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835
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FAUST:

A DRAMA, BY GOETHE.

WITH

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

BY

LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

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CONTENTS

OF

VOL. II.

FAUST (continued) ........................................ 1
LESSING'S FAUST ........................................ 79

TRANSLATIONS FROM SCHILLER.
The Song of the Bell ...................................... 89
The Partition of the Earth ............................. 113
Lines to Minna ........................................... 117
The Ideal ..................................................... 121
The Feast of Victory ..................................... 127
The Veiled Statue at Sais ............................... 137
Epithalamium ............................................... 143
Honour to Woman ......................................... 155
The Gods of Greece ....................................... 161

GOETHE.
Lay of the Imprisoned Knight ......................... 171
CONTENTS.

BURGER.

War Song of the New Zealander  . . . .  179

SALIS.

The Grave  . . . . . . . . . .  185

KÖRNER.

War Song  . . . . . . . . . .  191

War Song, written before the Battle of Danneberg  195

Song of the Sword  . . . . . . . . .  201
FAUST.

Martha's Garden.

MARGARET and FAUST.

MARGARET.
Now tell me, Henry—

FAUST.
What I can.

MARGARET.
How to religion is your soul inclined?
You are, indeed, a kind, good-hearted man;
My doubts on this one point distress my mind.

FAUST.
Dearest, no more of this! you know me true;
Know I would shed my heart's best blood for you.
None of their faith or ritual would bereave.
Margaret.

Too little this. You should yourself believe.

Faust.

Should I?

Margaret.

Alas! could I your ills prevent!

Besides, you honour not the sacrament.

Faust.

I honour it.

Margaret.

Yet never seek to share.

Confession, mass—'tis long since you were there.

Dost thou believe?

Faust.

Ah! dearest, who can dare

Say he believes?

Ask the religious, ask the wise,

And all the priest or sage replies

But mocks the asker.
MARGARET.

Faith, then, you have none. √

FAUST.

Do not distort my answer, lovely one.
Who could himself compel
To say he disbelieves
The being whose presence all must feel so well?
The All-creator, √
The All-sustainer,
Does he not uphold
Thyself, and me, and all?
Does not yon vaulted Heaven expand
Round the fast earth on which we stand?
Do we not hail it, though from far
The light of each eternal star?
Are not my eyes in yours reflected?
And, all these living proofs collected,
Do not they flash upon the brain,
Do not they press upon the heart,
The trace of Nature's mystic reign?

B 2
To a bad race I hold him to belong.
May God forgive me, if I do him wrong!

FAUST.
He is not lovely, but such men must be.

MARGARET.
Heaven keep me far from such a mate as he!
If at our door he chance to knock,
His very lip seems curl'd to mock,
Yet furious in his very sneers.
He takes no part in aught he sees or hears.
Written it stands his brow above—
No thing that lives that man may love.
Abandon'd to your circling arm,
I feel so blest, so free from harm—
And he must poison joys so pure and mild.

FAUST.
Thou loveliest, best, but most suspecting child.

MARGARET.
My nerves so strongly it comes o'er,
I feel, whene'er he joins us on our way,
As if I did not love you as before;
    As if I could not raise my voice to pray.
That fancy makes me tremble through my frame;
Say what you will, yourself must feel the same.

FAUST.

This is antipathy, you must confess.

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUST.

Such love as mine to bless,
Say, may we never pass an hour alone?
Moments like these we cannot call our own.

MARGARET.

My door should be unlock’d to one so dear,
    But then my mother sleeps not over sound;
If she should chance to wake, and you be found,
That very instant I should die of fear.

FAUST.

Angel! there is no need to die.
These simple means consent to try:
Three drops from this small phial let her take,  
The livelong night she shall not wake.

MARGARET.
Can I refuse you what you will?  
It will not surely work her ill.

FAUST.
Could I advise it if it would?

MARGARET.
What spell  
Still draws me to your will I cannot tell.
I have complied so far this many a day,  
Little remains in which I can obey.  

[Exit.

Enter Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles.
Is the fool gone?

FAUST.
Have you then play'd the spy?
Mephistopheles.
Through the whole catechism I was by:
I wish you joy of question and reply.
The maidens fain would know, inquiring fools,
Whether we own the church's good old rules.

Faust.
Monster! thou canst not read
A soul so pure and true;
No, 'tis beyond thy power
To fancy how that creed
Which would support herself in misery's hour,
Can rack that soul, in worse affliction tost,
To think the wretch she loves beyond redemption lost.

Mephistopheles.
Most moral saint! abandon'd to desire—
Magister artium, whom a maiden leads!

Faust.
Compound of fiendish mocks, and fiendish fire!

Mephistopheles.
The features, too, of gentlemen she reads—
"And, in my presence, don't know how she feels!"
E'en through my mask, forsooth, some meaning steals.
She sees a genius in this form of evil,
Or, mercy on me! takes me for the devil!
To-night! to-night!

FAUST.

What is there to be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No matter—I shall have my fun!
A Fountain.

MARGARET and LIESCHEN with Püchers.

LIESCHEN.
Good morrow: you of course have heard
Of Barbara?

MARGARET.
Barbara? not a word.
I seldom stir from home.

LIESCHEN.
A certain case,
I heard it in the market-place.
Sybilla told me.

MARGARET.
What?
LIESCHEN.

A sad affair!
'Tis, when she breakfasts two are feeding there.

MARGARET.

Alas!

LIESCHEN.

I knew this hanging on the arm,
This whispering, soon would come to harm.
Their dancing, gadding, feasts, and balls,
Their walks beyond the city walls,
And she must strut before the rest,
Her gown the finest, fare the best;
Yet one who held her head so high
Could take his gifts when none were by.
True as she could, she earn'd the same,
And paid the gallant with her shame.

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

LIESCHEN.

Can you such pity feel?—
When we were sitting at our wheel,
A careful mother always nigh,
With her the hours flew gaily by.
The minutes never passed too slow
For strolling, ogling, whispering low.
And now the church's aisle within,
In sackcloth, she must wail her sin.

MARGARET.
Surely her lover keeps his truth?

LIESCHEN.
He were a fool: a lively youth
Will find another tale to tell.
Besides, he's off.

MARGARET.
That is not well.

Oh, how could I of old declaim  [Exit LIESCHEN.
When some poor maiden fell to shame!
How could I find my words too weak
Of other's sin and fall to speak!
How dark it seem'd, yet darker grew,
Nor gain'd e'en then its deepest hue.
And then myself I bless'd and praised,
And now must bear the storm I raised.
Yet—all that lured me, all that drove!
His form, his face, his soul, his love!
Image of the Mater Dolorosa.

Margaret places flowers before it.

Margaret.
Thou, who hast suffer'd woe
Greater than mortals know,
    Thy brow incline!
Thou, with unceasing love,
To him who sits above,
    Pray'st for thy Son divine!
The sword is in thy heart,
Thy sorrows' bitter smart
    May plead for mine!

Oh! none but thou canst tell
How high my sorrows swell,
    Scarce weaker than thine own:
All for which I pine and languish,
All my trembling, all my anguish,
   Thou, thou canst tell alone!

With tears I wet my casement;
   They fell like morning showers,
As duly from the woodbine
   For thee I pluck'd the flowers.

When early day was breaking,
   I wept its light to see.
How few beside were waking:
   There is no sleep for me.
Oh! thou so rich in pain!
   Mother of sorrows! deign
To hear the suffering wretch who bows to thee.
Night.

Street, before Margaret's Door.

Valentine.
When in some camp I join'd the crowd,
Where jests went round, and boasting loud,
And many a clamorous voice proclaim'd
The charms and worth of maids they named,
And pledged, in mantling cups, the toast,
With elbows squared, I kept my post;
Let all their tongues at freedom run,
Nor utter'd, till the tale was done.
Then 'twas my turn my beard to stroke—
I fill'd my glass, and smiled, and spoke.
Each to his mind—I gainsay none—
But this I say, there is not one

Vol. II.
Like my poor Margaret, or who
Is fit to tie my sister's shoe!
The merry glasses changed consent;
They clapp'd, they shouted—round it went—
"She is the queen of all her race!"
The praise of others died apace.
And now!—my best resource remains,
Against the wall to dash my brains.
For I am one each knave who meets
May curl his nose at in the streets.
Nail'd like a felon by the ear,
Sweating each scurril jest to hear;
And though I smash'd them, low and high,
And gave the fiend their souls to cry,
I could not give one wretch the lie!
Who slinks this way?—who passes there?
Now, by my sister's shame I swear,
Should it be he whose blood I crave,
The miscreant treads upon his grave!
Enter Faust and Mephistopheles.

FAUST.
How, from the windows of yon sacristy,
The ever-lighted lamp its flickering ray
Shoots out, and then in darkness fades away,
With powers still weaken'd, 'till at last they die!—
So in my breast, round virtue's lessening light
Deep grow the shades of guilt, till all is night.

Mephistopheles.
And I am like the cat who sheathes its claws,
And slinks along the roof with velvet paws.
Through every limb I feel it glide,
The thief's delight, and something else beside.
Walpurgi's night is near—the thought
Within my breast this thrill has wrought.

FAUST.
Say, does yon taper's light reveal
The secret store we came to steal?
Mephistopheles.

It does: and shortly you shall share
The treasures which are hoarded there.
Dollars they are, all fresh and new,
Unclipp'd by Christian, Turk, or Jew.

Faust.

No jewels, then, that form to deck—
No chain to clasp around her neck?

Mephistopheles.

Yes, I remember some such thing,
A sort of pearls upon a string.

Faust.

Good! I am loth my fair to seek
Without some gift my love to speak.

Mephistopheles.

To please you both, I shall provide
A trifle of my own beside.
Now that the sky is bright with stars,
List to a master-piece of art—
A moral strain, with notes and bars,
More to delude her simple heart.

[Sings to a guitar.

Ah! maiden fair,
What dost thou there,
Prythee declare,
At the door of thy love ere morning?
What canst thou win?
Pure from all sin
He lets thee in—
Will he let thee out so at dawning?

Now stars are bright
Wait for the light,
If not, good night—
Good night to your fame, says the singer!
Keep thee from harm—
List not his charm—
Fly from his arm,
If he show not the ring on his finger.
VALENTINE.
Whom lurest thou, in the name of evil!
Thou gutter-treading, catgut stringer?
First with thy cat-call to the devil,
Then to the devil with the singer!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
A goodly hit!—the cithern is a wreck.

VALENTINE.
Next at your skull, to cleave it to the neck.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Now, doctor, budge not, stick to me—
Out with your iron! do not tarry;
Quick with your motions—one, two, three
Lunge out, and fear not; I will parry.

VALENTINE.
Then parry this.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
I think I can.

VALENTINE
And this.
FAUST.

METHISTOPHELES.

Why not?

VALENTINE.

The devil aids the man!

This too? My sword hand is already lamed.

METHISTOPHELES (to FAUST).

Thrust home!

VALENTINE.

Ah me!

METHISTOPHELES.

The bully now is tamed.

We must away with all our apparatus;

That cry has raised the posse comitatus—

A snail may leave the town police behind,

But now the cry of blood is on the wind.

MARTHA (at the window).

Mischief and murder!

MARGARET.

Strike a light!

MARTHA.

Bloodshed and death!—they scream! they fight!
CITIZEN.
One of the set lies bleeding there.

MARTHA.
And he that murder'd him has run.

MARGARET.
Who is here stretch'd out?

CITIZEN.
Thy mother's son!

MARGARET.
Father of mercies, what despair!

VALENTINE.
I perish!—that is short to speak,
And short to do as well.
Why stand the women there to shriek?
Hear what I have to tell.
My Margaret, see!—so young in age,
Yet, for your years not over sage,
Your conduct you will rue.
This in your ear—you are, at best,
A thing which honest men detest,
And honest maidens too.
MARGARET.
Oh God! my brother, why this tone?

