

*Leaves from Rosedale*

THE WANDERING JEW

(Translated from Beranger. Written at school.)

"Chretien ! au voyageur souffrant,  
Tends une verre d'eau sur ta porte."

Christian ! in the pilgrim craving  
Glass of water at thy door  
See the Wandering Jew, still braving  
Storm and tempest evermore.  
Never old through ages past,  
My sole dream the end of all ;  
O'er each day I deem the last,  
Mocking sunbeams rise and fall.  
Ever, ever,  
Turns the earth, where rest I never,  
Forever, ever ! Ever, forever !

For eighteen centuries, alas !  
O'er Greek and Roman ashes dead,  
O'er thousand ruined states I pass,  
On by the frightful tempest led.  
I've seen the fruitless good deeds cold,  
Have seen the evil blossoming,