

TO THE CANNON "VICTOR HUGO."

{Bought with the proceeds of Readings of "Les Châtiments" during
the Siege of Paris.}

{1872.}

Thou deadly crater, moulded by my muse,
Cast thou thy bronze into my bowed and wounded heart,
And let my soul its vengeance to thy bronze impart!

L'ART D'ÊTRE GRANDPÈRE.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

("Prenez garde à ce petit être.")

{LAUS PUER: POEM V.}

Take heed of this small child of earth;
He is great: in him is God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights in the blue sky.

In our brief bitter world of wrong
They come; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
And His forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes:
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on Sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs.

When God seeks out these tender things,
Whom in the shadow where we keep,
He sends them clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep!

Dublin University Magazine.

THE EPIC OF THE LION.

("Un lion avait pris un enfant.")

{XIII.}

A Lion in his jaws caught up a child—
Not harming it—and to the woodland, wild
With secret streams and lairs, bore off his prey—
The beast, as one might cull a bud in May.
It was a rosy boy, a king's own pride,
A ten-year lad, with bright eyes shining wide,
And save this son his majesty beside
Had but one girl, two years of age, and so
The monarch suffered, being old, much woe;
His heir the monster's prey, while the whole land
In dread both of the beast and king did stand;
Sore terrified were all.

By came a knight

That road, who halted, asking, "What's the fright?"
They told him, and he spurred straight for the site!
The beast was seen to smile ere joined they fight,
The man and monster, in most desperate duel,
Like warring giants, angry, huge, and cruel.
Stout though the knight, the lion stronger was,
And tore that brave breast under its cuirass,
Scrumching that hero, till he sprawled, alas!

Beneath his shield, all blood and mud and mess:
Whereat the lion feasted: then it went
Back to its rocky couch and slept content.
Sudden, loud cries and clamors! striking out
Qualm to the heart of the quiet, horn and shout
Causing the solemn wood to reel with rout.
Terrific was this noise that rolled before;
It seemed a squadron; nay, 'twas something more—
A whole battalion, sent by that sad king
With force of arms his little prince to bring,
Together with the lion's bleeding hide.

Which here was right or wrong? Who can decide?
Have beasts or men most claim to live? God wots!
He is the unit, we the cipher-dots.
Ranged in the order a great hunt should have,
They soon between the trunks espy the cave.
"Yes, that is it! the very mouth of the den!"
The trees all round it muttered, warning men;
Still they kept step and neared it. Look you now,
Company's pleasant, and there were a thou—
Good Lord! all in a moment, there's its face!
Frightful! they saw the lion! Not one pace
Further stirred any man; but bolt and dart
Made target of the beast. He, on his part,
As calm as Pelion in the rain or hail,

Bristled majestic from the teeth to tail,
And shook full fifty missiles from his hide,
But no heed took he; steadfastly he eyed,
And roared a roar, hoarse, vibrant, vengeful, dread,
A rolling, raging peal of wrath, which spread,
Making the half-awakened thunder cry,
"Who thunders there?" from its black bed of sky.
This ended all! Sheer horror cleared the coast;
As fogs are driven by the wind, that valorous host
Melted, dispersed to all the quarters four,
Clean panic-stricken by that monstrous roar.
Then quoth the lion, "Woods and mountains, see,
A thousand men, enslaved, fear one beast free!"
He followed towards the hill, climbed high above,
Lifted his voice, and, as the sowers sow
The seed down wind, thus did that lion throw
His message far enough the town to reach:
"King! your behavior really passes speech!
Thus far no harm I've wrought to him your son;
But now I give you notice—when night's done,
I will make entry at your city-gate,
Bringing the prince alive; and those who wait
To see him in my jaws—your lackey-crew—
Shall see me eat him in your palace, too!"
Next morning, this is what was viewed in town:
Dawn coming—people going—some adown

Praying, some crying; pallid cheeks, swift feet,
And a huge lion stalking through the street.
It seemed scarce short of rash impiety
To cross its path as the fierce beast went by.
So to the palace and its gilded dome
With stately steps unchallenged did he roam;
He enters it—within those walls he leapt!
No man!

For certes, though he raged and wept,
His majesty, like all, close shelter kept,
Solicitous to live, holding his breath
Specially precious to the realm. Now death
Is not thus viewed by honest beasts of prey;
And when the lion found *him* fled away,
Ashamed to be so grand, man being so base,
He muttered to himself, "A wretched king!
'Tis well; I'll eat his boy!" Then, wandering,
Lordly he traversed courts and corridors,
Paced beneath vaults of gold on shining floors,
Glanced at the throne deserted, stalked from hall
To hall—green, yellow, crimson—empty all!
Rich couches void, soft seats unoccupied!
And as he walked he looked from side to side
To find some pleasant nook for his repast,
Since appetite was come to munch at last

The princely morsel!—Ah! what sight astounds
That grisly lounge?

In the palace grounds
An alcove on a garden gives, and there
A tiny thing—forgot in the general fear,
Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly
Through leaf and lattice—was at that moment waking;
A little lovely maid, most dear and taking,
The prince's sister—all alone, undressed—
She sat up singing: children sing so best.
Charming this beauteous baby-maid; and so
The beast caught sight of her and stopped—

And then
Entered—the floor creaked as he stalked straight in.
Above the playthings by the little bed
The lion put his shaggy, massive head,
Dreadful with savage might and lordly scorn,
More dreadful with that princely prey so borne;
Which she, quick spying, "Brother, brother!" cried,
"Oh, my own brother!" and, unterrified,
She gazed upon that monster of the wood,
Whose yellow balls not Typhon had withstood,
And—well! who knows what thoughts these small heads hold?

She rose up in her cot—full height, and bold,
And shook her pink fist angrily at him.
Whereon—close to the little bed's white rim,
All dainty silk and laces—this huge brute
Set down her brother gently at her foot,
Just as a mother might, and said to her,
"Don't be put out, now! There he is, dear, there!"

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

LES QUATRE VENTS DE L'ESPRIT.

ON HEARING THE PRINCESS ROYAL{1} SING.

("Dans ta haute demeure.")

{Bk. III. ix., 1881.}

In thine abode so high
Where yet one scarce can breathe,
Dear child, most tenderly

A soft song thou dost wreathe.

Thou singest, little girl—

Thy sire, the King is he:

Around thee glories whirl,

But all things sigh in thee.

Thy thought may seek not wings

Of speech; dear love's forbidden;

Thy smiles, those heavenly things,

Being faintly born, are chidden.