VALENTINE.
As for God's name, let that alone:
What's done, we cannot say it nay;
So let it end, as end it may.
With one you make a good beginning,
With others, next, will soon be sinning.
When crime is newly brought to bed,
Concealment hides from public scorn
The deed of guilt so lately born—
The novice hides her head;
No open acts declare her.
But Vice soon throws her veil away,
And soon she walks about by day,
Though not a wit the fairer.
Though more deform'd the monster grows,
The more her hideous face she shows.

I see the day, for come it must,
When all the city, in disgust,
As from a corpse, shall cross the street,
And shun that tainted form to meet.
How wilt thou tremble with disgrace,
When good men look thee in the face!
Aside thy chains shall then be put;
Thou shalt not kneel at the altar's foot;
Thou shalt not dare, though music swell,
Join the gay dance thou lovest so well.
Deep in the beggars' dismal nest,
With cripples, thou shalt crawl to rest.
E'en if hereafter God forgive,
Here in his vengeance thou shalt live!

MARTHA.
Think of your sinful soul, and pray.
Would you thus rail your life away!

VALENTINE.
Could I but dig my nails in thee,
    Thou mummy vice! thou old pollution!
For all my sins the deed would be
    A rich and perfect absolution!
MARGARET.
My brother, oh what burning pain!

VALENTINE.
I tell thee, from thy tears abstain!
When you the ties of virtue broke,
You gave my heart the murder-stroke!
Now bear me to a soldier's grave—
I die a good one, and a brave! [Dies.
Cathedral.

Service and Anthem.

Margaret and many others. Evil Spirit behind Margaret.

Evil Spirit.
Margaret, how different thy lot
When kneeling at the altar's foot
In thy young innocence;
When, from the mass-book, snatched in haste,
Thy prayer was utter'd;
Prayer which but half displaced
The thought of childish pastime in thy mind.
Margaret!
How is it with thy brain?
Is it not in thy heart
The blackening spot?
Are thy prayers utter'd for thy mother's soul,
Whoslept, through thee, through thee, to wake no more?
Is not thy door-stone red?

Whose is the blood?
Dost thou not feel it shoot
Under thy breast, e'en now,
The pang thou darest not own,
That tells of shame to come?

MARGARET.
Woe, woe! could I dispel the thoughts
Which cross me and surround
Against my will.

CHORUS.
Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæculum in favilla.
FAUST.

EVIL SPIRIT.
Despair is on thee—
The last trumpet sounds—
The graves are yawning.
Thy sinful heart,
From its cold rest,
For wrath eternal,
And for penal flames,
Is raised again!

MARGARET.
Were I but hence!
I feel as if the organ’s swell
Stifled my breath—
As if the anthem’s note
Shot through my soul!

CHORUS.
Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.
MARGARET.
I pant for room!
The pillars of the aisle
Are closing on me!
The vaulted roof
Weighs down my head!

EVIL ONE.
Hide thyself!
Sin and shame
May not be hidden.
Light and air for thee?
Despair! despair!

CHORUS.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

EVIL ONE.
The glorified are turning
Their foreheads from thee;
The holy shun
To join their hands in thine.
Despair!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

MARGARET.

Help me, I faint!
Walpurgis Night.

The Hartz Mountain. Wild and desolate Country.

Faust and Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles.
Dost thou not wish a broomstick to bestride?
I could be fain a greybeard-goat to ride.
Could we but post it, then the way were short.

Faust.
While my fresh limbs my active frame support,
With this good staff my wants are satisfied.
What boots it to abridge our road?
To urge our way through valleys bending,
To clamber o'er the rocks impending,
Whence flows the spring as ever it has flow'd,
This is the pleasure of such scenes as these.
The air of spring has breathed upon the trees,
E’en the old firs are merrier than they were,
Shall not our limbs too feel the genial air?

**Mephistopheles.**
Mine have been wintry long ago;
In tropic climes I should not feel a glow;
Give me then good old winter’s frost and snow.
How sadly rising, with her light newborn,
The red, dim moon displays her infant horn.
So ill she lights us, that where’er one treads,
Against some rock we risk to break our heads.
Call we an ignis fatuus to our aid;
I see one dancing gaily through the glade.
Hollo, my friend! allow me to invite
Your wandering worship not to waste your light.

**Turn link, and guide us to yon mountain’s top.**

**Ignis Fatuus.**
Satan, your slave! I hope I may succeed in
My efforts to o’ercome my faults of breeding;
I was brought up in zigzag course to hop.
FAUST.

Mephistopheles (to Faust).

He thinks to mock you men, the saucy flame.
Go straight and quickly, in the devil's name!
Or out at once your flickering life I blow.

Ignis Fatuus.

Here you are lord and master, that I know.
Rays, by the centre, dress! quick march, my light!
Remember all is magic mad to-night;
And, if the marsh-lamp guides you on your way,
You should not blame me if you go astray.

[Faust, Mephistopheles, and the Ignis
Fatuus sing in parts.

To the magic region's centre
We are verging, it appears;
Lead us right, that we may enter
Strange enchantment's dreamy spheres.
Forward, through the wastes extending,
Woods and forests never ending.
See the trees on trees succeeding,
Still advancing, still receding;
Cliffs, their pinacles contorting,
As we hurry by are snorting.

Down their thousand channels gushing,
Stream and rivulet are rushing.
Whence that strain of maddening power?
   Sounds of mystic excitation,
   Love, and hope, and expectation,
Suiting witchcraft's festal hour.
While echo still, like memory's strain
Of other times, replies again.

To-whit! to-whoo! chirp, croak, and howl!
The bat, the raven, and the owl,
All in voice, and all in motion.
See! the lizards hold their levee;
Their legs are long, but their paunches heavy.
FAUST.

See the roots, like serpents, twining!
Many a magic knot combining—
Stretching out to fright and clasp us.
All their feelers set to grasp us
From their sluggish crimson masses,
Catching still at all that passes:
There the polypuses sleep.
Mice, of thousand colours, creep
Through the moss and through the heather;
And the fire-flies, in swarms,
Guide us through the land of charms.

Tell me, tell me, shall we stay,
Or pursue our mystic way?
Rocks and trees they change their places—
Now they flout us with grimaces.
See the lights in whirling mazes,
Misdirecting all that gazes.
Mephistopheles.

Cheer up, and grasp my mantle fast,
Here you may rest, the worst is past.
See, in the earth beneath our tread,
How Mammon lights the mountain's bed.

Faust.

See, like the morning's earliest waking,
Dim twilight lights the gulf below;
And, e'en its darkest slumbers breaking,
The fitful flashes shoot and glow.
Here swells the mine-damp, spreading, wreathing.
There glow the gold veins' living ores,
Now in thin threads the mist is breathing,
Now like the mountain spring it pours.
Here through the vale, in full expansion,
The metal darts its hundred veins,
There, in a corner's narrow mansion,
Compacted treasure it remains.
There million sparks in coruscation,
Like golden sands, shoot out and fall;
But see! one wide illumination
Stars to its height the rocky wall.

Mephistopheles.

Lord Mammon spares no pains, at least,
To light his palace for the feast.
'Tis good we were in time to look around.
The guests are coming!—heard ye not the sound?

Faust.
The wild wind sweeps like a storm o'er a wreck—
It is icy cold, and it cuts my neck.

Mephistopheles.
Cling to the granite stone—take my advice,
Else will they whirl you down the precipice.
Hark to the crash! the stems are broke!
The screech-owl quits the gnarled oak—
Hear them split! The witches' breeze
Has laid the pine-trees low;
The ever-verdant palaces
Lie stretch'd beneath the blow.
Those that stand, they groan and creak,
Their triumph o'er the storm to speak.
The leaves are stript, the boughs forlorn,
The roots twist upward, gape, and yawn.
Down they tumble! dragging all,
Friend and neighbour, to their fall.
Through the chasms they leave behind
Howls and hisses the midnight wind!
Hear'st thou voices, far and near—
Sounds which the dead sit up to hear?
Yes, the mountain-side along
Streams a maddening, magic song!
WITCHES IN CHORUS.

To the Brocken's top the witches speed,
The stubble is yellow and green the seed.
Lord Urian is seated there,
Around his throne we all repair.

VOICE.
Old Baubo rides alone this way
On a swine which has farrowed many a day.

CHORUS.
Honour to those to whom 'tis due:
Old mother Baubo, honour to you.
A gallant swine, and Baubo to ride;
And all the witches follow their guide.

VOICE.
Which way cam'st thou?

VOICE.
By the Ilsen stone,
Where the owl has her nest, she was sitting alone.
I just took a peep, and she made such eyes!

WITCHES' CHORUS.
The road is broad, the road is long,
Good need for such a maddening throng;
The pitchfork sticks, the broomstick creaks,
The child is choked, the mother shrieks.

HALF CHORUS.
We slink like snails upon the floor,
The women always go before.
When all on evil ways depart,
We have a thousand paces' start.

OTHER HALF.
We hold that not so sure a case:
The lady does it pace by pace.
But pace she, haste she, all she can,
A single spring conveys the man.

VOICE ABOVE.
Come on, come on from Felsensee.

VOICE BELOW.
You mount, you mount, and fain would we.
FAUST.

We are washed, and clean as clean may be—
And all in vain.

BOTH CHORUSES.
The wind is hushed, the stars are pale,
The moon is fain her face to veil.
But rustling, sparkling through the night,
With thousand sparks our train is bright.

VOICE BELOW.

Halt, halt.

VOICE ABOVE.

Who calls me from the rocky cleft?

VOICE BELOW.

Oh take! me take, or I am left.
Three hundred years is just the time,
Alas! since I began to climb;
Yet cannot reach the mountain's crest
To have my pastime with the rest.

FULL CHORUS.
The broom can bear, the fork beside,
The goat is best of all to ride;
And he who cannot mount to-night
For ever 'bides a ruined wight.

HALF WITCH BELOW.
I trip and totter on my best,
And still am far behind the rest:
I leave no peace at home behind,
And none as yet abroad I find.

WITCH CHORUS.
The ointment makes the witches stout;
A sail is found in every clout,
Each tub a bark can now supply:
Who flies not now shall never fly.

FULL CHORUS.
And when the top is near descried,
Then spread ye, stretch ye far and wide;
Make mad the heath with all the forms
Of magic's host and witchery's swarms.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
What pressing and pushing, what rustling and battling!
What hissing and whirling, and roaring and rattling!
It flares, burns, stinks—with one consent
A right and real witch element.
Stick fast to me, or we are parted straight:
Where art thou?

**FAUST (in the distance.)**

**Here.**

**MEPHISTOPHELES.**

Already torn away?

Here must I bring my house right into play.

Place! master Voland comes: sweet creatures, place.

Here, Doctor, grasp me, we will hence apace;

And make one spring shall clear this jovial throng;

No sober folks like me can bear it long.

Somewhat shines oddly through the brushwood there;

Whatever it be it draws me to its glare.

**FAUST.**

Spirit of contradictions! lead the way.

And yet I think you hardly lead it right;

We seek the Brocken on Walpurgis night,

Only to stand apart while all are gay.
Mephistopheles.

See, where yon flames burn red and blue,
A club is met, a cheerful crew:
In these small clubs one never feels alone.

Faust.

Yet could I wish to be near Uriah's throne.
Already now I see the whirl begin;
The stream sets strong towards that prince of sin:
There many a riddling knot one might undo.

Mephistopheles.

And many such we might draw faster too.
Let the great world keep up its coil,
Here we forget its noise and toil.
’Tis an old usage, known to all,
In the great world to make ourselves a small:
Be complaisant, for here one gains
Much pastime for but little pains.
Their music's clang torments my ear,
But we must learn to bear it here.
Look, friend, how say ye, is not this a show?
A hundred fires are blazing of a row.
They dance, they drink, they shout, they kiss, they court.
Now tell me where to look for better sport.

