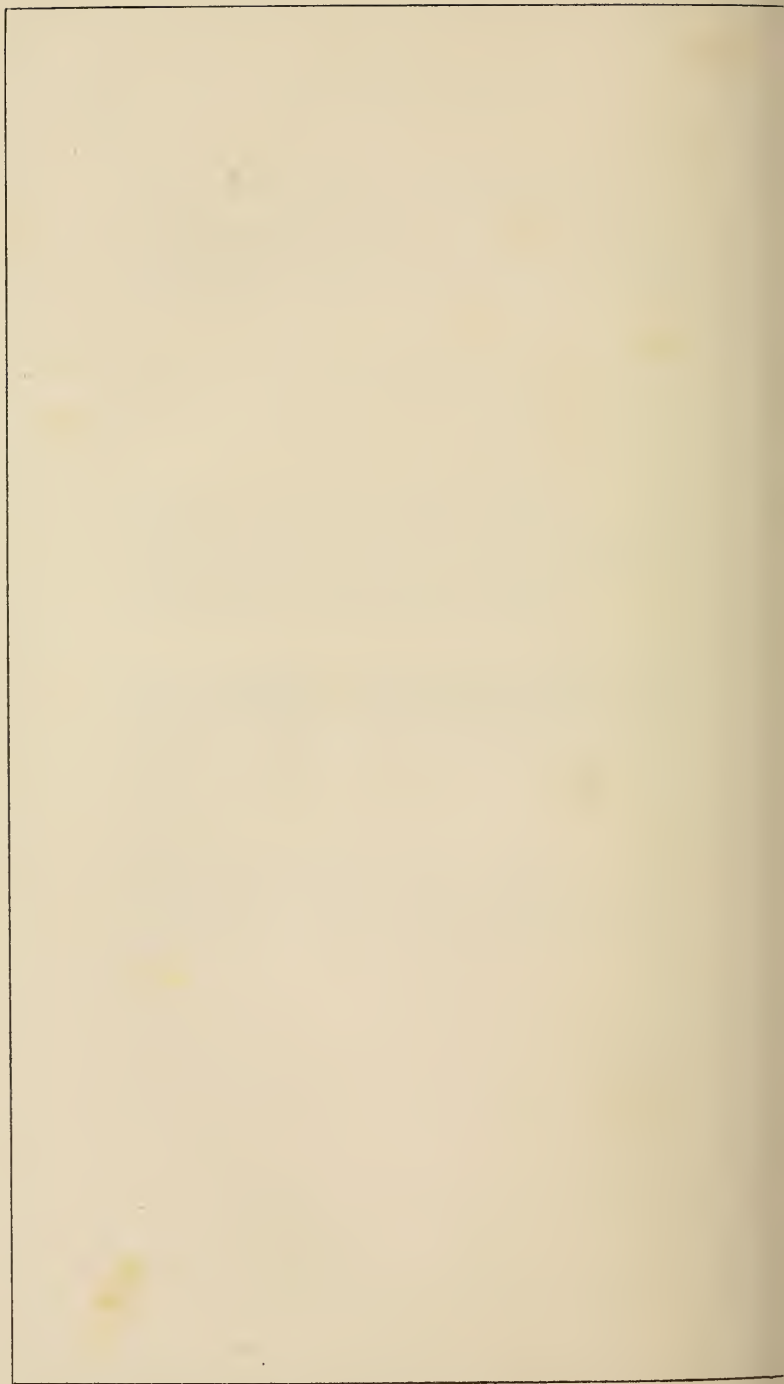
Confusion and dismay, together mingled,  
Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,  
To understand it one had need of sight.

Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 't is discharged,  
Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,  
And with less force the arrow hits the mark ;

So I gave way under this heavy burden,  
Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,  
And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.



ADDITIONAL POEMS.



## ADDITIONAL POEMS.

---

### RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout!  
Across the window pane  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;

---

Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees!  
He can behold  
Aquarius old

Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled,  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold,  
That have not yet been wholly told,—  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change

---

From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

## AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,  
The night is descending,  
The marsh is frozen,  
    The river dead ;

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows,  
    That glimmer red.

The snow recommences,  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
    The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
    A funeral train.



