

Classic Poetry Series

Charles Godfrey Leland

- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Charles Godfrey Leland(15 August 1824 - 20 March 1903)

Charles Godfrey Leland was an American humorist and folklorist, born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was educated at Princeton University and in Europe.

Leland worked in journalism, travelled extensively, and became interested in folklore and folk linguistics, publishing books and articles on American and European languages and folk traditions. Leland worked in a wide variety of trades, achieved recognition as the author of the comic Hans Breitmann's Ballads, fought in two conflicts, and wrote what was to become a primary source text for Neopaganism half a century later, *Aradia, or the Gospel of the Witches*.

Early life

Leland was born to Charles Leland, a commission merchant, and Charlotte Godfrey, on 15 August 1824 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Leland fabricated a story that shortly after his birth his nurse took him to the family attic and performed a ritual involving a Bible, a key, a knife, lighted candles, money and salt to ensure a long life as a "scholar and a wizard", a fact which his biographers have commented upon as foreshadowing his interest in folk traditions and magic.

Leland's early education was in the United States, and he attended college at Princeton University. During his schooling, Leland studied languages, wrote poetry, and pursued a variety of other interests, including hermeticism, Neo-Platonism, and the writings of Rabelais and Villon. After college, Leland went to Europe to continue his studies, first in Germany, at Heidelberg and Munich, and in 1848 at the Sorbonne in Paris. He got involved in the revolution that year, fighting at constructed barricades against the King's soldiers as a captain in the revolution.

Journalism

Leland returned to America after the money given to him by his father for travel had run out, and passed the bar in Pennsylvania. Instead of practicing law, he instead began a career in journalism. As a journalist, Leland wrote for *The Illustrated News* in New York, the *Evening Bulletin* in Philadelphia and eventually took on editorial duties for *Graham's Magazine*, and the *Philadelphia Press*. In 1856 Leland married Eliza Bella "Isabel" Fisher.

Leland was also an editor for the Continental Monthly, a pro-Union Army publication. He enlisted in the Union Army in 1863, and fought at the Battle of Gettysburg. Leland coined the term "emancipation" as an alternative to "abolition" to refer to the anti-slavery position.

Folklore research

Leland returned to Europe in 1869, and travelled widely, eventually settling in London. His fame during his lifetime rested chiefly on his comic Hans Breitmann's Ballads (1871), written in a combination of broken English and German (not to be confused, as it often has been, with Pennsylvania German). In recent times his writings on pagan and Aryan traditions have eclipsed the now largely forgotten Breitmann ballads, influencing the development of Wicca and modern Neo-paganism.

In his travels, he made a study of the Gypsies, on whom he wrote more than one book. Leland began to publish a number of books on ethnography, folklore and language. His writings on Algonquian and gypsy culture were part of the contemporary interest in pagan and Aryan traditions. He erroneously claimed to have discovered 'the fifth Celtic tongue': the form of Cant, spoken among Irish Travellers, which he named Shelta. Leland became president of the English Gypsy-Lore Society in 1888.

Eleven years later Godfrey produced Aradia, or the Gospel of the Witches, reportedly containing the traditional beliefs of Italian witchcraft as conveyed him in a manuscript provided by a woman named Maddalena, whom he refers to as his "witch informant." This remains his most influential book. Aradia's accuracy has been disputed, and used by others as a study of witch lore in 19th century Italy.

Art Education

Leland was also a pioneer of art and design education, becoming an important influence on the Arts and Crafts movement. In his memoirs he wrote, "The story of what is to me by far the most interesting period of my life remains to be written. This embraces an account of my labour for many years in introducing Industrial Art as a branch of education in schools."

He was involved in a series of books on industrial arts and crafts, including a title he co-authored in 1876 with Thomas Bolas, entitled "Pyrography or burnt-wood etching" (revised by Frank H Ball and G J Fowler in 1900). He was, more

significantly, the founder and first director of the Public Industrial Art School of Philadelphia, now known as University of the Arts (Philadelphia). This originated as a school to teach crafts to disadvantaged children and became widely known when it was praised by [Oscar Wilde](http://www.poemhunter.com/oscar-wilde/), who predicted his friend would be "recognised and honoured as one of the great pioneers and leaders of the art of the future." The Home Arts and Industries Association was founded in imitation of this initiative.

Legacy

His biography was written by his niece Elizabeth Robins Pennell, an American who also settled in London and made her living in part by writing about travels in Europe. Leland had encouraged her as a young woman to consider writing as a career, which she did with some success.

A Ballad Apout De Rowdies

De moon shines ofer de cloudlens,
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,
Und I vent to Coney Island,
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.
Mein Schatz, Katrina Bauer,
I gife her mein heart und vortdt;
Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples
De Dampfsschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,
We looket at de town
Mit sonn-light on de shdeebles,
Und wetter fanes doornin' round.
Ve sat on de deck in a gorner
Und dropled nopody dere,
Vhen all aroundt oos de rowdies
Peginned to plackguard und schvear.

A voman mit a papy
Vos sittin' in de blace;
Von tocket a chew tobacco
Und trowed it indo her vace.
De voman got coonvulshons,
De papy pegin to gry;
Und de rowdies shkreemed out a laffin,
Und saidt dat de fun was 'high.'

Pimepy ve become some hoonger,
Katrina Bauer und I,
I openet de lit of mine pasket,
Und pringed out a cherry bie.
A cherry kookken mit pretzels,
'How goot!' Katrina said,
Vhen a rowdy snatched it from her,
Und preaked it ofer mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart,
I gifed him a biece my mind,
I vouldt saidt it pefore a tousand,

Mit der teufel himself pehind.
Den he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,
Und peats me plack and plue;
Und de plackguards kick me,
Dill I vainted, und dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples
Don't know how de rowdies shtrike
Der poor hardtworkin' Sharman,
He knows it more ash he like.
If de Deutsche speakers und bapers
Are somedimes too hard on dis land,
Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven
Along by de rowdy's hand!

Charles Godfrey Leland

Am Rhein. - No. II.

AM Rhein! Acain am Rheine!
In boat oopon der Rhein!
De castle-bergs soft goldnen
Im Abendsonnenschein,
Mit lots of Rudesheimer,
Und saitenklang und sang,
Und laties singin lieder,
Ash ve go sailin 'long.

Und von fair Englisch dame
Vas dere, so wunderscheen;
Vene'er der Breitmann saw her,
Id made his heartsen pain.
Oh, dose long-tailed veilchen Augen,
Vitch voke soosh hopes und fears,
Deir shape vas nod like almonds,
Boot more like fallin tears.

Und shpecdagles were o'er dem,
De glass of pince-nez kind,
In mercy to de beoples,
Less dey pe shdrucken blind.
Und gazin in dem glasses,
Reflected he pehold
De Rhine, mit all de shdeam-poats,
Und crags in Sonnengold.

De signs upon de bier-haus;
De gals a-washin close;
De wein-garts on de moundain,
Like heafenly shdairs in rows:
De banks, basaltic-paven,
Like bee-hife cells to view;
A donkey shtandin on dem,
Likevise her lofer too.

All dis oopon dos glasses
Vas blainly to pe seen;
One saw whate'er vas nodiced,

Py de schone Englandrinn.
Boot oh! de fery lofe-most
Of all dat lofe-most pe
Her own plue veilchen Augen-
Herself she couldt not see.

So ist es in dis Leben;
For beaudy oft we spied,
Nor know de cratest peaudy
Ish in our soul inside.
Mein Gott! Vot himmlisch shplendor
Vas seen mitout an toubt,
If some crate bower supernal
Vas toorn oos insite out!

Und gazin long on Natur,
Und gazin long on Man,
Shdill all dings glite voruber,
Ash since de vorldt pegan:
Ash in dat laity's glasses,
Ve see dem bassin py;
Yet veel a soul beneat' dem,
A schweet eternal eye.

O schone Englisch maiden
Mit honey-colored hair,
Dat flows ash if a beinen korb
Had got oopsettet dere-
Und all de schweetness of your soul
Vas dripplin from your brain!
Oh shall I efer meet mit dir
Oopon dis eart' acain?

O Englisch engel maiden!
O schveet betaubend dofe!
O Rheinwein und cigarren!
O luncheon, mixed mit lofe!
O Drachenfels und Nonnenwerth!
O Liebeslust und pein!
Dus ents de second chapterlet
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

Am Rhein. - No. Iii.

HE shtood peside de Kloster-place,
Oopon de Rheinisch shore,
Und dere he saw a lofely face,
He'd seen in treams pefore.

'Feinslieb, und will'st dou go mit me?
Feinsllieb, make no delay;
For rocks ish shdeep und vales ish teep,
Und dings ish in de way.'

'Und oh! how can I go mit dir,
Or flyen out of land?
Der bischof holts me py de law,
Der Rheingraf by der hand.

'Liebsherz, if dou could'st landwarts gehn,
I'd follow willingly;
Boot we are leafs, und shdrong's de shdem
Vitch pinds oos to de dree.'

'Der briest who helt dee py de law
Ish now a broken man;
Der Rheingraf who vouldt marry dee
Ish in der Kaiser's ban.

'Und if de Kloster-beoples here
Vill shdop your goin to town,
Bei Gott! I'll burn von half of dem,
De oder half I'll trown!

'Denn linger not to back dy drunk,
Boot led our lofe hafe vings;
Dere's milliners in fair Cologne,
Vill make you avery dings.'

She toorn her eyes im mondenschein,
She schmile so heafenly;
'Dear lofe, so shendle und so goot!
I'll cut away mit dee.

'Und do not killl de Kloster-volk,
'Tvouldt only bring tiscrace!
Dough if I had de abbess here,
Lort! how I'd slap her vace!'

De moonlighdt blayed oopon de drees,
It shined oopon de blain,
Two forms rode in de mitnight woods,
Und nefer coomed again.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Ballad

BY HANS BREITMANN.

Der noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensau fenstein,
Rode out mit shper and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a mermaid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, 'Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Where you goes mit yourself alone?'

And he says, 'I rides in de greenwood,
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Til I coomes into em Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer.'

Und den outshpoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on:
'I don't dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

'You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Where dere's heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

'Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin',
Und you catches dem efery von: '--
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on.

'Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!
To shimmerin' crowns of gold.

'Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!

Shoost see dese diamant rings!
Coom down and fill your bockets,
Und I'll giss you like efery dings.

'Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?
Coom down into der Rhine!
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine!'

Dat fetched him - he shtood all shpell pound;
She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann About Town

DER SCHWACKENHAMMER coom to down,
Pefore de Fall vas past,
Und by der Breitmann drawed he in
Ash dreimals honored gast.
'Led's see de sighdts! In self und worldt,-
Dere's 'sighdts' for him, to see,
Who Selbstanschauungsvermogen hat,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Opera Haus,
Und dere dey vound em blayin',
Of Offenbach (der open brook),
His show spiel Belle Helene.
'Dere's Offenbach, - Sebastian Bach,-
Mit Kaulbach, - dat makes dree:
I always like sooch brooks ash dese;'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,
Vhich Mishder Astor bilt:
Some pooks vere only en brochure,
Und some vere pound und gilt.
'Dat makes de gold - dat makes de sinn,
Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,
De pest tressed vellers guilt de most:'-
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see an edidor,
Who'd shanged his flag und doon,
Und crowed oopon der oder side,
Dat very afdernoon.
'De anciends vorshipped wettercocks,
To wetter fanes pent de knee;
Pow down, mein Schwackenhammer, pow!'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented by a panker's hause,
Und Schwackenhammer shvore,
He only vant a pig red shield

Hoong oop pefore de toor;
One side of red, one side of gold,
Like de knighds in hisdorie-
'De schildern of dat schild is rich,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale.
Of frames wort' many a cent,
De broperty of a shendleman,
Who oonto Europe vent.
'Don't gry - he'll soon pe pack again
Mit anoder gallerie:
He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a year,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson's house,
To see his furnidure,
Sold oud at aucdion rite afay,
Beremdory und sure.
'He geeeps six houses all at vonce,
Each veek a sale dere pe,
Gotts! vot a dime his vife moost hafe!'-
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,
Long dimes dey roamed apout,
Von veller had a pran new sort,
De fery latest out
'Mein freund - I dinks you errs yourself
De shmell ish oldt to me;
Dat Infamias Stinkadores brand,'-
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de virst hotel,
De prandy make dem creep,
A trop of id's enough to make
A brazen monkey veep.
'Dey say a viner house ash dis,
Vill soon ge-bildet pe,
Crate Gott! - vot can dey mean to trink?'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented droo de Irish shtreeds,
Dey saw vrom haus to haus,
Und gountet oop, 'pout more or less,
Vive hoondred awful rows.
'If all dese liddle vights dey waste,
Could von crate pattle pe,
Gotts! how de Fenian funds vouldt rise!'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see de Ridualisds,
Who vorship Gott mit vlowers,
In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,
In winter among de showers.
'Vhen de Pacific railroat's done,
Dis dings imbrofed vill pe,
De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,'-
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of
De last sensadion shtyle,
'Twas 'nough to make der teufel weep
To see his 'awful shmile.'
'Vot bities dat der Fechter ne'er
Vas in Theologie,
Dey'd make him pishop in his shoorsh,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent indo a shpordin' crib,
De rowdies cloostered dick,
Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock,
Und dat infernal quick.
Der Breitemann draw'd his 'volver oud,
Ash gool ash gool couldt pe,
'Id's shoost a goin' to shdrike six,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedins next
Dey hear dem rant and rail,
Der bresident vas a forger,
Shoost bardoned oud of jail.
He does it oud of cratitood,
To dem who set him vree:

'Id's Harmonie of Inderesds,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyard witch,
A plack-eyed handsome maid,
She wahrsagt all deir vortunes - denn
'Fife dollars, gents!' she said.
'Dese vitches are nod of dis eart',
Und yed are on id, I see,
Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right vell,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,
Der vaiter coot a dash;
He garfed a shicken in a vink,
Und serfed id at a vlash.
'Dat shap knows vell shoost how to coot
Und roon mit poulderie,
He vas copitain oonder Turchin vonce,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman's Righds,
Vhere laties all agrees,
De gals should all pe voters,
Und deir beaux all de votees.
'For efery man dat nefer vorks,
Von frau should vranchised pe:
Dat ish de vay I solfe dis ding,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,
'Tvas like a roarin' rifer,
De sighds vere here - de sighds vere dere-
Und de vorldt vent on forefer.
'De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,
Dis vorldt a derwisch pe;
Das Werden's all von whirling droonk,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann Am Rhein - Cologne.

HOW wunderschon das Vaterland
In audumn-life abbears;
Vot rainpows gild ids vallies crand,
Ven seen troo vallin tears.
Und VON I'll creet mit sang und klang,
Und drown in goldnen wein;
Old Deutschland's cot her sohn again:
Hans Breitmann's on der Rhein.

Und doughts ish schwell dat mighdy heart,
Too awfool for make known;
Ven dey shunt him from de railroat car
Und tropped him in Cologne.
De holy towers of de dome
Cleam, twilight-veiled, afar;
Und like some lonely bilgrim's pipe,
Dim shines de efenin star.

Hans look to find his baggage check,
Und see dat all ish shdraighdts,
Denn toorn him to de city toors,
'Mein nadife land - wie gehts?'
Boot dat's vot all who read may run-
Fool blainly armies write;
Id's ofer all half Shermany,
Set down in Black and White.

Oh, Black and White! O Weiss and Schwarz!
Vot dings ish dis to see?
I vonder vot in future years
Your mission ish to pe?
Also in crate America
We had soosh colors too!
Die Farb' sind mir nicht unbekannt-
Id's shoost tout comme chez nous.

Next tay to de Cathedral
He vent de dings to view,
Und found it shoost drei thaler cost

To see de sighds all troo.
'Id's tear,' said Hans; 'boot go aheth,
I'fe cot de cash all right;
Boot id's queer dat's only Protestands
Vot mosdly see de sighdt!

'Im Mittelalter I hafe read
De shoorsch vas always sure-
An open bickdure gallerie,
Und book for all de poor.
Boot now de dings is so arrange
No poor volk can get in;
We Yankees und de Englisch are
Pout all ash shbends de tin.

'I shmiles like Mephistopheles
In shoorschesh ven I see
Poor Catholics vollerin round apout
To shdeal a sighdt - troo ME!
Dey peep und creep roundt chapel gates,
Boot soon kits trofe afay,
Dey gross demselves, und make a brayer-
Boot den dey cannot bay!

'Dese Deutsche sacrisdans might learn
More goot in Italy,
Where beoples bays shoost half de brice,
For ten dimes more to see,
De volk vot dink I shbeak sefere
Apout dese Kuster vays,
May read vot Mr. Badeker
In his Belgine Hand Buch says.'

Und valkin oop und town de down
Von ding vas shdill de same:
Shoost ash of oldt he saw de shpread
Of Jean Farina's name.
He find it nort', he find it sout',
He find it eferywhere;
Dere vas no house in all Cologne
Boot J. M. F. vas dere.

De best Cologne in all Cologne
I'll shwear for cerdain sure,
Ish maket in de Julichsplatz
Und dat at Numero Four.
Boot of dis Cologne in Julichsplatz
Let dis pe understood,
Dat some of id ish foorst-rate pad,
While some is foorst-rate good.

Boot von ding drafellers moost opserve,
Dis treadful trut I dells,
Fast ash dis Farinaceous crowd
So vast hafe grown the schmells-
Dose awfool schmells in gass' und strass'
Vitch mofe crate Coleridge squalm:
If so he wrote, vot vouldt he write
Apout dem now, py tam?

Of all de schmells I efer schmelt,
Py gutter, sink, or well,
At efery gorner of Cologne
Dere's von can peat dat schmell.
Vhen dere you go you'll find it so,
Don't dake de ding on troost;
De meanest skunk in Yankee land
Vould die dere of disgoost.

Boot noding dinked der Breitmann
Of schmutz or idle schein,
Vhen he sat in Abendammerung
Und looket owd on der Rhein
Im goldnen gleam - while pealin far
Rang shlow, shveet kloster bells,
Und in de dim, plue peaudiful,
Rose distant Drachenfels.

Dey trinket lieb Liebfrauenmilch
So pure ash voman's trut';
De singed de songs of Shermany,
De songs of Breitmann's yout'.
De songs mit tears of vanished years,
Made peaudiful in wein.

Dus endet out de firster tay
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann And The Turners

HANS BREITMANN shoined de Turners,
Novemper in de fall,
Und dey gified a boostin' bender
All in de Turner Hall.
Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein
Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,
Und dey blowed on de drooms and stroomed on de fifes
Till dey couldn't refife no more.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into deir Turner Hall,
Und poots him a course of shprouts.
Dey poots him on de barell-hell pars
Und shtands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hose
In his mout' dill he's 'pout half tead!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;
Dey make shimnastig dricks;
He stoot on de middle of de floor,
Und put oop a fify-six.
Und den he drows it to de roof,
Und schwig off a treadful trink:
De veight coom toomple back on his headt,
Und py shinks! he didn't vink!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners:--
Mein Gott! how dey drinked und shwore;
Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
Und Bavarians by de score.
Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,
Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,
Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,
Und he vas a Holstein Dane.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom;
Vhen he open de box it schmell so loudt

It knock de musik doomb.
Vhen de Deutschers kit de flavour,
It coorl de haar on deir head;
Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere;
Und, py tam! it kilt dem dead!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;
De ladies coomed in to see;
Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
All in der gal-lerie.
Dey ashk: 'Vhere ish der Breitmann?'
Und dey dremple mit awe and fear
Vhen dey see him schwingen' py de toes,
A trinken' lager beer.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners:
I dells you vot py tam!
Dey sings de great Urbummellied:
De holy Sharman psalm.
Und vhen de kits to de gorus
You ought to hear dem dramp!
It scared der Teufel down below
To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners:--
By Donner! it vas grand,
Vhen de whole of dem goes valkin
Und dancin' on deir hand,
Mit deir veet all vavin' in de air,
Gottstausend! vot a dricks!
Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down
Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
Dey lay dere in a heap,
And slept dill de early sonnen shine
Come in at de vindow creep;
And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,
And dey go to kit deir feed:
Here hat dis song an ende --
Das ist DES BREITMANNNSLEID.

Breitmann As A Bummer

DER SHENERAL SHERMAN holts oop on his coorse,
He shtops at de gross-road und reins in his horse.
'Dere's a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,
Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall break!'
Vhen shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone bast,
There coomed a young orterly gallopin' fast,
Who gry mit amazement: 'Herr Shen'ral! Goot Lord!
Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin' der ford!'

Der Shen'ral he ooterred no hymn und no psalm,
But opened his lips und he priefly say 'D--n!
Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer;
To get it dose shaps vould set hell in a shiver;
But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid:
Ho, Sickles! move promp'ly, send down a prigade!
Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit his sword
If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford.'

Dey spooored on, dey hoory'd on, gallopin' shtraight,
But for Breitmann help coomed shoost a liddle too late,
For as de Lauwine goes smash mit her pound,
So on to de Bumpers de repels coom down:
Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,
Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad;
Und Sepperl - Tyroler - shpoke nefer a vord,
But shoost 'Mutter Gottes!' und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,
Einer aus Boblingen - he too vash dere-
Karli of Karlisruh's shot near de fence
(His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens),
Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought
Yet der Breitmann - der capt'n - der hero vash caught;
Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,
For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots
Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits;
But von gray-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und bet

Dat Breitmann vouldt be a pad egg for dem yet.
'He has more on his pipe as dem vellers allows,
He has cardts yet in hand und das Spiel ist nicht aus,
Dey'll find dat dey took in der Teufel to board,
De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford.'

In de Bowery each beer-haus mit crape vas oopdone,
Vhen dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas gone;
Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein,
At the great Trauer-fest of de Turner Verein.
Dere vas wein - en mit weinen ven beoplesh did dink
Dat Sherman's great Sharman cood nefer more trink.
Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin' und vailen' vas hoor'd,
Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

SECOND PART.

In dulce jubilo now ve all sings,
A-vaifin' de panners like efery dings.
De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler und salt,
Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt;
Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,
Lustig und heiter he looks droo de drees,
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,
For Sherman, at last has marched down to the sea.

Dere's a gry from de quart - dere's a clotter und dramp,
Vhen dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp
Who report on de ford. Dere ish droples and awe
In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw;
Und he shpeak me in Fraentsch, like he always do: 'Look!
Sagre pleu! Fentre Tieu! - dere ish Breitmann - his spook!
He ish goming dis vay! Nom de Garce! can it pe
Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to de sea!'

Und he looks, und ve sees, und ve trembles mit tread,
For risin' all swart on de efenin' red
Vas Johannes - der Breitmann - der war es, bei Gott!
Coom riding' to oos-var'd, right shtraight to de shpot!
All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin' hearts,
For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de Hartz;

Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say 'Ave Morie!
Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und by sea!'

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin' his clothes,
For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest
In a vlamín' new coat und magnificent vest.
Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,
Und a cold mounded swordt like a Kaiser he bore,
Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt - or votever he pe-
Moost hafe proken some panks on his vay to de sea.