FAUST.

Under what shape will you mix with the throng,
Wizard or fiend, to which do I belong?

Mephistopheles.

I am much wont to pass incognito,
And yet on gala days my orders show;
Yet wear no garter round my knee,
The horse's hoof commands respect for me.
Seest thou the snail towards us steal?
Lo, with his fumbling jaws
Already he has gnawed my heel.
E'en if I would I cannot here conceal
My rank, or check the popular applause.

[To a party which is sitting round some
glimmering embers.

Why sit ye here, old sirs, so far away;
Why not assist the revel and be gay?

Vol. II.
GENERAL.
Who trusts in thanks from nations won?
For after all our service done,
'Tis still with nations as with womankind,
The young step on, the old ones drop behind.

MINISTER.
From the right path the nation strays:
In vain on good old times I call,
For truly these were golden days
The time when we were all in all.

PARVENU.
With decent skill we played our dice,
And nicked sometimes a cheating cast;
But all goes round now in a trice
Just when we wished to hold it fast.

AUTHOR.
Of meaning sound a sterling page
Oh! who would read should I compose?
As to the folks of earlier age,
They scarcely see beyond their nose.
MephistoPheles, (who suddenly appears very old.)
I see man ripened for his last account,
This the last time the Brocken's top I mount;
For when my cask is running to its dregs,
The world too totters on its legs.

Pedlar Witch.
Come let not this occasion slip
In my small stock of wares to dip.
I have no plaything in my pack to show
But bears its counterpart on earth below—
That has not worked with devilish skill
The world and man some biting ill:
No dagger here that has not once been red,
No cup that from its hot brim has not shed
Destroying poison into some sound frame;
No gem that has not some love-worthy dame
Seduced, no sword that has not with a blow
Severed some bond, or from behind transfixed its foe.

MephistoPheles.
Oh, you mistake the spirit of the hour:

What's done is done and loses here its power.
What's done is done and stale must straight appear,
'Tis only novelty attracts us here.

FAUST.
If right I guess, the turmoil there
Should be or call itself a fair.

Mephistopheles.
Yes, the whole tide is streaming up above;
One gets shoved upward while one thinks to shove.

FAUST.
What female form is that?

Mephistopheles.

Remark her well:

Lilith her name, first wife of him who fell—
Your parent Adam. Look that you beware
Her glancing toilette and her flowing hair:
If with that guise the sorceress lure
The passing youth she holds him sure.

Faust joins the dance.
Mephistopheles.
Where is the maiden who so sweetly sung—
Sung till you joined the dancing throng?

Faust.
Ah, in the middle of her song
From out her mouth a red mouse sprung.

Mephistopheles.
Well, if it did, we are not nice to day,
'Tis quite enough for you it was not grey.

Faust.
Then saw I—

Mephistopheles.
What?

Faust.
Mephisto! seest thou there,
Standing apart, a woman pale and fair?
With slow, sad step she glides, as though in pain;
Sure I have seen, and know that face again.
And it were strange, indeed, could I forget,
For she resembles my poor Margaret.
Mephistopheles.

Gaze not upon her, be she what she will;
'Tis all delusion, and will work thee ill.
It is not good the phantom to pursue:
At that cold look the blood grows icy too.
You will be turn'd to stone: a doctor bred,
You know the story of Medusa's head.

Faust.

In truth, those are the eyes of one who died
When no fond hand was near their lids to close.
The very limbs which once my joys supplied;
The breast on which I languish'd to repose.

Mephistopheles.

The very phantom of a magic dream:
To each rapt fool his mistress she would seem.

Faust.

What sweet distraction! what exciting pain!
I cannot choose but gaze and gaze again.
How strangely round that neck seems twined a thread,
A single streak of deep contrasted red,
A line scarce broader than a knife would trace!

Mephistopheles.

True—and though now her head is in its place,
Yet she can bear it in her hand as well,
Since from her neck, when Perseus struck, it fell.
Always this pleasure in delusions play!
Now, for some new amusement, come away.
What’s here—a playhouse? On the moral stage
’Tis good to see the vices of the age.
How now?—a bill.

Scribilis.

This instant will be given
A bran new piece—the last and best of seven.
In misery! In despair! Long an outcast, a wretched wanderer on the earth, and now a prisoner! Chained down as a malefactor in the dungeon which opens only on the scaffold! Spirit of Evil! betrayer! and thou hast kept it all concealed! Stir not, but hear me! Yes! roll thy devilish eyes in infuriate delight! A prisoner! abandoned to distress which none can remove, none can mitigate! Given up to spirits of evil, and to human judges as unfeeling as they! And I, meanwhile, was led by thee the round of hell's monstrous and disgusting entertainments. Yes! by thee
her increasing misery was concealed from my sight, and she was left to perish, body and soul, unaided, unprotected!

Mephistopheles.

She is not the first.

Faust.

Dog! bestial wretch! Change, thou eternal Spirit, change his shape once more to its canine form! make him become the attendant who courted and won my notice on my nightly path; become the fawning thing who crouched before the wanderer's feet, in guise as harmless as that wanderer was, when first he met him. Yes! assume the form of his companion, his favourite, crawl in the sand, that with his foot he may crush thee into its bosom! She not the first! Oh! misery, misery! That the woe of woman was ever such as hers! that the first should not have atoned for her children in the eyes of all-forgiving Heaven! The iron enters into my soul for the misery of one victim; thou grinnest in tranquil satisfaction at the fate of thousands.
Mephistopheles.

Now are we at what mortals call their wits' end; the pitch which snaps their reason's string. What for should ye make community with us, if ye cannot go through with it? You would fain fly before you have proved your wings, and wonder that you are dizzy.—Do we press our companionship on you, or you on us?

Faust.

Set not thus thy hungry-looking teeth at me—I loathe thee! Spirit of Power and Glory!—thou who knowest my heart—who readest my soul! thou who deignedst once to appear at my call—why make me one with this ill-doer?—this battener on mischief! this reveller in the perdition of man!

Mephistopheles.

Hast thou said thy say?

Faust.

Save her, or woe to thyself!—curses of horror upon thee, for ages to come!
Mephistopheles.

I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger. I may not draw his bolts.—Save her!—who was it placed her beyond salvation?—I or thou?—[Faust looks wildly round.]—Dost thou grasp at the thunder? Well that it was not given to the hand of wretched mortality, to smite the guiltless object that crosses us. It is the true resource of the tyrant in distress.

Faust.

Bear me to her. She shall be free!

Mephistopheles.

And the danger to thyself. Know the curse of blood, shed by thy hand, is on the city! Spirits of vengeance are hovering over the tomb of the slain! They will lour on the returning murderer!

Faust.

This from thee? The curse of murdered worlds upon thee, assassin of creation! Bear me to her, I say, and free her!
Mephistopheles.

I will bear thee to her; and what I may perform, I will. Listen! Have I all power in heaven and on earth? I will dull the senses of her jailer; seize thou upon the keys, and, with thy human hand, conduct her forth: I will watch the while. The magic steeds are ready: I will bear you off. This I may and will.

Faust.

Mount, and away!
Night.

An open Field.

Faust and Mephistopheles rushing along on black Horses.

Faust.
Round the ravenstone, and the gallows-tree,
Tell me, what shapes are those?

Mephistopheles.
They are cooking, but what the mess may be,
Or what they are, no one knows.

Faust.
Upwards and downwards they swing themselves,
bend themselves.
†
Mephistopheles.

'Tis a witch pastime.

Faust.

They float, and disperse themselves.

Mephistopheles

Forward! forward!
Dungeon.

FAUST, with a Bundle of Keys, and a Lamp; before a low Iron Door.

FAUST.

Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,
Sick with the sense of man's collected woe;
Behind this dungeon's dripping wall she lies,
Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow.
Traitor, thou darest not enter in
To face the witness of thy sin.
Forward! thy cowardice draws down the blow.

MARGARET (within) sings.
Now shame on my mother
Who brought me to light,
And foul fall my father
Who nursed me in spite.

FAUST (unlocking the door).

She dreams not that her lover hears the strain,
The straw’s sad rustling, and the clanking chain.

MARGARET,

(hiding herself in the straw on which she lies).

Woe, woe! they wake me! bitter fate!

FAUST.

Hush, hush! I come to give thee means to fly.

MARGARET.

Art thou a man? then be compassionate.

FAUST.

Soft! thou wilt wake thy jailers with that cry.

[He seizes the chains to unlock them.

MARGARET (on her knees).

Who gave the hangman power
So soon to wake and slay?
Why callest thou me at midnight’s hour?—
Oh! let me live till day!—
Is it not time when morn has sprung?

[She stands up.

And I am yet so young—so young!
And yet so soon to perish by your laws.
Once I was fair too—that is just the cause.
One friend was near me then: he too is fled.
My flowers are wither'd, and my garland dead.
Seize me not thus! it gives me pain.

Have I e'er wrong'd thee? why then bind me so?
Let not my woman's voice implore in vain—
Can I have hurt one whom I do not know?

FAUST.

Can I outlive this hour of woe!

MARGARET.

Ah! I am now within thy power!
Yet let me clasp my only joy,
My child! I nursed it many an hour,
But then they took it from me to annoy,
And now they say the mother kill'd her boy.
"And she shall ne'er be happy more"—
That is the song they sing to give me pain;
It is the end of an old strain,
But never meant me before.

**FAUST.**

He whom you deem'd so far before you lies,
To burst your chains, and give the life you prize.

**MARGARET.**

Oh! raise we to the saints our prayer!
For see, beneath the stair,
Beneath the door-stone swell
The penal flames of hell.
The evil one,
In pitiless wrath,
Roars for his prey.

**FAUST (aloud)**

Margaret! Margaret!

**MARGARET (starting).**

That was his voice!

[She springs up; her chains fall off.]
Where is he? for I know 'twas he.
None, none shall stay me; I am free!
'Tis to his bosom I will fly,
In his embraces I will lie.
His Margaret he calls, on the threshold he stands,
'Mid the laughter and howls of the fiendish bands;
Through the shouts of their malice, their hissings of scorn,
How sweetly his voice of affection was borne!

FAUST.

'Tis I.

MARGARET.
Oh, say it, say it, once again,
My friend, my lover! Where is now my pain?
Where is my chain, my dungeon, and my grave?
He comes himself to comfort and to save.
I see the church's aisle, the street,
Where first we dared to gaze, to meet:
The garden blooms before me now,
Where first we shared the kiss, the vow.
FAUST.

Away! away!

MARGARET.
Oh, not so fast!
Time is with you so sweetly past.

FAUST.

Haste, Margaret, haste!
For if thou lingerest here,
We both shall pay it dear.

MARGARET.
What, thou canst kiss no more!
Away so short a time as this,
And hast so soon forgot to kiss!
Why are my joys less ardent than they were?
Once in those folding arms I loved to lie,
Clung to that breast, and deem'd my heaven was there,
Till, scarce alive, I almost long'd to die!
Those lips are cold, and do not move,
Alas! unkind, unkind!
FAUST.

Hast thou left all thy love,
Thy former love, behind?

FAUST.
Follow me! follow, Margaret! be not slow:
With twice its former heat my love shall glow.
Margaret, this instant come, 'tis all I pray.

MARGARET.
And art thou, art thou, he for certain, say?

FAUST.
I am; come with me.

MARGARET.
Thou shalt burst my chain,
And lay me in thy folding arms again.
How comes it, tell me, thou canst bear my sight?
Know'st thou to whom thou bring'st the means of flight?

FAUST.
Come, come!—I feel the morning breeze's breath.