Thou feel'st, poor little Bride,

A hand unknown and chill

Clasp thine from out the wide

Deep shade so deathly still.

Thy sad heart, wingless, weak,

Is sunk in this black shade

So deep, thy small hands seek,

Vainly, the pulse God made.

Thou art yet but highness, thou

That shaft be majesty:

Though still on thy fair brow

Some faint dawn-flush may be,

Child, unto armies dear,
Even now we mark heaven's light
Dimmed with the fume and fear
And glory of battle-might.

Thy godfather is he,
Earth's Pope,—he hails thee, child!
Passing, armed men you see
Like unarmed women, mild.

As saint all worship thee;
Thyself even hast the strong
Thrill of divinity
Mingled with thy small song.

Each grand old warrior
Guards thee, submissive, proud;
Mute thunders at thy door
Sleep, that shall wake most loud.

Around thee foams the wild
Bright sea, the lot of kings.
Happier wert thou, my child,
I' the woods a bird that sings!

NELSON R. TYERMAN.

{Footnote 1: Marie, daughter of King Louis Philippe, afterwards Princess of Würtemberg.}

MY HAPPIEST DREAM.

("J'aime à me figure.")

{Bk. III. vii. and viii.}

I love to look, as evening fails,
On vestals streaming in their veils,
Within the fane past altar rails,
 Green palms in hand.
My darkest moods will always clear
When I can fancy children near,
With rosy lips a-laughing—dear,
 Light-dancing band!

Enchanting vision, too, displayed,
That of a sweet and radiant maid,
Who knows not why she is afraid,—
 Love's yet unseen!
Another—rarest 'mong the rare—

To see the gaze of chosen fair
Return prolonged and wistful stare
Of eager een.

But—dream o'er all to stir my soul,
And shine the brightest on the roll,
Is when a land of tyrant's toll
By sword is rid.

I say not dagger—with the sword
When Right enchampions the horde,
All in broad day—so that the bard
May sing the victor with the starred
Bayard and Cid!

AN OLD-TIME LAY.

("Jamais elle ne raille.")

{Bk. III. xiii.}

Where your brood seven lie,
Float in calm heavenly,
Life passing evenly,
Waterfowl, waterfowl! often I dream
For a rest

Like your nest,
Skirting the stream.

Shine the sun tearfully
Ere the clouds clear fully,
Still you skim cheerfully,
Swallow, oh! swallow swift! often I sigh
For a home
Where you roam
Nearing the sky!

Guileless of pondering;
Swallow-eyes wandering;
Seeking no fonder ring
Than the rose-garland Love gives thee apart!
Grant me soon—
Blessed boon!
Home in thy heart!

JERSEY.

("Jersey dort dans les flots.")

{Bk. III. xiv., Oct. 8, 1854.}

Dear Jersey! jewel jubilant and green,
'Midst surge that splits steel ships, but sings to thee!
Thou fav'rest Frenchmen, though from England seen,
Oft tearful to that mistress "North Countree";
Returned the third time safely here to be,
I bless my bold Gibraltar of the Free.

Yon lighthouse stands forth like a fervent friend,
One who our tempest buffets back with zest,
And with twin-steeple, eke our helmsman's end,
Forms arms that beckon us upon thy breast;
Rose-posied pillow, crystallized with spray,
Where pools pellucid mirror sunny ray.

A frigate fretting yonder smoothest sky,
Like pauseless petrel poising o'er a wreck,
Strikes bright athwart the dearly dazzled eye,
Until it lessens to scarce certain speck,
'Neath Venus, sparkling on the agate-sprinkled beach,
For fisher's sailing-signal, just and true,
Until Aurora frights her from the view.

In summer, steamer-smoke spreads as thy veil,
And mists in winter sudden screen thy sight,
When at thy feet the galley-breakers wail
And toss their tops high o'er the lofty flight

Of horrid storm-worn steps with shark-like bite,
That only ope to swallow up in spite.

L'ENVOY.

But penitent in calm, thou givest a balm,
To many a man who's felt thy rage,
And many a sea-bird—thanks be heard!—
Thou shieldest—sea-bird—exiled bard and sage.

THEN, MOST, I SMILE.

("Il est un peu tard.")

{Bk. III. xxx., Oct. 30, 1854.}

Late it is to look so proud,
Daisy queen! come is the gloom
Of the winter-burdened cloud!—
"But, in winter, most I bloom!"

Star of even! sunk the sun!
Lost for e'er the ruddy line;
And the earth is veiled in dun,—
"Nay, in darkness, best I shine!"

O, my soul! art 'bove alarm,
Quaffing thus the cup of gall—
Canst thou face the grave with calm?—
"Yes, the Christians smile at all."

THE EXILE'S DESIRE.

("Si je pouvais voir, O patrie!")

{Bk. III. xxxvii.}

Would I could see you, native land,
Where lilacs and the almond stand
Behind fields flowering to the strand—

But no!

Can I—oh, father, mother, crave
Another final blessing save
To rest my head upon your grave?—

But no!

In the one pit where ye repose,
Would I could tell of France's woes,
My brethren, who fell facing foes—

But no!

Would I had—oh, my dove of light,
After whose flight came ceaseless night,
One plume to clasp so purely white.—

But no!

Far from ye all—oh, dead, bewailed!
The fog-bell deafens me empaled
Upon this rock—I feel enjailed—
Though free.

Like one who watches at the gate
Lest some shall 'scape the doomèd strait.
I watch! the tyrant, howe'er late,
Must fall!

THE REFUGEE'S HAVEN.

("Vous voilà dans la froide Angleterre.")

{Bk. III. xlvii., Jersey, Sept. 19, 1854.}

You may doubt I find comfort in England
But, there, 'tis a refuge from dangers!

Where a Cromwell dictated to Milton,
Republicans ne'er can be strangers!

VARIOUS PIECES.

TO THE NAPOLEON COLUMN.

{Oct. 9, 1830.}

When with gigantic hand he placed,
For throne, on vassal Europe based,
That column's lofty height—
Pillar, in whose dread majesty,
In double immortality,
Glory and bronze unite!
Aye, when he built it that, some day,
Discord or war their course might stay,
Or here might break their car;
And in our streets to put to shame
Pigmies that bear the hero's name
Of Greek and Roman war.

