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RAMPOLLI

BY

GEORGE MACDONALD

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FROM THE DUTCH OF GENESTET

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FROM PETRARCH

MILTON'S ITALIAN POEMS

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PREFACE TO THE TRANSLATIONS.

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 I offer 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, in the process of carrying over, more injury than must be, is a serious wrong.

I have endeavoured, first of all, to give the spirit of the poetry.

Next, I have sought to retain each individual meaning that goes to form the matter of a poem.

Third, I have aimed at preserving the peculiar mode, the aroma of the poet's style, so far as I could do it without offence to the translating English.

Fourth, both rhythm and rime being essential elements of every poem in which they are used, I have sought to respect them rigorously.

Fifth, spirit, matter, and form truly represented, the more literal the translation the more satisfactory will be the result.

After all, translation is but a continuous effort after the impossible.

There is in it a general difficulty whose root has a thousand ramifications, the whole affair being but an accommodation of difficulties, and a perfect translation from one language into another is a thing that cannot be effected. One is tempted even to say that in the whole range of speech there is no such thing as a synonym.

Much difficulty arises from the comparative paucity in English of double, or feminine rimes. But I can remember only one case in which, yielding to impossibility, I have sacrificed the feminine rime: where one thing or another must go, the less valuable must be the victim.

But sometimes a whole passage has had to suffer that a specially poetic line might retain its character.

With regard to the *_Hymns to the Night_* and the *_Spiritual Songs_* of Friedrich von Hardenberg, commonly called Novalis, it is desirable to mention that they were written when the shadow of the death of his betrothed had begun to thin before the approaching dawn of his own new life. He died in 1801, at the age of twenty-nine. His parents belonged to the sect called Moravians, but he had become a Roman Catholic.

Perhaps some of Luther's Songs might as well have been omitted, but they are all translated that the Songbook might be a whole. Some, I cannot tell how many or which, are from the Latin. His work is rugged, and where an occasional fault in rime occurs I have reproduced it.

In the few poems from the Italian, I have found the representation of the feminine rimes, so frequent in that language, an impossibility.

FROM NOVALIS.

HYMNS TO THE NIGHT

SPIRITUAL SONGS

A PARABLE (From THE DISCIPLES AT SAIS)

HYMNS TO THE NIGHT.

I.

Before all the wondrous shows of the widespread space around him, what living, sentient thing loves not the all-joyous light, with its colours, its rays and undulations, its gentle omnipresence in the form of the wakening Day? The giant world of the unresting constellations inhales it as the innermost soul of life, and floats dancing in its azure flood; the sparkling, ever-tranquil stone, the thoughtful, imbibing plant, and the wild, burning, multiform beast-world inhales it; but more than all, the lordly stranger with the meaning eyes, the swaying walk, and the sweetly closed, melodious lips. Like a king over earthly nature, it rouses every force to countless transformations, binds and unbinds innumerable

alliances, hangs its heavenly form around every earthly substance. Its presence alone reveals the marvellous splendour of the kingdoms of the world.

Aside I turn to the holy, unspeakable, mysterious Night. Afar lies the world, sunk in a deep grave; waste and lonely is its place. In the chords of the bosom blows a deep sadness. I am ready to sink away in drops of dew, and mingle with the ashes.--The distances of memory, the wishes of youth, the dreams of childhood, the brief joys and vain hopes of a whole long life, arise in gray garments, like an evening vapour after the sunset. In other regions the light has pitched its joyous tents: what if it should never return to its children, who wait for it with the faith of innocence?

What springs up all at once so sweetly boding in my heart, and stills the soft air of sadness? Dost thou also take a pleasure in us, dusky Night? What holdest thou under thy mantle, that with hidden power affects my soul? Precious balm drips from thy hand out of its bundle of poppies. Thou upliftest the heavy-laden pinions of the soul. Darkly and inexpressibly are we moved: joy-startled, I see a grave countenance that, tender and worshipful, inclines toward me, and, amid manifold entangled locks, reveals the youthful loveliness of the Mother. How poor and childish a thing seems to me now the light! how joyous and welcome the departure of the day!--Didst thou not only therefore, because the Night turns away from thee thy servants, strew in the gulfs of space those flashing globes, to proclaim, in seasons of thy absence, thy omnipotence, and thy return?

More heavenly than those glittering stars we hold the eternal eyes which the Night hath opened within us. Farther they see than the palest of those countless hosts. Needing no aid from the light, they penetrate the depths of a loving soul that fills a loftier region with bliss ineffable. Glory to the queen of the world, to the great prophetess of holier worlds, to the foster-mother of blissful love! she sends thee to me, thou tenderly beloved, the gracious sun of the Night. Now am I awake, for now am I thine and mine. Thou hast made me know the Night, and brought her to me to be my life; thou hast made of me a man. Consume my body with the ardour of my soul, that I, turned to finer air, may mingle more closely with thee, and then our bridal night endure for ever.

II.

Must the morning always return? Will the despotism of the earthly never cease? Unholy activity consumes the angel-visit of the Night. Will the time never come when Love's hidden sacrifice shall burn eternally? To the Light a season was set; but everlasting and boundless is the dominion of the Night. Endless is the duration of sleep. Holy Sleep, gladden not too seldom in this earthly day-labour, the devoted servant of the Night. Fools alone mistake thee, knowing nought of sleep but the shadow which, in the gloaming of the real night, thou pitifully castest over us. They feel thee not in the golden flood of the grapes, in the magic oil of the almond tree, and the brown juice of the poppy. They know not that it is thou who hauntest the bosom of the tender maiden, and makest a heaven of her lap;

never suspect it is thou, the portress of heaven, that steppest to meet them out of ancient stories, bearing the key to the dwellings of the blessed, silent messenger of secrets infinite.

III.

Once when I was shedding bitter tears, when, dissolved in pain, my hope was melting away, and I stood alone by the barren hillock which in its narrow dark bosom hid the vanished form of my Life, lonely as never yet was lonely man, driven by anguish unspeakable, powerless, and no longer aught but a conscious misery;--as there I looked about me for help, unable to go on or to turn back, and clung to the fleeting, extinguished life with an endless longing: then, out of the blue distances, from the hills of my ancient bliss, came a shiver of twilight, and at once snapped the bond of birth, the fetter of the Light. Away fled the glory of the world, and with it my mourning; the sadness flowed together into a new, unfathomable world. Thou, soul of the Night, heavenly Slumber, didst come upon me; the region gently upheaved itself, and over it hovered my unbound, new-born spirit. The hillock became a cloud of dust, and through the cloud I saw the glorified face of my beloved. In her eyes eternity reposed. I laid hold of her hands, and the tears became a sparkling chain that could not be broken. Into the distance swept by, like a tempest, thousands of years. On her neck I welcomed the new life with ecstatic tears. Never was such another dream; then first and ever since I hold fast an eternal, unchangeable faith in the heaven of the Night, and its sun, the Beloved.

IV.

Now I know when will come the last morning: when the light no more scares away the Night and Love, when sleep shall be without waking, and but one continuous dream. I feel in me a celestial exhaustion. Long and weariful was my pilgrimage to the holy grave, and crushing was the cross. The crystal wave, which, imperceptible to the ordinary sense, springs in the dark bosom of the hillock against whose foot breaks the flood of the world, he who has tasted it, he who has stood on the mountain frontier of the world, and looked across into the new land, into the abode of the Night, verily he turns not again into the tumult of the world, into the land where dwells the Light in ceaseless unrest.

On those heights he builds for himself tabernacles--tabernacles of peace; there longs and loves and gazes across, until the welcomest of all hours draws him down into the waters of the spring. Afloat above remains what is earthly, and is swept back in storms; but what became holy by the touch of Love, runs free through hidden ways to the region beyond, where, like odours, it mingles with love asleep. Still wakest thou, cheerful Light, the weary man to his labour, and into me pourest gladsome life; but thou wilest me not away from Memory's mossgrown monument. Gladly will I bestir the deedy hands, everywhere behold where thou hast need of me; bepraise the rich pomp of thy splendour; pursue unwearied the lovely harmonies of thy skilled handicraft; gladly contemplate the thoughtful pace of thy

mighty, radiant clock; explore the balance of the forces and the laws of the wondrous play of countless worlds and their seasons; but true to the Night remains my secret heart, and to creative Love, her daughter. Canst _thou_ show me a heart eternally true? Has thy sun friendly eyes that know me? Do thy stars lay hold of my longing hand? Do they return me the tender pressure and the caressing word? Was it thou didst bedeck them with colours and a flickering outline? Or was it _she_ who gave to thy jewels a higher, a dearer significance? What delight, what pleasure offers _thy_ life, to outweigh the transports of Death? Wears not everything that inspirits us the livery of the Night? Thy mother, it is she who brings thee forth, and to her thou owest all thy glory. Thou wouldst vanish into thyself, thou wouldst dissipate in boundless space, if she did not hold thee fast, if she swaddled thee not, so that thou grewest warm, and, flaming, gavest birth to the universe. Verily I was before thou wast; the mother sent me with my sisters to inhabit thy world, to sanctify it with love that it might be an ever present memorial, to plant it with flowers unfading. As yet they have not ripened, these thoughts divine; as yet is there small trace of our coming apocalypse. One day thy clock will point to the end of Time, and then thou shalt be as one of us, and shalt, full of ardent longing, be extinguished and die. I feel in me the close of thy activity, I taste heavenly freedom, and happy restoration. With wild pangs I recognize thy distance from our home, thy feud with the ancient lordly Heaven. Thy rage and thy raving are in vain. Inconsumable stands the cross, victory-flag of our race.

Over I pilgrim
Where every pain
Zest only of pleasure
Shall one day remain.
Yet a few moments
Then free am I,
And intoxicated
In Love's lap lie.
Life everlasting
Lifts, wave-like, at me:
I gaze from its summit
Down after thee.
Oh Sun, thou must vanish
Yon hillock beneath;
A shadow will bring thee
Thy cooling wreath.
Oh draw at my heart, love,
Draw till I'm gone;
That, fallen asleep, I
Still may love on!
I feel the flow of
Death's youth-giving flood;
To balsam and aether, it
Changes my blood!
I live all the daytime
In faith and in might:
In holy rapture
I die every night.

V.