MARGARET.
This hand was guilty of a mother's death!
I drown'd my child! And thou canst tell
If it was mine, 'twas thine as well.
I scarce believe, though so it seem—
Give me thy hand—I do not dream—
That dear, dear hand. Alas, that spot!
Wipe it away, the purple clot!
What hast thou done? Put up thy sword:
It was thy Margaret's voice implored.

FAUST.
Oh Margaret! let the past be past:
Forget it, or I breathe my last.

MARGARET.
No: you must live till I shall trace
For each their separate burial place.
You must prepare betimes to-morrow
Our home of sorrow.
For my poor mother keep the best:
My brother next to her shall rest.
Me, Margaret, you must lay aside,
Some space between, but not too wide.
On the right breast my boy shall be;
Let no one else lie there but he.
'Twere bliss with him in death to lie,
Which, on this earth, my foes deny.
'Tis all in vain—you will not mind,
And yet you look so good, so kind.

**FAUST.**

Then be persuaded—come with me.

**MARGARET.**

To wander with you?

**FAUST.**

To be free.

**MARGARET.**

To death! I know it—I prepare—
I come: the grave is yawning there!
The grave, no farther—'tis our journey's end.
You part. Oh! could I but your steps attend.

**FAUST.**

You can! But wish it, and the deed is done.

**MARGARET.**

I may not with you: hope for me is none!
How can I fly? They glare upon me still!
It is so sad to beg the wide world through,
And with an evil conscience too!
It is so sad to roam through stranger lands,
And they will seize me with their iron hands!

FAUST.

I will be with you.

MARGARET.

Quick! fly!
Save it, or the child will die!
Through the wild wood,
To the pond!
It lifts its head!
The bubbles rise!
It breathes!
Oh save it, save it!

FAUST.

Reflect, reflect!
One step, and thou art free!
MARGARET.

Had we but pass'd the hillside lone—
My mother there sits on a stone.
Long she has sat there, cold and dead,
Yet nodding with her weary head.
Yet winks not, nor signs, other motion is o'er;
She slept for so long, that she wakes no more.

FAUST.

Since words are vain to rouse thy sleeping sense,
I venture, and with force I bear thee hence.

MARGARET.

Unhand me! leave me! I will not consent!
Too much I yielded once! too much repent.

FAUST.

Day! Margaret, day! your hour will soon be past.

MARGARET.

True, 'tis the day; the last—the last!
My bridal day!—'twill soon appear.
Tell it to none thou hast been here.
We shall see one another, and soon shall see—
But not at the dance will our meeting be.
We two shall meet
In the crowded street:
The citizens throng—the press is hot,
They talk together—I hear them not:
The bell has toll’d—the wand they break—
My arms they pinion till they ache!
They force me down upon the chair!
The neck of each spectator there
Thrills, as though itself would feel
The headsman’s stroke—the sweeping steel!
And all are as dumb, with speechless pain,
As if they never would speak again!

FAUST.

Oh, had I never lived!

Mephistopheles (appears in the door-way).
Off! or your life will be but short:
My coursers paw the ground, and snort!
The sun will rise, and off they bound.

MARGARET.

Who is it rises from the ground?
'Tis he!—the evil one of hell!
What would he where the holy dwell?
'Tis me he seeks!

FAUST.

To bid thee live.

MARGARET.

Justice of Heaven! to thee my soul I give!

METHISTOPHELES (to FAUST).

Come! come! or tarry else with her to die.

MARGARET.

Heaven, I am thine! to thy embrace I fly!
Hover around, ye angel bands
Save me! defy him where he stands.
Henry, I shudder! 'tis for thee.

METHISTOPHELES.

She is condemn'd!
FAUST.

VOICES FROM ABOVE.

Is pardon'd!

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST).

Hence, and flee!

[Vanishes with FAUST.

MARGARET (from within)

Henry! Henry!
LESSING'S FAUST.
Madame de Staël, in the course of her observations upon Göethe’s Faust, mentions the fact of his having borrowed the idea of his insatiable curiosity, the origin of his misery and perdition, from Lessing. I think a translation of the fragment by that author will not be misplaced here.

*Engel’s account of the Work.*

The first scene displays a ruined cathedral, of Gothic architecture, with six side altars and one principal one. Destruction of the works of God is the chief delight of Satan, and the ruins of a temple, where the all-beneficent Deity was formerly worshipped, are the habitation in which he is best pleased to dwell. Satan himself is seated on the principal altar: the inferior evil spirits are dispersed among the others; but they are not visible to the eye: their hoarse and discordant voices alone betray their situation. Satan demands from them an account of their various performances; is content with some, and dissatisfied with others.
LESSING'S FAUST.

SATAN (TO A SPIRIT).

SPEAK thou the first. Relate what thou hast performed.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Satan! I saw a cloud in the heavens; it carried destruction in its womb. I swooped upon it; hid myself in its deepest darkness, and guided its course; and stayed it over the hut of a poor and virtuous man, who was sinking into his first slumber in the arms of his wife. Here I rent the cloud, and shook out its fire in flakes upon the hut, and all that the wretches possessed was its prey. Satan, this was all I could. For himself,
his weeping children, his wife, these the angel of the Lord bore out of the flame; and, as I saw him, I fled.

SATAN.
Coward and fool! and thou sayest it was the hut of a poor, of a virtuous man?

SPIRIT.
Even so, Satan. Now is he naked, and bare, and lost.

SATAN.
For us: yes, that is he, and for ever! Take from the rich his treasure, that he may despair; shake it out on the hearth of the poor, that it may lead his heart astray: thus we win a double prize! To make poorer him who is already poor binds him still faster to his God. Speak, thou second spirit! tell me a better tale.

SECOND SPIRIT.
Satan, I can! I went over the sea, and I sought me out a storm with which I might destroy; and I found one. As I swept right on to the shore, I looked down and saw a fleet, and there were traders on board, usurers
and defrauders. Their yells and curses reached my ear: down I plunged with my whirlwind into the abyss, and up again I shot on the foam towards Heaven.

SATAN.

And drownedst them?

SECOND SPIRIT.

So that none escaped. Their souls are now thine!

SATAN.

Traitor! they were so before. Had they lived, they would have inflicted heavier curses and destruction on the earth; would have robbed, and murdered, and violated on other coasts; would have transported, from clime to clime, new temptations to sin. And all this is now lost. Oh! you should be sent back to hell! You do but disturb my government.—Speak, thou, the third. Hast thou to do with storms and whirlwinds?

The third Spirit narrates, that he has snatched from the lips of a sleeping girl the first kiss that had ever been printed on them, and thrown the first shade of pollution over the purity of her mind.
Satan (replies).

'Tis well; there is forethought and speculation in thy deed. Poor spirits! who breathe corruption on material substance: this one does better, he corrupts the soul. Say on, thou fourth! what hast thou performed?

Fourth spirit.

Satan, nothing! But I have conceived a conception which, could it be realised in deed, would cause all other deeds to shrink in comparison.

Satan.

What is it?

Fourth spirit.

To rob the Deity of his favourite: a thoughtful solitary youth, totally given up to the search after wisdom; breathing and feeling alone for this; renouncing every passion but this one for wisdom; dangerous to you and to all of us, should he once become a teacher of the people—to gain from Heaven, Satan—

Satan.

Excellent! admirable! and your plan?
FOURTH SPIRIT.

See, I gnash my teeth! I have no plan! I have slunk about his soul on every side; but I found no single weakness on which to fix my hold.

SATAN.

Fool! has he not desire of knowledge?

FOURTH SPIRIT.

More than any mortal beside.

SATAN.

Then leave him to me; that is enough for his perdition.

With these words Satan concludes the scene; but, as the infernal ministers depart, the voice of the Angel of Prescience, der ursehung, is heard from above—

Ye shall not prevail!

Faust himself is thrown, by angelic agency, into a deep slumber, and a phantom is put in his place, on which the devil exercises his ingenuity in vain. Faust sees, in a dream, the progress of these temptations, and wakes more confirmed in virtue than ever.
TRANSLATIONS

FROM

SCHILLER.
SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM SCHILLER.

Vivos voco—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango.

Through yonder clay, at close of day,
The molten mass shall run;
The fashion'd bell itself shall tell
Our weary task is done.
From the hot brow
The sweat must flow:
Our master's praise shall then be given;
The blessing yet must come from heaven.
Sure to the work which we prepare
   One serious thought is due;
For labour ever prospers there,
   Where counsel enters too.
Then what our slavish hand effects
   With caution let us ponder o'er,
For vile the wretch who ne'er reflects,
   Toils like a drudge and does no more.
And this is man's ennobling part,
   His proper act to understand,
And ponder in his inward heart,
   The actions of his outward hand.

Choose me splinters of the pine,
   Choose them clean and dry,
That the spiry flame may shine
   Up the tube on high.
Pour the molten copper in,
   Mix it with the bubbling tin,
That the viscous mass may flow
   Duly through the mouth below.
That offspring of consuming fire,
    And man's creative hand,
High from the summit of the spire
    Shall murmur o'er the land.
Like flattery's voice, from yonder tower
Shall speak the genius of the hour—
Shall bid the sons of mirth be glad,
Shall tell of sorrow to the sad,
    Reflection to the wise;
Shall add to superstition's fear,
And peal on rapt devotion's ear
    The sounds of Paradise.
All that his changeful fate brings down
    On suffering man below,
Shall murmur from its metal crown,
    Or be it joy or woe.

I see, in their appointed hour,
    The bubbles on the mass;
With salts of purifying power
Assist the streams to pass.
Let the surface come
Pure from foam and scum,
That, round and clear, the mighty bell
O'er the midnight air may swell.

That bell, at pining childhood's birth,
Shall hail the morning ray,
And raise deceitful sounds of mirth
O'er sorrow's opening way.
E'en while these sounds ascend the sky,
Their varied threads the sisters ply.
The golden morning of his days
A mother's watchful care surveys;
But shafts fly quickly from the string,
And years are fast upon the wing:
He tears him from a mother's side,
Eager on stormy life to roam,
With pilgrim steps he wanders wide,
Returns a stranger to his home.
Too lovely for a form of earth—
For surely earth has nought so fair;
A radiant shape of heavenly birth,
In virgin beauty greets him there.
The music then the lover hears,
May wake but once for mortal ears;
The golden gate of heaven appears,
Where ne'er before
His cold heart, from this vale of tears,
Had dared to soar.
Bright are his hours when footsteps rude
Avoid his haunted solitude—
Those hours which fancy, unsubdued,
Asserts her own—
When he on whom no friends intrude,
Is least alone.
He dwells upon her lightest grace,
To every fond attention true;
He lingers on her footsteps' trace—
    The trace he blushes to pursue.
Oh! that the year were ever vernal!
And lovers' youthful dreams eternal!

Brownen see the mass appearing;
    Now the rod I dip within—
Should it glaze it close adhering,
    We may then our work begin.
Come, pour the tide,
    And be it tried,
To know if yet, with favouring sign,
The harder and the soft combine.

For where the tame alloys the wild,
Where meet the powerful and the mild,
    The tone it gives is clear and strong.
The wise shall pause, and well compute
If bosoms mutually suit:
    Desire is short, repentance long.
Gay the nuptial garland's bloom,
Twining round the virgin's hair,
When the bells, from yonder dome,
Bid us to the rites repair.

Fair one, when your fate is kindest,
Life's young May is o'er for you;  
With the zone that thou unbindest,
Passion's dream must vanish too.

That frenzy must fly,
But love must remain:
The flower must die
Ere the fruit we attain.

The husband must out
Into turmoil and rout;
He must labour and strive;
By craft he must thrive;
He must venture and dare
For the bliss he would share.
And behold how his mansion with riches is teeming—
With warehouse and granary bursting and streaming.
   And in that domestic round
   Either tender name is found—
   Wife and mother.
   She rules and directs,
   Rewards and corrects,
   And increases the gain
   Of her orderly reign.