'Id is he!'"Und er lebt noch!" he lifes ve all say:
'Der Breitmann - Oldt Breitmann! - Hans Breitmann! Herr Je!
Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve find
Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding pehine.
In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,
In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons
Mit dwo doozen votches und four dozen shpoons,
Und dwo silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,
Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, en route to de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,
Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice.
Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, alle wie ein,
Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.
Den t'vas 'Here's to you, Breitmann! Alt Schwed' - bist zuruck?
Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights veek?'
Und ve holds von shtupendous and derriple shpree
For shoy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitmann hat peen,
Vot he tid; vot he pass droo - or vot he might seen?
Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem woons,
Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-pods und shpoons?
For to all of dem queerries he only reblies,
'If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no lies!'
So 'twas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry moost pe
Vhere he kits all dat ploonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies

How Sherman's grand armee hafe raise deir soopies:
For ve readt in brindt dat der Sheneral Grant
Say de bummers hafe only shoost take vat dey vant.
But 'tis vhispered dat vwhile a refoffer'll go round
Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found;
Or shtarvin' ash brisner - by doonder! - not he,
Vhile der Teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann As An Uhlan.

GOTTS blitz! blau Feuer, potz bomben Tod!
Vot shimmers in de mitnacht roth?
Like hell-shtrom boorst o'er heafen's plain,
Trowin dead light on eart acain:-
Ja! - wide im nord om Odin shtone
Lies a shiant form im glare alone.
Troonk py de eis-kalt roarin shdream
Der Hans ish hafe ein wunder tream.

Troonk om haunted Odinstein
Im Hexenlicht und Elfenschein
Vhere bloody Druids omens trew
From grin und screech of shaps dey slew;
Or vhere der Norseman long of yore
Vas carven eagles on de shore,
As o'er him yell de Valkyr broot
Und crows valk round knee teep im plood,
Vhile rabens schkreem o'er ruddy bay;
Dere - ten pottles troonk - Hans Breitmann lay.

Fast und rof der war-man shnore
Like de hammer-shlog of Thor,
Schnell ash Mjollner's bang und beat
Heaved de form from het to veet
Vhile apofe him in de shkies
Dere he saw a glorie rise,
Und im mittle von it all
De iron lords of crate Valhall.

Long he gaze mit wolfen glare
At de Aesir in de air,
Long mit schneerin baren grin
He toorn his nase auf und hin
(For ne'er a Sherman - tam de otts-
Vas efer yet gife in to Gotts),
Dill avery Aes owned oop dat he
A gott-like man of brass moost pe.

Shtern der Breitmann raise his het,

To his fader Gotts he set:
'Let your worts of wisehood shlip;
Rush your runes, und let 'em rip!
For you de gotts hafe efer pe
Of dose who vere ash gotts to me:-
Alt Thor der Thoren here pelow-
Vot hell you vants, I'd like to know?'

Antworded ash de donner clangs,
Der fader of de iron bangs:
'De gotts will let de hell-dogs go,
Und raise damnation here pelow;
Until de sassy Frenchmen schmell
De rifers ten dat roon troo hell
To telle dis I comme dence,
Dou lord of lion impudence.

'Drafeller! I know dee vell!
Breitmann improturbable!
Vhen on eart I hat my shy,
Breitmann of dat age vas I.
I schwear py Thor! so crate und gay,
I smashed de Jotuns in my tay,
Und dou shall pe ge-writ sooplime
Ash de crate Thor of deiner time.

'Now ve lets de eagles vly
Skreemin troo de vlamin shky,
Our own specials: - dare nod laugh;
For in de London Telegraph,
A voondrous poy vot make oos shdare,
For hop vhat may, he's always dere!
Vill dell de worlt, troo blut and flame,
Hans Breitmann ist der Uhlan's name.

'Und all dou e'er on eart has done,
From oop gang oontil settin sun,
Vill pe ash nix - I schvear py Thor!
To vat dou'lt do in dieser war;
Plazin roofs und mordered men,
Hell set loose on eart again;
Rush und ride in shtorm und floom,

Cannon roarin, pools of bloot;
Deutschland mad in fool career,
Led py dy Uhlanan speer,
Hell's harfest - sheafs of fictorie,
Reaped mit deat's sword und reapt by dee!

'Ja! On many a dorf und disch,
Dou shalt pring a requisish;
Dwendy dimes de Frantscher men
Hafe sporned dy land in blut acain-
All dose dwenty dimes in von,
Py Deutschland shall to France pe done,
Und dwenty dimes in blut and wein
Shalst dou refenge de Palatine.

'Go! - mit shpeer und fiery muth!
Go! - mit durst for bier und blut!
Go! - mit lofe for Vaterland,
Into burning fury fanned:
Towns und hen-roosts shall hafe shown
Vhere der Uhlan ist peen gone,
Und cocks vill roon und men crow tame
To hear of der Uhlanan name.'

Der fision fadet in de shky,
Und hours vent on und time goed py.
Vot heardest dou, Napolium?
De rumpitty, rumpitty, rumpitty poom!
Ven you hear de sound of de droom,
Oh denn you know dat de Dootch hafe coom,
De treadful roarin Dootch, mit de droom
Und de roompitty, pumpitty, poompity pum!
De wild ferocious Dootch on a bum,
Mit cannon roar und pattle hum,
Mit fee und faw on de foe und fum!
Led py de awful Breitemum!
Bitty boom!! BOOM!!

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann As An Uhlan.

O HEAR a wondrous shdory
Vot soundet like romance,
How Breitmann mit four Uhlans
Vas dake de town of Nantz.
De Frantschmen call it Nancy,
Und dey say its fery hard
Dat Nancy mit her soldiers
Vas getook py gorpral's guard.

Dey dink id vas King Wilhelm
Ash Hans ride in de down,
Und like Odin in his glorie
Gazed derriply aroun'.
Denn mit awfool condesenchen
He at de Frantschmen shtare,
Und say, 'Ye wretsched shildren?
Abbortez mir vodre mere!'

Hans mean de city Syndic,
Whom maire de Frantschmen call;
So mit a tousand soldiers
Dey 'scort him to de Hall;
In de shair of shtade dey sot him,
Der maire coom to pe heard,
Und Hans glare at him fife minutes
Pefore he shbeak a word.

Den in iron dones he ooterred:
'Ich temand que rentez fous:
Shai dreisig mille soldaten
Bas loin l'ici, barploo!
Aber tonnez-moi Champagner;
Shai an soif exdrortinaire-
Apout one douzaine cart-loads;
Und dann je fous laisse faire.'

Denn he say to Schwackenhammer,
His segretaire - 'Read
A liddle exdra liste

Of dings de army need,
Und dell dem in Franzosisch
Dey moost shell de neetfool down
In less dan dwendy minudes,
Or, py Gott, I'll purn de town.'

'Item - one tousand vatches
Of purest gold so fair;
Dazu funf tousand silbern,
For de gommon soldiers' wear;
Und tree dousand diamant ringe
Dey moost make tirectly come,
We need dem for our schweethearts
Ven we write to em at home!

'Von million cigarren
Ve'll accept ash extra boons
For not squeezin dem seferely,
Dazu dwelf tousand shboons.'
Here der maire fell down in schwoonin,
Denn all dat he could say
Vas , 'O mon dieu, de dieu, dieu!
Nous voila ruinees!'

No wort der Breitmann ootered,
He only make a sgratch,
Calm and silend on de daple,
Mit a liddle friction match.
De maire versteh de motion,
So went him to de task
Of raisin mong de peoples
Vot it vas der Breitmann ask.

So kam he mit de ringe,
Dey vind dem pooty soon;
So kam he mit de vatches,
Und avery silber spoon.
Boot ash for de champagner,
He wept and loudly call
Dat par dieu! he hadn't any,
For de Deutsch hafe troonk it all.

Ja! - de gorporal's quart have trinket
Efery pottle in de down,
Vhile dese negotiations
Oop-stairs vere written down.
Boot der Breitmann sooplimely,
Like von who nodings felt,
Said, 'Instet of le champagner
Nous brentirons du gelt.'

Ja wohl! Donnes cent mille franken,
C'est mir egal, you know;
Pid dem pring id in a horry,
For 'tis dime for oos to go.'
Der maire he pring de money,
Und der Breitmann squeeze his hand,-
'Leb wohl, dou nople brickbat,
Herzbruder in Frankenland!

'Boot it griefes my soul to larmen,
Und I sympathize mit dein,
To pense of you, mon ami,
Sans le champagner wein.
Dere will oder Deutsch pe gomin,
Und it preak mine heart to dink
De vay dey'll bang and slang you
If dere's no champagne to trink!

'Cela fous fera misere
Que she ne feux bas see;
So, vollow mes gonseilles,
Et brenez mon afis.
Shai, moi, deux mille bouteilles,
De meilleur dat man can ashk,
Vich I will gladly sell-
Sheap as dirt - ten franks a flask.'

De maire look oop to heafen,
Wohl nodings could he say,
Vhile oud indo de mitnight
Der Breitmann rode afay.
Away - atown de falley,
Till noding more abbears

Boot de glitter of de moonlight,
De moonlight on deir spears.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann As An Uhlan.

VOT gallops at midnight,
Mit h'roolah and yell,
Like der teufel's wild yager
Boorst loose out of hell?
Vot cleams in the sonrise
Bright vlashin in gold?
Das sind die Uhlancers
Of Breitmann der bold.

Dey frighten de coountry,
Dey ploonder de town;
And when dey are oop
Die Franzosen co down:
For pefore de wild Norsemen
De Southron must flee;
Ab ira Normannorum
Libera nos Domine!

How dey sweep de chateaux!
How dey grab oop de hens!
Und gobble de toorkeys
Shoot oop in de pens
Like de Angel of Deat'
Dey are ragin abroad:
You may track dem py fedders
Knee-deep in de road.

O der Breitmann ish on,
Und der Breitmann is on,
Und mit him de Uhlans
Are ploonderin gone.
De demon of fengeance
His wings o'er em vave,
Mit deir fingers like hooks,
Und mit maws like de grafe.

Dey coom to a castel,
So shplendid, of bricks;
Franzosen defend it,

Das help em gar nichts.
For de Uhlans hafe take it,
Dey smash in de gate,
Und inshpired by Gott's fury,
Dey shdole all de plate.

From shamber to shamber
Dey fighted deir way,
Till dead in de hall
De Franzosen all lay;
Und dere shtood a madchen,
So lieblich und hold,
Who laugh at de dead
Troo her ringlocks of gold.

Denn der Breitmann, all plooty,
To'm madel so lind,
Spoke courtly und tender:
'Vy laughst dou, mein kind?'
Denn de plue-eyed young peaudy,
Mit lippe so red,
Said, 'Vy not shall I laughen?
Vhen Frenchmen are dead.

'I coom here from Deutschland,
De shildren to teach;
Dey mock me for Deutsch,
Und dey sneer at mein sbeech;
Und since de war komm,
I vas nearly gone mad,
You wouldn't peliefe
How dey dreet me so pad.'

Mit a tear Breitmann bend
To de peaudifool miss;
'Crate Gott! can'st dou suffer
Soosh horrors ash dis?'
His arm round de maiden
Der hero has bound,
Und it shtaid dere goot vhide,
Fore dey got it unwound.

'Ho! fetch me de diamonds!
Ho! shell out de rings!
Mit all in de castle
Of dat sort of dings.'
Twas brought to de Captain-
A donderin load:
At de veet of de madchen
Dat ploonder he trowed.

'Ho! pring oos champagner!
Und light oop de hall!
Dis night der Herr Breitmann
Will gife you a ball.
Dat pile of dead vellers,
Vot died for La France,
May see, if dey like,
How de Shermans can tance.'

Dey find laties' garments,
Und - troot to confess-
Likewise som Frantsch maidens,
Who help dem to tress.
De rest of de Uhlans
Who hadn't soosh loves,
Fixed oop in black clothes
Mit white chokers und gloves.

Now hei! for de fittles!
Und hei! for clavier!
For de tantz of de Uhlans-
De men of de speer!
How de shendlemen ashk
If dey'd blease introduce;
How de ladies mit beards
Were called Espionnes Prusses!

Hei, ho! how dey tanzet!
Hei, ho! how dey sang!
How mit klingen of glasses
De braun arches rang.
How dey trill from deir hearts
Ash dey pour out der wein,

De songs of de Oberland,-
Songs of der Rhein.

Und madder und wilder,
All whirlin around,
Vent Hans mit de maiden
In Bacchanal bound.
She helt to his peard,
Und dey gissed as if mad;
I tont dink dat efer
Vas dimes like dey had.

Boot calm in de hall,
Ever calm on de floor,
Was a row of still guests
Dat wouldn't tantz nefermore.
Mit plood shtreams black winding,
Der lord mit his men,
When der Youngest Day cooms
Hans may meet dem acain.

Hoorah for der Uhlan,
So rash und so wild!
Hoorah for der Uhlan,
Der teufel's own child!-
Dis ish 'Breitmann's Last Barty,'
Dey'll sing it for years;
De lords of de lanzes,
De sons of de speers.

For dey frighten de coountry,
Dey ploonder de town;
Und when dey are oop
De Franzosen go down;
For pefore de wild Norsemen
Weak Southrons moost flee,
Ab ira Normannorum
Libera nos Domine!

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann As An Uhlan. Ii. Brietmann In A Balloon.

WHO vas efer hear soosh voonders,
Holy breest or virshin nonn?
As pefelled de Coptain Breitmann,
Vhen he hoont an air-ballon.
Der Bizzy und der Dizzy,
Mit lothairingen und Lothair,
Vas nodings to dis Deutscher,
Who vent kitin troo de air.

Id was in yar Nofember,
In eighdeen sefendee,
Der Breitmann vent a prowlin,
By monden light vent he.
In fillages deserted
He hear de Uhu moan;
For you always hear der Uhu
Vhere der Uhu-lan ish gone.

Alone allonsed der Uhlan,
Boot nodings could he find
Safe whitey clouds a drivin
In moonshine fore de wind.
Boot ash he see dese cloudins
He remark dat von vas round,
Und inshtead of goin oopwards
It kep risin towards de ground.

'Oh, vot ish dis a gomin?
Some planet, py de Lord!
Too boor to life in heafen,
Coom down on eart to poard;
Und pelow it schwing tree engels-
Two he-vons mit a wench.
Boot, mein Gott! vot sort of engels
Can dose pe, dalkin Fraentsch!

'I hafe read in Eckhartshausen
Dat oop in heafen - py tam!
De engels dalk in Sherman,

Und sing Mardin Luther's psalm.
O nein - es sind kein engeln
Vot sail so smoo-fly on,
Das sind verfluchte Franzosen
In einem luft-ballon!'

Hei! how der Breitman streak it
Ven vonce he kess de trut'!
He spurred id like de wild fire
Of hope in early yout'.
Troo de weingarts like der teufel
Vhen he shase a lawyer's soul;
Down der moundain mit his lanze
Und his wafin banderol.

Down de moundain, o'er de valley,
Troo de village he ish gone;
Dog-barks die out pehind him,
Oders bark ash he come on.
Liddle heedet he deir bellin,
Liddle mind der Hahnen crow;
Liddle hear der Bauern yellin,
Clotter, clodder, on he go.

'Oh, vot ish hoontin foxen,
Und vot ish yager pliss,
Und vot ish shasin bison
On de blains, to soosh ash dis?
I hafe dinked dat roonin rebels
Vas de best of eartly fun;
Boot id isn't half so sholly
Ash to go a luft-ballon.'

Und ash id shdill vent onwart,
Shdill onwarts mit der wind,
Der coom a real madness
To catch id, o'er his mind.
Und had'st dou seen him vylin,
Dat wild onfuriate brick,
Dou'st hafe schworn dat Coptain Breitmann
Was pecome balloonic.

In fain dey trow deir sand-bags,
In fain all dings let fall,
De ballon shdill kep a sinkin,
Und id vouldn't rise at all.
Yet de wild wind trife id onwarts,
Onwarts shdill der Breitmann go,
Dill he cotch id py a rope-ent
Vot vas hangin town pelow.

Boot vhen it risen oopwarts,
Ash he cling to id, of corse,
Mit de lefter hand he holtet
To de pridle of his horse.
Der horse valk on his hind-legs:
Too schwer to rise vas he;
Mein Gott! vot fix for Breitmann
Of de Uhlan cavallrie!

So he go for seferal stunden
Petween himmel und eart pelow,
Boot der teufel und die engels
Couldn't make der Hans let go.
Dill all at vonce an idee
Coom from his loocky shtar-
He led co his horse's pridle
Und glimb oop indo de car.

Und vot you dinks he foundet
Vhen in dat air-ballon?
A nople Englisch vicomte,
Milord de Robinson;
Und mit him vas a laity,
Mit whom he'd rooned afay,
Whom he indroduce to Breitmann
Ash die Jungfer Salome.

Und der dritte was a barson,
Whom Milord, mit prudent view,
Hat took als secretaire,
Likevise for pallast doo.
Dey should hafe bitched him ofer
Vhen de gas was out, dey say;

Boot de dame vould not 'low it:-
She'd an arriere pensee.

Sait Milord: 'Afar we've wandered,
We are completely brown;
And I'll give a thousand shiners
If you'll take me to a town
Where no one will molest us
Till we find our way to Lon--'
Here der Breitmann ent de sentence
Ash he gry out, shortly, 'done.'

'And as for this fair lady
To whom I would be bound,'
Sait Milord, 'we'll have a wedding
Before we reach the ground.
To escape her father's anger
We fled to live in peace,
But she's relatives in London,
And they have - the police.'

O vas not dis a voonders
To make de Captain shdare?-
A tausend pounds in bocket
Und a veddin in de air?
He gafe away de laity,
Und als sie wieder kam
Zur festen Erde wieder,
Ward sie Robinson Madame.

'O go mit me,' said Breitmann,
'O go in mein Quartier!
Don't mind dem gommon soldiers,
For I'm an officier.'
He guide dem troo de coountry
Till dey reach de ocean strand;
Now dey sit und pless Hans Breitmann,
In de far-off English land.

Dis ish Breitmann's last adfenture
How troo Himmel air flew he:
Und it's dime, oh nople reader!

For a dime to part from dee.
Dou may'st dake it all in earnest
Or pelieve id's only fon;
Boot dere's woonder dings has hoppent
Fery oft in Luft-ballon.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann As An Uhlan. Iii. Breitmann And Bouilli.

Vot roombles down de Bergstrass?
Vot a grash ish in de air!
Mit a desberate gonfusion,
Und a gry of wild tespair,
Das sind gethrasht Franzosen,
Und dose who after flee
Are de terror of Champagner,
Die Uhlan cavallrie.

So liddle say die hoonted,
De hoonsters lesser shdill;
Der Frank is ride for's leben,
Der Deutscher rides to kill.
Ofer dickly-doosty faces
Deir eyes like wild-katzs glare;
De blut und iron ridin
Of furie und despair.

Boot of all de wild Uhlanen,
Der Breitmann ride de pest;
For he mark de Frantsch gommanter
Ish most elegandtly tresst.
Und ash he coom down on him,
Dere's a deat' look in his eye:
'Gotts! if I carfe dat toorkey,
How I'll make de stoofin vly!'

Mit a clotter und a flotter
Like a hell-sturm dey are on:
Mit a rottle to de pattle
Coom de Deutschers, knockin' down,
Down de moundain to a brucke-
Vhy die Frantschmen toorn ad bay?
Oder Deutsch were dere pefore dem,
Und die pridge ish coot away!

Von second der Franzose
Look down mit blitzen eye;
Von second at de brucke,

Den toorn him round to die.
While mit out-ge-poke-te lanze,
Like ter teufel shot from hell,
Rode der ploonder-shtarvin Breitmann
On der grau-bart Colonel.

Vot for der Coptain Breitmann
Ish shdop in his career?
Vot for he pool his pridle?
Vot for let down his speer?
Vot for his eyes like saucers
Grow pigger, rimmed mit staub?
Vot for his hair, a pristlin,
Lift oop his pickel-haub?

So awfool - so oneart'ly,
So treadful was his glare,
So unbeschreiblich gastly,
Dat der Colonel self was shkare.
Oop come der Breitmann ridin,
Und mit gratin force he said:
'Bist - du - wirklich - lebendig?
Can de grafe gife oop its tead?

'Dou livest yet - dou brea'f'st yet,
Dough oldter now you pe
Since I mordered you in Strasburg,
Mein freund - mon Jean Bouilli.
We lofed de selfe maiden
Wohl forty years agone:-
She died to hear I kilt you:-
Jean - how weiss your beard ish grown!

'I would gife my Hab' und Guter,
Dereto mein bit of life
Couldt I pring dat shild to leben,
Und make her, Jean, dy wife!
Here der Breitmann boorst out gryin,
Like a liddle prook vept he;
Und dey hugged and gissed einander,
Der Breitmann und Bouilli.

'Ach, de efils dat from efil
Troo a life ish efer grow!
Had I nefer dink I killed you,
Many a man were livin now-
Many a man dat shleeps in cane-brakes,
Many a man py pillow-shore;
For dy morder mate me reckelos,
Und von tead man gries for more!

'O Madchen! schon im Himmel!
(Warst schon on eart' difine)-
Can'st dink among de Engeln
Of soosh as me und mine?
Den look on soosh a Reue,
Ash eart' has nefer known:-
Where to hast dou a sabre?
Wherefore not kill me, Jean?'

'O, ne pleurez pas, mon Breitmann!
Je trouve cela trop fort,'
Gry der Colonel sehr politely;
'How! - you crois dat I was mort!
Mon Dieu! 'Tis but one minute,
As we galloped to this plain,
I thought your spear, mon gaillard,
Would kill me o'er again.

Je vous fais mon compliment,
Your tendresse becomes you well;
Et ne pleurez pas, mon brave,
Pour la petite demoiselle.
I have had a thousand since;
One can always find such game;
Et pour dire la verite,
I have quite forgot her name.'

Der Breitmann lok so earnest,
Long and earnest at his foe,
Ash if seein troo his augen
To de forty years ago.
Mit vot a shmile der Breitmann
Toorned roundt und rode away:

Dat was all his parting greetin
To der Colonel Francais.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann As An Uhlan. V. Breitmann In Biouvac.

HE sits in bivouacke,
By fire, peneat' de drees;
A pottle of champagner
Held shently on his knees;
His lange Uhlan lanze
Stuck py him in de sand;
Vhile a goot peas-poodin' sausage
Adorn his oder hand.

Und jungere Uhlanan
Sit round mit oben mout'
To hear der Breitmann's shdories
Of fitin in de Sout'
Und he gife dem moral lessons,
How pefore de battle pops:
'Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,
Und a goot long trink of schnapps.'

Denn his leutenant bemarket:
'How voonder shdrange it peen
Dat so very many wild pigs
Ish dis year in de Ardennes.
Ash I sout dere - donner'r'wetter!-
I sah dem coom heraus,
Shoost here und dere an Eber
Mit a hoondert tousand sows.

