

J. Agueria Penon.

JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG'S

LYRICAL SONGS,

IDYLLS AND EPIGRAMS.

Cambridge :

PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M.A.

AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG'S

LYRICAL SONGS

IDYLLS AND EPIGRAMS

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY

EIRIKR MAGNUSSON, M.A.

UNDER-LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE,

AND

E. H. PALMER, M.A.

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER AT LAW, LORD ALMONER'S
PROFESSOR OF ARABIC, AND FELLOW OF SAINT JOHN'S
COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE.

London :

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO. 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

1878

[*All rights reserved.*]

TO

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

OSCAR THE SECOND

KING OF SWEDEN

THIS WORK

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SPECIAL PERMISSION

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED.

SIRE,

THIS translation is, so far as we know, the first attempt to render into English any of the more important poetical works in the Swedish language, with absolute loyalty to both form and substance.

Having spared no efforts to make this version worthy of the original, we have ventured to solicit the honour of dedicating it to YOUR MAJESTY, who holds so distinguished a place among the Singers in Svea's sonorous tongue.

If, as we would humbly venture to hope, our work should find favour with a SOVEREIGN, who extends such an enlightened interest as YOUR MAJESTY to literature, science and art, we should deem that as the most precious reward for our devoted labour.

We have the honour to be

YOUR MAJESTY'S

most obedient humble servants,

EIRÍKR MAGNÚSSON.

E. H. PALMER.

PREFACE.

IN this translation of Runeberg's Lyrical Poems we have preserved the technical form of the original, both as to rhythm, metre and rhyme, rendering, with hardly a single exception, line by line and, in general, word by word.

We believe, that the fidelity of the translation will be found to be almost as close as that of a careful prose version. But while keeping to this strict rule of literal accuracy, we have tried not to sacrifice anything of the beauty of the original. How far we have been successful in this, we must leave it to the reader to judge. It is no easy task to combine in any translation close fidelity to form and substance with elegance of language; and the difficulties are much increased, in the present instance, by the great abundance of feminine, or double, rhymes, which these poems contain, and with which we have not tampered in one single instance.

E. M. & E. H. P.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG was born at Jacobsstad in Finland on the 5th of February 1804. His family, to judge from the names of his parents, *Lorenz Ulrich* and *Anna Maria Malm*, seems to have been of purely Swedish extraction, though it had, no doubt, for a long time been domiciled in *Finland*. *Lorenz Ulrich Runeberg* was a captain in the Merchant Service; his small means were soon to be heavily taxed by the support of his large family of six children, of whom our poet was the eldest. It was, therefore, doubtless owing to straitened circumstances, that *Johan Ludvig* was, as a young boy, sent away from home to be brought up by an uncle, a tradesman in a small way of business, at *Uleåborg*. Some time afterwards he was sent to school where, being unable to pay for his maintenance, he had to purchase his education by giving instruction to boys in the same school younger than himself. In 1822, at the age of eighteen, he entered the University of *Åbo*, and after five years of studious toil, and struggle with poverty, took his degree of *Candidatus Philosophiæ* in the spring of 1827, and proceeded to the degree

of *Philosophiae Doctor* in July, the same year. Immediately on quitting the University, Runeberg left the Finnish coastland, the only part of *Finland* with which up to that time he had made himself acquainted, and went to spend three years in the wild uplands of the country, more especially in the "remote and beautiful" parish of *Saarijärvi*, on the large lake of Päijene. During this visit the foundation of Runeberg's future greatness was laid. The majestic scenery of the country, its wild-woods, mountains, and lakes, the struggling existence of the people, their brave and enduring character, their primitive domestic life and pure morality were henceforth to be the fountain from which one of the most national poets that ever lived was to draw his poetical inspirations. These three years were a period of inward development for that distinct poetical type which in unbroken harmony with itself we recognize throughout all Runeberg's works: in the choice of subjects of an original and mostly national type; in classical purity of conception combined with clearness and distinctness of form; and, still further, in language which is always simple, graceful, appropriate and above all melodious. Throughout, therefore, we are struck with a masterly union of antique sobriety and modern

romanticism, which gives a stamp of classical delicacy and refinement to all Runeberg's works.—From this statement, however, one poem (not included in this collection) must be excepted, namely *Jealousy's Nights*, in which the author's accustomed classical selfcontrol and healthy realism give way somewhat to unreality and passionate excess. It belongs to the earliest period of his career, and its excessive passionateness, considering the realistic character of Runeberg's poetry generally, may therefore probably be ascribed to youthful fervour set ablaze by some spark of real experiences of life. It must belong to a time anterior even to that very early period in his career, in which he had come to a distinct understanding with himself with regard to his own type and character as a poet; a period that comes within the time of his upland visit. In these early years of his life, he wrote several of his *Lyrical Songs*, as well as the *Idylls* and *Epigrams* and his translations of *Servian Folksongs*, a popular form of poetry, for which he himself avows great admiration, and the strong influence of which is distinctly traceable in his *Idylls* and *Epigrams*. During these years also he occupied himself with one of his greatest epic poems, *The Elk-hunters*, of which we shall speak presently.

In 1830 Runeberg left the wilds of the interior for Helsingfors, the capital of the country, where he was appointed *Amanuensis to the Consistory of the University*, which had been removed to the capital from *Åbo*, after the conflagration of the latter town in 1827. This same year he wrote a dissertation in Latin, in which he subjected the tragedy *Medea* by *Euripides* and that of the same name by *Seneca* to a comparative criticism. On the strength of this critical dissertation he was appointed *Docent in Roman Literature* at the University. Immediately after this appointment Runeberg published his *Translations of Servian Folk-songs*, his *Idylls and Epigrams*, and his first collection of *Lyrical Songs*. In reply to the Dedication to Bishop *Franzén* which Runeberg prefixed to the latter work, he received, some time afterwards, from this great and pure poet the following acknowledgement: "When your charming present arrived, I was prevented, by official duties, from bestowing on it a careful study. I had only time to rejoice here and there in the sight of a violet, or the sound of a lark; but even then I learnt, that it was a real poet, who was making his appearance in my former fatherland. Now I have given a more careful study to the poems, and know, that it is a great

poet, which Finland is about to produce."—This prophecy of the purehearted *Franzén* had not to wait long for its ample fulfilment.

In 1831 Runeberg married *Fredrika Charlotta*, daughter of Archbishop *Tengström* of *Åbo*, whose high mental endowments and qualities of heart made her a delightful companion and a devoted wife to the poet. In this year he wrote and published his first tragic epos, *The Grave in Perrho*, the subject of which is taken from the war, which terminated in the annexation of Finland to Russia. It may be called the poet's first trial trip into the tragic regions of the history of his country, which he afterwards explored with so much success, and which furnished him with the themes for his most popular work: *The Tales of Ensign Stål*. For the *Grave in Perrho* he was awarded the smaller gold medal of the Swedish Academy in 1831.

In 1832 he became Editor of the *Helsingfors Morgonblad* and continued in that capacity till 1837. In the former year he first published his *Elk-hunters*. It is not only a truly national epic, but the greatest that Finland possesses after the *Kalevala*. Its greatness lies in the admirably perfect and truthful picture which it sets before us of modern domestic life among the peasant population of Finland. The well-to-do tenant farmer's

life is drawn and coloured in all its naïve simplicity, sympathetic good nature, honest love and harmless parish politics, and framed, as it were, by the Finlander's *pörte* or wood-cot, its hearth ablaze with a roaring fire of logs of resinous firwood, its sooty walls of timber, its floor covered with hardened mud, and its roof enveloped in perpetual clouds of smoke. The brighter portions of the picture are thrown into relief by the dark shades which the terribly sad experience of the "honest beggar Aron" supplies; he being the type of stalwart manhood succumbing in the prime of its power to the Finnish farmer's most relentless foe, the frosty night of autumn, which so frequently throws, at a single stroke, a whole happy household on the resources of the beggar's staff. Throughout the poem there runs a vividly felt undercurrent of the sprightliest humour. This characteristic of the poem is sustained both by a variety of inimitably naïve discussions on domestic affairs and family tales, in one of which an ancient flintlock plays a prominent and amusing part; as well as by graphic and almost Homeric epithets, applied to the actors themselves. Thus, to cite a few instances, the stirring housewife Anna, who has got a will and temper of her own, is *the manifold-word-knowing Anna*; while her considerate husband, Petrus, recurs perpetually, as the *thoroughly*

sensible Petrus; Ontrus, an unkempt Russian travelling huckster, stands forth, unmistakably, as the *mattedly-brown-bearded Ontrus*; while the description of the *worshipful tenant of Hierpvik*, retiring, after a toast, foaming beer-can in hand, to the

Uppermost end of the table, where bench joineth bench
in an angle,

is really a gem in its way of descriptive humour.—The classical grace of language in which Runeberg has managed to clothe the whole subject is truly marvellous. We notice, in connection with this poem, one striking characteristic, which meets us in all Runeberg's works, and which, in the *Elk-hunters*, is palpably apparent: the simplicity of the plot. He gives us the impression of all through resisting, on principle, all attempts at artificiality in the arrangement of his stories with a view to a sudden and surprising *dénouement*. He will have such a solution only, as shall stand in an absolutely natural relation to a perfectly simple and natural situation. In this respect also Runeberg is truly Homeric.

In 1832, also, appeared a second collection of Runeberg's *Lyrical Songs*. Two years later, 1834, appeared in his paper a piece, called *The Wooer from*

the Country, a comic drama which, though it enjoyed considerable popularity and has been repeatedly played on the Finnish stage, the author persistently refused to admit to a place among his collected works. In 1836 appeared *Hanna*, a delightful idyll in hexameters, which describes happy love in happy summer-hours at a tranquil home in the wooded recesses of upper Finland.

In 1837 our poet quitted the capital for *Borgå*, some distance to the east of Helsingfors, at the Gymnasium of which town a *Lectorat* or Readership in Roman literature was conferred upon him. His poetical powers, exercising themselves here in a less wide range of activity, than while he sojourned at Helsingfors, centered now more inwards and manifested themselves in increasing creative strength and solidity of execution. Here appeared in 1841, the Russian tale *Nadeschda*, as well as the Finnish tale *Christmas Eve*, a story of Finnish military life. These were followed by a third issue of his *Lyrical Songs* in 1843 and, in 1844, by his greatest epic poem *King Fjalar*. In the weirdest of metres and rhythms the poet sets forth the unavailing contest of all-victorious *Fjalar* against the weird will of Fate, which the prophet *Dargar*, familiar with the darkness of Night and the forbidding gloom of

deep caves, announced in the weirdest of manners, to the king, while banqueting with his warriors in his hall at Yule-tide. The prophecy points to the most fearful fatality that can befall a father's son and daughter. At its announcement

The hall was all hushed ; there met
The gazing eye such sight, as when showers of hail
Storming have passed, and calm returning
Chillingly sinketh over a whitened tract.