In ancient times an iron Fate lorded it, with dumb force, over the widespread families of men. A gloomy oppression swathed their anxious souls: the Earth was boundless, the abode of the gods and their home. From eternal ages stood its mysterious structure. Beyond the red hills of the morning, in the sacred bosom of the sea, dwelt the sun, the all-enkindling, live luminary. An aged giant upbore the happy world. Prisoned beneath mountains lay the first-born sons of mother Earth, helpless in their destroying fury against the new, glorious race of gods, and their kindred, glad-hearted men. Ocean's dusky, green abyss was the lap of a goddess. In the crystal grottoes revelled a wanton folk. Rivers, trees, flowers, and beasts had human wits. Sweeter tasted the wine, poured out by youth impersonated; a god was in the grape-clusters; a loving, motherly goddess upgrew in the full golden sheaves; love's sacred carousal was a sweet worship of the fairest of the goddesses. Life revelled through the centuries like one spring-time, an ever-variegated festival of the children of heaven and the dwellers on the earth. All races childlike adored the ethereal, thousandfold flame, as the one sublimest thing in the world.

It was but a fancy, a horrible dream-shape--

That fearsome to the merry tables strode,
And wrapt the spirit in wild consternation.
The gods themselves here counsel knew nor showed
To fill the stifling heart with consolation.
Mysterious was the monster's pathless road,
Whooose rage would heed no prayer and no oblation;
Twas Death who broke the banquet up with fears,
With anguish, with dire pain, and bitter tears.

Eternally from all things here departed
That sway the heart with pleasure's joyous flow,
Divided from the loved, whom, broken-hearted,
Vain longing tosses and unceasing woe--
In a dull dream to struggle, faint and thwarted,
Smeemed all was granted to the dead below!
Broke lay the merry wave of human glory
On Death's inevitable promontory.

With daring flight, aloft Thought's pinions sweep;
The horrid thing with beauty's robe men cover:
A gentle youth puts out his torch, to sleep;
Sweet comes the end, like moaning lute of lover.
Cool shadow-floods o'er melting memory creep:
So sang the song, for Misery was the mover.
Still undeciphered lay the endless Night--
The solemn symbol of a far-off Might.

The old world began to decline. The pleasure-garden of the young race

withered away; up into opener regions and desolate, forsaking his childhood, struggled the growing man. The gods vanished with their retinue. Nature stood alone and lifeless. Dry Number and rigid Measure bound her with iron chains. As into dust and air the priceless blossoms of life fell away in words obscure. Gone was wonder-working Faith, and the all-transforming, all-uniting angel-comrade, the Imagination. A cold north wind blew unkindly over the torpid plain, and the wonderland first froze, then evaporated into aether. The far depths of heaven filled with flashing worlds. Into the deeper sanctuary, into the more exalted region of the mind, the soul of the world retired with all her powers, there to rule until the dawn should break of the glory universal. No longer was the Light the abode of the gods, and the heavenly token of their presence: they cast over them the veil of the Night. The Night became the mighty womb of revelations; into it the gods went back, and fell asleep, to go abroad in new and more glorious shapes over the transfigured world. Among the people which, untimely ripe, was become of all the most scornful and insolently hostile to the blessed innocence of youth, appeared the New World, in guise never seen before, in the song-favouring hut of poverty, a son of the first maid and mother, the eternal fruit of mysterious embrace. The forseeing, rich-blossoming wisdom of the East at once recognized the beginning of the new age; a star showed it the way to the lowly cradle of the king. In the name of the far-reaching future, they did him homage with lustre and odour, the highest wonders of Nature. In solitude the heavenly heart unfolded itself to a flower-chalice of almighty love, upturned to the supreme face of the father, and resting on the bliss-boding bosom of the sweetly solemn mother. With deifying fervour the prophetic eye of the blooming child beheld the years to come, foresaw, untroubled over the earthly lot of his own days, the beloved offspring of his divine stem. Ere long the most childlike souls, by true love marvellously possessed, gathered about him. Like flowers sprang up a new strange life in his presence. Words inexhaustible and tidings the most joyful fell like sparks of a divine spirit from his friendly lips. From a far shore came a singer, born under the clear sky of Hellas, to Palestine, and gave up his whole heart to the marvellous child:--

The youth art thou who ages long hast stood
Upon our graves, lost in a maze of weening;
Sign in the darkness of God's tidings good,
Whence hints of growth humanity is gleaning;
For that we long, on that we sweetly brood
Which erst in woe had lost all life and meaning;
In everlasting life death found its goal,
For thou art Death, and thou first mak'st us whole.

Filled with joy, the singer went on to Indostan, his heart intoxicated with sweetest love, and poured it out in fiery songs under that tender sky, so that a thousand hearts bowed to him, and the good news sprang up with a thousand branches. Soon after the singer's departure, his precious life was made a sacrifice for the deep fall of man. He died in his youth, torn away from his loved world, from his weeping mother, and his trembling friends. His lovely mouth emptied the dark cup of unspeakable wrongs. In horrible anguish the birth of the new world drew near. Hard he wrestled with the terrors of old Death; heavy lay the weight of the old world upon

him. Yet once more he looked kindly at his mother; then came the releasing hand of the Love eternal, and he fell asleep. Only a few days hung a deep veil over the roaring sea, over the quaking land; countless tears wept his loved ones; the mystery was unsealed: heavenly spirits heaved the ancient stone from the gloomy grave. Angels sat by the sleeper, sweetly outbodied from his dreams; awaked in new Godlike glory, he clomb the apex of the new-born world, buried with his own hand the old corpse in the forsaken cavity, and with hand almighty laid upon it the stone which no power shall again upheave.

Yet weep thy loved ones over thy grave tears of joy, tears of emotion, tears of endless thanksgiving; ever afresh, with joyous start, see thee rise again, and themselves with thee; behold thee weep with soft fervour on the blessed bosom of thy mother, walk in thoughtful communion with thy friends, uttering words plucked as from the tree of life; see thee hasten, full of longing, into thy father's arms, bearing with thee youthful Humanity, and the inexhaustible cup of the golden Future. Soon the mother hastened after thee in heavenly triumph; she was the first with thee in the new home. Since then, long ages have flowed past, and in splendour ever increasing hath bestirred itself thy new creation, and thousands have, out of pangs and tortures, followed thee, filled with faith and longing and truth, and are walking about with thee and the heavenly virgin in the kingdom of Love, minister in the temple of heavenly Death, and are for ever thine.

Uplifted is the stone,
And all mankind is risen;
We all remain thine own,
And vanished is our prison.
All troubles flee away
Before thy golden cup;
For Earth nor Life can stay
When with our Lord we sup.

To the marriage Death doth call;
No virgin holdeth back;
The lamps burn lustrous all;
Of oil there is no lack.
Would thy far feet were waking
The echoes of our street!
And that the stars were making
Signal with voices sweet!

To thee, O mother maiden,
Ten thousand hearts aspire;
In this life, sorrow-laden,
Thee only they desire;
In thee they hope for healing;
In thee expect true rest,
When thou, their safety sealing,
Shalt clasp them to thy breast.

With disappointment burning

Who made in hell their bed,
At last from this world turning
To thee have looked and fled:
Helpful thou hast appeared
To us in many a pain:
Now to thy home we're neared,
Not to go out again!

Now at no grave are weeping
Such as do love and pray;
The gift that Love is keeping
From none is taken away.
To soothe and quiet our longing
Night comes, and stills the smart;
Heaven's children round us thronging
Now watch and ward our heart.

Courage! for life is striding
To endless life along;
The Sense, in love abiding,
Grows clearer and more strong.
One day the stars, down dripping,
Shall flow in golden wine:
We, of that nectar sipping,
As living stars shall shine!

Free, from the tomb emerges
Love, to die never more;
Fulfilled, life heaves and surges
A sea without a shore!
All night! all blissful leisure!
One jubilating ode!
And the sun of all our pleasure
The countenance of God!

VI.

LONGING AFTER DEATH.

Into the bosom of the earth!
Out of the Light's dominions!
Death's pains are but the bursting forth
Of glad Departure's pinions!
Swift in the narrow little boat,
Swift to the heavenly shore we float!

Blest be the everlasting Night,
And blest the endless Slumber!
We are heated with the day too bright,
And withered up with cumber!
We're weary of that life abroad:
Come, we will now go home to God!

Why longer in this world abide?
Why love and truth here cherish?
That which is old is set aside--For
us the new may perish!
Alone he stands and sore downcast
Who loves with pious warmth the Past.

The Past where yet the human spirit
In lofty flames did rise;
Where men the Father did inherit,
His countenance recognize;
And, in simplicity made ripe,
Many grew like their archetype.

The Past wherin, still rich in bloom,
Old stems did burgeon glorious;
And children, for the world to come,
Sought pain and death victorious;
And, though both life and pleasure spake,
Yet many a heart for love did break.

The Past, where to the glow of youth
God yet himself declared;
And early death, in loving truth
The young beheld, and dared--
Anguish and torture patient bore
To prove they loved him as of yore.

With anxious yearning now we see
That Past in darkness drenched;
With this world's water never we
Shall find our hot thirst quenched:
To our old home we have to go
That blessed time again to know.

What yet doth hinder our return?
Long since repose our precious!
Their grave is of our life the bourn;
We shrink from times ungracious!
By not a hope are we decoyed:
The heart is full; the world is void!

Infinite and mysterious,
Thrills through me a sweet trembling,
As if from far there echoed thus
A sigh, our grief resembling:
The dear ones long as well as I,
And send to me their waiting sigh.

Down to the sweet bride, and away
To the beloved Jesus!
Courage! the evening shades grow gray,

Of all our griefs to ease us!
A dream will dash our chains apart,
And lay us on the Father's heart.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

I.

Without thee, what were life or being!
Without thee, what had I not grown!
From fear and anguish vainly fleeing,
I in the world had stood alone;
For all I loved could trust 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.
No rest for me, tumultuous driven!
A hopeless sorrow by the hearth!--
Who, that had not a 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;
His fate in Him transfigured glows;
On freezing Iceland India gaineth,
And round the loved one blooms and blows.

Life grows a twilight softly stealing;
The world speaks all of love and glee;
For every wound grows herb of healing,
And every heart beats full and free.
I, his ten thousand gifts receiving,
Humble like him, 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 gladly call them to their kin.
See heaven high over earth up-dawning!
In faith we see it rise and spread:
To all with us one spirit owning--

To them with us 'tis opened.

An ancient, heavy guilt-illusion
Haunted our hearts, a changeless doom;
Blindly we strayed in night's confusion;
Gladness and grief alike 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, grim 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,
He in our hearts has fanned alight.
Then first heaven opened--and, no fable,
Our own old fatherland we trod!
To hope and trust we straight 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,
A happy dream, through every heart;
We, to his love and joy devoted,
Scarce know the moment we depart.