The shelves of her chambers with treasures she spreads,
And the spindle resounds with the twine of her threads,
And she folds, and she gathers, and orders aright,
The fleece of her flocks, and the linen so white,
And she furthers her profit from morning till night.

The treasures of his groaning floors
   The father loves to scan;
The fragrant spice, the liquid stores,
   That glad the heart of man.
A house so rifted on the rock,
May seem to brave misfortune's shock.
But ah! what human contract ties
The ever-toiling destinies?
Fast is Misfortune's step!

Lift the liberating latch,
Free the metals on their way—
First a hasty moment snatch,
Heaven's protecting aid to pray!
Strike the stopper! out it goes—
God protect us!—now it flows.
Shooting, sparkling through the mould,
Now the fluid mass has roll'd.

Of wondrous use the might of flame,
When man is by to watch and tame;
And in it lies the secret seed
Of many a work, and many a deed.

VOL. II.
But fearful when, in fell disdain,
Forth on its path it goes,
As shaking from itself the chain
Which man has dared impose.
And Nature's liberated child
Through all her regions wanders wild.
Forth she rushes! Woe to those
O'er whose roofs, beyond command,
Into giant shape she grows,
Whirling wide the fatal brand:
For the elements oppose
All the works of Labour's hand.

From above proceeds the shower,
Big with fertilizing power,
Not alone, for, from the sky,
Thunders roll, and lightnings fly.
The alarum is clashing from steeple and tower!
A blaze of red
O'er Heaven is spread,
Yet day has not dawn'd on the mountain's head.
Shouts of fear,
Swelling near,
Chill the blood, and stun the ear!
The smoke-cloud dims the eye—
Sudden swells the pillar'd light,
Hurrying, with the whirlwind's flight,
Through the streets, so redly bright!
Like a furnace glows the air;
Windows shiver, kennels glare;
Beams are splitting, rafters crack!
'Mid the turmoil and the wrack,
Roaming like the salamander,
Children whimper, mothers wander,
Screaming, running every way,
To rob, to save, to curse, to pray!
And the night is light as day!
Far along the living chain
Speeds the bucket;
And the arching stream, amain,
Shoots on high, to fall again.
In its artificial rain.
But the storm, in all its pride,
Comes to woo his flaming bride.
Howling, crackling, now they pour,
On grainy heap, and hoarded store,
Where the timber spars are dry,
Or the spice is piled on high.
And, as if they ne'er would cease,
Till, upon their wings of fire,
They had borne the earth's increase,
Higher still they rise, and higher.
Man must tremble, and survey
All his labours swept away,
Yielding to his heavenly sire.

The street is bare:
The embers there
May show us where the whirlwind rode
In triumph over man's abode.
Horror rules the lonely shade
Of the window's blackening flaws;
Hurrying clouds seem half afraid
O'er the gloomy scene to pause.

One lingering glance towards the grave
Of all his arm was vain to save,
   The loser still must send;
'Mid all his losses, all his woe,
They are not tears of grief that flow—
A parent tells his children o'er,
And does but worship him the more
Who darted on his worldly store
   The unregarded blow.

Through the moulded chambers gliding,
   Now the metal fills the soil;
May the fashion'd mass, subsiding,
   Prove deserving of our toil.
   Should our hopes be wreck'd!
   Should the stream be check'd!
While in doubt we stand suspended,
All our hopes perhaps are ended.
From earth, that now our work receives,
   We trust to reap our future meed,
   And he that sows his humbler seed,
Like us to reap his gain believes,
   If Heaven approve the deed.
But costlier seeds we now confide
   Deep to the all receiving earth,
And trust the harvest, in its pride,
   Will prove its nobler birth.

Hark! with sullen grate and swing,
Deeper, hollower murmurs ring;
Pealing o'er the cypress gloom,
'Tis the music of the tomb;
And the solemn sounds attend
One who nears his journey's end.

Ah! 'tis she, the faithful wife,
'Tis the mother reft of life,
Whom the shadowy king, to-day,
In his cold arms bears away,
Tears her from the train of those
Who in her affection rose,
Whom her own parental breast
Pillow’d in their infant rest.
Ah! the tender ties that bound her,
    Now are burst for evermore;
Death has spread his pall around her,
    And the mother’s race is o’er.
Her maternal reign has perish’d,
    Death has glazed her watchful eye—
Over those she loved and cherish’d
    Now the stranger’s rule is high.

Short repose an instant courting,
    Till the bell has cool’d, we rest—
Like the bird in groves disporting,
    Each may play as likes him best.
Toil and labour quit the field,
To the starry light they yield,
And the tolling vesper bell
To the plodding hind may tell
That the hour of work has fleeted:
Ours, alas! is not completed.

Through the forest's dim expansion,
Quicker now the wanderer speeds,
Nearer to his humble mansion
Every rustling step succeeds.
Homeward now the crowding sheep,
And the mightier oxen, creep.
With forehead broad, and shining hide,
Onward, onward, still they glide,
Hailing, with their lengthen'd low,
Stalls which custom learns to know.
Heavy with its groaning freight,
Swinging high in balanced weight,
Moves the waggon.
Upon the sheaves the garland lies,
Of varied hue and thousand dyes,
And the reaper tribes advance,
Moving in their rustic dance.
Stiller now the street and square:
Round the hearth-fire's social glare
Circling neighbours sit them down;
And the jarring bolt and bar,
Through the portal sounding far,
Closes in the guarded town.

Night's sable pall
Is over all;
But the citizen fears not the gloomy night,
Nor the shapes that guiltier souls affright,
For the eye of the law is wakeful and bright.

Heavenly order! who descending
From a happier world to this,
Men and nations still is blending
In her chain of social bliss.
Who, from wastes of desolation,
Call'd each yet untamed nation;
To those who then forgot to roam,
Who gave a language and a home,
And wove the dearest, proudest band,
The love we bear our native land.

Lo, in mutual toil delighting,
    See the busy hands combined,
Every energy exciting,
    Humble limb, and mighty mind.
Many a kindred soul employing,
    See the master toiling too—
Each your separate place enjoying,
    Laugh at those who sneer at you.
By the poor man's work we know him—
    Honour be to him decreed:
Give to Cæsar what we owe him,
    Give to toil its humbler meed
Lovely peace and unity
Rest our mansions ever nigh;
Never may the day appear
    When the hireling warrior's mail,
Or the wild marauder's spear,
    Gleam along our peaceful vale.
The tint our evening sun supplies
Shall serve to gild our western skies,
And burning villages would scare
The light of peaceful beauty there.

Break me down the mighty mould,
    It has reach'd its master's aim;
Let the longing eye behold
    The created child of flame.
Break it down though strong it fit,
Swing the hammer till it split.
Would we raise the living bell,
We must break its mortal shell.
The master knows the time to shiver

The moulded form with cunning hand—
But fatal when the molten river
Shall stream unbidden through the land.

When bursting from its riven mansion,
Like bolts from skies of blackness hurl'd,
With force as blind, and fell expansion,

It blazes o'er a guilty world.
For shape and form can never be
Where law is nought, and strength is free;
When nations own such freedom's lure,
Their happiness is past its cure.

Woe to the town in whose recesses
The fuel's hoarded stores remain,
When man his wrongs himself redresses,
And bursts, with wilful hand, his chain.

Then, swung to clashing strains of madness,
The tocsin peals its note afar;
And, made for sounds of bridal gladness,
   It does but start the dogs of war.

Beneath the specious titles, shrouded,
   Of freedom and of equal sway,
With plunder's hordes the street is crowded,
   And banded robbers seek their prey.
The land beholds each tigress daughter
   With murder jest, with carnage toy;
And revel on the feast of slaughter,
   With all the hungry panther's joy
Religion flies, respect expires,
   And holy things are known no more—
The wicked reigns, the good retires,
   Degree is gone, restraint is o'er.

The lion from his sleep excited,
   The tiger check'd upon his path,
Are fierce, but worse than both united
   Is man in his delirious wrath.

†
And woe to him who madly raises
The torch to him who should be blind;
It lights, it guides him not, but blazes,
And burns, to desolate mankind.

Lo! from the clay asunder parting,
Untarnish'd by the lapse of years,
Rays of metallic lustre darting,
All freshly bright the bell appears.
From glancing crown and brilliant rim,
The eye retreats, fatigued and dim.
And praise we his experienced care,
Who stamped the blazon'd scutcheon there.

Come, close your ranks, your counsel tell,
To bless, and to baptise the bell—
Concordia's name may suit it well,
And wide may it extend the call
Of union and of peace to all.
And such be then its solemn name;
And this its object and its aim.

Above, the mortals creeping under,
High in the azure vault to swing,
The neighbour of the rolling thunder,
And nearest to the Zodiac's ring.
To be a sounding voice of glory
'Mid choral stars and tuneful spheres,
Who tell their great Creator's story,
And lead along the wandering years.
To wake its notes of serious power
For things eternal and sublime;
To mark the still revolving hour,
And trace the viewless flight of time.
To lend a tongue which fate shall borrow;
To speak the scenes it cannot feel;
And, tuned alike for joy or sorrow,
To answer each with varying peal.
To teach us, when its last vibration
Is floating on the listening ear,
How frail is man's terrestrial station,
That all must sink to silence here.

And now, with many a rope suspending,
Come, swing the monarch's weight on high,
By your last toil his throne ascending,
To rule the azure canopy.
Stretch the pulley—now he springs!
Yet another—now he swings!
Let him bid the land rejoice—
Peace be on his earliest voice!
THE

PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

FROM SCHILLER.

WHEN Jove had encircled our planet with light,
And had roll'd the proud orb on its way,
And had given the moon to illume it by night,
And the bright sun to rule it by day;
The reign of its surface he form'd to agree
With the wisdom that govern'd its plan;
He divided the earth, and apportion'd the sea,
And he gave the dominion to man.

VOL. II.
The hunter he sped to the forest and wood,
   And the husbandman seized on the plain;
The fisherman launch'd his canoe on the flood,
   And the merchant embark'd on the main.
The mighty partition was finish'd at last,
   When a figure came listlessly on;
But fearful and wild were the looks that he cast
   When he found that the labour was done.

The mien of disorder, the wreath which he wore,
   And the frenzy that flash'd from his eye,
And the lyre of ivory and gold which he bore,
   Proclaim'd that the poet was nigh;
And he rush'd all in tears, at the fatal decree,
   To the foot of the Thunderer's throne,
And complain'd that no spot of the earth or the sea
   Had been given the bard as his own.
And the Thunderer smiled at his prayer and his mien,
Though he mourn'd the request was too late;
And he ask'd in what regions the poet had been
When his lot was decided by fate.
Oh! pardon my error, he humbly replied,
Which sprung from a vision too bright;
My soul at that moment was close at thy side,
Entranced in these regions of light.

It hung on thy visage, it bask'd in thy smile,
And it rode on thy glances of fire;
And forgive, if, bewilder'd and dazzled the while,
It forgot every earthly desire.
The earth, said the Godhead, is portion'd away,
And I cannot reverse the decree;
But the heavens are mine, and the regions of day,
And their portal is open to thee.
TO MINNA.

FROM SCHILLER.


WHENCE the dream that hovers o'er me?
Have my senses told me right?
Yes, 'twas Minna pass'd before me—
And the trait'ress shunn'd my sight.
Leaning on some witless minion,
Fluttering, fanning, light, and fast,
Glorying in her new dominion;
Yes, 'twas Minna's self that pass'd.
On her brow is nodding proudly
    Many a plume,—the gift was mine;
Many a love-knot tells as loudly
    Him for whom they learn'd to twine.
Mine the hand which rear'd the flowers
On thy bosom blooming yet:
Ere they fade how few the hours—
Still they bloom, and you forget!

