

THE  
*PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.*

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I.

The mother stands by the window—  
In bed the sick son lay—  
Wilt thou not, Wilhelm, rise and see  
The Pilgrims on their way?

I am so sick, dear Mother,  
I care for nothing more :  
I think of the dead pale Gretchen,  
And all my heart is sore.

Nay, Child, we will to Kevlaar  
With book and garland go :  
And the Mother of God shall heal thy heart  
Of all its bitter woe.

The banners flutter, and ever  
The hymn of glory flows—  
From proud Cologne upon the Rhine  
The long procession goes.