The man of many triumphs with suppressed agony of heart orders his children, *Hjalmar* and *Gerda*, to be brought to him. After a terrible battle between paternal love and family pride, the king orders his daughter to be cast into the sea ; an order, no sooner expressed than fulfilled. On this same Yule-eve there lies, in the shelter of *Vidar's Rock*, near *Fjalar's* burgh, a viking, *Darg*, who, Fate willing, saves *Gerda*. Afterwards this viking is overcome by *Morannal*, king of *Morven* in *Erin*, and is saved from his burning vessel, with a female child in his arms, to expire on board *Morannal's* ship after having implored his mercy for her. *Oihonna*, as *Gerda* henceforth is called, grows up, at *Morannal's* court, and becomes far-famed in song and tale for her surpassing beauty, her hunting accomplishments and her highmindedness. Moran-

nal's sons, *Gall*, *Rurmar* and *Clesamor*, all burn with love for her, but she scorns them, while avowing her sisterly admiration for their several great accomplishments. The latent cause of this indifference for the royal blood of Morven is, that the fame, which in song and tale flies abroad of Hjalmar, has inspired her heart with profound veneration and intensely ideal love for the unseen young hero. Song and rumour have made her familiar with him through the following facts: while yet young, he prayed his father for a viking-ship, that he might emulate by deeds of heroism on the sea the fame of his forefathers. His father, having then vowed perpetual peace for himself and his people, sternly refuses the son's request. On being pressed, however, he yields to the son's urgent prayer, by granting him, what he meant to be an effectual bar to all further importunity: a ship, which had stood on the shore since his first viking cruise:

Its keel is cracked, grass up in its bottom grows,
And through its sides the daylight is beaming;
Up, take it, fly o'er oceans and seek thy name
'Mong strange-sounding sounds, forgotten by me!

Hjalmar calls on the now idle warriors of his father to follow him, and off the fast filling craft is swiftly urged over the trackless fields of the sea-

king's fame. Fjalar, hearing this, sets off to punish his son. He soon falls in with an escaped vessel of the fleet of the king of the *Perms* (*Bjarmar*, a Russian tribe), whom, on the previous day, Hjalmar had conquered. A fight for revenge soon follows, and Fjalar is at last reduced to a hopeless defence surrounded by his shield-burgh, or body-guard, when up comes Hjalmar, now steering the proud dragon which, the day before, had been commanded by the king of the Perms, renewing the fight with the escaped vessel, and finishing it with the slaughter of the last man on board. Still Fjalar's errand, the chastisement of his son for his disobedience, was not done yet. He therefore ordered Hjalmar to approach. The latter, obeying, cast away his weapons, and knelt before the stern father, whose sword, as he deals with it a heavy blow at Hjalmar's helmeted head, glances impotently off the casque. A furious order from the father next to uncover the head Hjalmar obeys unhesitatingly :

Defenceless stood he, having no other ward,
Than open and cheerful calm on his face.

Yet lo ! the old king faltered now. His sword,
A death-blow aiming, fell on the victim,
As faint, as if it had gone to rest upon
The bed of the bright luxuriant locks.

It was Hjalmar's fate, that thus spake through the listless sword; the son was forgiven, and henceforth pursued his path of fame unhindered.—

At last Hjalmar comes to Morven's strand, to woo the far-famed Oihonna with his sword. On the day, that the fate of Morven is decided, Morannal first tells her the tale of her childhood, how she was picked up by Darg from the waves by Vidar's rock, &c.

Victorious Hjalmar now marries Oihonna with the sea-kings' rites. She afterwards tells him her story as she learnt it from Morannal, and Hjalmar comes, soon afterwards, home to his father, telling him his fearful experience. Oihonna's story, he relates, was immediately followed by this episode :

“So she spake. Blanch not, oh, my father,
Her own blood on my sword thou seest.
Morven's maid, Oihonna, my bride on th' ocean,
Was thy daughter, King, was my sister too.

“Die she would, yea die for me. I bring her
Greeting.” Silent he grew. His steel,
Like a lightning's flash, in his breast was buried.
On the rock he sank into death's repose.

Fjalar now bows before fate, and kills himself a vanquished believer.—It is no small accomplishment on the part of the poet, to have succeeded in

making a subject like this really pure and healthy reading. Fate works the whole; the actors are fatally inspired, by no innate perversity, however, to act Fate's tragedy; yet in the end so as, in a sense, to defeat Fate itself by atoning for involuntary guilt by their blood wilfully shed. In none of Runeberg's other epics are the characters so plastically moulded and executed, the situations so statelily dramatic, or the whole action so compact. Depth of conception, too, as regards the general subject, and mastery of treatment, make this poem perhaps the greatest of its kind that Scandinavia can boast of in modern times. In mood and strain the poem bears distinct traces of the influence of Macpherson's *Ossian*.

In 1848 appeared the first series (followed in 1860 by a second) of *Ensign Stål's Tales*, which became at once, and have remained ever since, Runeberg's most popular work. It is impossible to describe the deep thrill which these wonderful romances sent through the heart of Swede and Fin alike, when they first appeared, and equally beyond description is the love of Runeberg's patriotic muse which they have kindled and continue daily to kindle throughout the North. We cannot give an idea—an adequate one, at

least—of this treasure of song; we will therefore content ourselves with only a few fugitive remarks. In form and spirit they range over a large region of poetic variety; from the drollest humour, as in *Sven Dove*, who could do nothing right at home, grew tired of scolds, and resolved to be a soldier, thinking that it was, perhaps, a less difficult task to fall for king and country than to work for an ever-fault-finding father on his farm; and on whose heroic death his commander, admiring the taste of the bullet that pierced his heart in preference to his head, transmitted his memory to posterity in the epitaph:

A middling head had he, forsooth,
His heart, howe'er, was good;

to sublime tragedy, as in *The Cloud's Brother*, whose noble deeds of valour for his people and land are thus admirably apostrophised by his sorrowing maiden:

More than living unto me was loving,
More than loving is to die as he died.

The whole is surrounded by a delightful atmosphere of sympathy with the people, under all aspects and in all circumstances of life. Three main currents, are especially noticeable as running through these songs: Finnish patriotism, Finnish

highminded and generous valour, and Finnish intense love, which finds its noblest and purest expression in *The Cottage Girl*, who could not endure life after having satisfied herself that he, on whom she had bestowed her heart, was a coward. More, perhaps, than any other event in the history of Finland, these songs have done to fire the patriotism of the Fins, to brace up their power of resistance, and to make them realize their existence as a distinct nationality.

In 1851 the poet saw, for the first and last time in his life, the country, in the language of which he had been singing Finland's life and nature for twenty years—*Sweden*. His reception was exceedingly enthusiastic, and most of all so among the members of the *Swedish Academy*. His peculiar relations to the Academy made this brotherly frankness especially touching. Runeberg had repeatedly passed condemnatory verdicts on works and talents upon which the Academy had deigned to confer its golden honours. Despite his sledgehammer criticisms, by which he might be said to be periodically at open war with this institution, it had, much to its credit, of its own accord conferred its large gold medal on Runeberg in 1839, and now each member vied with the other in a fraternal re-

ception of the revered antagonist. This visit, "full of pleasure, sympathy, and honour", the Poet afterwards, while remembering it with great delight, used frequently to denote as an act of heaping burning coals upon his head.

In 1853 Runeberg became a member of "The Hymnbook Committee of Finland"; the labours of this body resulted in the publication, in 1857, of *A Draft of a Swedish Hymnbook for the Evangelical Lutheran Congregations of Finland*, a work which was edited by Runeberg, and to which he alone contributed no less than 62 hymns. Though generally little noticed, it is a work of high merit. The deep devotion, the pure, fervid faith and child-like humility, which meets us in these hymns, in harmonious prayer, most simple in language, and most catholic in sentiment, render this Finnish hymnbook one of the best in the North.

In 1864 appeared, besides *Cannot*, which he called *a family picture*, a sweet and simple drama, the last of Runeberg's greater works, *The Kings of Salamis*, a tragedy in five acts, setting forth the struggle between the usurper, *Leiokritos*, and the dispossessed *Eurysakes*, the son of *Ajax* and *Tekmessa*, which terminates in the overthrow of the Pretender. In this work we admire the clearness of the

characters, the unity of the dramatic action, the masterly drawn contrast between the noble-minded *Leontes* (Leiocritos' son), and the loathsomely base *Rhaistes*, who eventually become each other's banesmen, the nobly tragic endurance and touching womanliness of Tekmessa, and, last, though not least, the classical dignity of some of the characters in their bearing, and the deliberately measured language in which they give utterance to their feelings. One feels, in reading this tragedy, as if the poet were holding passion down all through with one hand while, with the other, giving to it a stately and graceful embodiment with features only expressive of passive and patient agony, nobly borne.

Soon after this, Runeberg was struck with apoplexy, and remained ever afterwards a confirmed invalid until, on the afternoon of the 6th of May last, he passed away, leaving behind a widow and six sons, one of whom, Walter, is a sculptor of rapidly growing fame, now pursuing his studies at Rome.

Runeberg's greatness as a poet rests objectively on one main foundation: Patriotism. With a rare intensity of love and sympathy he lives himself into the life of his people, and with the keenest eye for nature, he lives himself into the natural phenomena

of his country. To his nation are devoted almost all the noblest creations of his genius. Her joys and sorrows, her hopes and fears he has sung as few poets ever have sung the same or similar themes under the same or similar circumstances: a nature, grand of aspect, certainly, but relentlessly chary of cheer and comfort; and life, met in sparse clusters here and there, like oases in a barren desert, about the foreground of a vast region of moors, lakes, morasses and impenetrable wild-woods, itself so uniform that, for the outsider, one feature only seems to be unmistakably recognizable: a cheerless stolidity. But subjectively he derives his fame, apart from his mighty poetic gifts, from his ethereal purity of sentiment, his vigorous healthiness of feeling, his dignified control of passion, his universal sympathy for all that is noble and righteous, his sound optimist philosophy and his enchanting melody of language. His name will long be cherished with love and admiration in the North, and through many a year to come will his own words on the departed *Bard* be applied to him:—

But still his song flies over land and wave,
Each heart still at his noble memory gloweth.

