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Phantastes Chapter 17/18: Exotics

Heinrich Heine

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EXOTICS



GEORGE MAC DONALD

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EXOTICS

A Translation of the Spiritual Songs of Novalis,
the Hymn-Book of Luther, and other Poems
from the German and Italian

✓✓

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD



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1876

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TO MY FRIENDS.

I THINK every man who can, should help his people to inherit the earth by bringing into his own of the wealth of other tongues. In the flower-pots of translation, to vary the figure on my title-page, I offer you these few exotics, with no little labour taught to exist, I hope to breathe, in English air. Such labour is to me no less serious than delightful, for to do a man's work more injury than must be, in the process of *carrying over*, is a vile wrong. Some idea of my mode may be gathered from the following reprint of part of a preface to the translation of *Luther's Hymn-Book*, when that was first uttered some years ago in a periodical:—

“But I have said I wish to have the credit of my labour. I will set forth a few principles which, I think, ought to be regarded in all translation.

“First, and first of all : The spirit of the writer must be given.

“Second, and secondary to this : His individual meanings must be kept.

“Third, for the sake of both and for its own too : His peculiar mode, the aroma of his style must be preserved.

“Fourth : Both rhythm and rhyme being essential in the expression of every true poet, forming, that is, each an element in the embodiment of his thought, their identity must be rigorously respected.

“Fifth : As far as possible, consistently with what I have already said, the translation should be literal ; that is, other things being equal, the more literal translation should be preferred.

“Sixth : But it must be good English.

“With respect to all these rules there is a general difficulty whose root has a thousand ramifications, namely, that the whole affair is an accommodation of difficulties, and that a perfect translation from one language into another is an absolute impossibility. For one thing, between the two languages

there are fewer absolute synonyms than is generally supposed.

“In the rendering of German verse, difficulty considerable arises from its frequent use of double or feminine rhymes, and the comparative paucity of such rhymes in English, the one being so much less of a terminational language than the other. Yet the double rhyme, well or ill, I have laid it upon myself to preserve invariably.* And there are very few lines in which the smallest accommodation of syllables would be required, notwithstanding the variety of measure in which these hymns abound, to sing the translation to the tune of the original. In those half-dozen cases† I have sacrificed the far less to the far greater—the syllable to the right phrase. For there, where one thing or another must be sacrificed, the less ought always to be the victim. Which is the less and which the greater may be matter of difference, but the rule must be allowed. One thing

* The Italian scholar will understand why this would be a hopeless attempt in translating from that sweetest of all tongues.

† I doubt if this admission be, since further labour, correct—if there are two such cases even.

has to be remembered, however, that the matter of greater and less must be regarded from the author's point of view, and what was to him most important must have precedence over what to the translator may seem such. Hence it follows that, as the translator must be faithful to his original, so he must not be held accountable for the opinions of his original. Conscience only requires that he should be so far in sympathy with him as to believe that to some the re-presentation of his work will be a valuable gift. In a word, he must take no liberty with his author's opinions, or even with his expressions beyond necessity, except indeed he acknowledge such liberty in the individual case.

“It will follow from the combination of the two forces of necessity and choice, that sometimes the correspondence of several lines perhaps, must be sacrificed for the sake of retaining the true force of one that is characteristic, and essential to the spirit of the poem, or from any cause specially valuable. On the other hand, many a better phrase might at times be given, did it allow of being wrought into

place. But, as I said before, the whole thing is but an effort after the impossible, in which, however, he who is hardest to please, and demands the most of himself, will succeed the best. But this is not the place for a treatise upon the principles of translation, and I must leave general for one or two special remarks on my present attempt.

“The first objection occurring to the reader of these translations may possibly take the form of the question :

“ ‘ Do you call this good English ? ’

“ ‘ I hope it is good English,’ I answer.

“ ‘ It reads so like a translation ! And good German should be translated into good English, you allow.’

“ ‘ Yes. But if it be good English, a little flavour of the German is only an enrichment.’

“ ‘ It is more than a little flavour.’

“ ‘ Are you sure it is not the antiquated tone you mistake for a German one ? Does it sound stranger than much of our own poetry of the same date ? ’

“ ‘ The verse is rugged.’

“ ‘ I am glad you find it so. I have succeeded. Luther’s verse is often very rugged : sometimes he seems to care only that the number of syllables should correspond with the number of the notes to which the line has to be sung.’

“ ‘ But should you do it badly because he does it carelessly ?’

“ ‘ Yes, I think so ; seeing, in his case at least, the main object should be the man through the poetry.’

“ ‘ But your rhymes are sometimes bad.’

“ ‘ Not oftener, I hope, than Luther’s. But I will confess to a certain pleasure, amidst the difficulties of translating, and the paramount desire to preserve first the spirit and next the meaning, when I came upon a bad rhyme which allowed me greater scope for being at once true to his faulty mode and his grand spirit. I consider a bad rhyme a fair advantage to the translator, where its reproduction happens to fall in with his ends.’ ”

I confess also that there was not much use in translating a certain few of these songs, but I thought it better to give the book entire.

With regard to the spiritual songs of Friedrich von Hardenberg, commonly called Novalis, upon which I have bestowed twice the labour spent upon all the rest of the book together, it is necessary to remark that they were written (about the year 1800) when the shadow of the death of his betrothed had begun to thin before the light of life. He died himself in 1801, at the age of twenty-nine. His parents belonged to the sect called Moravians.

I flatter myself I could yet better my work in not a few of these transformations, but the shadows begin to look long, and there is so much to be done before night! May the pleasure of my labour pass over into your hearts as you read.

THE SPIRITUAL SONGS
OF NOVALIS.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

I.

WITHOUT thee, what were all my being?
Without thee, what had I not grown?
Dismay and anguish round me seeing,
I in the world had stood alone ;
For all I loved had found no shelter ;
The future a dim gulf had lain ;
And when my heart in tears did welter,
To whom had I poured out my pain ?

Consumed in love and longing lonely,
Each day had worn the night's dull face ;
With hot tears I had followed only
Afar life's wildly rushing race.
In crowded streets all restless driven—
Grief-gnawed beside the hopeless hearth—
Who, who that had no friend in heaven
Could to the end hold out on earth ?

But if his heart once Jesus bareth,
And I of him right sure can be,
How soon a living glory scareth
The bottomless obscurity !
Manhood in him first man attaineth ;
Our fate in him transfigured glows ;
On freezing Iceland India gaineth,
And round the loved one blooms and blows.

Life is a twilight softly stealing ;
The world speaks all of love and glee ;
Grows for each wound a herb of healing,
And every heart beats full and free.
I, for his thousand-folded giving,
His humble child, his knees embrace ;
Sure that we share his presence living
When two are gathered in one place.

Forth, forth to all highways and hedges !
Compel the wanderers to come in ;
Stretch out the hand that good-will pledges,
And glad invite them to their kin.
See heaven from lowly earth up-dawning !
By faith we see it round us spread :
To all with us one spirit owning—
To them with us 'tis opened.

An ancient, heavy guilt-illusion
Haunted our hearts with moveless gloom ;
Blindly we strayed in night's confusion ;
Pleasure and pain did both consume.
Whate'er we did, some law was broken ;
Mankind appeared God's enemy ;
And if we thought the heavens had spoken,
They spoke but death and misery.

The heart, of life the fountain swelling—
An evil creature lay therein ;
If more light shone into our dwelling,
More unrest only did we win.
Down to the earth an iron fetter,
Fast held us, trembling captive crew ;
Fear of Law's sword, with Death the whetter,
Did swallow up hope's residue.

Then came a saviour to deliver—
A son of man, in love and might !
A holy fire, of life all-giver,
In our dull hearts he set alight.
Then first heaven opened—and, no fable,
Lo ! to old fatherland we trod !
To hope and trust we now were able,
And knew ourselves akin to God.

Then vanished sin's old spectre dismal ;
Our every step grew glad and brave.
Best natal gift, in rite baptismal,
Their own faith men their children gave.
Holy in him, life since hath floated
Like happy dream across the heart ;
To endless love and joy devoted,
We hardly know it, when we part.

Still standeth here, in wondrous glory,
The loved, the holy, with his own ;
By his thorn-crown and faithful story
Our hearts are stirred—we weep and moan.
Welcome whoso from sleep will waken,
And grasp his hand of sacrifice !
Into his heart with us he's taken,
To grow a fruit of Paradise.

II.

DAWN, far eastward, on the mountain !
Gray old times are growing young ;
From the flashing colour-fountain
I will quaff it deep and long.
Sacred boon to old desire's rogation !
Sweet love in divine transfiguration !

Comes at last, our poor earth's native,
All-heaven's one child, simple, kind ;
Blows again, in song creative,
Round the earth a living wind ;
Gathers, blows anew to flames of heaven
Sparks long ages since asunder driven.

Everywhere, from graves abounding,
Rises, new-born, life and blood,
Endless peace for us firm founding,
Plunges he into life's flood ;
Stands amid, with full hands, gaze caressing—
Waits but for the prayer to give the blessing.

Let his mild looks of invading
Deep into thy spirit go ;
By his blessedness unfading
Thou thyself possessed shalt know.
Hearts of all men, spirits all, and senses,
Mingling move,—all new their dance commences.

Grasp his hands with boldness yearning ;
Stamp his face thy heart upon ;
Turning towards him, ever turning,
Thou, the flower, must face the sun.
Who to him his heart's last fold unfoldeth,
True as wife's his heart for ever holdeth.

Ours is now that Godhead's splendour
At whose name we used to quake !
South and north, its breathings tender
Heavenly germs at once awake !
Let us then in God's full garden labour,
And to every bud and bloom be neighbour !

III.

WHO in his chamber sitteth lonely,
And weepeth heavy, bitter tears ;
To whom in doleful colours only,
Of want and woe, the world appears ;

Who of the past, gulf-like receding,
Would search with questing eyes the core,
Down into which a sweet woe, pleading,
From all sides wiles him evermore ;—

'Tis as a treasure past believing
Lay there below, for him high piled,
After whose lock, his bosom heaving,
He breathless grasps with longing wild ;

He sees the future, waste and arid,
In hideous length before him stretch ;
About he roams, lonely and harried,
And seeks himself, a frenzied wretch :—

I fall upon his bosom, tearful :

I once, like thee, with woe was wan ;
But I am well, and whole, and cheerful,
And know the eternal rest of man.

Thou too must find the one consoler
Who inly loved, endured, and died—
For those that wrought him cruel dolour,
With thousand-fold rejoicing died.

He died—and yet, fresh every morrow,
His love and him thine eyes behold :
Reach daring arms, in joy or sorrow,
And to thy heart him, ardent, fold.

New blood shall from his heart be driven
Through thy dry bones like living wine ;
And once thy heart to him is given,
Then is his heart for ever thine.

What thou didst lose, he found, he holdeth ;
With him thy love thou soon shalt see ;
And evermore thy heart infoldeth
What once his hand restores to thee.

IV.

OF a thousand hours me meeting
And on life's path gaily greeting,
One alone hath kept its faith ;—
That wherein—ah, sorely grieved !—
In my heart I first perceived
Who for us hath died the death.

All to dust my world was beaten ;
As a worm had through them eaten,
Withered in me heart and bloom ;
All my life had sought or cherished,
In the grave had from me perished ;
Anguish only was my doom.

While I thus, in silence pining,
Ever wept, my life resigning,
But to waste and woe was tied,
All at once the night was cloven,
From my grave the stone was hoven,
And my inner doors thrown wide.

Whom I saw, and who the other,
Ask me not, my friend, my brother!—
Sight to fill eternal eyes!
Lone in all life's eves and morrows,
This one moment, like my sorrows,
Shining open ever lies.

V.

IF I him but have,*
If he be but mine,
If my heart, hence to the grave,
Ne'er forgets his love divine—
Know I nought of sadness,
Feel I nought but worship, love, and gladness.

If I him but have,
Pleased from all I part ;
Follow, on my pilgrim staff,
None but him, with honest heart ;
Let the rest, nought saying,
On broad, bright, and crowded streets go straying.

If I him but have,
Glad to sleep I sink ;

* Here I found the double or feminine rhyme impossible without the loss of the far more precious simplicity of the original, to be retained only by a literal translation.

From his heart the flood he gave
 Shall to me be food and drink ;
And—oh, soft compelling !—
All shall mollify with deep indwelling.

If I him but have,
 Mine the world I hail ;
Happy, like a cherub grave
 Holding back the Virgin's veil :
I deep sunk in gazing,
Earth's distastes are lost in heavenly praising.

Where I have but him,
 Is my fatherland,
Where all favours to me come
 As a portion from his hand :
Brothers long deplored—
Lo, in his disciples all restored !

VI.

MY faith to thee I break not,
If all should faithless be,
That gratitude forsake not
The world eternally.
For my sake Death did sting thee
With anguish keen and sore ;
Therefore with joy I bring thee
This heart for evermore.