Still standeth, in his wondrous glory,
The holy loved one with his own;
His crown of thorns, his faithful story
Still move our hearts, still make us groan.
Whoso from deadly sleep will waken,
And grasp his hand of sacrifice,
Into his heart with us is taken,
To ripen 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!--
Granted boon to Longing's long privation!
Sweet love in divine transfiguration!

Comes at last, our old Earth's native,
All-Heaven's one child, simple, kind!
Blows again, in song creative,
Round the earth a living wind;
Blows to clear new flames that rush together
Sparks extinguished long by earthly weather.

Everywhere, from graves upspringing,
Rises new-born life, new blood!
Endless peace up to us bringing,
Dives he underneath life's flood;
Stands in midst, with full hands, eyes caressing--
Hardly waits the prayer to grant the blessing.

Let his mild looks of invading
Deep into thy spirit go;
By his blessedness unfading
Thou thy heart possessed shalt know.
Hearts of all men, spirits all, and senses
Mingle, and a new glad dance commences.

Grasp his hands with boldness yearning;
Stamp his face thy heart upon;
Turning toward him, ever turning,
Thou, the flower, must face thy 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,
Wiles him from all sides evermore--

As if a treasure past believing

Lay there below, for him high-piled,
After whose lock, with bosom heaving,
He breathless grasps in longing wild:

He sees the Future, waste and arid,
In hideous length before him stretch;
About he roams, alone and harried,
And seeks himself, poor restless wretch!--

I fall upon his bosom, tearful:
I once, like thee, with woe was wan;
But I grew well, am strong and cheerful,
And know the eternal rest of man.

Thou too must find the one consoler
Who inly loved, endured, and died--
Even for them that wrought his dolour
With thousand-fold rejoicing died.

He died--and yet, fresh each to-morrow,
His love and him thy heart doth hold;
Thou mayst, consoled for every sorrow,
Him in thy arms with ardour fold.

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

What thou didst lose, he keeps it for thee;
With him thy lost love thou shalt find;
And what his hand doth once restore thee,
That hand to thee will changeless bind.

IV.

Of the thousand hours me meeting,
And with gladsome promise greeting,
One alone hath kept its faith--
One wherein--ah, sorely grieved!--
In my heart I first perceived
Who for us did die the death.

All to dust my world was beaten;
As a worm had through them eaten
Withered in me bud and flower;
All my life had sought or cherished
In the grave had sunk and perished;
Pain sat in my ruined bower.

While I thus, in silence sighing,
Ever wept, on Death still crying,

Still to sad delusions 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, or friend or brother!--
Sight seen once, and evermore!
Lone in all life's eves and morrows,
This hour only, like my sorrows,
Ever shines my eyes before.

V.

If I him but have,[1]
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.

[Footnote 1: Here I found the double or feminine rhyme impossible without the loss of the far more precious simplicity of the original, which could be retained only by a literal translation.]

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

If I him but have,
Glad to sleep I sink;
From his heart the food he gave
Shall to mine be food and drink;
And, with sweet compelling,
Mine shall soften, deep throughout it welling.

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,
Hear no more the Earth or its poor praising.

Where I have but him
Is my fatherland;
Every gift a precious gem
Come to me from his own 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,
Such great things thou hast done!
But thou art 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 thy love they'll see,
Weep bitterly, and nestle
Like children to thy knee.

Thou with thy love hast found me!
O do not let me go!
Keep me where thou hast bound me
Till one with thee I grow.
My brothers yet will waken,
One look to heaven will dart--
Then sink down, love-o'ertaken,
And fall upon thy heart.

VII.

HYMN.

Few 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 that ever

From warm, beloved lips,
Drew breath of life;
In whom the holy glow
Ever melted the heart in trembling waves;
Whose eye ever opened so
As to fathom
The bottomless 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
That 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
Becomes the heart;
And so endureth Love's delight
From everlasting to everlasting.
Had the refraining
Tasted but once,
All had they left
To set themselves down with us
To the table of longing
Which will never be bare;
Then had they known Love's
Infinite fullness,
And commended the sustenance
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 my weeping, is my wailing:
Would that I were turned to clay!

Evermore I hear him crying
To his Father, see him dying:
Will this heart for ever beat!
Will my eyes in death close never?
Weeping all into a river
Were a bliss for me too sweet!

Hear I none but me bewailing?
Dies his name an echo failing?
Is the world at once struck dead?
Shall I from his eyes, ah! never
More drink love and life for ever?
Is he now for always dead?

Dead? What means that sound of dolour?
Tell me, tell me thou, a scholar,
What it means, that word so grim.
He is silent; all turn from me!
No one on the earth will show me
Where my heart may look for him!

Earth no more, whate'er befall me,
Can to any gladness call me!
She is but one dream of woe!
I too am with him departed:
Would I lay with him, still-hearted,
In the region down below!

Hear, me, hear, his and my father!
My dead bones, I pray thee, gather
Unto his--and soon, I pray!
Grass his hillock soon will cover,
Soon the wind will wander over,
Soon his form will fade away.

If his love they once perceived,
Soon, soon all men had 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.

Down into deepest gulfs of sea
Grim Death hath sunk away;
And now each 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
Enters the Father's door.

Down here weeps no one any more
For friend that shuts his eyes;
For, soon or late, the parting sore
Will change to glad surprise.

And now to every friendly deed
Each heart will warmer glow;
For many a fold the fresh-sown seed
In lovelier fields will blow.

He lives--will sit beside our hearths,
The greatest with the least;
Therefore this day shall be our Earth's
Glad Renovation-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!
Our souls black midnights cover
With mountains piled aloft.

Firm props like reeds are waving;
For trust is left no stay;
Our thoughts, like 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?

Go to the tree of wonder;
Give silent longing room;
Issuing flames asunder
Thy bad dream will consume.

Draws thee an angel tender
In safety to the strand:
Lo, at thy feet in splendour
Lies spread the Promised Land!

XI.

I know not what were left to draw me,
Had I but him who is my bliss;
If still his eye with pleasure saw me,
And, dwelling with me, me would miss.

So many search, round all ways going,
With face distorted, anxious eye,
Who call themselves the wise and knowing,
Yet ever pass this treasure by!

One man believes that he has found it,
And what he has is nought but gold;
One takes the world by sailing round it:
The deed recorded, all is told!

One man runs well to gain the laurel;
Another, in Victory's fane a niche:
By different Shows in bright apparel
All are befooled, not one made rich!

Hath He not then to you appeared?
Have ye forgot Him turning wan
Whose side for love of us was speared--
The scorned, rejected Son of Man?

Of Him have you not read the story--
Heard one poor word upon the wind?
What heavenly goodness was his glory,
Or what a gift he left behind?

How he descended from the Father,
Of loveliest mother infant grand?
What Word the nations from him gather?
How many bless his healing hand?

How, thereto urged by mere love, wholly
He gave himself to us away,
And down in earth, foundation lowly,
First stone of God's new city, lay?

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

Will you not let the world go faring?
For Him your dearest wish deny?
To him alone your heart keep baring,
Who you has shown such favour high?

Hero of love, oh, take me, take me!
Thou art my life! my world! my gold!
Should every earthly thing forsake me,
I know who will me scatheless hold!

I see Thee my lost loves restoring!
True evermore to me 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 him forth with might;
Out of thine arms, oh yield him quite!
Shyness alone, sweet shame, I know,
Kept him from coming long ago!

Haste him from thine into our arm
To take him with thy breath yet warm;
Thick clouds around the baby wrap,
And let him down into our lap.

In the cool streams send him to us;
In flames let him glow tremulous;
In air and oil, in sound and dew,
Let him pierce all Earth's structure through.

So shall the holy fight be fought,
So come the rage of hell to nought;
And, ever blooming, dawn again
The ancient Paradise of men.

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-breast.

Winter gives way; a year new-born
Stands at the manger's alter-horn;
'Tis the first year of that new Earth
Claimed by the child 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 every flower himself smiles out.

He is the star; he is the sun;
Life's well that evermore will run;
From herb, stone, sea, and light'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 un-defiled;
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;
Clouds close in on our December
And no beam of hope shines through!

Oh but then God bends him o'er us!
Then his love comes very near!
Long we heavenward then--before us
Lo, his angel standing clear!
Life's cup fresh to us he reaches;
Whispers comfort, courage new;
Nor in vain our prayer beseeches
Rest for our beloved ones 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
Whereout springs hence his spirit's highest force.

My heart is very true to thee;
My ever 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 beams!
The little God in thine arms lying
Took pity on his playmate crying:
But thou with high look me didst awe,
And into clouds of glory didst withdraw.

What have I done to thee, poor wretch?
To thee my longing arms I stretch!
Are not thy holy chapels ever
My resting-spots in life's endeavour?
O Queen, of saints and angels blest,
This heart and life take up into thy rest!

Thou know'st that I, beloved Queen,
All thine and only 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!
I, merry child, looked up to thee!
His hands thy little infant gave me
In sign that one day he would save me;
Thou smiledst, full of tenderness,
And then didst kiss me: oh the heavenly bliss!

Afar stands now that gladness 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 the world's loud splendour
Since then is like a dream o'erblown;
And that a heaven, for words too tender,
My quieted spirit fills alone.

A PARABLE.

Long ago, there lived far to the west a very young man, good, but extremely odd. He tormented himself continually about this nothing and that nothing, always walked in silence and straight before him, sat down alone when the others were at their sports and merry-makings, and brooded over strange things. Caves and woods were his dearest haunts; and there he talked on and on with beasts and birds, with trees and rocks--of course not one rational word, but mere idiotic stuff, to make one laugh to death. He continued, however, always moody and serious, in spite of the utmost pains that the squirrel, the monkey, the parrot, and the bullfinch could take to divert him, and set him in the right way. The goose told stories, the brook jingled a ballad between, a great thick stone cut ridiculous capers, the rose stole lovingly about him from behind and crept through his locks, while the ivy stroked his troubled brow. But his melancholy and gravity were stubborn. His parents were much troubled, and did not know what to do. He was in good health, and ate well enough; they had never caused him any offence; and, until a few years ago, he had been the liveliest and merriest of them all, foremost in all their games, and a favourite with all the maidens. He was very handsome, looked like a picture, and danced like an angel. Amongst the maidens was one, a charming and beautiful creature, who looked like wax, had hair like golden silk, and cherry-red lips, was a doll for size, and had coal-black, yes, raven-black eyes. Whoever saw her was ready to swoon, she was so lovely.

