BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

DUSSELDORF.

—

"VERGIN MEIN RICHT."

—

Out on the waves, far out, my seabird! thou and I
Will rock ourselves in dreams of faithful Germany—
I framed thee of the sandal tree—my slight and silvery boat,
That thou might'st shine amid the green, like lily leaves afloat.
I spread a sail of finest woof, scarce fit to hold the breeze,
That thou might'st be, my lone canoe, the darling of the seas.
There are no lookers on, my friend, but the free clouds of the sky,
So out upon the far blue waves, my seabird! thou and I !

—

Come, all ye fair and yellow locked, ye children of the Goth,
Ye restless and disdained of Sleep, yet more abhorred of Sloth;
Come with your iron sinews and your broad and dauntless brows,
Like argosies that quell the waves 'neath their imperial prows ;
Down the good old German highway, whence our hosts went forth to Rome,
Come with your harvest burthen and be welcome where ye come.

At Dusseldorf is many a *Hauf*, where the golden bush hangs out,
But ye, the wine pressers, know well the wily bait to scout ;
The "good wine needs no bush," as your old "mortsires" wont to say,
" Let the juicy monk smack first, I trow the nuns wont turn away.
Oh! merry market crowds, as in a picture, still I see
Your locks like mellow waving corn, smile dimpling like the sea.

Old Father Teniers fondly loved your summer greenerie,
The low and dozing homestead and the bourging threshold tree ;
With the labyrinth of roses and the dark and dreamy well,
And the *jodln* of the vineyard, and the merry curfew bell;
And the babes a-sporting round his knee—O! Bauer of Oberland,
The old man was a child again amid your mountain band.

And Luther, the uncanonized, the blessed then as now,
That pored upon the Holy Writ with a sunbeam on his brow ;
For you he wrenched the tares up, and made clear the truthful wells,
'Mid the crashing of the graven things and the howling of the cells.
The echo of his fearless voice still haunts your crowned hills,
And the blessings of his gentle heart around ye play like rills.