Oft weep I like a river
That thou art dead, and yet
So many of thine thee, giver
Of life, life-long forget !
By love alone possessed,
Hast thou such great things done ;
Yet art thou dead, O Blessed !
And no one thinks thereon.

Thou stand'st with love unshaken
Ever by every man ;
And if by all forsaken,
Art still the faithful one.

Such love must win the wrestle ;
At last they feel its tide—
Weep bitterly, and nestle
Like children to thy side.

I in my heart have known thee—
Oh do not let me go !
In my heart's heart enthrone thee,
Till one with thee I grow.
My brothers yet will waken,
A look will heavenwards dart,
Then sink down, love-o'ertaken,
And fall upon thy heart.

VII.

F EW understand
The mystery of Love,
Know insatiableness,
And thirst eternal.
Of the Last Supper
The divine meaning
Is to the earthly senses a riddle ;
But he who ever
From warm, beloved lips,
Drew breath of life ;
Whose heart the holy glow
Ever melted into trembling waves ;
Whose eye ever opened so
As to sound
The fathomless deeps of heaven—
Will eat of his body,
And drink of his blood,
Everlastingly.

Who of the earthly body
Has divined the lofty sense ?
Who can say
He understands the blood ?
One day all is body,
One body ;
In heavenly blood
Swims the blissful two.

Oh that the ocean
Were even now flushing !
And in odorous flesh
The rock were upswelling !
Never endeth the sweet repast ;
Never doth Love satisfy itself ;
Never close enough, never enough its own,
Can it have the beloved.
By ever tenderer lips
Transformed, the Partaken
Goes deeper, grows nearer.
Pleasure more ardent
Thrills through the soul ;
Thirstier and hungrier
Grows the heart ;
And so endureth Love's delight
From everlasting to everlasting.

Had the refusing
Tasted but once,
All would they leave
And sit down with us
To the table of longing,
Which will never be bare.
Then would they know Love's
Infinite fulness,
And magnify the nourishment
Of body and blood.

VIII.

WEEP I must—my heart runs over :
Would he once himself discover—
If but once, from far away !
Holy sorrow ! still prevailing
Is the weeping, is the wailing :
Would I here were turned to clay !

Evermore I see him crying,
Ever praying, ever dying :
Will this heart unending beat ?
Will my eyes in death close never ?
Weeping all into a river
Were a blessedness too sweet !

Is there none with me lamenting ?
Dies his name in echoes fainting ?
Is the world all-sudden dead ?
Shall I from his eyes, ah ! never
More drink love and life for ever ?
Is he now and always dead ?

Dead! What means it—sound of dolours?
Tell me, tell, I pray, ye scholars,
What imports the saying dim.
He is dumb, and all turn fro me ;
Not a man on earth can show me
Where my heart might look for him.

Earth no more, whate'er betide me,
One glad moment can provide me ;
All is but a dream of woe.
I too am with him departed :
Would I lay with him still-hearted
In the region down below !

Hear, oh, hear, his and my father !
My dead bones, oh ! do but gather
Unto his—and soon, I pray !
Grass will soon his low mound cover,
And the wind will wander over,
And the form will fade away.

If his love they but perceived,
Oh, how soon had all believed,
Letting all things else go by !
Lord of love him only owning,
All would weep with me bemoaning,
And in bitter woe would die.

IX.

HE lives ! he's risen from the dead !
To every man I shout ;
His presence over us is spread,
Goes with us in and out.

To each I say it ; each apace
His comrades telleth too—
That straight will dawn in every place
The heavenly kingdom new.

Now, to the new mind, first appears
The world a fatherland ;
A new life men receive, with tears
Of rapture, from his hand.

Far into soundless gulfs of sea
Death's horror sank away ;
Now every man with holy glee
Can face his coming day.

The darksome road that he hath gone
Leads out on heaven's floor ;
Who heeds the counsel of the Son,
Goes in at the Father's door.

Weeping no longer shall endure
For him who shuts his eyes ;
For, soon or late, a meeting sure
Shall make the loss a prize.

And now to every noble deed
Each heart can fresher glow ;
For many-a-fold the scattered seed
In lovelier fields will blow.

He lives—will sit down by our hearths,
Though all besides had ceased ;
Therefore this day shall be the earth's
Rejuvenescence-feast.

X.

THE times are all so wretched !
The heart so full of cares !
The future, far outstretched,
A spectral horror wears.

Wild terrors creep and hover,
With foot so ghastly soft !
The soul black midnights cover,
Like mountains piled aloft.

Firm props like reeds are waving ;
For trust is left no stay ;
The thoughts, with whirlpool-raving,
No more the will obey.

Frenzy, with eye resistless,
Decoys from Truth's defence ;
Life's pulse is flagging listless,
And dull is every sense.

Who hath the cross upheaved,
To shelter every soul ?
Who lives, on high received,
To make the wounded whole ?

Haste to the tree of wonder ;
Give silent longing room :
Outgoing flames asunder
Will cleave the phantom-gloom.

Draws thee an angel tender
In safety on the strand :
Lo ! at thy feet in splendour
Outspreads the promised land.

XI.

I KNOW not one hope left to draw me,
If I had him, who is my bliss ;
If aye with sweet content he saw me,
And dwelt with me, and called me his.

So many search, round all ways going,
With wild distorted face and eye !
They call themselves the wise and knowing,
And yet they pass this treasure by !

One man believes that he has found it,
And what he has is nought but gold ;
Another the whole world has rounded,
Received a name—and all is told.

One man runs well to gain the laurel ;
Another, in Victory's fane a niche ;
By varied Shows in bright apparel
All are befooled and none made rich.

Hath he not then to you appeared?
Forgot ye who for you turned wan?
For love of us who died outwearied—
The scorned, rejected Son of Man?

Of him ye have not read the story?
Not heard one poor word on the wind?
What heavenly goodness was his glory,
And what a gift he left behind?

How he descended from the father,
Of loveliest mother infant grand?
Whose word the nations from him gather?
How many bless his healing hand?

How, thereto urged by mere love, wholly
To us he gave himself away,
And down in the earth, foundation lowly,
First stone of his father's city, lay?

Can the news fail to touch poor mortals?
Is such a man not fullest bliss?
Will you not open all your portals
To him who closed for you the abyss?

Will you not let the world go ranging,
Yea gladly every wish deny,

And keep your heart for him unchanging,
Who offers you his favour high?

Hero of love, oh, take me, take me !
Thou art my life ! my world ! my gold !
Should the firm earth itself forsake me,
I know who me will scathless hold.

I see thee my lost loves restoring !
True to me evermore thou art.
Low at thy feet heaven sinks adoring,
And yet thou dwellest in my heart !

XII.

EARTH'S Consolation, why so slow?
Thy inn is ready long ago ;
Each lifts to thee his hungering eyes,
And open to thy blessing lies.

O Father, pour it forth with might ;
Out of thine arms, oh ! yield him quite ;
Peace only, love, sweet shame, I know,
Kept him from coming long ago.

Ah ! make him leave thee for our arm,
Thy breath yet breathing on us warm ;
The heavy clouds around him throw,
And let him downward hither so.

In cooling streams send him to us ;
In flames let him glow tremulous ;
In air, oil, sound, and dew, oh ! let
Him earth's bulk interpenetrate.

So shall the holy fight be fought ;
So come the rage of hell to nought ;
And, ever blooming, young as then,
Out comes old Paradise again.

Earth stirs once more, grows green and live ;
Full of the Spirit, all things strive
To clasp with love the Saviour-guest,
And offer him the mother's breast.

The winter fails ; a year new-born
Stands by the manger's altar-horn ;
'Tis the first year of that new earth
Which this child claims in right of birth.

Our eyes they see the Saviour well,
Yet in them doth the Saviour dwell ;
With flowers his head is wreathed about,
From which himself looks gracious out.

He is the star ; he is the sun ;
Life's well that evermore will run ;
From herb and stone, light, sea's expanse,
Glimmers his childish countenance.

His childlike labour things to mend,
His ardent love will never end ;

He nestles, with unconscious art,
Divinely fast to every heart.

To us a God, to himself a child,
He loves us all, self-undefiled ;
Becomes our drink, becomes our food—
His dearest thanks, a heart that's good.

The misery grows yet more and more ;
A gloomy grief afflicts us sore :
Keep him no longer, Father, thus ;
He will come home again with us.

XIII.

WHEN in hours of fear and failing,
All but quite our heart despairs ;
When, with sickness driven to wailing,
Anguish at our bosom tears ;
Then our loved ones we remember ;
All their grief and trouble rue ;
And the clouds of our December
Let no beam of hope shine through :

Oh but then God bends him o'er us !
Then his love grows very clear ;
Long we heavenward then—before us
Lo, his angel standing near !
Fresh the cup of life he reaches ;
Whispers courage, comfort new ;
Nor in vain our prayer beseeches
Rest for the beloved too.

XIV.

WHO once hath seen thee, Mother fair,
Destruction him shall never snare ;
His fear is, from thee to be parted ;
He loves thee evermore, true-hearted ;
Thy grace remembered is the source
Whence springs henceforth his spirit's highest force.

My heart is very true to thee ;
My every failing thou dost see :
Let me, sweet mother, yet essay thee—
Give me one happy sign, I pray thee.
My whole existence rests in thee :
One moment, only one, be thou with me.

I used to see thee in my dreams,
So fair, so full of tenderest gleams !
The little God in thine arms lying
Took pity on his playmate crying,
But thou didst lift a look of awe,
And into cloudy glory didst withdraw.

To thee what have I done, poor wretch?
My longing arms to thee I stretch.
Are not thy chapels, holy ever,
My resting-spots in life's endeavour?
O Queen, of saints and angels blest,
Receive this heart and life into thy rest.

Thou know'st that I, beloved Queen,
All thine and always thine have been.
Have I not now, years of long measure,
In silence learned thy grace to treasure?
While to myself yet scarce confest,
Even then I drew milk from thy holy breast.

Oh! countless times thou stood'st by me,
And I looked up with childish glee;
His hands thy little infant gave me,
In sign that he one day would have me;
Thou smiledst, full of tenderness,
And kissedst me—oh time of heavenly bliss!

Afar stands now that joy so brief;
Long have I companied with grief;
Restless I stray outside the garden:
Have I then sinned beyond thy pardon?
Childlike thy garment's hem I pull:
Oh wake me from this dream so weariful!

If only children see thy face,
And, confident, may trust thy grace,
From age's bonds, oh ! me deliver,
And make me thine own child for ever :
The love and truth of childhood's prime
Dwell in me yet from that same golden time.

XV.

IN countless pictures I behold thee,
O Mary, lovelily expressed ;
But of them all none can unfold thee
As I have seen thee in my breast.
I only know this world's loud splendour
Since then has like a dream o'erblown ;
And that a heaven, for words too tender,
My peaceful spirit fills alone.

LUTHER'S SONG-BOOK.

DAME MUSIC.

*O*F all the joys earth possesses,
None the gladness fine surpasses
Which I give you with my singing,
And with much harmonious ringing.

*An evil spirit cannot dwell
Where companions are singing well ;
Here strife, wrath, envy, hate, are not,
Every heartache must leave the spot ;
Greed, care, all things that hard oppress,
Troop off with great unwillingness.*

*Also each man is free to this—
For such a joy no trespass is,
God himself pleasing better far
Than all the joys on earth that are ;
It breaks the toils by Satan spun,
And many a murder keeps undone.*

*Of this, David, the king, is proof,
Who often Saul did hold aloof,
All with his harping sweet and well,
That he not into murder fell.*

*For God's own truth in word and will,
It makes the heart ready and still ;
That knew Elisha well, I wot,
When he the Spirit by harping got.*

*The best time of the year is mine,
When all the little birds sing fine,
Fill heaven and earth full of their strain—
Much good singing is going then.
The nightingale the lead she takes,
And everything right merry makes
With her gladsome lovely song,
For which great thanks to her belong.*

*But more to our dear Lord God, much,
Who has created the bird such,
A songstress of the true right sort,
A mistress of the music art.
She sings and springs, both nights and days,
To him, not weary of his praise.
Him lauding come my songs as well,
My everlasting thanks to tell.*

I.

ADVENT.

COME, saviour of nations wild,
Of the maiden owned the child,
Fill with wonder all the earth
God should grant it such a birth.

Not of man's flesh or man's blood,
Only of the Spirit of God,
Is his word a man become,
Of woman's flesh the ripened bloom.

Maiden she was found with child,
Chastity yet undefiled ;
Many a virtue from her shone,
God was there as in his throne.

From his chamber of content,
Royal hall so pure, he went ;
God by kind, in hero's grace,
Forth he comes to run his race.

From the Father came his road,
And returns again to God ;
Unto hell his road went down,
Up then to the Father's throne.

Thou the Father's form express,
Get thee victory in the flesh,
That thy godlike power in us
Make weak flesh victorious.