It was a glorious sight; the world
His hosts had trod, with flags unfurled,
In veteran array;
Kings fled before him, forced to yield,
He, conqueror on each battlefield,
Their cannon bore away.
Then, with his victors back he came;
All France with booty teemed, her name
Was writ on sculptured stone;
And Paris cried with joy, as when
The parent bird comes home again
To th' eaglets left alone.
Into the furnace flame, so fast,
Were heaps of war-won metal cast,
The future monument!
His thought had formed the giant mould,
And piles of brass in the fire he rolled,
From hostile cannon rent.
When to the battlefield he came,
He grasped the guns spite tongues of flame,
And bore the spoil away.
This bronze to France's Rome he brought,
And to the founder said, "Is aught
Wanting for our array?"
And when, beneath a radiant sun,
That man, his noble purpose done,

With calm and tranquil mien,
Disclosed to view this glorious fane,
And did with peaceful hand contain
The warlike eagle's sheen.
Round *thee*, when hundred thousands placed,
As some great Roman's triumph graced,
The little Romans all;
We boys hung on the procession's flanks,
Seeking some father in thy ranks,
And loud thy praise did call.
Who that surveyed thee, when that day
Thou deemed that future glory ray
Would here be ever bright;
Feared that, ere long, all France thy grave
From pettifoggers vain would crave
Beneath that column's height?

Author of "Critical Essays."

CHARITY.

("Je suis la Charité.")

{February, 1837.}

"Lo! I am Charity," she cries,
"Who waketh up before the day;
While yet asleep all nature lies,
God bids me rise and go my way."

How fair her glorious features shine,
Whereon the hand of God hath set
An angel's attributes divine,
With all a woman's sweetness met.

Above the old man's couch of woe
She bows her forehead, pure and even.
There's nothing fairer here below,
There's nothing grander up in heaven,

Than when caressingly she stands
(The cold hearts wakening 'gain their beat),
And holds within her holy hands
The little children's naked feet.

To every den of want and toil
She goes, and leaves the poorest fed;
Leaves wine and bread, and genial oil,
And hopes that blossom in her tread,

And fire, too, beautiful bright fire,

That mocks the glowing dawn begun,
Where, having set the blind old sire,
He dreams he's sitting in the sun.

Then, over all the earth she runs,
And seeks, in the cold mists of life,
Those poor forsaken little ones
Who droop and weary in the strife.

Ah, most her heart is stirred for them,
Whose foreheads, wrapped in mists obscure,
Still wear a triple diadem—
The young, the innocent, the poor.

And they are better far than we,
And she bestows a worthier meed;
For, with the loaf of charity,
She gives the kiss that children need.

She gives, and while they wondering eat
The tear-steeped bread by love supplied,
She stretches round them in the street
Her arm that passers push aside.

If, with raised head and step alert,
She sees the rich man stalking by,

She touches his embroidered skirt,
And gently shows them where they lie.

She begs for them of careless crowd,
Of earnest brows and narrow hearts,
That when it hears her cry aloud,
Turns like the ebb-tide and departs.

O miserable he who sings
Some strain impure, whose numbers fall
Along the cruel wind that brings
Death to some child beneath his wall.

O strange and sad and fatal thing,
When, in the rich man's gorgeous hall,
The huge fire on the hearth doth fling
A light on some great festival,

To see the drunkard smile in state,
In purple wrapt, with myrtle crowned,
While Jesus lieth at the gate
With only rags to wrap him round.

Dublin University Magazine

SWEET SISTER.

("Vous qui ne savez pas combien l'enfance est belle.")

Sweet sister, if you knew, like me,
The charms of guileless infancy,
No more you'd envy riper years,
Or smiles, more bitter than your tears.

But childhood passes in an hour,
As perfume from a faded flower;
The joyous voice of early glee
Flies, like the Halcyon, o'er the sea.

Enjoy your morn of early Spring;
Soon time maturer thoughts must bring;
Those hours, like flowers that interclimb,
Should not be withered ere their time.

Too soon you'll weep, as we do now,
O'er faithless friend, or broken vow,
And hopeless sorrows, which our pride
In pleasure's whirl would vainly hide.

Laugh on! unconscious of thy doom,
All innocence and opening bloom;

Laugh on! while yet thine azure eye
Mirrors the peace that reigns on high.

MRS. B. SOMERS.

THE PITY OF THE ANGELS.

("Un Ange vit un jour.")

{LA PITIÉ SUPREME VIII., 1881.}

When an angel of kindness
Saw, doomed to the dark,
Men framed in his likeness,
He sought for a spark—
Stray gem of God's glory
That shines so serene—
And, falling like lark,
To brighten our story,
Pure Pity was seen.

THE SOWER.

Sitting in a porchway cool,
Fades the ruddy sunlight fast,
Twilight hastens on to rule—
Working hours are wellnigh past

Shadows shoot across the lands;
But one sower lingers still,
Old, in rags, he patient stands,—
Looking on, I feel a thrill.

Black and high his silhouette
Dominates the furrows deep!
Now to sow the task is set,
Soon shall come a time to reap.

Marches he along the plain,
To and fro, and scatters wide
From his hands the precious grain;
Moody, I, to see him stride.

Darkness deepens. Gone the light.
Now his gestures to mine eyes
Are august; and strange—his height
Seems to touch the starry skies.

TORU DUTT.

OH, WHY NOT BE HAPPY?{1}

("A quoi bon entendre les oiseaux?")

{RUY BLAS, Act II.}

Oh, why not be happy this bright summer day,

'Mid perfume of roses and newly-mown hay?

Great Nature is smiling—the birds in the air

Sing love-lays together, and all is most fair.

Then why not be happy

This bright summer day,

'Mid perfume of roses

And newly-mown hay?

The streamlets they wander through meadows so fleet,

Their music enticing fond lovers to meet;

The violets are blooming and nestling their heads

In richest profusion on moss-coated beds.

Then why not be happy

This bright summer day,

When Nature is fairest

And all is so gay?

LEOPOLD WRAY.

{Footnote 1: Music composed by Elizabeth Philip.}

FREEDOM AND THE WORLD.

{Inscription under a Statue of the Virgin and Child, at Guernsey.—The poet sees in the emblem a modern Atlas, i.e., Freedom supporting the World.}

("Le peuple est petit.")

Weak is the People—but will grow beyond all other—
Within thy holy arms, thou fruitful victor-mother!
O Liberty, whose conquering flag is never furled—
Thou bearest Him in whom is centred all the World.

SERENADE.

("Quand tu chantes.")

When the voice of thy lute at the eve

Charmeth the ear,
In the hour of enchantment believe
What I murmur near.
That the tune can the Age of Gold
With its magic restore.
Play on, play on, my fair one,
Play on for evermore.