The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
    To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing,  
And tolling within  
    Like a funeral bell.

## WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

VOGELWEID, the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würtzburg-Minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest :  
They should feed the birds at noontide  
Daily, on his place of rest.

Saying—" From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song ;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed—  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
 In foul weather and in fair—  
 Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
 Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree, whose heavy branches  
 Overshadowed all the place—  
 On the pavement—on the tombstone—  
 On the poet's sculptured face—

On the cross-bars of each window,  
 On the lintel of each door—  
 They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
 Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
 Sang their lauds on every side ;  
 And the name their voices uttered,  
 Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
 Murmured, " Why this waste of food ?  
 Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
 For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
 From the walls and woodland nests,

When the Minster bells rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir!

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones;  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast Cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

## THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I saw, as in a dream sublime,  
The balance in the hand of Time,  
O'er East and West its beam impended ;  
And day, with all its hours of light,  
Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
While, opposite, the scale of night  
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,  
In that bright vision I beheld  
Greater and deeper mysteries.  
I saw with its celestial keys,  
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,  
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,  
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,  
From earth unto the fixed stars.  
And through the dewy atmosphere,  
Not only could I see, but hear,

Its wondrous and harmonious strings,  
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,  
From Dian's circle light and near,  
Onward to vaster and wider rings,  
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,  
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,  
And down the sunless realms of space  
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
This music sounded like a march,  
And with its chorus seemed to be  
Preluding some great tragedy.  
Sirius was rising in the east ;  
And, slow ascending one by one,  
The kindling constellations shone.  
Begirt with many a blazing star,  
Stood the great giant Algebar,  
Orion, hunter of the beast !  
His sword hung gleaming by his side,  
And, on his arm, the lion's hide  
Scattered across the midnight air  
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint,  
Yet beautiful as some fair saint,

Serenely moving on her way  
In hours of trial and dismay.  
As if she heard the voice of God,  
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod  
Upon the hot and burning stars,  
As on the glowing coals and bars  
That were to prove her strength, and try  
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,  
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,  
She reached the station of Orion.  
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!  
And suddenly from his outstretched arm  
Down fell the red skin of the lion  
Into the river at his feet.  
His mighty club no longer beat  
The forehead of the bull; but he  
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,  
When, blinded by CEnopion,  
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,  
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,  
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.  
Then, through the silence overhead,  
An angel with a trumpet said,  
"For evermore, for evermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er!"

And, like an instrument that flings  
Its music on another's strings,  
The trumpet of the angel cast  
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,  
And on from sphere to sphere the words  
Reëchoed down the burning chords,—  
“For evermore, for evermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er!”



## THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
    Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
    The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
    Among the wooden piers,  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
    That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,  
    In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
    And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O, how often,  
    I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
    O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,  
    And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
    Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me ;  
    It is buried in the sea,

---

And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odor of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

## TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omawhaws ;  
Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast  
taken !

Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's  
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers  
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their foot-  
prints.

What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the  
footprints ?

How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green  
turf of the prairies ?

How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast breathed the  
sweet air of the mountains ?

Ah! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost  
challenge

Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these  
pavements,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden  
millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that  
they, too,

Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the  
Wabash!

There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the  
maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer  
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their  
branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!

There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elk-  
horn.

Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omawhaw  
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave  
of the Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous  
deserts?

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,  
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the  
thunder,

And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the  
Foxes,

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,  
Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's

Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-  
fires  
Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray of  
the daybreak  
Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous  
horse-race;  
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Ca-  
manches!  
Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast  
of the east-wind,  
Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!

## CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
Changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,

On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there  
Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night ;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling.  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,



---

On the roofs and stones of cities!  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas!  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long;  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village, ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,

Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

## TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee,  
With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,  
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
Whose figures grace,  
With many a grotesque form and face,  
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!  
The lady with the gay macaw,  
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
With bearded lip and chin;  
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command  
Thou shakest in thy little hand  
The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
Making a merry tune!  
Thousands of years in Indian seas  
That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
Until some deadly and wild monsoon

Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!  
Those silver bells  
Reposed of yore,  
As shapeless ore,  
Far down in the deep-sunken wells  
Of darksome mines,  
In some obscure and sunless place,  
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
Or steep Potosi's mountain pines!