Shines thy manger bright and clear,
Sets the night a new star there ;
Darkness thence must keep away,
Faith dwells ever in the day.

Honour unto God be done ;
Honour to his only son ;
Honour to the Holy Ghost,
Now, and ever, ending not. Amen.

This hymn is from the Latin of St. Ambrose, and the first Christmas hymn and that for the Epiphany are from the Latin of Sedulius, as I am glad and thankful to learn from a letter to the editor of the periodical referred to in my preface. Pleading guilty to the "great ignorance" which the writer of that letter offers me as an alternative to "wilful misrepresentation," I

cannot tell how many more of them may be likewise from the Latin; but it may interest my readers to see how close, in one stanza at least, all he gives me, my translation from the German has got to the Latin, compared with that from the Latin direct, as quoted by my unknown critic:—

St. Ambrose.

Egressus ejus a Patre,
Regressus ejus ad Patrem,
Excursus usque ad inferos,
Recursus ad sedem Dei.

Luther.

Sein Lauf kam vom Vater her
Und kehrt wieder zum Vater,
Fuhr hinunter zu der Höll,
Und wieder zu Gottes Stuhl.

English from the Latin.

From God the Father he proceeds,
To God the Father back he speeds,
Proceeds as far as very hell,
Speeds back to light ineffable.

English from the German.

Fifth stanza of Advent hymn, as above.

II.

CHRISTMAS.

I.

JESUS we now must laud and sing,
The maiden Mary's son and king,
Far as the blessed sun doth shine,
And reaches to earth's utmost line.*

The blessed maker of all we view
On a poor servant's body drew,
The flesh to save at flesh's cost,
Or else his creature would be lost.

From heaven high the godlike grace
In the chaste mother found a place ;
A secret pledge a maiden bore—
Which Nature never knew before.

The tender heart, house modest, low,
Straightway a temple of God did grow ;
Whom not a man hath touched or known,
By God's word she with child is grown.

* Luther's construction.

The noble mother hath brought forth
Whom Gabriel promised to the earth ;
Him John did greet in joyous way,
While in his mother's womb he lay.

Right poorly lies in hay the boy ;
Th' hard manger caused him no annoy ;
A little milk made him content,
Away who no bird hungry sent.

Therefore the heavenly choir is loud ;
The angels sing their praise to God,
And tell poor men their flocks who keep
He's come who makes and keeps the sheep.

Praise, honour, thanks, to thee be said,
Christ Jesus, born of holy maid !
With God the Father and Holy Ghost,
Now and for ever, ending not. Amen !

II.

A Song of Praise for the Birth of our Lord Jesus Christ.

PRAISED be thou, O Jesus Christ,
That a man on earth thou liest !

Born of a maiden—it is true—
In this exults the heavenly crew.

Kyrieleis.*

The Father's only son begot
In the manger has his cot,
In our poor dying flesh and blood
Doth mask itself the endless good.

Kyrieleis.

Whom all the world could not enwrap,
Lieth he in Mary's lap ;
A little child he now is grown,
Who everything upholds alone.

Kyrieleis.

In him the eternal light breaks through,
Gives the world a glory new ;
A great light shines amid the night,
And makes us children of the light.

Kyrieleis.

The Father's son, so God by name,
A guest in the world became,
And leads us from the vale of tears ;
He in his palace make us heirs.

Kyrieleis.

* Κύριε ἐλέησον: *Lord, have mercy.*

Poor to the earth he cometh thus,
Pity so to take on us,
And make us rich in heaven above,
And like the angels of his love.

Kyrioleis.

All this for us did Jesus do,
That his great love he might shew.
Let Christendom rejoice therefore,
And give him thanks for evermore.

Kyrioleis.

III.

A Song of the little Child Jesus, for Children at Christmas.

TAKEN OUT OF THE SECOND CHAPTER OF THE GOSPEL
OF ST. LUKE.

FROM heaven on high I come to you,
I bring a story good and new :
Of goodly news so much I bring,
Of it I must both speak and sing.

To you a child is come this morn,
A child of holy maiden born,
A little babe so sweet and mild—
Your joy and bliss shall be that child.

It is the Lord Christ, our own God.
He will you ease of all your load ;
He will himself your Saviour be,
And from all sinning set you free.

He brings you all the news so glad
Which God the Father ready had—
That you shall in his heavenly house
Live now and evermore with us.

Take heed then to the token sure,
The crib, the swaddling clothes so poor ;
The infant you shall find laid there,
Who all the world doth hold and bear.

Hence let us all be gladsome then,
And with the shepherd-folk go in
To see what God to us hath given,
With his dear honoured Son from heaven.

Take note, my heart ; see there ! look low :
What lies then in the manger so ?
Whose is the lovely little child ?
It is the darling Jesus-child.

Welcome thou art, thou noble guest,
With sinners who dost lie and rest,

And com'st into my misery !
How thankful I must ever be !

Ah Lord ! the maker of us all !
How hast thou grown so poor and small,
That there thou liest on withered grass,
The supper of the ox and ass ?

Were the world wider manyfold,
And decked with gems and cloth of gold,
'Twere far too mean and narrow all,
To make for thee a cradle small.

The silk and velvet that are thine,
Are rough hay, linen not too fine,
Yet, as they were thy kingdom great,
Thou liest in them in royal state.

And this hath therefore pleased thee
That thou this truth mightst make me see—
How all earth's power, show, good, combined,
Please, help, nor comfort thy meek mind.

Dear little Jesus ! in my shed,
Make thee a soft, white little bed,
And rest thee in my heart's low shrine,
That so my heart be always thine ;

And so I ever gladsome be,
Ready to dance and sing to thee
The lullaby thou lovest best,
With heart exulting in its guest.

Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who his own son to us hath given !
For this the angel troop sings in
Such a year with gladsome din.

IV.

Another Christ-Song.

FROM heaven the angel-troop come near,
And to the shepherds plain appear :
A tender little child, they cry,
In a rough manger lies hard by,

In Bethlehem, David's town of old,
As Prophet Micah has foretold ;
'Tis the Lord Jesus Christ, I wis,
Who of you all the saviour is.

And ye may well break out in mirth,
That God is one with you henceforth ;

For he is born your flesh and blood—
Your brother is the eternal Good.

He will nor can from you go hence ;
Set you in him your confidence.
Let many battle on you make,
Defy them—he can not forsake.

What can death do to you, or sin ?
The true God is to you come in.
Let hell and Satan raging go—
The Son of God's your comrade now.

At last you must approval win,
For you are now of God's own kin.
For this thank God, ever and aye,
Happy and patient all the day. Amen.

III.

EPIPHANY.

HEROD, why darest thou a foe,
Because the Christ comes born below?
He seeks no mortal kingdom thus,
Who brings his kingdom down to us.

After the star the wise men go,
That light the true light them did show;
They signify with presents three,
This child, God, Man, and King to be.

In Jordan baptism he did take,
This Lamb of God, for our poor sake;
Thus he who never did a sin,
Hath washed us clean both out and in.

A miracle straightway befell:
Six pots of stone they saw, who tell,

Of water full, which changed its sort,
And turned to red wine at his word.

Praise, honour, thanks to thee be said,
Jesus, born of the holy maid ;
With the Father and the Holy Ghost,
Now, and henceforward, ending not. Amen.

IV.

EASTER.

I.

DEATH held our Lord in prison,
For sin that did undo us ;
But he hath up arisen,
And brought our life back to us.
Therefore we must gladsome be,
Praise our God, and thankful be,
And sing out halleluja ! Halleluja !

No man yet Death overcame—
All sons of men were helpless ;
Sin for this was all to blame,
For no one yet was guiltless.
So Death came that early hour,
Over us took up his power,
Us held in his kingdom captive. Halleluja !

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Into our place descending,
Away with all our sins hath done,
And therewith from Death rending
Right and might, made him a jape,
Left him nothing but Death's shape :
His ancient sting—he has lost it. Halleluja !

That was a right wondrous strife
When Death in Life's gripe wallowed :
Off victorious came Life,
Death he has upswallowed.*
The scripture has published that—
How one Death the other ate.
Now Death is become a laughter. Halleluja !

Here is the right Easter-lamb,
That God said must be shared,
Which is on the cross's stem
In burning love prepared.
His blood on our door-post lies ;
Faith holds that before Death's eyes :
The destroyer dares not touch us. Halleluja !

* Certain eastern tales of rival enchanters seem to have been present to Luther's mind when he thought of our Lord as the Death of Evil devouring the Death of Good. I have translated very closely.

So we keep high feast of grace,
 Hearty the joy and glee is
 That shines on us from his face :
 The sun himself, ah ! he is,
 Who, by his brightness divine,
 Through and through makes our hearts shine :
 The night of our sins is over. Hallelúja !

We eat—and so we well fare—
 Right Easter cakes sans leaven ;
 The old leaven shall not share
 In the new word from heaven.
 Christ himself will be the food,
 Alone fill the soul with good :
 Faith will live on nothing other. Halleluja !

II.

A Song of Praise for Easter.

JESUS CHRIST, our Saviour true,
 He who Death overthrew,
 Is up arisen,
 And sin hath put in prison.
 Kyrieelison.

Born whom Mary sinless hath,
Bore he for us God's wrath,
Hath reconciled us—
Favour God doth now yield us.
Kyrieleison.

Death and sin, and life and grace,
All in his hands he has.
He can deliver
All who seek the life-giver.
Kyrieleison.

V.

PENTECOST.

I.

COME, God, Creator, Holy Ghost,
Visit the heart of all thy men ;
Fill them with grace, the way thou know'st ;
What thine was, make it again.

For thou art called the Comforter,
The blessed gift of God above,
A ghostly balm our quickener,
A living well, fire, and love.

O kindle in our minds a light ;
Give in our hearts love's glowing gift ;
Our weak flesh known to thee aight
With thy strength and grace uplift.

In giving gifts thou art sevenfold ;
The finger thou on God's right hand ;
His word by thee right soon is told,
With clov'n tongues in every land.

Drive far the cunning of the foe ;
Thy grace bring peace and make us whole,
That we glad after thee may go,
And shun that which hurts the soul.

Teach us to know the Father right,
And Jesus Christ, his son, that so
We may with faith be filled quite,
Spirit of both, thee to know.

Praise God the Father, and the Son,
Who from the dead arose in power ;
Like praise to the Consoling One,
Evermore and every hour. Amen.

II.

COME, Holy Spirit, Lord and God,
Fill full with thine own gracious good
Thy faithful ones' heart, mind, desire ;
In them light of thy love the fire.

O Lord, through thy light's flashes fast,
Into the faith thou gathered hast
The folk from all the world's nations :
Be thy praise, Lord, our jubilations.

Halleluja ! Halleluja !

Thou holy light, thou sure resort,
Cause lighten us of life the word,
That we of God knowledge gather,
Call him heartily our Father.
O Lord, protect us from strange lore,
That we may seek no masters more,
But with true faith Jesus solely,
And him with all our might trust wholly.

Halleluja ! Halleluja !

Thou holy fire, thou comfort sweet,
Now help us, glad with cheer complete,
That in thy service nought shake us,
Trouble never from thee take us.
O Lord, by thy power us prepare,
And make the weak flesh strong to bear,
That we wrestle* like knights gaining,
Through death and life unto thee straining.

Halleluja ! Halleluja !

* The Scotch form, *warsle*, comes nearer.

III.

A Song of Praise.

NOW let us pray to the Holy Ghost
For the true faith, of all things the most,
That he take care of us when we are dying,
And are going home from this vale of crying.
Kyrieleis.

Thou noble light, shine as thou hast shone,
Teach us to know Jesus Christ alone,
The Saviour true, that we hold by his hand,
Which us has brought to the right fatherland.
Kyrieleis.

Thou sweet Love, grant us favour, that so
We feel within of thy love the glow,
That we from our hearts may love true the others,
And dwell in peace, with the minds of brothers.
Kyrieleis.

Thou comfort best in danger or blame,
Help us to fear neither death nor shame,
Nor tremble at last lest thou refuse us,
When the enemy comes to accuse us.
Kyrieleis.

VI.

THE TRINITY.

I.

GOD, the Father, with us be,
Let us not fall to badness ;
Make us from all sinning free,
And help us die in gladness.
'Gainst the devil well us ware,
And keep our faith from failing,
Our hope in thee from quailing.
Our hearts upon thee staying,
Let us wholly trust thy care,
With all good Christians sharing,
Escape the devil's snaring,
Him with God's weapons daring.
Amen, now ! so may we fare !
Let us then sing Halleluja !

Jesus, Master, with us be,
Let us not fall to badness ; &c.

Holy Spirit, with us be,
Let us not fall to badness ; &c.

II.

THOU who art three in unity,
A true God from eternity,
The sun with day withdraws his shine,
Lighten us with thy light divine.