CAMBRIDGE,

St Valentine's Day, 1878.

E. M.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
To Franzén	I
The Old Man's Return	4
The Noble Victorious	7
The Lark	11
May-song	13
Birds of Passage	15
The Shepherd	17
My Days	22
To a Bird	24
The Spring Morning	27
To a Flower	30
The Bird's Nest by the Highway	32
A Summer Night	34
The Swan	37
The Cottager's Daughter	39
Autumn Evening	42
Consolation	45
Love's Blinding	49
The Girl's Lament	51
To Unrest	52
The Lover	54
To my Sparrow	57
The Burial	59
To Frigga	61
Youth	63
Waiting	66
Journey from Åbo	69
How blest am I	73

	PAGE
The Meeting	75
To a Maiden	77
The Convalescent	79
Lullaby for my Heart	81
Memories of Childhood	84
On a Friend's Death	87
On a Sleeping Child	90
On a Child's Grave	91
Life and Death	93
Old Age	94
The Bard	98
To Yearning	101
The Work-girl	103
The Peasant Youth	105
The Rower	107
The Pine-thrush	109
The Young Huntsman	111
The Morning	113
The Kiss	115
Regret	117
That was then	119
The Sailor's Girl	121
Greeting	123
Mind—for then the God appeareth	125
Serenade	127
Dissimulation	128
Butterfly and Rose	130
The Bird-catcher	132
To the Evening Star	134
The Dying Man	136
The Youth	137
To a Rose	138

CONTENTS.

xxxii

	PAGE
The Belle	139
By a Fountain	141
The Maid of Seventeen	143
The Revenge	145
The Flower's Lot	147
Who hither steered thy way	148
The Bride	150
Regret	151
Spring Ditty	153
To Fortune	154
The Heart's Morning	156
The Doubter	158
The Bride	160
The Sunday Harvest	162
The Old Man	164
The Flower	165
Autumn Song	167
Coming Home	169
My Life	170
Thought	172
The Forsaken	173
Autumn Evening	175
Waiting	176
Memory	177
The Painter	178
The Two	180
The Vain Wish	183
In a Young Girl's Album	184
To the Ladies	185
Idylls and Epigrams (I—LXII)	191—232

CORRECTIONS, &c.

- | | | | | | | | |
|------|------|------|-----|--|--------------|-------------|-------------|
| Page | 1, | line | 13, | <i>for</i> | mavis | <i>read</i> | throstle |
| ,, | 36, | ,, | 7, | <i>for</i> | ere | <i>read</i> | e'er |
| ,, | 50, | ,, | 1, | <i>for</i> | sighéd | <i>read</i> | sighed then |
| ,, | 69, | ,, | 8, | <i>for</i> | ware | <i>read</i> | wear |
| ,, | 70, | ,, | 6, | <i>Runsala</i> , a beautiful island a short distance from Åbo, and a favourite summer resort. | | | |
| ,, | 70, | ,, | 8, | <i>Choræus (Michael)</i> , of Swedish extraction, born at <i>Vörå</i> , in Finland, 1774, ob. 1806; a noted poet and a preacher of great reputation. A spring, called <i>Choræus</i> spring, is found in the centre of the island of <i>Runsala</i> , dedicated to the poet in the Latin words: <i>Fons Choræi Phæbei perennis</i> . | | | |
| ,, | 70, | ,, | 13, | <i>for</i> | lake | <i>read</i> | bay |
| ,, | 71, | ,, | 8, | <i>Lemo</i> , a foreland, a short distance from Åbo, where Baron <i>Ramsay (Carl Gustav)</i> met with a hero's death, June 19, 1808. | | | |
| ,, | 96, | ,, | 11, | <i>for</i> | Alps | <i>read</i> | Alps' |
| ,, | 189, | ,, | 11, | <i>for</i> | strawberries | <i>read</i> | raspberries |

TO FRANZÉN.

HAST thou then thy cherished voice uplifted
Midst us for the last,
Thou who, lark-like, with thy song hast drifted
Forth from Autumn's blast?

Shall that land which saw thy morning's flower,
Saw thy noon-day's gold,
Not also thy coming evening's hour
Sunlit, sweet, behold?

Dost forget in Sweden's flowery valleys
Native woodlands dear,
And for songs of nightingales, the sallies
Of the ~~mavis~~ ^{Throstle} here?

Since thou went'st from us, full many a chilling
Winter saw we pass ;
But though spring-time came and song-birds trilling,
Cam'st not thou, alas !

Yet within thy former groves was dreaming
Night as sweet as aye,
In the tiniest floweret's eye still beaming
Selfsame dewdrops lay,

As when blissful erst that strand thou soughtest
Where thy home-stream flows,
Look'dst on midnight's flame, in verses thoughtest,
Or didst cull a rose.

Say, when spring shall once again appear there,
And its splendours burst,
Would it not be sweet to shed a tear there,
Where thou sangest erst ?

Aye, though Uhlâ's ancient burgh is shattered,
Though thou should'st but trace
Dreary ruins, o'er thy birthplace scattered,
O'er thy dwelling-place,

It would yet be sweet to go, inquiring
Where, in days of yore,
Was the hut, and where the Muse inspiring,
Which its flag-staff bore.

Though in Aura's schools the wild wind shrieketh,
Come there without let!
Many a memory there from ashes speaketh
To thy bosom yet!

Come thou back to that land, which embraces,
Ah, so gladly thee!
Midst our rocks where'er thy landing-place is,
Flower-strown paths thou'lt see.

As a yearned-for spring-day shall each dwelling
Thee a greeting send,
Echo hail thee, through the gray hills swelling,
As thy childhood's friend.

THE OLD MAN'S RETURN.

LIKE birds of passage, after winter's days returning
To lake-land home and rest,
I come now unto thee, my foster-valley, yearning
For long-lost childhood's rest.

Full many a sea since then from thy dear strands
And many a chilly year ; has torn me,
Full many a joy since then those far-off lands have
And many a bitter tear. borne me,

Here am I back once more.—Great Heaven! there
Which erst my cradle bore, stands the dwelling
The selfsame sound, bay, grove and hilly range up-
My world in days of yore, swelling :

All as before.—Trees in the selfsame verdant dresses
With the same crowns are crowned ;
The tracts of heaven, and all the woodland's far re-
With well-known songs resound. cesses,

The memory of thy wondrous spring-times went be-
side me,
And of thy peaceful ways,
And thy good spirits, borne within me, seemed to
guide me,
E'en from my earliest days.

And what have I brought back from yon world wide
and dreary?
A snow-encumbered head,
A heart with sorrow sickened, and with falsehood weary,
And longing to be dead.

I crave no more of all that once was in my keep-
ing,
Dear mother! but one thing:
Grant me a grave, where still thy fountain fair is
weeping,
And where thy poplars spring!

So shall I dream on, Mother! to thy calm breast owing
A faithful shelter then,
And live in every floweret, from mine ashes growing,
A guiltless life again.

Say, when Nature sigheth for her fane disgracèd,
When the holy day is by long night effacèd,
Where is vengeance, brothers, when shall help be ours,
Bringing its peace to the down-trodden land?

Lo! not crushed by wrong, nor yet by graves con-
founded,
Where the Noble rests, with blood and graves sur-
rounded,
And the angel host to heaven's own child down-wendeth,
Nursing the Sleeper with freedom and light.

But his strength beneath mild hands itself upraiseth,
And his thoughts' small spark in time to full flame
blazeth,
And he opes his eye, on *you* his glance he bendeth,
Tyrants, and Slaves, and Destruction, and Night!

See, then flies his torpor, and his anger gloweth,
From his heart a cry for down-crushed brethren goeth,
And he smites on buckler, in one oath achieving
Triumphs of light with a disenthralled world.

And with strength and fervour on his way he treadeth,
Robes of beams around him, like the day star, sheddeth,
And at Winter's night, to tyrants' sceptre cleaving,
Showers of his red-glowing arrows are hurled.

Then the spoiler falleth ; Night is driven off worsted ;
And a flaming dawn o'er land and sea hath bursted,
And the morning glow of that new day-break hailing,
Clearly ring out holy Liberty's cries.

But the Noble riseth o'er the joyous whirling,
Calmly into cloudless heaven itself unfurling,
And disgraced no longer, nor in fetters wailing,
Blissful an Earth in its bosom abies.

But a time shall come, when Space's boundless regions,
At the trumpet's sound, collect their starry legions,
Into Evanescence and to Chaos hurling
Powers, that the glorious Azure did fill.

But, though suns from firm foundations fall asunder,
And, though Earth in one sigh pass away thereunder,
And, though worlds forgotten be but ashes whirling,
Lives on the Noble victorious still.

THE LARK.

DAY its course was taking
Higher ; while, awaking,
Joy and mirth from winter's trance recovered ;
Spring its garlands stringing,
Woods with cuckoos ringing,
Round the hut my well-known swallow hovered ;
Skies with music started,
Little birds true-hearted
Poured in tune their tiny bosoms' fire.

Heard I all their pleasure,
Moved in deepest measure
At the lark's sweet lot 'neath circling heaven :
Warmest, as it seemèd,
Of her love she dreamèd,
Fond one, of the bliss to short life given ;
Every note she uttered,
As she cloudward fluttered,
Thus, methought, it rang within mine ear :--

“Happy he, whom never
Cruel fetters sever
From the longed-for realms of boundless ether ;
He, whom song upraiseth,
Who on Nature gazeth
In the forms of Spring and Mate together !”
Thus I heard her singing,—
Echoes doubled bringing
O'er and o'er again her song to me.

With the bright sun's motion
Over land and ocean
To one's southern home or northern turning,
In the valley billing,
Then in ether trilling,
Singing earth's sweet bliss and one's own yearning ;—
What a life of pleasure,
Oh, what joys to treasure,
Lark, oh Lark ! within thy little breast !

MAY-SONG.

LOVELY May, be welcome
To our land once more!
Lovely May, be welcome,
Playmate thou of yore!
Feeling's god-flames fluttering
Wake up at thy beaming,
Earth and clouds are uttering
Love with pleasure teeming,
Forth from spring flies sadness,
While through tears laughs gladness,—
Morning's glow from out of trouble's cloud.