And thus for thee, O little child,  
Through many a danger and escape,  
The tall ships passed the stormy cape ;  
For thee, in foreign lands remote,  
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,  
The fibres of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
The silver veins beneath it laid,  
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!  
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!  
And, at the sound,  
Thou turnest round

---

With quick and questioning eyes,  
Like one, who, in a foreign land,  
Beholds on every hand  
Some source of wonder and surprise!  
And, restlessly, impatiently,  
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.  
The four walls of thy nursery  
Are now like prison walls to thee.  
No more thy mother's smiles  
No more the painted tiles,  
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,  
That won thy little, beating heart before ;  
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
Thy pattering footstep falls.  
The sound of thy merry voice  
Makes the old walls  
Jubilant, and they rejoice  
With the joy of thy young heart,  
O'er the light of whose gladness  
No shadows of sadness  
From the sombre background of memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
One whom memory oft recalls,  
The Father of his Country, dwelt.

And yonder meadows broad and damp  
The fires of the besieging camp  
Encircled with a burning belt.  
Up and down these echoing stairs,  
Heavy with the weight of cares,  
Sounded his majestic tread ;  
Yes, within this very room  
Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee ?  
Out, out ! into the open air !  
Thy only dream is liberty,  
Thou carest little how or where.  
I see thee eager at thy play,  
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,  
With cheeks as round and red as they ;  
And now among the yellow stalks,  
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,  
As restless as the bee.  
Along the garden walks,  
The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace ;  
And see at every turn how they efface  
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.

Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,  
Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
Dost persecute and overwhelm  
These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm !

What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,  
And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,  
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,  
Thou comest back to parley with repose!  
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
With its o'erhanging golden canopy  
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,  
And shining with the argent light of dews,  
Shall for a season be our place of rest.  
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,  
From which the laughing birds have taken wing,  
By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.  
Dream-like the waters of the river gleam ;  
A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,  
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,  
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison !

Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.  
I see its valves expand,  
As at the touch of Fate!  
Into those realms of love and hate,  
Into that darkness blank and drear,  
By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,  
Freighted with hope and fear ;  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark  
Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift-receding beams,  
Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!  
Like the new moon thy life appears ;  
A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years ;  
And yet upon its outer rim,  
A luminous circle, faint and dim,



And scarcely visible to us here,  
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere ;  
A prophecy and intimation,  
A pale and feeble adumbration,  
Of the great world of light, that lies  
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—  
To struggle with imperious thought,  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Weary with labor, faint with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power,—  
Remember, in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the laborer's side ;  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.

Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility ;  
As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
And hearing the hammers, as they smote  
The anvils with a different note,  
Stole from the varying tones, that hung  
Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;  
I will no longer strive to ope  
The mystic volume, where appear  
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,  
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.  
Thy destiny remains untold ;  
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,  
The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
And burns to ashes in the skies.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,  
Welcome to a foreign fireside,  
While the sullen gales of autumn  
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world  
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,  
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,  
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,  
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,  
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,  
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art ;  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages  
As the russet, rain-molested  
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine  
Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
As these leaves with the libations  
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall  
Days departed, half-forgotten,  
When in dreamy youth I wandered  
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear  
The old ballad of King Christian  
Shouted from suburban taverns  
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards  
Who, in solitary chambers,  
And with hearts by passion wasted,  
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes  
Where thy songs of love and friendship  
Made the gloomy Northern winter  
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,  
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
Chanted staves of these old ballads  
To the Vikings.

Once in Ælsinore,  
At the court of old King Hamlet,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
 Sang them in their smoky barracks ;—  
 Suddenly the English cannon  
 Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,  
 Sailors on the roaring ocean,  
 Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics  
 All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;  
 They, alas ! have left thee friendless !  
 Yet at least by one warm fireside  
 Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build  
 In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,  
 So thy twittering songs shall nestle  
 In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,  
 Sheltered from all molestation,  
 And recalling by their voices  
 Youth and travel.

## DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend! sit down and listen!  
From the pitcher, placed between us,  
How the waters laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,  
Led by his inebriate Satyrs;  
On his breast his head is sunken,  
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;  
Ivy crowns that brow supernal  
As the forehead of Apollo,  
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,  
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's  
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

---

Thus he won, through all the nations,  
Bloodless victories, and the farmer  
Bore, as trophies and oblations,  
Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigour,  
Much this mystic throng expresses :  
Bacchus was the type of vigour,  
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,  
Of a faith long since forsaken ;  
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,  
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains  
Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;  
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,  
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons  
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,  
From that fiery blood of dragons  
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,

Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher  
Wreathed about with classic fables ;  
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer  
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen !  
As it passes thus between us,  
How its wavelets laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus !



## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux : "Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !"

JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw ;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
    " For ever—never !  
    Never—for ever !"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
    " For ever—never !  
    Never—for ever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—  
    “ For ever—never !  
    Never—for ever ! ”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
    “ For ever—never !  
    Never—for ever ! ”

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality ;  
His great fires up the chimney roared ;  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—  
    “ For ever—never !  
    Never—for ever ! ”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
    “ For ever—never !  
    Never—for ever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
    “ For ever—never !  
    Never—for ever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
    “ For ever—never !  
    Never—for ever ! ”

Never here, for ever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
For ever there, but never here !  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
    “For ever—never!  
    Never—for ever !”

## THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

## THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,  
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,  
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines  
The evening star, the star of love and rest!  
And then anon she doth herself divest  
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines  
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,  
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.  
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!  
My morning and my evening star of love!  
My best and gentlest lady! even thus,  
As that fair planet in the sky above,  
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,  
And from thy darkened window fades the light.

## A U T U M N.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain !  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves ;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended ;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves !

## DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,  
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,  
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,  
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.  
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom ;  
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,  
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume !  
Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,  
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,  
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,  
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease ;  
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,  
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, " Peace !"



## THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

The sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars ;  
But my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;  
Yet greater is my heart,  
And fairer than pearls and stars  
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart ;  
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven  
Are melting away with love !

## POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

## MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good?  
Who has it not wants hardihood,  
Who has it has much trouble and care,  
Who once has had it has despair.

---

## THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and Temperance and Repose  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

---

## SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave.

---

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is ;  
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

---

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,  
To my Lord heartily,  
To my Prince faithfully,  
To my Neighbour honestly.  
Die I, so die I.

---

CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines  
three  
Are extant ; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

---

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round ;  
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be  
ground.

## CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it  
bespoke ;  
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the  
smoke.

---

## ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined ;  
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

---

## RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind  
exceeding small ;  
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness  
grinds he all.

---

## TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's  
fire,  
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the  
liar.

## RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine sound not well in strangers'  
ears,

They have only to bethink them that it happens so with  
theirs;

For so long as words, like mortals, call a father-land their  
own,

They will be most highly valued where they are best and  
longest known.

## CURFEW.

## I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The Curfew Bell  
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,  
And put out the light ;  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire ;  
Sound fades into silence,  
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall !  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all !

