

**THE LORELEI, AND  
OTHER POEMS WITH  
PROSE SETTINGS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649497997

The Lorelei, and Other Poems with Prose Settings by Henry Brownfield Scott & Samuel A. Martin

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**HENRY BROWNFIELD SCOTT & SAMUEL A. MARTIN**

**THE LORELEI, AND  
OTHER POEMS WITH  
PROSE SETTINGS**





THE LORELEI

THE LORELEI

AND

OTHER POEMS

With Prose Settings

BY

HENRY BROWNFIELD SCOTT



ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
SAMUEL A. MARTIN

THE WERNER COMPANY  
Akron, O., and Pittsburgh, Pa.  
1910.

KE 4434

**MARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY**  
**SHELDON FUND**  
**JULY 10, 1940**

**COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY**  
**HENRY BROWNFIELD SCOTT.**  
All rights reserved.

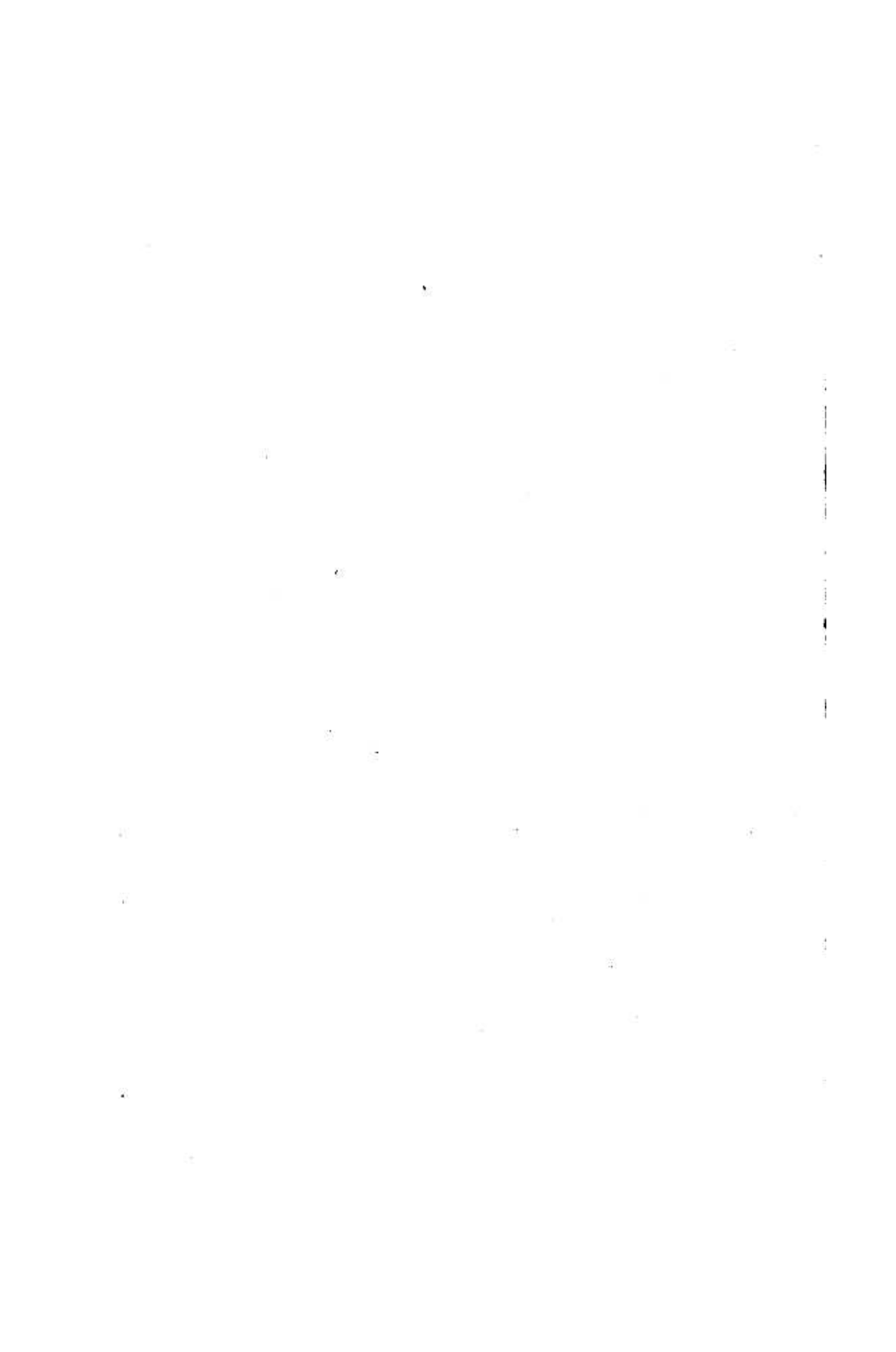
**MADE BY**  
**THE WERNER COMPANY, AKRON, O., AND PITTSBURGH, PA**

## DEDICATION.

TO ERASMUS WILSON.

Helpin' fellers all he kin—  
'T 's the way 't 's al'a's been,  
Since I 've knowed the good ol' 'Ras  
Wilson: Never tries t' pass,  
Cold 'n' glum, 's some folks do,  
Anybody in a stew  
'Bout a pester'n' thing; but, right  
There 'n' then, 'ith all his might,  
Helps t' clear away the cloud.  
Giminenters! ain't I proud  
'At I know him, 'n' 'at he  
Likes t' help a feller?—Gee!  
Well, fer *that*, 'n' 'cause he 's took  
Pains t' help me 'ith this book—  
Though the honor may be slim—  
It I dedicate t' him.





## INTRODUCTION.



**I**N LAUNCHING this volume on the Ocean of Literature, so to speak, I offer no excuse; but I wish to tell how I came to do so. Ever since I can remember, poetry has had a charm for me; and, as the years go by, my love of it grows stronger. When I was not more than three years old, my mother taught me a stanza of a poem she found in a church paper, called, I believe, "The Millennial Harbinger." The stanza ran:

"The glorious sun that rolls on high,  
The moon that lights the midnight sky,  
And every twinkling star we see  
Tell we owe our lives to Thee."