Lay the floweret chilling
Neath the frost and snow:
Autumn's pale ghost, willing
To its death to go.
Winter,—like fierce legions
On the land descended,
Which in ravaged regions
Rule, the battle ended,—

Sat with icy glave there,
Victor on the grave there,
Drear himself and dark and cold as it.

Not a beam was spread then
On our morning more,
Not a dew-tear shed then
Northlands evening o'er,
Till, by swans drawn, May, in
Wreaths of flow'rets dight here,
Poured her gold on Day, in
Purple clad the Night here.
Winter's sceptre shivered,—
And, from bonds delivered,
Summoned then the beauteous Flora forth.

Now from groves to greet thee,
And from budding rose,
Gladly up to meet thee
Many an offering goes ;
In thy praise but rings this
Rustling hedge of flowers,
To thine honour sings this
Purling brook of ours ;
And, with thankful tongue now,
Thousand birds of song now
Sing, as we : "Be welcome, Lovely May!"

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

YE, fugitive guests on a far foreign strand,
When seek ye again your own dear fatherland?
When flowers coyly peep out
In father-dale growing,
And rivulets leap out
Past alder-trees blowing,
On lifted wings hither
The tiny ones hie,
None shows the way whither
Through wildering sky ;
Yet surely they fly.

They find it so safely, the long sighed-for North,
Where spring both their food and their shelter holds
The fountain's breast swelleth, forth ;
Refreshing the weary,
The waving branch telleth
Of pleasures so cheery ;
And there the heart dreameth
'Neath midnight-sun's ray,
And love scarcely deemeth,
Mid song and mid play,
How long was the way.

The fortunate blithe ones, they build amid rest,
'Mong moss-covered pine trees their peaceable nest ;
 Though tempest and fray, too,
 And trouble may lower,
They find not the way to
 The warderless tower.
Joy needs, to be full there,
 But May-day's bright brand,
And Night that shall lull there
 With rose-tinted hand
 The tiny wee band.

Thou, fugitive soul on a far foreign strand,
When seek'st thou again thine own dear fatherland ?
 When each palm-tree beareth,
 In father-world growing,
Thy calm faith prepareth
 In joy to be going
On lifted wings thither,
 As little birds hie,
None shows the way whither
 Through wildering sky ;
 Yet sure dost thou fly.

THE SHEPHERD.

HOW fair thro' cloudlets swelling
The day doth ope,
And filleth field and dwelling
With joy and hope!
From grove and woodland regions
Glad voices ring,
And all the airy legions
God's praises sing.

Clouds purple streaks are sending
O'er azure ground,
And earth's fair hues are blending
With heaven's around.
The fountain stands thereunder
So clear and smiles,
And to her lap each wonder
Of heaven beguiles.

Thee, meadow green, I wander
Once more around,
Where purling brooks meander
In merry bound ;
By yonder stem decaying
My turf-banks lie,
And goats and lambkins playing
They thrive thereby.

How sweet, through latticed walling
Of leafy bowers,
To see morn's dewdrops falling
Upon the flowers !
At ease I hear each song here,
The gentle gale
So often brings along here
From dale to dale.

Here for my sweetheart's coming
I'm wont to bide ;
Here she, her love-songs humming,
Sat by my side.
Oh, listen lamb ! thou hearest
Her accents blest,
Soon shall I clasp my dearest
To faithful breast.

When first the sunlight gloweth
O'er mountain height,
Then yonder hill-top sheweth
My maid in sight.
To me she bringeth over
A wreath in hand,
Out of the choicest clover
Upon the strand.

Then, swiftly speeding thither,
As on the wing,
Her and her lambkins hither
I shortly bring ;
Here, both the same seat sharing,
We kiss anon,
And woodland doves are staring
With envy on.

She sings of nature sweetly ;
The valleys heed
My clear pipe, fashioned featly
Of water-reed.
And waves are stilled in playing
On lake-shore then,
And strange herds come here straying
Now and again.

What are not shepherds given?
What words express
Their guiltless life who live in
The dale's recess?
We here enjoy our riches
In quiet way,
And flock and floweret teaches,
How great are they.

Yea, e'en when North-winds riot
O'er buried flowers,
No blast disturbs my quiet
And happy hours.
I seek in wintry weather
My dwelling low,
And love and peace together
Within it grow.

Beside the warm hearth seated
I linger gay,
While stalléd herds are treated
To leaves and hay.
I sing the song of flowers
Within my room,
Though summer 's gone, and hours
Of bud and bloom.

The frost may nip my braes, or
My lowland site,
But not my simple lays, or
My pure delight.
Though storms outside are yelling,
It matters not,
If only calm be dwelling
Within the cot.

But spring returneth, treading
In winter's rear,
With wind-flower's eye still shedding
A dewy tear ;
My flock to fields surrounding
I drive out then,
And hear the echoes sounding
My voice again.

Thee, meadow green, I wander
Once more around,
Where purling brooks meander
In merry bound ;
By yonder stem decaying
My turf-banks lie,
And goats and lambkins playing
They thrive thereby.

MY DAYS.

I N shady dale, wherein the lark's tone waketh,
I sit beside my girl with rapture glowing ;
Whilst at my feet the fountain's billow breaketh,
By flowerets kissed and breezes gently blowing :
Never, on any provocation, going
To fight that ghost, which sorrow's title taketh ;
And there is none who knows my hillock lonely,
Save friendship and my girl and goblet only.

I laugh, she laughs, my dream's sweet partner, making
Ourselves no feigned or fancied troubles for us ;
I sing her name, she sings mine back, till shaking
The foliage at our rapture thrills before us ;
And butterflies, the floweret's kiss forsaking,
Swarm up, and form a flowery heaven o'er us ;
Oh, beauteous world ! how nature all resoundeth
Each note of bliss, which in our bosom soundeth.

Why should I raise an inward discord, breaking
The harmony o'er all creation swaying?

A pure tone only is through all things playing,
And pure should be my echo, too, awaking.

Thou, gentle girl, my share of joy assaying,
Shalt, while thine ear our unison is taking,

Be closer clasped in my embrace, and in it
Turn life to kisses and each fleeting minute.

TO A BIRD.

O H, little bird, hid yonder,
Mid elmen leaflets, say,
How canst thou e'er be singing,
And always be so gay?
I hear thy voice each morning,
I hear it every night,
In sound the selfsame clearness,
In tone the same delight.

Thy store it is so scanty,
Thy dwelling is so small,
Yet, looking toward thy cottage,
Thou singest glad withal.
Thou gatherest in no harvest,
Thou canst not sow nor till,
Thou knowest not the morrow,
Yet art contented still.

How are there not full many,
Who goods and riches hold,
Who own both lands and kingdoms,
And dwell in halls of gold;
And yet they greet with sighing
And tear-besprinkled brow
The sun, whose rise thou hailedst
With songs of praise just now!

How would not man despise it
Thy humble lot to fill!
And he, the one ungrateful,
Is less contented still.
To crush thy tender bosom
Entirely free he is;
And yet thy fate thou praisest,
While he is cursing his.

Why should he, cold and frowning,
His eyes to heaven lift?
What can he claim as his, when
'Tis all the Maker's gift?
When earth's delight is lying
His very feet before,
Why should he look with pride on
The slave, and sigh for more?

Nay, sing thou little bird then
Of joy the whole day long,
And not one note of wailing
Will I blend with thy song.
Come, build on every summer
Beside my cottage now,
And teach me night and morning
To be as blest as thou.

THE SPRING MORNING.

SEE the glorious sun, that treadeth
Over Eastern billows yonder,
And his gold and purple sheddeth
O'er the earth that smiles thereunder.
Gloom is scattered, cold departeth,
Nature from her slumber starteth.

Lately borne on light wings over
From the South, in sprightly measure
Sing the larks, as high they hover,
Feeling's hope and spring-time's pleasure ;
While in numbers earthward sailing
Flights of swans the North are hailing.

Free and wanton waves are tripping
'Neath the tree-stems clustering thickly ;
Squirrels, glad at heart, are skipping
Towards their moss-roofed chambers quickly.
Far away in deep woods wooing
True and tender doves are cooing.

Soft in morning breezes swaying
From the ground the green corn peepeth,
Winter's white garb still displaying
O'er the blades the hare it leapeth.
Sportsmen, hid in bushes ready,
Raise the hammer slow and steady.

By the wood-chill scarce congealéd
Here a sunken snowdrift gleameth ;
There, by silver-birch concealéd,
Streamlets brawl and primrose beameth ;
Into life the brook-nymph bounding
Now her silver chord is sounding.

Beauteous spring, thy car has tarried
Long, ere Southern strands thou clearedst ;
Ere, to hills forgotten carried,
In our North thou reappearedst.
Yet the South no bosom knoweth,
That, like ours, so grateful gloweth.

Hear our hymns, how loud they call now ;
Hear thou, what it means, our singing ;--
That thou comest to us all now,
Freedom unto captives bringing :
That where polar snows lie driven,
Hearts are yet found to enliven.

Hasten, and for land and water
Festal garbs fresh-woven make, and
Butterflies from night's dark quarter,
From the dust their brides awake, and
Drive from minds, with love refilling,
Bygone winter's memories chilling.

THE BIRD'S NEST BY THE
HIGHWAY.

LITTLE bird, why by the noises rough
Of the road didst thou thy hut erect there?
Was thy wood not cool and sweet enough?
Stood they not, the birches, leaf-bedecked there?
Shone not there the crimson morning's light
E'en as here, with sweetness and delight?

Brooklets' silent silver billows swam
Through those dales' far, far away recesses ;
Here deceit, loud rumbling, on its tram
Heavy, iron-welded, onward presses.
Calm and quiet was seclusion's lot,
Fright alone, poor bird, pervades this spot.

Why exchange for parks so fragrant there
This embankment, which the worn way lineth?
Why shouldst thou the harried dust prefer
To the rich hue which in woodland shineth?
Why, to view the world's tumultuous strife,
Give up thine unnoticed peaceful life?

Seems the day not often long, before
Night's deep calm within thy hut appeareth?
Does thy heart not flutter o'er and o'er,
When some rumbling growing louder neareth?
Dost thou not full oft enough in dread
Lift the wing, that o'er thy brood is spread?

Wert thou but in yonder distant wood!
No disturbance there thy heart would harry;
There no fright would scare thy tender brood,
E'en though thou at times abroad shouldst tarry;
For to them would nature's quiet there
Be what otherwise thy light wings were.

