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Victor von Scheffel**

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GAUDEAMUS

Humorous Poems

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

JOSEPH VICTOR SCHEFFEL

AND OTHERS.

BY
CHARLES G. LELAND.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

This volume contains the greater portion of the poems which constitute the *Gaudeamus*--'Let us be jolly'--of Joseph Victor Scheffel, who is at present the most popular poet in Germany. Without being presented as such, these ballads, though complete in themselves, form in their connection a droll history of the world and of humanity--advancing from the early outburst of Granite and Basalt, through the boulder of Gneiss to the Ichthyosaurus and Megatherium. Man then appears as a dweller in the pre-historic Swiss-Lacustrine-dwelling on poles, where he bitterly bewails the misfortune of being a pioneer of civilization, and as one born before the invention of modern comforts.

'In stocks I would gladly grow wealthy,
But exchange is not yet understood:
A good glass of beer would be healthy,
But never a drop has been brewed.'

The Early Phœnician is set forth in a droll song (originally published under the title of *Jonah*) which describes the disasters that befell a guest who could not pay his bill,--presented in arrow-head or cuneiform characters on six tiles. The old Etruscan era and that of the ancient German are also painted in a style which, could the truth be known, would probably be found as genially true to life as it is to the world-old, infinite spirit of Humour, which moved man in the same measure in ancient Egypt as in modern England. In these, as in his serious poems of a more ambitious nature, Joseph Victor Scheffel manifests a remarkable insight into the inner real life of the past. Like a geologist, or poet, he infers from trivial relics the probable feelings and habits of obscure beings or races, or at least imagines them, and assimilates them to modern usages with rare tact. These ballads have been printed, sung, and imitated in Germany of late years to a great extent. Scheffel has in fact founded a school of humorous poetry--that of the burlesque-scientific and historical--which, though by no means pretentious, has at least made the world laugh heartily. I sincerely trust that the following translations will induce the reader to become familiar with the original.

I have omitted a few poems from the *Gaudeamus*, as deficient in the peculiar spirit of *fun* which characterises all that are here given; but should the public manifest its approbation of this work, they may be found in another edition. In their place I have given translations of a number of eccentric German-student songs of the new school, nearly all of which have found their way into the popular German song-books of late years.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

London, October, 1871.

JOSEPH VICTOR SCHEFFEL.

AN INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

Joseph Victor Scheffel was born in the year 1826, at Karlsruhe, in Baden, where his father, a veteran officer, had taken up his residence. He received his first instruction in the 'Lyceum' of his native place, a high school which enjoyed at the time a splendid reputation, and was considered the best in the Grand Duchy of Baden. Whatever may have been said against one or the other of the professors, the majority were remarkable men, knowing how to awaken the mental activity of their pupils. The social life of the 'Lyceists' was free from ordinary constraints; and the merry youths enjoyed many privileges, which at other places were strictly reserved for University students.

Nor did they lack any opportunities for intellectual improvement in the capital of Baden. The theatre was then excellent, and the 'Lyceists' visited it regularly. Eyen politics agitated the mind of this young generation. It must be remembered that thirty years ago Baden was the focus of political life, to which the eyes of every German patriot was directed; and although Mannheim was the seat of the agitation, the chamber united at Karlsruhe a number of men, whose names will ever be held in respect in Baden: Itzstein, Welcker, Bassermann, Hecker, Mathy, Soiron.

Joseph Victor passed with all the honours, and as one of the best pupils, all the classes of the Lyceum, and then devoted himself to the study of law at the University of Heidelberg. There he joined a so-called academical society of progress, without, however, taking part in the Baden revolution, which drove so many of his comrades into exile.

After having passed the Government examination we find our young poet as '*Rechtspractikant*' (practitioner of law) in the little town of Säckingen. Well might the little provincial place appear dull to a student coming from the liveliest university of Germany. Still the splendid scenery of the environs of Säckingen compensated for many shortcomings. With the numerous friends he won there, Scheffel made frequent excursions through the valleys which stretch in all directions from the Feldberg and the Rhine. He proved to be a bold and even reckless swimmer, passing many a time through the bridge of Säckingen, saluting the bystanders as he accomplished this daring feat.

In the office of his court, located in an old convent of nuns, Scheffel found a number of old documents and MSS., and there his first poem was written, based on one of them: '*Der Trompeter von Säckingen. Ein Sang vom Oberrhein.*'

The success of this first production was complete. It was published at the time when the 'incense perfume of the pious soul,' as Scheffel calls the poems of Oskar von Redwitz, had its firmest hold on the misguided taste of the public. In comparison with this sickly, effeminate poetry, the simple, natural, and yet intensely poetic production of Scheffel afforded something like the enjoyment of fresh mountain air after that of a hot-house. It is true, Scheffel was at first entirely ignored by the Berlin and Leipzig critics who assume to sit in judgment over modern German literature (he has, up to the present day, not even found a place in Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexicon*), but the unsophisticated public recognized the kernel of pure poetry in Scheffel's unpretentious verses; and his 'Trompeter' is at present the most popular poem in Germany. Its story is told with extreme simplicity and humour, in blank trochees with interspersed rhymed poems; it leads us to the forest-town of Säckingen during the second half of the 17th century, and into the neighbouring castle of a baron, whose only daughter is wooed and, at last, won by a young musician, a merry youth, who had been expelled from the University of Heidelberg on account of his noisy behaviour.

Nothing can be more humorous than the account of the ex-student's life at Heidelberg, of his duels and his libations beneath the big tun of the castle,

Bei dem Wunder unserer Tage,
Bei dem Kunstwerk deutschen Denkens,
Bei dem Heidelberger Fass,

or the historical episode of the foundation of Säckingen by Saint Fridolin, an Irish apostle, sent by Chlodwig with the following message to convert the Allemannic Germans:

Hatt' sonst nicht die grösste Vorlieb
Für die Kutten, für die Heil'gen,
Aber seit mir die verfluchten
Scharfen Alemannenspiesse
Allzunah um's Ohr gepfiffen,
Seit der schweren Schlacht bei Zülpich,
Bin ich and'rer Ansicht worden,
--Noth lehrt auch die Könige beten.
Schutz drum geb' ich, wo ihr hinzieht.
Und empfehl' hauptsächlich Euch am
Oberrhein die Alemannen.
Diese haben schwere Schädel,
Diese sind noch trotz'ge Heiden,
Macht mir diese fromm und artig--

or the meditations of the cat of the castle, which, as silent witness of the caresses of the two lovers, thus broods over the enigma of the kiss:

Warum küssen sich die Menschen?
S'ist nicht Hass, sie beissen sich nicht,
Hunger nicht, sie fressen sich nicht.
S'kann auch kein zweckloser blinder
Unverstand sein, denn sie sind sonst
Klug und selbstbewusst im Handeln;
Warum, also, frag' umsonst ich,
Warum küssen sich die Menschen?
Warum meistens nur die Jüngern?
Warum diese meist im Frühling?
Ueber diese Punkte werd' ich
Morgen auf des Daches Giebel
Etwas naher meditiren.

In the delineations of the various characters of the 'Trompeter' Scheffel exhibits a gift of true poetical conception, a warmth of feeling, and a power of description, equalled by few of our modern poets; indeed, the characters rise before our mind with such truthfulness, as the idealized types of the people in that corner of Germany, that one might almost believe one had met all of them during one's wanderings in the Black Forest, whether it be Werner, the merry trumpeter, or the crusty old baron, or Anton, the respectable 'Hausknecht.'

Scheffel did not remain long in Säckingen. He quitted the Government service, and, after passing some time in travels in South Germany, settled at Donaueschingen as Keeper of the Archives of Prince Fürstenberg. This town is likewise exceedingly small, the environs are bare and not to be compared with the romantic scenery of the Upper Rhine; but at the court of the refined princes of Fürstenberg there were at all times remarkable men, and the library afforded, in MSS. and documents, ample means for the study of Old German history, language, and literature.

To this study Scheffel now devoted himself, and, in combining his qualities as a poet with that of an historian, created his famous novel Ekkehard. Based chiefly on the Chronicles of the Monastery of St. Gallen, it gives us a faithful picture of the social life in South Western Germany--the most ancient seat and nucleus of German civilization during the tenth century,--in retaining and reproducing all the naïveté, freshness, and simple-minded views which are the charms of these celebrated chronicles, whilst the poet's figures are marked with that distinct individuality which raises the dry chronicle to a skilful and poetical tale of human passions and conflicts. Ekkehard may be compared with the best of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Another fruit of Scheffel's researches in mediæval literature is his charming little volume '*Frau Aventure*,' and likewise, although published much later, '*Juniperus*,' the history of a German Crusader, and his most recent work, '*Die Bergpsalmen*.' Both these latter works (the last one is written in verse) exhibit the same merits as Ekkehard, but they are laid out on a smaller scale, and are of a more fragmentary character. '*Frau Aventure*' is a collection of songs, partly jocose, partly inspired by the most tender feelings, in the spirit of the poems of the Minnesinger and wandering scholars of the Middle Ages, and is based on a subtle knowledge of mediæval culture and poetry.

But to his second residence in Heidelberg we must trace the origin of his most popular work, the collection of songs known under the title of 'Gaudeamus.' A small circle of friends, who met every Wednesday evening at a supper in the Holländer Hof, near the bridge (and amongst whose most conspicuous members were the celebrated historian Ludwig Haeusser, and the venerable pastor of Ziegelhausen, Fr. Schmezer), kindled those sparks of unequalled humour and merriment--the Rodensteiner, 'Im Schwarzen Wallfisch zu Askalon,' and the geological songs, which delighted readers of every class, and found their way into every student's songbook of Germany. The geological songs owe their origin to a course of lectures on geology which Pastor Schmezer delivered at the time. Scheffel regularly attended these lectures of his friend, and the latter was certain to find as regularly on the following morning of his lecture a poetical resumé of it on his desk, in the form of a humorous poem.

What gives such a high value to these songs, and indeed to all the poetry of Scheffel, is the fact that they, in depicting the joyous vein in human nature, set forth a faithful abstract, a true poetical substratum, of the popular life and thought of South-Western Germany. If any one should fail to comprehend the spirit of Scheffel's poetry let him go to the 'joyful Palatinate,' and to its ancient capital, Heidelberg. There he will find the frank, merry, and humorous characters of Scheffel's poems, and especially the prototypes of that thirsty soul, the Rodensteiner who pawned his three villages during the revelries 'Zu Heidelberg im Hirschen,' and finally bequeathed his thirst to the students. And looking from the ruins of the castle over the beautiful valleys of the Neckar and the Rhine, he will perhaps understand the enthusiasm which our poet has for this blessed spot, in singing:

Und stechen mich die Dornen,
Und wird mir's draus zu kahl;

Geb' ich dem Pferd die Spornen,
Und reit' in's Neckarthal.

GRANITE.

*In unterirdischer Kammer
Sprach grollend der alte Granit:
'Da droben den wäss'rigen Jammer
Den mach' ich jetzt länger nicht mit.'*

In his lair subterranean, grumbling
Old Granite said: 'One thing is sure,
That slopping and slippery tumbling
Up yonder, no more I'll endure.
So wearily wallows the water
His billows of brine o'er the land,
'Stead of prouder and fairer and better
All is turning to slime and to sand.