When thy laugh like the song of the dawn
Riseth so gay
That the shadows of Night are withdrawn
And melt away,
I remember my years of care
And misgiving no more.
Laugh on, laugh on, my fair one,
Laugh on for evermore.

When thy sleep like the moonlight above
Lulling the sea,
Doth enwind thee in visions of love,
Perchance, of me!
I can watch so in dream that enthralled me,
Never before!
Sleep on, sleep on, my fair one!
Sleep on for evermore.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

AN AUTUMNAL SIMILE.

("Les feuilles qui gisaient.")

The leaves that in the lonely walks were spread,
Starting from off the ground beneath the tread,
 Coursed o'er the garden-plain;
Thus, sometimes, 'mid the soul's deep sorrowings,
Our soul a moment mounts on wounded wings,
 Then, swiftly, falls again.

TO CRUEL OCEAN.

Where are the hapless shipmen?—disappeared,
 Gone down, where witness none, save Night, hath been,
Ye deep, deep waves, of kneeling mothers feared,
 What dismal tales know ye of things unseen?
Tales that ye tell your whispering selves between
 The while in clouds to the flood-tide ye pour;
And this it is that gives you, as I ween,

Those mournful voices, mournful evermore,
When ye come in at eve to us who dwell on shore.

ESMERALDA IN PRISON.

("Phoebus, n'est-il sur la terre?")

{OPERA OF "ESMERALDA," ACT IV., 1836.}

Phoebus, is there not this side the grave,

Power to save

Those who're loving? Magic balm

That will restore to me my former calm?

Is there nothing tearful eye

Can e'er dry, or hush the sigh?

I pray Heaven day and night,

As I lay me down in fright,

To retake my life, or give

All again for which I'd live!

Phoebus, hasten from the shining sphere

To me here!

Hither hasten, bring me Death; then Love

May let our spirits rise, ever-linked, above!

LOVER'S SONG.

("Mon âme à ton coeur s'est donnée.")

{ANGELO, Act II., May, 1835.}

My soul unto thy heart is given,
In mystic fold do they entwine,
So bound in one that, were they riven,
Apart my soul would life resign.
Thou art my song and I the lyre;
Thou art the breeze and I the brier;
The altar I, and thou the fire;
Mine the deep love, the beauty thine!
As fleets away the rapid hour
While weeping—may
My sorrowing lay
Touch thee, sweet flower.

ERNEST OSWALD COE.

A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF A VILLAGE.

("Tout vit! et se pose avec grâce.")

How graceful the picture! the life, the repose!
The sunbeam that plays on the porchstone wide;
And the shadow that fleets o'er the stream that flows,

And the soft blue sky with the hill's green side.

Fraser's Magazine.

LORD ROCHESTER'S SONG.

("Un soldat au dur visage.")

{CROMWELL, ACT I.}

"Hold, little blue-eyed page!"

So cried the watchers surly,

Stern to his pretty rage

And golden hair so curly—

"Methinks your satin cloak

Masks something bulky under;

I take this as no joke—

Oh, thief with stolen plunder!"

"I am of high repute,

And famed among the truthful:

This silver-handled lute

Is meet for one still youthful

Who goes to keep a tryst

With her who is his dearest.

I charge you to desist;

My cause is of the clearest."

But guardsmen are so sharp,

Their eyes are as the lynx's:

"That's neither lute nor harp—

Your mark is not the minxes.

Your loving we dispute—

That string of steel so cruel

For music does not suit—

You go to fight a duel!"

THE BEGGAR'S QUATRAIN.

("Aveugle comme Homère.")

{Improvised at the Café de Paris.}

Blind, as was Homer; as Belisarius, blind,

But one weak child to guide his vision dim.

The hand which dealt him bread, in pity kind—

He'll never see; God sees it, though, for him.

H.L.C., *"London Society."*

THE QUIET RURAL CHURCH.

It was a humble church, with arches low,
The church we entered there,
Where many a weary soul since long ago
Had past with plaint or prayer.

Mournful and still it was at day's decline,
The day we entered there;
As in a loveless heart, at the lone shrine,
The fires extinguished were.

Scarcely was heard to float some gentlest sound,
Scarcely some low breathed word,
As in a forest fallen asleep, is found
Just one belated bird.

A STORM SIMILE.

("Oh, regardez le ciel!")

{June, 1828.}

See, where on high the moving masses, piled
By the wind, break in groups grotesque and wild,
Present strange shapes to view;

Oft flares a pallid flash from out their shrouds,
As though some air-born giant 'mid the clouds
Sudden his falchion drew.

DRAMATIC PIECES.

THE FATHER'S CURSE.

("Vous, sire, écoutez-moi.")

{LE ROI S'AMUSE, Act I.}

M. ST. VALLIER (*an aged nobleman, from whom King Francis I.
decoyed his daughter, the famous beauty, Diana of
Poitiers*).

A king should listen when his subjects speak:

'Tis true your mandate led me to the block,
Where pardon came upon me, like a dream;
I blessed you then, unconscious as I was
That a king's mercy, sharper far than death,

To save a father doomed his child to shame;
Yes, without pity for the noble race
Of Poitiers, spotless for a thousand years,
You, Francis of Valois, without one spark
Of love or pity, honor or remorse,
Did on that night (thy couch her virtue's tomb),
With cold embraces, foully bring to scorn
My helpless daughter, Dian of Poitiers.
To save her father's life a knight she sought,
Like Bayard, fearless and without reproach.
She found a heartless king, who sold the boon,
Making cold bargain for his child's dishonor.
Oh! monstrous traffic! foully hast thou done!
My blood was thine, and justly, tho' it springs
Amongst the best and noblest names of France;
But to pretend to spare these poor gray locks,
And yet to trample on a weeping woman,
Was basely done; the father was thine own,
But not the daughter!—thou hast overpassed
The right of monarchs!—yet 'tis mercy deemed.
And I perchance am called ungrateful still.
Oh, hadst thou come within my dungeon walls,
I would have sued upon my knees for death,
But mercy for my child, my name, my race,
Which, once polluted, is my race no more.
Rather than insult, death to them and me.

I come not now to ask her back from thee;
Nay, let her love thee with insensate love;
I take back naught that bears the brand of shame.
Keep her! Yet, still, amidst thy festivals,
Until some father's, brother's, husband's hand
('Twill come to pass!) shall rid us of thy yoke,
My pallid face shall ever haunt thee there,
To tell thee, Francis, it was foully done!...