Bird, oh bird, when shortly comes the day,
When thy brood its feather-sails extendeth,
Then direct its flight, without delay,
Towards some region, where no pathway tendeth,
Build, and teach them then to build in rest
There next summer each his little nest.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

HEAVEN, what an evening,—how we fare!
Seest yon ait's small world of flowerets there?
Nana dear, in greenwood yonder
Birds now sing of th' evening's wonder;
Rest the oars, and let us float on
There to land.
O'er the hills the sun shines merry
Still, the creek's wave rocks our wherry,
Evening's breezes bear our boat on
Towards the strand.
Hear'st thou the whispering alder-trees' tone?
Seest thou the meadows, how green they have grown?
Now for pleasure!—swift time neareth,
Setting bounds to our delight;
Nana, soon Love's hour takes flight,
And, like summer's, disappeareth.

Midst the leaves peeps out the cottage now,
Hasten breezes, thither bear our prow!
Seest the old man, Nana, peering
In the door at how we 're steering?
And the pretty maid, behold her
Beckoning there,
With her strawberry basket standing
Laughing there upon the landing,
Towards thee, Nana, fain to hold her
Garden ware.

Darling, thou weapest, how holy, how sweet
Is not the guerdon that true love doth meet!
Sent like some angelic creature,
Now enjoy thine envied lot!
Oh how blessed are we not
Only with our heart and Nature!

What no halls of pride have nurtured yet,
Life's enjoyment, Life's fond hope, is met
Growing without aid, and bloometh,
Whether spring or winter cometh,
Where the country wide and free is—
In the cot.
Seest yon duck before us flying,
With her brood to rushes hieing

Poor and bare? yet blissful she is
In her lot.

Ne'er would that wanderer give of them all
One for a palace though lofty and tall.
Not for gold profusely meted,
Not a thousand halls to have,
Would she ~~ere~~^{e'er} give up her wave,
Or her home in rushes seated.

Evening's coy and gentle love-star, thou!
Look down kindly on our landing now!
Shout, oh greenwood throng, for pleasure!
Be your song a bridal measure,
Which two faithful hearts uniteth
You before!

O'er the hills the sun is setting,
Western skies are paler getting,
But thy colour, Nana, lighteth
More and more.

Late from our sail to our home may we steer,
Still may the morning-beams find us both here.
Home and friends as nothing deeming
Lean, dear, on thy lover's breast.
In this flowery haven's rest
While away the moments dreaming.

THE SWAN.

FROM cloud with purple-sprinkled rim
A swan, in calm delight,
Sank down upon the river's brim,
And sang in June, one night.

Of Northlands' beauty was his song,
How glad their skies, their air ;
How day forgets, the whole night long,
To go to rest out there ;

How shadows there, both rich and deep,
'Neath birch and alder fall ;
How gold-beams o'er each inlet sweep,
How cool the billows all ;

How fair it is, how passing fair,
To own there one true friend !
How faithfulness is home-bred there,
And thither longs to wend !

When thus from wave to wave his note,
His simple praise-song rang,
Swift fawned he on his fond mate's throat,
And thus, methought, he sang :—

What more? though of thy life's short dream
No tales the ages bring,
Yet hast thou loved on Northlands' stream,
And sung songs there in spring!

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

MOURN for Kandal's daughter, greenwood bow-
Like unto your blossoms' gentle hours, ers!
Short also were her hours merry-hearted.
Mourn ye, greenwood bowers! she has departed.

Knoweth gloomy death then no condoning?
Shall then nature, for her fall atoning,
To a power, that harroweth and destroyeth,
Offer all the noblest she enjoyeth?

Can the grave's moss-covered keep feel pleasure
Aught so tender and so fair to treasure?
Kandal's child be loved in death's grim alleys,
As in Lanna's grottoes, Vanhais' valleys?

Oh, thou wert so lovely, maid lamented ;
Now no more by thirsty youth frequented
Is thy fountain blue, where but the semblance
Shews of thy regret and thy remembrance.

While the fount was thy resort selected,
Were its sweet banks seldom left neglected ;
Oft the herd, allured by hope's vain seeming,
There could while away the whole day dreaming.

Sighs of yearning, notes of joy resounding,
Were at home thy rippling stream surrounding,
And along it, clear as mirror flowing,
Nought was heard but songs and gay flutes blowing.

Listen not, oh, Lanna's hoary rocks, now,
Kandal's daughter tends no more the flocks now,
Vainly mourn your voiceless echoes, started
No more by her tones, for aye departed.

Now 'tis lone o'er Vanhais' pastures yonder,
Through its parks no herds are seen to wander ;
Some stray bird, p'raps, chased by hawk, is fluttering
There from tree to tree, his sad cry uttering.

Son of Vanhais, thou all else outvieing
In her love, who now so cold is lying,
Hers, of heretofore, a warm heart only,
Say, where with thy grief thou dwellest lonely ?

In the wood thine axe all silent groweth,
For the girl no more devoted goeth
Answering to thy voice, as from the clearing
Thou didst stay thy blows with calls endearing.

High upon the strand thy boat is lying,
E'en as though no more thy calling plying
Thou should'st cast out, yon firth's myriads netting,
And wert every once loved task forgetting.

Oh, amidst the churchyard's willows weeping
Thou encampest, where thy love is sleeping;
And from waning day to kindled morning
Sittest thou beside the grave still mourning.

Mourn for Kandal's daughter, greenwood bowers!
Like unto your blossoms' gentle hours,
Short also were her hours merry-hearted.
Mourn ye, greenwood bowers! she has departed.

AUTUMN EVENING.

WHY sighest thou, so oft repining,
Oh, weary breast?

In nightly hours, when gentle stars are shining,
Why through the silent darkness breaks thy pining
In frightened strains expressed?

Dost grieve for days on life's isle waning
Too speedily?

In memory of a spring art thou complaining?
Dost fear the mild law throughout nature reigning:
To blossom and to die?

Thou mind'st the bird in bright space singing,—
He felt no woe.

Through woods the notes of nightingales are ringing,—
Their harmonies, are they from sorrow springing
For fleeting hours?—Oh, no!

The butterfly midst flowers was flying
 One summer's day ;
At eventide none ever heard him sighing,
Though faint he drooped his wing, awearied lying,
 Fate's bidding to obey.

When oak-trees fall 'neath time's storms sweeping,
 And mountains cleave,
Thou fool, wilt thou escape death's arrows leaping?
Upon the grave, wherein the Past is sleeping,
 Dost thou revile thine eve?

Who e'er came down thy lot allaying?
 Who sets thee free
From evanescence, and death's smart dismaying?
The floweret's prayer, fond heart, thou shouldst be
 praying ;
Her dust should silence thee.

The naked desert's manna sharing,—
 The hour's delight,
Go, wander on, a cloudless forehead bearing,
Thou art a stranger, mayest not cease wayfaring,
 Till on thy Canaan's height.

There, o'er the stars, thou shalt discover
Thy fitting rest.

Rejoice, that all that change suggests, when over,
Is but a dream, which round thy camp doth hover
In Time-eternal's breast.

Shrink not in fear from that dim glave then
In th' angel's hand ;
He crusheth fetters only, not the slave then ;
Transfigured shalt thou look down on the grave then
From light's own fatherland.

CONSOLATION.

AS I sat out of sight
In my lone dale, my eye
Saw the stars' hosts on high,
How they moved on in bliss
Over mist, over night,
How they beaming dwelt on
In the vast blue abyss ;
Then my rest it was gone,
And my thought it was this :—

How unending, oh Lord,
And how rich is Thy might !
By one sovereign word,
But one signal from Thee,
Like the stars' would my flight
Through the vast regions be,—
Yet I'm sighing here now.

And eternal laws bear
Up for ever Thy sway,
And the crown on Thy brow
Shall not rest for a day
Over gray-growing hair.
And Thyself art as free
As Thy glorious light,
And Thy house, a world bright,
Comprehendeth not Thee,—
And Thy child is a slave.

Yet no pang didst Thou have,
That no sceptres nor gold,
That no triumph nor ray,
Render blissful his lot,
But that trouble and ire,
But that gloom and decay
Are the portion he got
From the burgh of his Sire,—
Yet what wealth doth it hold!

And the seed is mown not,
Which from nought Thou didst wake
On the boundless fields' space;
And the tree doth not rot

Thou in chaos didst place,
Though fresh garbs it doth take.
And Thy world is so wide,
Fair and blissful withal,
Spanned of time nor of tide,
On its day's beaming eye
Shall no evening fall,—
Yet a bubble am I.

Just this power had I :
In Thy pomp to delight,—
But no more, but no more,
Comprehend could I not.
And Thou lurest with might
Towards Thy heaven mine eye,
And my longing is sore,
But I reach to it not.

So I thought—and there stood
Then a rose by my side
In the autumn wind bleak,
And all spilt was its blood,
And its beauty had died,
And all blanched was its cheek.

But a stray breeze, that woke
From the hillock, flew by,
And, in passing along,
O'er the languid one swept :
And the stem of it broke
And it bowed down to die.
And I noted thereon,
How so sweetly it slept,
Though its slumber was long.
And 'twas thus I thought on:—

See, have I any cause
O'er oppression to fret
In Eternity's laws?
Only stranger-like set
In mine earthly seed, I
Shall bloom on in restraint ;
The restraint where I won
Is the sweetest restraint,
For some day it shall die,
And I hope and trust on.

LOVE'S BLINDING.

YOUNG as yet Love's god was lying
In his gentle mother's bosom,
Like a star, that in the evening
In the fountain's lap is seen.
Ether's silver sheen descended
Like a dew upon his forehead,
And an ever-rosy colour
In his cheek had hid itself,
While his lips were smiling, fanned by
Fragrance of Olympian nectar,
And the joy of triumphs dreamt of
Innocently played on them.

Paphos' queen, bereft of pleasure,
Shed a tear in passion's fullness,
In the boy's bright eye reflected
Saw her countenance, and smiled.

“Oh,” she sighed ^{then} “may there ever,
For a memory of my rapture,
This same image in this same eye
Follow thee throughout the world!”

Who need wonder now that Eros
Hovereth amongst us blinded,
Though his sight no band impedeth
And no shades of darkness hide?
E'en among the desert's thorns he
Seeth but Olympian mansions,
Even in the troll's embraces
But the gentle goddess' form.

THE GIRL'S LAMENT.