'That would be a nice limestony cover,
A sweet geological swash,
If the coat of the wide world all over
Were one sedimentary wash.
By and by 'twill be myth and no true thing
What were hills--what was high or was low.
The deuce take their drifting and smoothing;
Hurrah! far eruption I go!'

So he spoke, and to aid him, pro rata,
The brave-hearted Porphyry flew,
The weak-hearted crystalline strata
He scornfully shattered in two.
With flashing and crashing and bellow,
As though the world's end were to dread,
Even Graywack, that decent old fellow,
In terror stood up on his head.

Also Stonecoal and Limestone and Trias
Fast vanished, internally mined.
Loud wailed in the Jura, the Lias,
That the wild fire had scorched him behind.
And Limestone, the marl-plot of chalkers,
Said later, in deep earnest chimes,
'Was there no one, to stop, 'mong you talkers,
This wild revolution betimes?'

But upwards through strata and fountains
Passed the conquering hero with heat,
Until from the sunniest mountains
He gazed on the world at his feet.
Then he shouted with yodling and singing,
'Hurrah! 'Twas courageously done,
Even we can be doing and bringing
What it only needs pluck to be won.'

THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.

*Es rauscht in den Schachtelhalmen,
Verdächtig leuchtet das Meer,
Da schwimmt mit Thränen im Auge
Ein Ichthyosaurus daher.*

The rushes are strangely rustling,
The ocean uncannily gleams,
As with tears in his eyes down gushing,
An Ichthyosaurus swims.

He bewails the frightful corruption
Of his age, for an awful tone
Has lately been noticed by many
In the Lias formation shown.

'The Plesiosaurus, the elder,
Goes roaring about on a spree;
The Plerodactylus even
Comes flying as drunk as can be.

'The Iguanodon, the blackguard,
Deserves to be publicly hissed,
Since he lately in open daylight
The Ichthyosaura kissed.

'The end of the world is coming,
Things can't go on long in this way;
The Lias formation can't stand it,
Is all that I've got to say!'

So the Ichthyosaur went walking
His chinks in an angry mood,^[1]
The last of his sighs extinguished
In the roar and the rush of the flood.

And all of the piggish Saurians^[2]
Died, too, on that dreadful day;
There were too many chinks against them,
And of course they'd the devil to pay.

And this petrifideal ditty?^[3]
Who was it this song did write?
'Twas found as a fossil album leaf
Upon a coprolite.

THE TAZZELWORM.

*Als noch ein Bergsee klar und gross
In dieser Thäler Tiefen floss,
Hab'ich allhier in grober Pracht
Gelebt, geliebt und auch gedracht
Als Tazzelwurm.*

Tazzelworm is a provincial German word for a dragon. This was a song sung at the fête of hanging up the sign of the Fiery Tazzelworm at a little mountain tavern in Rehau, on the road over the Audorfen mountain meadows, in the Tyrol.

When yet a lake from mountains grand
Ran down yon valleys through the land,

Here I a great flash vulgar thing
Lived, loved, and went a-dragoning
As Tazzelworm,

From Pentling unto Wendelstein,
Were rock and air and water mine,
I walked and flew, and kicked and rolled,
And 'stead of hay I slept on gold,
As Tazzelworm.

My scaly skin was all of horn,
And fire I spit since I was born;
Whatever up the mountain came,
I killed and gobbled it for game,
As Tazzelworm.

But when I so forgot God's law,
And ate up shepherd maidens raw,
Came Noah's food, with all its fogs,
And knocked my business to the dogs,
As Tazzelworm.

And now you see me painted, shine
On Schweinsteiger's bran-new sign.
The shepherd maidens laugh in choir,
And not a mortal fears the fire
Of Tazzelworm.

And oft some learned chap will shout
Before my eyes: 'His games played out!
He lived before the flood washed round,
But men of science never found
A Tazzelworm.'

Weak-minded sceptic! enter here,
Mix up Tyróler wine and beer,
But ere you come to Kuffstein--whew!
You'll find that I have breathed on you,
As Tazzelworm.

And Klausen's landlord sad will say,
'By Jove--whence did those fellows stray?
Their legs are loose--their heads arn't firm,
They all have seen the Tazzelworm,
The Tazzelworm.'

THE MEGATHERIUM.

*Was hängt denn dort bewegungslos
Zum Knaul zusammengeballt
So riesenfaul und riesengross
Im Urururwald?
Dreifach so wuchtig als ein Stier,
Dreifach so schwer und dumm--
Ein Kletterthier, ein Krallenthier:
Das Megatherium!*

Vide Cuvier, Ossemens fossiles, v. 1, p. 174. tab. 61. The Megatherium was a gigantic sloth.

What hangs there like a frozen pig,
Or knot all twisted rude?
So giant lazy, giant big,
In the prim--rim--æval wood?

Thrice bigger than a bull--at least
Thrice heavier, and dumb--
A climbing and a clawing beast,
The Megatherium!

All dreamily it opes its jaws
And glares so lazily,
Then digs with might its cutting claws
In the Embahuba tree.
It eats the fruit, it eats the leaf,
Soft, happy, grunting 'Ai!'
And when they're gone, as if with grief,
Occasionally goes 'Wai!'

But from the tree it never crawls.
It knows a shorter way;
For like a gourd adown it falls,
And will not hence away.
With owly eyes awhile it hums,
Smiles wondrously and deep;
For after good long feeding comes
Its main hard work--to sleep.

Oh, sceptic mortal--brassy, bold,
Wilt thou my words deride?
Go to Madrid and there behold
His bones all petrified.
And if thou hast before them stood,
Remember these my rhymes.
Such laziness held only good
In antdiluvian times.

Thou art no Megatherium,
Thy soul has aims divine,
Then mind your studies, all and some,
And eat not like a swine.
Use well your time--'tis money worth,
Yea, work till death you see.
And should you yield to sloth and mirth,
Do it not sloath--somely!^[4]

THE BASALT.

*Mag der basaltene Mohrenstein
Zum Schreck es erzählen im Lande,
Wie er gebrodelt in Flammenschein
Und geschwärzt entstiegen dem Brande:
Brenn's drunten noch Jahr aus Jahr ein
Beim Wein soll uns nicht bange sein,
Nein, nein!
Soll uns nicht bange sein!*

F. v. Kobell. Urzeit der Erde, p. 33.

*Es war der Basalt ein jüngerer Sohn
Aus altvulcanischem Hause,
Er lebte lang verkannt und gedrückt
In erdtief verborgener Clause.*

Sir basalt was a younger son
Of that oldest race, the Vulcanian,
And he lived for ages oppressed and unknown
In a cavern deep subterranean.

So they goaded and jeered the lover forlorn,--

'Art thou yearning for rainy weather?
You will get but a mitten, and the scorn
Of all the formations together.

'Uncle Rocksalt said to the Lime and smiled,
And the billows sneer it higher,
"How can the Ocean's third-born child
Be a bride to this scum of Fire?"

What happened next was never known;
But at once into madness crashing,
In a fiery blaze he was upwards thrown,
His wild veins glaring and flashing.

Loud raving he sprang to the air in haste,
And scorching all, fast hurried;
Bursting the strata's mountain waste
Beneath which he long was buried.

And she whom he once had worshipped, broke,
And was crushed as a mere obstruction;
He laughed in scorn, and whirling in smoke,
Stormed on to fresh destruction.

And blow on blow--a terrible roar
Of thousands of storms wild crashing;
The earth burst open and trembled all o'er.
With a shaking and breaking and dashing.

Till in majesty the fiery flood
Flew up from the rifts in fountains,
And scattered with ruins land and flood
Bowed down to the columned mountains.

There he stood and gazed on the blue air free,
And the sun with its sweet attraction,
Then heavily sighed--it blew cool from the sea--
And he sank in petrification.

Yet still in the rock may be heard in rhyme
A wondrous tuning and ringing,
As though he would from his youthful time
A song of love be singing.

And a gold yellow drop of natrolite
From the dark stone oft comes peeping;
Those are the tears which Sir Basált
For his crushed love ever is weeping.

THE BOULDER.

*Einst zierte ich, den Aether durchspähend,
Als Spitze des Urgebirg's Stock,
Ruhm, Hoheit und Stellung verschmähend,
Ward ich zum erratischen Block.*

Once high on the mountain-peak rising,
In sunlight I shone like a flame;
But height and position despising,
A wandering boulder became.

They say of a thinker's bold sallies,
He goes where the ice will not bear;
I was beckoned to false hollow valleys,

By snow maids, seductive and fair.

Thus driven by furious fancies,
I went down the hill with a shout;
But atoned for my youthful romances
By a thousand years rolling about.

Cried the Glacier, his teeth sharply showing,
Here, my blade, you'll be polished right well,
And from my moraine-offal going,
As a stranger be borne from the dell.

Then be scratched and be scraped and be driven,
I rolled to a rock that was cracked,
But with blows was knocked upward to heaven,
Be twisted, be puffed, and be whacked.

Just try to be proper and decent
In chaotic upheavals of mud!
Down I sunk, down to periods recent,
When the ice wall went off in the flood.

And rough is the rôle he unravels
Who plays in an ice part--ah, me!
On a flake I set out on my travels,
And the ice cake soon melted at sea.

Plimp, plump! down I went to the bottom,
For ages lay sleeping in clay,
Until the heat finally caught 'em,
And Glacier and Flood dried away.

Then the Sun, with a hotter light blazing,
Shone down where the billows once played;
And with the rhinoceros grazing,
The mammoth was seen in the glade.

Now we from the driving ice fast-time
Are useful, although it be late,
And to heathen and Christian for pastime
Give stones for the Church and the State.

* * * * *

Two geologists made up this ditty
In the vale between Aaré and Reuss;
And the inn where they sang it, so witty,
Was all built of boulders of gneiss.

They sang with deep feeling dramatic,
To the landscape of Findling so fine;
Then went like two boulders erratic,
Both tumbling and stumbling with wine.

THE COMET.

*Ich armer Komet in dem himmlischen Feld
Wie ist's doch so windig mit mir bestellt!
Ich leb' in steten Sorgen,
Mein Licht selbst muss ich borgen ...
Ich erscheine nur von Zeit zu Zeit
Dann muss ich wieder fort in die Dunkelheit.*

I a poor comet on high, you see,

How windy and wild is my destiny!
I live in constant sorrow,
My light e'en I must borrow;
I only appear from time to time,
Then must wander away in gloom and grime.

By lady Sun I'm ever distracted,
And to her by power magnetic attracted;
Yet she will not endure
That I should rise up to her,
I must long for her from flights afar,
For, alas! I'm in fact an eccentric star.

The fixed stars all in bitter fun
Declare I'm a lost and prodigal son.
They say I still go tottering
Here, there, among them pottering,
And where I once on my way have been
Nothing but dimness and darkness are seen.

The planets regard me with scorn, and say
That I always come bothering in their way.
Dame Venus and her sisters
Call me one of those crazy twisters,
'His tail is too great, and his nucleus too small.
Such an ill-made night stroller's worth nothing at all.'

That I'm a scandal they cry or lisp,
And call me a dreamer or Will-o'-the-wisp.
And down on earth a-squinting,
I see the learned ones printing,
'He's neither firm nor settled, nor would be,
Though he should spin to all eternity.'