TRIBOULET (*the Court Jester*), *sneering*. The poor man
raves.

ST. VILLIER. Accursed be ye both!
Oh Sire! 'tis wrong upon the dying lion
To loose thy dog! (*Turns to Triboulet*)
 And thou, whoe'er thou art,
That with a fiendish sneer and viper's tongue
Makest my tears a pastime and a sport,
My curse upon thee!—Sire, thy brow doth bear
The gems of France!—on mine, old age doth sit;
Thine decked with jewels, mine with these gray hairs;
We both are Kings, yet bear a different crown;
And should some impious hand upon thy head
Heap wrongs and insult, with thine own strong arm
Thou canst avenge them! *God avenges mine!*

FREDK. L. SLOUS.

PATERNAL LOVE.

("Ma fille! ô seul bonheur.")

{LE ROI S'AMUSE, Act II}

My child! oh, only blessing Heaven allows me!

Others have parents, brothers, kinsmen, friends,

A wife, a husband, vassals, followers,

Ancestors, and allies, or many children.

I have but thee, thee only. Some are rich;

Thou art my treasure, thou art all my riches.

And some believe in angels; I believe

In nothing but thy soul. Others have youth,

And woman's love, and pride, and grace, and health;

Others are beautiful; thou art my beauty,

Thou art my home, my country and my kin,

My wife, my mother, sister, friend—my child!

My bliss, my wealth, my worship, and my law,

My Universe! Oh, by all other things

My soul is tortured. If I should ever lose thee—

Horrible thought! I cannot utter it.

Smile, for thy smile is like thy mother's smiling.

She, too, was fair; you have a trick like her,
Of passing oft your hand athwart your brow
As though to clear it. Innocence still loves
A brow unclouded and an azure eye.
To me thou seem'st clothed in a holy halo,
My soul beholds thy soul through thy fair body;
E'en when my eyes are shut, I see thee still;
Thou art my daylight, and sometimes I wish
That Heaven had made me blind that thou might'st be
The sun that lighted up the world for me.

FANNY KEMBLE-BUTLER.

THE DEGENERATE GALLANTS.

("Mes jeunes cavaliers.")

{HERNANI, Act I., March, 1830.}

What business brings you here, young cavaliers?
Men like the Cid, the knights of bygone years,
Rode out the battle of the weak to wage,
Protecting beauty and revering age.
Their armor sat on them, strong men as true,
Much lighter than your velvet rests on you.

Not in a lady's room by stealth they knelt;
In church, by day, they spoke the love they felt.
They kept their houses' honor bright from rust,
They told no secret, and betrayed no trust;
And if a wife they wanted, bold and gay,
With lance, or axe, or falchion, and by day,
Bravely they won and wore her. As for those
Who slip through streets when honest men repose,
With eyes turned to the ground, and in night's shade
The rights of trusting husbands to invade;
I say the Cid would force such knaves as these
To beg the city's pardon on their knees;
And with the flat of his all-conquering blade
Their rank usurped and 'scutcheon would degrade.
Thus would the men of former times, I say,
Treat the degenerate minions of to-day.

LORD F. LEVESON GOWER (1ST EARL OF ELLESMERE.)

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG BRIDEGROOM.

("L'homme auquel on vous destina.")

{HERNANI, Act I.}

Listen. The man for whom your youth is destined,
Your uncle, Ruy de Silva, is the Duke
Of Pastrana, Count of Castile and Aragon.
For lack of youth, he brings you, dearest girl,
Treasures of gold, jewels, and precious gems,
With which your brow might outshine royalty;
And for rank, pride, splendor, and opulence,
Might many a queen be envious of his duchess!
Here is one picture. I am poor; my youth
I passed i' the woods, a barefoot fugitive.
My shield, perchance, may bear some noble blazons
Spotted with blood, defaced though not dishonored.
Perchance I, too, have rights, now veiled in darkness,—
Rights, which the heavy drapery of the scaffold
Now hides beneath its black and ample folds;
Rights which, if my intent deceive me not,
My sword shall one day rescue. To be brief:—
I have received from churlish Fortune nothing
But air, light, water,—Nature's general boon.
Choose, then, between us two, for you must choose;—
Say, will you wed the duke, or follow me?

DONNA SOL. I'll follow you.

HERN. What, 'mongst my rude companions,
Whose names are registered in the hangman's book?

Whose hearts are ever eager as their swords,
Edged by a personal impulse of revenge?
Will you become the queen, dear, of my band?
Will you become a hunted outlaw's bride?
When all Spain else pursued and banished me,—
In her proud forests and air-piercing mountains,
And rocks the lordly eagle only knew,
Old Catalonia took me to her bosom.
Among her mountaineers, free, poor, and brave,
I ripened into manhood, and, to-morrow,
One blast upon my horn, among her hills,
Would draw three thousand of her sons around me.
You shudder,—think upon it. Will you tread
The shores, woods, mountains, with me, among men
Like the dark spirits of your haunted dreams,—
Suspect all eyes, all voices, every footstep,—
Sleep on the grass, drink of the torrent, hear
By night the sharp hiss of the musket-ball
Whistling too near your ear,—a fugitive
Proscribed, and doomed mayhap to follow me
In the path leading to my father's scaffold?

DONNA SOL. I'll follow you.

HERN. This duke is rich, great, prosperous,
No blot attaches to his ancient name.

He is all-powerful. He offers you
His treasures, titles, honors, with his hand.

DONNA SOL. We will depart to-morrow. Do not blame
What may appear a most unwomanly boldness.

CHARLES SHERRY.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

DONNA SOL *to* HERNANI.

("Nous partirons demain.")

{HERNANI, ACT I.}

To mount the hills or scaffold, we go to-morrow:

Hernani, blame me not for this my boldness.

Art thou mine evil genius or mine angel?

I know not, but I am thy slave. Now hear me:

Go where thou wilt, I follow thee. Remain,

And I remain. Why do I thus? I know not.

I feel that I must see thee—see thee still—

See thee for ever. When thy footstep dies,

It is as if my heart no more would beat;

When thou art gone, I am absent from myself;
But when the footstep which I love and long for
Strikes on mine ear again—then I remember
I live, and feel my soul return to me.

G. MOIR.

THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

("Fuyons ensemble.")

{HERNANI, Act II.}

DONNA SOL. Together let us fly!