HEART, mine heart, oh had I but thee before me,
Didst thou lie, unruly one, in my hand here,
Oh, then should full quickly my care devoted
Bring to thee calmness.

As her child a mother, then would I rock thee,
Dandle thee up and down, and gently lull thee,
Till thou ceasedst whining, and calmed forgottest
Trouble in slumber.

But now dwell'st thou shut in my bosom's prison,
Unapproachably barred to each fond devotion,
Only bared for him who, without ceasing,
Troubles thy quiet.

TO UNREST.

YES, sweetest unrest, long thou, oh long thou still !
And by no pleasure, let it be e'er so rich,
And by no brimmed enjoyment soothéd,
Sigh for a happier joy for ever !

Late thy desire was only a loving look
Of one maid's eyes ;—and, now she has given one,
Step higher, and demand her first sweet
Heavenly kiss, and strive and languish.

And when on purple lips there shall bloom no more
One single rose, whose nectar thou hast not sipped,
Then hasten, nought but newer harvests
Under the full swelling veil to covet.

Yes, gentle unrest, sway thou with double might
Within my veins ; and call up, with every new
Acquired laurel crown, another
Still more noble looming afar off.

Thee may the listless fool choose to barter for
A corpse of bliss, he calls by the name of peace,
And in his shell of calm and slumber
Creep like a snail upon Fortune's foreshore.

But I love thee! who is it, if not thou,
Who forced me erst to turn to the open sea,
And with its billows, with its tempests,
Jubilant wrestle for life's enjoyments.

Thou shalt go with me, oh, blissful angel, thou
Shalt urge me on to enjoy my life-time's day.
And when it ends, shalt thou in the grave then
Rouse me up, once more, from my torpor.

And o'er the sun's high path, and the stars also
Shalt thou go with me, shalt in my heaven still,
O'er happiness's emptied meadhorn,
Teach me of lovelier worlds to dream on.

THE LOVER.

S ETS the sun, the twilight neareth,
Cooling dew the meadow cheereth,
Evening sinks on wings of roses
O'er the dales devotedly.
Wounded sore by Cupid's arrow
Selma, in her chamber narrow,
By the window oped reposes
Gazing o'er the lea.

Not a sound of lover nearing,
No fond message in the hearing
Of the tender maiden, proveth
That he cometh lightly on.
Looks she with devoted yearning,
Now to mead and woodland turning,
Nothing, but the shadows, moveth
Fleeting off anon.

Tears bedim her sight, with sobbing
Beats her heart, her pulse is throbbing,
Now and then a silent sighing
Softly from her lips doth speed.
Vainly! the reply delayeth,
What she hideth or displayeth,
Only roguish breezes flying
Pay it any heed.

In the wind her hair is blowing,
On her cheek light flames are glowing,
White and bare her shoulders shiver
'Neath the dewdrops' chilly rain.
Skies grow dark, the maiden quaketh,
Showers dash, the wild storm breaketh;
Cruel! shall he never give her
Warm embrace again?

Every breath a hope o'erthroweth,
Now she freezeth, now she gloweth,
Passions' flames upon her preying
Now, and nightly breezes now.
Shading veil aside she flingeth,
Round her waist no girdle clingeth,
Free her bosom's waves are playing:
Youth, oh! where art thou?

But he comes.—Rejoice! for sprightly,
Like a star appearing brightly,
Breaks he through the park's high walls, and
Straight to thee his course he steers.
Stands he by the goal he seeketh,
Key within the keyhole creaketh,
Window shuts, and curtain falls, and
Faint light disappears.

TO MY SPARROW.

I NURSE thee, little sparrow, with such pleasure,
And as at times I stand
With tears within mine eyes each grain I measure,
Thou pluckest from my hand.

I love thee, though thy veil of plumes display not
One smile of beauty shown ;
I know thee, though thy little beak betray not
Thy bosom's inmost tone.

Thy garb is dark as night, and e'en thy tongue, too,
Is dumb and mute as it ;
Thou canst not sparkle, and thou hast no song, too,
Thou'rt but for friendship fit.

Some call thee ugly, and they wonder therefore
I set by thee such store ;
Thou 'rt tender though and true, what should I care
What should I ask for more? for,

When other people mock thy simple raiment,
Thou look'st towards me so bold ;
I would not give one plume of thine in payment
For any pearls or gold.

They praise the siskin's trills, they hail with pleasure
Canaries' shrilly tone ;
I sought a being with a heart to treasure
And warm against mine own.

For love dwells not in outward gloss, nor traceth
Its satisfaction there ;
Its pleasure is the gratitude it raiseth,
The bliss it doth confer.

When thou dost gently perch in harmless glee on
My hand and peck again,
Rewardest thou not then my care, my wee one,
Art thou not pretty then ?

Devotedly will I still seek to cherish
Thy life's swift spring-time here,
And drop upon thy grave, when thou shalt perish,
A floweret and a tear.

And devoted, weeping, there she bided,
When the sun behind the hills had glided,
And the pallid star, by night o'erladen,
Rose upon the maiden.

Next day found her, as the day before, there ;
But her tear-springs had run out,—no more there
'Gainst the cross, to which her arm was cleaving,
Was the bosom heaving.

TO FRIGGA.

'TWILL not tempt me, thy wealth, Africa's golden
flood,
Nor thy pearl have I sought, glittering ocean!
Frigga's heart only tempts me,
When in tear-bedewed eye betrayed.

Oh, how worthless for me would be a boundless
world,
With its suns all of gold, with all its diamond sheen,
To that world which with her I
Rapt enclose in a pent-up breast.

What she borrowed from dust, what she from heaven
hath got,
Can I tell any more, than, in our summer's cloud,
What is painted by evening,
Or by flowery morning's hand?

Thought grows dizzy and sight, when in her eye I
gaze,
E'en as though I looked down on an unmeasured
Till from trance I am started deep,
By a kiss of her purple mouth.

Where wert thou nourished then? Say, laughing
angel, where?
Till thou cam'st down to earth, and to thy rosy
Gav'st the sweet form of Frigga, home
Making lovely my wandering here.

When, sometimes, on the way gloom falls, and
thorns shoot forth,
When, sometimes, sighs the soul, racked by its
Oh, how sweet is it then to fetters' yoke,
Hie to the loved one's sweet embrace.

Earth caresseth my foot, sweet as a spring-wind there,
Life's encumbering weight feels like a bubble light,
And the fast swelling pulses
Rock the soul to the gods' sweet rest.

YOUTH.

MIDST the Powers, whose throne the earth up-
beareth,
Transiency alone a sure crown weareth,
Death cannot be overthrown, nor spareth,
And his sickle rusteth not.

Dost thou, youth, fear the Destroyer's power?
Oh, then learn to feast, while lasts the hour,
Know, eternity of life can flower
In the twinkling of an eye.

Heaven and Earth are both owned by the minute,
Heaven and Earth can be enjoyed within it,
High, and rich, and vast,—though flown by e'en,—it
Can in memory tarry still.

But not Thought's might, which a strict law tieth,
Feeling's might the hour dignifieth;
Feeling reapeth, while one moment flieth,
More than thousand ages sowed.

Youth, rejoice, the gods' good bounty flowers
Still in thy warm pulses' summer-hours ;
Still within thine own heart's sacred bowers
Liveth feeling strong and young.

But they flee, at last in numbness ended,
These short hours that on thy bliss attended,
Old age nears, youth, be thy care expended
On the gifts of life's young spring.

Take thy pleasure while thy May-day lasteth,
Autumn's storm-stride every flower blasteth,
No devoted sun its mild rays casteth
Over winter's long chill night.

Wherefore art thou, aimless toil employing,
Pleasures single shortlived day destroying?
Wherefore with thine own fresh heart-blood cloying
Care's and chance's light caprice?

Love exhorts thee, hear his bidding, early
Calls the young god, crowned with triumphs, clearly,
In thy bride thou clasp'st no maiden merely,
All the world thou claspest then.

Sways the vine, the grape its red blood sheddeth,
Joy alone through her domain there spreadeth,
Happy as a king the beggar treadeth,
Brothers, 'neath the vineleaves' crown.

Love then, youth, thy heart's flame's disappearing,
Drink, a winter without grapes is nearing,
Laugh, be glad, thy life with frolic cheering,
Frost and numbness follow soon.

WAITING.

HOW long the way is!—short for the cheerful
spirit,
But long, ah, long for the sickly heart that waiteth.
When will she come then, when will the darling sink
down
Blest on my quick-throbbing breast?

Here will she come though; yea though she but
chose to wear out
On woodland's sand-bestrown path her foot so tender.
Here, though she love the billows, and bold in wherry
Cleave through the mirrory deep.

From foreland's rock, in shade of the crooked pine-
tree,
Will I a far-gazing look by turns let fall on
The pathway now, and now on the glassy
Strait, and its beaming expanse.

Here will I listen ;—be silent, ye merry songsters,
In greenwood tops there, your singing I desire not.
Nay but a soft report of a far-off oar-stroke,
Or the belovèd one's steps.

In vain ;—for not one sound of the darling stilleth
My ear's desire, but the trills of finches die in
The country's calm, and sometimes in echo's lap
Cuckoo's melodious sigh. some

Scanning the wood, I see there a gathering only
Of frightened sheep back to some fold returning,
Scanning the billows, only a crowd of mews there
Gleam in the evening's glare.

But thou, whose eye bright beaming at once em-
braceth
The planet's triumphant course, the atom's slumber,
Say, ere thou settest, oh, glowing Sun, where is she?
Say where my darling abides.

In vain ! for like a king, from thy high path yonder,
Thou scatterest wealth, but children's sighing hear'st
To me, that beg for only one word about her, ^{not} ;
Givest thou torrents of gold.

Whom shall I question? Is it the gay lark yonder,
Who lately on shortened wings sank down from the
cloudland?

Aye! or the hawk then, where he with sails expanded
Shoots in aërial chase?

Aye, every pulse increaseth my pain, my longing ;
Deluded senses nourish my hope with treason,
And hope again with traitorous lips is fanning
Love's glowing embers to flame.

Nor cools the evening haze, from the wave arisen,
Nor dew's all-plenteous shower my heart's sore yearning,
Nor nightly wind, which round the rocks now
Plays with my chill-smitten locks. whistling,

To rest now goeth nature, still more there spreadeth
Yon silent shadow over the earth its cover,
In every floweret swelleth a still small bride-song,
I only languish alone.

JOURNEY FROM ÅBO.

