

The left a proud defiance flung,
And urged the wanton mischief on.
The Rhinegrave scorns the gentle pleader,
And chooses still the left-hand leader.

"Halloo! companions, forward ride,
Yo! Tally-ho. So-ho! huzza!
And every dog, on every side,"
Buries in quivering flesh his jaw.
They tread the shepherd down with curses,
Beneath their onward-hurrying horses.

Hardly the stag the bloody doom
Escapes; with ever-weakening flight,
Dripping with gore, and dashed with foam,
He seeks the forest's darkest night;
Deep in its depths he crouches lowly,
Within the cell of hermit holy.

With cracking whips and reckless haste,
With "tally-ho" and wild huzza,
With yelp and clang and bugle-blast,
More and more near the chase doth draw;
And as the holy cell it neareth,
The hermit at his door appeareth.

"Leave off this chase, nor dare invade
God's holy place with mad intent,
To heaven the creature cries for aid,
And seeks from God thy punishment;
Thy last chance take, let reason guide thee,
Else onward to destruction ride thee."

Eager the right-hand horseman sprung.
To plead the right with anxious tone;
The left his proud defiance flung,
And urged the wanton mischief on.
Oh woe, despite that earnest pleader,
He still obeys the left-hand leader.

"Destruction here, destruction there,
That," cried he, "dread I not a whit,
If this the heaven of heavens were,
I should not fear to enter it;
And though heaven's wrath and thine it bring-
eth,
Still through the wood my bugle ringeth."

He winds his horn, to urge the hunt,
"Halloo! companions, forward ride!"
Ha! vanish man and cell in front,
And vanish horse and man beside.
Clamor and clash and clang and rushing,
Sudden in deathly silence hushing.

Frightened, the Rhinegrave gazes round,
He winds his horn, no tone will come;
He shouts, his lips give forth no sound;
He cracks his whip, the air is dumb;
He spurs, but wilder grows his terror,
He cannot leave the place of horror.

Then, gradual darkness closes round,
Dark as the darkness of a grave;
And not a stir is heard, nor sound,
Save from a distant, washing wave;
Then,—terrified to late repentance,—
He hears, in thunder-tones, his sentence.

Thou fiendish tyrant, ruler proud,
Defying God and man and beast;
The creature's cries and groanings loud
To God, against thee, have not ceased.
And now for judgment they are calling,
Where sparks from vengeance' torch are falling.

Fly, sinner, fly; beneath heaven's frown
Shalt thou ride on, till time shall end;
By hell and Satan hunted down,
That princes may thy fate attend,
Lest they, their sinful lust pursuing,
Scorn God and man, to their undoing.

Now lurid lightnings flashing down
Between the leafy branches come,
Fear thrills through marrow and through bone,
He grows so hot, so damp, so numb;
Around his way, cold horror hideth,
Behind, the howling tempest rideth.

The horror breathes! whistles the storm!
Now sudden from the ground there starts
A great, black fist, of dreadful form,
And to the flying huntsman darts.
It opens wide, his head it clenches,
His visage to the rear it wrenches.

All round, the flames flash fearfully,
In tongues of red and blue and green;
Beneath him boils a fiery sea
Where swarming demon-shapes are seen;
And thousand hell-hounds, hoarsely howling,
Leap from the pit with grewsome growling.

Then forward he, through wood and mead,
Howling in torment, takes his flight,
And still the fiends behind him speed
Over the world, both day and night;
By day through dens and caverns dashing,
At midnight, high in heavens flashing.

And still his haggard face looks back,
And still his shadow-steed flies on,
Still must he see the hellish pack,
Cheered onward by the Evil One;
Must see the grinding and the gnashing
Of fiery jaws behind him flashing.

This is the fearful demon chase,
Shall last until the Day of Doom,
And oft before the sinner's face
Flashes in midnight's silent gloom;
But none have dared to tell the story,
Fearing the flying huntsman's fury.

[The object of this new translation of a poem frequently translated before is to retain, as nearly as possible, the words, measure, and rhyme of the original, and to this end something has been sacrificed in the way of elegance and smoothness.]