

**LEGENDS OF THE  
RHINE AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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Legends of the Rhine and other poems by Tracie

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**TRACIE**

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# LEGENDS OF THE RHINE

*AND OTHER POEMS.*

BY

TRACIE.



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## LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

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### THE DRACHENFELS.

Once in grey old Drachenfels,  
As the Rhenish legend tells,  
    A fearful dragon lay ;  
And the people trembled all,  
When they saw that great beast crawl,  
    And in fear they fled away.

But fiercer than the dragon's claw,  
Was the bloody war,  
    That raged in that fair land ;  
Many a Christian knight  
Fell in that cruel fight,  
    Slain by the heathen's hand.

And on many a lovely maid  
Their ruthless hands were laid,  
    But Emma was the fairest among all.

They fought and struggled sore,  
And an oath each foeman swore,  
    To win her or to fall.

Then the prophetess of night,  
When she saw how fierce the fight,  
    Lifted up her voice and said,  
"That war and strife may cease,  
And your hearts may be at peace,  
    To the dragon give the maid."

Then they bore her swift along,  
That cruel, heathen throng,  
    To the dragon's darksome den ;  
And they watched to see him clasp,  
In his fierce and angry grasp,  
    The fairest maiden among men.

And as they stood and gazed,  
Terrified, amazed,  
    Waiting for the beast to slay,  
They saw the maiden hold  
Aloft a cross of gold ;  
    And the dragon groaned and lay.



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For he fain would bound,  
And drag her to the ground,  
    But for that within her hand ;  
And the people trembled all,  
When they saw that dread beast fall  
    Lifeless on the sand.

Then lo, with one accord  
They knelt upon the sward,  
    And there arose upon the air,  
From the people on the ground  
A sweet and solemn sound  
    Of voices knit in prayer.



## LURLEY.

Hark to those sounds of singing,  
That float on the evening air,  
A rapture unearthly bringing,  
Entrancing to slumber care.

The boatmen stood still to listen,  
And they leant each one on his oar,  
Their eyes with rapture did glisten,  
As the wind that weird song bore.

Closer and closer they drifted,  
Nearer yet to their doom,  
With looks of rapture uplifted,  
They floated on to the tomb.

And there on the headland hoary,  
Lit up by the setting sun,  
Sat the maiden of mystic story ;  
Sat Lurley, the fatal one.

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Idly sitting and combing  
Her tresses of yellow hair,  
Wrapt in the mists of the gloaming,  
A creature she seemed most fair.

One moment the sunlight was streaming,  
On her and the boatmen beneath ;  
Still gazing like men who are dreaming,  
A dream that comes nigh unto death.

One moment all darkness obscuring,  
None but the maiden was there,  
Most lovely, most fatal, alluring,  
Still singing and combing her hair.