Now Rosebud, for that was her name, was heartily fond of the handsome Hyacinth, for that was his name, and he loved her fit to die. The other children knew nothing of it. A violet told them of it first. The little house-cats had been quite aware of it, for the houses of their parents lay near each other. So when Hyacinth stood at night by his window, and Rosebud at hers, and the cats ran past mouse-hunting, they saw the two standing there, and often laughed and tittered so loud that they heard it and were offended. The violet told it in confidence to the strawberry, and she told it to her friend, the raspberry, who never ceased rasping when Hyacinth came along; so that by and by the whole garden and wood were in the secret, and when Hyacinth went out, he heard on all sides the cry: "Little Rosy is my posy!" This vexed him; but the next moment he could not help laughing from the bottom of his heart, when the little lizard came slipping along, sat down on a warm stone, waggled his tail, and sang--

"Little Rosebud, good and wise,
All at once has lost her eyes:
Taking Hyacinth for her mother,
Round his neck her arms she flings;
Then perceiving 'tis another--
Starts with terror?--no, but clings--
Think of that!--fast as before,
Only kissing all the more!"

Alas, how soon was the grand time over! There came a man out of strange lands, who had travelled wondrous far and wide, had a long beard, deep eyes, frightful eyebrows, and a strange garment with many folds, and inwoven with curious figures. He seated himself before the house of Hyacinth's parents. Hyacinth at once became very inquisitive, and sat down beside him, and brought him bread and wine. Then parted he his white beard, and told stories deep into the night; and Hyacinth never stirred or tired of listening. This much they learned afterward, that he talked a great deal about strange lands, unknown countries, and amazingly wonderful things; stopped there three days, and crept with Hyacinth down into deep shafts. Little Rosebud execrated the old sorcerer pretty thoroughly, for Hyacinth was altogether absorbed in his conversation, and paid no heed to anything else, hardly even to the swallowing of a mouthful of food. At length the man took his departure, but left with Hyacinth a little book which no man could read. Hyacinth gave him fruit, and bread, and wine to take with him, and accompanied him a long way. Then he came back sunk in thought, and thereafter took up a quite new mode of life. Rosebud was in a very sad way about him, for from that time forward he made little of her, and kept himself always to himself. But it came to pass that one day he came home, and was like one born again. He fell on his parents' neck and wept. "I must away to a foreign land!" he said: "the strange old woman in the wood has told me what I must do to get well; she has thrown the book into the fire, and has made me come to you to ask your blessing. Perhaps I shall be back soon, perhaps never more. Say good-bye to Rosebud for me. I should have been glad to have a talk with her; I do not know what has come to me: I must go! When I would think to recall old times, immediately come thoughts more potent in between; my rest is gone, and my heart and love with it; and I must go find them! I would gladly tell you whither, but do not myself know; it is where dwells the mother of things, the virgin with

the veil; for her my spirit is on fire. Farewell!" He tore himself from them, and went out. His parents lamented and shed tears. Rosebud kept her chamber, and wept bitterly.

Hyacinth now ran, as fast as he could, through valleys and wildernesses, over mountains and streams, toward the land of mystery. Everywhere he inquired--of men and beasts, of rocks and trees,--after the sacred goddess Isis. Many laughed, many held their peace; nowhere did he get an answer. At first he passed through a rugged wild country; mists and clouds threw themselves in his way, but he rushed on impetuously. Then he came to boundless deserts of sand--mere glowing dust; and as he went his mood changed also; the time became tedious to him, and his inward unrest abated; he grew gentler, and the stormy impulse in him passed by degrees into a mild yet powerful attraction, wherein his whole spirit was dissolved. It seemed as if many years lay behind him.

And now the country became again richer and more varied, the air soft and blue, the way smoother. Green bushes enticed him with their pleasant shadows, but he did not understand their speech; they seemed indeed not to speak, and yet they filled his heart with their green hues, and their cool, still presence. Ever higher in him waxed that same sweet longing, and ever broader and juicier grew the leaves, ever louder and more jocund the birds and beasts, balmier the fruits, darker the heavenly blue, warmer the air, and more ardent his love. The time went ever faster, as if it knew itself near the goal.

One day he met a crystal rivulet, and a multitude of flowers, coming down into a valley between dark, columnar cliffs. They greeted him friendly, with familiar words. "Dear country-folk," said he, "where shall I find the sacred dwelling of Isis? Hereabouts it must be, and here, I guess, you are more at home than I." "We also are but passing through," replied the flowers; "a spirit-family is on its travels, and we are preparing for them their road and quarters. A little way back, however, we passed through a country where we heard her name mentioned. Only go up, where we came down, and thou wilt soon learn more." The flowers and the brook smiled as they said it, offered him a cool draught, and went on their way. Hyacinth followed their counsel, kept asking, and came at last to that dwelling he had sought so long, which lay hid among palms and other rare plants. His heart beat with an infinite longing, and the sweetest apprehension thrilled him in this abode of the eternal seasons. Amid heavenly odours he fell asleep, for Dream alone could lead him into the holy of holies. In marvellous mode Dream conducted him through endless rooms full of strange things, by means of witching sounds and changeful harmonies. All seemed to him so familiar, and yet strange with an unknown splendour; then vanished the last film of the perishable as if melted into air, and he stood before the celestial virgin. Then he lifted the thin glistening veil, and--Rosebud sank into his arms. A far-off music surrounded the mysteries of love's reunion and the outpouring of their longings, and shut out from the scene of their rapture everything alien to it.

Hyacinth lived a long time after with Rosebud and his happy parents and old playmates; and numberless grandchildren thanked the wonderful old wise woman for her counsel and her upraising; for in those days people had as

many children as they pleased.

FROM SCHILLER.

THE TRYST
HOPE
THE WORDS OF FAITH
THE WORDS OF VANITY
THE METAPHYSICIAN
THE PHILOSOPHERS
SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS
KNOWLEDGE
MY FAITH
FRIEND AND FOE
EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT
THE DIVER
KNIGHT TOGGENBURG
LONGING

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,
Her to receive: with silent welcome grace her;
Ye branches build a shadowy room, eye-proof,
With lovely night and stillness to embrace her,
Ye airs caressing, wake, nor keep aloof,
In sport and gambol turning still to face her,
As, with its load of beauty, lightly borne,
Glides in the fairy foot, and dawns my morn.

What is that rustling the hedges?
She, with her hurrying pace?
No, a bird among the sedges,
Startled from its hiding-place!

Quench thy sunk torch, O Day! Steal out, appear,
Dim, ghostly Night, with dumbness us entrancing!
Spread thy rose-purple veil about us here;
Weave round us twigs, the mystery enhancing:
Love's rapture flees the lurking listening ear--
Flies from the Day, so indiscreetly glancing;
Hesper alone--no tattling tell-tale he--
Far-gazing, still, her 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 flow;
The fountain falls in sweetly wavering rushes;
The flower beneath the west wind's kiss bends slow;
Delight from each to every thing outgushes;
Grape-clusters beckon; peaches luring glow,
And hide half in their leaves, up-swelling luscious;
The air, which aromatic odours streak,
Drinks up the glow upon my burning cheek.

Hear I not echoing footfalls
Hither adown the pleach'd walk?
No; the over-ripened fruit falls,
Heavy-swollen, from off its stalk!

Day's flaming eye at last is quench'd quite;
In gentle death its colours all are paling;
Now boldly open in the fair twilight
The cups which in his blaze had long been quailing;
Slow lifts the moon her visage calmly bright;
Into great masses molten, earth sinks failing;
From every charm the zone drops unaware,
And shrouded 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 befool,
Flouted by Fancy's loveliness unreal!
The empty arm no burning heart will cool,
No shadow-joy hold place for Love's Ideal!
O bring my live love all my heart to rule!
Give me her hand to hold, my every weal!
Or but the shadow of her mantle's hem--
And straight my dreams shall live, and I in them!

And soft as, from hills rosy-golden
The dews of still gladness descend,
So had she drawn nigh un beholden,
And wakened with 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 into life and its light;
She haunts the little one merry;
The youth is inspired by her magic might;
Her the graybeard cannot bury:
When he finds at the grave his ended scope,
On the grave itself he planteth Hope.

She was never begotten in Folly's brain,
An empty illusion, to flatter;
In the Heart she cries, aloud and plain:
We are born to something better!
And that which the inner voice doth say
The hoping spirit will not 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,
The heart only knows about them:
That man is of everything worth bereft
Who in those three words has no faith left:

Man is born free--and is free always
Even were he born in fetters!
Let not the mob's cry lead you astray,
Or 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 man 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;
And 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;
For, 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 those three words left.

Three words there are of weighty sound,
And from good men's lips they hail us;
But a tinkling cymbal, a drum's rebound,
For help or for comfort they fail us!
His Life's fruit away he forfeit flings
Who catches after those shadows of things;

Who still believes in a Golden Age,
Where the Right and the Good reign in splendour:
The Right and the Good war ever must wage--
Their foe will never surrender;
And chok'st thou him not in the upper air,
His strength he will still on the earth repair.

Who yet 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.

Who still believes that no human gaze
Truth ever her visage discloses:
Her veil no mortal hand shall raise;
Man only thinks and supposes:
Thou mayst prison the spirit in sounding form,
But the Fetterless walks away on the storm.

Then, noble spirit, from folly break free,
This heav'nly faith holding and handing:
What the ear never heard, what no eye can see,
Is the lovely, the true, notwithstanding;
Outside, the fool seeks for it evermore;
The wise man finds it with closed door!

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

"How far the world lies under me!
Scarce can I see the men below there crawling!
How high it bears me up, my lofty calling!
How near the heavenly canopy!"
Thus, from tower-roof where he doth clamber,
Calls out the slater; and with him the small big 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,
Of what is it?--Whereon is it erected?
How cam'st thou up thyself? Its heights so smooth and bare--
How serve they thee 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 shreds 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 behov'd,
It possible was prov'd.

Strength for the Right is counted still;
Bold laughs the strong 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,
In many a moral system
All men may 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
Should it headlong run 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;
Ceaseless pours the Breadth's insistence
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.

THE DIVER

"Which of you, knight or squire, will dare
Plunge into yonder gulf?
A golden beaker I fling in it--there!
The black mouth swallows it like a wolf!
Who brings me the cup again, whoever,
It is his own--he may keep it for ever!"

Tis the king who speaks; and he flings from the brow

Of the cliff, that, rugged and steep,
Hangs out o'er the endless sea below,
The cup in the whirlpool's howling heap:--
"Again I ask, what hero will follow?
What brave heart plunge into yon dark hollow?"