E'en Humboldt, who handles nothing lightly,
Treats me in his Cosmos far from politely,
And should he write--I ask all--
And am I such a rascal?--
'The wandering comet, much thinner than foam,
With the smallest corps takes up the greatest room.'

But bide yon star-gazing spitefuls!--bide?
You don't know me yet from the innermost side.
Some day I'll catch you--curse ye?
And make you cry for mercy?
Then you'll go through me, and I'll meet your hope,
For with meteors I'll smash up your telescope.

GUANO SONG.

*Ich weiss eine friedliche Stelle
Im schweigenden Ocean,
Krystallhell schäumen die Welle
Zum Felsengestade hinan.*

I know of a peaceful island
Afar in the silent sea,
Where around the rocky highland
Pure billows are foaming free.
In the harbour no ship is resting,
No sailor is on the strand;
And thousands of white birds nesting,
Are the guards of the lonely land.

Ever pondering pious questions,
They labour right faithfully,
For blessed are their digestions,
And flowing like poetry.
For the birds are all 'Philosophen,'
To the principal precept inclined;
If the body be properly open,
Then all will go well with the mind.

And the children pursue more enlightened
What their fathers in silence begun.
To a mountain it rises, and whitened
By rays of a tropical sun.
In the rosiest light these sages
Look down at the future and say,
In the course of historical ages
We shall fill up the ocean some day.

And the recognition of merit
Is theirs in these later days,
For in Suabian land we hear it
When the Böblinger Rapsbauer^[5] says:
'God bless you--guano sea-gull,
Of the far away coast of the west:
In spite of my countryman Hegel,
The stuff which you make is the best.'

ASPHALTUM.

*Bestreuet aie Häupter mit Asche,
Verhaltet die Nasen euch bang,
Heut giebt's bei trübfließender Flasche
Einen bituminösen Gesang.*

Strew, strew all your heads with ashes,
Hold your noses firmly and long;
I sing by the lightning's pale flashes
A wild and bituminous song.

The wind of the desert is sweeping,
Like fire by the dead Dead Sea;
There a Dervish appointment is keeping,
With a maiden from Galilee.

'Twas ever a salty engulpher,
In horrors excessively rich;
In Lot's time there were lots of sulphur,
And to-day it is piteous on pitch.

No washwoman comes with a bucket,
No thirsty man comes with a mug;
For the one who would venture to suck it
Would wish that his grave had been dug.

Not a breath of a breeze is blowing,
No waves on the waters fall,
Though a strong smell of naphtha is flowing,
They said, 'We don't mind it at all.'

Two dark brown lumps were lying
Like rocks on the Dead Sea shore,
And while tenderly loving and sighing
They sat down there--to rise no more.

For the rock was pitch-naphtha which would not
Allow them to stir e'en a stitch,
And seated in concert, they could not
Rise up above concert pitch.

Then all the disaster comprising,
They wailed aloud: 'Allah is great!
We stick and we stick--there's no rising,
We stick and forever must wait!'

There they sat like a lost pot and kettle,
Their wails o'er the wilderness passed;
They mummified little by little,
And were turned to Asphaltum at last.

A little bird flew for assistance,
Away to the townlet of Zoar;
But benumbed it fell down in the distance,
It smelt so, it fluttered no more.

And shuddering and pale as if flurried,
A pilgrim procession went in--
From the smell of the benzine it hurried
So fast you'd not say 't had been seen.

MORAL.

In love or in turning a penny
Always study the field of your luck;
In petroleum and naphtha full many
Ere now have been terribly 'stuck.'

THE PILE BUILDER.

A Lacustrine Lyric.

*Dichtqualmende Nebel umfeuchten
Ein Pfahlbaugerüstwerk im See
Und fern ob der Waldwildniss leuchten
Die Alpen in ewigem Schnee.*

Damp smoky-like vapour is streaming
O'er piles in the waters below.
And far o'er the forest are gleaming
The Alps in perpetual snow.

A man on a wood block is sitting
In furs, for the wind-draught is strong:
With a flint chip a deer-horn splitting,
While he mournfully murmurs a song:

'See my face swollen up like the devil!
Remark how in wind, as it spins,
The history of Europe primæval
With rheumatics and toothache begins!

'It is true that with stone-axe employment,
Or with celts I can hammer my way,
But no rational means of enjoyment
Is known to the world in this day.

'Wild animals, wolfish or beary,

Howl fierce round my forest-tree brown;
And when I build huts on the prairie
The buffaloes batter them down.

'And so, to the beaver a debtor,
I build for myself in the flood;
The further from firm land the better,
A pile-dam in shingle and mud.

'But much I am forced to dispense with
What ages to come will behold;
I'd be glad of a good sword to fence with,
But as yet there's no iron or gold.

'In stocks I would gladly grow wealthy,
But exchange is not yet understood:
A good glass of beer would be healthy;
But never a drop has been brewed.

'And then how my horror increases
To think of our cookery rude!
How we crack a pig's bones into pieces,
And suck out the marrow for food.

'And how can the soul be expected
To form an ideal of taste,
When nothing but poles are erected
Around in a watery waste?'

He sang With a voice hoarse and failing,
With rheumatics his temper was grim;
Two wild bears slipped over the poling,
And, climbing, came snapping at him.

Down he threw, as with anger he flushes,
Axe, deer-horn, and drink-cup of clay,
Sprang, splash! like a frog to the rushes,
And paddled with curses away.

Where once the Lacustrians plying,
Drove many a pillar or stake,
A strata of relics is lying
'Neath the mud and the turf of the lake.

And he who this song made for singing,
Himself through those layers has mined,
And the relics to daylight upbringing,
Felt pride as a mortal refined.

HESIOD.

*Licht glühte des Helicon Klippe
In Mittagspurpur und Blau.*

Light gleamed upon Helicon's mountain
In the purple of mid-day and blue,
As by Aganippe's clear fountain
A shepherd boy slept in the dew.
In seeking the lambs of his master,
From Askra, he'd roamed through the wood,
But now all the strength of the pastor
By the heat of the sun was subdued.

Then from sun-lighted fields of old story,

Came Nine who were heavenly fair;
Their limbs were of beauty a glory,
And a glory of gold was their hair.
They moved as in musical numbers,
To the grove, Aganippe across,
And laid by the youth in his slumbers,
Their gifts in the emerald moss.

The first a bronze style like a feather,
The second an inkstand of brass,
The third a neat album in leather,
The fourth a Bohemian glass,
The fifth gave red wax and a taper,
The sixth a gold eye-glass and sheath,
The seventh cigars wrapped in paper,
The eighth a sweet asphodel wreath.

The ninth bent her knee in the heather,
And kissed him full tender and true,
Then vanished on high in the æther
As angels invariably do.
Up sprung the young dreamer and panted
And sang in a measure sublime,
And swung, like a creature enchanted,
A twig of wild laurel in time.

Then up came his friends 'mong the peasants
And praised his good fortune that day,
And led him with all his fine presents
To Askra in festive array:
And there all the wisest or rudest,
Considered the matter in doubt,
Until the Nomarchos as shrewdest
To Bœotia this sentence gave out.

'To him heaven opens a portal,
No more at the flocks let him look.
He is destined to be an immortal,
Write poems--and publish a book.'
They found him a rod neat and slender,
In long garments they gave him to God;
Then he wrote them the Farmer's Calénder,
And Theogony too--Hesiod.

MODERN GREEK.

BY ATHANASIOS CHRISTOPOULOS.

πλουτον δεν θελω
Δοξαν δεν θελω
Ουτ'εξουσιαν
Ποτε καμμιαν.

Δεν θελω γνωσιν
ουτε καν τωσην
'Οσ'ειν του φυλλου
Κι'οσ'ειν του ξυλου.

Τουτες'η κρυες
Η φαντασιες
'Οσω ευφαινουν

TRANSLATION.

*Reichthum und Ehre
Nimmer ich 'gehre;
Herrschaft und Würde;
Wär mir nur Bürde.*

I never desire
Wealth or fame to acquire
Honour and station
Were but vexation.

And to be learned
I'm no more concerned,
Than in the thicket
Are field-mouse and cricket.

All those cold cheating
Phantom forms fleeting,
'Stead of reviving,
Are vexing and driving.

MODERN GREEK.

Θελω ειρηνην
Ψυχης γαληνην
Χορους ερωτων
Τρελαις και κροτον.

Θελο τραγουδια,
Κηπους, λουλουδια
Και χωραταδαις
Σταις πρασιναδαις.

Τουτα λατρευω
Τουτα γηλευω
Κ' εις τουτ απανω
Θελ να ποθανω.]

TRANSLATION.

To me be given
The sweet peace of heaven,
A heart quiet resting,
Frolic and jesting!

Dramas sweet ringing,
Ball play and singing,
Music entrancing,
Wild whirling dancing!

Such I require,
Such I desire,
Rose-crowned, so
To the bier I would go!

PUMPUS OF PERUSIA.

*Feucht hing die Sonne. Des Novembers Schauer ging
Mit leisem Frösteln durch das Land Hetruria.*

*Anpumpen, to pump, is a German slang term for borrowing. Pumpus
was the name of an Etruscan prince.*

Dim was the sunlight, and November shivering
Ran with a light frost o'er the land Etruria,
A gentle head-ache of the last night's origin,
Went threading through the air with weary pinion-beat;
A weak and bankrupt feeling lay on hill and dale,
The sacred olive tree, whose last thin yellow leaf
Thrilled in the wind, stretched mournfully its branches forth
Barren and bare, as wanting what was needfullest;
E'en the street pavement was suspicious. To the eye
The old primæval basalt's firm material
Seemed changed that day to very porous carbonate,
And all things--all things--all things had a seedy look.

Such was the day when, in the early morning hour,
A weary wight from Populonia's portal went;
In vain the guard on the Cyclopean city wall
Cast on the lord a hopeful glance for drink-money,--
He drew him back--and glared at him--and gave nothing.
There where the road goes winding towards Suessulæ,
And some old priest's strange ten-pin-towered monument
Mournfully casts a shadow o'er the bleaching field,
He paused awhile--in the reed grass stuck his javelin,
And in his chlamys foldings sadly sought awhile,
Then sought again--then made one more experiment--
Yet found not what he sought for.

Oh, who knows the pain
Which rears up horse-like in a brave Etruscan heart
When all things--all things--all things tend to poverty,
And the horror of the Empty in the pocket dwells
Where once the sesterce gaily by the denar rang!

The helm removing from his heavy-laden head,
He raised his right hand to his forehead thoughtfully,
His tearful glance went back to Populonia,
And lurid lightning flickered from his hero-eye.

'Oh thou Chimæra Tavern!' said he mournfully,
'Was that the end of 't? Meant that the flock of birds
Which three days past went croaking to the left hand side?
Said that the oxen's, entrails enigmatical?
Oh thou Chimæra Tavern, what is pleasanter
Than entering as a guest into thy guest-chamber?
There neatly waits the experienced tavern-keeper;
And heroes round the cool wine are convivial;
Around the noble hill-descended Dimeros.
From drinking mouths comes wisdom flowing thoughtfully,
While at the upper linen-covered long table,
Where Tegulinum's augur to the latest hour,
Sternly defying, stands it like a bronze column,
And sings in glees; that wonderful astrologer;--
Oh thou Chimæra Tavern, tell--if possible--
Whither goes hurrying?--ha! what was't I nearly spoke?--
What word--thrice god-curst word--on which--oh horrible!
Hangs the Etruscan fate--ay, that's it--Ready Money!

