

There's a music in your homely speech, a music of the heart,  
 That keepeth green the memory of golden-lyred Mozart.  
 Whether like falling water through the brown vine leaves its sings,  
 Or floats 'neath the cathedral arch on soft angelic wings!  
 The holiest of your household gods while hoary Hartz shall stand,  
 The "rare old Minnesinger," shall abide within the land.

The sword is now a ploughshare, but the storied Rhine can tell,  
 When the serried Schwartz-reiters came down, the work went brave and well;  
 When the lances of Bavaria flashed, like lightning from the cloud,  
 And Almaine from her outraged heart pronounced her curse aloud.  
 Where then stood ye—oh! stalwart and broad breasted men of Rhine—  
 In the first dread line of battle with the boldest of the line.

### EHRENBREITZTEIN.

(THE BROAD STONE OF HONOUR.)

Purpureal Eve who stalkest slow and calm,  
 With carcanet of stars and robe of balm,  
 O'er the dulled revels of carousing day,  
 Lulling his orgies down, his mirth away.  
 Hie with thy winged fancies to my lair,  
 Where rich laburnums wave their golden hair,  
 And violets exhale, rejoicing,  
 Draw near me, Mother! listen while I sing.

It is night o'er Ehrenbreitztein, and dim and drearily  
 Its glare the rampart beacon throws athwart the moonless sky,  
 And grouped around that vigil fire, a melancholy band,  
 Like magi round some eastern pyre, the watchworn soldiers stand;  
 And folded brows, and heaving breasts, and writhing lips are there,  
 And famine's hard and stony gaze, and the silence of despair.

And overhead the banners wave their wide folds through the gloom,  
 Like some dark angel of the grave, some harbinger of doom;  
 Waving, with hungry eagerness, his pinions broad and black,  
 And watching with the eye of fate, the dismal bivouac.  
 For the liegemen of the Rhine have sworn, through horrors fell and ghast,  
 To maintain the "Stone of Honour," while a throb of life shall last.

Ye hear alone the trumpet blast or the martial tread of feet,  
 Save when some far and maniac cry resounds along the street;  
 Or a voice of eager weeping through the long lone night repines,  
 Where the ghastly dead, in prostrate heaps, are strewed beneath the shrines.  
 Yet here is triumph still, as swelled in Pagan Askelon,  
 For the might of Famine and Despair, keeps ward on "Honour's Stone."