'Shoost dink of all dese she-picks
Vot flet to neutral land!'
Said Breitmann: 'Fery easy
Ish dis to oonderstand:
Dese schwein-picks mit de sauen
Vot you saw a-roonin rond,
Ish a crate medempsygosis
Of the Frantsche demi-monde.

'I hafe readet in de Bible
How soosh a coterie
Vas ge-toornet into swine-picks,

Und roon down indo de see;
Boot since de see aint handy,
Or de picks vere all too dumm,
Dey hafe coot across de porder
Und vly to Belgium.'

Now ash dey boorst oud laughin,
Und got more liquor out,
Dey hearden from de sendry
A shot und denn a shout.
Und Breitmann crasp his sabre
Quick ash de bullet hiss,
Und leapin out, demantet,
'Herr'r'r Gott! vat row ish dis?'

Und bold der Schwabian answert:
'Dis minute on de ground
Dere comed a Frantschman greepin,
On all-fours a-prowlin round.
I ask him vat he vanted;
Werda! I gry; boot he
Say nodings to my shallenge,
Und only answer 'Oui.'

'So I shoot him like der teufels,
Und I rader dink our friend,
Dis sneakin Frank-tiroir,
Ish a-drawin to his end.'
So dey hoonted in de pushes,
Und in avery gorner dig,
Boot, mein Gott! how dey vas laughin,
Ven dey found a - mordered pig.

Next week dey hear from Paris,
Und reat in de Gaulois
Of de most adrocious action
De vorlt vas efer saw.
How de Uhlan cannibalen,
Dis vile und awful prood,
Hafe killt a nople Frantschman,
Und cut him oop for food.

'Ja - shop him indo sausage,
Und coot him indo ham;
Und schwear dey'll serfe all oders
Exacdly so - py tam!
Sons of France, awake to glory,
Let your anciend valor shine!
Und shweep dis Prussian vermin
Het und dails indo de Rhine!'

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Belgium.

BOON tidings to der Breitmann came
Ash he at table end,
Dere's right goot fisch at Blankenberghe,
Und oysters in Ostend.
Denn to Ostland ve will reiten gaen,
To Ostland o'er de sand,
Dou und I mit pridle drawn
For dere ish de oyster land.

Und vhen dey shtood bei Ostersee,
Vhere de waters roar like sin,
Dere coom five hundred fischer volk
To dake der Breitmann in.
'Gotts doonder! Should ve doomple down
Amoong de waters plue,
I kess you'd vant more help from me
Dan I should vant from you!

'If you hat peen vhere I hafe peen
Und see vot I hafe see,
Vhere de surf rise oop nine tausend feet,
In de land of Nieuw Jarsie
Und schwimmed dat surf ash I hafe schwimmed,
Peside de Jersey stran"-
From dat day fort' de Ostland men
Shdeered glear of der Breitemann.

Boot von ding set him schvearin so,
I dinked he'd nefer cease,
De Ostend oysters kostet more
In Ostend als Paris.
Hans asked an anciendt fisherman,
To 'splain dis if he may,
Und says he, 'Mijn Heer - dey're beter hier
Als ein hundred leagues afay.

'Und as de oysters beter hier
Of course dey kostet more'-
Der Breitmann dook his bilcrim shdaff,

Und toorned him to de toor.
Says Hans, 'De Vlaemsche fischermen
Can sheat de vorlde I pet
Dey sheaten von anoder too,
All's fisch to a Dutchman's net.

'Der king peginned a palace hier,
De palace hat to shtop,
He foundt de beoples sheaten so
He gife de bildin oop.
Aldough das Leben hier ish goot,
Ad least Ostend-sibly'-
So shpoke der Breitemann und cut
Dat city py de sea.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Belgium. Gent.

If I hat gold, as I hafe time,
I tells you how 'tvere shpent,
On efery year I'd shtay a week
In Vlanderen's hoofstad, Gent.
For, oh! de sveet wild veelins,
In dat stad do mofe me so,
Vhen I'd dink of all de clorious men
Vot life dere long aco.

If efer man hat manly heart,
He'd veel dat heart to beat,
Vhen mit de oldten dime of Ghent
He valks troo efery shdreet.
Und ach! de volk are yet so goot,
It gave me soosh a pliss,
Vhen I hear a bier-hous spielman sing
A melodie like dis:-

'Het was op eenen Monday,
All on a Monday free,
Dat mijnheere Jacob Van Artevelde
Unto his men said he:
He seide - 'Mijn lief gesellen,
Ve all moest ride out land,
And trive our way to Bruges town
Or Brussel in Braband.'

'Und as he oonto Brussel cam,
De meisjes sprong from bed,
Und found Mynheere Van Artevelde
Mit a cross-bolt troo his head.'
Und shoost pecause dis bier-hous song
Recht troo my heartsen vent,
I feel dat I could life und die
All in de down of Gent.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Belgium. Ostende.

BOON tidings to der Breitmann came
Ash he at table end,
Dere's right goot fisch at Blankenberghe,
Und oysters in Ostend.
Denn to Ostland ve will reiten gaen,
To Ostland o'er de sand,
Dou und I mit pridle drawn
For dere ish de oyster land.

Und vhen dey shtood bei Ostersee,
Vhere de waters roar like sin,
Dere coom five hundred fischer volk
To dake der Breitmann in.
'Gotts doonder! Should ve doomple down
Amoong de waters plue,
I kess you'd vant more help from me
Dan I should vant from you!

'If you hat peen vhere I hafe peen
Und see vot I hafe see,
Vhere de surf rise oop nine tausend feet,
In de land of Nieuw Jarsie
Und schwimmed dat surf ash I hafe schwimmed,
Peside de Jersey stran"-
From dat day fort' de Ostland men
Shdeered glear of der Breitemann.

Boot von ding set him schvearin so,
I dinked he'd nefer cease,
De Ostend oysters kostet more
In Ostend als Paris.
Hans asked an anciendt fisherman,
To 'splain dis if he may,
Und says he, 'Mijn Heer - dey're beter hier
Als ein hundred leagues afay.

'Und as de oysters beter hier
Of course dey kostet more'-
Der Breitmann dook his bilcrim shdaff,

Und toorned him to de toor.
Says Hans, 'De Vlaemsche fischermen
Can sheat de vorlde I pet
Dey sheaten von anoder too,
All's fisch to a Dutchman's net.

'Der king peginned a palace hier,
De palace hat to shtop,
He foundt de beoples sheaten so
He gife de bildin oop.
Aldough das Leben hier ish goot,
Ad least Ostend-sibly'-
So shpoke der Breitemann und cut
Dat city py de sea.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Belgium. Spa.

VHEN sommer drees shake fort deir leafs,
Ash maids shake out deir locks,
Und singen mit de rifulets,
Vitch ripplen round de rocks,
Und beople swarm land-outwards,
Und cities weary men,
Hans Breitmann rode de Belgier mark
For Spa in Les Ardennes.

Und vhen he came to Spadenland,
He found it fein und fair,
For dey pour him out de peke schnapps,
Dazu elixer rare;
Und mit a soldier's inshdink
To find a shanse to shoot,
Mitout delay he fire afay
Right in de Grande Redoute.

De virst shot dat der Breitmann fired
He pring de peaches down,
For he hit de double zero mit
A gold Napoleon.
Und ash he raked de shiners in,
He hummed a liddle doon:
'I kess I tont try dat again,'
Said he, dis afdernoon.

Boot vhen he coom to rouge et noir,
A tear fell tripplin denn,
Id look so moosh like goot old dimes,
To come dose games again.
Yet vhen he lossed a hundred francs,
He sadly toorned afay,
'I'd rader keep de tiger here,
Dan vight him, any day.'

Und shtanding py de daple,
He saw a French lorette
Vat porrowed shpecie all around,

Und lossed at efery bet.
'Id's all de same mit dis or dat,
Or any kind of sin,
De lorette or de rolette - bot'
Will make de money shpin.'

He trinket of Le Pouhon well,
Und from La Sauveniere;
He tried it ad de Barisart,
Und auch de Geronstere.
'Dey say dat Troot' lie in a well,
So trink from all we can,
Und here we'll prove dat Troot is Health,'
Dat's so, sayd Breitemann.

So long in ruined Franchimont
He sat on hollowed ground,
Und dinked of Wilhelm de la Marck,
Who'd raked dat coontry round.
'Mein Gott! how id vas mofe mine heart
To read in hishdory,
Und find de scattered shinin lights
Of vellers shoost like me!

'Dis nople boar-pig of Ardennes,
Dis shtately Wallowin lord,
Vas make him vamous py de pen,
Und glorious py de swordt.
Und showed his hero-scholarship,
Vhen he wrote to de pishop, 'Satis,
Brulabo monasterium
Vestrum, si non payatis.'

'Dey say dat in de keller here
Dere lifes a coblin briest,
Dereto a teufelsjagersmann
Vot guard a specie chest.
O if I vonce could find de vay,
Und spot dat box of checks,
I voonder shoost how long 'twould pe
Pefore I'd twis deir necks.'

Und in de Walk of Meyerbeer,
Vhere plashin brooklets ring,
He see vhere in de water wild
De wood-birds flip deir wing.
'Ash de prooklet's lost in de rifer,
Und de rifer's lost in de sea,
Mine soul kits lost on water 'plain,"
Says Breitemann, says he.

Und ash he walked de Meyerbeer
He marcked, peside de way,
A rock shoost like a wild boar's head,
Vraie tete du sanglier.
Der Breitmann heafe a shiant sigh,
Und say mit 'motion grand:
Von crate idee ish uber all
In dis der Schweinpig's land.

He drafel troo de Val d'Ambleve,
He lounge de schweet Sept Heures,
He shdare indo de window-shops,
Und see de painted ware.
He looket at de fans und dings,
Denn said, 'To tell de trut',
Dere's painted vares more dear ash dis
Oop shdairs in La Redoute.'

Und sittin in de Champignon,
Vitch rose 'neat Lofe's schweet hand,
He read in books of Marmontel,
Of Jeannette et Lubin.
Id's nice to see Simplicitas
Rococoed oop mit vlowers,
Und dink soosh virtue shdill may life
In dis base vorldt of ours.

'Tvas here, oopon de Spadoumont
Deir gottashe used to set;
'Tvas here they keeped von simple cow
Likevise an lettuce-bett.
Berhaps I hafe crown vorldly since,
Yet shdill may druly say,

Dat in mine poyhood's tays I vas
Apout so good ash dey.

But he vot vant to see dis land,
Und has nod time for all:
Eash woodland nook und shady brook;
On Herr Marcette shouldt call.
For he has baintet all to live
Vhen de drees demselfs are gone;
Und shoost so goot as artist, auch,
Ish he bon compagnon.

Farevell, schveet Spa - dou home of vlowers,
Of ruin and of rock,
Vhere vild pirds sing und de band ish blay
Eash day at sefen o'clock.
If all de shbrees dat Spa has seen
Vere melted into von,
De soul vouldt reach Nirwana - lost
In transcendental fun.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Forty-Eight

DERE woned once a studente,
All in der Stadt Paris,
Whom jeder der ihn kennte,
Der rowdy Breitmann hiess.
He roosted in de rue La Harpe,
Im Luxembourg Hotel,
'Twas shoost in anno '48,
Dat all dese dings pefel.

Boot he who wouldt go hoontin now
To find dat rue La Harpe,
Moost hafe oongommon shpecdagles,
Und look darnation sharp.
For der Kaiser und his Hausmann
Mit hauses made so vree,
Dere roon shoost now a Bouleverse
Vhere dis shdreet used to pe.

In dis Hotel de Luxembourg,
A vild oldt shdory say,
A shtudent vonce pring home a dame,
Und on de nexter day,
He pooled a ribbon from her neck-
Off fell de lady's het;
She'd trafelled from de guillotine,
Und valked de city - deadt.

Boot Breitmann nefer cared himself
If dis vas falsch or drue,
I kess he hat mit lifin gals
Pout quite enough to do.
Und Februar vas gomin,
Ganz revolutionnaire,
Und vhere der Teufel had vork on hand,
Der Hans vas always dere.

Und darker grew de beople's brows,
No Banquet could dey raise,
So dey shtood und shvore at gorners,

Or dey singed de Marseillaise.
Und here und dere a crashin sound
Like forcin shutters ran,
Und boorstin gun-schmidts' vindows in
Hard vorked der Breitemann.

He helped to howl Les Girondins,
To cheer de beople's hearts;
He maket dem bild parricades
Mit garriages und garts.
Vhen a bretty maiden sendinel
Vonce ask de countersign,
He gafe das kind a rousin giss,
Gott hute dir und dein!

Und wilder vent de pattle,
France spread her oriflamme,
Und deeper roared de sturm bell,
De bell of Notre Dame;
Und he who nefer heard it,
O'er shots und cries of fear,
Loud booming like a dragon's roar,
Has someding yet to hear.

Und in de Fauborg Sainte Antoine
Dere comed a fusillade,
Und dyin groans und fallin dead
Vere roundt dat parricade,
But der song of Revolution
From a tousand voices round,
Made a fearful opera gorus
To de deat' gries on de ground.

Und all around dose parricades
Dey raise der teufel dere;
Somedimes dey vork mit pig-axes,
Und somedimes mit gewehr.
Dey maket prifate houses
Gife all deir arms afay,
Und denn oopon de panels
Dey writet Armes donnees.

Und ve saw mid roarin vollies,
Shtreaked like banded settin suns,
Two regiments coome ofer,
Und telifer oop deir guns.
Hei! - how de deers vere roonin:
Hei! - how dey gryed hurrahs!
For dey saw de vight vas ofer,
Und dey know dey gained deir cause.

Dus spoke deir hearts outboorstin,
In battle by de blade,
From sun to sun mit roarin gun
Und donnerin parricade.
In vain pefore de depudies
De princes tremblin stood,
Vot comes in France too late a day
Cooms shoost in dime for blood.

Vhen de Tuileries vas daken,
Amid de scotterin shot,
Und vlyin stones, und howlin,
Und curses vild und hot,
'Tvas dere Hans clobbered his musket,
Und dere de man vas first
To roosh into de palace,
Ven de toors vere in-geburst.

Some vellers burn de quart-haus,
Some trink des Konigs wein;
Some fill deir hats mit rasbry sham,
Und prandy beeches fein.
Hans Breitmann in de gitchen
Vas shdare like avery ding,
To see vot lots of victual-de-dees
Id dakes to feed a king.

Und oder volk, like plackguarts,
Vent dook de goaches out;
Und burnin dem, dey rolled dem
Afay mit yell und shout.
Der Breitmann in der barlor,
Help writen rapidly,

La liberte pour la Pologne!
Likevise - pour l'Italie!

Den in der Tuileries courtyard
Ten tousand volk come on;
Dey vas gissin und hurrahin
For to dink der king vas gone.
Some vas hollerin und tantzin
Round de blazin oldt caboose;
Vhen Frantschmen kits a goin,
Den dey lets der teufel loose.

Boot von veller set me laughin,
Who roosh madly roun de field;
He hat rop de Cluny Museum,
Und gestohlen speer und schild.
Mit a sblendit royal charger,
Vitch he hat somevhere found,
Like a trunken Don Quixote,
He vent tearin oop und round.

Doun vent de line of Bourbons,
Doun vent de vork of years,
Ash de pillars of deir temple
Ge-crashed like splintered speers;
Und o'er dem rosed a phantom,
Wild, beautiful, und weak,
Vhile millions gry around her-
Vive! vive la Republique;

Tree days mid shdiflin powder shmoke,
Tree days mid cheers und groans,
Ve fought to guard de parricades,
Or pile dem oop mit shtones.
De hand vitch held de bistol denn,
Or made de crowbar bite,
Das war de same Hans Breitmann's hand
Vitch now dese verses write.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Holland. Amsterdam.

TO Amsterd-m came Breitmann
All in de Kermes tide;
Yonge Maegden allegader
Filled de straat on afery side.
De meisjes in de straaten
Vere tantzin alle nacht long;
Dere vas kissen, dere vas trinken,
Mit a roar of Holland song.

Who went into de straaten
Ven de sonn had gone his day,
De Dootch gals quickly grapped him
Und tantzed him wild away.
Dere was der Prinz von Capua,
Who fell among dese wags;
Dey tantzed him off in a carmagnole,
Und sent him home in rags.

Und den at afery gorner,
So peaudifool to see,
De volk vas bilin dough-nuts,
Or else vas fryin tea.
Und Kermes cakes mit boetry,
Vitch land-volk dinks a dreat,
Mit all of Barnum's blayed out shows
In dents along de shdreet.

Id pring de tears to Breitmann's eyes,
To find in many a shtand
Vot oft he'd baid a quarder for
To see in a distand land.
De Aztec dwins und de Siamese
(Dough soom vere a wachsen sham);
Mit de Beardet Frau und de Bear Woman-
All here in Amsterdam

De fashion here in Nederland
Ish not vot you'd soopose,
Mit oos, men bays de vomens,

Boot de Dootch gals hires deir beaux!
Dey hire dem for de season,
Und because moosh rain ish fell,
Dey always bays a higher brice,
For a man mit an umberell.

Und dere vas Nord Hollander maids,
So woonderfool to see,
Mit caps of gold und goldne pins,
Und quaint orfeverie.
Likewise de Zeeland Boersmen,
Mit silber bootons gay;
Und silber belts, und silber knives,
Mijn Gott! - how sdrange vere dey!

But dough de men wore silber gear,
Und de vrouws in gold were tall,
De gals vere gabblin all de dimes,
Und de men said noding at all.
'Dey say dat sbeech is silbern,
Boot silence golden pe,
Dat aint de vay dey vork id here,'
Said Breitemann, said he.

Goot Gott! how Breitmann vent it,
In moonlighdt or in rain;
Den vakened to Schied-m it,
Ven de mornin peamed again.
For to solfe von awfool broplem,
He vas efer shdill incline;
If - den wijn is beter als de min,
Or - de min doet veel meer als de wijn.

Dwo weeks der Breitmann studiet,
Vile he vent it on de howl.
He shpree so moosh to find de troot,
Dat he lookt like a bi-led owl.
Den he say, 'Ik wil honor Bacchus,
So long as ik leven shall;
Boot not so moosh verciereren
As to blace him ofer all.

De rose of lofe is lofely
In zomer ven it plow;
De bush shdill gifes a bromise,
In winter mid de shnow;
Ja, als de bloeme is geplukt,
En van den steel genomen,
Ve know de peautiful vill life,
Till zomer is gekomen.

Boot oh dose vas arch-heafenly dimes,
Ven by mine lofe I sat;
Und see de maedchen pring de grapes,
Und crash dem in a vat.
Und ven her glances unto mine
In plessfool ropture toorn;
I dink dere ne'er vas no dwo crapes
Like dem plue eyes of hern.

Wat is soeter als de trinken,
Ja - niet kan beter zyn.
Niet is soeter as de minne,
It smackt nog beter als wijn.
Es giebt nichts wie die Madchen,
Es gibt nichts wie das Bier,
Wer liebt nicht alle beide,
Wird gar kein Cavalier.

O vot ve vant to quickest come
Ish dat vot's soonest gone.
Dis life ish boot a passin from
de efer-gomin-on.
De gloser dat ve looks ad id,
De shmaller it ish grow;
Who goats und spurs mit lofe und wein,
He makes it fastest go.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Holland. Leyden.

TIS shveet to valk in Holland towns
Apout de twilight tide,
Vhen all ish shdill on proad canals,
Safe vhere a poat may clide.
Shdrange light on darkenin vater falls,
In long soft lines afar,
Der abenddroth on dunkelheit,
Vitch shows - or hides - a star.

De pridges risen all aroundt
So quaindly, left und right,
Pedween each pridge und shattow, lies,
A lemon of yellow light,
Und das volk a-goin ober,
So darklin onwarts pass,
Dey look like Chinese shattows - shown
Apofe a lookin-glass.

All shdiller grows, und shdiller,
Sogar die efenin preeze,
Ish only heardt far ober het
In dese long lines of drees;
A real oldt Holland feelin
Cooms gadderin ober all,
You'd nefer dink a sturm hat peen
Oopon dis Grand Canawl.

De nople houses! - how dey'd mofe
An old New Yorker's heart,
Time vas - twix dese und dose at home
You couldn't tell 'em part,
Mit crate brass knockers on de toors,
Und parlors town so low
You see de crates a glowin prite
O'er carbets ash you go.

Dere's comfort-full of avery dings,
You veel it ash you look,
You knows de volks ish opulend,

Und keep a bully cook;
Und oopon de high camine,
Or here und dere on shelf,
Dere's Japanesisch dings in rows,
Pe mingled oop mit delf.

Dere's noding in dis Holland life,
Vitch seems of present day,
De fery shildren in de shdreeds
Look quaintlich as dey blay;
De liddle rosy housemaids,
In bicdures vell I know,
De dames und heers hafe all an air
Of sixdy years ago.

They may dalk of anciendt hishdory
Und for romantisch seek,
De ding dat mofes most teePLY ish
Old-vashioned - not antique.
O if you live in Leyden town
You'll meet, if troot' pe told,
De forms of all de freunds who tied
Vhen du werst six years old.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Holland. 's Gravenhage - The Hague.

Hans reitet troo de Nederland,
From Rotterdam below,
To Gravenhaag und Leyden
Und Haarlem - all a row;
He shtoodit in de galleries
A tausend works of art;
Boot ach - der Adriaan Brauwer,
Vent most teepest to his heart.

Und dus exclaim der Breitmann
In woonder-solemn shdrain,
'De cratest men vere Brauwer,
Van Ostade, und Jan Steen.
Der Raffael vas vel enof;
Dat ish in his shmall vay;
Boot - Gott im Himmel! - vot vas he
Coompared mit soosh as dey?

'Shoost see dat vight of troonken boors-
Von tears de oder's goat:
Vhile de oder mit a pointet knife
Ish goin for his troat.
Und a madchen mit a tree-leg shtuhl
Ish clip him on de het,
In dese higher human passion valks,
Der Raffael's coldt und deadt.

'De more ve digs into de eart'-
Or less ve seeks a star,-
De nearer ve to Natur coom,
More pantheistisch far;
To him who reads dis myst'ry right,
Mit insbiration gifen,
Der Raffael's rollen in de dirt,
Vhile Brauwer soars to Heafen.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Holland. Scheveningen, Or De Maiden's Coorse

HET vas Mijn Heer van Torenborg,
Ride oud oopon de sand,
Und vait to hear a paardeken;
Coom tromplin from de land.
He vaited vhen de boeren volk
Vent oud oopon de plain,
He vaited dill de veary crows
Flew nestwarts home acain.

He vaited ash de wild fox waits
In long-some hoonger noth,
He vaited dill de flutterin bats
Vere plack on Abendroth.
Id's woe to watch for taily bread
Or bide forgotten call,
Boot oh, to vait for heartsen lofe
Ish veariest of dem all.

'O dat ish not mine laity's prooch
Shoost now so star-like shined,
O dat ish not mine laity's haar
Soft floatin on de wind.
Her goot crayhound mit soosh a step
Vas nefer vont to go,
Und dat is niet her paardeken
Whose shtep so vell I know.

