

and there they remain spell-bound at the présent day. Whenéver there shall be a lack in Spain of pimping barbers, sharking alguazils, and corrupt alcáldes, they may be sought (sāt) áfter; but if they have to wait until such time for their deliverance, there is danger of their enchântment endüring<sup>1</sup> until doomsday.

117.

## Le Printemps arrive.

(James Mack.)

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
Birds are chirping, insects humming;  
Flowers are peeping<sup>2</sup> from their sleeping,  
Streams escaped from winter's keeping<sup>3</sup>,  
In delighted freedom rushing, *liberty, élan*  
Dance along in music<sup>4</sup> gushing. *zouffe*  
Scenes of late in déadness sadden'd<sup>5</sup>,  
Smile in animation gladden'd; *rejoice*  
All is beauty, all is mirth, *pour son plaisir*  
All is glory<sup>6</sup> upon earth.  
*acclame* Shout we then with Nature's voice,  
Welcome Spring, rejoice! rejoice! *le printemps*

Spring is coming, come, my brother,  
Let us rove with one another,  
To our well remember'd wild-wood<sup>7</sup>, *par un bois*  
Flourishing in nature's childhood<sup>8</sup>; *enfance*  
Where a thousand flowers are springing,  
And a thousand birds are singing;  
Where the golden súnbeams quiver *raye de soleil*  
On the verdure-girdled<sup>9</sup> river; *border*  
Let your youthful feeling out<sup>10</sup>,  
To the youth of nature shout,  
While the waves repeat our voice,  
Welcome Spring, rejoice! rejoice!

<sup>1</sup> que leur enchantement dure. — <sup>2</sup> éclore. — <sup>3</sup> garde, prison. —  
<sup>4</sup> harmonie. — <sup>5</sup> scene, paysage; of late, naguères; deadness, mort,  
engourdissement; sadden'd, attristé. — <sup>6</sup> tout est magnifique. —  
<sup>7</sup> pron. wüd. — <sup>8</sup> pron. childhüd. — <sup>9</sup> vërdjer-gërdlid, bordé de  
vert. — <sup>10</sup> to let out, donner un libre cours.

118.

Mon cœur est aux Highlands<sup>1</sup>.

(Robert Burns.)

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
My heart 's in the Highlands, a chäsing (s=ss)<sup>2</sup> the deer<sup>3</sup>:  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove<sup>4</sup>,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love<sup>4</sup>.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods<sup>5</sup>.  
My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart 's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart 's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

119.

## La Bénédiction de mon Père.

My father raised his trembling hand,  
And laid it on my head:  
"God bless thee, O my son! my son!"  
Most tenderly he said.

He died, and left no gems nor gold,  
But still I was his heir<sup>6</sup>;  
For that rich blessing which he gave,  
Became a fortune rare.

And in my day of weary toil,  
To earn my daily bread,  
It gladdens me in thought to feel  
His hand upon my head.

<sup>1</sup> les hautes terres de l'Écosse. — <sup>2</sup> chassant. — <sup>3</sup> daim. —  
<sup>4</sup> rôve et love (liv) ne riment qu'aux yeux, mais non aux oreilles.  
De telles rimes imparfaites se trouvent souvent, même dans les  
meilleurs poètes anglais — <sup>5</sup> pron. fúdz. — <sup>6</sup> pron. ār.

Though infant tongues to me have said,  
 "Dear father!" oft since then,  
 Yet when I bring that scene to mind<sup>1</sup>,  
 I 'm but a child again.

120.

## L'Été.

Beautiful Summer! I greet you well!  
 Binding the earth with a flowery spell<sup>2</sup>,  
 Coming with light for the golden hours,  
 Bringing the rose for the nightingale's bowers<sup>3</sup>;  
 Lading with perfume the blossoming tree,  
 Filling the woods with deep melody,  
 Coming with gladness, and joy and light,  
 Beautiful Summer, the gay and bright!

Beautiful Summer! I love you now,  
 For ye come with smiles for the drooping brow<sup>4</sup>,  
 Ye have charms to gladden the weary eye  
 As your perfumed breath on the gale<sup>5</sup> sweeps by,  
 And the pale cheek kindles<sup>6</sup> with rosy hue,  
 And the dim eye glistens<sup>7</sup> with drops of dew,  
 And dreams of all bright and joyous things  
 Are borne on the beautiful Summer's wings.