Go! by flatterers vain surrounded—
    Go! forget my love to prize;
Her, on whom my hopes were founded,
    Changed and thankless, I despise.
Mine the heart no wish concealing—
    Honest was its pulse and true;
It shall bear the bitter feeling,
    That it ever beat for you.
In the wrecks of all thy beauty,
   Lo, I see thee stand alone:
Flatterers, fools, have ceased their duty,
   And thy May of life has flown.
Watch the swallow, as he hovers
   Studious of the low'ring sky;
Such thy minions—such thy lovers:
   False one! not like them was I.

Yes! I see them pointing, scowling,
   Baskers in thy early morn;
Hear their fiendish laughter howling,
   See their grinning looks of scorn.
How then, trait'ress, will I scorn thee!
   Scorn thee, Minna! Heaven forefend!
No! the bitterest tears shall mourn thee—
   Tears of a deserted friend.
THE IDEAL.

FROM SCHILLER.

ALAS! that reasoning age must sever
   Each bond that youth, confiding, wove:
That cruel time must chase for ever
   The dreams of happiness and love!
Say, can no spell arrest the graces
   Of life's young visions, fleeting by?
Or fix the billow's changing traces
   That flows into eternity?
Set is the cheerful sun that greeted
My opening path with joy and light,
And each ideal form is fleeting,
That swam before my infant sight.
Past is the sweet belief that rested
On baseless dreams that still betray;
Of which that power my soul detested,
Reality, has made his prey.

As erst, with passions wild imploring,
Pygmalion clasp'd the senseless stone,
Till life's strong current, fiercely pouring,
Into its marble breast was thrown:
'Twas thus, with powerful youth's sensation,
Round Nature's form my arms I threw,
Till life, and warmth, and respiration,
From my poetic breast she drew.
And sharing then the living fire,
   Forth into language wild she broke,
And gave the kiss of warm desire,
   While pulse to answering pulses spoke.
Life blush'd for me in every flower,
   And music swell'd in every stream—
E'en Death's cold forms defied his power,
   And lived and breathed in fancy's dream.

Warm'd by that vision'd form's caresses,
   My soul, excursive, long'd to stray,
And pierce the deep, the last recesses
   Where slumbering animation lay.
How bright the promised world extended!
   How fair the bud before it blew!
How soon its brightest joys have ended!
   Those little joys how cold and few
Not such the scene, when boldly daring
In fond delusion's dream entranced,
No rein to check, no guidance bearing,
Launch'd on its course my youth advanced.

Far as the palest orb of Heaven
My wandering spirit knew to fly;
And where his onward course was driven,
Nought was too distant, wild, or high.

For light his airy car upbore him,
And free from toil his trackless way;
And gay the tribe that danced before him,
The phantom sons of light and day.

Love in the gay procession bounded;
Pleasure with gold-encircled hair;
High Glory's front with stars surrounded,
And Truth, that courts the sun, were there.
But oh! ere half their course was over,
Those gay companions deem'd it sped;
How quickly then each faithless rover,
Each in succession, turn'd and fled!
Then pleasure past, and wisdom faded,
And left unquench'd the thirst of youth;
And doubt with gathering mists o'ershaded
The sun of intellectual truth.

I saw the crown, that shone so brightly
On glory's brow, to others given;
I saw the spring-tide, fading lightly,
Forsake the wintery face of heaven:
And lonelier grew the wide expansion,
And stiller, stiller grew the road—
Hope, from her ever-distant mansion,
Her paly radiance scarcely show'd.
And who, of all the faithless minions,
Remain'd to cheer the wanderer's gloom,
Nor spreads e'en now, like them, his pinions,
True from the cradle to the tomb?
Friendship, 'twas thou! the best and fairest,
Whom never yet I sought in vain;
Thou who the varied burden shar'st
Of added joy, or lighten'd pain:

And thou, like him the storm who gildest
With many a sunny beam of joy—
Employment, thou who slowly buildest,
Yet labourest never to destroy.
'Tis she of Time's unmeasured towers
Who, brick by brick, the structure rears,
Yet, from the debt of endless hours,
Is striking minutes, days, and years.
THE FEAST OF VICTORY.

Low were Priam’s haughty towers,
   Troy in smouldering ashes lay,
And the victor Grecian’s powers
   Rested round Sigeum’s bay.
Flush’d with spoil, and drunk with slaughter,
   There they crowded all the strand
Ere they plough’d th’ Ægean water
   To their country’s native land.
Raise the song, and join the chorus!
   For our vessel’s destined track
To the parent soil that bore us,
   To our homes, shall waft us back.
And, in lengthen’d ranks lamenting,
Many a Trojan dame was there;
All in groans their misery venting,
Pale their cheeks, and loose their hair.
O’er the shouts of festal rapture
Rose their choral strain of woe,
Weeping for their country’s capture,
And its glories fallen low.
Fare thee well, thou land so cherish’d!
Land from which we now are led,
Envious of our sons who perish’d;
Oh! how truly blest the dead!

To the mightier dominations
Calchas bids his altars smoke:
Pallas first, who raises nations,
And destroys, his prayers invoke;
Neptune, him who folds the ocean
Round our planet’s girdled ball;
Jove, who sways the dreaded motion
Of hisegis over all.
Conflict ends, the fight is foughten,
And the cycle now is run;
Years, which fate refused to shorten,
All are past, and Troy is won.

Atreus' son, who led their legions,
Number'd o'er the ranks of those
Who with him had sought the regions
Where Scamander's current flows;
And the mists of sad reflection
Clouded o'er the monarch's brow:
For how few, by Fate's direction,
Traced their homeward journey now!
Raise the song, and join the chorus!
All who sleep not on the plain:
Hail we loud the land that bore us,
All who see that land again!
Not to all to Greece returning
   Is the hymn of triumph due;
At your household altars burning,
   Murder lights her torch for you:
Men may fall by friendship's treason,
   Safe from conflict's rage retired;
Spoke Ulysses' voice of reason,
   By the blue-eyed maid inspired:
Happy he whom faith and duty
   Watch like guardians pure and true;
For the subtle smiles of beauty
   Shun the old to seek the new.

Atreus' victor-son embraces
   Now the prize he won in fight,
And around her slender graces
   Twines his arms in fierce delight.
Short the life to evil given,
   Vengeance marks the deed of crime;
Saturn's offspring high in heaven
   Holds his judgment-seat sublime.
Evil is the sentence spoken,
   Evil for an evil deed;
For the roof, whose laws were broken,
   Sure revenge has Jove decreed.

Him who basks in wealth and glory,
   Cried Oileus' daring son,
It may suit to tell the story
   Of the throne that Jove has won.
Choice or justice ne'er directed
   What the hand of fortune gives;
For Patroclus sleeps neglected,
   And Thersites breathes and lives.
Since, without discrimination,
   Either urn by Fate is shared,
Let him shout with exultation
   Whom the gloomier lot has spared.
Still to die the best are fated:
    Teucer speaks his brother's fame,
And, at Grecian feasts related,
    Hear that brother's mighty name.
When the Argive ships were flaming,
    Ajax then was there to save;
Craft the meed of valour claiming,
    Left the warrior's prize—the grave.
Peace to him, the broken-hearted,
    By no Trojan hand who died!
Peace to him who sleeps departed,
    Which on earth his foes denied!

To his murder'd father's spirit
    Pyrrhus pour'd the ruby wine—
Of the lots that men inherit,
    Mighty father! give me thine.
Of the blessings laid before us,
    Glory is the meed I crave.
When the hero's mound is o'er us,
   Lives the memory of the brave.
Fire may burn or earth inhume us;
   Bards shall yet preserve our name:
Though disease and death consume us,
   Deathless, scatheless, lives our fame.

None the voice of sorrow raises
   O'er the foe who bravely died;
I will utter Hector's praises,
   Tydeus' generous offspring cried.
Foremost in the field we knew him,
   In his country's cause he fell;
We forget the hand that slew him,
   When the vanquish'd died so well.
For his household altars fighting,
   Low at last he bit the ground;
In a worthy foe delighting,
   We will keep his fame renown'd.
He who thrice the weary hours
Of the age of man had seen,
Raised the goblet crown'd with flowers,
Raised it to the captive queen.
Let the wine-cup's sweet effusion
Bid thy tears forget to flow;
Wondrous is its fond delusion,
Balsam for the widow's woe.
While those drops of life and gladness
All the wretch's senses lave,
Sinks the load of human sadness
Deep engulf'd in Lethe's wave.

By the cruel god o'erpower'd,
'Troy's sad prophetess arose,
And the distant smoke that lower'd
Seem'd the emblem of her woes;
Like the smoke that o'er yon heaven
Changes still its shadowy form,
Is the bliss to mortals given—
    God alone defies the storm.
Ships, and steeds, and riders scorning,
    Care pursues our swiftest way:
We may never see the morning—
    Let us, therefore, live to-day.
THE VEILED STATUE AT SAIS.

A youth, by wisdom's burning thirst impell'd,
His course o'er Egypt's sands to Sais held;
In furious haste o'er learning's steps he past,
And, many a labour vanquish'd, stopp'd at last:
His priestly teacher labour'd to restrain
The fiery boy, impatient of the rein.
"What is a part of wisdom?" cried the youth;
"Are there degrees of knowledge, shades of truth?"
"Must I for labour spent, for wasted time,
"Receive a fraction of the gift sublime?"
"Canst thou subtract one colour from the bow,
"Or change the octave's magic number? No!
"The grating discord shall thy theft betray,
And heaven's insulted arch shall melt away."

The while he stood in converse, round him rose
The temple's mighty dome in still repose:
Veil'd to the feet, and of colossal size,
A giant statue met his wondering eyes.
"Tell me," he questions, "the mysterious tale,
What likeness sleeps beneath yon shadowy veil?"
"Truth!" was the answer. "Do you then conceal
The form your lessons promised to reveal?
The very cause and cure of all the thirst I feel?"

"Then blame the god from whose tremendous shrine
The mandate issued, that the hand divine
Alone should lift it. If some daring wight
Should venture—" "Well—that truth would meet
his sight.
Strange precept! Tell me, didst thou never dare
To raise the veil, and lay the wonder bare?"
"No, in good sooth, nor ever felt desire."
"That is more strange. If such a light attire
"Were all that hid from me the heavenly shape"
"Is a law nothing? This concealing crape,
"Light to thy hand, or yonder statue's head,
"Shall press thy conscience with a cope of lead."

Home went the youth, but, rankling in his breast,
The fatal, secret robb'd him of his rest.
At midnight's hour he ceased to toss and roll
His feverish limbs, and hastening to the goal
With trembling step, by powerful impulse led,
Straight to the temple's gloomy pile he sped;
With active grasp he climb'd the inmost ring,
And reach'd the dark rotunda with a spring.

Silent he rested, for his heart with dread
Beat to the echo of his lonely tread.
Through the high dome the moonlight silver'd o'er
The spectral whiteness of the marble floor:
And like some present god the form appear'd,
Veil'd as before, in awful state uprear'd.

E'en as in act to draw the veil he stood,
Twice his protecting genius chill'd his blood.
Fever and ague coursed by turns his veins,
And bound his threatening arm in viewless chains.
A voice of warning thunder'd on his ear—
"Doom'd to eternal woe, what dost thou here?"
"Hast thou forgot the spirit of my shrine,
"Which gave the mandate other hand but mine"
"Should still refrain?" "That spirit further told,
"That truth would recompense the adventurer bold.
"Be what the phantom may, what will betide,
"I will behold!" the wretch in frenzy cried—
In mockery's tone, "Behold!" the echoing vault replied.