HERNANI. Together? No! the hour is past for flight.
Dearest, when first thy beauty smote my sight,
I offered, for the love that bade me live,
Wretch that I was, what misery had to give:
My wood, my stream, my mountain. Bolder grown,
By thy compassion to an outlaw shown,
The outlaw's meal beneath the forest shade,
The outlaw's couch far in the greenwood glade,
I offered. Though to both that couch be free,
I keep the scaffold block reserved for me.

DONNA SOL. And yet you promised?

HERNANI (*falls on his knee.*) Angel! in this hour,
Pursued by vengeance and oppressed by power—
Even in this hour when death prepares to close
In shame and pain a destiny of woes—
Yes, I, who from the world proscribed and cast,
Have nursed one dark remembrance of the past,
E'en from my birth in sorrow's garment clad,
Have cause to smile and reason to be glad;
For you have loved the outlaw and have shed
Your whispered blessings on his forfeit head.

DONNA SOL. Let me go with you.

HERNANI. No! I will not rend
From its fair stem the flower as I descend.
Go—I have smelt its perfume. Go—resume
All that this grasp has brushed away of bloom.
Wed the old man,—believe that ne'er we met;
I seek my shade—be happy, and forget!

LORD F. LEVESON GOWER (1ST EARL OF ELLESMERE).

THE OLD MAN'S LOVE.

("Dérision! que cet amour boiteux.")

{HERNANI, Act III.}

O mockery! that this halting love
That fills the heart so full of flame and transport,
Forgets the body while it fires the soul!
If but a youthful shepherd cross my path,
He singing on the way—I sadly musing,
He in his fields, I in my darksome alleys—
Then my heart murmurs: "O, ye mouldering towers!
Thou olden ducal dungeon! O how gladly
Would I exchange ye, and my fields and forests,
Mine ancient name, mine ancient rank, my ruins—
My ancestors, with whom I soon shall lie,
For *his* thatched cottage and his youthful brow!"
His hair is black—his eyes shine forth like *thine*.
Him thou might'st look upon, and say, fair youth,
Then turn to me, and think that I am old.
And yet the light and giddy souls of cavaliers
Harbor no love so fervent as their words bespeak.
Let some poor maiden love them and believe them,
Then die for them—they smile. Aye! these young birds,
With gay and glittering wing and amorous song,

Can shed their love as lightly as their plumage.
The old, whose voice and colors age has dimmed,
Flatter no more, and, though less fair, are faithful.
When we love, we love true. Are our steps frail?
Our eyes dried up and withered? Are our brows
Wrinkled? There are no wrinkles in the heart.
Ah! when the graybeard loves, he should be spared;
The heart is young—*that* bleeds unto the last.
I love thee as a spouse,—and in a thousand
Other fashions,—as sire,—as we love
The morn, the flowers, the overhanging heavens.
Ah me! when day by day I gaze upon thee,
Thy graceful step, thy purely-polished brow,
Thine eyes' calm fire,—I feel my heart leap up,
And an eternal sunshine bathe my soul.
And think, too! Even the world admires,
When age, expiring, for a moment totters
Upon the marble margin of a tomb,
To see a wife—a pure and dove-like angel—
Watch over him, soothe him, and endure awhile
The useless old man, only fit to die;
A sacred task, and worthy of all honor,
This latest effort of a faithful heart;
Which, in his parting hour, consoles the dying,
And, without loving, wears the look of love.
Ah! thou wilt be to me this sheltering angel,

To cheer the old man's heart—to share with him
The burden of his evil years;—a daughter
In thy respect, a sister in thy pity.

DONNA SOL. My fate may be more to precede than follow.
My lord, it is no reason for long life
That we are young! Alas! I have seen too oft
The old clamped firm to life, the young torn thence;
And the lids close as sudden o'er their eyes
As gravestones sealing up the sepulchre.

G. MOIR.

THE ROLL OF THE DE SILVA RACE.

("Celui-ci, des Silvas, c'est l'aîné.")

{HERNANI, Act III.}

In that reverend face
Behold the father of De Silva's race,
Silvius; in Rome he filled the consul's place
Three times (your patience for such honored names).
This second was Grand Master of St. James
And Calatrava; his strong limbs sustained

Armor which ours would sink beneath. He gained
Thirty pitched battles, and took, as legends tell,
Three hundred standards from the Infidel;
And from the Moorish King Motril, in war,
Won Antiquera, Suez, and Nijar;
And then died poor. Next to him Juan stands,
His son; his plighted hand was worth the hands
Of kings. Next Gaspar, of Mendoza's line—
Few noble stems but chose to join with mine:
Sandoval sometimes fears, and sometimes woos
Our smiles; Manriquez envies; Lara sues;
And Alancastre hates. Our rank we know:
Kings are but just above us, dukes below.
Vasquez, who kept for sixty years his vow—
Greater than he I pass. This reverend brow,
This was my sire's—the greatest, though the last:
The Moors his friend had taken and made fast—
Alvar Giron. What did my father then?
He cut in stone an image of Alvar,
Cunningly carved, and dragged it to the war;
He vowed a vow to yield no inch of ground
Until that image of itself turned round;
He reached Alvar—he saved him—and his line
Was old De Silva's, and his name was mine—
Ruy Gomez.

King CARLOS. Drag me from his lurking-place
The traitor!

{DON RUY *leads the KING to the portrait behind
which HERNANI is hiding.*}

Sire, your highness does me grace.
This, the last portrait, bears my form and name,
And you would write this motto on the frame!
"This last, sprung from the noblest and the best,
Betrayed his plighted troth, and sold his guest!"

LORD F. LEVESON GOWER (1ST EARL OF ELLESMERE)

THE LOVERS' COLLOQUY.

("Mon duc, rien qu'un moment.")

{HERNANI, Act V.}

One little moment to indulge the sight
With the rich beauty of the summer's night.
The harp is hushed, and, see, the torch is dim,—
Night and ourselves together. To the brim
The cup of our felicity is filled.

Each sound is mute, each harsh sensation stilled.
Dost thou not think that, e'en while nature sleeps,
Some power its amorous vigils o'er us keeps?
No cloud in heaven; while all around repose,
Come taste with me the fragrance of the rose,
Which loads the night-air with its musky breath,
While everything is still as nature's death.
E'en as you spoke—and gentle words were those
Spoken by you,—the silver moon uprose;
How that mysterious union of her ray,
With your impassioned accents, made its way
Straight to my heart! I could have wished to die
In that pale moonlight, and while thou wert by.

HERNANI. Thy words are music, and thy strain of love
Is borrowed from the choir of heaven above.

DONNA SOL. Night is too silent, darkness too profound
Oh, for a star to shine, a voice to sound—
To raise some sudden note of music now
Suited to night.