'Dat light ish speer light from a lanz
Vitch'll part mine pody und soul,
De floatin haar is a pennon gay
Or wafin banderol.
De crayhound ish a plood-hound wild
Vitch long has dracked me here,
Und het paardeken ish a var-horse
Vot has hoonted me like deer.'

Well shpoke Mijn Heer van Torenborg

All drue vas afery wordt,
For dey bored him troo mit lanzen,
Und dey hewed him mit de swordt.
Dey killt him armloss, harmlos;
De plooty reiver band;
Und puried him so careloosly
Dat his vace shtick out de sand.

Boot e'er night's plack hat toorned to red
Or e'er de stars vere gone,
Dere came de shtep of a paardeken
Soft tromplin, tromplin on.
A laity fair climped off on him
Und trip mit dainty toes:-
Boot oh, mijn Gott! - how she vas shkreem
Ven she trot on her drue lofe's nose!

'Oh vot ish dis I trots opon?
Id's shape fool well I know,
Dere nefer yet vas flower like dis,
Dat in de garten crow.
Dere nefer yet vas fruit like dis
Ash ripen on a dree;
Het is Mijn Heer van Torenborg
Dat kan ik blainly see.

'Dat heerlijk nose, van Torenborg,
Ish known of anciend dime,
'Tis writ in olten chronikel
Und sung in minsdrel rhyme.
Und dis, de noblest of de race
Since hishdory pegans,
Ish shtickin here - shdraighdt out de dirt,
Shoost like some boer manns.

'Oh cuss de man dat mordered him!
Ach, cuss him oop and down,
Ja - cuss him troo de forest roads,
Und tamn him in de toun!
Und burn his vater und moder,
Vhere'er deir vootshteps vall,
Mit his schwesters und his broders,

De teufel rake dem all!

'May afery cuss dat e'er vas cusst,
Since cussin foorst pegan;
Pe hoorled in von drementous cuss,
Acainsdt dat nasdy man!
From de foorst crate cuss on Adam,
To de smalles' of de crop'-
Here de tead man gafe a shifer,
Und gry oud - 'For Gott's sake - shdop!

'Dere's a cerdain lot of shwearin,
Vitch anger always crafes;
Boot spite like dat's enof to pring
De tead men from deir craves.
I can't lie here no longer,
Und hear soosh pizen pain;
Und since you've shtirred me out, I kess
I'll coom to life acain.'

Mit von drementous shkreem of pliss,
His drue lofe shtood de shock,
Den catcht him wildly py de nose,
'Ach Torenborg - lev'st du nock!
Ach ja - du aint'st nod tead yet!
Dere's life shdill lef' pehind,
Gott pless de dat lef' dy nose,
Shdill wafin in de wind.'

Mit hands all ofer diamonds,
She loosed de sand apout,
Mit an oyster-shell so wildly
She digged her lofer out.
'Und now dou'rt in free air, lofe!
Who warst shoost now in sand!
Dere vasn't ish a nicer man,
In all de Nederland!

Vhere vas dit liedeken written,
Vhere vas dit liedeken sing,
Dat had gedone Hans Breitmann,
In de town of Schevening!

'Tvas witten ober Rheinwein,
'Tvas witten ober bier-
Und wer das lied gesungen hat,
Gott geb ihm ein glucklich's jahr.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In La Sorbonne

DER Breitmann sits in la Sorbonne,
A note-pook in his hand,
'Tvas dere he vent to lectures,
Und in oldt Louis le Grand.
Id's more ash two und dwendy years
Since here I used mein pen;
Oh, where ish all de characders,
Dat I hafe known since denn?

Der cratest boet efer vas,
Der pest I efer known,
Vent lecdures here, too, shoost like me,
Le Sieur Francoys Villon.
He raise de teufel all around,
He hear de Sorbonne chime;
Crate shpirid ender in mein heart,
Und mofe mein soul to rhyme.

BALADE.

Dictes moy - in what shpirit land
Ish Clara Lafontaine?
Or Pomare, or La Frisette,
Who blazed on soosh a train?
Shveet Echo flings de quesdion pack,
O'er lake or shdreamlet lone;
All eartly peauty fades afay,
Vhere ish dem lofed ones gone?

Oh, vhere ish Lola Montez now,
So loved in efery land?
How oft I shmoked dose cigarettes
She rollt mit vairy hand!
Dat mighty soul, dat shplendit brick,
A saint's pecome to be,
For mit soosh saints der Breitmann make
His Hagiologie.

Und vhere ish La Pochardinette?
Ish she too mit de dead?
She loafed de Latin Quarter mit
A hat und fedder on her het.
Lebe wohl petite Pochardinette!
Qui ne safait refuser,
Ni la ponche a la bleine ferre,
Ni sa pouche a un paiser.

O Prince! dese quesdions all are nix,
I sit here all alone,
Mit von refrain to end de shdrain,
Vhere ish mein lofed vons gone?
Vhen Marcovitch has cut und run,
Und Schneider's off de ving,
Some cray old reprobate like me
Vill of dese lofed vons sing.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Maryland

DER BREITMANN mit his gompany
Rode out in Marylandt.
'Dere's nix to trink in dis countrie;
ine droat's as dry as sand.
It's light canteen und haversack,
It's hoonger mixed mit doorst;
Und if ve had some lager beer
I'd trink oontil I boorst.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Ve'd trink oontil ve boorst.

Herr Leut'nant, take a dozen men,
Und ride dis land around!
Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'
Dill somedings goot is found.
Gotts-donder! men, go ploonder!
Ve hafn't trinked a bit
Dis fourteen hours! If I had beer
I'd sauf oontil I shplit!
Gling, glang, gloria!
Ve'd sauf oontil ve shplit!

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs
Coom rattlin' droo de camp;
'Rouse dere! - coom rouse der house dere!
Herr Copitain - ve moost tromp!
De scouds have found a repel town,
Mit repel davern near,
A repel keller in de cround,
Mit repel lager beer!!
Gling, glang, gloria!
All fool of lager beer!

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth!
How Breitmann broked de bush!
'O let me see dat lager beer!
O let me at him rush!
Und is mein sabre sharp und true,
Und is mein var-horse goot?

To get one quart of lager beer
I'd shpill a sea of plood.
Gling, glang, gloria!
I'd shpill a sea of plood.

'Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,
One hoonderd strong are ve;
Who gares a tam for all de odds
Vhen men so dirsty pe.'
And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,
Like donder-polts dey fly,
Rash fort as der vild yaeger cooms
Mit blitzen droo de shky.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left
De moundains, drees, und hedge;
How left und rite de yaeger corps
Vent donderin' droo de pridge.
Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream
Vhere not some pridges pe:
All dripplin' in de moondlight peam
Stracks vent de Cavallrie.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,
Oonheedin' vet or try;
Und horse und rider shnort and blowed
Und shparklin' bepples fly.
Ropp! Ropp! I shmell de parley-prew!
Dere's somedings goot ish near.
Ropp! Ropp! - I scent de kneiperei;
Ve've got to lager beer!
Gling, glang, gloria!
Ve've got to lager beer!

Hei! how de carpine pullets klined
Oopon de helmets hart!
Oh, Breitmann - how dy sabre ringed;
Du alter Knasterbart!

De contrapands dey sing for shoy
To see de rebs go down,
Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry:
Hoorah! - ve've dook de down.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Victoria, victoria!
De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,
And vild husaren shout
De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
Und rolled de lager out;
Und in de coorlin' powder shmoke,
Vhile shtill de pullets sung,
Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,
A knockin' out de boong.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Victoria! Encoria!
De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
Vhile yet his hand was red,
A trinkin' lager from his poots
Among de repel tead.
'Tvas dus dey vent at mitternight
Along der moundain side;
'Tvas dus dey help make history!
Dis vas der Breitmann's ride.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Victoria! Victoria!
Cer'visia, encoria!
De treadful mitnight ride
Of Breitmann's vild Freischarlinger,
All famous, broad, und vide.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Paris

DER teufel's los in Bal Mabilie,
Dere's hell-fire in de air,
De fiddlers can't blay noding else
Boot Orphee aux Enfers:
Vot makes de beoples howl mit shoy?
Da capo - Bravo! - bis!!
It's a Deutscher aus Amerika:
Hans Breitmann in Paris.

Dere's silber thoughts vot might hafe peen,
Dere's golden deeds vot must:
Der Hans ish come to Frankenland
On one eternal bust.
Der same old rowdy Argonaut
Vot hoont de same oldt vleece,
A hafin all de foon dere ish-
Der Breitmann in Paris.

Mit a gal on eider shoulder
A holdin py his beard,
He tantz de Cancan, sacrament!
Dill all das Volk vas skeered.
Like a roarin hippopatamos,
Mit a kangarunic shoomp,
Dey feared he'd smash de Catacombs,
Each dime der Breitmann bump.

De pretty liddle cocodettes
Lofe efery dings ish new,
'D'ou vient il donc ce grand M'sieu?
O sacre nom de Dieu!
In fain dey kicks deir veet on high,
And sky like vlyin geese,
Dey can not kick de hat afay
From Breitmann in Paris.

O vhere vas id der Breitmann life?
Oopon de Rond Point gay,
Vot shdreet lie shoost pehind his house?

La rue de Rabelais.
Aroundt de corner Harper's shtands
Vhere Yankee drinks dey mill,
Vhile shdraight aheth, agross de shdreet,
Der lies de Bal Mabille.

Id's all along de Elysees,
Id's oop de Boulevarce,
He's sampled all de weinshops,
Und he's vinked at efery garce.
Dou schveet plack-silken Gabrielle,
O let me learn from dee,
If 'tis in lofe - or absinthe drunks,
Dat dis wild ghost may pe?

Und dou may'st kneel in Notre Dame,
Und veep away dy sin,
Vhile I go vight at Barriere balls,
Oontil mine poots cave in;
Boot if ve pray, or if ve sin-
Vhile nodings ish refuse,
Tis all de same in Paris here,
So long ash l'on s'amuse.

O life, mein dear, at pest or vorst,
Ish boot a vancy ball,
Its cratest shoy a vild gallop,
Vhere madness goferns all.
Und should dey toorn ids gas-light off,
Und nefer leafe a shbark,
Sdill I'd find my vay to Heafen - or-
Dy lips, lofe, in de dark.

O crown your het mit roses, lofe!
O keep a liddel sprung!
Oonendless wisdom ish but dis:
To go it vwhile you're yung!
Und Age vas nefer coom to him,
To him Spring plooms afresh,
Who finds a livin' spirit in
Der Teufel und der Flesh.

Breitmann In Rome

DERE'S lighds oopon de Appian,
Dey shine de road entlang;
Und from ein hundred tombs dere brumms
A wild Lateinisch song;
It rings from Nero's goldnen haus;
Evoe! - here he coom!
Fly oud, ye moenads, from your craves!-
Hans Breitmann's got to Rome!

For vwhile de lamp holts oud to purn,
Or von goot shpark ish dere,
Dere's hope for all of dem whose lives
Ish doun in Lempriere.
Von real, shenuine heathen
Is coom at last to home;
Ye shleepin gotts, lift oop your hets-
Hans Breitmann lifes in Rome!

Silenus mit der Hercules,
Dere-to der Maia's sohn,
Ish all unite in Breitmann
To make a stunnin one.
Frau Venus mit de Bacchanals
Ist shmile to see him come;
De Vesta only toorn her pack
Vhen Breitmann kit to Rome.

He vented to de Vacuum,
Vhere de Bope ish keep his bulls;
Boot couldn't vind dem, dough he heardt
Dat all de blace vas fools.
Dere ish here and dere some ochsen,
Right manivest I see;
Boot de bools all comes from Irish priests,
Said Breitemann, said he.

Und goin' py de Vacuum,
Und passin' troo de yard;
Mein Gott! how vas he stoomple, vhen

He see der Schweitzer guard,
Mit efery kinds of colors tresst,
Like shtreamers in de van.
'Hans Wurst ist stets ein Deutscher g'west,'
Das marked der Breitemann.

Und dus replied an quartsman:-
'I shoys to see you here:
Ich bin dem Bapst sei Laibgaertner.
Dazu a halberthier.
Dis purpur kleid of yellow-plue
Vas made, ash I hafe heard,
Py von Hans Michel Angelo,
Der tailor of our guard.

'Ve're shoost von hoondert dirty strong,
Ve list for twenty year;
De serfice ist not pad, boot dis-
Verdamm das Romisch bier!
For ven mit birra gazzosa
A maiden fills my glass,
She might ash vell gife gift ash say-
'Feinslieb, ich schenk dir dass!'"

Und dus rebly der Breitmann:-
'Un Tedesco Italianazato,
Ein Deutscher toorned Italian, ish
Il diavolo in carnato.
Your clothes are like infernal flames,
Dey burn my fery soul;
Boot to-night we'll trink togedder - nun
Lieb'landsmann lebe wohl!'

At de Sherman artisds' festa,
Vhere all vas pright und fair,
'Tvas fairer und more prighterfull
Vhen Breitmann enter dere.
Und der waiters in de Greco
(So long he trinked und sot)
Vas called him L'Ubbriacone-
'Tvas de name der Breitmann got.

He saw a veller in de shtreet,
Vot sell some friction-matches;
De kind dey call Infallible,
For dey blazes ven you scratches.
Dey dragged him off to brison,
Und tied him mit a rope;
For in Rome dere's nix Infallible,
Dey said, excebt de Bope.

Hans see de crate Prometheus,
In Corsini's gallery hang;
He tought apout de matches,
Und it made his heart go bang.
It's risk to carry light apout,
Too cheap for efery man;
How de Lucifers is fallen!
Ita dixit Breitmann.

He got among de Bope's Zouaves,
Dey trinked from morn to night;
Den frolicked colle belle
Ontil de shky crew pright.
It blease der Breitmann vonderfool,
And dus he often say:
'Zouaviter in modo ish
Der real Roman way.'

Boot oh, his heart burned vild mit fire,
His eyes gefilled mit tears,
At de gotts in efery bilder saal,
Mit goats' legs, tails, und ears.
Und he sopped - 'Ach liebes Deutschland,
Bist here on every hand?
Was machst du Mephistopheles
So weit im Walschen Land?'

Boot de wood-nymphs boorst out laughin,
Der Garten-gott dere to,
Und sait - 'Oldt Hans! vile you're apout
Ve nefer can look blue.'
Den Pan blay on his Syrinx,
To de tune of Mary Blane,

'Don't gry pecause ve're out of town,
Ve're coming pack again.

'Von day you got de yolk und vHITE,
De next day only shells;
Von day dey holts a council,
Und de next day - 'someding else!'
Id's bopes und kings, und gotts and dings,
Oopon dis eartly ball;
Boot for me id's all von frolic,
Und a high oldt carnival!

'Rise oop, dou Odin-trafeler,
Und toorn dee to de Nort,
Wherefrom, as Bible dells dee,
Crate efil shall come fort.
Dere is mutterins in Ravenna,
Und ere long dere'll come a turn,
A real hell-bender from de land
Of Dieterich von Bern.

'Und ven der Breitmann's prototype,
Der Fictoor Manuel,
Cooms tromplin, tromplin troo de fern,
To give dis coountry hell.
Und ven in La Comarca,
Der is shtorm all in de air,
Dy Gotts vill gife dee vork, mein Sohn,
Hans Breitmann shall be dere!'

For a yar will nod be ofer
Pefore de Frantsch will run,
Und de game at last be ented,
Und Italy pe won.
Und denn in roarin battle,
For hishtory so grand,
Dy banner'll lead de Uhlan spears,
All in de Frankenland.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann In Turkey

DERR BREITMANN hear im Turkenreich
Vas fighten high und low,
'Steh auf, oh Schwackenhammer mein!
It's dime for us to go.
Zieh dein Kanonenstiefel an,
Und schleife Dir das Schwert,
Schon lang her han mer nichts gethan,
Der Weg ist reitenswerth.'

'Oopon vitch side? I hartly know
Boot von side in dis war:
Dere ist de holy Russ-land
All mit a holy Tsar;
But I pe not a holy-er,
Nor you von Saint, I fear;
Out line is holy ploonder,
Mit sacred Lager-bier.

'Dere's von Constantinoble-man
Vot write to me, und say
He kits me an commission
To make me Breitmann Bey,
Und if I mounts de turpan
Und keeps de Muslin law,
Und bribes ein wenig, den I rise
To Breitemann Pasha.

'Dis much is drue, dat Toorkey is
A real Powder land,
Und if dey're goin' to touch it off,
Vy, ve moost pe on hand.
Und if ve shpring into de airs
Vhile meddlin' in de fuss,
I rader dink some Russian bears
Vill shpring along mit us.'

Und ven he kit to Turkreich
Der Breitmann work like mad,
Und kit ein corps togeder,-

Mein Gott! vat men he had!
Mit Polers und mit Shipsies,
Ungaren, Turks, und such,
Und allerlei Gesindel. 'Hei!'
Says Hans: 'dis beats de Dutch!'

Den onwards to his Schicksal
Und forvarts troo de night,
Und oopwarts to his mission,
Und downvarts in de vight.
Until in de Bulgaren
Von night his horse he strode,
Und meet a tausand Kossacks
Pefore him on de road.

Slap forward rode der Breitmann
Right on de Kossack spears,
But forvarts coom deir leader
And halted his careers,
Und gry, 'O Turkisch Ritter,
I am de Capitan,
And if you want a shindy,
Step up, and I'm your man.'

Dey fightet like der teufel,
Dey fightet mit deir swords,
Und Breitmann would hafe kilt him,
But 'twas not on de cards,
For de Kossack fire a bistol
As his retreadt pegan,-
Down from his horse all senseless
Flop! went der Breitemann.

Vhen he hafe kit his senses,
Der Breitmann find he lay
Insite a nople castell,
Upon a canape;
Und py his side a lady
So wunderschon to see,
Vas shlisin oop a lemon
Indo a cop of thee.

Den to himself say Breitmann,
Aldough he hold his jaw,
'Dis is de vinest womans,
Py Gott! I efer saw.
Vot lofeliness! vot muscle!
Mit efery himmlisch charm!
She measures twenty inches,
Bei Donner! roundt de arm.'

De lady see his glances
So noble und so game,
Und yust as he reflected
She dink of him de same,
Und she say, 'Wie gehts?' in English,
'Du galian cavalier,
Who art pecome de captive
All of my bow und spear.

'I am a gal dis mornin',
Yestreen I vas a knight,
Old hoss - you nearly smashedme,
I guess, in that small fight;
And if I hadn't shot you
I think I should have ran.'
'Gottshimmel mit Potzbomben!
Egsclaim der Breitemann.

'But say, O nople lady,
Vot got you in dot set
Of plackgards - vilt dou dell me?'
De dame rebly: 'You bet!
My father came from Boston,
And when this war began
He got a splendid contract,
All with the Russi-an,

'To sell the army shoe-strings;
But I have read of fights,
And I dream of war and glory,
For I go for women's rights;
Then I read a book of poems
Which fairly turned my head,

The ballads of Hans Breitmann'--
'Oh --- ho!' Hans Breitmann said.

'And as I think the Breitmann
Must be the greatest man
Who ever went a-fighting
Since History began,
I dressed me like a soldier,
For I am stark of limb;
With Breitmann for a model,
And try to act like him.

'Oh, tell me, noble captive,
While rolling in this storm
Which men call life, hast ever
Beheld Hans Breitmann's form?
Oh, could I once embrace him,
And gaze into his eye,
And feel his arms around me,
Then I would gladly die.

'He is the man of mortals,
The Odin of them all,
A higher Incarnation,
The 'Menschheitsideal,'
A being made to worship,
To me an earthly Gott'--
'Py shings!' exclaim Hans Breitmann,
'Dis ding is gettin hot!

'O laity! - nople gountess!
Dis man of whom you dink
Ish lyin' here pefore you,
Half tead for want of trink,
Likewise for lofe of you, too,
Done up mit lofe and durst,
Und mit de two togeder,
I don't know vitch is vorst.

'And dou canst safe dy hero
From bitter Todespein,
If dou hast in de Keller

Only one Fass of wein.
Nay, doubt not - in my pocket
Is dot vitch brofes de man,
My bassport, und drei tavern bills
Against der Breitemann.'

De laity she emprace him
Oontil he nearly bust.
'Potz-blitz!' gasp out der Breitemann,
'She is a squeezer - yust!'
De dame she vas vealty,
Likewise an orphan too,
Mit a castel und a titel,
So Breitemann put it troo.

So soon the paar vere marrit,-
Hei! vot a dimes dey had!
Hei! how dey life togeder
So clorious und clad!
Now he has cot a titel
Dot was a Capitan;
Hier hat de tale ein Ende
Of Herr Count Breitemann.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann Interviews The Pope

VON efenin ash der Breitmann vent from his weinhaus vinkin,
So peepy mit Falernian vitch he vas starkly trinkin,
He found his hut and goat was gone, - dey'd dook em oud for dryin,-
Und in deir blace a priester hut und priester mantel lyin.

Der Breitmann poot de triangel oopon his het, and whistled,
Den rop de cloak around his form, and down de Corso mizzled.
De beoples gazed mit staunischment as bey dem he go vheelin,
He look ganz oltra tramontane, so twisty vas his reelin.

Next tay in Vaticano, while he shtared at frescoes o'er him,
Hans toorned und mit amazemend saw der Pabst vas shoost pefore him!
Down on his knees der Breitmann vent - for so de law it teaches;
He proke two holes in de bavement - und likewise shblit
his preeches.

'Ego video,' says de Bope - 'tu es antistes ex Almania,
Est una mala gente et corrupta con insania,
Un fons hereticorum et malorum tut terrible,
Perche non vultis che ego - il Papa - sei infallibile.'

'Sit verbo venia,' said Hans, 'permitte, Sancte Pater,
Num verum est ut noster rum gemixta est mit water?
In coelis wo die gotter live, non semper est sereno,
Nor de wein ash goot ash decet in each spaccio di vino.

'Sunt mihi multi fratres qui si denkunt ut dicisti,
Ego kickerem illos, valide, per sanguine de Christi!
In nostro monasterio si habemus nostrum rentum
Contra infallibilita non curamus rubrum centrum.

'Viginti nostrorum nuper convenere,
In quondam capitulo, simul et dixere;
Papa vult Concilium in Romam tenere,
Quid debemus super hoc ipsi respondere?'

Et dixit noster presul, 'Es ist mir omnis unus,
Si Papa est infallibilis, tanquam non sum jejunos,
Si nonus est Pius aut Pius est Nonus-

Diabolis curat. Non accipio dieser onus.

'Si possum me jacere circum vitrum Rhenovini
Es ist mir wurst si Papa est originis divini:
Deus se fecit olim homo, et nahm dis irds'che Leben,
Et nunc Papa noster will sich selbst zum Gott erheben.

'Ita dixit Breitmann et sanctus Pater respondit:
Me piace semper intendere tutto cio che l'on dit,
Sed tu dic mihi la sua ragione:
Tu non homo natus es, solus mangiar maccheroni.