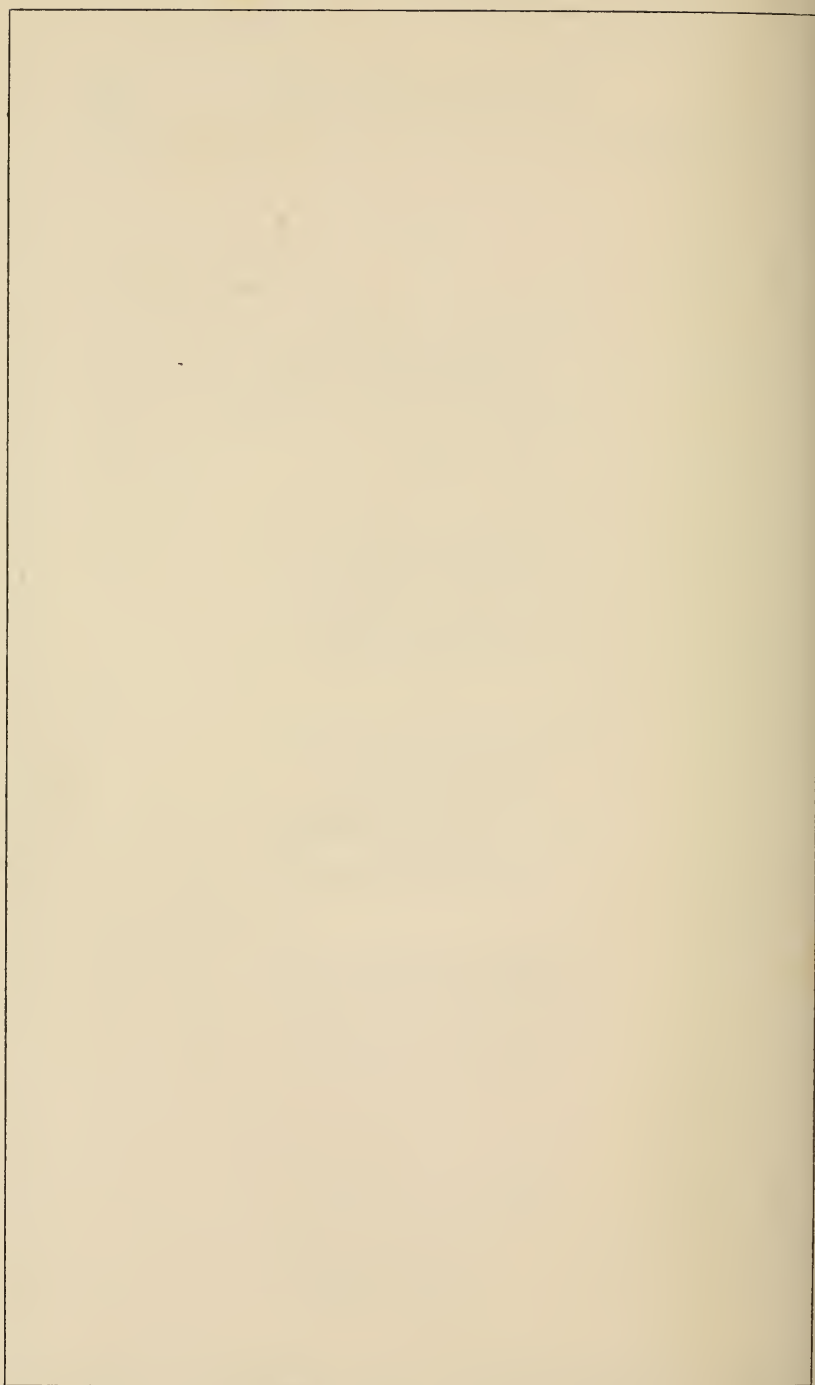
## II.

THE book is completed,  
And closed, like the day ;  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies ;  
Forgotten they lie ;  
Like coals in the ashes,  
They darken and die.