At morn we praise thee with the day,
At evening, also, to thee pray ;
Our poor song glorifieth thee
Now, ever, and eternally.

To God the Father praise be poured ;
To God the Son, the only Lord ;
To the consoling Holy Ghost ;
Now and for ever, ending not. Amen.

VII.

THE CHURCH AND WORD OF GOD.

I.

The Twelfth Psalm.

AH God, from heaven, look down and view ;
Let it thy pity waken ;
Behold thy saints how very few !
We wretches are forsaken.
Thy word they will not grant it right,
And faith is thus extinguished quite
Amongst the sons of Adam.

They teach a cunning false and fine,
In their own wits they found it ;
Their heart in one doth not combine,
Upon God's word well grounded.

One chooses this, the other that ;
Endless division they are at,
And yet they keep smooth faces.

God will outroot the teachers all
Who false appearance teach us ;
Besides, their proud tongues loudly call—
What care we?—Who can reach us ?
We have the right and might in full ;
And what we say, that is the rule ;
Who dares to give us lessons ?

Therefore saith God : I must be up ;
My poor right ill are faring ;
Their sighs crowd up to Zion's top,
My ear their cry is hearing.
My healing word shall speedily
With comfort fill them, fresh and free,
And strength be to the needy.

Silver that seven times is tried
With fire, is found the purer ;
God's word the same test will abide,
It still comes out the surer.
It shall by crosses proved be ;
Men shall its strength and glory see
Shine strong upon the nations.

God will its purity defend
 From this evil generation.
 Let us ourselves to thee commend,
 Lest we fall from our station ;
 The godless rout is all around
 Where these rude wanton ones are found
 Against thy folk exalted.

II.

The Fourteenth Psalm.

ALTHOUGH the fools say with their mouth:
 Great God, we magnify him,
 Their heart cares nothing for the truth,
 In action they deny him.
 Their being is corrupted quite ;
 To God it is a horrid sight ;
 Not one of them works goodness.

From heaven God downwards cast his eye
 Upon men's sons so many ;
 He set himself to look and spy
 If he could find out any
 Who their own reason up had stirred,
 Who earnestly obeyed God's word,
 And after his will questioned.

Upon the right path there was none ;
From it they all were straying ;
Each followed fancies of his own,
Ill manners them bewraying.
Not one of them did good for once,
Though many, fooled by arrogance,
Thought God must be pleased with them.

How long by lies will they be led,
Who vain attempts redouble,
And eat my people up as bread,
And live upon their trouble ?
In God is not their confidence,
In need they ask not his defence,
They will themselves look after.

Therefore their heart is never still,
But always full of fearing.
Dwell with the good the Father will,
With them whose ears are hearing.
But ye despise the poor man's ways,
And scorn at everything he says
Concerning God his comfort.

Who will to Israel's scattered flock,
To Zion send salvation ?
God will take pity on his folk,

And free his captive nation ?
 That will he do through Christ his Son ;
 And then is Jacob's weeping done,
 And Israel filled with gladness. Amen.

III.

The Forty-sixth Psalm.

OUR God he is a castle strong,
 A good mail-coat and weapon ;
 He sets us free from every wrong
 That wickedness would heap on.
 The ancient wicked foe
 He means earnest now ;
 Force and cunning sly
 His horrid policy,—
 On earth there's nothing like him.

'Tis all in vain, do what we can,
 Our strength is soon dejected.
 But He fights for us, the right man,
 By God himself elected,
 Ask'st thou who is this ?

Jesus Christ it is,
Lord of Hosts alone,
And God but him is none,
So he must win the battle.

And did the world with devils swarm,
All gaping to devour us,
We fear not so the smallest harm,
Success is yet before us.
This world's prince accurst,
Let him rage his worst,
No hurt brings about ;
His doom it is gone out,
A word can overturn him.

The word they shall allow to stand,
Nor any thanks have for it ;
He is with us, at our right hand,
With the gifts of his spirit.
Let them take our life,
Wealth, name, child, and wife—
Everything may go :
They have no profit so ;
To us the crown remaineth.

IV.

The Hundred and Twenty-fourth Psalm.

WERE God not with us all the time,
Israel must loud declare it,
Were God not with us all the time,
We should have now despaired ;
For we are such a little flock,
Despised by such a crowd of folk,
Who all do set upon us !

'Gainst us so angry is their mood,
If God had given them tether,
Us they had swallowed where we stood,
Body and soul together.
We were like drowning men, like those
Above whose heads the waters close,
And sweep them down with fury.

Thank God ! their throat he did not yet
Let swallow though it gaped ;
As from a snare the bird doth flit,
So is our soul escaped.
The snare's in two, and we are through ;
The name of God it standeth true,
The God of earth and heaven. Amen.

v.

A Children's Song, to Sing against the Two Arch-enemies of
Christ and his Holy Church, the Pope and the Turks.

LORD, keep us by thy word in hope,
And check the murder of Turk and Pope,
Who Jesus Christ, thine only Son,
Fain would tumble from off thy throne.

Proof of thy might, Lord Christ, afford,
For thou of all the lords art Lord ;
Thy own poor Christendom defend,
That it may praise thee without end.

God Holy Ghost, who comfort art,
Give to thy folk on earth one heart ;
Stand by us breathing our last breath,
Lead us to life straight out of death.

VI.

A Song of the Holy Christian Church, from the Twelfth
chapter of the Apocalypse.

TO me she's dear, the worthy maid,
And I cannot forget her ;
Praise, honour, virtue of her are said ;
Than all I love her better.

I seek her good,
And if I should
Right evil fare,
I do not care,
She'll make up for it to me,
With love and truth that will not tire,
Which she will ever shew me,
And do all my desire.

She wears a crown of pure gold, where
Twelve stars their rays are twining ;
Her raiment, like the sun, is fair,
And bright from far is shining.

Her feet the moon
Are set upon.
She is the bride
With the Lord to bide.

She hath sorrow, must be mother
To her fair child, the noble Son,
Of all men lord and brother,
Their king, the only one.

That makes the old dragon rage and roar,
He will the child upswallow ;
His raging comes to nothing more ;
No jot of gain will follow.

The infant high
Up to the sky
Away is heft,
And he is left

On earth, all mad with murder.
The mother now alone is she,
But God will watchful guard her,
And the right Father be.

VII.

A Song concerning the Two Martyrs of Christ, burnt at
Brussels by the Sophists of Loubaine, which took place
in the year 1523.

A NEW song here shall be begun—
The Lord God help our singing !

Of what our God himself hath done,
Praise, honour to him bringing.
At Brussels in the Netherlands,
By two boys, martyrs youthful,
He shows the wonders of his hands,
Whom he with favour truthful
So richly hath adorned.

The first right fitly John was named,
So rich he in God's favour ;
His brother, Henry,—one unblamed,
Whose salt lost not its savour.
From this world they are gone away,
The diadem they've gained ;
Honest, like God's good children, they
For his word life disdained,
And have become his martyrs.

The old foe caused on them lay hold,
With terrors did enwrap them,
And to deny God's word them told ;—
With cunning too would trap them :
From Louvaine many sophs of fame,
In their curst nets to take them,
By him are gathered to the game :
The spirit fools doth make them—
They could get nothing by it.

Oh ! they sung sweet, and they sung sour ;
Oh ! they tried every double ;
The boys they stood firm as a tower,
And mocked the sophists' trouble.
The old enemy it filled with hate
That he was thus defeated
By two such youngsters—he, so great !
His wrath grew sevenfold heated,
He laid his plans to burn them.

Their cloister-garments off they tore,
Took off their consecrations ;
* All this the boys were ready for,
They said Amen with patience.
To God their Father they gave thanks
That they would soon be rescued
From Satan's scoffs and mumming pranks,
With which, in falsehood masked,
The world he so befooleth.

Then gracious God did grant to them
To pass true priesthood's border,
And offer up themselves to him,
And enter Christ's own order,
Unto the world to die outright,
With falsehood make a schism,
And come to heaven all pure and white,

To monkery be the besom,
And leave men's toys behind them.

They wrote for them a paper small,
And made them read it over ;
The parts they showed them therein, all,
Which their belief did cover.
That was an error great indeed !
In God we should trust solely ;
Man ever lies and cheats with greed,
We should distrust him wholly :
So they must burn to ashes.

Two huge great fires they kindled then,
The boys they carried to them ;
Great wonder seized on every man,
For with contempt they view them.
To all with joy they yielded quite,
With singing and God-praising ;
The sophs had little appetite
For these new things so dazing,
Which God was thus revealing.

They now repent the deed of blame,
Would gladly gloze it over ;
They dare not glory in their shame,
The facts almost they cover.

In their hearts gnaweth infamy—
They to their friends deplore it ;
The Spirit cannot silent be :
Good Abel's blood out-poured
Must still besmear Cain's forehead.

Leave off their ashes never will ;
Into all lands they scatter ;
Stream, hole, ditch, grave—nought keeps them still ;
With shame the foe they spatter.
Those whom in life with bloody hand
He drove to silence triple,
When dead, he them in every land,
In tongues of every people,
Must hear go gladly singing.

But yet their lies they will not leave,
To trim and dress the murder ;
The fable false which out they give,
Shows conscience grinds them further.
God's holy ones, even after death,
They still go on belying ;
They say that with their latest breath,
The boys, in act of dying,
Repented and recanted.

Let them lie on for evermore—
No refuge so is reared ;
For us, we thank our God therefore,
His word has reappeared.
Even at the door is summer nigh,
The winter now is ended,
The tender flowers come out and spy :
His hand when once extended
Withdraws not till it has finished. Amen.

VIII.

GRACE.

I.

The Sixty-seventh Psalm.

WOULD that the Lord would grant us grace.
And in his volume write us,
And with clear shining let his face
To life eternal light us;
That we may know his work at length,
And what men him have faith in ;
And Jesus Christ our health and strength
Be known to all the heathen,
And unto God convert them.

God then let thank, and thee let praise
The heathen with glad voices ;

Let all the world for joy upraise
 A song with mighty noises,
 Because thou art earth's judge, O Lord,
 And sin no more prevaileth ;
 Thy word it is both bed and board,
 And for all folk availeth
 In the right path to keep them.

Let them thank God, and thee adore,
 The folk in deeds of grace full.
 The land grows fruitful more and more ;
 Thy word it is successful.
 Us bless the Father and the Son,
 Us bless let God, the Holy Ghost,
 To whom by all be honour done.
 Before him let men fear the most.
 Now heartily say Amen.

II.

The Hundred and Twenty-eighth Psalm.

HAPPY who in God's fear doth stay,
 And in it goeth on his way ;
 Thine own hand shall thee find thy food,
 So liv'st thou right, and all is good.

So shall thy wife be in thy house
Like vine with clusters plenteous,
Thy children sit thy table round
Like olive plants all fresh and sound.

See, such rich blessing hangs him on
Who in God's fear doth live a man ;
From him the old curse away is worn,
With which the sons of men are born.

From Zion God will prosper thee ;
Thou shalt behold continually
Jerusalem's now happy case,
To God so pleasing in her grace.

He will thy days make long for thee,
With goodness ever nigh thee be,
That thou with thy sons' sons may'st dwell,
And there be peace in Israel.

III.

A Song of Thanksgiving for the Benefits most Great which
God hath shown to us in Christ.

DEAR Christians, let us now rejoice,
And dance in joyous measure ;
That, of good cheer, and with one voice,
We sing in love and pleasure
Of what to us our God hath shown,
And the sweet wonder he hath done :
Full dearly hath he wrought it.

Forlorn and lost in death I lay,
A captive to the devil,
My sin lay heavy, night and day,
For I was born in evil.
I fell but deeper for my strife,
There was no good in all my life,
For sin had all possessed me.

My good works they were worthless quite,
A mock was all my merit ;
My free will hates God's judging light,
To all good dead and buried.

Even to despair me anguish bore,
That nought but death lay me before ;
I must go down to hell-fire.

Then God was sorry on his throne
To see such torment rend me ;
His tender mercy he thought on,
His good help he would send me.
He turned to me his father-heart ;
Ah ! then was his no easy part,
For of his best it cost him.

To his dear son he said : Go down ;
Things go in piteous fashion ;
Go down, my heart's exalted crown,
Be the poor man's salvation.
Lift him from out sin's scorn and scath,
Strangle for him that cruel Death,
And take him to live with thee.

The son he heard obediently,
And by a maiden mother,
Pure, tender—down he came to me,
For he would be my brother.
Secret he bore his strength enorm,
He went about in my poor form,
For he would catch the devil.

He said to me : Hold thou by me,
Thy matters I will settle ;
I give myself all up for thee,
And I will fight thy battle.
For I am thine, and thou art mine,
And my house also shall be thine ;
The enemy shall not part us.

He will as water shed my blood,
My life he from me reave will ;
All this I suffer for thy good—
To that with firm faith cleave well.
My Life doth swallow up that Death ;
My innocence bears thy sins, he saith,
So henceforth thou art happy.

