

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

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WIESBADEN.

A FRIEND has suggested that this ballad requires a note. It is merely to say, since necessary, that it was founded upon the story of Lady Ellenborough and Prince Schwartzberg, and that it would have been well for the cause of morality had the catastrophe been the same.

She came amongst us with the Spring—those moist delicious days,
When odours steal like fairies forth, from all the woodland ways;
And Hope the huntress, with her train, outruns the rising beam.
And danceth with the dancing leaves and singeth with the stream.
She came amongst us with the flowers—so fragile yet so fair,
With eyes like the blue twilight stars, and rings of golden hair.

REFRAIN.

We know our songs are very sad, for mirth is all too loud,
For us to tell of 'neath the weight of Famine's closing shroud;
So wonder not our memory most lingers with the dead,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg "our daily bread."

Her voice, like winds through Autumn leaves, had a low and mournful fall.
But yet our bruised hearts leapt up as to a mother's call.
Her cheek, like Spring's first rose, so pure, so lofty delicate,
Made us dream of those sweet seraphs that at Mercy's portals wait.
We could not think—'midst youth's own hues—the ruthless worm was there,
Or that dust would soon be strewed upon her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, yet who of joy could sing,
Where Poverty keeps chilling watch and saddens all our Spring;
Where Memory's embers only shine and heavy tears are shed,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg "our daily bread."

And he on whom she leant at last, her anchor of the heart,
How watched he for the closing surge that tore the chain apart!
Was it fear or pain that shook him when in each long look she gave,
He marked within its dreamy depths the shadows of the grave?
No—were the shrouded breast laid bare—no yearning thought is there,
For that gentle English lady with her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, but Life's unfolding scene,
Still shews upon its sunniest spots some serpent's trail hath been;
O'er every flower that bloomed for us the blistering slime is spread,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg "our daily bread."

Sleep sitteth down with dove-like wings, in that dim shaded room,
The grudging menials watch alone, like phantoms 'mid the gloom;
And the lovely lady dreams away her last calm dying hours,
'Mid the grand old woods of England and her own sweet garden flowers.
The thrush thrills with his gushing pipe the hedgerow low and fair,
And the winds of home come wandering through her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, but where we loved so well,
Our thoughts like summer birds fly back with Memory to dwell:
So wonder not our strain is grave, we seem on graves to tread,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg "our daily bread."

Why rings that stunning pistol shot at midnight's silent hour?
Why streams the pool of bitter blood o'er that dull chamber floor?
The gamester's latest die is cast, and thrown his final main,
The doom of God is on his soul! the false dice in his brain!
Thanks, Holy Saints!—*She* sank at once—nor lingered in despair,
And pillowed on his bloody breast her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, our hearts are full of cares,
And that lovely foreign flower is blent still with our songs and prayers;
We dare not wish her back again,—*she's* happy with the dead,—
And we're but poor German childerkin, and beg "our daily bread."