

ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

SAINT'S TRAGEDY.

From C. Kingsley.

I.

Wake again, Teutonic Father ages,
Wake again, beloved primæval creeds,
Flash ancestral spirit from your pages,
Rouse a greedy age to noble deeds.

II.

Tell us how our stout crusading fathers
Fought and died for God and not for gold,
Let their love, their faith, their boyish daring
Distance-mellowed gild the days of old.

III.

Tell us how of old our saintly mothers
School'd themselves by vigil, fast and prayer,
Learned to live as Jesus lived before them
While they bore the cross that poor men bear,

IV.

Tell us how the sexless workers thronging
Angel-tended round the convent doors,
Wrought to Christian faith and holy order
Savage hearts alike and barren moors.

V.

Ye who built the temples where we worship,
Ye who framed the laws by which we move;
Fathers! long behind and long forsaken,
Oh forgive the children of your love.