Beautiful Summer! your welcome is heard  
 In the gush of the streamlet, the song of the bird,  
 In the sounds that are thrilling through Nature's bowers<sup>8</sup>,  
 In the hum of the bee to her favourite flowers,  
 In the whisper that breathes from the stárry night,  
 Like spirit voices<sup>9</sup> from réalms of light,  
 In the music that comes on the morning's wing  
 As the birds' notes<sup>10</sup> through the wild woods ring.

Beautiful Summer! the sweet and fair,  
 Lading with fragrance the balmy<sup>11</sup> air,

<sup>1</sup> se rappeler. — <sup>2</sup> charme de fleurs. — <sup>3</sup> berceau (de feuillage). —  
<sup>4</sup> front abattu. — <sup>5</sup> brise, zéphyr. — <sup>6</sup> s'enflammer. — <sup>7</sup> to glisten  
 (glîsn), rayonner. — <sup>8</sup> habitation. — <sup>9</sup> voix des esprits. — <sup>10</sup> chant. —  
<sup>11</sup> pron. bami, embaumé.

Casting a fairy-like magic<sup>1</sup> around,  
 Painting the heavens and spangling<sup>2</sup> the ground.  
 Héavy<sup>3</sup> the brow, and dim the eye,  
 That lightens not when the Summer is nigh,  
 Binding the earth with a flowery spell,  
 Beautiful Summer, farewell, farewell!

121.

## L'Enfant errant.

(Henry Kirke White.)

When the winter wind whistles<sup>4</sup> along the wild moor,  
 And the cottager shuts on the beggar<sup>5</sup> his door;  
 When the chilling<sup>6</sup> tear stands in my comfortless eye,  
 O, how hard is the lot of the wandering boy!

The winter is cold, and I have no vest<sup>7</sup>,  
 And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;  
 No father, no mother, no kindred<sup>8</sup> have I —  
 O, I am a parentless wandering boy.

Yet I once had a home, and I once had a sire<sup>9</sup>,  
 A mother, who granted each infant desire;  
 Our cottage it stood in a wood-embower'd<sup>10</sup> vale,  
 Where the ring-dove would warble<sup>11</sup> its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother are summon'd away<sup>12</sup>!  
 And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;  
 I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,  
 And now I 'm a poor little wandering boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,  
 And no one will list to my innocent tale;  
 I 'll<sup>13</sup> go to the grave where my parents both lie  
 And death shall befriend<sup>14</sup> the poor wandering boy.

<sup>1</sup> charme de fée. — <sup>2</sup> to spangle, émailler, parsemer de pail-  
 lettes. — <sup>3</sup> chagrin, triste. — <sup>4</sup> siffler. — <sup>5</sup> au mendiant. — <sup>6</sup> glacé,  
 tremblant. — <sup>7</sup> vêtement. — <sup>8</sup> parents. — <sup>9</sup> style poét. père. —  
<sup>10</sup> entouré de forêts. — <sup>11</sup> roucoulait, chantait. — <sup>12</sup> rappelé de ce  
 monde; mort. — <sup>13</sup> I will. — <sup>14</sup> être l'ami de.

## Le meilleur Pays.

(Mrs. Felicia Hémans.)

"I hear thee speak of the better land,  
 Thou call'st its children a happy band<sup>1</sup>;  
 Mother! O, where is that radiant shore<sup>2</sup>?  
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?  
 Is it where the flower of the orange blòws,  
 And the fire-flies<sup>3</sup> glance through the myrtle boughs?"  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the féathery<sup>4</sup> palm<sup>5</sup>-trees rise,  
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?  
 Or 'midst the green islands<sup>6</sup> of glittering seas,  
 Where fràgrant forests perfume the breeze,  
 And strange bright birds on their stàrry wings,  
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,  
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?  
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
 And the diamond lights up<sup>7</sup> the secret mine,  
 And the pèarl gleams forth from the còral strand?  
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye has not seen it<sup>8</sup>, my gentle boy!  
 Ear has not heard its deep songs of joy;  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair —  
 Sorrow and death may not enter there:  
 Time doth<sup>9</sup> not breathe<sup>10</sup> on its fadeless<sup>11</sup> bloom,  
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb<sup>12</sup>,  
 It is there, it is there, my child!"