'Tonitrus et cespes!' dixit Johanes Breitmann.
'Si veritatem cupies, tunc ego sum der right man;
Percute semper ferrum dum caldum est et malleable,
Nunc est tuum tempus te facere infallible.

'In nostra America quum Praeses decet abire,
Die ultimo fecit omne quod posset imaginire.
Appointet ambasciatores et post-magistros,
Consules et alios, per dextros et sinistros.

'Quum Rex Bomba ista Neapolit-anus,
Compulsus fuit to shin it - ut dixit Africanus-
Fecit ultimo die ducos et countos, vanus.
(Inter alios M'Closkey, tuus Hibernicus chanberlanus.)

'Et quia tu es; ut credo; ultimus Poporum,
Facis bene devenire, quod dicitur High Cockalorum-
Sei magnissimus toad in the puddle, ite caput, magnamente;
Et ERITIS SICUT DEUS, nemine contradicente!

'Unus error solus, Sancte Pater commisisti.
Quia primus infallible non te proclamavisti,
Nam nemo audet dicere: Papa fecit quod non est bonus.
Decet semper jactare super alios probandi onus.

'Conceptio Immaculata, hoc modo fixisti,
Et nemo audet dicere unum verbum, de isti:
Non vides si infallibilis es, et vultis es exdare,
Non alius sed tu solus hanc debet proclamare.'

'Figlio mio,' dixit Papa; 'Tu es homo mirabilis,
Tua verba sunt mi dulcior quam ostriche cum Chablis
In tutta Roma, de Alemania gente,
Non ho visto uno con si grande mente.

'Vero benedetto es - eris benedictus,
Tibi mitterem photographiam in quo sum depictus.
Tu comprendes situatio - il punto et gravamen.
Sunt pauci clerici ut te. Nunc dico tibi. - Amen!'

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann's Going To Church

D'VAS near de state of Nashfille,
In de town of Tennessee,
Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd
Mit all his cavallrie.
Der Sheneral kept him glose in gamp,
He wouldn't let dem go;
Dey couldn't shdeal de first plack hen,
Or make de red cock crow.

Und virst der Breitmann vildly shmiled,
Und denn he madly shvore;
'Crate h--l, mit shpoons und shinsherbread,
Can dis pe makin war?
Verdammt pe all der discipline!
Verdammt der Sheneral!
Vere I vonce on de road, his will,
Vere wurst mir und egal.

'Oh vhere ish all de plazin roofs
Dat claddened vonce mine eyes?
Und vhere de crand plantaschions
Vhere ve gaddered many a brize?
Und vhere de plasted shpies ve hung
A howlin loud mit fear?
Und vhere de rascal push-whackers
Ve shashed like vritened deer?

'De roofs are shtandin fast and firm
Mit repels blottin oonder;
De crand blantaschions lie round loose
For Morgan's men to ploonder!
De shpies go valkin out und in,
Ash sassy ash can pe;
Und in de voods de push-whackers
Are makin foon of me!

'Oh vere I on my schimmel grey
Mein sabre in mein hand,
Dey should drack me py de ruins

Of de houses troo de land.
Dey should drack me py de puzzards
High sailen ofer head,
A vollowin der Breitmann's trail
To claw de repel dead.'

Outspoke der bold Von Stossenheim,
Who had theories of Gott:
'O Breitmann, dis ish shoodgement on
De vays dat you hafe trot.
You only lifes to joy yourself,
Yet you, yourself moost say,
Dat self-defelopment requires
De religios Idee.'

Dey sat dem down and argued id,
Like Deutschers vree from fear,
Dill dey schmoke ten pounds of knaster,
Und drinked drei fass of bier.
Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,
Boot Veit he had him denn;
For he dook him on de angles
Of de moral oxygen.

Der Breitmann 'low, dat 'pentence,
Ish known in efery glime,
Und dat to grin und bear it
Vas healty und soopline.
'For mine Sout German Catolicks,
Id vas pe goot, I know;
Likevise dem Nordland Luterans,
If vonce to shoorsch dey go.

'Boot how vas id mit oders
Who dinks philosophie?
I don't begreif de matter,'
Said Stossenheim: 'Denn see.
De more dat shoorsch disgoostet you,
Und make despise und bain,
De crater merid ish to go,
Und de crater ish your gain.

'I know a liddle shoorsch mineself,
Oopon de Bole Jack road:
(De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere,
Ash into shoorsch dey goed.)
Dere you might make a bilcrimage,
Und do id in a tay:
Gott only knows vot dings you mighdt
Bick oop, oopon de vay.'

Denn oop dere shpoke a contrapand,
Vas at de tent id's toor-
'Dere's twenty bar'ls of whiskey, hid,
In dat tabernacle, shore.
A rebel he done gone and put
It in de cellar, true,
No libin man dat secret knows,
'Cept only me an' you.'

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,
Und knelt peside de fence,
Und gried: 'O Coptain Breitmannn, see,
Die finger Providence.'
Der Breitmann droed his hat afay,
Says he, 'Pe't hit or miss,
I'fe heard of miragles pefore,
Boot none so hunk ash dis.'

'Wohlauf mine pully cafaliers,
Ve'll ride to shoorsch to-day,
Each man ash hasn't cot a horse
Moost shteal von, rite afay.
Dere's a raw, green corps from Michigan,
Mit horses on de loose,
You men ash vants some hoof-irons,
Look out and crip deir shoes.'

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie,
Rode out py moonen shine,
De cotton fields in shimmerin light,
Lay white as elfenbein.
Dey heard a shot close py Lavergne,
Und men who rode afay,

In de road a-velterin his his plood,
A Federal picket lay.

Und all dat he hafe dimes to say,
'Vhile shtandin at my post,
De guerillas got first shot at me,'
Und so gafe oop de ghost.
Denn a contrapand, who helt his head,
Said: 'Sah - dose grillers all
Is only half a mile from hy'ar,
A dancin at a ball.'

Der Breitmann shpoke and brummed it out
Ash if his heart tid schvell:
'I'll gife dem music at dat pall
Vill tantz dem into hell.'
Hei! - arrow-fast - a teufel's ride!
De plack man led de vay,
Dey reach de house - dey see de lights-
Dey heard de fiddle blay.

Dey nefer waited for a word
Boot galloped from de gloom,
Und, bang! - a hoonderd carpine shots
Dey fired indo de room.
Oop vent de groans of vounded men,
De fittlin died away:
Boot some of dem vere tead pefore
De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack coom scotterin shots
Troo vindow und troo door,
Boot bang and clang de Germans gife
Anoder volley more.
'Dere - let 'em shlide. Right file to shoorsh!'
Aloudt de orders ran.
'I kess I paid dem for dat shot,'
Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin fair
Shone gaily o'er de hill,
A violet plue de shky crew teep

In rifer, pond, und rill;
All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks
Coom oop troo dimmerin wood;
All shnowy vite in mornin light
De shoorsch pefore dem shtood.

'Now loudet vell de organ, oop,
To drill mit solemn fear;
Und ring also dat Lumpenglock
To pring de beoples here.
Und if it prings guerillas down,
Ve'll gife dem, py de Lord,
De low-mass of de sabre, and
De high-mass of de cord.

'Du, Eberle aus Freiburg,
Du bist ein Musikant,
Top-sawyer on de counterpoint
Und buster in discant,
To dee de soul of musik
All innerly ish known,
Du canst mit might fullenden
De art of orgel-ton.

'Derefore, a Miserere
Vill dou, be-ghostet, spiel,
Und vake be-raised, yearnin,
Also a holy feel:-
Pe referent, men - rememper
Dis ish a Gotteshaus-
Du Conrad - go along de aisles
Und schenk de whiskey aus!:

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,
Beethoven, und Mehul
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach
Soopline und peaudiful.
Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,
De tears roon down his fuss;
Und he sopped out, 'got verdammich - dis
Ist wahres Kunstgenuss!'

Der Eberle blayed oop so high,
He maket de rafters ring;
Der Eberle blayed lower, und
Ve heardt der Breitmann sing
Like a dronin wind in piney woods
Like a nightly moanin sea:
Ash de dinked on Sonntags long ago
Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone
High oop de orgel blowed,
Und plentifuller efer yet
Around de whiskey goed.
Dey singed ash if mit singin, dey
Might indo Himmel win:-
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees
Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

Vhen in de Abendsonnenschein,
Mit doost-clouds troo de door,
All plack ash night in golden lighdt
Der shtood ein schwartzer Mohr,
Dat contrapand so wild und weh,
Mit eye-palls glaring roun,
Who cried 'For Gott's sake, hoory oop!
De reps ish gomin down!'

Und while he yet was shpeakin,
A far-off soundt pegan,
Down rollin from de moundain
Of many a ridersmann.
Und vwhile de waves of musik
Vere rollin o'er deir heads,
Dey heard a foice a schkreemin,
'Pile out of thar, you Feds!

'For we uns ar' a comin
For to guv to you uns fits,
And knock you into brimstun
And blast you all to bits'-
Boot ere it done ids shpeakin,
Der vas order in de band,

Ash Breitmann, mit an awfool stim
Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel
Doth make a splurigin flung,
Und ash eagles dab de fish-hawks
Ash if de gods vere young,
So from all de doors and vindows,
Like shpiders down deir webs
De Dootch went at deir horses,
Und de horses at de rebs.

Crate shplendors of de treadful
Vere in dat pattle rush,
Crate vights mit swords und carpine,
Py efery fence and bush.
Ash panthers vight mit crislies
In famished morder fits-
For de rebs vere mad ash boison,
Und de Dootch vere droonk ash blitz.

Yet vild ash vas de pattle,
So quickly vas it o'er,
O, vhy moost I forefer
Pestain mine page mit gore?
Py liddle und py liddle
Dey drawed demselfs afay,
Oft toornin' round to vighthen
Like boofaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,
De scatterin gries more shlow,
Und furder troo de forest
Ve heard dem vainter grow.
Ve gife von shout - 'Victoria!'
Und denn der Breitmann said,
Ash he wiped his ploody sabre:
'Now, poys, count oop your dead!'

Oh small had been our shoutin
For shoy, if ve had known
Dat der Stossenheim im oaken wald,

Lay dyin all alone.
While his oldt white horse mit droopin het
Look dumbly on him doun,
Ash if he dinked, 'Vy lvest dou here
While fightin's goin on?'

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier
Slow dyin on de eart;
Of a schloss afar in Baden,
Of his mutter, und nople birt!
Of poverty and sorrow,
Vhich drofe him like de wind,
Und he sighed, 'Ach weh for de lofed ones,
Who wait so far behind!'

'Wohl auf, my soul o'er de moundains!
Wohl auf - well ofer de sea!
Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald
Und shpins, und dinks of me.
Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,
Und sings a liddle hymn,
Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

'But mordal life ends shortly
Und Heafen's life is long:-
Wo bist du Breitmann? - glaub'es-
Gott suffers noding wrong.
Now I die like a Christian soldier,
My head oopon my sword:-
In nomine Domini!'-
Vas Stossenheim his word.

O, dere vas bitter wailen
Vhen Stossenheim vas found.
Efen from dose dere lyin
Fast dyin on de ground.
Boot time vas short for vaiten,
De shades vere gadderin dim:
Und I nefer shall forget it,
De hour ve puried him.

De tramp of horse und soldiers
Vas all de funeral knell;
De ring of sporn und carpine
Vas all de sacrin bell.
Mit hoontin knife und sabre
Dey digged de grave a span,
From German eyes blue gleamin
De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong
De plessed cross ve made,
Und put it vhere de soldier's head
Towards Germany vas laid.
Dat grave is lost mit dead leafs,
De cross is goned afay:
Boot Gott will find der reiter
Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,
Und dinkin of de dead,
Und dinkin of de organ,
To Nashville, Breitmann led
Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl
Vas earnsthaft, grim und kalt,
Shtill dinkin o'er de heart's friend,
He'd left im gruenen wald.

De verses of dis boem
In Heidelberg I write;
De night is dark around me,
De shtars apove are bright.
Studenten in den Gassen
Make singen many a song;
Ach Faderland! - wie bist du weit!
Ach Zeit! - wie bist du lang!

Charles Godfrey Leland

Breitmann's Sleigh-Ride

VEN de winter make oos shifer
Und de bonds is froze mit ice,
To shlide und shkate on de rifer,
Mit de poys und gals is nice.
Ven de horses hafe deir bits on,
Und de roats pe vite mit shnow,
To vly in a sleigh like blitzen
Is de yolliest dings I know.

'Und its high, hooray!' saidt Breitmann
'For de gals on de Dutchtown-side;
Und it's lebe hoch! for de junglins,
Vot'll go mit de gals to ride;
Und it's hip, herje! for de drifers
Vot nefer dake no odds!
Und it's vivat! for de vellers,
Vot'll shtand de apple-tods!'

Der Breitmann pooled his mits on,
Der Breitmann crocked his vip,
'Now its fly like dunner blitzen,
Mein shildren, let 'er rip!
Like de eagles on de shtorm-cloudt
A-vlyin' to deir nest;
Dere is opple-yack a-vaitin
For de von dot times de rest.

'Oh mein Rapp, du bist de pestest
Of horses in de land!
Dou canst trafel on de grafel,
Und canst shell it on de sand!
Oh Rapp! - dere's money on id,
Ton't let de Gelt go blue!
I wants you show de beoples
Dis tay vot you can do!'

Der Breitman mit his madchen
Vas in a shblentit shleigh,
Fritz Laufer mit his Mina,

Vas yoosht agross de vay;
Mit pop-slets und mit yoompers,
Mit horses and mit mules,
Dere vas more ash vifty fellers
Come mit deir ve-hi-cules.

Id's 'Ein-Zwei-Drei!' togedder
Dey hollered klein und gross,
Like de wind in shtormy wetter,
Stracks vent de Deutschers los!
Dey crock de vips like mooskets,
Dey ring from berg to berg,
'Hooray!' exsglaim Hans Breitmann:
'Dot sounds like Gettysburg!'

Der Breitmann und der Laufer
Vere half a mile ahet,
For ven id coom to driven,
De oder Dootch vere deadt.
Dey vly like teufel's arrows,
Mitimps oopon em gay,
Dey killt five hoondred shbarrows
Vot kit indo de vay.

Dey vly like rats und blitzen,
De fery gals vos doomb,
Und Breitmann kept his wits on,
To see vot shanse vouldt coom;
He know'd de pace dey clipped it
Moost enden in a shquall
By de vay der Laufer ripped it,
Und de shteeds vere ganz egal.

Der Laufer he vos leadin'
Hans Breitmann ash he goed,
Boot he tidn't see a soplin'
Dot vos lyin' in de road.
Id yank dem out like marples,
Mitout a will or shall;
Hets downvarts in a shnow-pank,
Vent Laufer mit his gal.

Und ash Breitmann comed oonto it
Id kit indo his vay,
Und tossed him mit his madchen
Right indo Laufer's shleigh;
Hans crab de reins like blitze',
Und go aheth like sin:
'Adje, mein lieber Fritze!
Dis dimes I scoop you in!'

He vly away like shvallows
To vhere a davern lay,
Vhere de opple-tod vos ploomin'
Among de Deutschers gay.
Der Breitmann as he vonisht
Yoost cast von look pehind,
At de lecks of Fritz - und Mina-
A-vafin in de wind.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Cobus Hagelstein

ICH bin ein Deutscher, und mein name is Cobus Hagelstein,
I coom from Cincinnati, and I life peyond der Rhein;
Und I dells you all a shdory dot makes me mad ash blitz,
Pout how a Yankee gompany vas shvindle me to fits.

I heardt apout dis gompany, und vished to see dot same,
Das Lebensfeuersversicherungsgesellschaft vos ids name;
Dot is de name in Sherman - in English it will say
Dot it insures your life mit fire, ven you de money pay.

Now, I hod a liddle house-line vhere I life so shtill ash mice,
Und yoost drei tausand dollar vos dot little pilding's brice;
I vos always yoost so happy ash ein Kaiser in de land
Dill at last I kit in drople, for mein haus vas abgebrannt.

Den I goes undo dot gompany und dells em right afay
(Das Lebensfeuersversicherungsgesellschaft), und I say,
'At last de youngest day ist coom for you to plank de cash,
And you moost bay me monies, for mine haus is purned to ash.'

Den de segredary answered, 'All dis is fery drue,
Boot you know ve have de option to pild your house anew;
Dere ist a lot of beoples vot burns deir hauser down,
Den coom to kit de money pack all over in de toun.'

I look indoo de bapers und I find it ash he say,
Das Lebensfeuersversicherungsgesellschaft need not bay;
So I dells em all to go aheth und pild anoder shdore,
Und dey make me von in Yankee shdyle more petter ash pefore.

Den I met der segredary dereafter on a day,
Of Das Lebensfeuersversicherungsgesellschaft, und he say,
'You've found oos vellers honorable und honest in our line,
Vy tont you go insure de life of Madame Hagelstein?'

I poots mine dum oopon mine nose, and vinks him mit mine eye,
Und says I cooms to do it ven de ocean runs dry,
Ven gooses turn to ganders, und de bigs kits shanged to shvine;
Oh, den I makes insure de life of Madame Hagelstein.

'I haf dried you on insurance, ash you know, yust vonce pefore,
Und ven mein haus vas abgebrannt you pild anoder shdore;
Id's drue you pild it goot enough, boot I dell you allaweil,
I vas liket id moosh petter if it vas in Sharman shdyle.

'Now, if I goes insure my wife anoder dime mit you
Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft, I knows vot it would do,-
If from dis vorltd Frau Hagelstein should rise to Himmel life,
Inshtead of paying gelt you'd kit for me a Yankee vife!'

I poots mine dum pelow mine eye, und vinks him merrily,
Und say, 'Go find soom Deutscherman dot is more creen ash me.
Dere's blendy of dem creen enough, I know, peyond der Rhein,
But none among dem wears de name of Cobus Hagelstein.'

Charles Godfrey Leland

Der Freischutz

AIR - 'Der Pabst lebt,'
WIE gehts, my frendts-if you'll allow-
I sings you rite afay shoost now
Some dretful shdories vitch dey calls
Der Freyschutz, or de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,
Vhere folk trink prandy mate of plooms;
Dere lifed ein Yaeger-Maxerl Schmit-
Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Now dere vas von oldt Yaeger, who
Says, 'Maxerl, dis vill nefer do;
If you shouldt miss on drial-tay,
Dere'll pe der tyfel denn to bay.

'If you do miss, you shtupid coose,
Dere'll pe de donnerwetter loose;
For you shant hafe mine taughter's hand,
Nor pe der Hertzhog's yaegersmann.'

Id coomed pefore de tay vas set,
Dat all de shaps togeder met;
Und Max he fired his goon und missed,
Und all de gals cot roundt und hissed.

Dey laughed pefore und hissed pehind;
Boot von shap-Kaspar-saidt, 'Ton't mind;
I dells you vot-you stoons 'em alls
If yoost you shoodt mit magic balls.'

'De magic balls! oh, vot is dat?'
'I cot soom in my hoontin' hat;
Dey're plack as kohl, und shoodt so drue:
Oh, dem's de kindt of balls for you.

'You see dat eagle vlyin' high,
Ein hoondred miles oop in de sky;
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,

You kills hin tead ash doonderblix!'

'I ton't pelieve de dings you say.'

'You fool,' says Kasp, 'denn plaze afay!'

He plazed afay, vhen, sure as plood,
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

'O was ist das?' said Maxerl Schmit:

'Vhy! dat's de eagle vot you hit.

You kills him vhen you plaze afay;
Boot dat's a ding you nix verstay.

'Und you moost go to make dem balls

To de Wolf's Glen vhen mitnight valls.

Dow know'st de shpot-alone und late'-

'Oh ja-I know shim ganz foost-rate!

'Boot denn I does not like to co

Among dem dings.' Says Kasp, 'Ach, 'sho!

I'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps,

Like a goot veller-dake some schnapps!'

('Hilf Zamiel! hilf')-'Here, dake some more!'

Denn Kasp vent shtompin' roundt de vloer,

Und coomed his hoompugs ofer Schmit,

Dill Max saidt, 'Nun-ich gehe mit!'

All in de finster mitternocht,

Vhen oder folk in shleep vas lockt,

Down in de Wolfschlucht, Kasp tid dry

His tyfel-strikes und Hexery.

Mit skools und pones he mate a ring,

De howls und shpooks pegin to sing,

Und all the tyfels oonder croundt

Coom preakin' loose und rooshin' roundt.

Denn Maxerl cooms along: says he,

'Mein Gott! vot dings ish dis I see!

I dinks de fery tyfel und all

Moost help to make dem magic ball.

'I vish dat I had nix cum raus,
Und shtaid mineself in bett to house.'
'Hilf Zamiel!' cried Kasp; 'you whelp-
You red Dootch tyfel-coom und help!'

Den oop dere coomed a tredfull shdorm,
De todtengrips aroundt tid schvarm;
De howl shoumped oop und flopt his vings
Und toorned his het like avery dings.

Oop droo de croundt dere coomed a pot
Mit leadt, und dings to make de shot;
Und hoellisch fire in grimson plaze,
Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kase.

Agross de scene a pine-shtick flew
Mit seferal shail-pirds vastened to;
Six treadtful shail-pirds mit deir vings
Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All droo de air, all in a row,
Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go;
De hounds und teer all mate of pone,
Und hoonted py a skilleton.

Dere coomed a tredful shpecdre pig,
Who, shpitten' fire afay, tid dig;
Und fiery drocks und tyfel-shnake
A scootin' droo de air tid preak.

Boot Kaspar tidn't mindt dem alls,
But casted out de pullet balls;
Six vas to go ash he vouldt like,
De sevent' moost for de tyfel shtrike.

Ad last, oopon de drial tay,
De gals cot roundt so nice und gay,
Und den dey goed und maked a tantz,
Und singed apout de Jungfernkrantz.

Und denn der Hertshog-dat's der Duke-
Cooms doun und dinks he'll dake a look;

'Young mans,' to Maxerl denn saidt he,
'Shoost shoot dem dove oopon dat dree!'

Denn Maxerl pointed mit de bix,
'Potzblitz!' says he, 'dat dove I'll fix!'
He fired his rifle at de Taub',
When Kass rollt ofer in de Staub.

De pride she falled too in de doost,
Dey gals dey cried, de men dey got coossed:
Der Hertshog says, 'Id's fery glear
Dat dere has been some tyfels here!

'Und Max has shot mit tyfels-blei!
Pfui!-die verfluchte Hexerei!
O Maximilian! O Du
Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu!'

Boot denn a hermits coomed in late;
Says he, 'I'll fix dese dings foostrate;'
Und telled der Hertshog dat yung men
Vill raise der Tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgifed de Kaspar dann,
Und mate of him a Yaegersmann,
Vhat shoodts mit bixen goon, und pfeil,
Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,
Und cot to pe de Maxerl's vife;
Denn all de beoples gried 'Hoorah!
Das ist recht brav! und hopsasa!'