NOW flaps the sail, the yawl is already off;
Seizeth the rudder the young man's trusty hand,
And in the bows sits, fair and blooming,
Holding an oar there, a country maiden.

The small unsteady boat is no more born down
By milk and fruit, the pails all empty stand,
And gaud and high-day ~~ware~~^{wear} is folded
Down in the well-packed apple-basket.

But evening's breezes freshen up anew,
And Aura's pennants point to the bay again,
The sail now fills, farewell is wafted
Gladly to many a boat in harbour.

And now, oh, town, farewell, and a long farewell !
Soon shall I see no more thy splendours proud,
No more shall hear aught of thy wagons'
Loud rumbling din in the crowded markets.

But wander undisturbed in a nature calm,
Its splendour see unmarred by the hand of man,
And listen blest to the country's tongues there :
Birds, and echoes, and silver brooklets.

Lo, how the bay opes towards us its wide embrace.
In the offing looms the strand there of Runsala.
There, among oaks of centuries' standing,
Nymphs are on guard at Choræus' fountain.

Peace with thy ashes, bard of my fosterland !
Like me, thou oft didst rock on Aura's bay,
And often, often lookedst with longing
Back to thy dale and its green-clad guardians.

But now our course tends eastward—the long, long ^{bay} ~~lake~~
Stands like an endless mirror before mine eye ;
And, white as swans to look at, cleaveth
Sail upon sail through its glassy surface.

The sun is setting, breezes are dying off,
In woodlands hushed is every song-bird's note ;
But here and there a country maiden
Lifteth her oar up and laughs and singeth.

Thus 'mid calm memories steers our merry course,
Till Vappar's wide firth is all left behind,
And, with its church, afar off the Sound there
Bids us come to its narrow bosom.

There, on the hills, I see the green birches now.—
I greet you, silent witnesses of my bliss ;
And thee, oh hut, on the strand erected,
Rented for me for the fleeting summer.

Receive me now, and let me one winged hour
'Mid sleep and dreaming dwell in thy calm embrace ;
When glows the earliest beam of morning,
Waits for me Frigga on the hill already.

HOW BLEST AM I!

HOW blest am I!—In lifetime's morning hour
Around hope's gleaming seas I sweep away,
E'en as the sailor in the yawl doth scour
The mirrory creek upon a summer's day;
Where'er he looks, a leaf-decked hillock shimmers,
A glittering scene of flowers his glances trace,
And beaming heaven's high vault o'er him glimmers,
And beaming laughs beneath the water's face.

How blest am I!—Stand not the earth's broad
lands here

A boundless path for me to walk along?
Have I not ample treasures in my hands here,
My lyre attunèd, and my merry song?
Have I not speech, that to the heart appealeth,
E'en though 'mongst Afric's naked sons I move:
The fresh repose, that brightened brow revealeth,
And in the freeborn eye the look of love?

How blest am I!—In myriad aspects dancing
The fair Ideal round my path I see,
And at its end there Honour stands, advancing
Her wreaths, and laughing calls and beckons me.
And Immortality's calm sun sheds gold on
The goal I seek with yearning's ardent zest,
And not a low, unworthy doubt takes hold on
My dauntless, haughty, youth-refreshèd breast.

How blessed am I!—A faithful maiden shareth
My tenderness, my memory, and my hopes.
And if one missing joy my bliss impaireth,
I seek it straightway in the arms she opes.
Before her glances innocently warming,
In glorious flowers my feelings' spring doth start,
And butterfly-like come her kisses swarming
Around the Eden that pervades my heart.

How blest am I!—When life-time's morning paleth,
My lyre remains to comfort me again.
How blest am I! When e'en my lyre, too, faileth,
A name, instead, may yield me comfort then.
And if the tongue of fame forgotten leave me,
My gentle maid will still with me remain ;
And e'en should fortune of her sight bereave me,
The memory of my past shall I retain.

THE MEETING.

BESIDE the hazel-hedge's gate
She stood, the girl I love the best;
Her glance, that roved so free of late,
Did now in silent sadness rest
Upon the mound, where, yestere'en,
So happy by my side she'd been.

A tear-besprinkled rose she bore,
A keepsake which I gave her there;
She thought me on some far-off shore,
Yet we so near each other were;
Hid in the next bush was I lain,
And weeping looked, and looked again.

There stood a birch from long ago,
And green and stately had it grown,
It bore my maiden's name,—also
Bore on its shining bark mine own;
Each by the other I had scratched
One evening as alone I watched.

So dearly it her fancy took
To see them daily in their place,—
But now she stood and sighed to look
Upon her loved one's well-known trace,
And wrote a mournful couplet there
From "Ingborg's Complaint" out of Tegnér.

But I kept silence, hiding on,
And let my maiden's sorrow be ;
It was so sweet to think upon
The pangs the darling felt for me ;
For this alone ungrateful I
Did not that instant forward hie.

To flowerbuds flew the butterfly,
And flowerets gave their lips so red ;
The thrush he sang in birches high,
And straight his mate towards him sped ;
Then called I on my maiden too,
Sprang up, and to her bosom flew.

TO A MAIDEN.

MAIDEN, say, what is the magic rare
Drives me to thy heart with such persistence?
Tell me, wherefore am I longing there,—
Only there to dream away existence?

4+4 at
end (60)

Wherefore is that beauteous, sacred spot,
Wherein nature is as priestess staying,
Stark and joyless to my eye, when not
Thee among its wonders, too, displaying?

One like me, into dust's fetters hurled,
One like me, a prey to fortune stormy,
Thou for me art more than all the world,
Though the smallest bush can hide thee for me.

Darling, long ere I had looked on thee
Was I loved, and love with love returnèd;
O'er the clouds was then the home for me,
There had I a cherished partner earnèd.

Richer far her bosom was than thine,
And her kiss had fuller joy within it;
Wide as heaven was her breast, yet mine
Not too narrow to embrace her in it.

Oh, how I review them o'er and o'er,
Memories of my father's house recallèd;
What I loved, when I was free of yore,
Love I still, although in dust enthralled.

Maiden, not thy figure's charms diverse,
Not the hue thy rosy cheek containeth,
No; a love for all the Universe
Is the power, which to thy bosom chaineth.

Earth and heaven, which I possess in thee,
But in thee can to my breast be strainèd,
Wonder not then, that thou art for me
Dear, aye dear, as if I both had gainèd.

THE CONVALESCENT.

O H, let me sit silent on thy bed and notice
How spring doth gently sprout out of winter's
torpor,
And, decked in purple, and wreathed again in flowers,
Promiseth joyfuller days.

I sat, not long ago, by thy side, oh, maiden,
Thy hue was wasted then, and thine eye o'er-clouded,
And death's wan pallor lay as a dreary snowdrift
Over thy countenance spread.

Now he hath fled, and laughing again there beameth
On me thy charming look, like a brightened May sun ;
And in the sweet cheeks' glowing warmth are swelling
Roses and lilies again.

And every mirth, and all the sweet little graces,
That frightened fled from under the Chill one's sceptre,
Assemble again, now round thy brightened forehead,
Now round thy ruddy ripe mouth.

Their graceful frolic will I behold a moment,
How butterfly-like they hail each new-born beauty,
Till with a butterfly's courage myself I sink down
Lively, to frolic with them.

For every tear I shed on thy winter, maiden,
Shall then thy spring return me a pretty flower ;
For every sigh thy pallid lip hath cost me,
Gives me the fresh one a kiss.

LULLABY FOR MY HEART.

SLEEP, oh heart so unruly, sleep!
Heed not worldly things loved or loathed!
Ne'er a hope thy peace disorder,
Ne'er a vision thy quiet.

Wherefore lookest thou still towards day?
What expectest thou more of it?
For thy deep-pierced wound, it may be,
Some restorative flower?

Wretched heart, now thine eyelid close,
Day-time's roses thou'st tried enough,
Only slumber's gloomy garden
Bears the stem that shall heal thee.

Sleep, as the lily that slumbers off,
Crushed in autumn by fleeting winds ;
As the hart, weighed down by arrows,
Droppeth to sleep and bleedeth.

Wherefore sorrow for by-gone days?
Why remember how blest thou wert?
Sometime spring must fade and wither,
Sometime, oh heart! thy gladness.

Even thou hast thy May-day seen,
What, if it cannot last for aye!
Only seek its gentle fires not
Still 'midst shadows of winter.

Mind'st thou the hours of bliss e'en now?
Groves were verdant and song-birds sang,
And thy love-abounding temple
Was the odorous hillock.

Mind'st the bosom that clasped thee there?
Mind'st the heart that sought for thee?
Mind'st thou yet the kiss-o'ercovered
Lips with languishing oaths then?

Then, when eye into eye did look,
Feeling mirrored in feeling lay,
Then was the time, oh heart! to waken,
Now to forget and slumber.

Sleep, oh heart so unruly, sleep!
Heed no worldly things loved or loathed,
Ne'er a hope thy peace disorder,
Ne'er a vision thy quiet.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

I MIND a time, I mind it every hour,
When life's young May upon my cheek was glowing,
And in my tender breast a rose in flower
With beauty yet unmarred by storm was growing.

How blest then in my innocence lived I,
Like morning's early breeze through valleys playing:
My joy was pure as daylight in the sky,
My cares as light as pearly dewdrops weighing.

Then gladness seemed on every form to fall,
Earth smiled as though by angel hands supported,
The whispering wind, the brooklet's song, and all
Were babes, as I was, and with nature sported.

But soon thou fleddest, childhood's springtime dear,
No more to warm this heart again, ah, never!
Ah! woodland's beauty buds from year to year,
But lifetime's blossom only once for ever.

In vain, when once there weareth off the bloom,
Its root the water of your tear-flood drinketh;
The whitening leaflets seek but for a tomb,
The stem against its chilly mother sinketh.

But all too soon these hours do pass away,
Which here on striving and on hope one spendeth;
Why, when so short man's path was meted, say,
Should fade its joys, ere yet the course he endeth.

On thee I gaze, oh time, for ever flown,
A sailor o'er the dwindling sea-coast sighing,
To laugh and play was childhood's lot alone,
And youth's is one of strife and self-denying.

What is the world, doth to my hope unfold,—
The palm my bold foreboding sets before me?
What to the hut, where I grew up of old,
The wreaths, the valley of my childhood bore me?

Yet I repine not, joy that is no more,
The heart's dove-messenger retrieveth never;
But memory sweet of bygone days of yore,
Be thou my trusty follower for ever.