HERN. Capricious girl! your vow
Was poured for silence, and to be released
From the thronged tumult of the marriage feast.

DONNA SOL. Yes; but one bird to carol in the field,—
A nightingale, in mossy shade concealed,—
A distant flute,—for music's stream can roll
To soothe the heart, and harmonize the soul,—
O! 'twould be bliss to listen.

*{Distant sound of a horn, the signal that HERNANI
must go to DON RUY, who, having saved his
life, had him bound in a vow to yield it up.}*

LORD F. LEVESON GOWER (1ST EARL OF ELLESMERE).

CROMWELL AND THE CROWN.

("Ah! je le tiens enfin.")

{CROMWELL, Act II., October, 1827.}

THURLOW *communicates the intention of Parliament to
offer CROMWELL the crown.*

CROMWELL. And is it mine? And have my feet at length
Attained the summit of the rock i' the sand?

THURLOW. And yet, my lord, you have long reigned.

CROM.

Nay, nay!

Power I have 'joyed, in sooth, but not the name.
Thou smilest, Thurlow. Ah, thou little know'st
What hole it is Ambition digs i' th' heart
What end, most seeming empty, is the mark
For which we fret and toil and dare! How hard
With an unrounded fortune to sit down!
Then, what a lustre from most ancient times
Heaven has flung o'er the sacred head of kings!
King—Majesty—what names of power! No king,
And yet the world's high arbiter! The thing
Without the word! no handle to the blade!
Away—the empire and the name are one!
Alack! thou little dream'st how grievous 'tis,
Emerging from the crowd, and at the top
Arrived, to feel that there is *something* still
Above our heads; something, nothing! no matter—
That word is everything.

LEITCH RITCHIE.

MILTON'S APPEAL TO CROMWELL.

("Non! je n'y puis tenir.")

{CROMWELL, Act III. sc. iv.}

Stay! I no longer can contain myself,
But cry you: Look on John, who bares his mind
To Oliver—to Cromwell, Milton speaks!
Despite a kindling eye and marvel deep
A voice is lifted up without your leave;
For I was never placed at council board
To speak *my* promptings. When awed strangers come
Who've seen Fox-Mazarin wince at the stings
In my epistles—and bring admiring votes
Of learned colleges, they strain to see
My figure in the glare—the usher utters,
"Behold and hearken! that's my Lord Protector's
Cousin—that, his son-in-law—that next"—who cares!
Some perfumed puppet! "Milton?" "He in black—
Yon silent scribe who trims their eloquence!"
Still 'chronicling small-beer,'—such is my duty!
Yea, one whose thunder roared through martyr bones
Till Pope and Louis Grand quaked on their thrones,
And echoed "Vengeance for the Vaudois," where
The Sultan slumbers sick with scent of roses.
He is but the mute in this seraglio—
"Pure" Cromwell's Council!
But to be dumb and blind is overmuch!

Impatient Issachar kicks at the load!
Yet diadems are burdens painfuller,
And I would spare thee that sore imposition.
Dear brother Noll, I plead against thyself!
Thou aim'st to be a king; and, in thine heart,
What fool has said: "There is no king but thou?"
For thee the multitude waged war and won—
The end thou art of wrestlings and of prayer,
Of sleepless watch, long marches, hunger, tears
And blood prolifically spilled, homes lordless,
And homeless lords! The mass must always suffer
That one should reign! the collar's but newly clamp'd,
And nothing but the name thereon is changed—
Master? still masters! mark you not the red
Of shame unutterable in my sightless white?
Still hear me, Cromwell, speaking for your sake!
These fifteen years, we, to you whole-devoted,
Have sought for Liberty—to give it thee?
To make our interests your huckster gains?
The king a lion slain that you may flay,
And wear the robe—well, worthily—I say't,
For I will not abase my brother!
No! I would keep him in the realm serene,
My own ideal of heroes! loved o'er Israel,
And higher placed by me than all the others!
And such, for tinkling titles, hollow haloes

Like that around yon painted brow—thou! thou!
Apostle, hero, saint-dishonor thyself!
And snip and trim the flag of Naseby-field
As scarf on which the maid-of-honor's dog
Will yelp, some summer afternoon! That sword
Shrink into a sceptre! brilliant bauble! Thou,
Thrown on a lonely rock in storm of state,
Brain-turned by safety's miracle, thou risest
Upon the tott'ring stone whilst ocean ebbs,
And, reeking of no storms to come to-morrow,
Or to-morrow—deem that a certain pedestal
Whereon thou'lt be adored for e'er—e'en while
It shakes—o'ersets the rider! Tremble, thou!
For he who dazzles, makes men Samson-blind,
Will see the pillars of his palace kiss
E'en at the whelming ruin! Then, what word
Of answer from your wreck when I demand
Account of Cromwell! glory of the people
Smothered in ashes! through the dust thou'lt hear;
"What didst thou with thy virtue?" Will it respond:
"When battered helm is doffed, how soft is purple
On which to lay the head, lulled by the praise
Of thousand fluttering fans of flatterers!
Wearied of war-horse, gratefully one glides
In gilded barge, or in crowned, velvet car,
From gay Whitehall to gloomy Temple Bar—"

(Where—had you slipt, that head were bleaching now!
And that same rabble, splitting for a hedge,
Had joined their rows to cheer the active headsman;
Perchance, in mockery, they'd gird the skull
With a hop-leaf crown! Bitter the brewing, Noll!)
Are crowns the end-all of ambition? Remember
Charles Stuart! and that they who make can break!
This same Whitehall may black its front with crape,
And this broad window be the portal twice
To lead upon a scaffold! Frown! or laugh!
Laugh on as they did at Cassandra's speech!
But mark—the prophetess was right! Still laugh,
Like the credulous Ethiop in his faith in stars!
But give one thought to Stuart, two for yourself!
In his appointed hour, all was forthcoming—
Judge, axe, and deathsman veiled! and my poor eyes
Descry—as would thou saw'st!—a figure veiled,
Uplooming there—afar, like sunrise, coming!
With blade that ne'er spared Judas 'midst free brethren!
Stretch not the hand of Cromwell for the prize
Meant not for him, nor his! Thou growest old,
The people are ever young! Like her i' the chase
Who drave a dart into her lover, embowered,
Piercing the incense-clouds, the popular shaft
May slay thee in a random shot at Tyranny!
Man, friend, remain a Cromwell! in thy name,

Rule! and if thy son be worthy, he and his,
So rule the rest for ages! be it grander thus
To be a Cromwell than a Carolus.
No lapdog combed by wantons, but the watch
Upon the freedom that we won! Dismiss
Your flatterers—let no harpings, no gay songs
Prevent your calm dictation of good laws
To guard, to fortify, and keep enlinked
England and Freedom! Be thine old self alone!
And make, above all else accorded me,
My most desired claim on all posterity,
That thou in Milton's verse wert foremost of the free!