MORAL

Py dis dings may pe oondershtood
Dat vhat is pad works ofden goot:
Or, Maximilia maximilibus curantur-if you will.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Die Schone Wittwe

DAT pooty liddle vidow
Vot ve dosh'nt vish to name,
Ish still leben on dat liddle shtreet,
A doin' shoost de same.
De glerks aroundt de gorners
Somedimes goes round to zee
How die tarlin' liddle vitchy ees,
Und ask 'er how she pe.
Dey lofes her ver' goot liquoer,
Dey lofes her liddle shtore;
Dey lofes her little paby,
But dey lofes die vidow more.
To dalk mit dat shveet vidow,
Ven she hands das lager round,
Vill make der shap dat does id
Pe happy, ve'll be pound.
Dat ish if we can vell pelieve
De glerks vat drinks das beer,
Who goes in dere for noding elshe,
Put simply for to zee her.

II. HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT.

Oh yes I know die wittwe,
Mit eyes so prite und proun!
She's de allerschoenste wittwe
Vot live in dis here down.
In her plack silk gown - mine grashious!-
All puttoned to de neck-
Und a pooty liddle collar,
Mitout a shpot or shpeck.
Ho! clear de drack you oder fraus-
You can't pegin to shine
Vhen de lofely vidder cooms along-
Dis vidder ash ish mine!
Ho! clear de drack you Yankee chaps,
You Englishers und sooch,
You can't pegin to coot me out,
Mitout you dalks in Dootch.
Ich hab die schoene wittwe

Schon lange nit gesehn,
Ich sah sie gestern Abend
Wohl bei dem Counter Stehn.
Die Wangen rein wie Milch and Blut
Die Augen hell und klar.
Ich hab sie sechsmal auch gekusst-
Poztausend! das ist wahr.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Dornenlieder

I.

FOR efery Rose dot ploome in spring,
Dey say an maid is porn;
For efery pain dot Rose vill make
Dey say dere comes a dorn.
Boot let dem say yoost vot dey will,
Dis ding I will soopose,
I'll immer prick mein finger still,
If I may pfluck die Ros'.
Ach, Rosalein, du schone mein,
Dot man vas nefer born
Vot did deserfe to win de Rose,
Vot couldt not stand de Dorn.

Blutfarbig ist die schone Ros',
Und dot ist yoost a sign
Dot I moost lose a liddle Blut
To make de Rose mein.
Wer Rosen bricht die Finger sticht;
Das ist mir ganz egal,
Der bricht sie auch in Winter nicht,
Und kits no Rose at all.
Was wir hier treiben und kosen, love,
De joy or misery,
Soll bleiben unter der Rosen, love!
Und our own secret pe!

II.

Von Dorn ride out in hoonting gear,
Mit his horse und his Hunde too,
Und his mutter she say,
'Bring home a deer,
Mein Sohn, votefer you do!'
'You know, gewiss, dot I nefer miss,
Und ven you hear mine horn,
Pe sure dot a deer is comin' here,'
Said der Ritter Veit von Dorn,

Mit his deer so fein, tra la la la!
Mit his deer so fine, tra le!
Tra la la - tra la la la!
Tra la la - la la le!

Von Dorn he ridet im greenen wood
Till dere, peneat a dree,
He sah a maid wie Milch und Blut.
As fair ash a maid could pe.
Und der Ritter he spies her great plack eyes,
'Id's petter, I'll pe shwore,
To hafe a dear oopon two feet
Dan von dot roons on four.
Mit a deer so fein, tra la la la!
Mit a deer so fine, tra le!
Tra la la - tra la la la!
Tra la la - la de le!

Der Ritter ridet pack to home:
'Ach, mutter - all ist goot;
I prings you here de finest dear
In all de greene woot.'
De mutter she looks, mit joy surprise,
'Hast Recht, mein lieber Sohn;
Dere vas nefer a deer vot hafe soosh eyes
Ash de dear vot you hafe won!'
Mit her eyes so plack, tra la, la la!
Mit her eyes so plack, tra le!
Tra, la, la - tra la, la, la!
Tra la la - la de le!

Charles Godfrey Leland

El Capitan-General

THERE was a captain-general who ruled in Vera Cruz,
And what we used to hear of him was always evil news:
He was a pirate on the sea—a robber on the shore,
The Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

There was a Yankee skipper who round about did roam;
His name was Stephen Folger, and Nantucket was his home:
And having gone to Vera Cruz, he had been skinned full sore
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

But having got away alive, though all his cash was gone,
He said, "If there is vengeance, I will surely try it on!
And I do wish I may be damned if I don't clear the score
With Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador!"

He shipped a crew of seventy men—well-armèd men were they,
And sixty of them in the hold he darkly stowed away;
And, sailing back to Vera Cruz, was sighted from the shore
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

With twenty-five soldados he came on board so pleased,
And said, "Maldito Yankee—again your ship is seized.
How many sailors have you got?" Said Folger, "Ten—no more,"
To the Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

"But come into my cabin and take a glass of wine.
I do suppose, as usual, I 'll have to pay a fine:
I have got some old Madeira, and we 'll talk the matter o'er—
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador."

And as over that Madeira the captain-general boozed,
It seemed to him as if his head was getting quite confused;
For it happened that some morphine had travelled from "the store"
To the glass of Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

"What is it makes the vessel roll? What sounds are these I hear?
It seems as if the rising waves were beating on my ear!"—
"Oh, it is the breaking of the surf—just that and nothing more,
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador!"

The governor was in a sleep which muddled all his brains;
The seventy men had got his gang and put them all in chains;
And when he woke the following day he could not see the shore,
For he was out on the blue water—the Don San Salvador.

“Now do you see that yard-arm—and understand the thing?”
Said Captain Folger. “For all from that yard-arm you shall swing,
Or forty thousand dollars you shall pay me from your store,
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.”

The Capitano took a pen—the order he did sign—
“O Señor Yankee! but you charge amazing high for wine!”
But ’t was not till the draft was paid they let him go ashore,
El Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

The greatest sharp some day will find another sharper wit;
It always makes the Devil laugh to see a biter bit;
It takes two Spaniards any day to come a Yankee o’er—
Even two like Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Frankfort-On-The-Main

VONCE oopon a dimes in Frankfort der Herr Breitemann exsberientet an interfal pedween de periot ven he hat gespent de last remiddance he hat become from home, und de arrifal of de succedin wechsel, or bill of exghange - und, in blain derms, was hard up. Derefore he vent to dat goot relation who may pe foundt at den or fifdeen per cent all de worlt ofer, - 'mine Onkel,' - und poot his tress-goat oop de shpout for den florins. No sooner vas dis done, dan dere coomed an infitation from de English laity in whom he vas so moosh mit lofe in betaken, to geh mit her to a ball-barty. Awful bad vas he veel, und sot apout tree hours mitout sayin nodings, und denn wafin his hand, boorst out mit de vollowin version of dat peaudiful lied by Wilhelm Caspary:-

'Mein Frack ist im Pfand-haus.'

Mine tress-goat is shpouted, mine tress-goat aint hier,
While you in your ball-ropes go splurgin, mein tear!
To barties mit you I'm infitet you know,
Boot my pest coat ish shpouted - mine poots are no go.
To hell mit mine Onkel - dat rasgally knafe!
Dis pledgin und pawnin has mate me his slafe!
Ven I dink of his sign-bost, den dree dimes I bawl,
While mine plack pants hang lonely und dark on de wall.

Goot night to dee fine lofe - so lofely und rich,
Mein tress-goat ish shpouted - gon-fount efery stitch!
I dinks dat olt Satan troo all mine affairs,
Lofe, business, und fun, has peen sewin his tares.
My tress-goat ish shpouted - mine tress-goat aint here,
While you in your glorie go shinin, mein tear,
Und de luck of der teufel ish loose ofer all,
While my black pants hang lonely und dark on de wall.

Dis four-goin song vas over-set by der Hans Breitmann from de German of Wilhelm Caspary, whose lyric vas a barody on a dranslation made indo Deutsch by Freiligrath from anoder boem py Sir Waldherr Scott, vitch Sir Waldherr vas kit de idee of from an oldt Scottish ballad vitch pegin mit de vorts-

'My hearts in de Hielands, mein hearts ish nae hier,
Mein hearts in de Hielands, in wilden revier;
It hoonts for de shtag, und id hunts for de reh,
Mein hearts ist im Hochland wo immer ich geh.'

Dis is de original Scotch, as goot as I can mineself rememper it.
Ven I vas dell der Herr Karl Blind pout dis intercommixture of
perplexified dransitions from Scotch to English, and dence into
German, and dereafter into a barody, vitch vas be done ofer again indo
Herr Breitmann's own slanguage, he sait it vas a Rattenkonig - a
phrase too familiar to mine readers to require any wider
complication.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Fritzerl Schnall

ASH on de Alapama biz,
Deep sinnin long I sat,
I dinks von ding for dinkin
Py afery Diplomat;
Und dat ist: dat voll many a ding
Vot ist de facto done,
May pe de jure unbossible,
Und officiel unknown,

Von dimes in San Franciscus,
Im Californian land,
Among de Californaments
Dere woned a Deutscher band;
Und shief among dese heroes
Dere shone Herr Fritzerl Schnall,
Who nefer vouldt pelief in nichts
Dat vas not logical.

Vell den: von tay as Fritzerl
Vas valk Dolores Shtreet,
Mein Gott! how he vas over-rush
Ein gut oldt friendt to meet;
Hans Liederschnitz aus Augsburg,
Vot professed in Bayrisch bier-
'Gottskreuz! du alter Schlingel!'
Cried Fritz: 'Was mochst du hier?'

Now in des dimes I scribe of,
Dree ways der vere bakannt,
Und only dree, to get to
Das Californigen Landt.
De virst de Plains coom ofer;
De next, de Istmoos troo;
De dird aroundt Cape Horne,
All ofer de ocean plue.

But de first lot of surveyors
For de railroad overland,
Vas seek a new vay northwarts,

All for de Eisenbahn,
Und mit dem, der professor
Of Lager vent along;
So he kommed to San Franciscus,
Und den into dis song.

But ash unto Herr Fritzerl
Dis news vas unerheard,
He couldt not know de tidings
Wherevon he had no vord;
Und derefore dis here quesdion
He makes to Hans: 'Old hoss,
I kess de vay you kit hier,
You kommed de Blains agross?'

'Nein, nein,' sayt Liederschnitzerl;
'I komm not ash you say.'
'Vell, den,' antworded Fritzerl,
'It pe's anoder vay.
If you komm de Blains not uber,
I see vot you hafe do:
You make an longer um-way
Und gross de Istmoos troo.'

'Nein, nein,' acain saidt Schnitzerl,
'Dat road I nefer know,
Und vas not ride de Istmoose!'
Cried Fritz, erstaunished, 'SO
You komm de Blains not uber,
Nor gross de Istmoose troo?
Vell, den - to make de Horn aroundt
Vas all dat you could do!'

'I shvears py Gott!' says Schnitzerl,
'So sure as you vas porn,
Exshept oopon some ochsen
I nefer saw a horn.
Dat ish - mitwiles, too - while-en--
I hafe von in mine hand,
Und trink to dy Gesundheit,
Im lieben Vaterland.'

Erstaunished stoot der Fritzerl:
No wort herout brought he:
Und sinned, und sinned - den sighftserd.
'Potz blitz! how vash dis pe?'
Ontill a light from Himmel
Vlash down into him shtraight,
Ash Heafen in Yacob Bohme
Vlash from a bewter blate.

Den laut he cry, eye-shbarklin,
Ash droonk mit Truth tifine,
Like der Wahrheitseher Novalis:
'Herr Gott! es leuch't mir ein!
If you komm de Blains not over,
Nor py Horn, nor py canal,
Den I shwears you dis, Hans Schnitzerl,
Du bist not here at all!'

MORAL.

Go in for Wahrheit,
Und for Pure Reason seek;
If it land you in a pog-hole,
Den die dere - like a brick!
Gott brosher all logikers,
Und pless deir nople breed;
Und so ist komm zu ende
Dis Breitmanns letzte Lied.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Hans Breitmann's Barty

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty;
Dey had biano-blayin',
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound;
I valtzet mit Matilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' round und round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.
Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De deutschers gifes a cheer;
I dinks dot so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house;
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,

Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs;
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany vighted mit dapple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty --
Vhere ish dot barty now?
Vhere ish de lofely golden cloud
Dot float on de moundain's prow?
Vhere ish de himmelstrahlende stern --
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All gonod afay mit de lager beer --
Afay in de ewigkeit!

Charles Godfrey Leland

Hans Breitmann's Christmas

ID vas on Weihnachtsabend - Vot Ghristmas Efe dey call-
Der Breitmann mit his Breitmen tid rent de Musik Hall;
Ash de Breitmen und die vomen who vere in de Liederkranz
Vouldt blend deir souls in harmonie to have a bleasin tantz.

Dey reefed de Hall 'mid pushes so nople to pe seen,
Aroundt Beethoven's buster dey dey on-did a garlandt creen:
De laties vork like teufels dwo tays to scroob de vloor
Und hanged a crate serenity mit WILLKOMM! oop de toor!

Und while dere vas a Schwein-blatt whose redakteur tid say,
Die Breitmann he vas liederlich: ve ant-worded dis-a way,
Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue und red:
'Our Leader lick de repels! N.G.' (enof gesaid.)

Und anoder serene dransbarency ve make de veller baint,
Boot de vay he potch und vertyfeled id, vas enof to shvear a saint,
For ve vanted LA GERMANIA; - boot der ardist mit a bloonder,
Vent und vlorished LAGER agross id - und denn poot MANIA oonder!

'Now ve moost pe guest-freundlich,' said Breitmann, said he;
'Und shoot te toor vide oben, for beople all to see.
Four elemends indernally unided make a punsch;
Boot id dakes a tausend fellers vhen you gifes dem freie lunsch.'

Und as Ghristmas Efe vas gekommen, de beoplesh weren im Hall;
I shvears you id vas Gott-full - dat shplendit, peglory'd ball;
Ve hat foon wie der Teufel in Frankreich - ve coot oop
like der teufel in France,
Und valk pair-wise in, while de musik blayed loudt de Fackel-Tanz.

Boot vhen de valtz shtrike oopwart ve most went out of fits,
Ash der Breitmann led off on a dwister mit de lofely
Helmene Schmitz.
He valtz yoost like he vas shtandin' shtill mit a
peaudiful solemn shmile,
Und Helmine say he nefer shtop poussiren alla weil.

'Es toent, es rauschet Saitenklang - I hear de musik call

Den herzenhellen Saal entlang - all droo de gleamin' Hall.
O moecht ich schweben stolz und froh - O mighdt I efer pe
Mit dir durchs ganze Leben so! - mine Lebanlang py dee!'

Und vaster blay de musik de Wellen und Wogen von Strauss;
Und soom drop indo de tantzen, und soom of dem drop aus;
Und soon like a shtorm in de Meere I veel de reelin' vloor,
So de shpinner shtop mit de shpinsters, for dey couldn't
shpin no more.

Now weren ve all frolic, und lauter guter ding,
Und dirsty ash a broosh-pinder - vhen ve hear some glasses ring;
Foors mild und sonft in de distants - like de song of
a nightingall,
Denn a ringin' und rottlin und clotterin' - ash de Gluck
of Edenhall?

Hei! how ve roosh on de liquor! - hei: how de kellners coom:
Hei! how ve busted de bier-kegs und poonished de Punsch a la Rhum.
Like lonely wafes at mitternight oopon some shiant shore-
Like an awful shtorm in de Waelder - vas de dirsty Deutschers' roar!

I pyed some carts for a dime abiece - I pyed shoost fifdy-dwo,
Dey vere goot for bier, or schnapps, or wein - by
doonder how dey flew!
I ring de deck on de waiters for liquor hot und cool,
Und efery dime I blays a cart, py shings, I rake de pool!

Und ash ve trinked so comforble, like boogs in any roog,
De trompets blowed tan da ra dei, und dere come in a Maskenzug,
A peaudiful brocession, soul-raisin' and sooplime,
De marmorbilds of de heroes of de early Sharman dime.

Dere vent der gros Arminius, mit his frau Thusnelda, doo,
De vellers ash lam de Romans dill dey roon mit noses plue;
Denn vollowed Quinctilius Varus who carry a Roman yoke,
Und arm in arm mit Gambrinus coom der Allemane Chroc.

Der Alte Friedrich Rothbart, und Kaiser Karl der crate,
Mit Roland und Uliverus vent shveepin' on in shtate;
Und Conradin, whose sad-full deat' shtill makes our heartsens plead,
Und all ov dem oldt vellers aus dem Nibelungen Lied.

Und as dey mofed on, der Breitmann maked a tyfeled shplendid witz
In anti-word to dis quesdion from de lofely Mina Schmitz:
'Vhy ish id dey always makes in shtone dem vellers so andiquadet?'
'Vhy - dey set in de laps of Ages dill dey got lapi-dated!'

Und shoost as de last of dis hisdory hat fanished droo de door,
Ve heardt a ge-screech, and Pelz Nickel coom howlin' on de vloor;
Denn de laties yell like der teufel, und vly like gulls mit wings,
Und der Pelz Nickel lick em mit svitches, und ve
laugh like eferydings.

I nefer hafe sooch laughen before dat I vas geborn;
Und Pelz Nickel, vhen 'tvas ober, he plow on a yaeger horn,
Und denounce do all de beople gesembled in de hall:
'Dat a Ghristmas dree vas vaiten', mit bresents for oos all!'

So ve vollowed him into de zimmer so quick ash dese vords he said,
To kit dem peaudiful bresents, all gratis und on de dead;
Und in facdt a shplendid Weihnachtsbaum mit lighds ve druly vound,
Und liddel kifts dat ge-kostet a benny abiece all round!

Dere vas Rike Strange die Dessauerinn - a maedchen
shtraigdt und tall,
She cot a bicture of Cubid - boot she tidn't see it ad all,
Dill der Breitmann say, mit his shplendid shtyle dat
all de laties dake:
'Dat pend of de bow ish de Crecian pend dat you so ofden make!'

Anoder scharmante laity, Maria Top, did cot,
A schwingin' mit a ribbon, a liddle benny pot;
Boot Breitmann hafe id de roughest of any oder mans,
For he kit a yellow gratle mit a liddle vooden Hans.

Denn next Beethoven's Sinfonie, die orkester tid blay;
Adagio - allegro - andante cantabile.
Ve sat in shtill commotion so dat a bin mighdt drops,
Und de deers roon town der Breitmann's sheeks,
mitwhiles he was trinkin' schnapps.

Next dings ve had de Weinnachtstraum ge-sung by de Liederkranz,
Denn I trinked dwelf schoppens of glee-wine to sed

me oop for a tantz;
Dis dimes I tanz wie der Teufel - we shriek de volk on de vloer;
Und boost right indo de sooper room - vor ve tanz a
hole droo de door!

Denn 'twas rowdy tow und hop-sassa, ve hollered,
Mann und Weib;
'Rip Sam und sed her oop acain! - ve're all of de Shackdaw tribe!
Vhen Pelz Nickel plow his tromp vonce more, und
peg oos to shtop our din,
Und droo de oben door dere coomed nine den-pins marchin' in.

Nine vellers tressed like den-pins - dey goed to de end' der hall.
Und dwo Hans Wurst, shack-puddin' glowns - dey
rolled at em mit a ball.
De balls vas paintet peaudiful; dey was vifdeen feet aroundt;
Und de rule ov de came: 'whoefer cot hidt, moost
doomple on de croundt.'

Sometimes dey hit de den-pins - sometimes de oder volk-
Und pooty soon de gompany vas all laid out in shoke;
Boot I dells you vot, it maked oos laugh dill we by-nearly shplits,
Vhen der Breitmann he roll ofer, und drip oop de Mina Schmitz.

Dis lets itself in Sharman pe foost-rade word-blayed on,
Und 'mongst oos be-gifted vellers you pet dat id vas tone!
How der Breitmann mighdt drafel ash bride-man on
de roadt dat ish breit und krumm:
Here de drumpets soundt, and pair-wise ve goed for de sooper-room.

Ve goed for ge-roasted Welsh-hens, ve goed for ge-spickter hare,
Ve goed for kartoffel salade mit butter brod,-kaviar:
Ve roosh at de lordtly sauer-kraut und de wurst which lofely shine,
Und oh, mein Gott im Kimmel! how we goed for de Mosel-wein!

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker shtill cot ve,
In rosy lighdt shtill drivin on agross a fairy sea;
Denn madder, vilder, frantic-er, I proked a salat dish!
Und shoost like roarin' elefants ve tanzed aroundt de tish.

I'fe shvimmed in heafenly droonks pefore - boot nefer von like dis;
De morgen-het-ache only seemt a bortion of de pliss.

De vwhile in trilling peauty roundt like heafenly vind-harps rang
A goosh of goldnen melodie - de Rheinweinbechers' Klang.

De meltin' minnesingers' song - a droonk of honey'd rhyme-
De b'wildrin-dipsy Bardic shants of Teutoburgic dime;
Back to de runic dim Valhall und Balder's foamin' mead:-
Here ents in heller glorie schein des Breitmann's Weihnachtslied!

Charles Godfrey Leland

I Gili Romaneskro

Schunava, ke baschno del a godla,
Schunava Paschomaskro.
Te del miro Dewel tumen
Dschavena Bachtallo.

Schunava opre to ruka
Chiriklo ke gillela:
Kamovela but dives,
Eh'me pale kamaveva.

Apo je wa'wer divesseste
Schunava pro gilaviben,
M'akana me avava,
Pro marzos, pro kuriben.

So korava kuribente,
So korava apre drom;
Me kanav miri romni,
So kamela la lakero rom.

DRANSLATION.

I hear de gock a growin!
I hear de musikant!
Gott gife dee a happy shourney
When you go to a distand landt.

I hears oopon de pranches
A pird mit merry shdrain,
Goot many tays moost fanish
Ere I coom to dis blace again.

Oopon some oder tay-times
I'll hear dat song from dee;
Boot now I goes ash soldier
To war, o'er de rollin sea.

Und vot I shdeals in pattle,
Und vot on de road I shdeal,

I'll pring all to my true lofe
Who lofes her lofer so well.

Charles Godfrey Leland

La Scala Santa

IN San Gianni Lateran,
Dey've cot a flight of shdairs,
More woonderful ash nefer vas,
As Latin pooks declares.
For you kits your sins forgifen,
If you glimes dem knee py knee;
It's such a gitten up a stairs,
I nefer yet did see.

Now as Breitmann vas a vaitin
Among some demi reps,
Ascensionem expectans,
To see dem glime de steps,
Dere came a sinful scoffer,
Who his mind had firmly set
To go dem holy sdairs afoot,
Und do it on a bet!

Boot shoost as he vas startet,
To make dis sassy go,
Der Breitmann caught him py de neck,
Und tripped him off his toe!
Und den dere come de skience,
A la prenez gardez vous;
For he bung his eye and bust his shell,
Und shplit his noshe in dwo.