To heaven unto my Father high,
From this life I am going ;
But there thy master still am I,
My spirit on thee bestowing,
Whose comfort shall thy trouble quell,
Who thee shall teach to know me well,
And in the truth shall guide thee.

What I have done, and what have said,
Shall be thy doing, teaching,

That so the kingdom of God may spread—
All to his glory reaching.
And take heed what men bid thee do,
For that corrupts the treasure true ;
With this last word I leave thee. Amen.

IX.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

I.

THESE are the holy ten commands,
Which came to us from God's own hands,
By Moses, who obeyed his will,
On the top of Sinai's hill.
Kyrioleis.

I am the Lord thy God alone ;
Of Gods besides thou shalt have none ;
Thou shalt thyself trust all to me,
And love me right heartily.
Kyrioleis.

Thou shalt not speak like idle word
The name of God who is thy Lord ;

As right or good thou shalt not praise
Except what God does and says.

Kyrioleis.

Thou shalt keep holy the seventh day,
That rest thou and thy household may ;
From thine own work thou must be free,
That God his work have in thee.

Kyrioleis.

Honour thou shalt and shalt obey
Thy father and thy mother alway ;
To serve them ready be thy hand,
That thou live long in the land.

Kyrioleis.

In wrathfulness thou shalt not kill,
Nor hate, nor take revenge for ill,
But patience keep and gentle mood,
And ev'n to thy foe do good.

Kyrioleis.

Thy marriage-bond thou shalt keep clean,
That even thy heart no other mean ;
Thy life thou must keep pure and free,
Temperate, with fine chastity.

Kyrioleis.

Money or goods steal not, nor yet
Grow rich by others' blood and sweat ;
Open thou wide thy kindly hand
To the poor man in thy land.

Kyrioleis.

Thou shalt not lying stories bear,
Nor 'gainst thy neighbour falsely swear ;
His innocence thou shalt rescue,
And hide his shame from man's view.

Kyrioleis.

Thy neighbour's wife or house to win
Thou shalt not seek, or aught within ;
But wish all good to him may be,
As thy own heart doth to thee.

Kyrioleis.

To us come these commands, that so
Thou, son of man, thy sins mayst know,
And with this lesson thy heart fill,
That man must live for God's will.

Kyrioleis.

May Christ our Lord help us in this,
For he our mediator is ;

Our own work is a hopeless thing,
Wrath alone all it can bring.

Kyrioleis.

II.

MAN, wouldst thou live all blissfully,
And dwell with God eternally,
Thou shalt observe the ten commands,
Written by God with his hands.

Kyrioleis.

Thy God and Lord I am always ;
No other God shall make thee stray ;
Thy heart must ever trust in me ;
Mine own kingdom shalt thou be.

Kyrioleis.

My name to honour thou shalt heed,
And call on me in time of need.
Thou shalt not work on the sabbath day,
That so in thee I work may.

Kyrioleis.

To thy father and mother thou
Shalt, next me, in obedience bow ;

None kill, nor yield to anger wild,
And keep thy wedlock undefiled.

Kyrioleis.

From any one to steal beware ;
'Gainst none thou shalt false witness bear ;
Thy neighbour's wife thou shall not eye—
Let his be his willingly.

Kyrioleis.

X.

THE CREED.

IN one true God we all believe,
Maker of the earth and heaven ;
Who, us as children to receive,
Hath himself as father given.
Now and henceforth he will feed us,
Soul and body will surround us,
'Gainst mischances he will heed us,
Nought shall meet us that shall wound us.
He cares for us, watches, defends ;
And everything is in his hands.

And we believe in Jesus Christ,
His son, our Lord. Evermore he
Doth sit beside the Father highest,
Equal God in might and glory.
He of Mary, the young maiden,
Verily was born true human
By the Holy Ghost. Grief-laden

For our sakes, lost man and woman,
He on the cross expired in faith,
And rose again, through God, from death.

We believe in God the Holy Ghost
With the Father and the Saviour,
In whom the fearful learn to boast,
Who the meek doth crown with favour.
Christendom he with truth's leaven
In one heart and spirit keepeth.
Here all sins shall be forgiven ;
Wake too shall the flesh that sleepeth.
After these sufferings there shall be
For us life to eternity. Amen.

XI.

PRAYER.

I.

The Lord's Prayer, briefly and plainly set forth, and turned
into Metre.

OUR Father in the heaven who art,
Who tellest all of us, in heart
Brothers to be, and on thee call,
And wilt have prayer from us all,
Grant that the mouth not only pray,
From deepest heart oh help its way.

Hallowed be thy name, O Lord ;
Amongst us pure oh keep thy word,
That we too may live holily,
And keep in thy name worthily.
Defend us, Lord, from lying lore ;
Thy poor misguided folk restore.

Thy kingdom come now here below,
And after, up there, evermo.
The Holy Ghost his temple hold
In us with graces manifold.
The devil's wrath and greatness strong,
Crush, that he do thy church no wrong.

Thy will be done the same, Lord God,
On earth as in thy high abode ;
In pain give patience for relief,
Obedience in love and grief ;
All flesh and blood keep off and check
That 'gainst thy will makes a stiff neck.

Give us this day our daily bread,
And all that doth the body stead ;
From strife and war, Lord, keep us free,
From sickness and from scarcity ;
That we in happy peace may rest,
By care and greed all undistrest.

Forgive, Lord, all our trespasses,
That they no more may us distress,
As of our debtors we gladly let
Pass all the trespasses and debt.
To serve make us all ready be
In honest love and unity.

Into temptation lead us not.
When th' evil spirit makes battle hot
Upon the right and the left hand,
Help us with vigour to withstand,
Firm in the faith, armed 'gainst a host
Through comfort of the Holy Ghost.

From all that's evil free thy sons—
The time, the days are wicked ones.
Deliver us from endless death ;
Comfort us in our latest breath ;
Grant us also a blessed end,
Our spirit take into thy hand.

Amen ! that is, let this come true !
Strengthen our faith ever anew,
That we may never be in doubt
Of that we here have prayed about.
In thy name, trusting in thy word,
We say a soft Amen, O Lord.

II.

The Litany.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Chorus : Kyrie, | 2. Chorus : Eleison. |
| 1. Christe, | 2. Eleison. |
| 1. Kyrie, | 2. Eleison. |
| 1. O Christ, | 2. Hear us. |
1. Lord God, the Father in heaven,
1. Lord God, the Son, Saviour of the world,
1. Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
2. Have pity upon us.
1. Be gracious unto us.
2. Spare us, dear Lord God.
1. Be gracious unto us.
2. Help us, dear Lord God.
1. From all sins,
 From all error,
 From all evil,
2. Defend us, dear Lord God.
1. From the deceit and wiles of the devil,
 From violent, sudden death,
 From pestilence and famine,
 From war and bloodshed,
 From uproar and discord,

From fire and flood,
From hail and tempest,
From the eternal death,

2. Defend us, dear Lord God.

1. Through thy holy birth,
Through thy death-struggle and bloody sweat,
Through thy cross and death,

2. Help us, dear Lord God.

1. Through thy holy resurrection and ascension,
In our latest need,
At the last judgment,

2. Help us, dear Lord God.

1. We poor sinners pray

2. That thou wouldst hear us, dear Lord God !

1. And thy holy Church govern and lead ;

All bishops, parsons, and clerks, keep in the whole-
some word and holy life ;

All factions and offences prevent ;

All that wander and all that are led astray, bring back ;

Tread Satan under our feet ;

Into thy harvest send forth true labourers ;

Give to the word thy spirit and power ;

All that are troubled and faint-hearted help and
comfort them ;

To all kings and princes give peace and concord ;

To our emperor grant constant victory over his
enemies ;

Our sovereign, and all his mighty ones, guide and defend ;

Our council, school, and congregation, bless and protect ;

To all who are in distress or on a journey, appear with help ;

To all that are with child and that give suck, grant joyful fruit and good success ;

All children and sick persons foster and tend ;

All prisoners loose and unburden ;

All widows and orphans defend and provide for ;

Take pity upon all men ;

Our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, forgive and convert ;

The fruits of the earth give and preserve ;

And graciously hear us.

2. Hear us, dear Lord God.

1. O Jesus Christ, God's Son,

2. Have pity upon us.

1. O thou Lamb of God, that bearest the sins of the world,

2. Have pity upon us.

1. O thou Lamb of God, that bearest the sins of the world,

2. Have pity upon us.

1. O thou Lamb of God, that bearest the sins of the world,

2. Grant us endless peace.

1. Christ,

2. Hear us.

1. Kyrie,

2. Eleison.

1. Christe,

2. Eleison.

1. 2. Kyrie eleison. Amen.

III.

PEACE to us in thy mercy grant ;
In our times, Lord, it settle ;
Sure there is not another one
Able to fight our battle
But thou, our Lord God, only.

XII.

BAPTISM.

A Spiritual Song, concerning our Holy Baptism, wherein is
briefly contained what it is, who has instituted it,
whereto it serves, &c.

TO Jordan when our Lord had gone,
His Father's pleasure willing,
He took his baptism of St. John,
His work and task fulfilling ;
Therein he would appoint a bath
To wash us from defilement,
And also drown that cruel Death
In his blood of assoilment :
'Twas no less than a new life.

Let all then hear and right receive
The baptism of the Father,
And what a Christian shall believe
To shun where heretics gather.
Water indeed, not water mere
In it can do his pleasure,
His holy Word is also there
With Spirit rich, unmeasured :
He is the one baptizer.

This clearly he to us by word
Hath shown, nor less by vision ;
The Father's voice men plainly heard,
At Jordan tell his mission.
He said, This is my own dear Son,
In whom I am well contented ;
To you I send him, every one—
That you may hear, I have sent him,
And follow what he teaches.

Also God's Son himself here stands
In his humanity tender ;
The holy Ghost on him descends,
In dove's appearance hidden,
That not a doubt should ever rise
That, when we are baptized,
All the three persons do baptize ;
And so, here recognized,
Themselves give to dwell with us.

Christ to his scholars says : Go forth,
Give to all men acquaintance
That lost in sin lies the whole earth,
And must turn to repentance.
Who trusts, and is baptized, each one

Is thereby blest for ever ;
Is from that hour a new-born man,
And thenceforth dying never,
The kingdom shall inherit.

But in this grace who puts no faith,
Abides in his trespasses,
And is condemned to endless death,
Deep down in hell's abysses.
Nothing avails his righteousness,
And lost are all his merits ;
The old sin than nothing makes them less—
The sin which he inherits ;
And help himself he cannot.

The eye but water doth behold,
As from man's hand it floweth ;
But inward faith the power untold
Of Jesus Christ's blood knoweth.
Faith sees therein a red flood roll,
With Christ's blood dyed and blended,
Which hurts of all kinds maketh whole,
From Adam here descended,
And by ourselves brought on us.

XIII.

REPENTANCE.

The Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm.

FROM trouble deep I cry to thee ;
Lord God, hear thou my crying ;
Thy gracious ear oh turn to me,
Open it to my sighing.
For if thou mean'st to look upon
The wrong and evil that is done,
Who, Lord, can stand before thee ?

With thee availeth nought but grace
To cover trespass mortal ;
Our good deeds cannot show their face,
In best life they come short all.
Before thee no one glory can,
And so must tremble every man,
And live by thy grace only.

Hope therefore in my God will I,
On my deserts not founding ;
Upon him shall my heart rely,
All on his goodness grounding.
What his true word doth promise me,
My comfort shall and refuge be ;
That will I always wait for.

And if it last into the night,
And last again till morning,
Yet shall my heart hope in God's might,
To doubt or take thought scorning.
Thus Israel must keep his post,
For he was born of the Holy Ghost,
And for his God must tarry.

Although our sin be great, God's grace
Is greater to relieve us ;
His hand in helping nothing stays,
The hurt however grievous.
The shepherd good alone is he,
Who will at last set Israel free,
From all and every trespass.

XIV.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I.

A Song of St. John Huss, improved by Dr. Mart. Luther.

CHRIST Jesus, our Redeemer born,
Who from us did God's anger turn,
Through his sufferings sore and main,
Did help us all out of hell-pain.

That we never should forget it,
Gave he us his flesh, to eat it,
Hid in poor bread, gift divine,
And, to drink, his blood in the wine.

Who will draw near to that table,
Must take heed, all he is able.
Who unworthy thither goes,
Thence death instead of life he knows.

God the Father praise thou duly,
That he thee would feed so truly,
And for ill deeds by thee done
Up unto death has given his son.

Have this faith, and do not waver,
'Tis a food for every craver
Who, his heart with sin opprest,
Can no more for its anguish rest.

Such kindness and such grace to get,
Seeks a heart with agony great.
Is it well with thee? take care,
Lest at last thou shouldst evil fare.

