

# **THE QUEEN OF ORPLEDE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649304929

The Queen of Orplede by Charles Wharton Stork

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**CHARLES WHARTON STORK**

**THE QUEEN  
OF ORPLEDE**



THE QUEEN OF ORPLEDE

*BY THE SAME WRITER*

**DAY DREAMS OF GREECE**

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THE  
QUEEN OF ORPLEDE

BY  
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

PHILADELPHIA  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.  
LONDON  
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET  
MCMX

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*TO*  
*LISL*

*The thanks of the author are due to the proprietors of "Lippincott's Magazine" and "The Smart Set" for courteous permission to reprint several of the lyrics in this volume.*

## PREFACE

MY resolution not to write a preface is broken herewith, for a sufficient cause, let me hope. The title of this volume, though it came so spontaneously as to preclude another choice, may be obscure to some readers. The idea was derived from a poem by Edouard Mörke entitled "Gesang Weyla's," or Weyla's Song. Weyla is an impersonation of the poet, and his lines may be rendered in English somewhat as follows :—

Thou art Orplede, my land,  
Remotely gleaming ;  
The mists float upward from thy sun-bright strand  
To where the faces of the gods are beaming.

Primeval rivers spring renewed,  
Thy silver girdle weaving, child.  
Before thy godhead bend subdued  
Kings, thy worshippers and watchers mild.

This song, especially in its musical setting by Hugo Wolf, is very widely known in Germany, but unfortunately Mörke, though second only to Goethe in lyrical range and felicity, is hardly even a name to English readers.

Orplede was for the poet the child of his dreams, the ideal land where his imagination might wander,