The knights and the squires, the king about,
Hear him, and dumbly stare
Into the wild sea's tumbling rout;
But to win the beaker, they hardly care!
The king, for the third time, round him glaring--
"Not a soul of you has the daring?"

Speechless all, as before, they stand:
When a vassal bold, gentle, and gay,
Steps out from his comrades' shrinking band,
Flinging his girdle and cloak away;
And all the women and men that surrounded
Gazed on the grand-looking youth, astounded.

And when he stepped to the rock's rough brow
Looking down on the gulf so black,
The waters which it had swallowed, now
Charybdis bellowing rendered back;
And, with a roar as of distant thunder,
Foaming they burst from the dark lap under.

It wallows, seethes, hisses, in raging rout,
As when water wrestles with fire,
Till to heaven the yeasty tongues they spout;
And flood upon flood keeps mounting higher:
It will never its endless coil unravel,
As the sea with another sea were in travail!

But, at last, slow sinks the writhing spasm,
And, black through the foaming white,
Downward gapes a yawning chasm--
Bottomless, cloven to hell's wide night;
And, sucked up, see the billows roaring
Down through the whirling funnel pouring!

Then in haste, ere the out-rage return again,
The youth to his God doth pray,
And--ascends a cry of horror and pain--
Already the vortex hath swept him away!
And o'er the bold swimmer, in darkness eternal,
Close the great jaws of the gulf infernal!

Then the water above grows smooth as glass,
While, below, dull roarings ply;
And, trembling, they hear the murmur pass--
"High-hearted youth, farewell! good-bye!"
And, hollower still, comes the howl affraying,

Till their hearts are sick with the frightful delaying.

If the crown itself thou in should fling,
And say, "Who back with it hies
Himself shall wear it, and shall be king,"
I should not covet the precious prize!
What Ocean hides in that howling hell of it,
Live soul will never come back to tell of it!

Ships many, caught in that whirling surge,
Shot sheer to their dismal doom:
Keel and mast only did ever emerge,
Shattered, from out the all-gulping tomb!--
Like the bluster of tempest, clearer and clearer,
Comes its roaring nearer and ever nearer!

It wallows, seethes, hisses, in raging rout,
As when water wrestles with fire,
Till to heaven the yeasty tongues they spout,
Wave upon wave's back mounting higher;
And as with the rumble of distant thunder
Bellowing it bursts from the dark lap under.

And see, from its bosom, flowing dark,
Something heave up, swan-white!
An arm and a shining neck they mark,
And it rows with unrelaxing might!
It is he! and aloft in his left hand holden,
He swings, recovered, the beaker golden!

With long deep breaths his path he ploughed,
Glad greeting the heavenly day;
Jubilant shouted the gazing crowd,
"He lives! he is free! he has burst his way!
Out of the grave, the whirlpool uproarious,
The hero hath rescued his life victorious!"

He comes; they surround him with shouts of glee;
At the king's feet he sinks on the sod,
And hands him the beaker upon his knee.
To his lovely daughter the king gives a nod:
She fills it brim-full of wine sparkling and raying;
And then to the monarch the youth turned, saying:

"Long live the king!--Ah, well doth he fare
Who breathes in this rosy light!
For frightful, yea, horrible is it down there;
And man ought not to tempt the heavenly Might,
Or long to see, with prying unwholesome,
What He graciously covers with darkness dolesome!

"It tore me down as on lightning's wing--
When a shaft in a rock outpours,

Wild-rushing against me, a torrent spring:
Its conflict seized me with raging force
And like a top, with giddy twisting,
Spun me about: there was no resisting!

"Then God did show me, sore beseeching
In deepest, frightfullest need,
Up from the bottom a rock-ledge reaching--
At it I caught, and from death was freed!
And behold, on spiked corals the beaker suspended
Which had else to the very abyss descended!

"For below me it lay yet mountain-deep
The purple darksome maw!
And, though to the ear it was dead asleep,
The ghasted eye, down staring, saw
How, with dragons, lizards, salamanders, crawling,
The hell-jaws horrible were sprawling!

"Black-swarving, in medley miscreate,
In masses lumped hideously,
Wallowed the conger, the thorny skate,
The lobster's grisly deformity;
And, baring its teeth with cruel sheen, a
Terrible shark, the sea's hyena.

"So there I hung, and shuddering knew
That human help was none;
One thinking soul mid the horrid crew,
In the ghastly desert I was alone--
Deeper than human speech e'er sounded,
By the sad waste's dismal monsters surrounded!

"Thus thought I, and shivered. Then a something crept near
Upon legs with a hundred joints!
It snaps at me suddenly: frantic with fear
I lost my grasp of the coral points:
Away the whirl in its raging tore me--
But it was my salvation, and upward bore me!"

The king at the tale is filled with amaze:--
"The beaker, well won, is thine;
And this ring I will give thee too," he says,
"Precious with gems that are more than fine,
If thou dare it yet once, and bring me the story
Of what's in the sea's lowest repertory."

His daughter she hears him with tender dismay,
And with sweet words suasive doth plead:
"Father, enough of this cruel play!
For you he has done an unheard-of deed!
If you may not master your heart's desire,
'Tis the knights' turn now to shame the squire!"

The king sudden snatches and hurls the cup
Into the swirling pool:--
"If thou bring me once more that beaker up,
Thou art best of my knights, the most worshipful!
And this very day to thy home thou shalt lead her
Who stands there--for thee such a pitiful pleader."

A passion divine his being invades;
His eyes dart a lightning ray;
He sees of her blushes the changeful shades,
He sees her grow pallid and sink away!
Determination thorough him flashes,
And downward for life or for death he dashes!

They hear the dull roar: 'tis returning again,
Announced by the thunderous brawl!
Downward they bend with loving strain:
They come! they are coming, the waters all!--
They rush up!--they rush down! they rush ever and ever:
The youth to the daylight rises never!

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

True love, knight, as to a brother,
Yield I you again;
Ask me not for any other,
For it gives me pain.
Calmly I behold you come in,
Calm behold you go;
Your sad eyes the weeping dumb in
I nor read nor know.

And he hears her uncomplaining,
Tears him free by force;
To his heart but once her straining,
Flings him on his horse;
Sends to all his vassals merry
In old Switzerland;
To the holy grave they hurry,
White-crossed pilgrim band.

Mighty deeds, the foe outbraving,
Works their hero-arm;
From their helms the plumes float waving
Mid the heathen swarm;
Still his "_Toggenburg_" upwaking
Frays the Mussulman;
But his heart its grievous aching
Quiet never can.

One whole year he did endure it,

Then his patience lost;
Peace, he never could secure it,
And forsakes the host;
Sees a ship by Joppa's entry
At her cable saw;
Sails him home to that dear country
Where she breath doth draw.

At the gate, her castle under,
Pilgrim sad, he knocked;
Straight, as with a word of thunder
Was the gate unlocked:
"She you seek, with rites most solemn
Is betrothed to heaven;
Yesterday, beneath that column,
She to Christ was given."

Then the halls he leaves for ever
Of his ancestors;
Shield or sword sets eyes on never,
Or his faithful horse.
Down from Toggenburg he fareth,
None to see or care;
On his noble limbs he weareth
Sackcloth made of hair:

And himself a hovel buildeth
That same cloister nigh,
Where the lime-tree thicket yieldeth
Cover whence to spy.
There, from morning's earliest traces
Till red evening shone,
Thither turned his hoping face is,
There he sits alone.

On the walls so high above him,
His eyes waiting hang,
Waiting, though she would not love him,
For her lattice-clang--
Waiting till the loved should send her
Glance into the vale,
And, unthinking, toward it bend her
Visage, angel-pale.

Then he laid him, sadness scorning,
Comforted to sleep;
Quietly joyous till the morning
Out again should peep.
And so sat he, years a many,
Years without a pang,
Waiting without murmur any
Till her window rang--

For the lovely one to send her
Glance into the vale,
And, unseeing, toward him bend her
Angel visage pale.
And thus sat he, staring wanly,
His last morning there:
Toward her window still the manly
Silent face did stare.

LONGING.

Ah, from out this valley hollow,
By cold fogs always oppressed,
Could I but the outpath follow--
Ah, how were my spirit blest!
Hills I see there, glad dominions,
Ever young, and green for aye!
Had I wings, oh, had I pinions,
To the hills were I away!

Harmonies I hear there ringing,
Tones of sweetest heavenly rest;
And the gentle winds are bringing
Balmy odours to my breast!
Golden fruits peep out there, glowing
Through the leaves to Zephyr's play;
And the flowers that there are blowing
Will become no winter's prey!

Oh, what happy things are meeting
There, in endless sunshine free!
And the airs on those hills greeting,
How reviving must they be!
But me checks yon raving river
That betwixt doth chafe and roll;
And its dark waves rising ever
Strike a horror to my soul!

See a skiff on wild wave heaving!
But no sailor walks the mole.
Quick into it, firm believing,
For its sails they have a soul!
Thou must trust, nor wait to ponder:
God will give no pledge in hand;
Nought but miracle bears yonder
To the lovely wonderland!

FROM GOETHE.

LEGEND

THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN

POEMS.

Poems are painted window-panes:
Look from the square into the church--
Gloom and dusk are all your gains!
Sir Philistine is left in the lurch:
Outside he stands--spies nothing or use of it,
And nought is left him save the abuse of it.

But you, I pray you, just step in;
Make in the chapel your obeisance:
All at once 'tis a radiant pleasaunce:
Device and story flash to presence;
A gracious splendour works to win.
This to God's children is full measure:
It edifies and gives them pleasure.

LEGEND.

AFTER THE MANNER OF HANS SACHS.

While yet unknown, and very low,
Our Lord on earth went to and fro;
And some of his scholars his word so good
Very strangely misunderstood--
He much preferred to hold his court
In streets and places of resort,
Because under the heaven's face
Words better and freer flow apace;
There he gave them the highest lore
Out of his holy mouth in store;
Wondrously, by parable and example,
Made every market-place a temple.

So faring, in his heart content,
Once with them 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 that shoe."
St. Peter was not in fitting mood:
He had been dreaming all the road
Some stuff about ruling of the world,
Round which so many brains are twirled--
For in the head it seems so easy!
And with it his thoughts were often busy;
Therefore the finding was much too mean;
Crown and sceptre it should have been!