Mayhap some friend, the journey o'er, will then
The bowed-down wanderer pity, tenderhearted ;
Perhaps, that old age yet may give again
My former peace, my childhood's dreams departed.

When on my staff in feeble hand I shrink,
And see the room where sorrows ne'er betide me,
I'll totter gladly to the deep grave's brink,
As many an eve erst towards my cot I hied me.

ON A FRIEND'S DEATH.

TOO transient then was the happiness
That stunned me ;
Like spring-day's breezes, with one caress
It shunned me.
While sweetly dreaming,
Self nothing deeming,
Came he who hid all my joy so beaming
The grave in.

How fondly, tenderly, name I thee,
No more now ;—
Thou hear'st me not, nor dost ope to me
Thy door now.
No tears discover,
No sighs recover,
The breast that ashes and night now cover
The grave in.

Yet I, sweet friend, though by Fate's hard blow
Oppresséd,
My grief count sweet, and my wound also
As blesséd ;
For thus thou gainedst,
To peace attainedst,
The calm I missed thou two-fold obtainedst
The grave in.

Blest thou, with thy staff laid down, asleep
Now lying ;
On earth its bliss doth the heart first reap
In dying.
To fate, disquiet,
To storm and riot,
How deep the peace and how calm the quiet
The grave in !

Sleep, happy spirit, where guile no more
Nor bale is ;
Sleep light as dew which at eve spilt o'er
The dale is.
Till dawn's hour gleameth,
Through heaven beameth,
The slumb'rer from morning sleep redeemeth
The grave in.

The seed of life, hid in all mankind
By light here,
No bonds of dust shall for ever bind
In night here.
What death down-bringeth,
That he up-bringeth,
And but a bud, whence the floweret springeth,
The grave is.

ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

HOW blest in cradle's lap thou restest there,
How unaware of error and temptation!
Thy bed—a mother's hand it did prepare,
Thy rest—thy kinsfolk from a higher station.

As 'neath a morning's calm the still blue spring,
Thy lifetime's guiltless wave in peace is sleeping;
For Time hath not yet struck it with his wing,
Nor Fate gone o'er it yet in storm-blasts sweeping.

Thou smil'st,—oh, were there but revealed to me
The image in thy closed-up eye now playing!
'Tis not yet earth, that thus enchanteth thee,
It is a memory from far heaven straying.

Sleep, tiny babe! how sweet thy lot to-day,
To join thy heart's life to that of a flower,
Within thy looks let sleep alone hold sway,
Dreams angel only in thy breast have power.

ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

WHO measured out thy struggle, say,
Young child, now gone to sleep, away
From all earth's grief and gladness?
Thou didst but see its springtime here,
Yet in thy looks but dwelt the tear,
Within thine heart sore sadness.
Now is thy calm restored to thee,
Now sleep'st thou deep and blissfully,
As 'neath the storm and shower
Doth rest the fallen flower.

That lot is sweet, that victory fair,
To fall at morn, and yet to share
The day's full wages for it.
Ah, many walked in sorrow's dale,
And saw its dawn oppressed with bale—
Saw, peaceless, eve fall o'er it;
But came not, as thou, to their goal
With purified and spotless soul,
When Heaven from sorrow bade them,
To where the palms should shade them.

LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE'S fair angel sat upon the Maker's right,
In her childhood still the Earth reposed below;
And the Highest looked in anger from his height
On the first sin, that already there did grow.

Fly, so did God say unto life's Angel then,
Bearing punishment to Earth's guilt-covered dale!
Not a joy shall bloom for ever there again,
Not a being 'scape from evanescence' bale!

And God's envoy flew down to the sinful land;
At his Lord's behest the scythe swang from its
sheath.
Saw the son of dust the traces of his hand,
And, affrighted, named the luminous angel Death.

OLD AGE.

ON the past art thou thy grief expending,
Grand old man, reserved and silent wending
Slow thy way through chill old age's plain?
On the hours dost thou regretful ponder,
When thou nursed'st each feeling's wealthy wonder,
And the youthful, fervid pulse was swelling,
Now with blissfulness and now with pain?

No delight upon thy road is growing,
Love's and honour's standards bravely flowing
Far from thy deserted pathway soar;
And content's sweet breezes balsam-laden,
Goblets' nectar and the rosy maiden,
Quicken weaklings, quicken slaves oppresséd,
Ah, but quicken thine own self no more.

Are thy pains and struggles then redresséd
By those limbs with Time's deep stamp impresséd,
 This desire, that ne'er its goal attained?
Can there in thy wasted form be tracéd
Any joy or wealth, which has replacéd
Gladness, that with spring made its appearance,
 And, a mere delusion, with it waned?

Yes, within thine inmost deep were wakéd
For each yearning, which by Time was slakéd,
 Higher joys, desires of purer aim.
But thine outer veil do we discover,
But the furrows, which thy forehead cover,
Not the angel Peace within thy bosom,
 Not the Eden which he there did frame.

See, while daytime's purple flames are gleaming,
Charms us now a haze in gold-rays beaming,
 Now a flower, that from its bud hath blown.
When the sun's mild flames are first retiring,
Flies the dazzle which the dust was firing,
And in beauty all untransient glitters
 Then the firmament all star-bestrown.

So when long eve of old age is falling,
Fly the soul's terrestrial troubles galling,
 And its heaven in radiant glory opes.
Is it so hard to forsake life's day then?
Canst thou wish again its splendours gay then,
With thine eve bright as yon starry region,
 And, unlimited as it, thy hopes?

All that erewhile as the sweetest caught thee,
All that strife and fortune ever brought thee
 Stands a faded nothing for thy sight.
As for him, who o'er Alps' mountains paces,
Lie the dale's balm, butterflies and graces,
When the mountain's free top he attains, and
 O'er the clouds is cooled in ether bright.

Oh, what is the bliss here prized so dearly?
But a flower-decked troll, a goblin merely,
 Which our fancies from its night unfold.
Yearning stretch we out our hands to grasp it,
Jubilant sink on its lap to clasp it,
But, like smoke, the phantom wraps around us,
 Peaceless, gloomy, tantalizing, cold.

Happy thou, whom guile no more betrayeth,
Every lie, that earth's false spring displayeth,
Hast thou learnt to keep with scorn at bay ;
All change from thy safe camp thou represseth,
What thou seekest, hopest, and possessest,
Is not in mortality's parks fostered,
Shall not with their splendours fade away.

Safe from passion and from vice confounding,
With a memory sweet as harp-tones sounding,
And a grave that smilingly allures,
And beyond the grave a voice controlling,
Calling, bidding, soothing, and consoling.
Such the bliss for which thy longing aimeth,
And old age's tranquil path secures.

Hail thee, who away from storms and years now
High, triumphant in thy silver hairs, now
Wanderest towards eternity's near strand.
Like the sailor, rocked at last in quiet,
Looking on the distant ocean's riot,
Who with joy's white streaming pennant haileth
Fain the coasts upon his fatherland.

THE BARD.

WITHIN the dale his young life passed away,
Calm as the brook that by his cottage bubbled,
In hope and peace came rich each new-born day,
Nor by the fled one was his spirit troubled.

Himself he dreamt not of his future yet,
And none divined of coming years his duty ;
His world was small, yet greatness there was met,
And even spring could there awake its beauty.

Shut in himself, and unobserved withal,
Conversed he with titanic nature, learning
The words of might from rushing waterfall,
From brooks and woods the tender words of yearning.

There saw he rocks in safety storms defy,
An image of brave men and heroes showing ;
There woman's soul shone through the azure sky,
And love burst forth in flowers o'er meadows grow-
ing.

Then back again unto his home he hied,
And took his harp once more to tune to stir it;
And smote a deep accord on it—and died,
And gave to spirits' fosterland his spirit.

The stone now crumbleth on the minstrel's grave,
Which, where for ages lay his dust, now showeth ;
But still his song flies over land and wave,
Each heart still at his noble memory gloweth.

TO YEARNING.

TO Gods of earth my song hath not arisen,
My lyre's own voice as offering I impart
To Yearning, to the mourner in the prison,
Unknown and hidden nurtured in my heart.

There, 'midst life's sorrows, is the High one dwelling,
With memories dim from past times in his breast,
And tears within his gloomy eyes are swelling,
And by his out-stretched arms but void is pressed.

Oh, wherefore can I not his days delight now,
Nor find some cool to slake his bosom's brand!
What wings would bear me to the source of light now,
And give the stranger there a fatherland?

Eternity's vast wealth alone atoneth
The proud one's wishes' agonizing flame;
And as a king the rigid crown he owneth,
The angel here scorns joys of every name.

And therefore he, each time the dawn is breaking,
With tears looks up towards the hateful days,
And therefore measures every breath I'm taking,
And gloomy counts each beat the heart betrays.

Have patience, guest from higher stations hailing!
Though hard, thy time of trial is not long;
A night shall come, thy watch in slumber veiling,
And free thee gently from thy fetters strong.

Thyself released shalt soon on wings ascending
From earth to a transfigured haven fly;
Thy way o'er stars, and over matter wending,
Thy heaven reach, thy fatherland on high.

THE WORK-GIRL.

O H, if, with church bells ringing clear,
I did but stand in feast-day gear,
And saw the night and darkness fly,
And Sunday's lovely dawn draw nigh!

For then my weekly toil were past,
To matins I might go at last,
And meet him by the churchyard, too,
Who missed his friend the whole week through.

There long beforehand does he bide
Alone upon the church-bank's side,
And scans across the marshes long
The sledges' and the people's throng.

And she, for whom he looks, am I,
The crowds increase, the troop draws nigh,
When 'midst them I am seen to stand,
And gladly reach to him my hand.

Now merry cricket, sing thy lay,
Until the wick is burnt away,
And I may to my bed repair
And dream about my sweetheart there.

I sit and spin, but cannot get
Half through the skein of wool as yet;
When I shall spin it out, God knows,
Or when the tardy eve will close!

THE PEASANT YOUTH.

I'VE hewed and hewed again the wood,
Till all my strength is gone ;
The axe's steel is sharp and good,
And yet the fir stands on.

My arm was once both stark and strong,
But is so now no more,
Since bark I eat all winter long,
And water drank thereo'er.

If I should change my service now,
A better one to try,
Perhaps a master I might know
Who gave me bread of rye.

Mayhap I in the town might get
For faithful work some pay,
So have I often thought, and yet
I cannot yearn that way.