<sup>1</sup> troupe. — <sup>2</sup> bord rayonnant. — <sup>3</sup> ver luisant. — <sup>4</sup> en forme de plume, ici: svelte. — <sup>5</sup> pron. pâm. — <sup>6</sup> pron. ilandz. — <sup>7</sup> illuminer. — <sup>8</sup> Nul œil ne l'a vu. — <sup>9</sup> doth (pron. dúth) mot vieilli, employé pour *dæs*. — <sup>10</sup> souffler. — <sup>11</sup> qui ne peut se flétrir; impérissable. — <sup>12</sup> pron. tûm.

## La première Douleur de l'Enfant.

(Felicia Hémans.)

"Oh! call my brother back to me!  
 I cannot play alone;  
 The Summer comes with flower and bee —  
 Where is my brother gone?"

The butterfly is glancing bright,  
 Acröss the sunbeam's track;  
 I care not<sup>1</sup> now to chase<sup>2</sup> its flight —  
 O! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild<sup>3</sup> — the flowers we sòw'd  
 Around our garden tree;  
 Our vine is drooping with its load;  
 O! call him back to me!" —

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child,  
 He may not come to thee;  
 The face that once like Spring-time smiled,  
 On earth no more thou 'lt<sup>4</sup> see!

A rose's brief bright life of joy,  
 Such unto him was given;  
 Go — thou must play alone, my boy!  
 Thy brother is in heaven!"

"And has he left his birds and flowers,  
 And must I call in vain?  
 And through the long, long summer hours,  
 Will he not come again?"

And by the brook<sup>5</sup> and in the glade,  
 Are all our wanderings o'er?  
 O! while my brother with me play'd,  
 Would<sup>6</sup> I had loved him more!"

<sup>1</sup> je ne m'inquiète pas; je ne veux pas. — <sup>2</sup> chase (pron. chàss), poursuivre. — <sup>3</sup> dégénérer, périr faute de culture. — <sup>4</sup> thou wilt. — <sup>5</sup> ruisseau. — <sup>6</sup> I would, je voudrais que; puissé-je.

124.

## Les Cloches du Soir.

(Thomas Moore.)

Those evening bells, those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
When last I heard their soothing chime!<sup>1</sup>

Those joyous hours are pass'd away,  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Within the tomb<sup>2</sup> now darkly dwells  
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill<sup>3</sup> be when I am gone,  
That tuneful peal shall still ring on,  
While other bards<sup>4</sup> shall walk these dells<sup>5</sup>,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

125.

## Les Tombeaux d'une Famille.

(Félicia Héman.)

They grew in beauty, side by side<sup>6</sup>,  
They filled one home with glee<sup>7</sup>;  
Their graves are séver'd<sup>8</sup>, far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent<sup>9</sup> at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow<sup>10</sup>;  
She had each fôlde'd flower<sup>11</sup> in sight<sup>12</sup>,  
Where are these dreamers now?

One 'midst the forest of the west,  
By<sup>13</sup> a dark stream is laid;  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.

<sup>1</sup> carillon. — <sup>2</sup> pron. tûm. — <sup>3</sup> it will. — <sup>4</sup> bardes (poetes chez les anciens Celtes). — <sup>5</sup> vallon. — <sup>6</sup> à côté l'un de l'autre; l'un auprès de l'autre. — <sup>7</sup> joie. — <sup>8</sup> séparé. — <sup>9</sup> se penchait; se baissait. — <sup>10</sup> front. — <sup>11</sup> fleur pliée = bouton; expression poétique pour enfant. — <sup>12</sup> to have in sight, regarder sur. — <sup>13</sup> près de.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one;  
He lies where pèarls lie deep;  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest<sup>1</sup>  
Above the noble slain:  
He wrapt his colours<sup>2</sup> round his bréast,  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers<sup>3</sup>  
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,  
The last of that bright band.

And parted<sup>4</sup> thus, they rest, who play'd  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd  
Around one parent knee<sup>5</sup>.

They that with smiles lit up<sup>6</sup> the hall,  
And cheer'd with song the hearth<sup>7</sup>; —  
Alâs! for love<sup>8</sup>, if thou wert all,  
And nought beyond, O earth<sup>9</sup>!

