

everything he wrote reads like music. Students, musicians, gypsies, actors and similar *lustige Gestalten* appear in his works in pleasant confusion, wandering along by his murmuring streams or resting by splashing fountains and dreamy waterfalls, roving through rustling woods and stately forests, over lofty hills and lonesome mountains, from which rich fields, quaint villages and picturesque castles are seen in the deep vales, on the winding river and upon the summits of the hills.

True to the principles of the Romanticists he tries to place everything about us in the closest relation to our own feelings and moods, or rather, he transfers the latter to nature and its phenomena. But as Eichendorff does this with the good taste and sensitiveness of a genuinely poetic soul, he never grows unnatural or eccentric. These lyric productions are full of overflowing life, to be sure, but the harmony between conception and expression is never disturbed, and the language is of the greatest purity.

Some of Eichendorff's most popular songs will be found in every collection, thus *Das zerbrochene Ringlein* :—

In einem kühlen Grunde
Da geht ein Mühlenrad, etc.

Morgengebet :—

O wunderbares, tiefes Schweigen,
Wie einsam ist's noch auf der Welt, etc.

Der frohe Wandersmann :—

Wem Gott will rechte Gunst erweisen,
Den schickt er in die weite Welt, etc.

the two *Abschiedslieder an den Wald* :—

the first beginning

Wer hat dich, du schöner Wald,
Aufgebaut so hoch dadoben, etc.

the second

O Thäler weit, o Höhen, etc.

with Mendelssohn's soul-breathing music.