Oh Fufuns! Fufuns! Bacchus--dark and terrible!
Now all is gone--away and gone away--ha--hummm!
And yet a deed, I swear 't shall now by me be done,
Such as the stupid world in dream has never dreamed,
Shuddering and cold--my name shall to posterity
By this one deed be carried, awful, horrible,
As true as I by this priest's grave am standing now,
I--Pumpus of Perusia, the Etruscan prince.'
He said--and went. A sunbeam fell uncannily
On spear and helm. Cold light was o'er the cypresses,
Deep the gale sighed--grave-deep--like moaning far-away.

The world was innocent then. As yet no one had known
The law of contracts with its windings intricate,
And e'en the sage in silver beard was ignorant
Of loans or such a deed as money borrowing;
Yet on that day i' the forest by Suessulæ
One hero by another bold was borrowed from!
This is the song of Pumpus of Perusia.

THE TEUTOBURGER BATTLE.

*Als die Römer frech geworden,
Zogen sie nach Deutschlands Norden,
Vorne beim Trompetenschall
Ritt der Generalfeldmarschall
Herr Quinctilius Varus.*

When the Romans, rashly roving,
Into Germany were moving,
First of all--to flourish, partial--
Rode 'mid trumps the great field-martial,
Sir Quinctilius Varus.

But in the Teutoburgian forest
How the north wind blew and chor-rused;
Ravens flying through the air,
And there was a perfume there
As of blood and corpses.

All at once, in sock and buskins
Out came rushing the Cheruskins
Howling, 'Gott und Vaterland!'
They went in with sword in hand,
Against the Roman legions.

Ah, it was an awful slaughter,
And the cohorts ran like water;
But of all the foe that day,
The horsemen only got away,
Because they were on horseback.

O Quinctilius! wretched general,
Knowest thou not that such our men are all?
In a swamp he fell--how shocking!
Lost two boots, a left-hand stocking.
And, besides, was smothered.

Then, with his temper growing wusser.
Said to Centurion Titiusser,
'Pull your sword out--never mind,
And bore me through with it behind,
Since the game is busted.'

Scaevola, of law a student,
Fine young fellow--but imprudent
As a youth of tender years,
Served among the volunteers,--
He was also captured.

E'en his hoped-for death was baffled,
For ere they got him to the scaffold
He was stabbed quite unaware,
And nailed fast en derrière
To his Corpus Juris.

When this forest fight was over
Hermann rubbed his hands in clover;
And to do the thing up right,
The Cheruskans did invite
To a first-rate breakfast.

But in Rome the wretched varmints
Went to purchase morning garments;
Just as they had tapped a puncheon,
And Augustus sat at luncheon,
Came the mournful story.

And the tidings so provoked him,
That a peacock leg half choked him,
And he cried--beyond control--
'Varus--Varus--d--n your soul!
Redde legiones!'

His German slave, Hans Schmidt be-christened,
Who in the corner stood and listened,
Remarked, 'Der teufel take me wenn
He efer kits dose droops acain,
For tead men ish not lifin.'

Now, in honour of the story,
A monument they'll raise for glory.
As for pedestal--they've done it;
But who'll pay for a statue on it
Heaven alone can tell us.

OLD ASSYRIAN--JONAH.

*Im schwarzen Wallfisch zu Ascalon
Da trank ein Mann drei Tag',
Bis dass er steif wie ein Besenstiel
Am Marmortische lag.*

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
A man drank day by day,
Till, stiff as any broom-handle,
Upon the floor he lay.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The landlord said: 'I say,
He's drinking of my date-juice wine
Much more than he can pay!'

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The waiters brought the bill,
In arrow-heads on six broad tiles
To him who thus did swill.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The guest cried out: 'O woe!
I spent in the Lamb at Nineveh
My money long ago!'

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The clock struck half-past four
When the Nubian porter he did pitch
The stranger from the door.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
No prophet hath renown;
And he who there would drink in peace
Must pay the money down.

BY THE BORDER.

*Ein Römer stand in finstrer Nacht
Am deutschen Grenzwall Posten,
Fern vom Castell war seine Wacht,
Das Antlitz gegen Osten.*

*Barritum civere vel maximum. Qui clamor ipso fervore certaminum a tenui
susurro exorians paullatimque adolescens situ extollitur fluctuum
cantibus illisorum.--Ammian. Marcellin. xvi. 12.*

A Roman stood in midnight lost,
For the German line selected;
Far from the castle was his post,
His glances east directed.
He heard a murmur and a fuss,
And distant voices ringing--
No pæan of Horatius;
Right savage was the singing:
'Ha--haw--haw! we got ye safe at last,
Got ye by the skirt, too--got ye firm and fast,
You scamp, you!'

With a maiden of the Chatten race
He oft in love had meddled,
And sought her in a lonely place,
Disguised as one who peddled.
Now came the vengeance--one, two, three!
Now o'er the wall they're climbing,
Screeching like cats in agony,
With hatchet rattle chiming.
'Ha--haw--haw! we got you safe at last,
Got you by the skirt, too--got you firm and fast,
You scamp, you!'

He drew his sword, he blew his horn,
And like a warrior shook him;
But vain were pluck and Roman scorn--
The savage Deutschers took him.
They tied him fast, and in a word
Away with him went bounding,
And when the cohort came, it heard
Far through the pine-trees sounding:
'Ha--haw--haw I we've got him safe at last,
Got him by the skirt, too--got him firm and fast,
You scamp, you!'

In the holy grove, toward the east,
Were all the Chatten foemen,
To celebrate the Odin feast

Of Jul, with blood of Roman.
He felt himself like roasted meat
'Twixt savage grinders going;
Out sprang his blonde-haired darling sweet,
And cried with tears hot flowing:
Ha--haw--haw! I've got you safe at last,
Got you by the skirt, too--got you firm and fast,
You scamp, you!

Then all the Chats were deeply moved
To see her thus accost him,
And said, 'Since they so well have loved,
'Twould be a shame to roast him,
Here let them wed.' This ends the tale.
'Yes, wed at once before us;
And all day long throughout the vale
We'll sing as bridal chorus,
"Ha--haw--haw! were got you safe at last,
Got you by the skirt, too--got you firm and fast,
You scamp, you!"

HILDEBRAND AND HADUBRAND.

DAS HILDEBRANDLIED.

.... Hiltibraht enti Hathubrant.

*Hildebrand und sein Sohn Hadubrand,
Hadubrand,
Ritten selbander in Wuth entbrannt,
Wuth entbrannt,
Gegen die Seestadt Venedig.
Hildebrand und sein Sohn Hadubrand,
Hadubrand,
Keiner die Seestadt Venedig fand,
--nedig fand,
Da schimpften die beiden unfläthig.*

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand,
Hadubrand,
Rode off together with sword in hand,
Sword in hand,
All to make war upon Venice.
Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand,
Hadubrand,
Neither could find the Venetian land,
'Netian land,
Dire were their curses and menace.

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand,
Hadubrand,
Got drunk as lords in a jolly band,
--jolly band--
All the while swearing and bawling;
Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand,
Hadubrand,
Drunk till they neither could walk or stand,
Walk or stand,
Home on all fours they went crawling.

SONG OF THE TRAVELLING STUDENTS.

*O liberales clerics
Nû merchet rehte wi dem si
Date: vobis dabitur
Ir sült lan offen iwer tür
Vagis et egentibus
So gewinnet ihr das himelhûs,
Et in perenni gaudio
Alsus alsô, alsus alsô!*

*Pfarrherr, du kühler, öffne dein' Thor,
Fahrende Schüler stehen davor.
Fahrende Schüler, unstete Kind,
Singer und Spieler, wirbliger Wind.*

Parson Sir Prudence, open your gate!
Travelling students your welcome await!
Travelling scholar, whimsical child!
Singer and stroller, the wind-whirling wild.
Iron throats for drinking--bellies like fires,
Gold souls unshrinking--which no one desires,
Thin garments sporting--weather so raw,
Ah--and our courting--on hay and in straw!

Parson, Sir Prudence, open your gate!
Travelling students your welcome await!
Suabia, Franconia have given us food,
Sans ceremonié--an all eating brood;
Fed us, rapacious, God keep them from harm!
Like the voracious and wild locust swarm,
What we've o'erpowered--once fertile and fair,
All is devoured--shorn barren and bare.

Parson Sir Prudence, open your gate!
Travelling students your welcome await!
Makest not thy oven free, miserly owl,
We'll haul thee to Coventry straight by the cowl.
Pull off your breeches, the shoes from your feet,
Hang them like fitches out here in the street;
He who would own it and do us a hurt,
He must atone it in stockings and shirt.

Parson Sir Prudence, open your tower!
Travelling students your bars will o'erpower!
Ho, ho, heiadihoh!
Avoy, avoy, alez avanz!
Alsus also, alsus alsus also!
Ho ho heiadihoh, hoh, ho, ho!

THE CLOISTER CELLAR MASTER'S SUMMER MORNING SONG.

*Hu weh! mir ist des Tages bang!
Tret ich hinaus in den schweigenden Bergwald
Den kaum das erste Frühlicht erhellet,
Wehe! noch lagert die Hitze von Gestern
Ueber versengteten Moos und Gesträuch.*

Ah me! what a dull day it is!
If I go out in the wood on the mountain
When the tops shine in the earliest sunlight,
Ah! there still lingers the dry heat of yestern
On the singed mosses and withering shrubs,
And all around me come midges by thousands,
Stinging and bold,
As if the hot sun were sprinkling in sparkles.
Wide gaping crevices split the earth round us;
Grass dries to hay before they can mow it,
And in the air sweeps
Dust

Ah me! what a dull day it is!
If I seek by the trunk of the giant-grown beech-tree
A cool place to sit on the rough-hewn stone bench,
Where by the eight-cornered slab of the table
The brethren merrily rest in the forest,
Ah! there the stone rays a heat that is horrible,
Cannot endure me!
All because I, when just seated, so nimbly
Jumped in a hurry.
Grasshoppers sit, sound asleep, by the road-side
Quiet as can be.
Dull

Ah me! what a dull day it is!
These are the times, hey, when people and cattle
Are scorching red-hot like the irons in a smithy!
Pour on them drops or long floods of cold water,
All would be swallowed and nothing be quenched.
Ah!--hey!--the matin bell still is a-ringing,
And I'm seized with a powerful yearning already
To go to the cloister, and down to the cellar!
Whether I'll tarry there steadily drinking
Until the night comes,
Or a loud clattering thunder in heaven
Breaks up this wearisome terrible heat,
I don't know,
Only my thirst is
Dreadful
Ah me! what a dull day it is.

THE MAULBRONN FUGUE.