He was not one 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;
Then 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,
Seeing for sale fine cherries there,
He 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 meads a housless 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 Master sends,
For which St. Peter as quickly bends.
So, many a time, the Lord doth let
Him bend his back a cherry to get.
A long time thus He let him glean;
Then said the Lord, with look serene:
"If at the right time thou hadst bent,
Thou hadst found it more convenient!
Of little things who little doth make
For lesser things must trouble take."

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 round it is very still;
Its old walls, tumbled in ruins,
I scramble about at my will.

Close hereby lay a cellar
Full of wine that was 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 a draught in the corridor;
And receives for the hurried favour
The hurried thanks no more.

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

Yet when, with flask and cittern,
On a day in the summer's prime,
Up to the rocky summit
I watched 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;

It seemed as for strangers distinguished
Their state-rooms they did prepare,
And out of that brave time, shadowy
Came stepping a youthful pair.

And the worthy priest in his chapel
Stood already in priestly dress,
And asked--Will you two take one another?
And smiling we answered--Yes;

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

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

Then damsel and page, in his rays, are
Grandeeds of the olden prime;

She tastes of his cup at her leisure,
And he to thank her takes time.

FROM UHLAND.

THE LOST CHURCH
THE DREAM

THE LOST CHURCH.

In the far forest, overhead,
A bell is often heard obscurely;
How long since first, no one can tell--
Nor can report explain it surely:
From the lost church, the rumour hath,
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 way is lying;
From times corrupt, on evil bent,
My heart to God went out in sighing:
There, in the wild wood's deep repose,
I heard the ringing somewhat nearer;
The higher that my longing rose
Its peal grew fuller and came clearer.

My thoughts upon themselves did brood;
My sense was with the sound so busy
That I have never understood
How I did climb that steep so dizzy.
It seemed more than a hundred years
Had passed me over, 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, see, a minister's structure proud
Stood in the rich light, golden showing.
The clouds around it, sunny-clear,
Seemed bearing it aloft like pinions;
Its spire-point seemed to disappear,
Slow vanishing in heaven's dominions.

The bell's clear tones, of rapture full,
Boomed in the tower and made it quiver;
No mortal hand that rope did pull--
A dumb storm made it swing and shiver.

It seemed to heave my throbbing breast,
That heavenly storm with torrent blended:
With wavering step, yet hopeful quest,
Into the church my way I wended.

What met me there as in I trode
With syllables cannot be painted;
Darksome yet clear, the windows glowed
With forms of all the martyrs sainted.
Then saw I, radiantly 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 alter I kneeled soft,
With love and prayer my heart allegiant:
Upon the ceiling, far aloft,
Was painted Heaven's resplendent pageant;
But when again I lift mine eyes,
Lo, the high vault has flown asunder!
The upward gate wide open lies,
And every veil unveils a wonder.

What gloriousness I then beheld
With silent worship, speechless wonder;
What blessed sounds upon me swelled,
Like organs' and like trumpets' thunder--
No human words could ever tell!--
But who for such is sighing sorest,
Let him give heed unto the bell
That dimly soundeth in the forest.

THE DREAM.

In a garden sweet went walking
Two lovers hand in hand;
Two pallid figures, low 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 the other,
And back came their health and youth.

Two little bells rang shrilly--
And the lovely dream was dead!
She lay in the cloister chilly;
He afar on his dungeon-bed.

FROM HEINE.

LIEDER, IV.

LYRISCHES INTERMEZZO, XXXVIII.

" " XLI.

" " XLV.

" " LXIV.

DIE HEIMKEHR, LX.

" LXII.

DIE NORDSEE, FIRST CYCLE, XII.

LIEDER.

IV.

Thy little hand lay on my bosom, dear:
What a knocking in that little chamber!--dost 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 may go to sleep!

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 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 waters,
And gave me a meaning look.

I stopped before thy dwelling,
And gazed, and gazed again--

Stood staring up at thy window,
My heart was in such pain.

I know that thou from thy window
Didst often look downward--and
Sawest me, there in the moonlight,
A motionless pillar stand.

LYRISCHES INTERMEZZO.

XLI.

I dreamt of the daughter of a king,
With white cheeks tear-bewetted;
We sat 'neath the lime tree's leavy ring,
In love's embraces netted.

"I would not have thy father's throne,
His crown or his golden sceptre;
I want my lovely princess alone--
From Fate that so long hath kept her."

"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."

LYRISCHES INTERMEZZO.

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!"

LYRISCHES INTERMEZZO.

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 oblivion gave;
I wakened up, and, listening,
Heard a knocking at my grave.

"Tis time to rise up, Henry!
The eternal day draws 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 Heaven's superb display."

"My love, I cannot raise me;
Still bleeds my bosom gored,
Where thou heart-deep didst stab me
With a keen-pointed word."

"Soft I will lay it, Henry,
My hand soft on 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 tresses, Henry,
Will stop the fountain red;
Press back again the blood-stream,
And heal thy wounded head."

She begged so sweetly, dearly,
I could no more say no;
I tried, I 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, lo, I came awake!

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 seest
Into my gloomy heart!

My gloomy heart it loves thee,
Loves thee in every spot:
It breaks, it bleeds, it shudders--But
into it thou seest not!

LXII.

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

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

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

DIE NORDSEE

FIRST CYCLE.

XII.

PEACE.

[Footnote: I have here used rimes although the original has none. With notions of translating severer now than when, many years ago, I attempted this poem, 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 heaven the sun was glowing,
White cloud-waves were round him flowing;
The sea was still and grey.

Thinking in dreams, by the helm I lay:
Half waking, half in slumber, then
Saw I Christ, the Saviour of men.
In undulating garments white
He walked in giant shape and height
Over land and sea.
High in the heaven up towered his head;
His hands in blessing forth he spread
Over land and sea.
And for a heart, in his breast
He bore the sun; there did it rest.
The red, flaming heart of the Lord
Out its gracious radiance poured,
Its fair and love-caressing light
With illuminating and 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 soft, solemn, stately graces,
The gliding ship to the green shore--
Peopled, for many a century hoar,
By men who dwell at rest in a mighty
Far-spreading and high-towered city.

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 self-renouncement and love,
Each a kiss on the other's forehead laid,
And looked up to the Saviour's sunheart above,
Which, in joyful atoning, its red blood rayed
Down upon all; and the people said,
From hearts with threefold gladness blest,
Lauded be Jesus Christ!

FROM VON SALIS-SEEWIS.

THE GRAVE.
PSYCHE'S MOURNING.

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;
And friendship's withered roses
On the mossy hillock fall.

Their hands young brides forsaken
Wring bleeding there in vain;
The cries of orphans waken
No answer to their pain.

Yet nowhere else for mortals
Dwells their implored repose;
Through none but those dark portals
Home to his rest man goes.

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

PSYCHES 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 are Psyche's pinions--airy, soaring;
Yet high-hearted is she, groaning low;
Knows that under clouds whence rain is pouring
Sprouts the palm that crowns the victor's brow;

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

'Tis through lack that 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 but a fluted sadness
Heard from willows the moon silvereth;
Psyche's tears are dews of morning redness,
And her sighs the sweet night-violet's breath!

Yews o'ershade the myrtle of her probation;
Much she loves for great has been her dole;
Love leads through the paths of separation,
Leads her to reunion's joyous goal.

She endures; bravely bears every burden,
Dumb before the will of Fate bends low;
Lies her bliss the patient tranquil word in;
Her one cordial, feeling's overflow!

Preconviction--ah! the call, the token,
Spreading wings the darksome sky to cleave!
'Tis but boding! 'tis but knowledge broken!
Truth's but what she truly doth believe!

Darkness hides the goal of Psyche's mission;
For the eyes that tears so often gall
Reach not to the summit of completion
Where illusion's vaporous veil doth fall!

FROM CLAUDIUS.

THE MOTHER BY THE CRADLE
CONTENTMENT

THE MOTHER BY THE CRADLE.

Sleep, baby boy, sleep sweet, secure;
Thy father's very miniature!
That art thou, 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 no, 'tis not my nose.

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

Sleep, boy! thy father only chose
To tease me--that's his part!
Never you mind about his nose,
But see you have 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 other world below,
Up to the moon looked next--
I'd none of them; for 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;
Experience of changing things
Might teach a very ass!
Right often Many turns to None,
And honour has but a short run.

To do right, to be good and clear,
Is more than rank and gold;
Then art thou always of good cheer,
And blisses hast untold;
Then art thou with thyself at one,
And hatest no man, 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 GENESTET.

THREE PAIRS AND ONE.

You have two ears--and but one mouth:
Let this, friend, be a token--
Much should be heard, and not so much

Be spoken.

You have two eyes--and but one mouth:

That is an indication--

Much must you 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.

FROM THE GERMAN

SONG OF THE LONELY.

Son, first-born, 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 hath the pain increased:

Soon, oh soon! thy children gather

To the endless marriage-feast.

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, the way open lies!

Come unto me lest some one shut the gate!

--What heavenly grace--what love will--or what fate--

The pinions 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, when, 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!"^[1]
She, well content her lodging chang'd to find,
Shows perfect, by her peers most perfect placed;
And now and then half turning looks behind
To see if I walk in the way she traced:
Hence I lift heavenward all my heart and mind
Because I hear her pray me to make haste.

[Footnote 1: Pure English of Petrarch's time.]

MILTON'S ITALIAN POEMS.

The Italian scholar will understand that the retention of the feminine
rimes in translation from this language is an impossibility.

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 enamourest not apace,
When softly self-revealed to time and space
By actions sweet with which thy will doth teem,
And fair gifts that Love's bow and arrows seem--
But are the flowers that crown thy perfect 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,
Ill thriving in unwonted soil and air
Far from its native springtime's genial care;
So on my ready tongue hath Love assayed
In a strange speech to wake new flower and blade,
While I of thee, proud yet so debonair,
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:
Would my heart slow and bosom hard were found
To him who plants from heaven so fair a ground!

III.

CANZONE.

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 thy courage for the task?
Tell us--so never frustrate be thy hope,
And the best thought still to thy thinking fly!
Thus me they mock: Thee other streams, they cry,
Thee other shores, another sea demands
Upon whose verdant strands
Are budding, even this moment, for thy hair
Immortal guerdon, bays 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 make a laughter of his snares, unwise,
Am fallen--where honest feet will sometimes fail.
Not golden tresses, not a cheek vermeil,
Dazzle me thus; but, in a new-world guise,
A foreign Fair my heart beatifies--
With 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 gracious flashes shoot
That stopping hard my ears were 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 won:
Perchance accustomed lovers--I am none
And know not--in their speech call such things sighs:
A part shut in, sore vexed, itself conceals,
And shakes my bosom; part, undisciplined,
Breaks forth, and all around to ice congeals;
But that which to mine eyes the way doth find,
Makes all my nights in silent showers abound,
Until my dawn^[1] returns, with roses crowned.