126.

## La Joie dans la Nature.

(Miss Mitford.)

The sun is careering in glory and might,  
'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;  
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high<sup>10</sup>,  
And the summer breezes go lightly by;  
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,  
And why should not I be as merry as they?

<sup>1</sup> to dress the vine, tailler la vigne. — <sup>2</sup> drapeau. — <sup>3</sup> répandre. — <sup>4</sup> séparé. — <sup>5</sup> aux genoux des mêmes parents. — <sup>6</sup> illuminer, éclairer. — <sup>7</sup> foyer (cercle de famille). — <sup>8</sup> malheur à l'amour! — <sup>9</sup> if thou wert all, O earth, and if there were nought (nâ) beyond. — <sup>10</sup> en haut.

The linnet is singing the wild wood through:  
 The fawn's bounding<sup>1</sup> footstep skims<sup>2</sup> over the dew;  
 The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,  
 And the cowslip<sup>3</sup> and blue-bell<sup>4</sup> are bent by the bee;  
 All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,  
 And why should not I be as merry as they?

127.

## Le Pèlerin.

(Walter Scott.)

O, open the door, some pity to show  
 Keen<sup>5</sup> blows the northern wind<sup>6</sup>;  
 The glen is white with the drifted<sup>7</sup> snow  
 And the pàth is hard<sup>8</sup> to find.

No Outlaw<sup>9</sup> seeks your castle gate,  
 From chasing<sup>10</sup> the King's deer,  
 Though even an Outlaw's wretched state  
 Might claim compassion here.

A weary palmer<sup>11</sup>, worn<sup>12</sup> and weak,  
 I wander for my sin!  
 O open for our Lady's sake<sup>13</sup>;  
 A pilgrim's blessing win<sup>14</sup>.

I 'll give you pardons from the pope,  
 And reliques from o'er<sup>15</sup> the sea, —  
 Or if for these you will not ope,  
 Yet open for charity.

The hare is crouching<sup>16</sup> on her form<sup>17</sup>,  
 The hart<sup>18</sup> beside the hind<sup>19</sup>;  
 An aged man, amid the storm,  
 No shelter can I find.

<sup>1</sup> bondissant. — <sup>2</sup> voler, glisser. — <sup>3</sup> primevère. — <sup>4</sup> campanule. — <sup>5</sup> perçant; âpre. — <sup>6</sup> en lisant des vers on prononce *wind*, autrement *wind*. — <sup>7</sup> amassé. — <sup>8</sup> difficile. — <sup>9</sup> proscrit. — <sup>10</sup> après avoir chassé. — <sup>11</sup> pron. *pâmer*, pèlerin. — <sup>12</sup> excédé de fatigue. — <sup>13</sup> pour l'amour de Notre Dame. — <sup>14</sup> gagnez la bénédiction d'un pèlerin. — <sup>15</sup> d'au-delà, de l'autre côté de. — <sup>16</sup> *to crouch*, se tapir. — <sup>17</sup> gîte. — <sup>18</sup> cerf. — <sup>19</sup> biche.

You hear the Ettrick's<sup>1</sup> sullen roar<sup>2</sup>,  
 Dark, deep, and strong is he,  
 And I must ford<sup>3</sup> the Ettrick o'er,  
 Unless you pity me.

The iron<sup>4</sup> gate is bolted hard,  
 At which I knock in vain;  
 The owner's heart is closer barr'd,  
 Who hears me thus complain.

Farewell! Farewell! and Mary<sup>5</sup> grant,  
 When old and frail you be,  
 You never may the shelter want  
 That's now denied to me.

The Rànger<sup>6</sup> on his couch lay warm,  
 And heard him plead<sup>7</sup> in vain;  
 But oft amid December's storm,  
 He 'll<sup>8</sup> hear that voice again.

For lo! when through the vapours dank,  
 Morn<sup>9</sup> shone on Ettrick fair,  
 A corpse amid the àlders<sup>10</sup> rank<sup>11</sup>,  
 The palmer welter'd<sup>12</sup> there.

128.

## Ce Monde n'est qu'un vain Éclat.

(Thomas Moore.)