He lifts the veil. Would you with question vain
Pierce the dark secrets of the statue's reign?
I cannot tell them. With returning day,
The temple’s servants found him as he lay
By Isis’ statue senseless: where he fell,
They mark’d him stretch’d. ’Twas all they had to tell;
For never would the youth narrate or draw
One tale, one sketch, of all he heard or saw.
His peace had vanish’d, never to return;
His ashes slept in an untimely urn.
“Woe to that man,” his warning voice replied
To all who question’d, or in silence sigh’d—
“Woe to that man who ventures truth to win,
“And seeks his object by the path of sin!”
EPITHALAMIUM.

BY SCHILLER.

Joy to him who twines to-day
   Bands of holy power;
Doubts and cares have pass'd away—
   This is rapture's hour.
Strife of years, malicious foes,
   Nought could make thee falter;
Joys, that none could now oppose,
   Wait thee at the altar.
Nought in which the narrowness
Of the heart rejoices;
Nought that longing fools may bless,
Winning vulgar voices—
Wealth 'twas not, nor lineal pride,
Nor profane desire;
Better, fairer, was thy guide—
Love's immortal fire!

Folly's praise, or Flattery's strains,
Ne'er with thee succeeded;
And the clank of Custom's chains
Struck thine ear unheeded.
Praise may be Ambition's aim,
Gold with gold be sated—
Love its own return must claim,
Souls with souls be mated.
Yes! 'twas yours the charms to prize
Nature's self had taught her,
And with reckless eye despise
Fashion's fickle daughter.
Tinsel gold, and broider'd dress,
Win the fop's affection,
But you sought for happiness
Not by his direction.

Maiden's breasts are often found
Caskets made to vex us:
Gems and gold we linger round,
And the pearls perplex us.
Through the ninety-nine we run—
Fate will still be cruel;
Only in the hundredth one
Lies the promised jewel.
POEMS.

Hearts like yours contemn the bride
Conquest still affecting,
Weaving toils for all beside,
You alone rejecting.
Vainer when her form she shrouds
In its silks and gauzes,
Happier in approving crowds
Than in your applauses.

Hearts like yours the dolls contemn,
On their wires gliding;
But the wit is worse than them,
Others still deriding.
All who in romances read
Turn the forced expression;
All who purely from the head,
Bring the cold confession.
No! the bride alone is thine,
   She, whose love unending,
Clings with generous nature's twine,
   Still from you depending.
Who, intent on you, is blind
   To another's graces,
And her heaven has learnt to find
   But in your embraces.

She who with responsive tears
   In your griefs can enter,
Sharing hopes, and soothing fears,
   Trembling when you venture.
She whose sympathetic voice,
   True to yours is trembling—
To the Minna of your choice,
   In a word, resembling.

L 2
He who clasps her in his arms
   All the world possesses;
And the cure of all its harms
   Finds in her caresses.
From the store of bliss that lives
   In her angel glances,
Back with usury she gives
   All thy soul advances.

When employment's busy coil
   On thy soul is praying,
And the leaden weight of toil
   On thy brow is weighing;
Friends untried forsake thy side,
   Foes are doubly bitter;
And o'er black misfortune's tide,
   Lightnings flash and glitter.
When thy genius 'mid the strife
On his post is weary,
And the wintry waste of life
Spreads around thee dreary;
Sorrow's form her glance shall meet,
Pain and woe beguiling;
And despair shall then retreat,
Blasted by her smiling.

Yours the union twined above
Time shall fail to sever;
In the offspring of your love
It shall bloom for ever.
When your passion's warmer reign
Fleeting time effaces,
You shall hail its rise again
In their youthful graces.
Prospect teeming with delight!
With a prophet's glances
Into future years my sight
Rapturous advances.
Like their mother, good as fair,
Lovely forms are nigh her;
And in manly virtue there
Sons bespeak the sire.

Lovely as the flowers that grow
Nursed by man's protection,
They shall flourish, bud, and blow,
Warm'd by your affection.
Joy shall e'en from anxious hours
Spring, when thou art near them,
As we highest prize the flowers
Which cost us pain to rear them.
Breathing life must fail at last,
   Senses lose their power;
When thy pilgrimage is past
   Comes the destined hour.
Round a parent’s bed of calm,
   Sad the circle closes;
Children’s tears thy name embalm
   When thy dust reposes.

Glory fades, and pleasure cloys:
   All that most delighted,
All the world’s uncertain joys,
   At their birth are blighted.
Wisdom checks our youthful flame,
   With our will contending:
But from love alone there came
   Pleasures never ending.
Name not him for honour's theme,
   Him who past and vanish'd,
From whose uninspired dream
   Genial love was banish'd.
Him who ne'er his being gave
   To the warmth of passion;
Say what future worlds the slave
   To himself can fashion?

Be he wise or be he brave,
   Still by all rejected;
To his unrecorded grave
   He shall slink neglected.
But thy faith was proved and tried,
   Heaven its grace accords thee;
Ask the angel at thy side
   How that heaven rewards thee.
POEMS.

Pure as is the holy light
Of thy love's reflection,
Unextinguishably bright
As thy firm affection,
Is the joy you own to-day.
Such you still shall cherish,
When the sun shall pass away,
And the world shall perish!
HONOUR TO WOMAN.

Honour to Woman! to her it is given
To wreathe the dull earth with the roses of heaven,
   The heart in the bonds of affection to twine,
And, with chastity's veil, round the form of the graces,
   To raise and revive, in her holy embraces,
   The feelings her virtues exalt and refine.

Reason's voice, and Truth's directions,
   Haughty man delights to brave;
And the spirit's own reflections
Drive it forth on passion's wave.
Furthest distance still exploring,
Nearer forms content to lose;
O'er the bounds of æther soaring,
Man his shadowy bliss pursues.
But with the charm of her magical glances,
Back to the joy which her presence enhances,
Woman can lure him to wander again.
For she clings to the earth, where her fortune has placed her,
And, content with the charms with which Nature has graced her,
With a daughter's obedience submits to her chain.

Roused to each insane endeavour,
Man collects his hostile might;
On through life he speeds for ever,
    Rests not, stops not, day or night.
What he joins, he tears asunder—
    Wishes rise as wishes pall,
Like the hydra's heads of wonder,
    Sprouting faster than they fall.
But woman, content with less arrogant powers,
From each hour of existence can gather the flowers,
    And snatch them from Time as he hastens along.
More blest and more free in her limits remaining
Than man in the wide realms of wisdom's attaining,
    Or in poetry's boundless dominions of song.

To his own enjoyment bending
    Every wish that warms his breast;
With the bosom's mutual blending,
    Say, can selfish man be blest?
Can he e'er exchange a feeling,
Can he melt in tears away,
When eternal strife is steeling
Every spring of passion's play?
But like the harp when the zephyr is sighing,
To the breath of that zephyr in music replying,
Woman can tremble with feelings as true.
From the breezes of life each emotion she borrows,
While her bosom swells high with its raptures or sorrows,
And her glances express them through sympathy's dew.

Mailed strength, and arm'd defiance—
These are rights which men allege:
Scythia's sword is her reliance—
Persia bows beneath its edge.
Man, where'er desire is strongest,
Wields the blade or draws the bow;
He that loudest shouts, and longest,
    Wins what peace could ne'er bestow.
But woman can govern each tide and occasion,
With the eloquent voice of her gentle persuasion,
    And extinguish Hate's torch, which was lighted in hell;
And the powers of strife which seem'd parted for ever
Are bound in an union which time cannot sever,
    By the spirits who bow to her magical spell.
THE GODS OF GREECE.

FROM SCHILLER.

Ah! how lightly pass'd the joyous hours,
   Led by pleasure's rosy band along,
When ye reign'd with unsubverted powers,
   Lovely beings of Greece's fabling song.
Ah! when yet your worshipp'd thrones were shining
   All was lovelier, all was brighter far
When each hand thy altar yet was twining,
   Venus Amathusia.

VOL. II.
When the poet's veil was yet concealing
    In its classic folds the form of truth,
Ere that age had deaden'd many a feeling
    Which was buoyant in creation's youth;
Nature gave to man when love caress'd him
    Prouder joy from beauty's warm embrace;
In the eye that gleam'd, the arms that press'd him,
    Man could find a godhead's later trace.

Where, as sages tell, their sires deriding,
    Yon huge ball revolves with soulless ray,
Helios then his golden car was guiding
    On the orb'd zodiac's peopled way.
Oreads haunted yonder misty mountain,
    Withering with her tree the Dryad died,
And the Naiad of each mossy fountain died,
    Play'd and sported in its silver tide.
Yonder bay protection once afforded;
In yon stone Latona's rival slept;
Syrinx on those reeds his woes recorded;
In that grove sad Philomela wept:
Yonder brook a mother's tears augmented,
When for Proserpine she pour'd the strain;
For the beauteous friend her cries lamented,
From yon hill Cythera called in vain.

To Deucalion's favour'd race descending,
Down to earth their way the immortals took,
And to Pyrrha's lovely daughter bending,
Great Hyperion bore the shepherd's crook.
Higher rose the worth of every treasure
Which its great Creator shared with man;
Nations joy'd to quaff the stream of pleasure
Nearer to the source from whence it ran.
Pure and never-dying was the fire
Which in Pindar’s song of triumph shone,
Stream’d unquench’d on Arion’s lyre;
And where Phidias carved the living stone,
Brighter forms of beauty told the story
Whence that beauty drew its wondrous birth—
Gods, who left their thrones of heavenly glory,
Found their own Olympus here on earth.

Worthier then awhile to be their mansion,
Was the earth in nature’s earlier hour;
And where Iris spread her bow’s expansion,
Brighter gleam’d the dew-drop on the flower.
Prouder then, by reddening clouds surrounded,
In Himera’s veil the morning broke;
With a sweeter spell the flute resounded,
When the shepherd god its music woke.
Beauty's youthful grace was lovelier, dearer,
When the cheek of Ganymede was fair;
Valour's godlike radiance blazed the clearer,
Shielded by Medusa's serpent hair.
Love, by Hymen's torch more gladly guided,
Wove for subject hearts a holier band;
E'en the sad thread of existence glided
Smoothlier through the toiling sisters' hand.

Shouts of worshippers the thyrsus swinging,
And the harness'd panther's dread array,
Hail'd the mighty one, fresh raptures bringing,
Fauns and satyrs bounded on his way;
And the wild Bacchante sprung before him
Praising in their dance the ruby wine;
And the cup his ready votaries bore him
Foam'd and mantled with the drink divine.
Yours were palæes for gods to dwell in,
   From your haunted mountains gleaming far,
Rival heroes for your praise excelling
   Whirl'd the disc, or urged the thundering car.
Dances winding to the measured numbers,
   Circled round each worshipp'd altar's base,
And the votive garland deck'd your slumbers,
   Blooming yet with conquest's recent grace.

Dark severity, and rigid sadness,
   To your sacred rites were never due;
Breasts that swell'd with unforbidden gladness,
   Drew the breath of all their joy from you:
Nought that nature or that love refuses,
   Nought that joy rejects, by you was blest:
All you claim'd was sanction'd by the Muses,
   And unvarying beauty's plain behest.
Each his earliest and his best bestowing,
    Gave the firstling lamb, or ripen'd ear;
And the tide of generous plenty flowing,
    At the holy rite each guest could cheer.
Darker through the scenes of mortal trial,
    Now the path of sad devotion leads,
And the harder work of self-denial
    To profusion's easier task succeeds.

No fierce phantom, in his shroud attired,
    Call'd us to another world from this;
One sad genius, as his torch expired,
    Drank the parting spirit in a kiss.
Lighter forms of sunny splendour gleaming,
    Still in bright succession floated by,
And the veil of sweet illusion streaming,
    Dimm'd the glance of stern necessity.
No barbarian, deaf to man's complaining,
Judged his brother by his murderous lore,

And by heaven's perverted faiths ordaining,
Marr'd the kindred form a woman bore.

One to mortals bound in near alliance,

E'en the judgment-seat of Orcus held,
And a mortal prayer to mute compliance,
E'en the Furies' hissing snakes compell'd.