--'Wem das Kloster Maulbrunn bekandt, der hats können mit seinen Augen sehen, wie in dem Vorhoff selbiger schönen erbauten Kirchen oben im Schwibbogen unter anderen Gemälden auch eine Gans abgemalt steht, an welcher eine Fläsch, Bratwürst, Bratsspiss und dergleichen hangen, neben einer zur nassen Andacht gar wohl componirten Fuga folgenden Tenors mit ihrem unterlegten Text, gleichwohl nur den initialibus literis A. V. K. L. W. H. welches villeicht dieser durstigen Münch und Religiosen Commentarius gewest, über das Hohelied Salomonis: Comedite amici et bibite et inebriamini charissimi, &c., &c.'--Tob. Wagner, *Evangel. Censur der Besoldischen Motiven, &c. Tübingen, 1640.*



A · V · K · L · W · H
All Voll Keiner Leer Wein Her

All Voll Keiner Leer Wein Her

[English.] *He who knows the Abbey Maulbrunn may have seen with his own eyes how in the fore court of this beautifully built church, above in the double arch, there is painted, among other pictures, that of a goose by which hang a bottle, sausages, a roasting spit, and like things, near a well-composed fugue adapted to wet devotion, on the following theme, with the subjoined text, although with only the initial letters*

A. V. K. L. W. H.

Or Alle Voll, Keiner Leer, Wein Her! meaning "All full, No one empty, Bring Wine here!"--which was perhaps the commentary of these thirsty monks and pious men on the Cantic of Solomon: Comedite amici et bibite et inebriamini charissimi, &c, &c.--Tobias Wagner, Evangel. Censur der Besoldischen Motiven, &c. Tübingen, 1640.

*Im Winterrefectorium
Zu Maulbronn in dem Kloster
Da geht was um den Tisch herum
Klingt nicht wie Paternoster;
Die Martinsgans hat woklgethan,
Eilfinger blinkt im Krüge,
Nun hebt die nasse Andacht an
Und alles singt die Fuge:
A. V. K. L. W. H.
Complete Pocula!*

In the winter refectory
Of Maulbronn, in the cloister,
One hears a merry sound and hum,
Not like a paternoster.
The Martin's goose has tasted well,
Eilfinger wine they're bringing;
Now let the wet devotion swell,
While all the fugue are singing:
A. V. K. L. W. H.
Complete Pocula!

The Abbot Duckfoot--Holy John,
Came waddling in and grumbling:
'What is't so late, when the feast is done,
To fiddles ye are mumbling?
Cease! ye disturb the Doctor Faust,
In the garden tower behind there;
If from his studies he be roused,
No gold will he e'er find there.
A. V. K. L. W. H.
Cavete scandala!'

Herr Faust sat backwards by the wall,
Alone with pleasure-drinking,
But now the sorcerer, pale and tall,
Held forth the wine red blinking.
Said he: 'I've studied making gold,
By magic sought to win it;
But now I see that I am sold,
And that there's nothing in it.
A. V. K. L. W. H.
This is the gold--aha!

'I find from Hermes Trismegist
Gold yields itself unwilling;
The sun is the true alchemist,
All fluidly distilling.
When through our veins 't has glowed and relled;
With Eilfinger we try it;
Then you have gold, have real gold,
And honourably come by it.
A. V. K. L. W. H.
Hæc vera practica!'

Then laughed the Abbot. 'That sounds fair;
It sets me too to drinking,

For All Voll, Keiner Leer, Wein Her!
Is a wet fugue, I'm thinking.
As Faust's gold-proverb it shall be
Painted by the officials
In the transept. All the melody
Is found in the initials.
A. V. K. L. W. H.
Sit vino gloria!

DER ENDERLE VON KETSCH.

This ballad is founded on an incident narrated in the description of the Palatinate by Merian (1645), where, speaking of the village Ketsch, he tells us that--'The Counte Palatine Otto Heinrich, afterwards Kurfürst, sailed in the yeere 1530 to the Holie Lande and to Jerusalem. Returning thence, hee came over the greate open sea where a shipp from Norwaie mett him, and from it there came this crye: "Flye, flye, for ye fatt Enderle von Ketsch cometh!" Now, the Counte Palatine and his Chancellor Mückenhäuser knew a godless wretche of this name who dwelte at Ketsch, and therefore whenn they returned home they inquired of ye fatt Enderle and of the tyme of his deathe, and observed that itt agreed withe the tyme whenn they did heare the crye upon ye sea, as Weyland, a Professor of Heidelberg; hath narrated in divers wrytings which hee left behinde.'

The translator has endeavoured to give this version of the extract from Merian in English corresponding to the style of the original old German.

*Jetzt weicht, jetzt flieht! Jetzt weicht, jetzt flieht
Mit Zittern und Zähnegefletsch:
Jetzt weicht, jetzt flieht! Wir singen das Lied
Vom Enderle von Ketsch!*

CHORUS.

'Away--along! Away--along!
With, trembling, your jaws on the stretch.
Away--along! We sing the song
Of Enderle von Ketsch!

SOLO.

Ott Heinrich the Pfalzgrave of Rhine--oh!
Spoke out of a morning; 'Rem blem!
I'm tired of the sour Hock wine--oh!
I'm off for Jerusalem.

'Far lovelier, neater, and nicer
Are the maids there who give you the cup;
Oh, Chancellor! oh, Mückenhäuser,
Five thousand gold ducats pack up.'

And as before Joppa they anchored
The Chancellor held up his hand:
'Now drain to the dregs your last tankard,
For the ducats are come to an end.'

Ott Heinrich said, 'Well, and no wonder--
Rem blem! what remains to be seen!

We'll paddle for Cyprus out yonder,
And make a small raise on the Queen.'

But just as the galley was dancing
By Cyprus, in beautiful night,
A storm o'er the billows came prancing,
With thunder and flashes of light.

In a ghastly wild glare, by the landing,
A black ship came rushing along;
There a ghost in his shirt-sleeves was standing,
And howling a horrible song.

CHORUS.

'Away--along! Away--along!
With trembling, your jaws on the stretch.
Away--along! I sing the song
Of Enderle von Ketsch!'

SOLO.

The thunder grew calmer and wiser,
Like oil lay the water below;
But oh, the old brave Mückenhäuser
The Chancellor felt sorrow and woe.

The Pfalzgrave stood up by the rudder,
And gazed on the billowy foam;
'Rem blem! all my soul's in a shudder,
Oh, Cyprus--I travel for home!

'God spare me such terrible menace--
I'm wiser through trial and pain;
Back, back on our course to old Venice--
I'll ne'er borrow money again.

'And he who 'mid heathens at table
His cash to the devil has slammed,
Let him hook it in peace while he's able,--
It sounds like all hell and be damned!'^[6]

RODENSTEIN.

THE RODENSTEIN BALLADS.

THE THREE VILLAGES.

I.

*Wer reit't mit zwanzig Knappen ein
Zu Heidelberg im Hirschen?
Das ist der Herr von Rodenstein,*

Auf Rheinwein will er pirschen.

Who is it rides with twenty spears,
Straight to the Stag Inn going?
Von Rodenstein and cavaliers,
To set the Rhine wine flowing.

Hurrah! the tap! Give wine to me,
The best of all your tillage!
A whole year long we'll merry, merry be,
Although it cost a village.
I've Pfaffenbeersfurt, o' my soul!
And Reichelsheim so loyal.

The trumps and psaltery played to wine,
Although no drums were beating;
For six months sat the Rodenstein,
To Rhine wine measures treating.

And when six months in frolic fled
He for the reckoning halloed,
And 'Now the fun is o'er,' he said,
'For Reichelsheim is swallowed!
Reichelsheim's gone!
Gone with a race!
Reichelsheim loyal, the schnaps-making place,
Old Reichelsheim is swallowed!

'Hollaheh! it's gone, at worst;
We've all our way of thinking;
They never say a word for thirst,
But always talk of drinking.
Reichelsheim's gone!
Gone with a race!
Reichelsheim loyal, the schnaps-stilling place,
Old Reichelsheim is swallowed.'
Hol-li-roh!

III.

*Wer wankt zu Fusse ganz allein
Gen Heidelberg zum Hirschen?
Das ist der Herr von Rodenstein,
Vorbei ist's mit dem Pirschen.*

Who trots afoot alone to dine,
Still to the Stag a rover?
That is the Herr von Rodenstein,
But all his drinking's over.

'Landlord, your smallest beer for me
And one poor herring salted;
I've drunk so much of your Malvasie,
That all my taste has halted.

'What once the greatest thirst was called
At length has vanished hollow;
The last place in the Odenwald
I find I cannot swallow.

'Now call me in a notary
To write my will with prudence:
Pfaffenbeersfurt to the University,
And my thirst unto the students.

'It moves even me, though old and gray,
To see the cups they're swinging,
And if they drink like me, some day
They'll all in it be singing:
"Pfaffenbeersfurt is gone!
Pfaffenbeersfurt is done!
Pfaffenbeersfurt the dung-sparrow hole, as 'tis called,

Pfaffenbeerfurt the gem of the Odenwald,
Pfaffenbeerfurt is finished and swallowed.

"Hollaheh! it's gone at worst;
We've all our way of thinking;
They never say a word for thirst,
But always talk of drinking.
Pfaffenbeerfurt is gone!
Pfaffenbeerfurt is done!
Pfaffenbeerfurt the dung-sparrow hole, as 'tis called,
Pfaffenbeerfurt is finished and swallowed."
Hol-li-roh!

THE WELCOME.

*Und als der Herr von Rodenstein
Zum Frankenstein sich wandte,
Empfing er seinen Ehrenwein
So wie es Brauch im Lande.*

And as the Herr von Rodenstein
To Frankenstein was going,
They served the 'wine of honour' fine,
To him great honour showing.
In Beerbach by the Town Hall brought
The Zentgrave with the people,
The owl-jug. The old lord laughed out--
'Bring up your sour tippel!
Ye fellows, let your voices sound!
The welcome goes around, around;
Hallo! the peasants owl-cup
Goes round, goes round!'

And when in the Lime of Frankenstein
The merry riders found them,
The castle-youth in garments fine
Came thickly thronging round them.
A jack-boot made of porcelain
They brought--he did not falter,
But drained it as he drew the rein,
While all sang out the psalter;
'Ye fellows, let your voices sound!
The welcome goes around, around;
Holliro! the boot-cup
Goes round, goes round!'

In the castle-court another swarm
Came with loud musket-banging,
While on the castle-master's arm
The second boot was hanging.
With their finest wine they filled the boot,
And grandly spoke the Ritter--
'Sir Neighbour--not upon one foot!
And this does not taste bitter.
Ye fellows, let your voices sound!
The welcome goes around, around;
Holliro! the boot-cup
Goes round, goes round!'

The Rodenstein drank out the cup;
'God bless your nose for ever,
For mine was nearly doubled up
In such a flowing river.
Now to your castle-hall, and there
We'll rest from this pace so killing;
I think in it your lady fair

The Charlemagne's horn is filling.
So once more let your voices sound!
The welcome goes around, around;
Holliro! the emperor's drink-horn
Goes round, goes round!

Next morning lay a mantle white
Of fog o'er hill and valley;
They brought the album to the knight,
And in't he wrote this sally
With trembling hand--' Be this in sign
I folded here my banners,
And praise the House of Frankenstein,
As one of taste and manners.
Their welcome cheered my heart and head
So much I could not find my bed!
Holliro! not only boot-cup,
But everything went around!
Hol-li-roh!

THE PAWNING.

*Und wieder sass beim Weine
Im Waldhorn ob der Bruck
Der Herr vom Rodensteine
Mit schwerem Schluck und Gluck.*

Again there sat hard drinking,
All in the Hunting Horn,
The Rodenstein ne'er winking,
Accurst with thirst forlorn.