This world is all a fleeting shòw,  
 For man's illusion given;  
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,  
 Decèitful shine, deceitful flow —  
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

<sup>1</sup> fleuve en Écosse. — <sup>2</sup> sourd mugissement. — <sup>3</sup> *to ford*, passer à gué. — <sup>4</sup> i-ern. — <sup>5</sup> la Sainte-Vierge. — <sup>6</sup> forestier; garde-chasse. — <sup>7</sup> supplier. — <sup>8</sup> *he will*. — <sup>9</sup> morning. — <sup>10</sup> aune. — <sup>11</sup> haut. — <sup>12</sup> se rouler.

And false the light on Glory's plume<sup>1</sup>,  
 As fading<sup>2</sup> hues of Even<sup>3</sup>;  
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,  
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb —  
 There's nothing bright but Heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
 From wave to wave we're<sup>4</sup> driven,  
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light the troubled way —  
 There's nothing calm<sup>5</sup> but Heaven!

129.

## La dernière Rose.

(Thomas Moore.)

'Tis<sup>6</sup> the last rose of summer  
 Left blooming alone;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred<sup>7</sup>,  
 No rose-bud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one<sup>8</sup>!  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them;  
 Thus kindly I scatter<sup>9</sup>  
 Thy leaves o'er thy bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless<sup>10</sup> and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from Love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!

<sup>1</sup> titre de gloire. — <sup>2</sup> qui se fane; périssable. — <sup>3</sup> evening. —  
<sup>4</sup> we are. — <sup>5</sup> pron. cam. — <sup>6</sup> it is. — <sup>7</sup> sa parenté; ses sembla-  
 bles. — <sup>8</sup> solitaire que tu es. — <sup>9</sup> disperser. — <sup>10</sup> sans odeur.

When true hearts lie wither'd,  
 And fond ones<sup>1</sup> are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak<sup>2</sup> world alone!

130.

Le Roi Jean et l'Abbé de Canterbury<sup>3</sup>.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon  
 Of a notable prince, that was called King John;  
 And he ruled England with main<sup>4</sup> and with might,  
 For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,  
 Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;  
 How for his house-keeping, and high renown,  
 They rode post<sup>5</sup> for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,  
 The abbot kept in his house every day:  
 And fifty gold chains<sup>6</sup> without any doubt,  
 And velvet coats waited the abbot about<sup>7</sup>.

How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,  
 Thou keepest a far better house than me<sup>8</sup>,  
 And for thy house-keeping and high renown,  
 I fear thou work'st<sup>9</sup> treason against my crown.

My liege, quo'<sup>10</sup> the abbot, I would it were known,  
 I never spend nothing, but what is my own;  
 And I trust, your grace will do me no dear<sup>11</sup>,  
 For spending of my own true gotten<sup>12</sup> gear<sup>13</sup>.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high<sup>14</sup>,  
 And now for the same thou needs<sup>15</sup> must die;  
 For except<sup>16</sup> thou canst answer me questions three,  
 Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

<sup>1</sup> ceux qu'on chérit. — <sup>2</sup> froid, triste. — <sup>3</sup> pron. canterberri. —  
<sup>4</sup> force. — <sup>5</sup> courir la poste; marcher rapidement. — <sup>6</sup> hommes  
 ornés de chaînes d'or. — <sup>7</sup> to wait about, servir. — <sup>8</sup> me = I. —  
<sup>9</sup> méditer. — <sup>10</sup> quo' = quòth, dit. — <sup>11</sup> faire du mal. — <sup>12</sup> honnê-  
 tement acquis. — <sup>13</sup> gear, pron. gèr, le bien. — <sup>14</sup> grand. —  
<sup>15</sup> nécessairement. — <sup>16</sup> à moins que.

And first, quo' the king, when I 'm in this stéad<sup>1</sup>,  
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soon I may ride the whole world about.  
And at the third question thou must not shrink<sup>2</sup>,  
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit<sup>3</sup>,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet<sup>4</sup>:  
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,  
I 'll do my endéavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings<sup>5</sup> are forfeit<sup>6</sup> to me<sup>7</sup>.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford<sup>8</sup>;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer devise<sup>9</sup>.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold<sup>10</sup>,  
And he met his shepherd<sup>11</sup> a going to fold:  
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;  
What news do you bring us from good King John?

Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give;  
That I have but three days more to live:  
For if I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be smitten from my body.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,  
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,  
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,  
To within one penny<sup>12</sup> of what he is worth.

<sup>1</sup> lieu, place. — <sup>2</sup> s'effrayer; trembler (devant). — <sup>3</sup> faible esprit. — <sup>4</sup> jusqu'ici = dans ce moment. — <sup>5</sup> bénéfice. — <sup>6</sup> pron. *förfit*, perdu (par confiscation); confisqué. — <sup>7</sup> à mon profit. — <sup>8</sup> Oxford, *pron.* óxferd. — <sup>9</sup> imaginer; trouver. — <sup>10</sup> avec une si froide (mauvaise) consolation; si découragé. — <sup>11</sup> *pron.* shéperd. — <sup>12</sup> à un denier près.

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,  
How soon he may ride this whole world about;  
And at the third question I must not shrink,  
But tell him here truly what he does think.

Now cheer up<sup>1</sup>, sir abbot, did you never hear yet,  
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?  
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your appárel,  
And I 'll ride to London to answer your quarrel<sup>2</sup>.

Nay frown not<sup>3</sup>, if it hath been told unto me,  
I am like<sup>4</sup> your lordship, as ever may be<sup>5</sup>:  
And if you will but lend me your gown<sup>6</sup>,  
There is none<sup>7</sup> shall know us in fair London town.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;  
With crosier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope<sup>8</sup>,  
Fit to appear 'fore<sup>9</sup> our father the pope.

Now welcome, sir abbot, the king he did say,  
'Tis well thou 'rt<sup>10</sup> come back to keep thy day<sup>11</sup>;  
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,  
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,  
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,  
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

For thirty pence our Saviour<sup>12</sup> was sold  
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:  
And twenty nine is the worth of thee,  
For I think thou art one penny worser<sup>13</sup> than he.

The king he laughed and swore by St. Bittel<sup>14</sup>,  
I did not think I had been worth so little! —  
Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
How soon I may ride this whole world about.

<sup>1</sup> courage! — <sup>2</sup> to answer a quarrel, vider une querelle (affaire). — <sup>3</sup> ne froncez pas le sourcil. — <sup>4</sup> ressemblant à. — <sup>5</sup> autant que possible. — <sup>6</sup> robe. — <sup>7</sup> suppléez *that*. — <sup>8</sup> crosse, mitre, rochet et chape. — <sup>9</sup> *before*. — <sup>10</sup> *thou art*. — <sup>11</sup> tenir le jour = paraître ponctuellement. — <sup>12</sup> Sauveur. — <sup>13</sup> *worser*, corrompu de *worse*. — <sup>14</sup> nom corrompu de Botolphe.

You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,  
 Until the next morning he riseth again;  
 And then your grace need not make any doubt,  
 But in twenty four hours you 'll<sup>1</sup> ride it about.

The king he laughed and swore by St. John,  
 I did not think, I could be gone so soon! —  
 Now from the third question thou must not shrink,  
 But tell me here truly what I do think.

Yeà, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:  
 You think I 'm the abbot of Canterbury;  
 But I 'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,  
 That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass<sup>2</sup>:  
 I 'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place! —  
 Now, nay, my liege, be not in such speed,  
 For alack! I can neither write nor read.

Four nobles<sup>3</sup> a week<sup>4</sup> then I will give thee,  
 For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;  
 And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,  
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.

## 131.

## Bonne Nuit.

(Félicia Héman.)

Day is past!  
 Stars have set their watch at last,  
 Founts that thro'<sup>5</sup> the deep woods flow,  
 Make sweet sounds unheard till now,  
 Flowers have shut with fading light,  
 Good Night!

Go to rest,  
 Sleep sits dove-like<sup>6</sup> on thy breast;  
 If within that secret cell  
 One dark form of memory dwell,  
 Be it mantled<sup>7</sup> from thy sight,  
 Good Night!

<sup>1</sup> you will. — <sup>2</sup> messe. — <sup>3</sup> monnaie anglaise qui valait 8 frs. —  
<sup>4</sup> par semaine. — <sup>5</sup> pron. thrū (thro', abrég. de through). — <sup>6</sup> comme  
 une colombe. — <sup>7</sup> voilé; caché.

