ECHOES FROM THE FRENCH POETS: AN ANTHOLOGY FROM BAUDELAIRE, A. DE MUSSET,
LAMARTINE, V. HUGO, A. CHENIER, TH. GAUTIER, BERANGER, NADAUD, DUPONT, PARNY, AND OTHERS

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HARRY CURWEN

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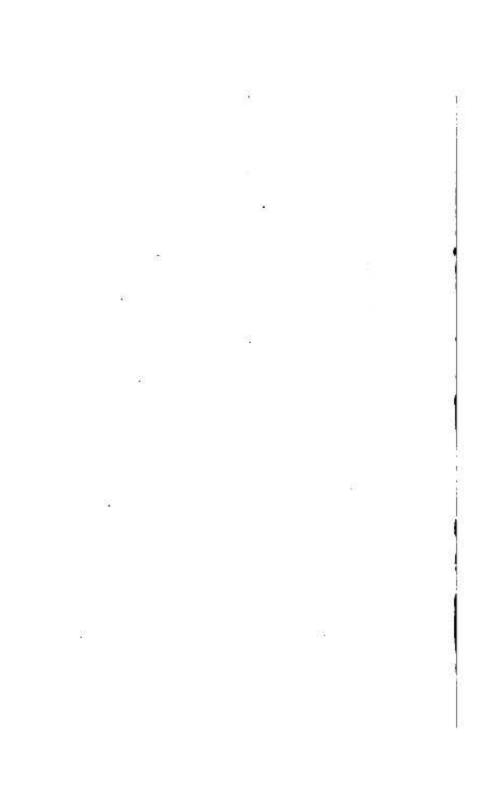
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Echoes

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DEDICATION.

"Is thou hast good eyes, and lookest'
In my songs, when thou hast tried them,
Thou wilt see a fair young maiden
Wandering up and down inside them."
BOWRING'S HEINE.

TO FANNY.

I HAVE little need to write you a dedicatory song. Every poem in this small volume is a poem to you, and, although nothing but the ribbon round the garland is mine, the thoughts are the choicest I could borrow, the words the meetest I could give.



INTRODUCTION.

THE superficial knowledge which, as a rule, Englishmen possess of the French language, preventing them, at once, from being satisfied with a translation, or from thoroughly enjoying the original, is perhaps the reason why modern French poetry has been so little studied in England, and has exerted so small an influence upon our literature. We know, indeed, more of the poets of Greece and Rome, more even of the poets of Germany and Spain-because we know less of their languagethan we do of the wonderful school that sprang Phonix-like from the ashes of the First Republic. A time when men's brains were whirling with the rapidity of new ideas-a time of massacres, and battle-shouts, and exultations, and sorrows-of debauchery hideous in its throughness, and of hopes unutterably eagerwhen the old world had fallen utterly, and the new world was still a chaos, could not but give us a mighty race of master singers. From this school, endowed, as it was, with all the age's eager frenzy, its startling new-