

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.†

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart.

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;



MELCHIOR'S WINDOW.

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like a foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through their painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Ennigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies;
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies;

† Melchior Pfinzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before in the *Bel'ry of Bruges*.