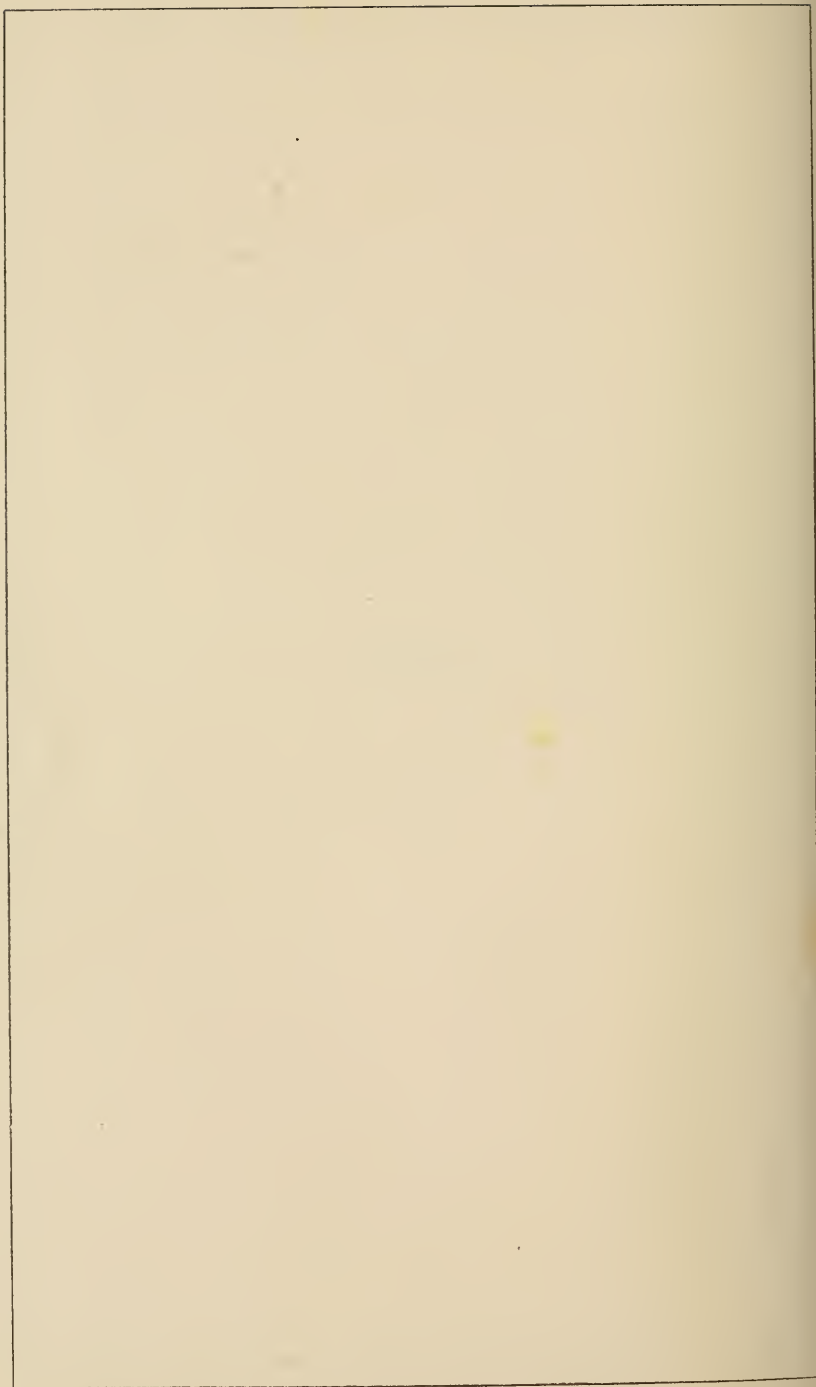
Song sinks into silence,  
The story is told,  
The windows are darkened,  
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker  
The black shadows fall ;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all.





NOTES.



## NOTES.

---

Page 49. *Skool! to the Northland! skool!*

IN Scandinavia skool is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

Page 79. *All the Foresters of Flanders.*

THE title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him, the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 79. *Stately dames, like queens attended.*

WHEN Philippe-le-Bel, King of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed: "Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines."

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied: "We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

Page 79. *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

PHILIPPE DE BOURGOGNE, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal, on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 80. *I beheld the gentle Mary.*

MARIE DE VALOIS, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess

of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Isabella was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg* as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfinzing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 80. *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

THIS battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers

---

of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 80. *Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

WHEN the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by laboring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the count retired to faithful Bruges.

Page 80. *The Golden Dragon's nest.*

THE Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*" My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

Page 88. *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

AN old popular proverb of the town runs thus:—

"*Nürnberg's Hand  
Geht durch alle Land.*"  
Nuremberg's hand  
Goes through every land."

Page 89. *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

MELCHIOR PFINZING was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See note on page 375.

---

Page 89. *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

THE tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 89. *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

THIS pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colors.

Page 90. *Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

THE Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.



Page 91. *As in Adam Puschman's song.*

ADAM PUSCHMAN, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision:—

“An old man,  
Gray and white, and dove-like,  
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,  
And read in a fair, great book,  
Beautiful with golden clasps.”

Page 124. *As Lope says.*

“La cólera  
de un Español sentado no se temple,  
si no le representan en dos horas  
hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis.”

*Lope de Vega.*

Page 129. *Abernuncio Satanas.*

“DIGO, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decís, dijo el Duque.”—*Don Quixote*, Part II., c. xxxv.