In Elysium's shades the soul delighted,
Found each joy to old existence dear;
There were groves for lovers reunited,
And his circus for the Charioteer.

Here Alcestis' love Admetus blesses,
Orpheus wakes his unforgotten strain;
Agamemnon's son his friend caresses,
Philoctetes draws his bow again.
But for me without redemption perish'd,
    All I love on earth is past away;
Every feeling, every joy I cherish'd,
    Now are Time's, the sad destroyer's prey.
Strange delights my soul revolts to share in,
    Coldly summon me with heartless tone;
And for bliss a present value bearing,
    Joys they proffer alien and unknown.

Lovely world! where art thou?—fair creation!
    Golden years of nature! turn again:
Ah! in songs that mourn its desolation,
    Only may we trace its ancient reign.
They have left each grove and pillar'd mansion,
    All the race of gods and godlike men;
There remains through all the world's expansion,
    But the ghost of what we worshipp'd then.
LAY OF THE IMPRISONED KNIGHT.

GOETHE.
LAY OF THE IMPRISONED KNIGHT.

GOETHE.

Ah! well I know the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.
And in these dreary walls I pine,
Or I would make the treasure mine.
But be it squire, or be it knight,
Who brings it here to me,
Behold this jewel, blazing bright,
His guerdon it shall be.
THE ROSE.
Beneath thy grated window's seat,
Beneath thy castle wall,
I bloom amid my kindred sweet,
The sweetest of them all.
And surely then, Sir Knight, 'tis I
For whom thy wishes long,
For whom they draw the weary sigh,
For whom they wake the song.

KNIGHT.
To thee, when vernal zephyrs blow,
The sweetest breath was given,
The brightest hue that decks the bow
That spans the arch of heaven.
Thy tints may bloom on beauty's brow
As radiant as her own;
But, lovely rose, it is not thou
For whom I make my moan.
THE LILY.

Her haughty glance the rose may cast
O'er all the subject plain;
The lily's humbler charms surpass'd
The pomp of Judah's reign.
Each heart where virtuous passions rise
And chaste emotions lie,
May learn, Sir Knight, like you, to prize
The flower of purity.

KNIGHT.

This heart is pure, this hand is clear,
I boast them free from stain;
Yet while one beats in prison here,
The other's might is vain.
And, lovely flower, the image thou
Of virgin beauty's form—
But, ah! thy drooping petals bow
Before December's storm
THE CARNATION.
The warden of these haughty towers
Has rear'd me into day;
And well the proud carnation's flowers
The cares of man repay.
In Flora's thousand glories drest,
My varied petals bloom,
And well the loaded gales attest
Their burdens of perfume.

KNIGHT.
Yes, foster'd by the care of man,
In sunshine or in shade,
The peasant rears thee as he can,
Or views thee droop and fade.
A flower which fears not winter's harms,
The ills that wait on you,
Of lowly but of native charms,
My wishes still pursue.
POEMS.

VIOLET.

From the far covert of the grove
   All humble I implore;
If such, Sir Knight, the flower you love,
   Thy weary search is o'er.
No peasant's hand may e'er invade,
   To culture or to kill,
The shelter of the wild wood's shade
   That skirts the distant hill.

KNIGHT.

Thy modest beauties well I prize,
   Retiring from the view,
Pure as the light of beauty's eyes,
   And of their azure hue.
Not on the mountain's shelving side,
   Nor in the cultured ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
   The flower I seek is found.
POEMS.

Where time on Sorrow's page of gloom
Has fixed its envious blot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says Forget-me-not.

And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair;
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.
WAR SONG

OF THE

NEW ZEALANDER.

BURGER.
WAR SONG

OF THE

NEW ZEALANDER.

BURGER.

Up, comrades! awake with this lusty halloo!
There is mischief to hunt, there is murder to do!
Let us weave the war dance, like the billows which roar
O'er the reef which forbids them to flow on the shore!

Together! together! together we speed!
Each limb that can move, and each vein that can bleed!
Our lances and war clubs we point to the sky,
Like the rushes which wave when the tempest is high.
Like the tooth of the seal they are whetted, and fit
To bruise and to mangle, to thrust and to split!
Strike! pierce! let your points and your edges be known,
Through skull, and through clavicle, marrow and bone.

We ask ye for carnage, which you must afford;
We have promised ye victims, and break not our word.
What heed we the storm though its thunders may roll?
We have promised, are coming, and spare not a soul.

Our women and children we leave them the toil,
The brushwood to pile and the caldron to boil;
The faggots they light, and they kindle the flame,
And from fathers and husbands the victim they claim.

We seek not for food from the forest or flood,
Yet are hungry for flesh, and are thirsting for blood;
And the blood we will quaff, and the flesh we will tear,
Till the shinbones shall jingle, gnaw'd, whiten'd, and bare.
Then, forward, companions! awake and away!
Let the savour of food be the guide to your prey!
Your caldrons they boil, and your ovens they glow—
Then, comrades, away! like the shaft from the bow!
THE GRAVE.

BY SALIS.
THE GRAVE.

BY SALIS.

The grave all still and darkling lies
Beneath its hallow'd ground,
And dark the mists to human eyes
That float its precincts round.

No music of the grove invades
That dark and dreary way;
And fast the votive flow'ret fades
Upon its heaving clay.
And vain the tear in beauty's eye—
    The orphan's groan is vain:
No sound of clamorous agony
    Shall pierce its gloomy reign.

Yet that oblivion of the tomb
    Shall suffering man desire,
And through that shadowy gate of gloom
    The weary wretch retire.

The bark by ceaseless storms oppress'd
    Runs madly to the shore;
And thus the grief-worn heart shall rest
    There where it beats no more.
WAR SONG.

THEODORE KÖRNER.
WAR SONG.

THEODORE KÖRNER.

The storm and the war-cry are waking round—
Where is the coward who flies the sound?
Fie on the rascal who trembles and pants
'Mid his female cousins and maiden aunts.

For thee no maid of German line
Through all the land from Elbe to Rhine
Shall raise the song, or pour the wine—
They could not cheer that soul of thine.
When we lie on the watch 'mid storm and cloud,
While the breath of the tempest is piping loud,
Can you upon pillows and cushions snore,
And stretch your limbs till your dreams are o'er?

For thee, &c.

When to us the trumpet tone breaks loud
Like the midnight voice of the thunder cloud,
Can you in the theatre's ranks rejoice
In the dancer's step and the eunuch's voice?

For thee, &c.

When the midday sunbeam is hotly keen,
And no drop is left in the void canteen,
Can you bid the sparkling bubbles dance
On the cup of your foemen, the wine of France?

For thee, &c.
POEMS.

When the soldier is bidding his fond good night
To those whom he loves on the eve of the fight,
Can you slink through alleys with gold to buy
The hollow smile of a wanton's eye?

For thee, &c.

When bullets whistle, and lances clash,
And death is rife on the howitzer's flash;
Can you sit to mark with your cards and pins
Round the midnight table the colour that wins?

For thee, &c.

And should that shot be my funeral knell,
Thou death of the soldier, I greet thee well!
To his silken couch let the coward creep,
While the spirit shrinks from the body's sleep!

VOL. II.
He has lived a coward, and dies the same—
No German maiden shall weep his name—
No song of his country shall speak his fame;
But the cup shall be empty to tell his shame,
Who fled from his post when the foemen came.
WAR SONG

WRITTEN BEFORE THE BATTLE OF DANNEBERG.

KÖRNER.

Fraught with battles to be won,
Dawning breaks the eventful day;
And the red and misty sun
Lights us on our gory way.
In a few approaching hours
Europe’s doubtful fortunes lie,
While upon her banded powers
Thundering falls the iron die.
Brothers and comrades, on you it is falling—
On you the proud voice of your country is calling,
While the lot of the balance is trembling on high!

In the night we leave behind us,
Lies the shame and lies the yoke—
Chains of him who once could bind us,
Him who spoil'd the German oak.
E'en our native speech was slighted;
Ruin smote our holy fanes:
Now revenge's oath is plighted,
The redeeming task remains.

For honour and vengeance then join we our hands,
That the curses of Heaven may pass from our lands,
And the foe be expell'd from our native domains.

Hope and better days before us,
To a happier lot invite
All the heavens expanding o'er us,
    Freedom greets our longing sight.
German arms again caress us,
    German muses wake the strain;
All that's great again shall bless us,
    All that's fair shall bloom again.
But a game must be play'd of destruction and strife:
There is freedom to win, but the venture is life!
    And thousands must die ere that freedom shall reign.

Now, by heaven! we will not falter,
    But united firm to stand,
Lay our hearts upon the altar
    Offer'd to our native land.
Yes, my country, take the spirit
    Which I proudly give to thee;
Let my progeny inherit
    What his father's blood could free.
And the oaks of my country their branches shall wave,
Whose roots are entwined in the patriot’s grave—
The grave which the foeman has destined for me.

Bend your looks of parting sorrow
On the friends you leave to-day;
On the widows of to-morrow
Look your last, and turn away.
Should the silent tear be starting,
Those are drops to be forgiven;
Give your last fond kiss of parting,
Give them to the care of heaven.
Thou god of the orphan, oh! grant thy protection
To the lips which are pouring the prayer of affection,
And comfort the bosoms which sorrow has riven!

Freshly, as the foe advances,
Now we turn us to the fray;
Heavenly radiance o'er us glances,
   Earth and darkness pass away.
Yes! the oath we now have plighted
   Joins us in a world of bliss—
There the free shall be united—
   Brothers! fare ye well for this!
Hark! 'tis the thunder, where banners are streaming,
Where bullets are whistling, and sabres are gleaming!
   Forward!—to meet in the mansions of bliss!
SONG OF THE SWORD.

WRITTEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE DEATH OF
THE AUTHOR IN BATTLE.

KORNER.

My sword, my only treasure,
What would thy glance of pleasure?
It makes thy master glow
To see thee gleaming so.

"A patriot warrior rears me,
"And this it is that cheers me;
"It makes me glad to be
"The falchion of the free."
Yes! none this hand shall fetter,
And none can prize thee better;

Affianced to my side
I love thee like my bride.

With thy blue steel united,
My constant faith is plighted.

"Oh! would the knot were tied!
"When will you wed your bride?"

With death-smoke round him spreading,
The bridegroom seeks the wedding.

When swells the cannon's roar
Then ope thy chamber door.

"Oh! how the thought inspires
The longing bride's desires;
"Come then, my husband, now
"The garlands wait thy brow."
Why, in thy scabbard dancing,  
So restless, wild, and glancing?  
Why, ere the trumpets blow,  
   My sword, why dost thou so?

" I cannot choose but rattle  
" With longing for the battle:  
" 'Tis this that makes me glow,  
   " And dance, and glitter so."

Be still awhile, my beauty!  
In patience do your duty.  
   E'en now I make thy dower—  
   Wait but the wedding hour.

" In vain delay opposes;  
" I long to pluck the roses  
" All redly as they bloom—  
   " The flow'rets of the tomb!"
Then out! in splendour gleaming,
Thy glorious task bespeaking—
Then out! in all thy pride—
Come forth, my love, my bride!

"How gay the glad carousel
"That honours such espousal!
"How bright the sunbeams play
"Upon my steel to-day!"

Then on to deeds of daring,
Of valour's lofty bearing—
On every German heart
Ne'er from such brides to part.

Once on the left they tarried,
But that was ere they married;
But now, in Heaven's fair sight,
We boast them on our right.
Then, with a soldier's kisses,
Partake your bridal blisses.
    Ill may the wretch betide
    Whoe'er deserts his bride!
What joy when sparks are flashing,
From hostile helmets crashing!
    In steely light to shine,
    Such joy, my bride, is thine!
    Hurrah!

THE END.