De briests vere so astonish,
To see him lam de man,
Dat dey shvore a holy miracle
Vas vork by Breitemann.
Says Breitmann, 'I'm a heretic,
But dis you may pe bound,
No chap shall mock relishious dings
Vhile I'm a bummin round.

'Und you owes me really noding,
For as I'll plainly show,
At last I've found out someding

Vot I alfays vant to know.
Und now dat I have found it,
In de newspapers I'll brag:
Evviva! Ho trovato,
Vot means a Scala-Wag.'

Charles Godfrey Leland

Love Song

O VERE mine lofe a sugar-powl,
De fery shmallest loomp
Vouldt shveet de seas, from pole to pole,
Und make de shildren shoomp.
Und if she vere a clofer-field,
I'd bet my only pence,
It wouldn't pe no dime at all
Pefore I'd shoomp de fence.

Her heafenly foice, it drill me so,
It oft-dimes seems to hoort,
She ish de holiest anamile
Dat roons oopon de dirt.
De renpow rises vhen she sings,
De sonnshine vhen she dalk;
De angels crow und flop deir vings
Vhen she goes out to valk.

So livin white, so carnadine,
Mine lofe's gomblexion show;
It's shoost like Abendcarmosine,
Rich gleamin on de shnow.
Her soul makes plushes in her sheek
Ash sommer reds de wein,
Or sonnligh sends a fire life troo
An blank Karfunkelstein.

De uberschwengliche idees
Dis lofe poot in my mind,
Vouldt make a foost-rate philosoph
Of any human kind.
'Tis schudderin schveet on eart to meet
An himmlisch-hoellisch Qual;
Und treat mitwhiles to Kummel Schnapps
De schoenheitsideal.

Dein Fuss seind weiss wie Kreiden,
Dein Ermlein Helfenbein,
Dein ganzer Leib ist Seiden

Dein Brust wie Marmelstein-
Ja-vot de older boet sang,
I sing of dee-dou Fine!
Dou'rt soul und pody, heart und life
Glatt, zart, gelind, und rein.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Munich

GAMBRINUS.

In a field of goldnen parley
Goot King Gambrinus shlept,
Und treamin' pout de dursty volk,
Dey say he gried und vept.
'In all mine land of Nederland,
Dere crows no mead or wein,
Und wasser I couldt nefer get
Indo dis troat of mein.

'Now hear me on, ye headen gotts!
Und all de Christian too;
Der Bacchus und der Shoopider,
Und Marie tressed in plue!
Und mighdy Thor, der donner gott,
Und any else dat be!
Der von as helps me in dis Noth,
His serfant I will pe.'

Und ash dis sinfull headen
All in de parley lay,
Dere coom in tream an angel
Who soft dese worts tid say:
'Stay oop, dou boor Gambrinus!
For efen all aroundt
Im parley vhere dou shleepest,
Some dings goot to trink ish found.

'Im parley vhere dou shleepest
Dere hides a trink so clear,
Dat men will know zukunftig-
Ash porter- ale- or bier.'
Und denn in Nederlandisch
He put de konig troo,
Und gafe him - allwhile treaming-
De recipe to prew.

Oop rose der goot Gambrinus,

Und shook him in de sun:
'Go vay, ye sinfool headen gotts!
Mit you its out und done!
Ye'fe left me mit mine beoples
In error und in durst,
Till in our treadful tryness,
Ve tont know vitch is wurst.'

Dat vas der goot Gambrinus
Oonto his palac't vent,
Und loafers troo de Nederland
To all his lordts he sent.
'Leave Odin - or you lose your hets!'
De order vas sefere,
Yet tinged mit mildness, for he sent
De recipe for bier.

O den a merry sound vas heardt
Of bildin troo de land,
Und de kirchen und de braweries
Vent oop on efery hand;
For de masons dey vere hart at vork,
Und trinkin hart at dat,
Und some hat bricks mitin de hods,
Und some mitin deir hat.

Dey prew it in de Nederland,
Dey prew it on de Rhine;
Boot in de oldt Bavarian land,
Dey make it shdrong und fein.
Und he dat trinks in Munich,
Ash all goot vellers know,
Has got somedings to dink apout,
Vherefer he may go.

II.

Hafe you heardt of Kong Gambrinus?
If you hafent id vas gueer,
For he vas de first erfinder
Und de holy saint of bier.
Und his bortrait, mit a sceptre,

Fery peaudifool to see,
Hangs on afery lager-bier house,
In de land of Germanie.

Efery vhere de whole world ofer,
Deutschers paint him on de sign,
As a broof dat dey are dealin
In de Bok und Lager line.
Crown und bier-mug, robe und ermine;
German signs of empire, dese,
Mit a long white beard a fallin'
Fery nearly to his knees.

Vonce dis bier-saint, pright und early,
Rose from bett und vent his vay,
To a dark mysderious gastle,
Vhere his lager-donjon lay.
Vhile de lark's first song vas ringin',
Und die roses shone in dew,
Den his soul vas shoost in order
To enshoy de early brew.

Deeply, awfooly he schwilled it,
Till de vaults seem toornin round;
Und vwhile tipsy - over tips he-
In he falls - und dere is trowned.
Yet vwhile goorglin in de bier-fass,
Biously he gafe his soul:
'Gott verdammich! Donnerwetter!
Himmels sacrament-a-mol!'

Dere dey found der kong 'departed,'
Not mitout his stir-up cup:
Moosh dey woonderd dat he berishet
Vhen he might hafe troonk it oop;
Or dat his long peard vitch floatet
Fool a yard on efery side,
Hadn't buoyed him from destrugdion:-
Dus der beer-dead monarch died.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Schnitzerl's Philosopede

I. PROLOGUE.

HERR SCHNITZERL make a ph'losopede,
Von of de pullyest kind;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
And it vent as sure ash ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axel dree,
Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und vhen he vant to shtart it off
He paddlet mit his feet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat efery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei! how he bassed de vancy crabs,
And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trottin nags
Pooled oop to see him bass;
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt:
'Pötztausend! Was ist das?'
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On - mit a ghastly shmile;
He tidn't tooch de dirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss?
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish hobbusiness?
Ve find a pank node in de shtreedt,
Next dings der pank ish break!
Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,
Vhen ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein

On his philosopede.
His feet both shlipped outsidevard shoost
Vhen at his exdra shpeed.
He felled oopon der vheel of coorse;
De vheel like blitzen flew!
Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,
For it shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
Id cot so shkared, men say,
It pounded onward till it vent
Ganz tyfelwards afay.
Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?
Vhere dos his shbirit pide?
In Himmel droo de endless plue,
It takes a medeor ride.

II. HANS BREITMANN AND HIS PHILOSOPEDE.

Vhen Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
Vas quardered into dwo,
Und how his crate philosopede
To 'm tyfel had peen flew,
He dinked und dinked so heafy,
Ash only Deutschers can,
Denn saidt, 'Who mighdt peliefet
Dish is de ent of man?'

'De human souls of beoples
Exisdt in deir ideas,
Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
Mighdt drafel many vays.
In his Bestimmung des Menschen
Der Fichte makes pelieve,
Dat ve brogress oon-endtly
In vhat pehindt ve leave.

'De shparrow falls ground-downvarts
Or drafels to de West;
De shparrows dat coom afder,
Bild shoost de same old nest.

Man had not vings or fedders,
Und in oder dings, 'tis set,
He tont coom up to shparrows,
But on nests he goes aheth.

'O! vliest dou droo bornin' vorldts,
Und nebulozer foam,
By monsdroush mitnight shiant forms,
Or vhere red tyfels roam;
Or vhere de ghosdts of shky-rockets
Peyond creation flee?
Vhere e'er dou art, O Schnitzerlein,
Crate Saindt! Look down on me!

'Und deach me how you maket
Dat crate philosopede,
Vhich roon dwice six mals vaster
Ash any Arap shteed.
Und deach me how to 'stonish volk,
Und knock dem oud de shpots.
Coom pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein,
Und pring id down to dots!'

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,
Hans dinked he saw a vlash,
Und oonterwards de dable
He doompelt mit a crash.
Und to him, moong de glasses,
Und pottles ash vas proke,
Mit his het in a cigar-box,
A foice from Himmel shpoke:

'Adsum, Domine Breitmann!
Herr Copitain, here I pe!
So dell me rite honeste,
Quare inquietasti me?
Te video inter spoonibus,
Et largis glassis too,
Cerevisia repletis,
Sicut percussus tonitru!'

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl;

'Coarctor nimis, see!
Siquidem Philistiim
Pugnant adversum me.
Ergo vocavi te,
Ash Saul vocavit Sam-
Uel, ut mi ostenderes
Quid teufel faciam?'

Denn de shpirit (in Lateinisch)
Saidt 'Bene, dat's de talk,
Non habes in hoc shanty,
A shingle et some chalk?
Non video inkum nec calamos
(I shpose some bummer shdole 'em),
Levate oculos tuos, son,
Et aspice ad linteolum!'

Denn Breitmann see de biece of chalk
Vhich riset vrom de vloer,
Und signed a fine philosopede
Alone, oopon de toor.
De von dat Schnitzerl fobricate,
Und oonderneat' he see:
Probate inter equites,
(Try dis in de cavallrie).

Der Breitmann shtood oop from de vloer,
Und leanet on a post;
Und saidt: 'If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen,
Dar vouldt, mightt peen a ghosdt;
Boot if id pe noumenon,
Phenomenoned indeed,
Or de soobyectif obyectified,
I'fe cot de philosopede.'

Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,
Ash vork in iron-steel,
To make him a philosopede
Mit shoost an only vheel.
De dings vas maket simple,
Ash all crate idees shouldt pe,
For 'tvas noding boot a gart-vheel,

Mit a two-feet axel dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple,
In learnin' for to ride,
Vas ofdener ash de sand-crains
Dat rollen in de tide.
De dimes he cot oopsettet,
In shdeerin' left und righdt,
Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shdars,
Dat shtud de shky py night.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures
In dis von-vheel horse, you pet,
Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,
Pefore he get oopset.
Some dimes he co like plazes,
Und doorn her, extra-fine;
Und denn shlop ofer - dis is vot
Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,
To make dis 'vention go,
Vas nefer seen py mordal man,
Oopon dis vorldt pelow.
He doomplet righdt - he doomplet left,
He hafe a dousand doomps;
Dere nefer vas a cricket ball
Ash get soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot - ash he'd shvearet he'd poot it droo,
He shvear't it moost pe tone;
Dough he schimpft' und flucht' gar laesterlich,
He visht he't ne'er pegun.
Mit 'Hagel! Blitz! Kreuz-sakrament!'
He maket de Houser ring,
Und vish der Schnitzerl vas in hell,
For deachin' him dis ding.

Nun - goot! At lasht he cot it,
Und peautifool he goed,
'Dis day,' saidt he, 'I'll 'stonish folk
A ridin' in de road.

Dis day, py shings! I'll do it,
Und knock dings oud of sight:'-
Ach weh! - for Breitmann dat day
Vas not be-markt mit white.

De noombers of de Deutsche volk,
Dat coomed dis sighdt to see,
I dink, in soper earnest-hood,
Mighdt not ge-reckonet pe.
For miles dey shtoodt along de road,
Mein Gott! - boot dey wer'n dry;
Dey trinket den lager-bier shops out,
Pefore der Hans coom py.

Vhen all at vonce drementous gries
De fery coondry shook,
Und beople's shkreemt, 'Da ist er! - Schau!
Here cooms der Breitmann, look!'
Mein Gott! vas efer soosh a sighdt!
Vas efer soosh a gry!
Vhen like a brick-pat in a vighdt,
Der Breitemann roosh py?

Oh mordal man! Vhy ish idt, dou
Hast passion to go vast?
Vhy ish id dat te tog und horse
Likes shbeed too quick to lasht?
De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,
Und all dat ish, 'tvouldt seem
Ish nefer hobby boot, exsepdt,
Vhen pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew! Von mighdy gry
Ash he vent scootin' bast;
Von derriple, drementous yell;-
Dat day de virst - und lasht.
Vot ha! Vot ho! Vhy ish it dus?
Vhot makes dem shdare aghasht?
Vhy cooms dat vail of vild deshbaire?
Ish somedings cot ge-shmasht?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,

Shbeak, soul!-it ish dy biz!
Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along
Dey fairly heard him whizz.
Vhen shoost oopon a hill-top point
It caught a pranch ge-bent,
Und like an apple from a shling,
Afay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet
Allowin' more or lees:-
Denn, pob-pob-pob - a mile or dwo
He rollet along - I guess.
Say - hast dou seen a gannon ball
Half shpent, shtill poundin' on,
Like made of gummi-lasticum?-
So vent der Breitmann.

Dey bick him oop - dey pring him in,
No wort der Breitmann shboke.
Der doktor look - he shwear erstaunt
Dat nodings ish peen proke.
'He rollt de rocky road entlang,
He pounce o'er shtock und shtone,
You'd dink he'd knocked his outsites in,
Yet nefer break a pone!'

All shtill Hans lay, bevilderfied;
He seemt not mind de shaps,
Nor mofed oontil der medicus
Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
De schmell voke oop de boetry
Of tays vhen he vas yoong,
Und he murmulde de fragmends
Of an sad romantish song:

'Ash sommer pring de roses
Und roses pring de dew,
So Deutschland gifes de maidens
Who fetch de bier for you.
Komm Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,

Und pe soper on de shtraw!

'Ash vinter pring de ice-wind
Vitch plow o'er Burg und hill,
Hard times pring in de landlord,
Und de landlord pring the pill.
Boot sing Maidelein - rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
Und pe soper on de shtraw!'

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts,
Boot efer on de vay
He nefer shpeaket no man,
Und nodings else couldt say,
Boot, 'Maidelein - rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in her paw,
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
Und pe soper on de shtraw!'

Dey laid der Hans im bette,
Peneat' de eider doun,
Und sembelet all de doktors
Who doktor in de town,-
Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,-
For Breitmann always says,
De Deutschers ish de onlies
Mit originell idees.

Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlag,
Dat vork ash Cafeopath,
Und de learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
Who use de milchy bath;
Und Korschaltitschky aus Boehmen,
Vhat cure mit slibovitz,
Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,
Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Strobich aus Westfalen,
Who mofe all eart'ly ills
Mit concentrirter Schinken juice,
Und Pumpernickel pills.

Und a bier-kur man from Munich,
Und a grape-curist from Rhein,
Und von who shkare tiseases
Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein.

So dey meet in consooldation,
Mit Doktor Winkeleck,
Who proctice 'renovation'
Mit sauer-kraut und speck.
Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,
Or dreatet ash a tunce,
Dey 'greed to dry deir systems
Oopon Breitmann - all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de exscepdition
Of gifin' Schlesier-wein:
For de remedy vas dangerfull
For von who trink from Rhein.
Ash der Teufel vonce deklaret,
Vhen he taste it on a shpree,
Dat a man, to trink soosh liquor,
Moost a porn Silesian pe.

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,
Und woonderfool to dell,
He coom to his Gesundheit,
Und pooty soon cot vell.
Some hinted at Natura,
Mit her olt vis sanatrix,
Boot eash doktor shvore he curet him,
Und de rest were taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann
More newly has pegun;
Boot dey say he talks day-dayly
Mit Dana of de Sun.
Dey talk in Deutsch togeder,
Und volk say de end will be,
Philosopedal shanges
In de Union Cavallrie.

Gott helf de howlin' safage!

Got helf de Indi-an!
Shouldt Breitmann shoin his forces
Mit Sheneral Sheridan!
Und denn, to sing his braises,
I'll write anoder lied:
Hier hat dis dale an ende,
Of Breitmann's Philosopede!

Charles Godfrey Leland

Showing How Mr. Hiram Twine

Vide licet. Dere vas a fillage whose vote alone wouldt pe
Apout enof to elegdt a man und give a majority,
So de von who couldt 'scoop' dis seddlement wouldt
make a lucky hit,
But dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all, dey all
go von on Schmit.

Now id hoppinet to come to bass, dat in dis little town,
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin' dat Mishder Schmit coom down,
His brinciples to foresetzen und his idees to deach-
(Id est, fix oop de brifate pargains) - und telifer a
pooplic shbeech.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss ash blainly ish peen shown,
Und vas always an out-findin' votefer might pe known,
Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de matter so,
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meeding, und see how dings vas go.

Oh shdrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked apout,
Oh voonderly Fortuna makes doorn us inside out.
Oh sinkular de loock-vheel rolls - dis liddle meeding dere,
Fixt Twine ad perpendiculum: - shoosh suit him to a hair.

Now it hopponet on dis efenin', de Deutschers von und all,
Vere erwaitin' mit oonpatience de onfang of de Ball,
Und de shates of nighdt vere fallin' und de shdars pegin to plink,
Und dey vish dat Schmit wouldt hoory, for 'twas dime
to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a dramplin' - und dey saw und
dinked dey know'd,
De bretty greature coomin' on his horse entlang de road,
Und ash he ride town invard de likeness vas so blain,
Dey donnered out 'Hoorra for Schmit!' enof to make it rain.

Der Twine vas shdart like plazes - boot oop shdardet too his vit,
Und he dinks, 'Great turnips! - vhot if I couldt bass
for Colonel Schmit!
Gaul darn my heels I'll do it - and go the total swine,

Oh soap balls! - what a chance!' said dis dissembulatin' Twine.

Denn'twas 'Willkomm! willkomm! Mishder Schmit!'
rings aroom on efery site,
Und 'First-rate - how dy do, yourself?' der Hiram Twine replied,
Dey ashk him 'Coom und dake a trink' - boot dey
find id mighdy gueer,
Vhen Twine informed em none boot hogs would
trink dat shtinkin' bier.

Dat lager vas nodings boot boison, und as for Sharman wein,
He dinks it vas erfunden exbressly for Sharman schwein,
Dat he himself was a demperanceler, dat he gloria in de name,
Und adfised dem all for tecence's sake to go und do de same.

Dese remarks, among de Deutschers, vere apout as vell receife,
Ash cats in a game of den-pins - ash you may of coorse peliefe,
De heats of de recebtion vent down a dootzen degrees,
Und in blace of hurraws was only heardt de roostlin' of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de hall,
Vhere he maket de crate oradion vhitch vas so moosh
to blease dem all,
Und dis vay he pegin it: 'Pefore I furder go,
I vish dat my obinions, you puddin-het Dutch, shouldt know.

'Und eher I norate furder, I dink it only fair,
Ve shouldt oonderstand each oder, prezackly, chunk and square;
Dere are points on vitch ve tisagree, und I will plank de facts-
I tont go round slanganderin' my friendts pehind deir packs.

'So I beg you dake it easy, if on de raw I touch,
Vhen I say I can't apide de sound of your groonting
shishing Dootch,
Should I in de Legislatudure as your slumgullion stand,
I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch, droo all dis 'versal land.

'Should a husband talk it to his frau, to deat' he should pe led,
If a mutter breat' it to her shild, I'd bunch her in de head;
Und I'm sure dat none vill atvocate id's use in pooplic schools,
Oonless dey're peastly, nashdy, prutal, saur-kraut eadin' fools.'

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat', shoost make a liddle pause,
Und see sechs hundert gapin' eyes - sechs hundert shdaring' chaws!
Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen - von faindly dried to hiss:-
Und von saidt: 'Ish id shleeps I'm treamin' -
Gottstausend! - vhot ish dis?

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow, - boot boldly vent aheth,
'Of your oder shtinkin' hobits no vordt needt here pe set;
Shdop goozlin' bier - shdop shmokin' bipes - shdop rootin'
in de mire,
Und shoost un-Dutchify yourselves! - dat's all dat I require.'

Und denn dere coomed a shindy ash if de shky hat trop:
'Trow him mit ecks, py doonder! - go - shlog him on de kop!
Hei! shoot him mit a powie-knifes! - go for him, ganz and gar!
Shoost tar him mit some fedders! - led's fedder him mit tar!'

Sooch a teufel's row of furie vas nefer oopkicket pefore,-
Some roosh to on-climb de blatfom, - some hoory
to festen de toor,-
Von veller vired his refolfer - boot de pullet missed her mark,
She coot de cort of de shandelier - it vell - und de hall vas tark!

Oh vell vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimpely he couldt shoomp!
Und vell dat he light on a mist-hauf und nefer feel de boomp!
Und vell for him dat his coot cray horse shtood sottelet
shoost outside!
Und vell dat in an augenblick he vas off on a teufel's ride!

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen shots vent pipin' py his ear,
Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any moundain deer,
Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins - boot dey
only could be-mark
Von climpse of his vhte ober-coat - und a clotterin'
doo de dark.

So dey gesempeled togeder, ein ander to sprechen mit,
Und allow dat soosh a Rede dey nefer exshpegt from Schmit!
Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard, und so pig a lump ash ran,
So - nemine contradicente - dey vented for Breitemann.

Und 'twas annerthalb yar dere after before de Schmit vas know,

Vhat maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him so,
Und he schwored at de Dutch more schlimmer ash
Hiram Twine had done,-
Note bene: he tid it in earnest, while der Hiram's vas
pusiness-fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heardt de shtory how de fillage
hat been dricked,
He swore bei Leib und Leben, dat he'd rader hafe peen licked,
Dan be helpet droo sooch slumgoozlin', - und 'twas
petter to pe a schwein,
Dan a schvindlin', honeyfooglin' shnake, like dat lyin'
Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heavy disgootet mit de boledics of dis land,
Dat his friendts could barely keep him from trowin' oop his hand,
Vhen he held shtraight-flush mit an ace in his poot-
vitch phrase ish all de same,
In de science of pokerology, ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegdet, py vollowin' de vay,
Ve manage our elegdions oonto dis fery day.
Dis shows de Deutch Dummehrlichkeit - also de Yankee 'wit:'-
Das ist das abenteuer how Breitmann lick der Schmit.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Steinli Von Slang

I.

DER watchman look out from his tower
Ash de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,
Und saw on de road troo de Gauer
Ten shpearmen coom ridin to him:
Und he schvear: 'May I lose my next bitter,
Und denn mit der Teufel go hang!
If id isn't dat pully young Ritter,
De hell-drivin Steinli von Slang.

'De vorldt nefer had any such man,
He vights like a sturm in its wrath:
You may call me a recular Dutchman,
If he arn't like Goliath of Gath.
He ish big ash de shiant O'Brady,
More ash sefen feet high on a string,
Boot he can't vin de hearts of my lady,
De lofely Plectruda von Sling.'

De lady make welcome her gast in,
Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtair,
She look like an angel got lost in
A forest of audumn-prown hair.
Und a bower-maiden said ash she tarried:
'I wish I may bust mit a bang!
If id isn't a shame she ain't married
To der her-re-liche Steinli von Slang!'

He pows to de cround fore de lady,
Vhile his vace ish ash pale ash de tead;
Und she vhisps oonto him a rede
Ash mit arrow point accents, she said:
'You hafe long dimes peen dryin to win me,
You hafe vight, and mine braises you sing,
Boot I'm 'fraid dat de notion aint in me,
De Lady Plectruda von Sling.