He doth say, Come hither, O ye
Poor, that I may pity show ye.
No physician th' whole man will,
He makes a mockery of his skill.

Hadst thou any claim to proffer,
Why for thee then should I suffer?
This table is not for thee,
If thou wilt set thine own self free.

If such faith thy heart possesses,
And the same thy mouth confesses,

Fit guest then thou art indeed,
And so the food thy soul will feed.

But bear fruit, or lose thy labour :
Take thou heed thou love thy neighbour ;
That thou food to him mayst be,
As thy God makes himself to thee.

II.

A Song of Praise.

LET God be blest, be praiséd, and be thankéd,
Who to us himself hath granted
This his own flesh and blood to feed and save us !
May we take well what he gave us.

Kyrieleison.

By thy holy body dead in shame,
Lord, which from thy mother, Mary, came,
And by the holy blood
Ease us, Lord, from all our load.

Kyrieleison.

The holy body is for us laid lowly
Down in death, that we live holy ;

No greater goodness he to us could render,
To make think of his love tender.

Kyrieleison.

Lord, thy love so great in thee hath wrought,
That thy blood to us hath marvels brought,
Of our debt paid the sum,
That God gracious is become.

Kyrieleison.

God on us all his blessing free bestow now,
That in his ways we may go now !
Right-hearted love, and brotherly truth ensuing,
Never so thy supper ruing.

Kyrieleison.

Let thy Holy Ghost us not forsake,
Let him teach us the just way to take,
That thy poor Christendom
Into peace and union come.

Kyrieleison.

XV.

DEATH.

I.

IN the midst of life, we are
Aye in Death's embraces.
Who is there who help us can,
And in favour place us?
Thou art he, Lord, thou only.
From ill deeds we sorrowing turn
That have made thy anger burn.
Holy, holy Lord God,
Holy, mighty Lord God,
Holy Saviour with the tender heart,
Everlasting God,
Let us not be drownéd
In the pains of bitter death.
Kyrieleison.

In the midst of death, behold
Hell's jaws gaping at us !

Who will from such dire distress
Free and scathless set us ?
That dost thou, Lord, thou only.
It fills thy tender heart with woe
We should sin and suffer so.
Holy, holy Lord God,
Holy, mighty Lord God,
Holy Saviour with the tender heart,
Everlasting God,
Let us not be gasted
By hell's hollows all aglow.
Kyrieleison.

In the midst of pains of hell,
Us our sins are baiting ;
Whither shall we flee away
Where a rest is waiting ?
To thee, Lord Christ, thee only.
Outpoured is thy precious blood,
For our sins sufficing good.
Holy, holy Lord God,
Holy, mighty Lord God,
Holy Saviour with the tender heart,
Everlasting God,
Let us not fall from thee,
From the comfort of thy faith.
Kyrieleison.

II.

Simcon the Patriarch's Song of Praise.

IN peace and joy I now depart,
As God would have me.
Quiet and still is mind and heart,
He doth save me.
As my God hath promised me,
Death is become my slumber.

That is because Christ was God's Son,
Our redeemer true,
Whom thou, O Lord, to me hast shown,
And made me know
As the life eternal,
And health in pain and dying.

In the fore-front thou hast him placed,
In him delighted ;
The whole world to his kingdom blest
Hast invited,
Through thy precious wholesome word
In every place resounding.

He is the health and happy light
Of the heathen,
To feed them and their eyes make bright
Thee to see then.
Of thy folk Israel he is
The praise, joy, honour, pleasure.

XVI.

THE PRAISE OF GOD.

I.

UNTIL the seer Isaiah it was given,
That, in the spirit, he the Lord of heaven
Saw on a lofty throne, in radiance bright.
The skirt of his garments filled the temple quite.
Two seraphs at his side were standing there ;
Six wings he saw each one of them did wear ;
Two over their bright visages did meet,
With two of them they covered up their feet,
And with the other twain abroad did fly.
Each to the other called with a great cry,
Holy is God, the Lord of Zebaoth !
Holy is God, the Lord of Zebaoth !
Holy is God, the Lord of Zebaoth !
His glory great the whole world filled hath.
At the loud cry the beams and threshold shook,
And the whole house was full of cloud and smoke.

II.

The Song of Praise "Te Deum Laudamus," turned into
German by Dr. Mart. Luther.

The first Choir.—Lord God, thee praise do we.

The second Choir.—Lord, we give thanks to thee.

1. Thee, Father, eternal God,
2. Earth praises, far and broad.
1. All angels and heaven's host,
2. All that in thy service boast,
1. The cherubim and seraphim
2. Sing thee ever with lofty hymn :
1. Holy is our Lord God !
2. Holy is our Lord God !

Both Choirs.—Holy is our Lord God, the God of
Sabaoth.

1. Thy godlike might and lordship go
2. Wide over heaven and earth below.
1. To thee the holy twelve do call,
2. And thy beloved prophets all.
1. The precious martyrs, with one voice,
2. Praise thee, O Lord, with mighty noise.

1. From all thy worthy Christendom,
2. Every day thy praises come.
1. Thee God, the Father, on highest throne,
2. Thy true and only-begotten Son,
1. The holy Comforter always,
2. With service true they thank and praise.
1. Thou, king of glory, Christ, alone
2. Art the Father's eternal Son ;
1. Didst not the virgin's womb despise,
2. That so the human race might rise ;
1. Thou on the might of Death didst tread,
2. And Christians all to heaven hast led.
1. Thou sittest now at God's right hand,
2. With honours all in thy Father's land.
1. The hour shall come when thou shalt yet
2. Judge of the dead and living sit.
1. Now to thy servants help afford,
2. Ransomed with thy dear blood, O Lord.
1. Let us in heaven have our dole,
2. And with the holy be ever whole.
1. Thy folk, Lord Jesus Christ, advance,
2. And bless thine own inheritance.
1. Them watch and ward, Lord, every day.
2. Eternally them raise, we pray.
1. Daily, Lord God, we honour thee,
2. And praise thy name continually.
1. O God of truth, keep us this day

2. From every sin and evil way.
1. Be gracious to us, Lord, we plead
2. Be gracious to us in all need.
1. Show unto us thy pitying grace,
2. For all our hope in thee we place.
1. Dear Lord, our hope is in thy name ;
2. Let us be never put to shame. Amen.

OF LIFE AT COURT.

To the Tune—Ein Läppisch Mann.

WHO number one
Keeps in the van,
And gently can
His hoop drive on,
And fawn and fan,
And every man
Counts dust and bran—
He is the best eel in the pan.

Who has in sight
To live aright,
Keeps honour bright,
And is true quite—
Shall meet with slight,
And loss of might,
And scorn and spite,
And serve the rest, unhappy wight.

With flattery's rod
There's many a lad
Great wealth has had,
And praises glad ;
He down in mud
Shall others tread,
And honour wed.
So goes the world heels over head.

Whatever man
Has no such plan,
From court must run.
Such never won
But scoff and ban.
Who flatter can,
And sting and tan—
He is at court the best o' the clan.

FROM SCHILLER.

THE TRYST.

THAT was the sound of the wicket !
That was the latch as it rose !
No—the wind that through the thicket
Of the poplars whirring goes.

Put on thy beauty, foliage-vaulted roof,
To greet her entrance, radiant all with grace ;
Ye branches build a shadowy room, eye-proof,
With lovely night her, silent, to embrace ;
Ye airs caressing, wake, nor keep aloof,
But toy and gambol round her rosy face,
When with its load of beauty, lightly borne,
Glides in the fairy foot, and brings my morn.

Hush ! what is threading the hedges,
Rustling with hurrying pace ?
No, a bird among the sedges,
Terror-startled from its place !

Quench thy sunk torch, O Day! Appear, appear!
Dim, ghostly Night, with speechlessness entrancing!
Spread thy rose-purple veil around us here;
Spin round us twigs, the mystery enhancing;
Love's rapture flies the lurking listening ear—
It flies the daybeam indiscreetly glancing;
Hesper alone—no babbling tell-tale he—
Far-gazing, still, its confidant may be.

That was a voice, but far distant,
Faint, like a whispering low!
No; the swan that draws persistent
Through the pond his circles slow.

About mine ears harmonious breathings go;
The fountain falls in sweetly wavering rushes;
The flower beneath the west wind's kiss bends low;
Delight from each to every thing outgushes;
Grape-clusters beckon; peaches luring glow,
And, half-shown, in their leaves lurk, swelling luscious;
The air, which aromatic odours streak,
Dissolves the glow upon my burning cheek.

Hear I not echoing footfalls—
Hitherward, down the pleach'd walk?
No; the over-ripened fruit falls,
Heavy-swollen, from off its stalk.

Day's eye of flame itself is quenched quite
In gentle death, and all its hues grow dim ;
Now boldly open in the fair twilight
The cups which 'gainst his heat fast closed their brim ;
Calm lifts the moon her visage beaming bright ;
To soft great masses molten, earth doth swim ;
From every charm the zone drops unaware,
And every beauty dawns upon me bare.

Yonder I see a white shimmer—
Silky—of robe or of shawl !
No ; it is the column's glimmer
'Gainst the clipt yews' gloomy wall.

O longing heart ! no more thyself delight
In play with forms of loveliness ideal ;
The arm is empty which would clasp her tight ;
My burning heart will cool no shadow-weal !
O lead the living hither to my sight,
And let me feel her hand so soft, so real—
Or but the shadow of her mantle's hem—
Straight live my empty dreams, and I in them !

And soft as, from heavenly hills, golden,
Our minutes of gladness descend,
So there she had crept un beholden,
And waked with her kisses her friend.

HOPE.

MEN talk with their lips and dream with
their soul

Of better days hitherward pacing ;
To a happy, a glorious, golden goal
See them go running and chasing !
The world grows old and to youth returns,
But still for the Better man's bosom burns.

It is Hope leads him in, a helpless wight ;
With her presence the boy is merry ;
The youth is inspired by her magic light ;
Her the old man will not bury :
When he finds at the grave his weary scope,
Yet on the grave he planteth hope.

She was never begotten in Folly's brain,
An empty illusion, to flatter ;
In the heart a voice cries, loud and plain :
We are born to something better.
And that which the inner voice doth say,
Will never the hoping spirit betray.

THE WORDS OF FAITH.

THREE words I will tell you, of meaning full :
The lips of the many shout them,
Yet were they born of no sect or school,
'Tis the heart that knows about them :
That man is of every worth bereft
In those three words who has no faith left.

Man is free-born, and is free always,
Even were he born in fetters.
Let not the mob's cry lead you astray,
Nor the misdeeds of frantic upsetters :
Fear not the slave when he breaks his bands ;
Fear nothing from any free man's hands.

And *Virtue*—it is no empty sound,
That a man can obey her, no folly ;
Even if he stumble all over the ground,
He yet can follow the holy ;
And what never wisdom of wise men knew,
A child-like spirit can simply do.

And a *God* there is—a steadfast Will,
 However the human shrinketh :
High over space and time he still,
 The live Thought, doth what he thinketh ;
 Though all things keep circling, to change
 confined,
 He keeps in all changes a changeless mind.

These three words cherish—of meaning full ;
 From mouth to mouth send them faring ;
Although they spring from no sect or school,
 Your hearts them witness are bearing ;
 And man is never of worth bereft,
 While yet he has faith in these three words left.

THE WORDS OF VANITY.

THREE words there are of weighty sound,
And from good men's lips they hail us :
A tinkling cymbal, a drum's rebound,
For help or for comfort they fail us.
The fruit of life away man flings,
While reaching after those shadows of things.

While yet he believes in a Golden Age,
When the Right and the Good reign in splendour :
The Right and the Good war ever must wage—
The foe will never surrender ;
And chok'st thou him not in the upper air,
His might on the earth he will still repair.

While yet he believes that Fortune, the jilt,
To the noble will bind herself ever :
Her love-looks follow the man of guilt ;
The world to the good belongs never ;
He is in it a stranger, he wanders away,
Seeking a house that will not decay.

While yet he believes that to human gaze
Truth ever her face will disclose :
Her veil no mortal hand shall raise—
We can only think and suppose :
Thou prison'st the spirit in sounding form,
But the Fetterless walks away on the storm.

Then, noble spirit, from folly break free,
The heav'nly faith holding and handing :
What the ear never heard, what no eye can see,
Is the lovely, the true, notwithstanding ;
Not outside—there the fool for it seeks about—
It is *in* thee—thou bringest it ever out.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

“ **H**OW far the world lies under me !
Scarce can I see the men below there crawl-
ing !

The highest of all arts lifts me, my calling,
So near the heavenly canopy !”

Thus, from tower-roof where he doth clamber,
Calls out the slater ; also thus the small great man,
Jack Metaphysicus, down in his writing-chamber.

Tell me, thou little great big man—

The tower, whence thou so grandly all things hast
inspected,

Whereof is it, whereon is it erected ?