The landlord wept the hour
He came his wine to try--
'He sits there like a tower,
And drinks me high and dry.

'How will it end? by thunder!
He never pays me--no!
I'll have to pawn his plunder,
Or else he will not go.'

The beadle went to work in
The tap-room of the Horn:
'Pull off your velvet jerkin,
Your boots, and all you've worn.

'Pull off the mantle round you,
Your gloves and sable hat;
Unto this host you've bound you
With all you have at that.'

Loud laughed the Rodensteiner--
'Go in!--that will not hurt.
It's airier and finer
To sit and drink in shirt!

'And till you pawn the swallow
Wherewith I drink my wine
I'll vex full many a fellow
In taverns on the Rhine.'

THE PAGE.

*Der Herr vom Rodensteine
Sprach fiebrig und schabab:
'Ungern duld' ich alleine
Wo steckt mein treuer Knapp?*

The Herr vom Rodensteine
Said, sick, in fever-rage,
'A lone in pain I pine--oh!
Where is my faithful page?

'I feel in head and belly
All pains that man annoy;
This time 'ts the neck, I tell ye;
Where is my jolly boy?'

Four of his men went riding--
Went riding at his beck:
They found the truant bidding
By beer in Bremeneck.

He drank and spoke with sorrow:
'Brave Rodenstein--ah me!
Dark night and darker morrow!
I cannot come to thee.

'If you have had your stitches,
I, too, have grief, d'ye know?
They've got my coat and breeches,
And will not let me go!

The riders told, heart-breaking,
What they had witnessed there;
Their lord said, fever-shaking,
'Oh boy--that was not fair!

'And wilt thou leave me sweating
In need and pain away?
So shall thou stay there sitting
Until the Judgment Day!'

He spoke and died in fever--
His last sad word struck sore;
The page none can deliver--
He stays there evermore.

Of nights, like storm-winds howling,
You hear the knight in rage;
The Rodenstein loud growling,
Who asks, 'Where is my page?'

THE WILD ARMY.

*Das war der Herr von Rodenstein,
Der sprach: 'Das Gott mir helf,
Giebt's nirgend mehr'n Tropfen Wein
Des Nachts um halber Zwölf?
'Raus da! 'Raus aus dam Haus da!
Herr Wirth, das Gott mir helf,
Giebt's nirgend 'nen Tropfen Wein
Des Nachts um halber Zwölf?'*

It was the Herr von Rodenstein
Who cried, 'By God in Heaven,
Why can't I find a drop of wine
By night at half-past 'leven?
Rouse there! rouse out of the house, there!
Come, landlord! help me, Heaven!
Great God, is there no wine about
By night at half-past 'leven?'

He went road-up, road-down apace--
No landlord made it right;
Death-thirsty and with fading face
He sighed into the night:
'Rouse out! rouse out of the house there!
Hey, landlord! help me, Heaven!
Can no one get a drop of wine
By night at half-past 'leven?'

And as with spear and hunters' frock
They bore him to the tomb,
The Blackguard Bell i' the old town clock
Began untouched to boom.
'Rouse there! rouse out of the house, there!
Hey, landlord! help us, Heaven!
Can no one get a drop of wine
By night at half-past 'leven?'

But those 'tis known who die of thirst
Ne'er rest in quiet graves,
So now he storms with dryness curst
As ghost around and raves:
'Rouse there! rouse out of the house, there!
Hey, landlord! help me, Heaven!
Can no one get a drop of wine
By night at half-past 'leven?'

And all who in the Odenwald
At midnight still are dry
Rush after him when he has called,
And yell, and roar, and cry:
'Rouse there! rouse out of the house, there!
Hey, landlord! help us, Heaven!
Can no one get a drop of wine
By night at half-past 'leven?'

This song we sing when fun must stop,
To hosts who'll sell no wine,
Who too precisely shuts up shop
Will catch the Rodenstein:
'Rouse there! rouse out of the house, there!
Rum diri di--Free fight
Hoi diri do!--Free night!
Boots!--to the fore!
Open the door!
Rouse-rouse-rouse!
With all of his wild crew--halloo!
The roaring Rodenstein.'

RODENSTEIN AND THE PRIEST.

*Und wieder sprach der Rodenstein:
'Halloh, mein wildes Heer!
In Assmanshausen fall ich ein
Und trink' den Pfarrer leer.
'Raus da! 'raus aus dem Haus da!*

*Herr Pfarr', dass Gott Euch helf.
Giebt's nirgends mehr ein' Tropfen Wein
Des Nachts um halber Zwölf?'*

Again outspoke the Rodenstein--
'Hurrah! wild army!--fly!
In Assmanshausen there is wine;
Let's drink the parson dry!
Rouse there! rouse out o' th' house there!
Now, priest, God help your like
If there be left one drop of wine
When you hear midnight strike.'

The priest, a valiant clergyman,
Stood raging by the door;
With scapulary, cross, and bann,
He cursed the spirit o'er.
'Rouse there! rouse out o' th' house, there!
The devil help you delve,
If you dig out one drop of wine
Before the clock strikes twelve!'

But laughing growled the Rodenstein,
'Oh, priest, I'll catch you yet;
A ghost who's shut in front from wine,
Through the back door can get.
Fly'n there! fly'n there to the wine, there!
Hurrah--we're in! they shout.
His cellar is not badly filled!
Hurrah! we'll drink him out!'

Oh, poor and pious priestly heart!
Bad spirits rule this hour.
In vain he roared out cellar ward,
Till he cracked the vault with power--
'Swine there! swine there by the wine, there!
Is't decent, let me know?
Oh, can't you leave me wine enough
For a gentleman to show?'

And when the clock struck One, all rough
The ghosts began to cry,
'Ho, Parson! now we've got enough!
Ho, Parson! now good-bye!
Rouse there! rouse out o' th' house, there!
Now, Parson, all is sprung;
There runs no more one drop of wine
From spicket, jug, or bung!'

Then cursed the priest, 'My thanks to you,
Confound it!--All is gone.
Then I myself in your wild crew,
As chaplain will dash on!
Rouse there! rouse out o' th' house, there!
Sir Knight--at one we'll be.
If all my wine to the devil's gone,
The devil may preach for me!
Huzzah! Hallo!--Yo hi ha ho!
Rum diri di!--it's gone!
Hoy diri do!--I'm on!
In the devil's chorus--all before us,
Row--dow-dydow!'

RODENSTEIN.

Und wieder sprach der Rodenstein--

*'Pelzkappenschwerenoth!
Hans Schleuning, Stabstrompeter mein,
Bist untreu oder todt?
Lebst noch? Lebst noch und hebst noch?
Man g'spürt dich nirgend mehr;
Schon naht die durft'ge Mainweinzeit,
Du musst mir wieder her!'*

Again outspoke the Rodenstein--
'May thunder split my head!
Hans Schleuning, trumpeter of mine,
Art thou untrue or dead?
Art living man?--art moving?--
No trace I find of thee;
The thirsty May-wine time is near:--
Oh, come again to me!'

He rode till he to Darmstadt came,
And badly still he fared,
Till halting at The Old Black Lamb,
He through the window glared.
'He lives still!--thrives still!--lives still!
But ask not how from me.
How comes my brave old fogle-man
In such a company?'

Without a word, without a wink,
There sat a solemn crowd;
Small beer was all their evening drink,
There rang no word aloud.
'So-bri-ety, pro-pri-ety!
Is a great duty, sir!'
So whispered a small vestry-man
Unto a colporteur.

Among these half-glass tippling men
A silent guest there sat;
And as the clock struck eight just then,
He caught up stick and hat.
'What eight! what eight! Good-night! 'tis late!
I've learned good hours to keep;
Ah well!--a steady life's the best,
I'll go to bed and sleep!'

The Rodenstein in grimmest scorn
Glared o'er his horse's mane;
Then thrice he blew his hunting horn
With thundering refrain:
'Rouse there! rouse out o' th' house, there!
Rouse out your runaway!
That lame, tame guest, ye cursed crew,
Belongs to me, I say.'

A shudder swept across that guest
Like some strange sense of sin;
Then with a jug, like one possessed,
He smashed the window in.
'Rouse house, and curse the house, here!
Oh, horn and spur and scorn.
Oh Rodenstein! Oh, German wine!
I am not lost and lorn!
Rum diri di--all right,
Hey, diri da--free night!
Old patron mine--again I'm thine!
Huzza! Hallo!
Huzza! Hallo!
Yo hi a ho!--Arouse!
Hi--a-ho!
Hi--o!'

HEIDELBERG.

NUMBER EIGHT.

(IN THE COURT OF HOLLAND IN HEIDELBERG.)

*Zwei Schatten seh' ich schweben
In später, später Nacht;
Wisst Ihr, wohin sie streben?--
--Beide auf Numero Acht!--*

I see two shadows sweeping
In deep, deep night so late;
And know'st thou where they creeping?
--Both--both to Number Eight!

The porter hears them drumming,
And, waking, bids them wait:
He well knows who is coming,
Those two in Number Eight.

'Old Holland knows the crowd is
Right from the Wild Hunt straight!
Oh, owe, you gay old rowdies,
Who room in Number Eight!

'Is that the way a writer
Makes the world calls great?
You early-cock-tail-fighter,
You birds in Number Eight!

'Is't thus a pious pastor
On his flock should meditate?
You sinful-hearted master,
You rips in Number Eight!

The porter in his throttle
Deep grumbling holds debate,
And hears: 'Another bottle
Or two--for Number Eight!'

With a singing and a dinging,
And laughter long and great,
Till the landlord hears it ringing,
The two in Number Eight!

He spits and turns his nose up,
The bedstead groans with weight,
And then a snuff-pinch goes up,
'Those men in Number Eight!'

THE MARTIN'S GOOSE.

*Der Mensch ist ein Barbar von Natur,
Er achtet nicht im mindesten die Nebencreatur,
Thut sieden sir und braten,*

*Verspeist sie mit Salaten,
Schütt't Wein oben drauf aus güldnem Gefäss
Und nennt das gelehrt: Ernährungsprocess.*

All men are barbarous, 'tis true.
Nor care for their fellow-beings a sous.
 They roast 'em, boil 'em, scour' em,
 With salad then devour them;
Pour wine upon 'em in this condition,
And learnedly call the process nutrition.

I a good goose they have also caught,
Feathered and unto the table brought.
 To King Gambrinus
 Once spake Saint Martinus:
'This world, my lord, is nothing here,
But a priest's slice is good with wine or beer.'

The 'leventh November was the day
When he this with emphasis chanced to say,
 'Therefore it is our use
 To roast the Martin's Goose.'
I, poor bird, that is my reward,
And they eat me by a subscription card.

How different it was upon the heather,
When as gosling I stood for hours together,
 On one foot resting,
 My bill and eye twisting
Unto my true love, so handsome and fine,
Who had flown as a gander, of age, o'er the Rhine.

Oh, would that I ne'er in town had been,
Where never a cook of refinement is seen!
 She laughed at me so rudely,
 And pinched my legs so lewdly,
And said, 'Though you feel as if squeezed and jammed,
With Indian corn your crop must be crammed.'

So even while breathing and heaving sighs,
I am destined for roasts or Strasburg pies.
 My mind is lost for ever,
 I only grow in the liver;
They never ask, 'Is she gentle and fair?'
They only ask, 'What weight will she bear?'