'Boot brafthood teserves a reward, sir;

Dough you've hardly a chost of a shanse.
Sankt Werolf! medinks id ish hard, sir,
I should allaweil lead you dis dance.'
Like a bees vhen it it booz troo de clofer,
Dese murmurin accents she flang,
Vhile singin, a stingin her lofer,
Der woe-moody Ritter von Slang.

'Boot if von ding you do, I'll knock under,
Our droples moost endin damit
Und if you pull troo it,- by donder!
I'll own myself euchred, und bit.
I schvear py de holy Sanct Chlody!
Py mine honor-und avery ding!
You may hafe me-soul, puttons und pody,
Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling.'

'Und dish ish de test of your power:-
Vhile ve shtand ourselves round in a row,
You moost roll from de dop of dis tower,
Down shdairs to de valley pelow.
Id ish rough and shteepest ash my virtue:'
(Mit schwanenshweet accents she sang
'Tont try if you dinks id vill hurt you,
Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang.'

An Moormoor arosed mong de beoples;
In fain tid she doorn in her shkorn,
Der vatchman on dop of de shdeeples
Plowed a sorryfool doon on his horn.
Ash dey look down de dousand-foot treppe,
Dey schveared dey vouldt pass on de ding,
Und not roll down de firstest tam steppe
For a hoondred like Fraulein von Sling.

II.

'Twas audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin
Und visperin deir elfin wild talk,
Vhen shlow, mit his veet in dem rustlin,
Herr Steinli coomed out for a walk.
Wild dooks vly afar in de gloamin,

He hear a vaint gry vrom de gang;
Und vished he vere off mit dem roamin:
De heart-wounded Ritter Von Slang.

Und ash he vent musin und shbeakin,
He se, shoost ahead in his vay,
In sinkular manner a streakin,
A strange liddle bein, in cray,
Who toorned on him quick mit a holler,
Und cuttin a dwo bigeon ving,
Cried, 'Say, can you change me a thaler,
Oh, guest of de Lady von Sling?'

De knight vas a goot-nadured veller,
(De peggars all knowed him at sight,)
So he forked out each groschen und heller,
Dill he fix de finances aright.
Boot shoost ash de liddle man vent, he,
(Der Ritter,) ashtonished cried 'Dang!'
For id vasn't von thaler boot tventy,
He'd passed on der Ritter von Slang.

O reater! Soopose soosh a vlight in
De vingers of me, or of you,
How we'd toorned on our heels, und gon kitin
Dill no von vos left to pursue!
Good Lort! how we'd froze to de ready!
Boot mit him 'dvas a different ding;
For he vent on de high, moral steady,
Dis lofer of Fraulein von Sling.

Und dough no von vill gife any gredit
To dis part of mine dale, shdill id's drue,
He drafelled ash if he vould dead it,
Dis liddle oldt man to pursue.
Und loudly he after him hollers,
Till de vales mit de cliffers loud rang:
'You hafe gifed me nine-ten too moosh dollars,
Hold Hard!' cried der Ritter von Slang.

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,
Und laid a cold hand on his prow,

Denn mutter in ootmosdt amazement,
'Vot manner of mordal art dou?
I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tausend,
Und nefer yed met soosh a ding!
Yet you find it hart vork to pe spouse, and
Peloved by de Lady von Sling!

'Und she vant you to roll from de tower
Down shteps to yon rifulet spot.'
(Here de knight, whom amazement o'erbower,
Cried, 'Himmels potz pumpen Herr Gott!')
Boot de oldt veller saidt: 'I'll arrange it,
Let your droples und sorrows co hang!
Und nodings vill coom to derange it-
Pet high on it, Ritter von Slang.

'So get oop dis small oonderstandin,
Dat to-morrow by ten, do you hear?
You'll pe mit your trunk at de landin;
I'll also be dere-nefer fear!
Und I dinks we shall make your young voman
A new kind of meloty sing;
Dat vain, wicked, cruel, unhuman,
Gott-tamnaple Fraulein von Sling.'

De fiolet shdars vere apofe him,
White moths und white dofes shimmered round,
All nature seemed seekin to lofe him,
Mit perfume und vision und sound.
De liddle oldt veller hat fanished,
In a harp-like, melotious twang;
Und mit him all sorrow vas panished
Afay from der Steinli von Slang.

III.

Id vas morn, und de vorldt hat assempled
Mid panners und lances und dust,
Boot de heart of de Paroness tremped,
Und ofden her folly she cussed.
For she found dat der Ritter vould do it,
Und 'die or get into de Ring,'

Und denn she'd pe cerdain to rue it,
Aldough she vas Lady von Sling.

For no man in Deutschland stood higher
Dan he mit de Minnesing crew,
He vas friendet to Heini von Steier,
Und Wolfram von Eschenbach too.
Und she dinked ash she look from de vinders,
How herzlich his braises dey sang;
'Now dey'll knock my goot name indo flinders,
For killin der Ritter von Slang.'

Boot oh! der goot knight had a Schauer,
Und felt most ongcommonly queer,
Vhen he find on de top of de dower
De goblum, pesite him, abbear.
Denn he find he no more could go valkin,
Und shtood, shoost and potrified ding,
Vhile de goblum vent round about talkin,
Und chaffin Plectruda von Sling.

Denn at vonce he see indo de problum,
Und vas stoggered like rats at ids vim:
His soul had gone indo de goblum,
Und de goblum's hat gone indo him.
Und de eyes of de volk vas enchanted,
Dere vas 'glamour' oopon de whole gang;
For dey dinked dat dis veller who ranted
So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und, Lordt! how he dalked! Oonder heafens
Dere vas nefer soosh derriple witz,
Knockin all dings to sechses and sefens,
Und gifin Plectruda, Dutch fits.
Mein Gott! how he poonished und chaffed her
Like a hell-stingin, devil-born ding;
Vhile de volk lay a-rollin mit laughter
At Fraulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry und paler,
De lady grew ratful und red,
She felt some Satanical jailer

Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.
She moost laugh vhen she vant to pe cryin,
Und vas crushed mit de teufelisch clang,
Till she knelt herself, pooty near dyin,
To dis derriple image of Slang.

Denn der goblum shoomp oop to der ceiling
Und trow sommerseds round on de vloer,
Right ofer Plectruda a-kneelin,
Dill she look more a vool dan pefore.
Denn he roll down de shteps light und breezy,
His laughs made it all apout ring;
Ash he shveared dere vas noding more easy
Dan to win a Plectruda von Sling.

Und vhen he cot down to de pottom,
He laugh so to freeze your plood;
Und swear dat de booms ash he cot em
Hafe make him feel petter ash good.
Boot, oh! how dey shook at his power,
Vhen he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,
Und roll oop to de dop of de tower,
To change forms mit de oder Von Slang!

Denn all in an insdand vas altered,
Der Steinli vas coom to himself;
Und de sprite, vitch in double sense paltered,
From dat moment acain vas an elf.
Dey shdill dinked dat he vas de person
Who had bobbed oop and down on de ving,
Und knew not who 'tvas lay de curse on
De peaudiful Lady von Sling.

Nun-endlich- Plectruda repented,
Und gazed on der Ritter mit shoy;
In dime to pe married consented,
Und vas plessed mit a peautifool poy.
A dwenty gold biece on his bosom
Vhen geporn vas tiscofered to hang
Mit de inscript-'Dis dime dont refuse em'-
So endet de tale of Von Slang.

The Author Asserts

DERE'S a liddle fact in hishdory vitch few hafe oondershtand,
Deutschers are, de jure, de owners of dis land,
Und I brides mineslf oonshpeak-barly dat I foorst make be-knownn,
De primordial cause dat Columbus vas derivet from Cologne.

For ash his name vas Colon, it fisisply does shine,
Dat his Eldern are geboren been in Cologne on der Rhein,
Und Colonia peing a colony, it sehr bemerkbar ist,
Dat Columbus in America was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus ish a tove, id ish wort' de drople to mark,
Dat an bidgeon foorst tiscofer land a-vlyin' from de ark;
Und shtill wider - in de beginnin', mitout de leastest toubt,
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers und pring de vorltdt herout.

Ash mein goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer to me tid ofden shbeak,
De mythus of name repeats itself - vhitich see in his 'Symbolik,'
So also de name America, if we a liddle look,
Vas coom from der oldt king Emerich in de Deutsche Heldenbuch.

Und id vas from dat fery Heldenbuch - how voonderful it ron,
Dat I shdole de Song of Hildebrand, or der Vater und der Sohn,
Und dishtripude it to Breitemann for a reason vhitich now ish plain,
Dat dis Sagen Cyclus full-endet, pring me round to der Hans again.

Dese laws of un-endly un-windoong ish so teep and broad and tall,
Dat nopody boot a Deutscher hafe a het to versteh dem at all,
Und should I write mine dinks all out, I tont peliefe inteed,
Dat I mineslf vould versteh de half of dis here Breitmann's Lied.

Ash der Hegel say of his system - dat only von mans knew,
Vot der tyfel id meant - und he couldn't tell - und der
Jean Paul Richter, too,
Who saidt: 'Gott knows I meant somedings vhen
foorst dis buch I writ,
Boot Gott only wise vot das buch means now - for I
hafe fergotten it!'

Und all of dis be-wises so blain ash de face on your nose,

Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects dan he himself soopose,
Und his tifference mit de over-again vorltd, as I really
do soospect,
Ish dat oder volk hafe more soopose - und lesser intellect.

Yet oop-righty I confess it - mitout ashkin' vhy or vhence,
Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans hafe shown sharp-pointet sense,
Und a fery outsigned exemple of genius in dis line,
Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion py Mishder Hiram Twine.

Charles Godfrey Leland

The Gypsy Lover

DOT vos a schwartz Zigeuner
Dot on a viddle played,
Und oonderneat' a fenster
He mak't a serenade.

Dot vos a lofely gountess
Who heardt de gypsy blay'n.
Said she, 'Who make dot musik
Vot sound so wunderscheen?'

Dot vos de schwartz Zigainer
Who vos fery quick to twig;
Und he song a mournvoll pallad
How his hearts vos proken - big!

Dot vos de lofely gountess
Said, 'Dell me who you are?'
He saidt, 'Mein name is Janosch,
De Lord of Temesvar.'

Dot vos de lofely gountess
Said, 'Come more near to me,
I wants to dalk on piz'ness:
I'll trow you down de key.'

Dot vos de moon kept lightin'
De gountess in her room,
Boot somedings moost have vrighten
De minstrel tid not coom.

Dot vos a treadfool oudgry
Ven early in de morn
Dey foundt de hens vos missin,
Und all de wash vos gone!

Dot vos a schwartz Zigeuner
Vot sot oopon de dirt
A-eatin roasted schickens
All in a new glean shirt.

Charles Godfrey Leland

The Magic Shoes

IT was stiller, dimmer twilight - amber toornin' into gold,
Like young maidens' hairs get yellow und more dark as dey crow old;
Und dere shtood a high ruine vhere de Donau rooshed along,
All lofely, yet necllected - like an oldt und silent song.

Out shpoke der Ritter Breitmann, 'Ven I hafe not forgot,
Ich kenn an anciendt shtory of dis inderesdin shpot,
Of the Deutscher Middleolter vot de Minnesingers sung,
Ven dot olt ruine oben vas a-bloomin, fair, und yung.

'Vonce dere lifed a noble fraulein - fery peautiful vas she,
More ash twendy dimes goot lookin - it is in de historie;
Und mit more ash forty quarters on her woppenshield, dot men
Might beholdt mitout a discount she vas of de upper ten.

'But dough lofely as an angel, mit eyes of turkos plue,
She vas cruel ash a teufel, und de vorst man efer knew.
Vonce ven a nople young one kneeled down to her mit lofe,
She kicket him mit her slipper und oopset him on de shtove.

'Und said, 'I do refuse you, as you may plainly see;
Und from dis day henseforvart mine refuse you shall pe,
Und when I do run afder you like dogs run afder men,
Den I vill pe your vife, yung man - boot keep away dill denn!'

'He lishten to her crimly, and no single vort he said,
Boot de bitter dings she spoken poot der teufel in his head;
For she hafe not learned de visdom, vich is always safe and sound,
'Don't go to pourin' water on a mouse ven id ist trowned.'

'Vonce, at de end of autoom, ven de vind vos bitter cold,
Dis maiden out a-ridin' met a voman poor and old;
Her feets vere bare and pleedin', and she said, 'Ah! ton't refuse
To gife me, nople lady, yoosht de vorst of your oldt shoes!'

'De lady boorst out laughin', 'Fool here, or fool me dere,
You give to me a couple, I gives to you a pair.'
Denn she rode away a-laughin'; de old voman says 'I wete,
I'll give you shoes, my lady, dot vill fit your soul and feet!'

'Dis voman vas a vitch, an bitter one dere to,
All dot vot she had shpoken she light enough could do;
De Ritter did not know it, but he told her of his love,
And how dot shkornful lady hat oopset him mit de shtove.

'Out spoke de grimme wiche, 'She shall pay dee well to boot,
If yo pring to me de measure of dat lady's liddle foot.'
He got it from her shoemaker, and gafe id to de vitch,
Denn she gafe it to de damsel pooty soon as hot as pitch.

'Von morn de lofely lady, on openin' her toor,
Found de nicest pair of gaiter boots she efer saw pefore;
Dey vitted her exoctly - mitouten any doubt-
Boot, mein Gott! how she vas shrocken ven dey 'gun to valk apout!

'Und ash de poots go valkin', like de buds go mit de stem,
It vollowed dot de lady had to valk apout in dem.
Dey took her out into de street - dey run her on de road,
Bym-by she saw a man ahead vot led her vhere she goed.

'Vhen he vent valkin' longsome denn longsome vas her pace,
Vhen he roon like a greyhound she skompered in a race;
He led her o'er de moundains und cross de lonely plain,
Until de evenin' shadows, ven he took her home again.

'Denn she dink mit hate and fury of dis man she used to skoff,
Und den go at de gaiters - boot she couldn't pull dem off,
She vork mit all de servants, boot 'tvasent any use,
Und so she hafe to go to bett - a-shleepin' in her shoes.

'Next mornin' off dey shtarted, apout de broke of day,
Den he led her to a castle in de woods and far away,
And shpeak to her, 'My lady - I dink at last you see
Dat de dime has come in earnesdt vhen you've cot to vollow me!'

'Oh vat ish female nature? Oh vat ish mortal pride?
How all dot shtands de firmest most quickly shlips aside
De cloudts dot o'er de moundains look shkornful at de plain,
Ere long mit shtormy wetter come toomble down in rain.

'So de storm-cloud of Superbia vchich shweep her soul above,

Vas meltet mit his shternness and be-turned into love,
As his words like donner wetter crosched ven de lightnin' flies,
So downward coom de torrents of dear drops from her eyes.

'Und she gry, 'Mit shame I own it, to say de fery least,
I gonfess dat in dis matter I hafe acted like a peast;
Ven I made of you my refuse, I dinked it no account,
But now de pack is on my back it seems a big amount.

"But if you vish to ved me, I vill do vat you require.
He answered, 'Now you're talkin' - dot is yoost vot I tesire,
For I am very willin', and you do not refuse,
Boot remember vot you bromised - send de vitch a pair of shoes!'

'She answered, 'I vill follow verever you may go,
All ofer hills and falleys, in sunshine, rain, or schnow,
All over in der Welt, dear, I'll vander on vith thee,
I do not care how rough de road or dark de path may be!

"Or in de bloomin' meadows, vhere de grass is soft and sweet,
Or in de rocky passes, vhere de stones are under veet,
Or if I vear de shoes, love, vitch you hafe given me,
Or if I moost go barefoot, is all de same to me.'

'He drew away de gaiters. She said, 'As I'm rich
I vill fill dem both mit money, and take dem to de vitch.'
Ja wohl, she saw die Hexe, and takin' her aside,
She danked her for de lesson vot hat dook away her pride.

'On de vay vhen dey vere married, how vere dey all erstaun
To see a lofely lady come in mit golden crown,
All in a rosy-silken dress vot shined as pright as glass,
Said, 'My dears, I am de vitch dot fetch dis ding to pass.

"You know I look so ogly vonce, und now am peautiful,
Dot ist de vay dot all dings vork ven folks pe dutiful.
Ash de lily toorns to whitey vot once vas dirty green,
So all ist fair ven virdue ist runnin' de machine."

Dis is de vondrous shtory vot de Ritter Breitmann told
Besides the rooshin' Danube of de schloss so grey und old,
While a shmokin' of his meerschaum; und till all time pe gone

The rustlin' of de vasser tells de tale for ever on.

Dat is an alt legende, und yet 'tis efer new,
Und to efery von dot hears it it fits yoost like a shoe.
Und dis de shinin' moral dot in de oyster lies-
Some day you may roon after de dings you vonce despise!

Charles Godfrey Leland

The Picnic

DE picknock oud at Spraker's Wood:-
It melt de soul und fire de plood.
Id sofly slid from cakes und cream;
Boot busted oop on brandy shdeam.

Mit stims of tender graceful ring,
De gals begoon a song to sing;
A bland mildt lied of olden dime-
Deutsch vas die doon, und Deutsch de rhyme.

Wi's uff der Stross' wenn's finschter ischt,
Und niemond in der Goss' mehr ischt,
Nur Schone Madel wolle mer fonga,
Wie es gebil'te Leut' verlonga.

At de picknock oud in Spraker's Wood,
De Bier was soft-de gals were good:
Oondil von feller, vild and rasch,
Called out for a Yankee brandy-smash!

A crow vot vas valkin on de vall,
Fell dead ven he hear dis Dootchmann call;
For he knew dat droples coom, py shinks!
Ven de Dootch go in for Yankee drinks.

De Dootch got ravin droonk ash sin,
Dey smash de windows out und in;
Dey bust und bang de bar-room ein,
Und call for a bucket of branntewein.

Avay, avay, demselfs dey floong,
Und a wild infernal lied dey sung:
'Tvas, 'Tam de wein, and cuss de bier!
Ve tont care nix for de demprance here!

'O keep a pringin juleps in,
Und baldface corn dat burn like sin;
Mit apple tods und oldt shtone fence,
Ve'll all get corned ere ve go hence!'

Dey dash deir glasses on de cround,
Und tanz dill'tvas all to brick-duss ground,
Ven dey hear von man had a ten-dollar note,
De crowd go dead for dat rich man's troat.

A demperance chap vot coomed dere in,
Vent squanderin out mit his shell burst in;
'It's walk your chalks, you loost your chance,
Dis vot de call der Dootchmans' dance.'

Boot ven de law, mit his myrmidon,
Vas hear of dese Dootchmen's carryins-on,
Dey sent bolicemen shtern und good,
To pull dose Dootch in Spraker's Wood.

De Dootch vas all gone roarin mad,
Und trinked mit Spraker all dey had;
Dey shpend 'nuf money to last deir life,
And each vas tantzin mit anoder man's wife.

Dey all cot poonish difers vays,
Some vent to jug for dirty tays;
Und de von dat kilt de demperance man
Vas kit from de Alderman repriman.

Und dus it ran: -'A warnin dake,
For you mightdt hafe mate soom pig mishdake;
Now how wouldt you hafe feeled, py shing!
If dat man hat peen in de whiskey ring?

'Since you votes mine dictet, of course you know,
I'm pound to led you shlide und go.
Boot nefer on whiskey trink your fill,
For you Dootchmen don't know who to kill.'

Now Deutschers all-on dis warning dink,
Und don't get troonk on Yankee trink,
For neider you, or anoder man,
Can pe hocks like de New York rowdies can.

So trink goot bier, mit musik plest,

For if you tried your level best,
You can't be plackguarts-taint in de plood:
Dus endet de shdory of Spraker's Wood.

Charles Godfrey Leland

The Two Friends

I HAVE two friends—two glorious friends—two better could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they meet to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves—ten 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 Under Land is leading a lordly life,
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,
'T is a matter of small account to me—the way that I may die.

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

Charles Godfrey Leland

To A Friend Studying German

VILL'ST dou learn die Deutsche Sprache?
Denn set it on your card,
Dat all the nouns have shenders,
Und de shenders all are hard.
Dere ish also dings called pronomes,
Vitch id's shoost ash vell to know;
Boot ach! de verbs or time-words-
Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Den you allatag moost go
To sinfonies, sonatas,
Or an oratorio.
Vhen you dinks you knows 'pout musik,
More ash any other man,
Be sure de soul of Deutschland
Into your soul ish ran.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Dou moost eat apout a peck
A week of stinging sauerkraut,
Und sefen pfoundts of speck.
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,
Und deuce knows vot in rum:
Dis ish de only cerdain vay
To make de accents coom.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Brepere dein soul to shtand
Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt
In any oder land.
Till dou canst make parentheses
Intwisted-ohne zahl-
Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,
For a languashe ideal.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Du must mitout an fear
Trink afery tay an gallon dry,

Of foamin Sherman bier.
Und de more you trinks, pe certain,
More Deutsch you'll surely pe;
For Gambrinus ish de Emperor
Of de whole of Germany.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Be sholly, brav, und treu,
For dat veller ish kein Deutscher
Who ish not a sholly poy.
Find out vot means Gemutlichkeit,
Und do it mitout fail,
In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,
A brick-ganz kreuzfidel.

Willst dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
If a shendleman dou art,
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,
Und get a schveetes heart.
From Schwabenland or Sachsen
Vhere now dis writer pees;
Und de bretty girls all wachsen
Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty,
Denn on de oder hand,
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer
In de vine green Sherman land.
Und if you shoost kit married
(Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),
You'll learn to sprechen Deutsch mein kind,
Ash fast ash you tesire.

Charles Godfrey Leland

Wein Geist

I STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,
Breauscht mit a gallon of wein,
Und I rooshed along de strassen,
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-pig,
I doomplet de soper folk;
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp,
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
Like a vild coose on de vings,
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',
Und giss her like efery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a parell,
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
Dill de neighbours shkreem 'deat'!' und 'murder!'
Und holler aloudt 'bolice!'

Und vhen der crim night waechter
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
I oop mit mein oomberella,
Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik,
Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,
De hearts-leaf linden dree;
Und I dink of de quick gevanisht lofe
Dat vent like de vind from me.
Und I voonders in mine dipsyhood,
If a damsel or dream vas she!

Dis life is all a lindens
Mit holes dat show de plue,

Und pedween de finite pranches
Cooms Himmel-light shinin' troo.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,
Und efery leaf ish a fay,
Und dey wait dill de windsbraut comet,
To pear dem in Fall afay.

Denn I coomed to a rock py der rifer,
Vhere a stein ish of harpe form,
-Jahrtausand in, oud, it standet'-
Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

Here, vonce on a dimes, a vitches,
Soom melodies here peginned,
De harpe ward all zu steine,
Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-gation,
Vitch hardens de outer Me;
Ueber stein and schwein, de weine
Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet',
Ober stein und wein und svines,
Dill it endeth vhere all peginnet,
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
In de dipsy, treamless sloomper
Vhich units de Nichts und Seyns.

Und im Mondenlicht it moormoors,
Und it burns by waken wein,
In Madchenlieb or Schnapsenrausch
Das Absolut ist dein.

Charles Godfrey Leland