

II.

The sky is cool in the darkling,
 But quietly flows the Rhine
 In colours of sunset sparkling,
 The tops of the mountain shine.

III.

A Ladye is there reclining
 Unrobed and strangely fair,
 Her golden jewels are shining---
 She binds her golden hair.

With a golden comb she binds it,
 And sings a magic song,
 In trancing melody winds it
 River and cliffs along.

The fisherman hears it singing
 With rapture and wild surprise,
 He sees but the lady singing,
 He heeds not the storm arise.

And darkly will roll the river
 O'er fisher and boat ere long,
 Such ruin is linked ever
 With Luralie and her song.

In another ballad we see the interior of a little sombre Lutheran parsonage; it is four days since the father of the family, the minister of the parish, has died, and been buried in the churchyard in the midst of which 'his former dwelling stands. But discontent and terrible selfishness are battling in the minds of his children, who sit at the window from which the graves may be seen; they speak wild rebellious words, though the widow their mother sits among them reading her Bible. One daughter, yawning, exclaims that there is never any thing to see from that house—except a funeral. Another threatens to run away to a gayer companion. The son exclaims that he will join a gang of robbers who are drinking at the village. "Accursed of God!" the mother shrieks, throwing her Bible at him. At this moment

"A tapping comes to the window,
 And the waving of a hand—
 In his Minister's robes among them,
 Doth their dead father stand."

In Heine's ballads many of these lyrical tricks occur—the point of the poem is reserved for the end, when it is brought out with an epigrammatical conciseness. For instance in the poem "Mein Hertz, Mein Hertz ist tramisg,"

My heart, my heart is weary,
 Yet brightly beams the May
 As I lean against the lindens,
 Upon the terrace gray.