

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

STOLZENFELLS.

It is morning on the mountain—the green morn of bursting spring,
And the dew is on the violet—the sky-lark on the wing;
The kine are lowing from the fold—the owl winks at the light,
And the breezy fields are wafting by the lingering shades of night,
And the wakened echo murmurs to the chime of holy bells,
For 'tis morning—merry morning—on the crested Stolz-enfells.

Now boldly, like a Lanzknecht, with a carol and a shout,
From the green glades of a mountain farm, a young Gräf rideth out;
He turneth but to bless his home, that, like a nestling, lies
In the bosom of the vintage, hallowed o'er by tender skies;
Then shakes the rein so gaily twined with garlands and with bells—
And 'tis morning—dewy morning—on the crested Stolz-enfells.

There's a sound within the village too—all tremblingly alive,
Like the hymn of the rejoicing bees around the teeming hive,
Now 'tis singing—now 'tis laughter—now the bird-like mountain call,
That warns the herdsman on the hill at dewy evenfall;
To the young Gräf, wending downwards, what a pleasant tale it tells;
And 'tis morning—sunny morning—on the lofty Stolz-enfells.

And a Fraulein through the jasmine leaves that cloud her casement round,
Is gazing on the mountain path, and lists a welcome sound,
While, like a marmotte, leaps her heart at each new voice she hears,
And a rosy smile is breaking through and mocking her sweet tears;
For well she knows the eager steed—the garland and the bells—
And 'tis morning—happy morning—on the lofty Stolz-enfells.

The young Franz, like the eaglet, hath his cyrie on the hill,
Doräthen, like the wood-dove, in the valley calm and still;
But low and gentle was his voice—serene his haughty brow,
When he wooed her, 'mid the roses, in the downy vale below.
So blessed be the bridal pledge—the banquet and the dance—
For the young Franz loves Doräthen and Doräthen loveth Franz!
And our dove will rest delighted in that stormy nest on high,
With the wildest blast unheeded for her lover's softest sigh;
She will gaze within his eagle eyes confidingly and lone,
Until his look becometh soft and dovelike as her own.
And he will bless her as he lists the merry matin bells,
That hailed his bridal morning 'neath the crested Stolz-enfells.

OBERWESEL.

The chimes of Oberwesel—O! how pleasantly and clear,
Far floating down the sunset Rhine, they steal upon the ear,
And the reaper on the furrow turns—the bargeman from the oar—
As solemnly the Angelus sweeps down the river shore.
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,
From the peasant by the Brunnen to the Kaiser on the throne.

The chimes of Oberwesel—O! their spell may ne'er depart—
Like the sound of waves in ocean shells they live within the heart!
For I pine for the Old Rhineland slopes, where first I heard them rise,
And trellices of gushing grapes, and beaming Rhineland skies;
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,
From the peasant by the Brunnen to the Kaiser on the throne.

It is not that the golden palm a softer shadow flings,
It is not that the jungle stream a sweeter roundel sings,
That the orient hath a festal crown that blesteth the long day—
The old chimes are a Ranz-de-vache that clouds them all away;
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,
From the peasant by the Brunnen to the Kaiser on the throne.

Ambayna's soaring minarets, melodiously on high,
Like the lark's triumphant *jodln*, they fill the sunset sky;
But give to me—oh! give to me—the pleasant chimes that come,
Like the trilling of the hermit thrush in the slowly bush at home;
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,
From the peasant by the Brunnen to the Kaiser on the throne.

Though gorgeous be the hues that clothe this sultry land and air,
They're strange with all their gloriousness, and dull with all their glare;
'Tis not my young fresh heart I've brought to this far foreign strand,
No—Gott-sey-dank!—that never leaves our own dear Father-land;
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,
From the peasant by the Brunnen to the Kaiser on the throne.

Montreal.