WILD FLOWERS FROM GERMANY

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Wild Flowers from Germany by Francis Du Bourdieu

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FRANCIS DU BOURDIEU

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FROM

GERMANY.

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FRANCIS DU BOURDIEU,

CAPTAIN BOYAL HANOVERIAN ENGINEERS.



BELFAST:

JOHN HENDERSON, BOOKSELLER TO THE QUEEN;

DUBLIN: JAMES M'GLASHAN; LONDON: E. PARBINGTON, 16, BATH-STREET, AND H. ALLMAN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M DCCCL.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

LADIES OF IRELAND.

From wandering in a foreign land,
A minstrel treads his native strand;
Yet thought he on Erin's daughters there—
Gentle, lovely, good, and fair;
For who could e'er forget a smile
Shed by a daughter of that isle?
Ah, no! it shines like love's bright star,
Casting its rays to regions far;
It soothes the heart with woe oppressed,
And balmy heals the wounded breast!

He sought for them wild forest flowers,

To decorate their native bowers:

With these a roseste wreath he wound—
In it a cypress branch is found.

The roses take, most meet for thee; The cypress branch, oh, leave for me.

THE AUTHOR.

THE ROSE OF HILDESHEIM, A LEGEND

THE Legend on which the Author has founded the following poem, he heard from the peasants, in that beautiful and romantis district of North Germany.

That a lovely rose tree, as described in the poem, still flourishes at the altar of the cathedral of Hildscheim, he has seen. To it are ascribed mirroulous virtues.

The hero of the Legend is Louis the Debonaiz, Emperor of Germany.

WILD FLOWERS FROM GERMANY.

Che Mose of Wildesheim.

Solemely sounds the vesper chime,
From the proud dome of Hildesheim,
As on the breath of eve it floats.
In pleasing, melanchely notes:
It ceases—and from those grey walls,
Sweet on the ravished ear, now falls
Such sound as angels' voices raise,
Chanting in heaven the Almighty's praise,
From gentle maidens, there confined
By priestly power o'er female mind,
In convent's thrall and cells so drear,
To shed regret's still flowing tear,

And, in religion's name, forego All blessings granted here below:

Ne'er to taste the joys of love-

Best gift to earth from heaven above; That genial ray, so pure, so bright-

That beacon which, in life's dark night, Cheers the heart and glads the sight,

And guides the soul in heavenward flight.

Perish the hypocritic crew, Who nature's dearest charter sold;

The sale, religion, which they know,

To cheat mankind and gather gold :

For this, immured in life's sweet prime,

Blue-eyed nuns their vigils keep;

God's great commandment deemed a crime-

Life's only care to pray and weep.

For this, the flower of Europe's brave,

Were sent to find an early grave On burning plains of Palestine-

Monks said it was by law divine;