

Pardon when before God's face!
Eke to those in slumber lulled—
To the dead, now drain your cup!
May our sins be all annulled!
Hell itself be swallowed up!

CHORUS.

When the golden bowl is broken,
Gentle sleep within the tomb!
Brethren, may a gracious doom
By the Judge of Man be spoken!"

Cavalry Song.

(From the last scene of "Wallenstein's Camp.")

"Huzza! O my comrades! to horse! to horse!
In the field still can freedom be wrested,
For there in the battle is proved manhood's force.
In the field our hearts will be tested!
None can another's place supply,
Each standeth alone—on himself must rely.

"Now freedom appears from the world to have flown,
None but lords and their vassals one traces;
While falsehood and cunning are ruling alone
O'er the living cowardly races.
The man who can look upon death without fear—
The soldier,—is now the sole freeman left here.

"The cares of this life, he casts them away,
Untroubled by fear or by sorrow;
He rides to his fate with a countenance gay,
And finds it to-day or to-morrow;
And if 'tis to-morrow, to-day we'll employ
To drink full deep of the goblet of joy.

"The skies o'er him shower his lot filled with mirth,
He gains, without toil, its full measure;
The peasant, who grubs in the womb of the earth,
Believes that he'll find there the treasure.
Through lifetime he shovels and digs like a slave,
And digs—till at length he has dug his own grave.

"The horseman, as well as his swift-footed beast,
Are guests by whom all are affrighted,
When glimmer the lamps at the wedding feast,
In the banquet he joins uninvited;
He woos not long, and with gold he ne'er buys,
But carries by storm love's blissful prize.

"Why weepest, my maiden? Why grievest thou so?
 Let me hence, let me hence, girl, I pray thee!
 The soldier on earth no sure quarters can know;
 With constancy never repay thee.
 Fate hurries him onward with fury blind,
 Nor peace nor rest is it his to find.

"Away then, my comrades, our chargers let's mount!
 Our hearts in the battle bound lightly!
 Youth's foam effervesces in life's bubbling fount.
 Away! while the spirit glows brightly!
 Unless you have courage your life to stake,
 Of life's true worth you will ne'er partake!"

Proverbs of Confucius.

TIME.

"Threefold is the march of Time:
 While the future slow advances,
 Like a dart the present glances,
 Changeless stands the past sublime.
 (Time as Future.)

"No impatience e'er can speed him
 On his course if he delay.
 (Time as Present.)

"No alarm, no doubts impede him
 If he keep his onward way.
 (Time as Past.)

"No remorse, no incantations
 Alter aught in his fixations.
 (Application.)

"Wouldst thou wisely and with pleasure,
 Pass the days of life's short measure,
 From the slow one counsel take,
 But a tool of him ne'er make;
 Ne'er as friend the swift one know,
 Nor the constant one as foe!"

SPACE.

"Threefold is the form of Space:
Length, with ever restless motion;
 Seeks eternity's wide ocean;
Breadth with boundless sway extends;
Depth to unknown realms descends.

APPLICATION.

"All types to thee are given:
 Thou must onward strive for heaven,
 Never still or weary be
 Wouldst thou perfect glory see;
 Far must thy researches go