Is that our reward, because well behaved?
The world's capital one night we saved.
 For, as they had been drinking,
 All were asleep, unthinking;
Had it not been for our clatter and clack,
Rome had been French--yes, in Anno Tubak.

Save your scorn, gentlemen--take our advice,
We shall not save civilization twice;
 And if to the Capitol,
 Storm Claret, Hock, and Bowl,
No goose again will warn you from surprise,
Or hinder the red monkeys from dancing 'fore your eyes.

THE LAST TROUSERS.

Melody,--'Tis the last Rose of Summer.'

*Letzte Hose, die mich schmückte,
Fahre wohl! dein Amt ist aus,*

*Ach auch Dich, die mich entzückte,
Schleppt ein Andrer nun nach Haus.*

'Tis my la-a-st pair of bre-e-ches
Le-e-ft sa-a-dly a-lone;
Ah--and she too with her riches,
With another hence has gone.

Oh, they seemed in one piece knitted,
Such a pair is seldom matched;
Winter-buckskin, how they fitted!
Large plaid pattern, never patched!

Strutting proudly as a turkey,
With those breeks I first sailed in;
In my pocket to the door-key
Rang such lots of lovely tin.

Ah, we fall as we have risen--
Soon no specie showed its face;
And the Heidelberg town-prison
Is a dark and silent place.

Soon I pawned all things worth pawning,
Dress-coat, frock, and mantle light.
You too, now, ere morrow's dawning,
My last trousers, good--good-night!

Day of trial, with what sorrow
Do I feel thy pain at last;
Nothing earthly bides the morrow,
And the pledge-laws travel fast.

All must go, though strictly hoarded,
Oh, last trousers, last of mine!
Elkan Levi, gloomy, sordid,
Old clo',--take them, they are thine!

Boots!--of all my friends the truest,
Come and prop my suffering head;
But one pint, and that of newest,^[7]
May'st thou bring--enough is said!

Then abed, from this sad hour,
I'll not rise, though all should ring,
Till a heavy golden shower
Through the roof comes pattering.

Then begone, for we must sever,
Greet thy fellows in their cell.
Ah! my legs already shiver;
My last breeches,--fare ye well!

THE LAST POSTILLION.

*Bald ist, so weit die Menschheit haust,
Der Schienenweg gespannt;
Es keucht und schnaubt und stampft und saust
Das Dampffross rings durch's Land.*

As soon as men have gathered there,
The iron road's at hand;
Then comes with scream and stamp and blare
The steam-horse through the land.

And if five hundred years should pass,

The learnedst cannot say
What once on earth a teamster was,
Or waggon-right and way.

And only in the solstice-night,
Where mystic figures gleam,
Tween earth and sky in lowering light,
You'll see a wondrous team.

The grey horse tramps, the whip cracks fair,
Loud rings the post-horn's tone;
A ghost comes coaching through the air,
A grey old postilli-ón.

On yellow coat in moonlight cold,
Thurn Taxis' buttons shine:
He smokes tobacco ages old,
From Ulm pipe brown and fine.

He smokes and speaks: 'Oh, earthly ball,
How changed since days of mine,
When I, with song and crack and call,
Was postman on the Rhine.

'Oh, time of passports, tramps, and knaves,
Of fees and sprees o' nights,
Of post-stalls and of wanderstaves,
Of high ideal flights.

'The world now moves by rent and cent,
The best long since are gone;
And with the last old porter went
The last old postilli-ón.

'Now steam runs wild, wind burns in haste,
All time has burst its bonds;
The sun paints pictures; lightning fast
The long wire corresponds.

'Oh, armour new!--Oh, same old fight!
Where is there peace to-day?
Oh, gas, phosphorus, steam, and light!
Away, my horse,--away!'

WINE OF SIXTY-FIVE.

*In luftiger Trinkkemenaten
--Den Ort gesteht man nicht ein--
Da prüften drei späte Nomaden
Den edelsten pfälzischen Wein.*

In a tavern, in cool, pleasant weather--
I know not the name or the sign--
Three travellers were drinking together
The noblest Palatinate wine.
In grand ruddy Römers was blinking
The fine pearling Rieslinger gold,
And vines on the trellis were winking
In moonlight from grape-eyes untold.

The first, a far-travelled and wary
Philologist, spoke out his mind:
'This was made by the fire-sprite and fairy,
With ether and sunshine combined.
So it glows and it flows ever finer;
Spirit-sparkling, soft-rythmic we mix;

Like Ionian drink-songs in minor,
When sung by Homeric bricks'

The second, a dried-up old fellow,
Who the law of the Romans professed,
'Proficiat,' said he, 'tis mellow.
'What we sip is not far from the best.
Who sees not when Bacchus's donum
In this glass gleams like gold i' the sun,
That the Justum, æquum et bonum,
In this Roman are blended in one.'

The third one, while trimming the tapers,
Said modestly, next: 'Do ye see
I'm no poet, and none of the papers
Get writin's from fellows like me.
But I tell you, my heart rattles quicker,
When such wine as I've got here I swills;
It's an out-and-out beautiful liquor,--
God bless them Palatinate hills!'

Meanwhile, with a spear on his shoulder,
By the bridge went a fourth man along;
And waving his weapon, the holder
Sang out to the night-wind his song.
'Ye gentlemen, hear what I'm singing:
The public need sleep--do you mind?
Eleven o'clock has done ringing;
You must all go to bed, or be fined!'

PERKÊO.

*Das war der Zwerg Perkêo im Heidelberger Schloss,
An Wuchse klein und winzig, an Durste riesengross.*

It was the dwarf Perkêo, in Heidelberg of old,
A wretched mite in stature, in thirst a giant bold.

When for a fool they jeered him: 'Good people mine,' said he,
'Would you were all wet-jolly, and fond of fun like me.'

But when the Tun of Heidelberg was filled with wine one year,
Then all his future standpoint unto the dwarf was clear.

'Farewell,' said he, 'oh, world, thou vale of miser-misery.
All things men turn their hand to is *tout égal* to me.

'For wooden, stupid notions full many heats are broke,
And what it all amounts to is dust and steam and smoke.

'Tis all *in vino veritas*. In drinking, from this day,
Will I, the tough old jester, pass all my life away.'

Perkêo sought the cellar, and forth no more came he,
For fifteen years deep drinking at Rhenish Malvasie.

Though all was dark around him, an inner radiance rained;
And though his legs went shaking, he drank and ne'er complained.

When first he sought the wine-vat 'twas heavy, full, and high;
But in his dying moments it rang empty, dull, and dry.

Then piously he uttered: 'Now praise the Lord at length,
Who in me, a weak mannikin, has shown such wondrous strength!'

'As once in triumph David against Goliath stood,

So I, the little dwarflet, the giant Thirst subdued.

'Now sing a De profundis until the vault groans round.
The Tun is fairly done for. I fall with vict'ry crowned.'

And in the vault they laid him. Around his cellar-grave,
And from the empty wine-vat, as yet damp vapours wave.

And who, as pious pilgrim, has early sought that shrine,
Woe to him! In the evening he goes howling round in wine.

THE RETURN HOME.

*Der Pfarrer von Assmanshausen sprach:
'Die Welt steckt tief in Sünden,
Doch wo der Meister Josephus steckt
Weiss Keiner mir zu künden.'*

The priest of Assmanshausen spoke:
'The world lies deep in sin;
But where our Master Joseph lies
Knows neither kith nor kin.'

And as they decked for Christmas-tide,
The Rhine was frozen o'er;
There came a man in pilgrims garb,
And stood before the door.

'Now shrive me, shrive me, holy priest,
Full pardon I would gain;
All that my poor, sad-sorrowing heart,
May turn to joy again.

'The sin I did was this, that I
Did not in Rhine-land bide;
There's nothing like it in the world,
Wherever you run or ride.

'For a hundred leagues behind Lyóns,
I travelled France-land through;
And many a meal of oysters and sack
I ate, and enjoyed it too.

'Full oft at Marseilles in the Café Turk,
Among heathens and niggers I sat;
And, deep in the Pyrenean hills,
Garbanzos and garlic ate.

'Still whirls my brain when I recall
The mountain-lake maid Filuméne,
With gipsy-brown face and coal-black hair,
Each tooth like an ivory grain.

'But bepitched and besulphured is every land,
Without friends and song and love,
And shaken with fever, and all burned out,
From the foreign realms I rove.'

The priest of Assmanshausen spoke:
'Tis well, oh penitent soul;
Anoint thy lips with the purple wine
From this holy ancient bowl.

'And by that wine three days, three nights,
In the deep, dark cellar abide;
And drinking, keep by the barrels watch,

Till grace in thy heart shall glide.

'And then in the Crown and Anchor join
In spiritual exercise;
And not till the watchman warns you, leave
The club with its songs and cries.

'Then Heaven will surely show thee a sign,--
It heeds every penitent's woes!--
A delicate wine-green, a carbuncle red,
Will colour thy forehead and nose.

'And when that nose is a rubied one,
All care will quit thy brain;
And then may'st thou, oh, long-lost son,
Turn back to thy friends again.

'We're the same old fellows; still sing by wine
The songs which we sang from dark;
Of the Sparrow and the Goldfinch fine,
And the summer-heralding Lark.'

'We're the same old fellows, we love thee well,
Be thy heart from fretting free;
And hadst thou gone loafing yet further afar,
Still a calf we would slay for thee.'

The pilgrim sighed with tearful eye--
'Oh, priest, such a soothing word
As you have spoken, pious man,
In my travels I never heard.

'And now I strike my barren staff
Into this holy earth,
That it with spreading branches anew
May roof me a home and hearth.

'Flow on, thou Rhine vine-cluster blood.
Still thy hoards of grace remain;
In thy youth-giving fire-blood
I will bathe me to health again.

'Now shall the world, with its snares so bright,
Behold my back for ever.
Oh, Heidelberg, shining star in the night,
I leave thee never--and never!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

HEINZ VON STEIN.

Outrode from his wild dark castle
The terrible Heinz von Stein:
He came to the door of a tavern,
And gazed at the swinging sign.

He sat himself down at a table,
And growled for a bottle of wine;
Up came, with a flask and a corkscrew,
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then, seized with a deep love-longing,
He uttered, 'Oh, damosell mine,
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the valorous Ritter von Stein.'

But she answered, 'The kissing business
Is entirely out of my line;
And I certainly will not begin it
On a countenance ugly as thine.'

Oh, then the bold knight was angry.
And curséd both coarse and fine;
And asked, 'How much is the swindle
For your sour and nasty wine?'

And fiercely he rode to the castle,
And sat himself down to dine;
And this is the dreadful legend
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

THE HOLY COAT AT TREVES.

*Freifrau von Droste Vischering,
Viva Vischering;
Zum heil'gen Rock nach Triere ging,
Tri tra Triere ging.*

Frei-frau von Droste Fischering,
Fee-fau--Fischering;
To the Holy Coat went pilgriming,
Pee-pau--pilgriming.
She crawled upon all four--o,
And found it was a bore--o,
For gladly without crutches
One through this hard world pushes.

She cried as to the Coat she came,
Kee-kaw--Coat she came,
'I am in hand and footkin lame,
Fee-faw--footkin lame.
Thou, Coat, art avocations,
That maketh thee so gracious,
On me thy light increase, oh!
I am the Bishops niece, oh!'