[Footnote 1: _Alba_--where 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, I've found it, 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.

LUTHER'S SONG-BOOK.

DAME MUSIC.

Of 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, King David is the 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.

LUTHER'S SONG-BOOK.

I. ADVENT

II. CHRISTMAS

III. EPIPHANY

IV. EASTER

V. PENTECOST

VI. THE TRINITY

VII. THE CHURCH AND WORD OF GOD

VIII. GRACE

IX. THE COMMANDMENTS

X. THE CREED

XI. PRAYER

XII. BAPTISM

XIII. REPENTANCE

XIV. THE LORD'S SUPPER

XV. DEATH

XVI. THE PRAISE OF GOD

OF LIFE AT COURT

I. ADVENT.

Come, saviour of nations wild,
Of the maiden owned the child
That may 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 God's Word a man become,
And blooms the fruit of woman's womb.

Maiden, she was found with child,
Nor was chastity defiled;
Many a virtue from her shone:
God was there upon his throne.

From that chamber of content,
Royal palace pure, he went;
God by kind, in human grace
Forth he comes to run his race.

From the Father came his road,
And returns again to God;
Unto hell it did go 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 sick flesh victorious.

Shines thy manger bright and fair;
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.

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.[1]

[Footnote 1: Luther's own construction.]

The blessed maker of all we view
On him a servant's body drew,
The flesh to save at flesh's cost,
Else his creation had been lost.

From heaven high the Godlike grace
In the chaste mother found a place;
A secret pledge a maiden bore--
A thing to earth unknown before.

The tender heart, house modest, low,
Straightway a temple of God did grow:
Whom never man hath touched or known
By God's word she with child is grown.

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 him did not 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 made and keeps their 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.[2]

[Footnote 2: (Greek) kurie elxaeson: _Lord, have mercy_.]

The Father's only son begot
In the manger has his cot,
In our poor dying flesh and blood
Doth mask itself the eternal 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_ his name,
A guest into this world he came;
And leads us from the vale of tears:
He in his palace make us heirs.

Kyrieleis.

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

Kyrieleis.

All this for us hath Jesus done,
And his great love to us hath shown:
Let Christendom rejoice therefore,
And give him thanks for evermore!
Kyrieleis.

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 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 chosen maiden born,
A little babe so sweet and mild
Your joy and bliss shall be that child.

'Tis the Lord Christ, our very God.
He will you ease of all your load;
He'll be himself your Saviour sure
And from all sinning make you pure.

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.

Hail, noble guest in humble guise,
Poor sinners who didst not despise,
And com'st to me in misery!
My thoughts must all be thanks to thee!

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 many fold,
And decked with gems and cloth of gold,
'T were far too mean and narrow all
To be for thee a cradle small!

The silk and velvet that are thine
Are rough hay, linen not too fine;
Thereon thou, king so rich and great,
Liest as if in heavenly state.

And this hath therefore pleased thee,
To make this truth right plain to me,
That all the world's power, honour, wealth
Are nothing to thy heart or health.

Ah, little Christ! my heart's poor shed
Would make thee a soft, little bed:
Rest there as in a lowly shrine,
And make that heart for ever thine,

That so I always gladsome be,
Ready to dance, and sing to thee
The lullaby thou lovest best,
With sweetest hymn for dearest guest.

Glory to God on highest throne
Who gave to us his only Own!
For this the angel troop sings in
A New 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;
Put you in him your confidence.
However many you assail,
Defy them--He can never fail!

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 become God's kin:
For this go thanking God alway,
Happy and patient every day. Amen.

III. EPIPHANY.

Herod, why darest thou a foe
Because the Christ comes born below?
He seeks no mortal kingdom thus,
But 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, changing, heard
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, evermore. 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 must we 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 the power,
Us held in's 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 grip wallowed:
Off victorious came Life,
Death he hath upswallowed.
Scripture itself has told us that--
How one Death the other ate:[3]
Now is Death become a laughter. Halleluja!

[Footnote 3: 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.]

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

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. Halleluja!

We eat--and well so we fare--
True Easter cakes sans leaven;
For th' old leaven shall not share

In the new word from heaven.
Christ himself will be the food,
He alone fill us 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.
Kyrieeleison.

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

Death and sin, and life and grace,
All to his hands we trace:
He can deliver
All who seek the life-giver.
Kyrieeleison.

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 was thine, make so again;

Our Comforter to soothe or chide;
The blessed gift of highest God!
A ghostly chrism to us applied,
Live streams--fire--love spread abroad!

O kindle in our minds a light;
Give in our hearts love's glowing gift;
Our weak flesh, known to thee aright,
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!
Light in them of thy love the fire.
O Lord, through thy light, flashing fast,
Into the faith thou gathered hast
People of all tongues under heaven:
That to thy glory, Lord, be given!
Halleluja! Halleluja!

Thou holy light, retreat from strife,
Cause shine on us the word of life,
That we the truth of God gather,
Call him heartily our Father.
O Lord, protect us from strange lore,
That we for teachers seek no 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; with good cheer us meet;
That in thy service nought shake us,
Trouble never leave thee make us.
O Lord, by thy might us prepare,
And make the weak flesh strong to bear,
That we strive^[4] like knights campaigning,
Through death and life to thee straining:
Halleluja! Halleluja!

[Footnote 4: The Scotch warsle would be perfect.]

III.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

Now let us pray the Holy Ghost,
Of all things, for the true faith most,
In that to preserve us when we are dying,
And going home out of this vale of crying:
Kyrioleis.

Thou noble light, shine as thou hast shone;
Teach us to know Jesus Christ alone,
That we the true Saviour hold by the hand
Who us has brought to the real fatherland:
Kyrioleis.

Thou sweet Love, grant us thy favour, that so
We feel of thy love the inward glow,
That we from our hearts may love each the other,
Dwelling in peace, of one mind together:
Kyrioleis.

Comfort highest, in danger or blame
Help us to fear neither death nor shame;
Nor let weak senses with fears confuse us
When the enemy comes to accuse us:
Kyrioleis.

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,
Make us wholly trust thy care!
Us, with good Christians sharing,
Save from the devil snaring,
Him with God's weapons daring.
Amen! well now may we fare!
Now sing we 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's daylight withdraws his shine:
Lighten us with thy light divine.

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

God, Father, always be adored!
God, Son, thou art our only Lord!
Thee Comforter, the Holy Ghost,
We praise now and for evermore! 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 grant nor true nor right,
And faith is thus extinguished quite
Among 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,
Nor on God's word they ground it;
One chooses this, the other that;
Endless division they are at,
And yet they keep smooth faces.

God will outroot the teachers all
Who with false shows present us;
Besides, their proud tongues loudly call--
Tush! tush!--who can prevent 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 ones ill are faring;
Their sighs crowd up to Zion's top.
My ear their cry is hearing.

My wholesome 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 must abide--
It still comes out the surer.
It shall by crosses proved be;
Men shall its power and glory see
Shine strong upon the nations.

God will its purity defend
From this ill 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 downward 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
Earnestly to obey God's word,
After his will enquiring.

Upon the right path there was none;
From it they all were straying;
Each followed fancies of his own,
Them to ill deeds bewraying.
Not one of them did good even once,
Though many, fooled by arrogance,
Thought God with them well pleased.

How long by lies will they be led
Who vain attempts redouble!
They eat my people up as bread,
And live upon their trouble!

In God stands not their confidence;
From ill they ask not his defence:
They would themselves look after.

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

Who will to Israel, poor 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 Isr'el filled with gladness. Amen.

III.

THE FOURTY-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 no one like him!

Our strength is vain; do what we can
Our hopes are soon dejected;
But He fights for us, the right man,
By God himself elected.
Ask'st thou who is this?
Jesus Christ it is;
He is the Lord of Hosts
In whom his people boasts;
And he must win the battle.

And did the world with devils swarm
All gaping to devour us,
We fear not from them the least harm;
Success lies sure before us.
This world's prince accurst,
Let him rage his worst,
Only roars about;
His doom it is gone out,

A word can overthrow him.

The Word they'll have to let it bide,
Nor there claim any merit;
He is with us, and on our side
With his own gifts and spirit!
Let them take our life,
Goods, name, child, and wife--
Everything may go:
To them it is no gain;
The kingdom ours remaineth.

IV.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

Were God not with us all the time--
Israel may loud declare it--
Were God not with us all the time,
We must 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 should have been drowned all, like those
O'er whom the waters great did close,
And swept them off relentless.

Thank God! their throat who did not let
Us swallow when it gaped;
As from a snare a 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 ARCHENEMIES 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,
Would fain from off thy throne cast down.

Proof of thy strength, 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;
Into life lead us out of death.

VI.

A SONG OF THE HOLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH, FROM THE TWELFTH CHAPTER OF THE
APOCALYPSE.

Her, the worthy maid, my heart doth hold,
And I shall not forget her.
Praise, honour, virtue of her are told;
Than all I love her better.

I seek her good,
And if I should
Right evil fare,
I do not care:

With that she'll make me merry!
With love and truth that never tire
Glad she will make me very,
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
By Jesus' side!

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

That makes the old dragon ramp and roar;
The child he tries to swallow;
His rage is rage and nothing more!
No hurt that rage will follow.

The child up high
Into the sky
Away is heft,
And he is left

On earth, all mad with murder.
The mother all alone is she,
But God will watch and ward her,
And her true 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 young boys, He gracious
Displays the wonders of his hands,
Giving them gifts right precious,
And richly them adorning.

The first right fitly John was named,
So rich he in God's favour;
His brother, Henry--one unblamed,
Whose salt had lost no 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 ancient foe on them laid hold,
With terrors did enwrap them;
To lie against God's word them told,
With cunning would entrap them:
From Louvaine too, to see the game
And in his crust nets take them,
Many a sophist gathered came:
The Spirit fools did make them--
Their cunning could gain nothing.

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 serpent old it filled with hate
To be thuswise defeated
By two such youngsters--he, so great!--
His wrath sevenfold was heated,
And he resolved to burn them.

Their cloister-garments off they tore,
Undid their consecrations;
All this the boys were ready for,
And said Amen with patience.
To God their Father they gave thanks
That they would soon be rescued

From Satan's scoffs and mumming pranks,
Whereby with false pretences
The world he so befooleth.

