

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen¹
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

25

Do you think, O blue-eyed bançitti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old moustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all?

30

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

35

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, forever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And moulder in dust away!

40

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree²
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

5

¹ **Bishop of Bingen**—Bishop Hatto, who, during a severe famine, invited the poor of the neighbourhood to assemble in a large barn, in order that he might feed them. When the barn was filled, he shut the doors and set fire to the building. As a punishment for this crime the Bishop was devoured by an army of mice or rats who invaded his castle on the Rhine.

² **Chestnut-tree**—This tree was cut down in 1876. From a portion of the wood a chair was made, which was presented to Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday by the children of Cambridge.