Joy be thine!  
 Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine;  
 Go and in the spirit land  
 Meet the home's long parted hand;  
 Be their eyes all love and light,  
 Good Night!

Peace to all!  
 Dreams of heaven on mourners fall;  
 Exile<sup>1</sup> o'er thy couch may gleams  
 Pass from thine own mountain streams;  
 Bard! away to worlds more bright,  
 Good Night!

## 132.

## Belsatsar.

(Lord Byron.)

The king was on his throne,  
 The Satraps throng'd<sup>2</sup> the hall;  
 A thousand bright lamps shone  
 O'er that high festival.  
 A thousand cups of gold,  
 In Juda deem'd<sup>3</sup> divine —  
 Jehovah's vessels hold<sup>4</sup>  
 The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,  
 The fingers of a hand  
 Came forth against the wall,  
 And wrote as if on sand:  
 The fingers of a man; —  
 A solitary hand  
 Along the letters ran,  
 And traced them like a wand<sup>5</sup>.

The monarch<sup>6</sup> saw and shook<sup>7</sup>,  
 And bade no more rejoice;  
 All bloodless<sup>8</sup> wax'd his look,  
 And tremulous his voice.

<sup>1</sup> pron. éksil. — <sup>2</sup> se presser en foule. — <sup>3</sup> croire. — <sup>4</sup> con-  
 tenir. — <sup>5</sup> baguette magique. — <sup>6</sup> pron. monerk. — <sup>7</sup> frémir. —  
<sup>8</sup> pâle.



"Let the men of lore<sup>1</sup> appear,  
The wisest of the earth,  
And expound the words of fear<sup>2</sup>,  
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldæa's seers<sup>3</sup> are good,  
But here they have no skill;  
And the unknown letters stood  
Untold<sup>4</sup> and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age<sup>5</sup>  
Are wise and deep in lore;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth,  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw that writing's truth<sup>6</sup>.  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view;  
He read it on that night; —  
The morrow<sup>7</sup> proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom pass'd away;  
He, in the balance, weigh'd,  
Is light and worthless clay<sup>8</sup>.  
The shroud<sup>9</sup>, his robe of state<sup>10</sup>,  
His canopy<sup>11</sup> the stone;  
The Mede is at his gate!  
The Persian on his throne!"

133.

## Destruction de Sancherib.

(Lord Byron.)

The Assýrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Gálilee<sup>12</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> les savants. — <sup>2</sup> les mots terribles. — <sup>3</sup> prophète. — <sup>4</sup> non révélé. — <sup>5</sup> les vieillards. — <sup>6</sup> la vérité (la véritable signification) de cet écrit. — <sup>7</sup> le lendemain. — <sup>8</sup> argile (poussière). — <sup>9</sup> linceul. — <sup>10</sup> de cérémonie. — <sup>11</sup> dais. — <sup>12</sup> la mer de Galilée.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That hòst<sup>1</sup> with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn has blown,  
That hòst on the morrow lay wither'd and strown<sup>2</sup>.

For the angel of Death spréad his wings on the blast<sup>3</sup>,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril<sup>4</sup> all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride,  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf<sup>5</sup>.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail<sup>6</sup>,  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted<sup>7</sup>, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur<sup>8</sup> are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke<sup>9</sup> in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Géntile<sup>10</sup>, unsmote<sup>11</sup> by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance<sup>12</sup> of the Lord!

134.

## Le Roi des Aunes.

*Traduction de l'Allemand.*

(Goethe.)

Who rides so late, while winds blow wild?  
It is a father with his child,  
The boy rests on his father's arm,  
Who holds him close, and keeps him warm.

My child, there's anguish on thy brow.  
Father dost see the Erlking now?  
The Erlking with his crown and tail.  
My son, 'tis the shadows of evening pale.

<sup>1</sup> l'armée. — <sup>2</sup> dispersé. — <sup>3</sup> la foudre. — <sup>4</sup> narines. — <sup>5</sup> res-sac battant contre le roc. — <sup>6</sup> cotte de mailles. — <sup>7</sup> non levé. — <sup>8</sup> Assyrie. — <sup>9</sup> rompu. — <sup>10</sup> païen — <sup>11</sup> non frappé. — <sup>12</sup> regard.

Thou darling child, come, go with me,  
The fairy's game I 'll play with thee,  
For us the flowers will their bloom unfold,  
And my mother will clothe thee in robes of gold.