Then gracious God did grant to them
To pass true priesthood's border,
And offer up themselves to him,
Thus entering Christ's own order;
So to the world to die outright,
With falsehood make a schism;
And coming to heaven pure and white
Give monkery the besom,
And leave behind men's prattle.

They wrote for them a paper small:
At their request they read it;
They showed them every point there, all
To which themselves gave credit.
There was an error great indeed!
In God we should trust solely:
To cheat and lie, man maketh speed;
We should distrust him wholly:
For that they burn to ashes.

Two awful fires they kindled then,
The boys they carried to them;
Great wonder seizes every man
That with contempt they view them.
With joy themselves they yielded quite,
With singing and God-praising:
The sophists had small 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 old Cain discover!

To spread, their ashes will not cease;
Into all lands they scatter;
Stream, hole, ditch, grave will them release;
All winds shall tell the matter.
Them whom from life their murderous hand
Drove down to silence triple,
They hear them now in every land,
In tongues of every people,
Go about gladly singing.

Still their foul lies they will not leave,
But trim and dress the murther;
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--
Nothing by that they're gaining;
For us, we thank our God therefore:
His word is yet remaining!
Even at the door is summer nigh,
The winter hard is ended,
The tender flowers come out to spy:
His hand when once extended
Stays 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!
With its 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 will thank, and thee will 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,
Nor leav'st the righteous quailing;
Thy word it is both bed and board,
And for all folk availing
In the right path to keep them.

Let them thank God, and thee adore,
Thy folk of deeds of grace full.
The land grows fruitful more and more;
Thy word it is successful.
Bless us the Father and the Son,

And bless us, God, the Holy Ghost,
To whom by all be honour done!
Before him fear the human host!
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 thee shall 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
Whom God's fear maketh live a man;
From him the old curse away is worn
To which the sons of men are born.

From Zion God will prosper thee;
Thou shalt behold continually
Jerusalem's now happy case
So pleasing to the God of grace.

He will thy days prolong 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 bought 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.
Me to despair my anguish drove,
Down unto death my soul did shove:
I must be plunged in hell-fire!

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

To his dear son he said: Go down;
Things go in piteous fashion;
Go thou, my heart's exalted crown,
Be the poor man's salvation.
Lift him from out sin's scorn and scathe;
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 must be my brother!
Concealed he brought his strength enorm,
And went about in my poor form,
Meaning to catch the devil.

He said unto me: Hold 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.

Like water he will shed my blood,
Of life my heart bereaving;
All this I suffer for thy good--
That hold with firm believing;
My Life shall 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,
And teach thy heart to know me well,
Thee into all truth guiding.

What I have done, what I have said,
Thou must go doing, teaching;
That so the kingdom of God may spread,
To His praise all men reaching.
But take heed what men bid thee do--
That will corrupt 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 thus did his will
On the top of Sinai's hill.

Kyrieleis.

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.

Kyrieleis.

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.

Kyrieleis.

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

Kyrieleis.

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

Kyrieleis.

In anger hot thou shalt not kill,
Nor hate, nor take revenge for ill;

Be patient and of gentle mood,
And ev'n to thy foe do good.

Kyrioleis.

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

Kyrioleis.

Money or goods steal not, nor yet
Traffic in others' blood and sweat;
But open wide thy kindly hand
To the poor man in thy land.

Kyrioleis.

Evil reports thou shalt not bear,
Nor 'gainst thy neighbour falsely swear;
His innocence thou shalt defend,
And hide his shame from foe or friend.

Kyrioleis.

Thy neighbour's wife or house to win
Thou shalt not seek--or aught therein;
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.

Oh man, wouldst thou live 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 alway;
No other God shall make thee stray;
Thy heart must ever trust in me;
Mine own kingdom shalt thou be:

Kyrieleis.

My name to honour thou shalt heed,
And call on me in time of need.
Thou shalt keep whole the sabbath day,
That so in thee I work may:
Kyrieleis.

To thy father and mother thou
Shalt, next me, in obedience bow;
None kill, nor yield to anger wild;
And keep thy marriage undefiled:
Kyrieleis.

From any one thou shalt not steal;
Falsely with others never deal;
Thy neighbour's wife thou shalt not eye:
Let his be his welcomely!
Kyrieleis.

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 be round us;
'Gainst mischances all will heed us;
Nought shall come on us to wound us.
He watches for us, cares, defends;
And everything to his might bends.

And we believe in Jesus Christ,
His son, our Lord. Evermore he
Sits beside the Father high'st,
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 the Holy Ghost
With the Father and the Saviour,
In whom the fearful learn to boast,
Who the meek doth crown with favour.
Christendom, in earth and heaven,
Of one heart and mind he keepeth.
Here all sins shall be forgiven;
Wake too shall the flesh that sleepeth;

After these sufferings there shall be
Life to all 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, not from mouth alone it flow;
From deepest heart oh let it go!

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

Thy kingdom come now here below!
And after there on ever go!
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 to us have no access;
As to our debtors we gladly let
Pass every wrong and every 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 left and the right 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 final distress,
 At the last judgement,
 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 wholesome 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 governors, and all their mighty ones, guide and defend.
 Our council, school, and congregation, bless and protect.
 To all in distress and on a journey, appear with help.
 To all that are with child and that give suck, grant happy result 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 lasting peace.
 1. Christ, 2. Hear us.
 1. Lord, 2. Have pity,
 1. Christ, 2. Have pity,
 1. 2. Lord, have pity. Amen.

III.

Peach to us in thy mercy grant;
 In our times, Lord, it settle;
 Sure there is not another one
 Able to fight our battle
 Except thee, 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 charge fulfilling;
Therein he did appoint a bath
To wash us from defilement,
And there to 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 learn what Christians must believe,
Shunning where heretics gather.
Water indeed, not water mere
Therein can work his pleasure:
His holy Word is also there
With Spirit rich, unmeasured:
He is the one baptizer.

This clearly showed He by his word
Of open recognition;
The Father's voice men plainly heard
At Jordan claim his mission.
God said, This is my own dear Son
In whom I am well contented;
To you I send him, every one--
That all may hear I have sent him,
And follow what he teaches.

Also God's Son himself here stands
In human presentation;
On him the Holy Ghost descends
In dove-like shape and fashion,
That not a doubt should ever rise
That, when we are baptized,
All the three Persons do baptize;
And they be recognized
Themselves come 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.
Believe, and be baptized, and then

Each man is blest for ever;
From that hour he's a new-born man,
And thenceforth, dying never,
The kingdom shall inherit.

But who in this grace puts no faith
Abides in sin, life misses;
He is condemned to endless death
Deep down in hell's abysses.
Nothing avails his righteousness,
And lost are all his merits;
Sin original holds its place--
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 hurt of every kind makes whole,
Whether from Adam heired
Or by ourselves committed.

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 thy 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 nought 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,
Despair and foresight 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 from helping nothing stays,
Howe'er the hurt be 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. MARTIN LUTHER.

Christ Jesus, our Redeemer born,
Who from us did God's anger turn
Through his sufferings sore and main
Help he 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 sows.

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 labour 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:
From the leech the sound will start,
And make a mockery of his art.

Hadst thou any skill to offer
Why for thee should I then suffer?
Table this is not for thee
If saviour thou thine own canst be.

If such faith thy heart possesses
And the same thy mouth confesses,
Fit guest then thou art indeed
And so this 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 praised, and be thanked,
Who to us himself hath granted
This his own flesh and blood to feed and save us!
May we take right what he gave us:
Lord, be merciful to us.
By thy holy body dead in shame,
Lord, which from thy mother, Mary, came,
And by thy holy blood
Ease us, Lord, from all our load:
Lord, be merciful to us.

The holy body is for us laid lowly
Down in death, that we live holy;
No greater goodness he to us could render
Than make us mind his love tender.
Lord, be merciful to us.
Lord, thy love so great was, it hath driven
Thee to death, and us great gifts hath given
Our old debt it has paid,
And God has gracious made:
Lord, be merciful to us.

God on us all his blessing free bestow now
That we in his ways may go now,
Right-hearted love and brother-truth ensuing,

Never the Lord's supper ruing!
Lord, be merciful to us.
Let thy good Ghost us not forsake,
Let him make us the just way take
That thy poor Christendom
Into peace and union come!
Lord, be merciful to us.

XV. _DEATH_.

I.

In the midst of life, we are
Aye in Death's embraces.
Who is there who help us can
And in safety place us?
Lord, thou art he, thou only.
From our 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 swallowed
In the misery of death:
Lord, have mercy upon us.

In the midst of death, behold
Hell's jaws gaping at us!
Who will from such dire distress
Free and scathless set us?
Lord, that dost thou, 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:
Lord, have mercy upon us.

When amidst the pains of hell
Us our sins are baiting;
Whither shall we flee away
Where relief is waiting?
To thee, Lord Christ, thee only
Who didst outpour 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 comfort of the right faith:
Lord, have mercy upon us.

II.

SIMEON THE PATRIARCH'S SONG OF PRAISE.

In peace and joy I now depart,
For God hath willed it.
Comforted is my mind and heart,
For he hath stilled it;
As my God did promise me,
Death is grown only slumber.

That shows that Christ is God's own Son,
And our saviour so,
Whom thou, O Lord, to me hast shown,
Making me know
Him 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 ope their eyes, and give them sight
Thee to see then.
He to thy people, Isr'el,
Is glory, honour, pleasure.

XVI. _THE PRAISE OF GOD_.

I.

Unto the seer, Isaiah, it was given
That, in the spirit, he saw the Lord of heaven
Up on a lofty throne, in radiance bright;
The skirt of his garment 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 TEUM 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 God, the Lord 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. To thee each day thy praises come;
1. To Thee, 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 dost lead.
1. Thou sittest now at God's right hand,
2. With glory of all i' th' heavenly land;
1. The hour shall come when thou shalt yet
2. To judge 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 always whole.
1. Thy folk, Lord Christ, help and advance,
2. And bless thine own inheritance;
1. Them watch and ward, Lord, every day,
2. And lift them always up, 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 every 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 Lappisch Mann: _A Silly Man_.

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--
Is now the cock to crow to Pan.

Who has in sight
To live upright,
Keep honour bright,
And be true quite--
In vain shall fight
And lose his might,
Shall meet with slight
And scorn and spite,
And serve the rest, unhappy wight.

By flattery's rod
There's many a lad
Great wealth has had,
And praises glad;
Down in the mud
He'll 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!

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