And then the Coat, in its holy shrine,
Hee-haw--holy shrine,
At once gave out a silver shine,
See-saw-silver shine.
She felt it come all o'er her,
She kicked the chair before her.
Ran like the devil down the stair,
And left her crutches lying there.

Frei-frau von Droste Fischering,
Fee-faw--Fischering;
That night went dancing in a ring,
Ree-raw--in a ring.
This wonder which we now send
Took place in the year one thousand
Eight hundred four and foughty;
Who don't believe it--'s naughty.

RAMBAMBO.

*Der Beglerbeg Rambambo,
Zu Belgrad im Castell,
Sprach: 'Alter Vizebambo,
Die Hitz' brennt wie die Höll.*

The Beg-ler-beg Rambambo,
Near Belgrade's citadel,
Said: 'Capudan Vizebambo,
The heat's as hot as hell.
Drink as the Christians drink,
While the liquor flows;
Turkey is too dry a land,
As everybody knows.

'You cannoneer, fill up with beer
The bomb-shells up and down;
Fill up with beer the caniste-er,
And fire them at the town!'
At midnight hour bang went a gun,
A Pacha rides and says:
'By Allah!--Sire--all Belgarad
Is on a tearing blaze!

'All Belgarad is blazing drunk,
Without a cent to spend;
The Crescent's drinking with the Cross;
This war is at an end.
Drink as the Christians drink,
While the liquor flows;
Turkey is too dry a land,
As everybody knows.'

BIBESCO.

*Auf dem Schlosse von Gradesco,
Hinterwärts von Temeswar,
Sass der tapfre Fürst Bibesco,
Serbien's greiser Hospodar.*

In the Castle of Gradesco,
By the town of Temesvar,
Sat the valiant Prince Bibesco,
Serbia's grey old hospodar.

Say,--what did the Prince Bibesco,
Serbia's grey old hospodar,
In the Castle of Gradesco,
By the town of Temesvar?

Slibovitz drank Prince Bibesco,
Serbia's grey old hospodar,
In the Castle of Gradesco,
Till he couldn't see a star.

THE JOLLY BROTHER.

BY COUNT ALBERT VON SCHLIPPENBACH.

*Ein Heller und ein Batzen
Die waren beide mein,
Der Heller ward zu Wasser,
Der Batzen ward zu Wein.*

A farthing and a sixpence,
And both of them were mine;
The farthing went for water,
And the sixpence went for wine.

The landlord and his daughter
Cry, both of them, 'Oh, woe!'
The landlord when I'm coming,
And the daughter when I go.

My shoes are all in pieces,
My boots are torn, d'ye see;
And yonder, on the hedges,
The birds are singing free.

And if there were no taverns,
I'd never wish to roam;
And no bung-hole in the barrel,
Then I couldn't drink at home.

THE STUDENT'S DRESS-COAT.

FROM WILHELM CASPARY.

*Mein Frack ist im Pfandhaus, mein Frack ist nicht hier,
Du prangst stets im Ballkleid und ich nicht bei dir.*

My dress-coat is spouted, my dress-coat ain't here.
While you in your ball-robos go splendid, my dear!
To parties with you I'm invited, you know;
But my best coat is spouted--my boots are no go.
The deuce take My Uncle, that rascally knave!
This pledging and pawning has made me his slave.
At the thought of his sign-post then three times I bawl:
While my trousers hang lonely and dark on the wall.

Farewell to thee, dear one, so lovely and rich!
My dress-coal is spouted--confound every stitch.
One would think that the devil through all my affairs--
Love, business, and fun--had been sowing his tares!
My dress-coat is spouted, my dress-coat ain't here,
While you in your ball-robos go splurging, my dear!
And the luck of the devil is loose over all,
While my trousers hang lonely and dark on the wall!

THE SONG OF THE WANDERING JEW.

*Ich bin der alte
Ahasuér.*

I am the old
Ahasuér;
I wander here,
I wander there.
My rest is gone,
My heart is sair;
I find it never;
Never mair.

Loud roars the storm,
The mill-dams tear;
I cannot perish,
O Malheur!
My heart is void,
My head is bare:
I am the old
Ahasuér.

Belloweth ox,
And danceth bear;
I find them never,
Never mair.
I'm the old Hebrew
On a tear;
I order arms,
My heart is sair.

I'm goaded round
I know not where;
I wander here,
I wander there.
I'd like to sleep,
But must forbear:
I am the old
Ahasuér.

I meet folks alway
Unaware;
My rest is gone,
I'm in despair.
I cross all lands,
The sea I dare:
I travel here,
I wander there.

I feel such pain,
I sometimes swear;
I am the old
Ahasuér.
Criss-cross I ramble
Anywhere:
I find it never,
Never mair.

Against the wall
I lean my spear;
I find no quiet,
I declare.
My peace is lost,
I'm in despair;
I swing like pen-
dulum in air.

I'm hard of hearing,
You're aware.
Curaçoa is
A fine liquér.
I listed once

En militaire.
I find no comfort
Anywhere.

But what's to stop it?
Pray declare.
My peace is gone,
My heart is sair;
I am the old
Ahasuér.
Now I know nothing,
Nothing mair.

THE SONG OF THE WIDOW, CLARA BAKETHECAKES.

FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN.

*Oh, John! oh, John, was kummst du net by?
Bin ja zu habe, bin Wittfrah und frei:
Weis mehr vom heiren als all die Maid'
Weiss Haus zu halta und sell forstrate.*

Oh, John! oh, John! why not hasten to me?
I'm to be had; I'm a widow and free.
I know more of marriage than any young maid;
I can keep house too, and that firstrate.

I have house, chairs, and table, and bed so tall,
And that is far better than nothing at all;
And though I once have been married before,
I want to again, love--yes--all the more!

Those who live single don't know how to live,
Never a cent for such life would I give;
Just come and marry, oh, sweetest of men;
Come to-morrow,--or now, dear--I don't care when.

But if you don't come, love, I'll go marry Ned;
Thoughts of him long, love, have passed through my head.
But I love you far better, and that is a fact;
With yearning for you, soul and body are racked.

Ned is too old, and two children has he,
And tougher and healthier you seem to be.
But if you don't ask me this week, without doubt,
Ned will be mine--so you'd better look out!

What is your will, John? Come, let it be seen;
Long, ah, too long, dear, unmarried I've been;
And longer I long not unmarried to stay;
John! come and wed, and we'll drive care away!

THE HERRING.

*Ein Häring liebt' eine Auster
Im kühlen Meeresgrund.*

A herring loved an oyster,
An oyster in the South;
And all the herring longed for
Was a kiss from her pearly mouth.

But the oyster, she was scornful,
And always stayed at home;
Shut up in her proud shell castle,
Where never a kiss could come.

But one summer-eve she opened
Her shell by a special grace;
For she fain in the ocean mirror
Would look at her lovely face.

The herring came swimming quickly,
And darted his head right in;
And, 'Now,' said he, 'or never,
'Sweet love, a kiss I'll win!'

But as to reach his darling,
Too far his head he leaned,
Snap came the shells together,
And he was guillotined.

All in the rosy sunlight
He floated from the shore;
And from his throat came gurgling,
'I'll never love oyster more!'

FROM THE GERMAN GIPSY.

*An o isma me wium.
Pasch i chamaskri me beschdum,
Chadscherdi me pium,
Jake mato me wium!*

I went to a tavern in the town,
By a table I sat me down,
Drank of brandy half-a-crown,
Drunk as the devil I tumbled down.

Drunk as the devil I tumbled down,
When I went to a tavern in the town,
And drank of brandy half-a crown,
As by a table I sat me down.

As by a table I sat me down,
I drank of brandy half-a-crown,
When I went to a tavern in the town,
And drunk as the devil I tumbled down.

I drank of brandy half-a-crown,
When I went to a tavern in the town,
And drunk as the devil I tumbled down,
As by a table I sat me down.

*To be repeated as often as the singer obtains possession of
two-and-six-pence.*

BRIGAND SONG.

Air,--Von Weber's Derniere Pensée.

*'S giebt kein schönres Leben
Als das Räuberleben
In dem düstern, düstern, düstern Wald.*

There's no life is nobbier
Than to be a rob-bier,
 In the gloomy, gloomy, gloomy wood.
Always blood a-drinkin',
Killin' folks like winkin',
 Little infants murderin' all we could.

Comes a carriage glidin',
Or a feller ridin',
 Or a tinker travellin' with his cram.
Then each jovial rover
Holloas out, 'Shell over!
 For your life we do not care a d--n!

DIE ZWEI FREUNDE.

Ich habe nur zwei Freunde auf dieser Erde hier,
Und immer in der Mitternacht da kommen sie zu mir.

Der erste liegt begraben im fernen Span'schen Land,
Der zweite war ertrunken bei Alikante's Strand.

Ihr Kommen ist mir Wonne--Ihr Scheiden bitt're Pein,
Wenn beide wieder weichen im gold'nen Morgenschein.

Der Erste bei Kobolden macht sicheren Gewinn,
Der Zweite ist vermählet mit einer Meergöttin.

Was kümmert mich das Sterben wenn ich nur Freunde hab',
Im Wasser--in der Erde--im feucht und trockenen Grab.

Und sterb' ich wie ein Heiliger der geht in's Himmelreich,
Und schwing' ich an dem Galgen--mir ist es alles gleich.

C. G. L.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

I have two friends, two glorious friends--two braver could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they meet to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves, two years ago, in Spain;
The second drowned near Alicante,--while I alive remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come floating through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early morning light.

The first with gnomes in the Underland is leading a lordly life,
And the second has married a mermaid, a beautiful water-wife.

And since I have friends in the earth and sea, with a few, I trust, on

high,
Tis a matter of small account to me, the way that I must die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing on the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, is all the same to me.

C. G. L.

TO THE READER.

*Gatter wela?
Gatter stéla?
Ap miro tschavo, ste!--German Gipsy.*

I know not where you come from,
I care not where you go;
But this I'll bet my hand on,
Thou art a goode felówe.

I know not of your kindred,
I know not who you be;
But I am decidedly of the opinion, that if you have read this
book through from the title down to the present line, and
enjoyed the perusal thereof as I have the translating,
You're just the one for me.
Vale!

FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote 1](#): Dar ward es ihm kreidig zu Muth.

[Footnote 2](#):

Die ganze Saurierei
Sie kamen zu tief in die Kreide,
Da war es natürlich vorbei.

[Footnote 3](#): Dies petrefactische Lied.

[Footnote 4](#): In the original

Und steckst Du doch im faulen Pelz
So fall mit Vorsicht ab.

The Gasthaus zum Faulen Pelz is a beerhouse in Heidelberg.

[Footnote 5](#): Böblinger Rapsbauer. A Böbling farmer who plants rape-seed. Böblingen is the Little Pedlington of Germany. It is possible that the author intimates by this name the title of a very obscure provincial newspaper.--Translator.

[Footnote 6](#):

Der verzieh' sich geräuschlos bei Zeiten,
Es klingt doch höllenverdammt.

[Footnote 7](#): Noch ein' einziger Schoppen Neuer. The newest wine or cheapest.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK GAUDEAMUS! HUMOROUS POEMS ***

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