Besides these songs may be mentioned the touching series of poems entitled Auf meines Kindes Tod, giving the most eloquent proof of his tenderness and, at the same time, of his resignation to the will of the Almighty.

In addition to these lyric poems Eichendorff wrote prosenovels, dramas and works on literature, not all of them, however, of an equal value and perfection. In his novels his lyric propensities interfere too much and too often with the calm progress of the story and the development of his characters, and the same is true of his dramatic efforts. He frequently yields to his love for descriptive coloring and to his altogether too vivid imagination, and the reader soon loses interest and is lost in fantastic episodes where he is unable to follow the author; still, beautiful passages will be found scattered everywhere and the lover of nature will be amply repaid for reading even the least entertaining pages.

Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts, fortunately, is free from the weaknesses which appear in Dichter und ihre Gesellen, Ahnung und Gegenwart and smaller novels. In his Taugenichts Eichendorff's powers are at their best. We cannot read it without feeling at all times the deepest interest in the joys and sorrows which, alternately, delight and trouble the hero of this genuine romance. His outbursts of immoderate joy, followed by relapses into anguish and despondency, never exceed the boundaries of good taste, and yet, the whole story deviates from the customary novelistic reading-matter as widely as a deed of real estate from a love song. We are not even made acquainted with the proper names of the principal characters; the real name of the Taugenichts remains a complete mystery all through, and so it is with the rest. A modern writer says of this novel, that it gives us the most perfect and delightful glorification of the dolce far niente, the sweet idling. And it surely could not be described with more innocence and attractiveness and with a more sparkling humor and freshness.