How cam'st thou up thyself ? Its heights so smooth
and bare—

What serve they for but thence into the vale to stare ?

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

THE principle whence everything
To life and shape ascended—
The pulley whereon Zeus the ring
Of Earth, which else in sherds would spring,
Has carefully suspended—
To genius I yield him a claim
Who fathoms for me what its name,
Save I withdraw its curtain :
It is—ten is not thirteen.

That snow makes cold, that fire burns,
That man on two feet goeth,
That in the heavens the sun sojourns—
This much the man who logic spurns,
Through his own senses knoweth ;
But metaphysics who has got,
Knows he that burneth, freezeth not ;
Knows 'tis the moist that wetteth,
And 'tis the rough that fretteth.

Great Homer sings his epic high ;
The hero fronts his dangers ;
The brave his duty still doth ply—
And did it while, I won't deny,
Philosophers were strangers :
But grant by heart and brain achiev'd
What Locke and Des Cartes ne'er conceiv'd—
By them yet, as behovéd,
It possible was provéd.

The strong man's right abideth still ;
The bold laughs like hyena ;
Who rule not, servants' parts must fill ;
It goes quite tolerably ill
Upon this world's arena ;
But how it would be, if the plan
Of the universe now first began,
Is in their moral system,
For all to read who list 'em.

“ Man needs with man must linked be
To reach the goal of growing ;
In the whole only worketh he ;
Many drops go to make the sea ;
Much water sets mills going.
Then with the wild wolves do not stand,
But knit the state's enduring band.”

From doctor's chair thus, tranquil,
Herr Pufendorf and swan-quill.

But since to all, what doctors say
Flies not as soon as spoken,
Nature will use her mother-way,
See that her chain fly not in tway,
The circle be not broken :
Meantime, until the world's great round
Philosophy in one hath bound,
She keeps it on the move, sir,
By hunger and by love, sir.

SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

I.

THREEFOLD is of Time the tread :
Lingering comes the Future pacing hither :
Dartlike is the Now gone thither ;
Stands the Past aye moveless, foot and head.

No impatience wings its idle
Tread of leisurely delay ;
Fear or doubt it cannot bridle,
Headlong when it runs away ;
No remorse, no incantation
Moves the standing from its station.

Wouldst thou end thy earthly journey
Wise and of good fortune full,
Make the Lingering thine attorney
Thee to counsel, not thy tool ;
Not for friend the Flying take,
Nor thy foe the Standing make.

II.

Threefold is of Space the way :

On unresting, without stay,
Strives the Length into the distance ;
Pours the Breadth without resistance ;
Bottomless the Depth goes down.

For a sign the three are sent thee :

Onward must alone content thee—
Weary thou must not stand still,
Wouldst thou thy perfection fill ;
Thou must spread thee wider, bigger,
Wouldst thou have the world take figure ;
To the deep the man descendeth
Who existence comprehendeth.

Leads persistence to the goal ;

Leads abundance to precision ;

Dwells in the abyss the vision.

In the following epigrams I have altered the form, which in the original is the elegiac distich.

KNOWLEDGE.

TO this man, 'tis a goddess tall,
Who lifts a star-encircled head ;
To that, a fine cow in a stall,
Which gives him butter to his bread.

MY FAITH.

WHICH religion I profess?
None of which you mention make.
Wherefore so?—And can't you guess?
For Religion's sake.

FRIEND AND FOE.

DEAR is my friend, but my foe too
Is friendly to my good ;
My friend the thing shows I *can* do,
My foe, the thing I should.

EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT.

THOUSAND-MASTED, mighty float,
Out to sea Youth's navy goes ;
Silent, in his one saved boat,
Age into the harbour rows.

FROM GOETHE.

PARABLE.

POEMS are window-panes all painted comely :
Into the church look from the square—
All is gloomy, dusky, and drumly ;
That's how it looks to sir Philistine there ;
So he may well in snuff turn paler,
And be at stained glass a constant railer.*

But come now, pray you, just step in ;
Make in the chapel your obeisance :
At once it is a rainbow-pleasance ;
Device and story flash to presence ;
A gracious splendour works to win.
To you, God's children, 'tis full measure ;
It edifies and gives you pleasure.

* I have altered the rhyming arrangement in this stanza, but it matters little, seeing the two stanzas are in this respect different.

LEGEND.

AFTER THE MANNER OF HANS SACHS.

WHILE yet unknown, and very low,
Our Lord on earth went to and fro,
And many scholars to him did flock,
Who very strangely his word mistook,
He much preferred to hold his court,
In streets and places of resort,
Because under the heaven's face,
Better and freer, words flow apace.
He gave them there the highest lore,
Out of his holy mouth in store ;
Wondrously, by parable and example,
He made every market-place a temple.

So faring in his heart's content,
With them once to a town he went,
Saw something blinking on the way,
And there a broken horse-shoe lay.

He said thereon St. Peter to,
“Prithee now, pick up the shoe.”
St. Peter was not in proper mood;
He had been dreaming all the road
Some stuff about ruling of the world,
With which so many brains are whirled—
For in the head that is so easy!
With this his thoughts were oftenest busy;
So was the windfall much too mean—
Crown and sceptre it should have been!
But how was he his back to bow
After half an iron-shoe?
Therefore aside his head he bended,
And that he had not heard pretended.

In his forbearance, the Lord did stoop,
And lift himself the horse-shoe up,
And for the present he did wait.
But when they reach the city gate,
He goes up to a blacksmith's door,
Receives three pence the horse-shoe for.
And as they through the market fare,
He sees for sale fine cherries there,
And buys of them so few or so many
As they will give for a three-penny,
Which he, thereon, after his way,
Up in his sleeve did quietly lay.

Now, from the other gate, they trod
Through fields and meadows a houseless road ;
The path of trees was desolate,
The sun shone out, the heat was great,
So that one in a region such
For a drink of water had given much.
The Lord goes ever before them all,
And as by chance lets a cherry fall.
In a trice St. Peter was after it there,
As if a golden apple it were ;
Sweet to his palate was the berry.
Then by and by, another cherry,
Down on the ground the Lord doth send,
For which St. Peter doth quickly bend.
So, many a time, the Lord doth let
Him bend his back the fruit to get.
A good while thus he let him glean,
And then the Lord did say serene :
“ If at the right time thou hadst bent,
It had been more convenient.
Of little things who little makes,
For lesser things he trouble takes.”

THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

UP there, upon yonder mountain,
Stands a castle old, in the gorse,
Where once, behind doors and portals,
Lurking lay knight and horse.

Burnt are the doors and the portals,
All around it is very still ;
The old walls, tumbled in ruins,
I scramble about at my will.

Close hereby lay a cellar,
Full of wine both old and rare ;
But the cheery maid with the pitchers
No more comes down the stair ;

No more in the hall, sedately,
Sets the beaker before the guest ;
No more at the festival stately
The flagon fills for the priest.

No more to the page so thirsty
Gives the draught in the corridor ;
And receives for the hurried favour
The hurried thanks no more.

For every rafter and ceiling
Long ago was to ashes burned,
And stair and passage and chapel
To rubbish and ruin turned.

Yet when, with flask and gittern,
On a day in the summer's prime,
Up to the rocky summit,
I saw my darling climb—

Out came the old joy reviving
On the face of the ancient rest,
And on went the old life driving,
In its lordliness and zest ;

As if for stately strangers
Prepared were the largest rooms,
And two young lovers came pacing
Out of those deedful glooms ;

And the worthy priest in his chapel
 Stood all in readiness,
And asked—Will you take each other?
 And smiling we answered—Yes ;

And the hymns with deep pulsation
 Stirred the inmost heart at once ;
And instead of the congregation
 The echo yelled response.

And when, towards the evening,
 Profound the stillness grew,
The red-glowing sun at the broken
 Gable came peering through,

And damsel and page, in his rays, are
 As lords in the ancient prime ;
She gives him a draught at her leisure,
 And to thank her he finds time.

FROM UHLAND.

THE LOST CHURCH.

IN the far forest, oft a bell
Is overhead heard ringing dully ;
How long since first, no one can tell—
Nor can the story explain it fully.
From the lost church, is all it saith,
Out on the winds the ringing goeth ;
Once full of pilgrims was the path—
Now where to find it, no one knoweth.

Deep in the wood I lately went,
Where no foot-trodden path is lying ;
From times corrupt, on evil bent,
My heart to God went out in sighing.
There, in the desert wood's repose,
Once more the ringing came and drew me ;
The higher that my longing rose,
It rang the fuller, nearer to me.

My thoughts so on themselves did brood,
My sense was with the sound so busy,
That I have never understood
How I did climb the steep so dizzy.
It seemed more than a hundred years
Had passed away in dreaming, sighing—
When, far above the clouds, appears
An open space in sunlight lying.

Dark-blue the heavens above it bowed ;
The sun was radiant, large and glowing ;
And there a minster's structure proud
Stood in the gold light, lovely showing.
The clouds around it, sunny-clear,
Aloft to bear it seemed like pinions ;
And its spire-point to disappear,
Upfloating far in heaven's dominions.

The bell's clear tones, of rapture full,
Boomed in the tower, and made it quiver ;
Yet no man's hand the rope did pull—
A holy tempest swung it ever.
It seemed to smite my throbbing breast,
That holy storm, like stream descended :
With doubting step, half-hopeful quest,
Into the church my way I wended.

What met me there, as in I yode,
I have not words wherewith to paint it.
Darksome yet clear, the windows glowed
With forms of all the martyrs sainted.
Then saw I, wondrously unfurled,
Form swell to life and break its barriers ;
I looked abroad into a world
Of holy women and God's warriors.

Down at the altar I kneeled soft ;
With love and prayer my heart was radiant.
Upon the ceiling high aloft
Was painted heaven's resplendent pageant ;
But when again I lift mine eyes,
The dome's high vault has flown asunder ;
The heavenly gate wide open lies,
And every veil unveils a wonder.

What gloriousness I then beheld,
With worshipping and speechless wonder,
What blessed sounds upon me swelled,
Like organs' and like trumpets' thunder—
That mortal words can never tell ;
But who for such is sighing sorest,
Let him give heed unto the bell
That dimly soundeth in the forest.

THE DREAM.

IN garden sweet went walking
Two lovers hand in hand,
Two pallid figures, not talking,
They sat in the flowery land.

They kissed on the cheek one another,
And they kissed upon the mouth ;
They held in their arms each other,
And back came their health and youth.

Two little bells rang shrilly—
The dream that instant fled ;
She lay in the cloister chilly,
He far in his dungeon bed.

FROM HEINE.

LYRISCHES INTERMEZZO.

XXXVIII.

THE phantoms of times forgotten
Arise from out their grave,
And show me how once in thy presence
I lived the life it gave.

In the day I wandered dreaming,
Through the streets with unsteady foot ;
The people looked at me in wonder,
I was so mournful and mute.

At night, then it was better,
For empty then was the town ;
I and my shadow together
Walked speechless up and down.

My way, with echoing footstep,
Over the bridge I took ;
The moon broke out of the vapours,
And gave me a solemn look.

I stopped before thy dwelling,
And gazed, one glimpse to gain—
Stood staring up at thy window—
My heart was in such pain.

I know that down from thy window
Thou many a look didst send,
And sawest me, in the moonlight,
There like a pillar stand.

I DREAMT of the daughter of a king,
With cheeks wan, damp, and chilly ;
We sat 'neath the green limes murmuring,
And clasped each other, love-stilly.

“ I do not want thy father's throne,
Nor his diamond crown that flashes ;
His sceptre of gold I would leave alone—
'Tis thyself I want, my precious.”

“ That cannot be,” she said to me ;
“ I lie in the grave uncheerly ;
And only at night I come to thee,
Because I love thee so dearly.”

XLV.

IN the sunny summer morning
Into the garden I come ;
The flowers are whispering and talking,
But for me, I wander dumb.

The flowers are whispering and talking ;
They pity my look so wan :
“ Thou must not be cross with our sister,
Thou sorrowful, pale-faced man ! ”

LXIV.

NIGHT lay upon mine eyelids ;
Upon my mouth lay lead ;
With rigid brain and bosom,
I lay among the dead.

How long it was I know not
That sleep thus rest me gave ;
I wakened up, and heard then
A knocking at my grave.

“Wilt thou not rise up, Henry ?
The eternal day comes on ;
The dead are all arisen ;
The eternal joy’s begun.”

“My love, I cannot raise me ;
For I have lost my sight ;
My eyes with bitter weeping
They are extinguished quite.”

“ From thy dear eyelids, Henry,
I'll kiss the night away ;
Thou shalt behold the angels,
And also heaven's display.”

“ My love, I cannot raise me ;
Still out the blood is poured,
Where thou heart-deep didst stab me,
With a keen-pointed word.”

“ I will my hand lay, Henry,
Soft, soft, upon thy heart ;
And that will stop its bleeding—
And soothe at once the smart.”

