

Free to your use the heritage is given;
Fraternally divide the shares.'

"Then every hand stretched eager in its greed,
And busy was the work with young and old;
The tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
The hunter chased through wood and wold.

"The merchant grip'd the store and locked the ware—
The abbot chose the juices of the vine—
The king barr'd up the bridge and thoroughfare,
And said, 'The tithes and tolls are mine!'

"And when the earth was thus divided, came
Too late the poet from afar, to see
That all had proffer'd and had seiz'd their claim—
'And is there naught,' he cried, 'for me?'

" 'Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
Thy children portionless alone?'
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
A suppliant before his throne.

" 'If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,'
Answered the God, 'why murmurest thou at me?
Where wast thou then, when earth they were dividing?'
'I was,' the poet said, 'with thee!'

" 'Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight—
The harmony of heaven enthralled mine ear;
Pardon the soul that, with thy dazzling light
Enraptured, lost its portion here!'

" 'What's to be done?' said Zeus, 'The world is given,
Mart, chase, and harvest are no longer free;
But if thou wilt abide with me in heaven,
Whene'er thou com'st, 'twill open be to thee!'"

Hymn to Joy.

"Joy divine, fair flame immortal,
Daughter of Elysium,
Mad with rapture, to the portal
Of thy holy fane we come!
Fashion's laws, indeed, may sever,
But thy magic joins again;
All mankind are brethren ever
'Neath thy mild and gentle reign.

CHORUS.

Welcome, all ye myriad creatures!
Brethren, take the kiss of love!

Yes, the starry realm above
Smile a father's kindly features!

"Joy, in Nature's wide dominion,
Mainspring of the whole is found;
And 'tis Joy that moves the pinion,
When the wheel of time goes round;
From the bud she lures the flower—
Suns from out their orbs of light;
Distant spheres obey her power,
Far beyond all mortal sight.

CHORUS.

As through Heaven's expanse so glorious
In their orbits suns roll on.
Brethren, thus your proud race run,
Glad as warriors all-victorious!

"To the Gods we ne'er can render
Praise for every good they grant;
Let us, with devotion tender,
Minister to grief and want.
Quench'd be hate and wrath for ever,
Pardon'd be our mortal foe—
May our tears upbraid him never,
No repentance bring him low!

CHORUS.

Sense of wrongs must not be treasured—
Brethren, live in perfect love!
In the starry realms above,
God will mete as we have measured.

"Joy within the goblet flushes,
For the golden nectar, wine,
Ev'ry fierce emotion hushes,—
Fills the breast with fire divine.
Brethren, thus in rapture meeting,
Send ye round the brimming cup,—
Yonder kindly Spirit greeting,
While the foam to Heaven mounts up!

CHORUS.

Seraphs praise his power and love,
Him stars worship as they roll,
To the spirit drain the bowl—
Yonder starry realms above!

"Safety from tyrant's power!
Mercy e'en to traitors base!
Hope in life's last solemn hour!

Pardon when before God's face!
 Eke to those in slumber lulled—
 To the dead, now drain your cup!
 May our sins be all annulled!
 Hell itself be swallowed up!

CHORUS.

When the golden bowl is broken,
 Gentle sleep within the tomb!
 Brethren, may a gracious doom
 By the Judge of Man be spoken!"

Cavalry Song.

(From the last scene of "Wallenstein's Camp.")

"Huzza! O my comrades! to horse! to horse!
 In the field still can freedom be wrested,
 For there in the battle is proved manhood's force.
 In the field our hearts will be tested!
 None can another's place supply,
 Each standeth alone—on himself must rely.

"Now freedom appears from the world to have flown,
 None but lords and their vassals one traces;
 While falsehood and cunning are ruling alone
 O'er the living cowardly races.
 The man who can look upon death without fear—
 The soldier,—is now the sole freeman left here.

"The cares of this life, he casts them away,
 Untroubled by fear or by sorrow;
 He rides to his fate with a countenance gay,
 And finds it to-day or to-morrow;
 And if 'tis to-morrow, to-day we'll employ
 To drink full deep of the goblet of joy.

"The skies o'er him shower his lot filled with mirth,
 He gains, without toil, its full measure;
 The peasant, who grubs in the womb of the earth,
 Believes that he'll find there the treasure.
 Through lifetime he shovels and digs like a slave,
 And digs—till at length he has dug his own grave.

"The horseman, as well as his swift-footed beast,
 Are guests by whom all are affrighted,
 When glimmer the lamps at the wedding feast,
 In the banquet he joins uninvited;
 He woos not long, and with gold he ne'er buys,
 But carries by storm love's blissful prize.