Young as I was, the depth, and the sweep, and the rhythmic beauty of those four lines made a wonderful impression on me. We lived in the country where there were plenty of trees and flowers, and, consequently, many birds and insects. These appealed to me as keenly as the sun, moon and stars. At first my child brain was sorely puzzled over the first three words of the last line. I thought "tell we owe" was one word; and, while squinting my eyes that I might look at the sun, or watching the moon and the stars at night, I wondered what "tellweowe" could mean.

Perhaps that is the reason, being naturally of an inquisitive turn, I pondered so much over the stanza; also why I so

early formed a love for metrical selections, and a desire for creating them. Who can tell? For many years—more at least than I care to reckon—I have had to hustle to keep my head above water. Nevertheless, I have found time to indulge myself the pleasure of putting into verse some of the thoughts and—yes, feelings, for to thoroughly enjoy thinking one must feel correspondingly—that have come to me. To say that no ulterior motive of publication prompted me to put my thoughts into measured lines, would be untrue. But many of the poems presented in this collection were written purely for my own enjoyment. And, in order to help the reader understand better what I have written, I shall tell how and why I wrote. This is not conventional; but—both conventionalities!—when one wants to be understood.

I have read, it may be, ten or a dozen translations of Heinrich Heine's beautiful German legend, "Die Lorelei," none of which seems to me to have the true ring. This may be egotism; but, whatever it is, I have it. Therefore, I determined to make a translation of the poem myself; and, having done so, showed it to a number of German scholars. They were so pleased with my translation that I decided to publish it for distribution among my friends. Then I found a lot of other matter I had written, off and on, as the years ran along, and, finding it not bad "copy," concluded to issue this volume. I am sort o' pleased with the collection, too, and my pleasure will be complete if the public receives it in the same spirit with which it is offered.

THE AUTHOR.

PITTSBURGH, PA., 1910.