

SIEGELINDE.

A BALLAD FROM UHLAND.

I.

The Lady Siegelinde
 She hath a proud array,
 As to the Virgin's Chapelle
 They go in state to pray.
 Her silken robes entwining
 With blossoms fair to see;
 Her gems and gold a shining;
 To evil doom went she.

II.

There be three ancient lindes,
 Hard by the Church they grow,
 Where sat the noble Heime;
 He spake a word full low;
 "O! what of gold and jewels,
 For none of these I pine;
 But for one flower, thou fairest
 From out that wreath of thine."

III.

Just then the wind, as Heime
 Spoke thus in gentle tone,
 From out the Lady's garland
 The fairest rose has blown.
 The young man saw where, haply,
 The rose had fallen apart,
 He kissed it, and in fondness
 He held it to his heart.

IV.

Another knight was standing
 In Siegelinde's train.
 His heart was stern and cruel,
 He spake in high disdain,

"In chivalry and honour
 Thou shalt be taught by me;
 And learn that beauty's chaplet
 Has not one leaf for thee."

V.

Woe fall the garden ever
 Where thus the roses bloom;
 May flower the lindens never
 That grow with such a doom,
 For now in mortal combat
 Their clashing swords are red;
 And, in a moment stricken,
 The youth has fallen dead.

VI.

The Lady Siegelinde,
 She laid the rose once more
 Amid her wreath, and entered
 Within the Church's door.
 Her silken robes entwining
 With blossoms fair to see;
 Her gold and gems a shining,
 In bitter grief was she.

VII.

Before our Lady's picture
 She laid the garland down:
 "Thou pure of heart and holy,
 To Thee belongs the crown.
 And now the world forsaking,
 Like Thee, to fast and pray,
 I take the veil, and shroud me
 To weep the dead alwaie."

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