“ My love, I cannot raise me,
My head is bleeding too ;
When thou wast stolen from me,
I shot it through and through.”

“ I with my hair, dear Henry,
Will stop the fountain red ;
Press back again the blood-stream,
And heal thy wounded head.”

She begged so soft, so dearly,
I could no more say no ;

I tried and strove to raise me,
And to my darling go.

Then the wounds again burst open ;
With torrent force outbrake
From head and breast the blood-stream ;
And see ! I came awake.

DIE HEIMKEHR.

LX.

THEY have company this evening,
And the house is full of light ;
Up there at the shining window
Moves a shadowy form in white.

Thou seest me not—in the darkness
I stand here below, apart ;
Yet less, ah ! less thou seëst
Into my gloomy heart.

My gloomy heart it loves thee,
It loves thee in every spot ;
It breaks, it bleeds, it shudders—
But thou seëst it not.

DIAMONDS hast thou, and pearls,
 And all by which men lay store,
 And of eyes hast thou the fairest—
 Darling, what wouldst thou more?

Upon thine eyes so lovely,
 Have I a whole army-corps
 Of undying songs constructed—
 Darling, what wouldst thou more?

And with thine eyes so lovely,
 Hast thou tortured me very sore,
 And hast ruined me altogether—
 Darling, what wouldst thou more?

LIEDER.

IV.

THY little hand lay on my bosom, dear :
What knocking is that in the closet?—hear!
There dwelleth a carpenter evil, and he
Is hard at work on a coffin for me.

He hammers and knocks by night and by day ;
'Tis long since he drove all my sleep away.
Ah, haste thee, carpenter, busy keep,
That I the sooner go to sleep.

DIE NORDSEE.

FIRST CYCLE.

XII.

*PEACE.**

HIGH in heaven the sun was glowing,
White cloud-waves around him flowing ;
The sea was still and grey.
Thinking in dreams, by the helm I lay,
And half waking, half in slumber, then
Saw I Christ, the Saviour of men.
In undulating garments white,
He walked in giant form and might
Over land and sea.

* I have here used rhymes although the original has none. With severer notions of translating than when I did this, many years ago, I should not now take such a liberty. In a few other points also the translation is not quite close enough to please me ; but it must stand.

High in the heaven he towered his head,
And his hands in blessing forth he spread
Over land and sea.

And for a heart, in his breast
The sun, the red, flaming sun, did rest.
And the red, flaming sunheart of the Lord
Forth its gracious radiance poured,
Its fair and love-benignant light,
With clearing and with warming might,
Over land and sea.

Sounds of solemn bells that go
Through the air to and fro,
Drew, like swans in rosy traces,
With easy, playful graces,
The gliding ship to the green shore,
Where men were dwelling since long before,
And a mighty city, towered high,
Breaks and jags the line of the sky.

Oh, wonder of peace, how still was the town !
The hollow tumult had all gone down
Of the babbling and stifling trades ;
And through each clean and echoing street
Walked men and women, and youths and maids,
White clothes wearing,
Palm branches bearing ;

And ever and always when two did meet,
They gazed with eyes that plain did tell
They understood each other well;
And trembling, in sweet upgiving and love,
Each a kiss on the other's forehead laid,
And looked up to the Saviour's sunheart above,
Which, gladsome atoning, its red blood rayed
Downward ever; and they said,
From hearts with threefold gladness blest,
Lauded be Jesus Christ!

FROM VON SALIS-SEEWIS.

THE GRAVE.

THE grave is deep and soundless,
Its brink is ghastly lone ;
With veil all dark and boundless
It hides a land unknown.

The nightingale's sweet closes
Down there come not at all ;
Of friendship all the roses
Outside the hillock fall.

Their hands there brides forsaken
Wring bleeding, but in vain ;
The cries of orphans waken
No answering cry again.

Yet nowhere else for mortals
Waits the desired repose ;
Through none but those dark portals
Home to his rest man goes.

The poor heart, down here ever
By storm on storm beat sore,
Its true peace gaineth never
But where it beats no more.

PSYCHE'S MOURNING.

PSYCHE moans, in deep-sunk, darksome prison,
For redemption ; ah ! for light she aches ;
Fears, hopes, after every noise doth listen—
Whether Fate her bars of iron breaks.

Bound her pinions—airy, soaring, sheltery,
Yet high-hearted is she, groaning low ;
Knows that in the hours of trial sultry
Sprouts the palm that crowns the victor's brow ;

Knows amongst the thorns the rose yet reigneth,
Golden flowers spring from the desert grave ;
She her crown through self-denial gaineth,
And her strength is steeled by winds that rave.

'Tis through lacking she her blisses buyeth ;
Sorrow's dream comes true by longing long ;
Lest light break the sleep wherein she lieth,
Round her tree of life the shadows throng.

Psyche's wail is a lute softly sighing
From the willows the moon silvereth ;
In the crimson dawn her tears are lying ;
Breathe her sighs in the sweet violet's breath.

Cypress shades the myrtle of her probation ;
Much she loves because much is her dole ;
Love leads through the paths of separation
Only to the meeting's joyous goal.

She endures, can bravely bear each burden,
Dumb before the will of Fate bend low ;
Lies her bliss each softly plaintive word in ;
Her refreshment, feeling's overflow.

In the darkness, ah ! the forefelt token
Which her wings would spread the sky to cleave,
Is but bodement ; all her knowledge broken ;
Her truth what she truly doth believe.

Darkness hides the goal of Psyche's mission ;
And the eyes that weeping often galls
Reach not to the summit of completion,
Where illusion's cloudy curtain falls.

FROM CLAUDIUS.

THE MOTHER, BY THE CRADLE.

SLEEP, baby boy, sleep sweet, secure,
Thy father's very miniature !
That art and shape, though thy father goes
And says that thou hast not his nose.

This very moment here was he,
His face o'er thine did pose,
And said—Much has he sure of me,
But not, 'tis not my nose.

I think myself, it is not small,
But it is not nose after all ;
Excuse if thy nose his nose be not,
Whence came the nose that thou hast got ?

Sleep, boy ! thy father truly chose
To cease me—thine his part,
Never you mind about his nose,
And only love his heart.

CONTENTMENT.

I AM content. In triumph's tone
My song, let people know !
And many a mighty man, with throne
And sceptre, is not so.
And if he is, why then, I cry,
The man is just the same as I.

The Mogul's gold, the Sultan's show,
The hero's bliss, who, vext
To find no more of the world below,
Raised his eyes moonward next—
I would not have it ; things like that
Are only fit for laughing at.

My motto is—*Content with this.*

Gold—rank—I prize not such.
That which I have, my measure is ;
Wise men desire not much.
Men wish and wish, and have their will,
And wish again, as hungry still.

And gold or honour, though it rings,
Is but a brittle glass ;
The fluctuating course of things
Shows that, as it doth pass,
Oft changing many into none,
And giving honour a short run.

To do right, to be good and clear,
Is more than rank or gold ;
Then art thou always of good cheer,
And blisses hast untold ;
Then art thou with thyself at one,
And, no man hating, fearest none.

I am content. In triumph's tone,
My song, let people know.
And many a mighty man, with throne
And sceptre, is not so.
And if he is, why then, I cry,
The man is just the same as I.

FROM MILTON.

ITALIAN POEMS.

I.

O LADY fair, whose honoured name doth grace
Green vale and noble ford of Rheno's stream—
Of all worth void the man I surely deem
Whom thy fair soul enamoureth not apace,
When softly self-revealed in outer space
By actions sweet with which thy will doth teem,
And gifts—Love's bow and shafts in their esteem
Who tend the flowers one day shall crown thy race.
When thou dost lightsome talk or gladsome sing,—
A power to draw the hill-trees, rooted hard—
The doors of eyes and ears let that man keep,
Who knows himself unworthy thy regard.
Grace from above alone him help can bring,
That passion in his heart strike not too deep.

II.

AS in the twilight brown, on hillside bare,
Useth to go the little shepherd maid,
Watering some strange fair plant, poorly displayed,
Not thriving in unwonted soil and air,
Far from its native springtime's genial care ;
So on my ready tongue hath Love assayed
Of a strange speech to wake new flower and blade,
While I of thee, in scorn so debonnair,
Sing songs whose sense is to my people lost—
Yield the fair Thames, and the fair Arno gain.
Love willed it so, and I, at others' cost,
Already knew Love never willed in vain.
Ill would slow mind, hard heart reward the toil
Of him who plants from heaven so good a soil.

III.

LADIES, and youths that in their favour bask,
With mocking smiles come round me :
Prithee, why,
Why dost thou with an unknown language cope,
Love-riming? Whence the courage for the task?
Tell us—so never frustrate be thy hope,
And the best thought still to thy thinking fly!
Thus mocking they: Thee other streams, they cry,
Thee other shores, another sea demands,
Upon whose verdant strands
Are budding, every moment, for thy hair,
Immortal guerdon, leaves that will not die;
An over-burden on thy back why bear?—
Song, I will tell thee; thou for me reply:
My lady saith—and her word is my heart—
This is Love's mother-tongue, and fits his part.

IV.

DIODATI—and I muse to tell the tale—
This stubborn I, that Love was wont despise,
And made a laughter of his snares, unwise,
Am fallen, where honest feet will sometimes fail.
Not golden tresses, not a cheek vermeil,
Bewitched me thus ; but, in a new-world guise,
A beauty that the heart beatifies ;
A mien where high-souled modesty I hail ;
Eyes softly splendent with a darkness dear ;
A speech that more than one tongue vassal hath ;
A voice that in the middle hemisphere
Might make the tired moon wander from her path ;
While from her eyes such potent flashes shoot,
That to stop hard my ears would little boot.

V.

CERTES, my lady sweet, your blessed eyes—
It cannot be but that they are my sun ;
As strong they smite me as he smites upon
The man whose way o'er Libyan desert lies,
The while a vapour hot doth me surprise,
From that side springing where my pain doth wonn ;
Perchance accustomed lovers—I am none,
And know not—in their speech call such things sighs ;
A part shut in, itself, sore vexed, conceals,
And shakes my bosom ; part, undisciplined,
Breaks forth, and all about in ice congeals ;
But that which to mine eyes the way doth find,
Makes all my nights in silent showers abound,
Until my dawn* returns, with roses crowned.

* *Alba*—I suspect a hint at the lady's name.

VI.

A MODEST youth, in love a simpleton,
When to escape myself I seek and shift,
Lady, I of my heart the humble gift
Vow unto thee. In trials many a one,
True, brave, it has been, firm to things begun,
By gracious, prudent, worthy thoughts uplift.
When roars the great world, in the thunder-rift,
Its own self, armour adamant, it will don,
From chance and envy as securely barred,
From fears and hopes that still the crowd abuse,
As inward gifts and high worth coveting,
And the resounding lyre, and every Muse.
There only wilt thou find it not so hard
Where Love hath fixed his ever cureless sting.

FROM PETRARCH.

PART I. SONNET LIX.

I AM so weary with the burden old
Of foregone faults, and power of custom base,
That much I fear to perish from the ways,
And fall into my enemy's grim fold.
True, a high friend, to free me, not with gold,
Came, of ineffable and utmost grace ;—
Then straightway vanished from before my face,
So that in vain I strive him to behold.
But his voice yet comes echoing below :
O ye that labour ! see, here is the gate !
Come unto me—the way all open lies !
What heavenly grace—what love will—or what fate—
The glad wings of a dove on me bestow,
That I may rest, and from the earth arise ?

PART II. SONNET LXXV.

THE elect angels and the souls in bliss,
The citizens of heaven, on that first day
My lady passed from me and went their way,
Of marvel and pity full, did round her press.
“What light is this, and what new loveliness?”
They said among them; “for such sweet display
Did never mount, that from the earth did stray,
To this high dwelling, all this age, we guess.”*
She, pleased well her lodging chang’d to find,
Shows with her peers—by the most perfect placed;
And now and then half turns and looks behind
To see if I am following as she traced;
Hence I lift heavenward all my heart and mind,
Because I hear her pray me to make haste.

* Pure English of Petrarch’s time.

SONG OF THE LONELY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ELDER son, at home abiding !
All without is cold and bare :
Hide me from the tempest's chiding
Warm beside the father's chair.

I am homesick, Lord of splendour !
Twilight fills my soul with fright :
Let thy countenance befriend her,
Shining from the halls of light.

I am homesick, loving Father !
Long years has the pain increased :
Soon, oh soon ! thy children gather
To the endless marriage feast.

THREE PAIRS AND ONE.

A trans-translation from the German poet Rückert, through the Dutch poet Génestet.

YOU have two ears—and but one mouth :
Let this, friend, be a token—
Much should be heard, but not so much
Be spoken.

You have two eyes—and but one mouth :
That is an indication—
Much you must see, but little serves
Relation.

You have two hands—and but one mouth :
Receive the hint you meet with—
For labour two, but only one
To eat with.

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