Page 145. *Fray Carrillo.*

THE allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

“Siempre, Fray Carrillo, estás  
cansándonos acá fuera ;  
quién en tu celda estuviera  
para no verte jamás !”

*Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 611.*

Page 145. *Padre Francisco.*

THIS is from an Italian popular song.

“ ‘ Padre Francesco,  
Padre Francesco !’  
—Cosa volete del Padre Francesco—  
‘ V’ è una bella ragazzina  
Che si vuole confessar !’  
Fatte l’ entrare, fatte l’ entrare !  
Che la voglio confessare.”

*Kopisch. Volksthümliche Poesien aus allen  
Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln,  
p. 194.*

Page 148. *Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

FROM a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke’s *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

Page 159. *The Gold of the Busné.*

BUSNÉ is the name given by the Gipsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 161. *Count of the Calés.*

THE Gipsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zinçali; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain.* London, 1841.

Page 166. *Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

“Y VOLVIÉNDOME á un lado, vi á un avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léjos sus tripas, no hablaba porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados) ¿si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos?”—*El Sueño de las Calaveras.*

Page 167. *And amen! said the Cid Campeador.*

A LINE from the ancient *Poema del Cid.*

“Amen, dijo Mio Cid el Campeador.”

Line 3044.

Page 168. *The river of his thoughts.*

THIS expression is from Dante;

“Si che chiaro

Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.”

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

Page 170. *Mari Franca.*

A COMMON Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer :

“Porque casó Mari-Franca  
cuatro leguas de Salamanca.”

Page 171. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

THE Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song ; as, for example, in the well known *Villancico* :

“¡ Ay ojuelos verdes,  
ay los mis ojuelos,  
ay hagan los cielos  
que de mí te acuerdes !

\* \* \* \*

Tengo confianza  
de mis verdes ojos.”

*Bühl de Faber. Floresta, No. 255.*

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, “Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare.”

Page 173. *The Avenging Child.*

SEE the ancient Ballads of *El Infante Vengador*, and *Calaynos*.

---

Page 174. *All are sleeping.*

FROM the Spanish. *Böhl's Floresta*, No. 282.

Page 195. *Good night.*

FROM the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 219. *The evil eye.*

“IN the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Que-relar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

“The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville.”

BORROW'S *Zincali*. Vol. I. ch. ix.

Page 220. *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

THIS and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain.*

The Gipsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted :

*John-Dorados*, pieces of gold.

*Pigeon*, a simpleton.

*In your morocco*, stripped.

*Doves*, sheets.

*Moon*, a shirt.

*Chirelin*, a thief.

*Murcigalleros*, those who steal at night-fall.

*Rastilleros*, foot-pads.

*Hermit*, highway-robber.

*Planets*, candles.

*Commandments*, the fingers.

*Saint Martin asleep*, to rob a person asleep.

*Lanterns*, eyes.

*Goblin*, police officer.

*Papagayo*, a spy.

*Vineyards and Dancing John*, to take flight.

Page 236. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

FROM the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the *Contra-bandista* on page 238.

Page 269. *My grave.*

NILS JUEL was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or *Thunder-shield*. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 293. *Coplas de Manrique.*

DON JORGE MANRIQUE, the author of this poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his history of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his

father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on—calm, dignified, and majestic.

This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

“O World! so few the years we live,  
 Would that the life which thou dost give  
 Were life indeed!  
 Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
 Our happiest hour is when at last  
 The soul is freed.

“Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
 And sorrows neither few nor brief  
 Veil all in gloom;  
 Left desolate of real good,  
 Within this cheerless solitude  
 No pleasures bloom.

“Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
 And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
 Or dark despair;



---

Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who lingers longest here  
Knows most of care.

“Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
And weary hearts ;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow  
Its form departs.”

Page 352. *Walter von der Vogelweide.*

Walter von der Vogelweide, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at the Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the “War of Wartburg.”

PAGE 389. *Like imperial Charlemagne.*

CHARLEMAGNE may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, “to sell the eggs from the farm-yards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens ; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns.”

OCT 11933

H 13 89











**HECKMAN**  
BINDERY INC.



**DEC 88**  
N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA 46962



