## THE SONG OF THE BELL

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The song of the bell by Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller

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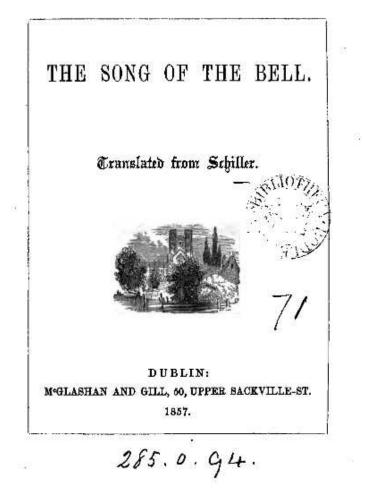
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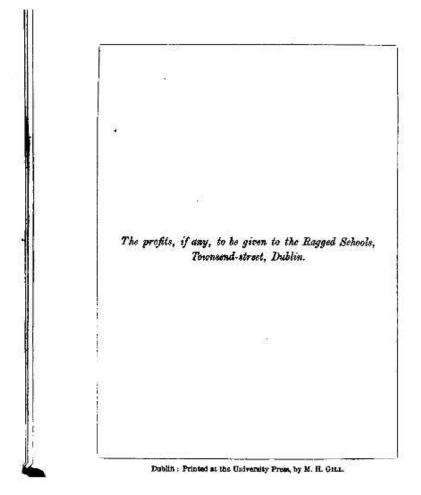
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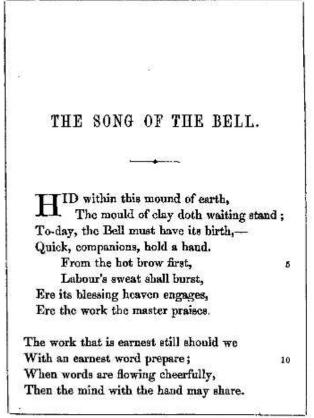
JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

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4	THE SONG OF THE BELL.	
So let u	s now with care consider	
What th	rough our weak power may be wroug	ght.
That me	n inspires contempt, who never	15
To what	he works out gave a thought.	
'Tis this	which forms man's highest art,	
For this	was understanding given,	
To trace	within his inmost heart	
The wor	k for which his hands have striven.	20
Take	thou wood of the pine-tree stem,	
Solid	and dry that wood must be;	
Then	the ficree, compressed flame	
Strike	s through the metal thoroughly.	
5	eethe the copper brew,	25
S	tir the tin in through,	
That	the tough bell-metal flow	
In the	right way down below.	
What in	the dark mould's earthen shroud	
Our righ	t hand forms, 'mid fiery flame,	80
From th	e high tower shall echo loud	
	tence, be it praise or blame.	
	n na ser en	

THE SONG OF THE BELL.	Ę
Endure it shall till latest morrow,	
Ringing its tale on each man's ear;	
Wailing with the heart's deep sorrow,	35
Hymning with the soul's strong prayer.	
Of all the changes here below	
That pass o'er man, by fate or choice,	
That grants him weal, or works him woe,	
This warns him with its brazen voice.	40
I see the white flames glow,	
Stir with an ashen stick ;	
The molten mass will flow,	
When moved within it quick.	
Free from every seum,	46
Must the mixture come;	
Then, from metal clean and clear,	
Clear and full the sound we hear.	
Right joyful is the festive peal	
With which they greet the new-born child,	50
Who sets forth with this life to deal,	
Hushed in the arms of slumber mild.	

6	THE SONG OF THE BELL.	
For his	n, within the lap of Time,	
Lies hi	d the lot of good or crime;	
The me	other's love, so good, so fair,	56
Guards	his young life with tender care.	
	ars flow on as arrows swift	
From f	emale rule now starts the boy;	
	wild tamult must he roam,	
Strang	e lands to see, his only joy :—	60
122 92 72	nger doth he turn towards home.	
There,	lovely in the light of youth,	
Bright	as if from heaven she came	
With g	entle, glowing, modest truth,	
See the	fair maiden's blushing shame !	65
A nam	eless longing scizes then	
	filled heart,-he walks alone ;	
His cy	es shed tcars, the baunts of men	
He shu	ns, and every social tone.	
Tremb	ing he trends where she has been,	70
Blest b	y her lightest look or smile;	
On her	fair brow his gifts are seen ;	
He dec	ks her with his love the while.	

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Oh! tenderest longing,-sweetest hope	
Of fair first love, the golden time ;	75
Eyes then may see, the heavens ope,	
Hearts then may swim in joy sublime :	
Oh ! might it ever green remain,	
The golden time of young Love's reign.	
Sec, the metal now is burning,	80
Dip the trial rod therein;	
If the glaze is on it turning,	
Time it were the mould within.	
Now, companions, quick,	
Prove with the glazed stick ;	85
It is ever a hopeful sign,	
When the strong with the weak combine.	
When fierceness shall with mildness pair,	
And strength its power with mercy share,	
Then is the sound both sweet and strong :	90
When heart meets heart, prove what you find,	
'Tis for eternity you bind;	
The frenzy's short, the ruing long.	