FIRST LOVE.

("Vous êtes singulier.")

{MARION DELORME, Act I., June, 1829, *played* 1831.}

MARION (*smiling.*) You're strange, and yet I love you thus.

DIDIER. You love me?

Beware, nor with light lips utter that word.

You love me!—know you what it is to love

With love that is the life-blood in one's veins,
The vital air we breathe, a love long-smothered,
Smouldering in silence, kindling, burning, blazing,
And purifying in its growth the soul.
A love that from the heart eats every passion
But its sole self; love without hope or limit,
Deep love that will outlast all happiness;
Speak, speak; is such the love you bear me?

MARION. Truly.

DIDIER. Ha! but you do not know how I love you!
The day that first I saw you, the dark world
Grew shining, for your eyes lighted my gloom.
Since then, all things have changed; to me you are
Some brightest, unknown creature from the skies.
This irksome life, 'gainst which my heart rebelled,
Seems almost fair and pleasant; for, alas!
Till I knew you wandering, alone, oppressed,
I wept and struggled, I had never loved.

FANNY KEMBLE-BUTLER.

THE FIRST BLACK FLAG.

("Avez-vous oui dire?")

{LES BURGRAVES, Part I., March, 1843.}

JOB. Hast thou ne'er heard men say
That, in the Black Wood, 'twixt Cologne and Spire,
Upon a rock flanked by the towering mountains,
A castle stands, renowned among all castles?
And in this fort, on piles of lava built,
A burgrave dwells, among all burgraves famed?
Hast heard of this wild man who laughs at laws—
Charged with a thousand crimes—for warlike deeds
Renowned—and placed under the Empire's ban
By the Diet of Frankfort; by the Council
Of Pisa banished from the Holy Church;
Reprobate, isolated, cursed—yet still
Unconquered 'mid his mountains and in will;
The bitter foe of the Count Palatine
And Treves' proud archbishop; who has spurned
For sixty years the ladder which the Empire
Upreared to scale his walls? Hast heard that he
Shelters the brave—the flaunting rich man strips—
Of master makes a slave? That here, above
All dukes, aye, kings, eke emperors—in the eyes
Of Germany to their fierce strife a prey,
He rears upon his tower, in stern defiance,

A signal of appeal to the crushed people,
A banner vast, of Sorrow's sable hue,
Snapped by the tempest in its whirlwind wrath,
So that kings quiver as the jades at whips?
Hast heard, he touches now his hundredth year—
And that, defying fate, in face of heaven,
On his invincible peak, no force of war
Uprooting other holds—nor powerful Cæsar—
Nor Rome—nor age, that bows the pride of man—
Nor aught on earth—hath vanquished, or subdued,
Or bent this ancient Titan of the Rhine,
The excommunicated Job?

Democratic Review.

THE SON IN OLD AGE.

("Ma Regina, cette noble figure.")

{LES BURGRAVES, Part II.}

Thy noble face, Regina, calls to mind
My poor lost little one, my latest born.
He was a gift from God—a sign of pardon—
That child vouchsafed me in my eightieth year!

I to his little cradle went, and went,
And even while 'twas sleeping, talked to it.
For when one's very old, one is a child!
Then took it up and placed it on my knees,
And with both hands stroked down its soft, light hair—
Thou wert not born then—and he would stammer
Those pretty little sounds that make one smile!
And though not twelve months old, he had a mind.
He recognized me—nay, knew me right well,
And in my face would laugh—and that child-laugh,
Oh, poor old man! 'twas sunlight to my heart.
I meant him for a soldier, ay, a conqueror,
And named him George. One day—oh, bitter thought!
The child played in the fields. When thou art mother,
Ne'er let thy children out of sight to play!
The gypsies took him from me—oh, for what?
Perhaps to kill him at a witch's rite.
I weep!—now, after twenty years—I weep
As if 'twere yesterday. I loved him so!
I used to call him "my own little king!"
I was intoxicated with my joy
When o'er my white beard ran his rosy hands,
Thrilling me all through.

Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE EMPEROR'S RETURN.

("Un bouffon manquait à cette fête.")

{LES BURGRAVES, Part II.}

The EMPEROR FREDERICK BARBAROSSA, believed to be dead, appearing as a beggar among the Rhenish nobility at a castle, suddenly reveals himself.

HATTO. This goodly masque but lacked a fool!
First gypsy; next a beggar;—good! Thy name?

BARBAROSSA. Frederick of Swabia, Emperor of Almain.

ALL. The Red Beard?

BARBAROSSA. Aye, Frederick, by my mountain birthright Prince
O' th' Romans, chosen king, crowned emperor,
Heaven's sword-bearer, monarch of Burgundy
And Arles—the tomb of Karl I dared profane,
But have repented me on bended knees
In penance 'midst the desert twenty years;
My drink the rain, the rocky herbs my food,
Myself a ghost the shepherds fled before,

And the world named me as among the dead.
But I have heard my country call—come forth,
Lifted the shroud—broken the sepulchre.
This hour is one when dead men needs must rise.
Ye own me? Ye mind me marching through these vales
When golden spur was ringing at my heel?
Now know me what I am, your master, earls!
Brave knights you deem! You say, "The sons we are
Of puissant barons and great noblemen,
Whose honors we prolong." You *do* prolong them?
Your sires were soldiers brave, not prowlers base,
Rogues, miscreants, felons, village-ravagers!
They made great wars, they rode like heroes forth,
And, worthy, won broad lands and towers and towns,
So firmly won that thirty years of strife
Made of their followers dukes, their leaders kings!
While you! like jackal and the bird of prey,
Who lurk in copses or 'mid muddy beds—
Crouching and hushed, with dagger ready drawn,
Hide in the noisome marsh that skirts the way,
Trembling lest passing hounds snuff out your lair!
Listen at eventide on lonesome path
For traveller's footfall, or the mule-bell's chime,
Pouncing by hundreds on one helpless man,
To cut him down, then back to your retreats—
You dare to vaunt your sires? I call your sires,

Bravest of brave and greatest 'mid the great,
A line of warriors! you, a pack of thieves!

Athenaeum.