My father, my father, and dost thou not hear,  
What the Erlking whispers so soft in mine ear?  
Be still, be still, my darling child,  
'Tis the rustling of leaves 'midst the storm so wild.

Wilt thou come, dear boy, wilt thou come with me?  
My daughters will guard and watch o'er thee,  
My daughters their nightly révels keep  
And they 'll<sup>1</sup> rock thy young cradle and sing thee to sleep.

My father, my father, and seest thou not  
The Erlking's daughters on yon dark spot?  
Rest thee, my child, full well I do see  
The shadowy form of the willow tree.

I love thee, thy beauty enchanteth my heart,  
Thou resistest me still, thou must feel now my dart.  
My father, my father, I 'm now in his power,  
The Erlking has struck me and wounded me sore.

The father shudders, and rides swiftly on,  
He holds on his arms his suffering son,  
He arrives at his home with fear and with dread; --  
In his father's arms the child was dead.

135.

Le Pommier.

*Traduction de l'Allemand.*

(Uhland.)

There is a landlord mild and fine,  
With whom I lately feasted;  
A golden apple was his sign  
Which on a long bough rested.

<sup>1</sup> they will.

It was a goodly apple-tree,  
By which I had alighted;  
With food sweet freshly foaming we  
Were feasted and delighted.

And many guests to its green roof  
Repair'd them lightly winging;  
They feasted gaily, while aloof,  
And near me clever singing.

I found a couch for soothing rest  
On soft and green a méadow,  
The landlord cover'd self, and blest  
Me kindly with cool shadow.

And when I asked his charges, he  
Shook friendly top and branches.  
For ever blessed may he be,  
Prove root and top ne'er changes.

136.

Chant national.

God save<sup>1</sup> our gracious Queen<sup>2</sup>,  
God save our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen!  
Send her victorious<sup>3</sup>,  
Happy and glorious  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen!

O Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter her enemies,  
And make them fall!  
Confound their politics<sup>4</sup>,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On her our hopes we fix,  
God save us all!

<sup>1</sup> garder, conserver. — <sup>2</sup> originairement: God save the king. —  
<sup>3</sup> rendez-la victorieuse. — <sup>4</sup> politique; ici en mauvaise part: intrigues.

Thy choicest gifts in store<sup>1</sup>,  
 On her be pleased to pour<sup>2</sup>,  
 Long may she reign;  
 May she defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause  
 With heart and voice to sing,  
 God save the Queen!

O grant her long to see  
 Friendship and amity<sup>3</sup>  
 Always increase!  
 May she her sceptre sway,  
 All loyal souls obey,  
 Join heart and voice: Huzza<sup>4</sup>!  
 God save the Queen!

<sup>1</sup> en abondance. — <sup>2</sup> daignez répandre sur elle. — <sup>3</sup> concorde. —  
<sup>4</sup> pron. hūzà; interject.

## VOCABULAIRE

de la première Partie.\*)

NB. Dans les monosyllabes, la prononciation des voyelles n'est pas désignée quand elles se prononcent d'après les règles suivantes:

1. Une voyelle est *longue* (à, è, i, ò, ù, ý) quand elle est suivie d'une seule consonne (ou de *th*) et d'un *e* muet: made, bathe, here, time, ope, mute, style.

2. Une voyelle est *brève* (á, é, í, ó, ú, ý) dans un monosyllabe terminé en une ou plusieurs consonnes: fat, men, sick, not, but, lynx.

1.	to oppress, opprimer; póverty, la pauvreté; páin, la peine; deáth, la mort.
Pérsian, persan; le Perse; the āuthor ( <i>th</i> a le son dur), l'auteur;	
the work (wērk), l'ouvrage; l'œuvre;	2.
to cāll, appeler; to tell, raconter; the sage, le sage; the Grēek, le Grec; the Indian, l'Indien; to debāte, discuter; the èvil, le mal; òld age, la vieillesse;	To help, aider; to slēep, dormir; to catch, attraper; pòultry, volaille; to find again (agén), retrouver; to lēave, remettre; till, jusqu'à;

\*) Il faut que l'élève apprenne par cœur les mots de chaque pièce avant de s'occuper de la lecture et de la traduction.